

crowded with canvas, and assisted by a flotilla of boats from the French squadron, we were quietly towed outside the coral reef, then taking the trade on the quarter, we went off with a spanking breeze towards Aimeo.

CHAPTER LI.

With easterly winds we sailed away to the southward. In a fortnight the sky became dull and gloomy—the rain fell, chill and cold—we tumbled from our warm beds with a shock into the cold air, for we had been a long time beneath the clear skies and warm suns of the tropics, and rather magnified our hardships, in a thermometrical sense.

Still we were bound once more to the realms of civilization, which was in itself consoling—we buttoned our jackets—declared it was fine dumb-bell weather, and exercised those implements constantly. Doctor Faustus, too, lighted his jovial lamp when the night closed around us, and we blew the steam from a tumbler of *italia* punch with much thankfulness and gusto; and those of us who had watches, forthwith bent our steps to the upper regions.

One cold November night, in a hard squall, whilst the topmen were furling the lofty sails, two men were hurled from the main-top-gallant yard, and falling through the lubber's hole of the top, were caught at the junction of the futtock shrouds. One escaped with severe injuries, but his unfortunate companion died in thirty minutes. He was a handsome, active, young fellow, who made my acquaintance during the blockade of Mazatlan, in old Jack's oyster-boat.

In speaking of the accident, the day after, to an old Swedish quarter-gunner, called Borlan—"Vy, sir," said he, pulling aside his huge whiskers and disclosing a broad, jagged seam, the whole length of the face—"Vy, sir, see here! I vonce toombled vrom a brig's mast-head—top-gallant yard and all—lying to in a gale of vind. Vell, sir, I broke mine jaws and leg, but managed to get alongside again, and was hauled on bort. Vell, sir—vat you dink?—the gott tam skipper vanted to lick me for not bringing der yard too!"

After making a latitude of 47° South, the East winds departed, and taking a gale from the opposite direction, we flew before it for eleven days at ten miles the hour towards the Chilian coast. Oh! what a "melancholy main" is this wide expanse of the Pacific! There is, may be, in the feeling of being near continents or islands in less illimitable seas, something a little pleasurable; but to be pursuing the same wearisome, liquid track, for weeks and weeks, with nothing to relieve the monotony of sky and water, is desolate, indeed!

In the long night-watches, when strong gusts of hail or rain were whistling by our ears—the top-sails reefed down, though quivering and struggling, like great birds with cramped pinions, to burst from the stout cordage and fly away in flakes of snow—the gallant ship would, like a mettled charger feeling the whip and spur, at times run lightly and swiftly on the back of a mighty wave, almost as silently, too, as if gliding on a lake—when, the instant after, heeling from side to side, she would dash down impetuously amid the tumult of waters, cleaving a wide road before her!

Mutter your last *avé*, Jack! if you leave the strong ship in nights like these! Think of the keen-sighted albatross that will pick your eyes out next morning, if the keener-scented shark has

not already rasped and grated your bones into white splinters within his merciless jaws! Keep close under shelter of the solid bulwarks, Jack! Cling to your life-lines! Feel a rope twice aloft before you swing your full weight upon it! but hold on, Jack! Hold on!

Think of it, ye rich traders, when your big ships come gallantly into port. Think of the hands that have strained and grasped upon those lofty spars that now so motionless lift their taper heads, like needle-points, to the sky. Think of the cold sleet and chilling rain—but above all, think of poor Jack—take pity on his faults, and extend the helping hand in his distress.

There was my old marine oracle, Harry Greenfield, muffled in his pea-coat, braced firmly against the fife-rail, over the wheel, every now and then slowly twisting his rosy face around the stern, taking a glance through half-closed eyelids at the angry scud flying overhead, or during a rapid succession of heavy lurches, when the high masts appeared to describe three-fourths of a circle against the gloomy sky, he would pleasantly hint to the briny fore-castle-man who grasped the steering spokes, or the old quartermaster at the compass, "Steady, old Tom Scofield! Not so much, boys! Touch her lightly, Charley! don't you see she's flying off?"—and again relapse within the folds of his pea-jacket.

