CHAPTER XXI

Appointed Minister to the United States of Colombia — Panama and its Scenery — An Event in the History of Cartagena — The Journey up the Magdalena River — Alligator Shooting — By Mules from Honda to Bogotá — The Country and its People and Agricultural Resources — The Cattle and Horses

ABOUT six years ago, I was appointed United States Minister to Colombia, and enjoyed exceptional advantages of observing this interesting people and their wonderful country. My visits to the Isthmus impressed me with the great destruction of life and property which attended the construction of the De Lesseps canal, and caused me to believe that a work of such magnitude could not soon be accomplished under the management then in charge of it.

An exception to the general inefficiency of the engineering work upon the Isthmus was found in the Grand Canal, excavated by the American Dredge Company. For more than twenty miles that company had made a canal, one hundred yards wide at the brim, and thirty feet deep, with the slopes of the banks securely sodded with wire grass; so that, should the scheme of an Isthmus canal ever again be agitated, the American half of the work will be found ready for service. I believe that our interests will be better served by the Nicaraguan than the Isthmian route, which lies out of the track of our commerce with the Pacific Coast, as well as of our trade

with China. We have, as yet, very little trade with the eastern states of South America, but when our commercial relations shall have assumed their proper proportions, the Nicaraguan route will serve our needs as well as that of the Isthmus.

The hospitals upon the hills overlooking Panama relieve the general evidences of unthrift and incapacity. All that can comfort the sick, or cheer and enliven them, has been there assembled. Every chamber looks out upon the enchanting scenery. The lovely grounds are beautified by flowers, fruits, and shade trees, and cooled by the breezes of the great Pacific, which breaks upon the shore below. Panama and its lovely bay lie before us there, and the verdant islands which gem it, all lying within common range of the city and of each other, seem tempting prizes for any maritime power.

During the past forty years, England and the United States have endeavored to purchase one or all of them from Colombia. Mr. Marcy offered $600,000 for one of them, but the constitution of Colombia forbade the alienation of any of its territory, nor would the sensitiveness of that proud people assent to it. The constitution adopted about six years ago excluded the prohibition of sale of Colombian territory, and contained a clause permissive of the alienation of it. But the susceptibilities of the people were so great that no administration would venture even to mortgage or lease one of these little islands, which are strategetic points essential to any power seeking to control the Isthmus. The Congress soon repealed the permissive clause of the constitution, and re-enacted the clause prohibiting the alienation of Colombian territory, and if ever the United States entertained the idea of establishing a coaling-station or of erecting fortifications there, the

opportunity has passed, we fear. Let us hope that when the treaty of 1846 between New Granada, now Colombia, shall be revived, proper provision will be made for the occupation by the United States of such points on or near the Isthmus as are essential to its defence, which the United States has pledged herself in that treaty to maintain.

We made the run from Colon, once Aspinwall, to the mouth of the Magdalena River, on a fine British steamer, in about twenty-four hours. She was commanded by Captain Woodworth, a typical English sailor, master of his profession, intelligent, kindly, and humorous. He is widely known in those waters, and is trusted and liked by all who know him. Among his crew was the original of Dick Deadeye, whom no man who has seen the opera of "Pinafore" has ever failed to recognize.

A railway some twenty-five miles long took us up to Barranquilla, a busy town of about twenty thousand people. It is the principal port of Colombia. I went from Barranquilla in another British steamer to Cartagena, to pay my respects to President Nuñez, who, after his stormy political life in Bogotá, retired to this his favorite city. I found him enjoying his *dolce far niente* in his beautiful villa, charmingly situated on the beach of the Caribbean Sea beyond the walls of the city. In stature and general appearance Nuñez reminded me of General Mahone. Unlike Mahone, he is a poet, and no soldier. He asserts that a strong government is essential to the peace and consequent prosperity of Colombia; that the people are not educated or intelligent enough to govern themselves; and that therefore he will govern them, and meantime educate them, until they shall be capable, as we of the United States

are, of having a free government. His army is well equipped and held in strict discipline, and so distributed as to quickly crush any attempt at revolution. When one remembers that for a long time civil wars recurring every three or four years have stopped the progress and wasted the resources of this rich country, one cannot withhold approval of Nuñez's policy, so far as it can preserve peace throughout the country.