"Well, old gentleman, what are you pondering on?" "Why, Mr. Blank, I'm thinking how pleasant it must be to have a menagerie on board ship in a breeze like this; in case the animals should break loose, the tigers, bears, hyenas, and the elephant, and the monkeys flying around the decks in heaps, yelling, howling, and fighting together! Ah! it must be a fine sight on a dark night, with a lantern up the main rigging. I never sailed with any of them chaps, 'cept once—he was a royal Bengal tiger—

ah! I made a good bit of money out of him—he had a difficulty with the cook—” Here the old salt went into a series of chuckles, and I was forced to beg him to proceed. Emptying his mouth of the grateful weed, and wringing the sleet from his weather-beaten beard, he continued: “You remember Jim Hughes, Mr. Blank, the captain of the old ship’s foretop.” I nodded. “Well, I fell in with Jim one day in Greenock; he was just from Orleans, with a pouch full of cash, for he had been there in the height of the cholera season, and bagged twenty dollars a day for driving the dead cart.” Here old Harry chuckled again. “Well, sir, Jim was Scotch, and among his people, and very decent they were; they treated me all the same for being his shipmate. Well, after a time a brig was ready for sea; Jim was taken as second mate, and me as bo’sun. We were bound to Calcutta; off Java Head the first mate kicked the bucket, was tossed overboard, Jim was promoted, for he had larnin’, and I stepped into his shoes.” Another chuckle. “We staid in Calcutta five months, taking in rice, cotton, indigo, and other products of them countries, when, just before sailing, there came on board the tiger, a present for the King of England! A noble beast he was: a big strong iron front cage was built for him abaft the mainmast, and he never once stopped licking his white tusks, gaping, walking, and lashing his rope of a tail, for weeks and weeks after leaving the river. We all began to take a fancy to him, and I believe he did for us, ’cept the cook, who was a Nubian nigger, and black all the way down his throat. I never see such an intense darkey! His royal tigership never could bear the sight of him, probably because he had been trepanned by some of the nigger race; and whenever ‘Lamp Black,’ that was his name, came near, his eyes kindled like live coals, and he growled from

the bottom of his belly. We often cautioned cookey to be careful, and so he was. Well, we touched at Saint Helena, and right glad old Bengal was, no doubt, for we had got short of chickens—the only delicacies he seemed to relish—and he couldn’t be coaxed to touch salt junk. A few days after, the Nubian was handing him his breakfast, with the galley tormentors, a pair of tongs like, through the small trap door on top of the cage, and, like a fool, he just took one little peep, to see how tenderly the tiger could suck the last drop of blood from a chicken’s body, when, by one rapid blow of his paw, he sunk his sinewy claws into the darkey’s neck, tore the head from the trunk, and in a second was crunching the reeking mass between his grinders. He scoffed bones, wool, and flesh, and there lay the remains of poor ‘Lamp Black’ quivering on the red decks. After this little difficulty, he became quite civil and civilized, and never caused us more trouble. By and by, we arrived in London docks, and as they were a good while preparing a birth for him in the Zoological gardens, Jim and me exhibited him from a ha’penny to half-a-crown, to men, women, and children. So you see, sir, we made nigh forty pounds a piece, and had a capital spree, I tell ye.” Old Harry nearly choked, and did not thoroughly recover until his throat had been cleared with a glass of grog.

Thirty-six days from Tahiti, and we arrived in Valparaiso. Remaining in port nearly a month, the anchor was again weighed, and our prow again turned seaward. Passing the Point of Angels, the burnished keel bravely ploughed the open ocean, the blue waves following in snowy crests, and, in a few minutes, shores, town and hills had faded from sight.

CHAPTER LII.

THE 28th of January, 1849, found us on the Peruvian coast, abreast the Island of San Lorenzo, a mountain of sand, where not a blade of grass can vegetate; and rounding Galera Cape, we were shortly moored in the port of Callao.

The bay is a wide, sweeping indentation, with Lorenzo, Fronton, and a narrow spit of land jutting from the main, serving to keep the harbor smooth from prevailing southerly winds. To the north, the spurs of the Andes approach layer upon layer to the brink of the coast, while nearer the land trends away, towards the interior, nearly plain-like—green, fertile, and pleasant to gaze upon—with the clustering towers, and spires of Lima abutting on the distant hills.

There is no difference of opinion about Callao: for it is a filthy, bustling little port, reeking in garlie and drunken mariners, alive with fleas, miserable, dirty soldiers, and their yet more slovenly wives.

The place is thriving, for steam frequents it; and on the curving quay are piled mountains of English coals, enormous heaps of wheat, great stacks of *pisco*, and *italia* jars, where Haserac, the celebrated captain, might have concealed an army of thieves with impunity. Merchandise moves backwards and forwards on railway trucks, and lazy villains in pale yellow

jackets, with iron chains and anklets attached to the legs, are at work after a fashion of their own.