About a year after I saw him, he came up to Bogotá, relieved Vice-President Payan, to whom he had entrusted the duties of the office, temporarily, of the presidency, exiled thirty-six of the important leaders of the opposition, and issued a decree restraining the liberty of the press. He then retired to his retreat in Cartagena, leaving Payan again in charge of the government. Nuñez had not long been gone before Payan recalled the exiles, and repealed the laws restraining the freedom of the press. Thereupon Nuñez hastened from Cartagena, and re-enacted legislation requiring a censorship of the press. He did not revoke the pardon of the exiles, but he sent Payan into exile himself, and the latter went away into a distant province, where he lived in elegant retirement for a year or so, when he was permitted to go to his own home in Cauca.

The city of Cartagena is one of the most interesting in this hemisphere. It was the especial favorite of old Spain in the day of her pride and power. Its great wealth attracted the cupidity of the daring buccaneers who for so many years roamed these seas in Elizabeth's day, and for a long time after. Hawkins, Morgan, Drake, and others were the leaders of the pirates of that day. Hawkins was the pioneer of negro slavery, which so pleased his royal mistress that she knighted him and gave him a negro's head for a crest, and until the colony

of Virginia was emancipated from English thrall, great numbers of negroes were seized in Africa, and sold in Virginia, and this in disregard of the protests of her people. Cartagena was the object of the chief desire of the freebooters of that day, and was often attacked by them. It was also an especial point of interest to the king of Spain, who spent $60,000,000 upon its fortifications, which stand to-day a monument of the wealth and engineering skill of the old Spaniards.

In 1741, during the war between England and Spain, a large expeditionary force was fitted out against Cartagena, and entrusted to the command of Admiral Vernon. A year or two before Vernon, with a fleet of six English ships, had made an unexpected descent upon Porto Bello, capturing it and bearing away great spoils. Lawrence Washington, eldest brother of our great George Washington, was a lieutenant under Vernon, for whom he had so warm an admiration that he named his home in Virginia Mt. Vernon, after him. This estate after his death became the property of his brother George.

The expedition of Vernon against Cartagena was prepared with great ostentation and parade. One hundred ships and fourteen thousand men sailed and debarked before the place. Vernon's long and conspicuous preparations gave due notice of the object of his attack, and he found the Spaniards had not been idle or unprepared. In those days, no troops were so good as they, nor were any officers so proud and skilful; for they were in constant wars and rarely met defeat. The fighting was fierce and long. The defenders displayed heroic valor, and Vernon's laurels, won at Porto Bello, withered beneath the walls of Cartagena. Disease and Spanish valor destroyed his army, and after

more than forty days' constant fighting, he re-embarked his shattered forces, and sailed away, leaving many trophies in the hands of his enemies. The most curious of these were the medals, which Vernon, in his vainglory, had prepared in England, to be presented to those of his officers who should distinguish themselves in the capture of Cartagena. Those medals are now preserved in the libraries of Bogotá.

The Bay of Cartagena is one of the most beautiful in the world. In its expanse it is like the Bay of Mobile, but has greater depth, extending up to the very walls of the city. The entrance by the Boca Chica is very narrow and easily defended by the strong forts erected by the Spaniards, which have more than once turned back the tide of war. On one of the islands in the bay is the Lazaretto, where hundreds of lepers are quarantined. No Father Damien has ever yet found his way to them. They live and die in their dreadful isolation, in full view of the shipping of the great city and the people of the busy world they can never enter more. A canal ninety miles long, called the Dique, connects Cartagena with the Magdalena River at Calamar. Steamboats run up this canal into the river and thence up to Honda, at the base of the Andes.

The Magdalena is a miniature of the Mississippi. Its densely timbered banks are only varied by the many wood-yards, occasional hamlets, and small plantations of bananas, corn, sugar, cocoa, etc. On the sandbars we saw many alligators. We counted one hundred and ten on one bar, and our only amusement during our seven days' run was shooting them. The sport would be wanton, but that the creatures are very prolific and dangerous to human life. The only vulnerable spot is the eye or the point where the jaw joins the throat. A

ball, even from our Winchesters, could not penetrate any other part of their armored bodies. When struck elsewhere, or when startled by the passage of the bullet, the alligator flounders with great to-do into the river, but when fatally hit his tail quivers, and he lies still until some native takes his skin and fat. We never got closer to them than two hundred yards, and rarely within four hundred.

About twenty-five steamers do the freighting of the Magdalena. They are like the small stern-wheel boats that used to ply the Ohio River. They draw two and a half feet, and as the navigation is very dangerous, they tie up every night. The trip from Barranquilla to Honda is usually made in from seven to eight days when the river is high. The down trip is made in from three to five days. The boats are reasonably comfortable. Mosquito nets are sometimes necessary, and one's own mattress, for the staterooms have only cots, which are bare and very hard. The price of passage up to Honda is $35. Going back, it is less.

At Honda we took mules for Bogotá, for which we paid about $5 each; this includes the *arriero* or muleteer. These men are entirely trustworthy. At dawn they catch the mules, which have been grazing all night, and saddle and pack them with great dexterity, and move off, on foot, as soon as they are ready, without waiting for the traveller, who comes on at his leisure and does not see his baggage till he has reached the appointed place of halt for the night. No apprehension need ever be felt as to the safety of one's luggage. The usual duration of the trip from Honda to Bogotá is three days. A railway from near the crest of the mountain runs into Bogotá, about twenty miles distant, and takes one into the city in an hour and a half. All along the route up

the mountains, one is enchanted with the grand scenery. They are verdant from base to summit, and covered with small farms of bananas, corn, barley, etc., all cultivated by the hoe,— for no plough can work on their steep sides, — and along the whole road, which was paved by the Spaniards, one is never out of sight and sound of the pack trains passing up and down.

The cries of the muleteers are not unmusical, and cheer their animals, while they lend life to the road. They also keep all wild animals away, and serpents, too. I never saw in all of my hunts and travels one of those dangerous and tremendous snakes of which such terrible accounts are told. I know that in some regions they are to be found; for many gentlemen told me so, and I have seen enormous skins of constrictors and venomous serpents, as well as of rattlesnakes, which last are not so large as we have in Texas or Florida.

There are towns, and hamlets, and homesteads all along the route, where meat and drink for man and beast are plentiful and cheap. Hundreds of packs, "cargoes," pass daily along the road, a "cargo" weighing 250 pounds; and when I was there the government derived a great revenue from this freight, about $5 per cargo. The mules are not the only pack-animals; oxen are often employed, and men and women bear large burdens up these mountains. There were many sugar-plantations along the way, and the sound of the grinding was pleasant to hear. They use horse-power to work their mills. On the Rio Negro, where there are many sugar-mills, they have a water-power which could run all the factories in Manchester; and though a short ditch would do the work better, for generations these gentlemen have used mules.

As we ascended to 4000 or 6000 feet, we came upon

the coffee-plantations. I visited one of over 200,000 trees, which was in fine condition. It was well equipped with every appliance of the business, and was in good bearing. The raising of coffee is the most lucrative business, and as it is always conducted in a healthy region, well up the mountain, is very tempting to foreign capital. The trees do not bear until they are four years old, and during that time the expenses are heavy, and there is no return. After that, for ten years or more, the crops recur. Every winter yields one pound of coffee to each tree, and every summer about half as much. The trees are planted some four feet apart, or about 1000 to the acre. The cost of clearing and planting a coffee-plantation is estimated at $100 per acre. Nothing can be more charming than a fine coffee-plantation. They are always on the mountain slopes, in the midst of a beautiful scenery and delightful climate. The trees grow ten feet high, and their dark, evergreen foliage mantles the entire surface of the plantation. The proprietors are the grand señors of the country. On one plantation of 200,000 trees in full bearing, the residence of the proprietor was a vast, two-story building, elaborately and thoroughly constructed by his own laborers, of timber and stone from his own estate. Wide corridors ran all around every story. A handsome chapel was in the lower story. The establishment was completely furnished, yet the manager told me that the proprietor resided in Bogota, and spent about three days annually in this lovely home. The grounds were beautified by fruits and flowers of the temperate and tropic zones, and a crystal stream ran through the place and supplied a large swimming-bath.