The houses of the port are mean and irregular, built anywhere and any how, either of adobies, boards, and on the outskirts, pleasant cottage residences, built of bullocks' hides and poles. Streets and lanes run hither and thither, and glaring English signs stare you in the face, such as the "Jibboom House," "The Lively Pig," "Jackknife Corner," and "House of Blazes." Along the beach are ranges of wicker, reed, and mat-made sheds for bathing, which are thronged during the season. But the most prominent features of Callao that attract the eye, are the round, flat turrets of the Castle, flanked on either side by long lines of curtains, bastions, embrasures, and batteries. It covers a great space, enclosing within its thick and massive case-mated walls, ranges of barracks—now happily converted into warehouses for the customs—magazines, and a large square, with a fountain in the centre. The fortification, from the nature of its position, is somewhat irregular, constructed partly on a ridge of sand, leading towards the southern arm of the bay, where in former times was the site of old Callao, before its destruction by the memorable earthquake of 1746.

There is a wide, deep moat, like to the bed of a river, encircling the fortress, with narrow channels cut on either side to the sea. This is now dry and partially filled in nearest the town. The redoubts and detached outworks are also in ruins, but yet enough remains to make us reflect, that what the old Spanish engineers left incomplete in this work would hardly be worth attempting in our day.

It was here where the last stand of the Royalists was made in New Spain—where the bloodiest foot-prints were left since the

days of the Incas and Pizarro—and it was in this same castle, where the brave Rodil, with a handful of devoted followers, clung to the soil of their royal master with a tenacity and determination amounting to heroism—where horse meat sold for a gold ounce the pound, and a chicken for its weight in the same precious metal: when, hemmed in on all sides, by sea and land—surrounded but not dismayed—they still kept their assailants at bay, until gaunt famine stalked before them, and they were forced to furl the well-worn colors of their King!* A score of Rodils, and another century might have intervened before South American patriots could have wrested the continent from the old Spaniards.

If tired of contemplating these bloody reminiscences—or bathing under the sheds and awnings, where all resemble, in their saturated black frocks and trowsers, watery nuns; or if your temper is destroyed by the fleas, you can fly to the harbor, where are sturdy merchantmen reeking in guano, smoking steamers, and heavy ships of war—and thick fogs at night—or, what is more diverting, you may watch the motions of swarms of gulls that frequent the Port. Our good surgeon, who professed to be an ornithologist, called them platoon birds. They fly in regular battalions and divisions, in strict military apportionments—led and apparently commanded by their chieftains. The reviews generally began with fishing. At some understood, feathery signal, while sailing over the bay, they wheel like a flash, and strike the water simultaneously like a shower of bullets, and not with the eyes of Argus is it possible to detect the smallest irregularity in movement, nor a stray winged soldier out of the ranks.

However, all these amusements are, at best, dull recreation, and

* In February, 1826.

it is a great relief to get quit of Callao. Omnibii encumber the uttermost ends of the earth—so we go to the office, when the smiling administrador behind a railing exclaims, “*Ah! Capitan!* you want *ascientos!* Ah! you give me one Spanish dollar—ah! *buéno!*” “Any thieves?” we timidly ask. “*Ah, sí,* yes; but you give him gold ounce—no kill you, ah!” “Charming fellows, certainly; but suppose we give him an ounce of some other metal!” *Ah! cuidado amigo!*—have a care, my friend!

With five horses ahead, crack! crack! goes the thong of the negro Jehu—over the paved street, into the dusty road, where the plunging steeds are brought up floundering, tugging and straining the heavy vehicle axle, through the finely powdered soil—now firmly stalled, we get out per force, curse the roads, and threaten to whip the driver—then we come on harder ground, until imperceptibly there comes a rocky strata—loose stones, remains of adobie walls and ditches—but all equally execrable: then, for a mile or more, fine trees bend their towering arms over the road, and shortly after, we rattle through a huge gateway—have travelled eight miles, and we are in the city of kings—Lima! “See it and die,” said the old land pirates of the days of its founder, Pizarro, and their descendants. Whatever it may have been two centuries ago, in these days it requires no very strong effort of will to survive the sight.

The city is compact and populous, the buildings are very low, and quite resemble the old Moriscan towns along the northern shores of Africa, with close overhanging *jalousies* and balconies, finely railed and latticed. The streets are wide and straight, paved with small pebbles—dreadfully torturing to the pedestrian—the side-walks beneath the portals or arcades of the plazas, and in the gateways and patios of dwellings are figured in coarse

mosaic, formed by the white knuckle-bones of sheep and pebbles. Handsome shops fringe the fashionable avenues, glittering with costly fabrics and toys; then again packed side by side, in nooks, alcoves, and niches, are small merchants, who from their numbers, one would suppose to be all sellers and no buyers.