Mr. Wheeler, the very able chargé d'affaires of Great Britain to Colombia, has passed many years in travelling

over that country, and is probably better informed about its resources and conditions than any other foreign resident of it. His reports to his government on the agricultural conditions of the country, and upon its trade and resources, are full of reliable information on these subjects. They present a strong array of the natural advantages of Colombia, and a correspondingly strong arraignment of the people who possess but do not develop them. He says the following is a list of the chief agricultural products of Colombia: Cocoanut palm, cocoa, date palm, cotton, indigo, rice, yucca, sugar-cane, anise, plantains and bananas, tobacco, olives, maize, aloes, caoutchouc, coffee, arrocucha, apples, eucalyptus, wheat, cinchona, cochineal, potatoes, and barley. All of these can be raised at little cost. Colombia is the home of the potato. They are raised there in fine quality and in great abundance. Wheat and corn yield two crops a year, yet the largest export from the United States to Colombia is of wheat flour.

Mr. Wheeler states that the total exports from Colombia amounted, in 1887, to over $14,000,000. Of these, the United States received a little over $3,000,000. The imports the same year were $8,719,297. England's share of this was $3,611,775, the United States getting only $9737 worth of goods. The tobacco of Colombia is easily grown and of excellent quality. There is a cigar factory in Ambulema, which employs 500 hands, and makes excellent cigars at $1 per hundred. They are preferred by some to those of Cuba.

The country abounds in fine cattle and good, active horses. On the plains of Bogotá are the largest cattle I have ever seen. Mr. Edward Sayers, a gentleman of English descent, sent me a fine cut of beef from a cow that netted 800 pounds of fat and 1200 pounds of lean.

In butchering beef, all the flesh is cut from the bone, so that the viscera, hide, head, and bones made the gross weight of this animal over 3000 pounds. He had on his estate a number of cattle of equal size fattened on blue grass, the seed of which he procured from Kentucky. The native grasses are excellent.

On a neighboring estate, owned by Mr. Alexander Urdanata, I saw twenty-five Durham cows milked every morning. One of them gave six gallons besides what was left for the calf. But little enterprise has been shown in improving the breed of cattle or of any other stock, and Mr. Wheeler's report shows that from 1849 to 1878 the total number of bulls imported was only thirty, and of cows only twenty; and more of these were Durhams than of any other breed.

Mr. Vaughan has on his place of Santuario the only imported thoroughbred horse I know of. The native horses are rarely over fifteen hands high, and but few are of that height. They all pace from their birth, and are active, enduring, and gentle. The method of breaking young horses is very cruel, but it is effectual. They are tamed forever after. There are a few imported coach-horses in Bogotá, but they are very clumsy, heavy-footed beasts.

CHAPTER XXII

The City of Bogotá — The Clergy, the Military, and the People — Trade Relations with the United States — Social Life in Town and Country — Duck Shooting — Mineral Wealth of the Country — An Exciting Dog-Cart Drive down the Andes — General Henry Morgan — Return to the United States

WHEN the Spaniards came to Bogotá, the capital of the country was a large Indian village. It is now a large city, its population being estimated at over 80,000. The head of the Catholic Church in Colombia resides there. The President and his cabinet are there, and once in two years Congress assembles there.

There are few cities I know of that are more elegant and luxurious than Bogotá. Wealthy men from all parts of Colombia make it their home, and England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the United States have their legations there. The city is well built, of adobe and brick, as well as of stone. There are many houses of two stories, and some few of three. Within, they have every modern improvement, — gas, water, electric bells, telephones, etc. The streets are paved, and the sidewalks are flagged. When I left, the electric light was replacing gas and kerosene. The institutions of learning are numerous and excellent. The chief of these is a Catholic College of the Priesthood. These young ecclesiastics occasionally passed my house in columns of twos. I was struck by their attention to

personal neatness. They were in exact uniform, with broad hats, long black gowns, and low shoes with shining buckles, and manifested by their appearance their belief in the maxim "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

The clergy of Bogotá are men of ability and dignity. The good Archbishop Paul died just before I left there. He was a man worthy of the love of all his people. A vast concourse followed him to his grave, and as the imposing procession moved along the streets, the people in their homes wept for him. Around his grave the voice of sect was silent, and all men mourned the good man gone from them to his eternal rest.

The medical college at Bogotá is well conducted, and the graduates are a high class of gentlemen. There are usually five battalions of troops in the city: one of artillery and four of infantry. They were well equipped in all respects. Armed with breech-loading rifles, uniformed in blue coats and scarlet trousers, with belts well filled with cartridges, they were always ready for action. Their discipline is exact. I never saw one of them drunk. Many of them are young boys not five feet high. In one of the fiercest battles of the late revolution, these little fellows fought with great stubbornness, 4000 of them withstanding all day the assaults of 7000 government troops; and when at sunset a truce was called and peace was made, 800 dead were buried on the field, the loss in killed and wounded aggregating 4000 men. The guns of the artillery were light pieces, mountain howitzers, gatling, etc., and were all drawn by the men. The generals were fine-looking fellows of high social standing and influence. Their uniforms were gorgeous, and they were well mounted, but when they moved off at a pace the dignity of the occasion was lost in the eyes of a cavalryman trained in our school. There is a military academy there, organized by Lieutenant Lemley of the Third United States Artillery.

The people of Bogotá are very kindly and courteous, and no women I have ever seen surpassed these in the grace and dignity of their manners or in the purity of their lives. They are devoted wives, mothers, and Christians. If Colombia does not increase her population by immigration, she has a sure dependence in her home production. One noble matron of Antiochia, who was married at thirteen, contributed seven daughters and thirty sons to the population of her State. They were all living when I last saw them.

It is quite remarkable that a country so surpassingly rich should continue in this age so secluded and undeveloped. With a sea-coast of vast extent on her eastern and western shores, she has harbors and bays of absolute safety, and the healthfulness of her seaports is at least equal to our own. Yet we have no trade there, and except the Pacific Mail Line, we have no American steamers plying thither. The English, German, and French do most of the transportation. Mr. Wheeler states that thirty-two steamers visit Colombia every month, of which fifteen are British and only three American.

The social life of Bogotá is very attractive; the dinners and balls are sumptuous and elegant. At one of the latter I saw several hundred ladies and gentlemen, and many of the dresses were from Worth. The races are always largely attended by the ladies. A military band of music is on the ground, and a battalion of troops lines both sides of the track for half the quarter stretch, to prevent accident. There were sixty coaches occupied by families, which were all made to keep in line and at a safe distance from the track. Several

hundred gentlemen, well mounted, galloped at pleasure about the field; but the racing was very poor, both horses and riders being untrained.

We had good shooting in Colombia. On one occasion I was invited to the hospitable hacienda of Mr. Urdanata, to shoot ducks. His house is one of the finest on the plain. He and his wife speak English perfectly, as do many of the well-bred Colombians. Not long before our visit, they had entertained over one hundred guests for three days in their home. There were several handsome parlors, and the usual sitting-room contained a small library. In this room I counted twenty-five guns of various sorts. My host bought his shot-guns in England, and his rifles in the United States. In the presses of that room were stores of ammunition sufficient to blow up the whole establishment. Urdanata's especial gun weighs about fifteen pounds, and is calibre No. 8. The charge is six drachms of powder and three ounces of shot, and it sounds over the water like a small cannon. I repeatedly saw him kill a duck at two hundred yards' distance. While we were with him, we usually bagged one hundred and twenty-five ducks daily, and he always got more than all the rest of the party together. On a hunt made after we left him, he told me he bagged seven hundred ducks in six days. I thought our Colt guns shot much better than his Lancasters. On the water it was easy to compare the ranges.

My intercourse with the government was always of the most agreeable character. President Holguin is a gentleman of most affable and attractive manner, and a man of eloquence and ability. His appearance is very pleasing and graceful, especially on horseback. In my long intercourse with him and the Minister of Foreign

Relations, Dr. Restrepo, I rarely proposed any measure of common interest to the United States and Colombia which was not acceded to, unless the claim was for money, when I was invariably postponed or denied; for they have no more money than they need themselves.

The emerald mines near Bogotá are the finest and probably the only emerald mines now worked in the world. Not far from them is a vast salt mine. Both of these enterprises are the property of the government, and yield a good revenue. There are also large iron and coal mines near by, and a foundry employing six hundred hands. Gold mines are numerous in many parts of the country, and most of these are owned by English capitalists. The aggregate yield of gold is only $6,000,000 annually. There are also silver, copper, and lead; and lately quicksilver has been discovered. Very unwisely, the government exacts a heavy tax on all mining machinery brought into the country.

The important question now is, Why have we not trade with this most beautiful and fruitful of all the regions of the earth? and what can be done to promote our commercial relations? The Spanish language, with which for many reasons we should be familiar, is rarely taught in our schools. There is not a school that I know of south of Mason and Dixon's line in which Spanish is taught. Most of us have spent eight or ten years of our boyhood in learning Latin and Greek, and to what end?

This Colombian trade must be worked up by commercial travellers who can speak Spanish well. American merchants should have sample-rooms in Bogotá and other large towns. Taxes should be adjusted to encourage commercial intercourse between the countries. The packing of goods for the Colombian trade is peculiar.

Flour for that trade is sent out in bags coated inside with a paste of their own contents. Yorkshire hams are protected by water-tight and air-tight cloths, and keep for a long time sweet and good. Dress-patterns and dry-goods must be of a certain length, no more and no less, and every pack should weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, or half a cargo. There are many other practical details essential to this trade, as the commercial traveller will learn. A railroad from the Magdalena to the Plain of Bogotá is of vast importance, and will pay well. The mail facilities are few and very insufficient. Sixty days are needed to send a letter and receive an answer, and a large part of the business of the Legation is crowded into one or two days. Being of an active temperament, I occupied much of my leisure time in excursions throughout the country, posting myself as to the people, productions, etc., and going up and down the Andes many times by the different routes to the Magdalena.

One day Mr. Vaughan came up from the Magdalena in his dog-cart. The road was new, and his was the first vehicle that had passed over it, but the grading was uniform, and a good horse could trot up or down it. Vaughan and I messed together in Bogotá for about two months. When he first arrived, he invited me to go back with him in his dog-cart, down this Cambao road to his country home. I promptly accepted his invitation, and he was never satisfied after that until he had me safely landed as his guest in his comfortable establishment. The down trip was much more dangerous than the up. The road, for the greater part of its length, was six feet four inches wide, and several times we left our wheel-tracks over the brink of the mountain down which we might have rolled over two thousand feet. We

had in harness a great clay-bank brute with white legs, who was as big a fool as Sam Patch, and would have jumped with him down the falls of Niagara. Just as we began to descend the mountain, a peacock paraded himself in front of us, and elevating his tail lifted up his voice in that terrible cry which is characteristic of that bird. At the first note our clay-bank spun around and darted at full speed up the mountain, until he met our pack-train coming calmly down behind us. Vaughan was then able to stop him and turn him back. Fortunately, the road just there was broad and good, or we should have all gone to Sam Patch.

That evening we halted for the night at a large spring of fine water in a fertile valley surrounded by mountains ten or twelve thousand feet high. Many of them were dotted with farms and pastures extending to their very summits. There were several adobe houses clustered together near the spring, and we rented one of them for the night. The family moved out with all their belongings, swept up the rooms, and we took possession. Swinging our hammocks, we took our dinner of cold fowl, tongue, etc., lighted our cigars, and made ourselves easy for the night. About ten o'clock a row broke out among the peons outside, of whom there were about twenty of both sexes, who were clamoring and fighting. The blows and imprecations fell fast and furious, and the fray grew more violent, until Vaughan sprang out of his hammock and took his pistol, saying, "I must put a stop to that." He spoke Spanish well. I couldn't speak much Spanish, but I could shoot. So I took my pistol and followed Vaughan, with a vague idea of doing whatever he might tell me. Just at this moment the police arrived, and quieted the combatants, by carrying off one of them who had been on the ground

for some time. We then retired to sleep well until morning, when we paid our rent of five cents, and moved on.

We reached the river at Cambao that evening before sunset. The river is about four hundred yards wide there, deep and rapid, so we were ferried over in large canoes, our horses swimming by their sides, and landed quite safely and easily on the other shore, where we spent the night very comfortably. During the night a vampire sucked my horse, leaving a small mark upon his neck, from which a drop or two of blood had oozed. We mounted our dog-cart at daylight, and drove ten miles over a level road to the fine establishment of Santuario.

Vaughan had excited my interest the night before by his account of a tiger that had roamed the woods through which we passed. Perhaps his vivid narrative may account for the urgency with which I insisted on going no further that night. Near the roadside, he pointed out the tiger-trap, some ten yards away. We were very comfortable at Santuario, where my son joined us, and we spent several days very pleasantly. The young men killed some pheasants, pigeons, quail, and a couple of the pretty little deer of the plains. The mountain-sides and pastures were all burning, but we saw no snakes. From Santuario we drove over to the town of Ambulema, where are the cigar factory and fine residence of Mr. Vaughan. This was the largest establishment I was in while in the country, and was perhaps the handsomest house. The parlors, bedrooms, library, and billiard-rooms were all paved with marble. The china and silverware bear the name of the estate, and the excellent table is supplied with wines, sauces, and canned luxuries from London. An ice-machine gave us ice.

Here I waited several days for an up-river boat, on

which I went up to Giradot. The river was very low, and at some of the rapids the whole crew went overboard with a hawser, which they fastened to a tree on the bank, and then proceeded to warp the boat up the rapids. As there were only two feet of water, this was very slow work, but we reached Giradot the second day by noon, and General H. E. Morgan, an old Virginian, was waiting on this shore to take me to his hospitable and comfortable home, where I passed the night. Next morning he ordered a train to be ready by eight o'clock and accompanied me to the terminus of the railroad, now at Las Juntas, at the foot of the mountains, where he detailed a bright Lieutenant Gomez, his aide-de-camp, who speaks English, to escort me to Bogotá.

This is the pleasantest of all the mountain roads. There are several little towns on it, where good quarters can be had, and beautiful brawling streams cross and run along it; and, except for a short distance, it is practicable for wagons, and affords the best route for a railroad. Several reconnoissances have been made, but the government and the contractors have never yet come to terms so definite as to lead to this great result. We found comfortable lodgings in the little town of Annapoyma, and by midday next day I was met by my friend and Secretary of Legation, Mr. Boschell, with a coach, and by eventide was back in my own quarters. I do not believe that any dog-cart has been down the Cambao road since. It was a trip of great interest and some excitement to us, especially to Vaughan, who felt responsible for me, and never drew an easy breath while I was in the cart with him.

General Henry Morgan, now Enrique Morgan, was a native of Morefield Valley, Virginia. His family is well known and esteemed in that region. When sixteen

years old, he enlisted in Stonewall Jackson's corps, and served in it throughout the war between the States. On the surrender of Lee, he went away from Virginia to seek his fortunes in some country where he would feel freer than in his native land. From California he went down to Colombia, where he soon found employment. He liked the country and the people, and became a citizen of it. He served his adopted land with distinction in three revolutions, won the grade of general, and is now commander-in-chief of all the engineer troops, five battalions, of the Colombian Army. His courage and fidelity have won for him the confidence and love of the people.

The ladies of Bogotá wear black upon the streets, with mantillas, often of costly black lace, on their heads instead of bonnets. Only occasionally are the latter worn by some one who has been in the United States or Europe. Many of them have small and beautiful feet and hands. They are usually of the brunette type, and have very gentle and winning manners.

There is a large asylum for foundlings, that of St. Vincent de Paul. It is in excellent discipline and organization, under the care of the sisters of the church. The Lady Superior and her second in command accompanied us in our visit to the various departments of the building, and seemed much pleased with my commendation of their good work, as with the small donation which I left as a climax to my praise. I said on leaving, "There is no such institution as this in my country." They replied, "Mil gracias, Señor"; when I added, "Because we Protestants are too good to need such an one." At which preposterous statement these ancient virgins shook their ample sides with convulsions of incredulous laughter. All of the children

are of mothers of the lower classes, to whom the institution is so great a boon as to be considered by some people a very doubtful factor in the cause of morality.

My own home in Bogotá was as comfortable and complete as was possible when so far away from my nearest kindred. It was presided over by the lovely wife of my Secretary of Legation, and these good friends, more than any others, contributed to the happiness of my stay. The business of the Legation was conducted in such a manner as to receive the cordial approval of our government, repeatedly expressed, and when the result of the presidential election was known, the Secretary of Foreign Relations called at the American Legation to inform me that measures had been taken by his government to urge upon the government of the United States that no change should be made in the personnel of that legation. Surprised and gratified as I was by a tribute so unusual, I cherished but little hope of its influence upon the result.

The party axe fell promptly, and when I met my successor, Mr. John T. Abbot, of New Hampshire, I felt that in this case no injury could ensue to the public weal. He is a gentleman of high ability, self-reliant, courageous, and generous. My removal caused him genuine regret, and he and his gentle family showed their warm interest and sympathy, and he accompanied me in person on my lonely journey from Bogotá to Honda, an arduous six days' mule-ride for him, because he could not bear to see me go alone and friendless then.

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