The little river Rimac flows noisily through the city, fed from far away by the silvered pinnacles of snows and ice in the lofty Andes. It is spanned by a substantial and lofty bridge, whose every stone has been loosened by the earthquake. Lima might be made one of the cleanest cities in the world; for through all the main arteries runs a narrow rivulet diverted from the Rimac. Nevertheless, it is excessively filthy, and the *gallianzos*, or vultures, tame, and pampered by a profusion of nastiness and offal, take their morning's meal in the streets and squares, and afterwards hobble to the house-tops, where, with blood-red eyes, and gorged bodies, they calmly endure repletion.

The most striking features upon approaching the city are the vast clusters of domes, towers, and spires, that arise in such thick profusion from the convents and churches, as to favor the belief that every house has something of the kind attached thereto. From the neighboring valley of Almencas I have counted sixty. In the distance they present a solid, imposing aspect, but on a nearer view, they will generally be found mere paper structures of reeds and plaster. Many of the grand edifices, the cathedral, convents, and parochial churches, are partly of bricks, stone, or the most enormous adobies, up to the belfreys, but above, all are similar to the pasteboard decorations of the theatre; and although it seems reasonable to suppose they would topple down at the first summons of the *tremblor*, yet it is the

only style of lofty work that will bear the frequent shocks, totter like a tree, and still stand erect. Externally these buildings are elaborately carved, painted, and imaged, without any consistent order of architecture; and within they are profusely decorated with rich gildings, paintings, and statues; all, however, destitute of taste; and only when brilliantly illuminated, with the myriads of silken parti-colored streamers pendant and fluttering from the lofty aisles, swinging censers, organs pealing, with all the pomp and imposing ceremony of the Catholic church, is the effect worthy of admiration.

The best position for viewing Lima—Asmodeus-like—is from the high tower of San Domingo, that is, if, after mounting above the bells, you can reconcile the flimsy quaking fabric you stand upon to any extreme ideas of personal safety. The devil on this pair of sticks could not have chosen a more eligible spot for inspecting the arcana of people's dwellings. The city is spread like a map at your feet; composed of long lines of crumbling walls, miles of flat roofs, and little patios, the former loosely tiled, and sprinkled over with dirt, where even dead cats, and tattered rags quietly repose for ages. There is not in the universe to be seen such a large area of mud walls, reed, and rush-built houses, all appearing so unfinished and incomplete. But in a climate where it never rains, where it never blows, where even the thick coatings of dust are hardly absorbed by the *dry rain* of winter fogs, it is not surprising that all these masses of reeds and plaster are preserved for centuries without perceptible decay. Still there can be no scepticism on one point, that if ever there chance to fall a heavy tropical shower, the city of Pizarro will be swept, a heap of mud and sticks, into the ocean.

Allowing the eyes to wander around and beyond the city, the

discolored Rimac is seen hurrying from the melting bosom of its Alpine mother down between the distant hills, diffusing its fertilizing freshness over the sloping valley—the margins encircled by verdant fields of cane, like bright patches of emeralds, and the banks fringed by weeping willows, that dip their bending branches to kiss the rapid torrent. On it comes, over the stony bed, dashing its strength in fierce anger against the arches of the sturdy bridge, and then glancing by the flowering meads and slopes of Almencas, flies rapidly to the placid waves of the Pacific.

CHAPTER LIII

LIMA is fast losing its singular originality, although there is still much to be seen, which, in these days of universal journeyings, has the merit of being extremely novel.

There are interminable strings of mules and donkeys constantly passing and repassing to the bubbling fountains of plazas or churches, each with twin reservoirs of water-barrels balanced on the brute's shoulders; others with huge milk jugs, baker's boxes of hides, and the drivers in the midst. Again, matronly dames jog along astride their cattle, commonly nursing infants; then gilded *volantes* and *berlinas* whirl by, occupied by *damas* in full dress, looking as if entombed within crystal shades; then priests in "cope and stole" in processions—white and black gowned ones—tottering bishops in lawn and mitre, and very shaky on their swollen ancles, with beads vibrating like uneasy pendulums; others in stove-pipe hats, sleek, fat, and slovenly—or meek friars—not of eggs and bacon, from their meagre, famished appearance—lank and dirty, with robes of coarse serge and girdles of ropes—all darkening the side walks, with flickering torch and taper flaring in the mid-day sun, and solemn chaunt, as they move unceasingly towards church or convent.

Then, again, stupid, stunted native Indians strut along with bow legs and parrot step; beside them, stout negresses, *zambos*,

and cholos, with brief frocks, and the most gossamer of flesh-colored silk stockings encasing their ebony shins; there are *portales* thronged with shops and stalls—artizans in gold and silver embroidery carrying on their avocations, regardless of noise and bustle. Equestrians, too, are caracolling through streets and squares, clothed in bright ponchos, and their small, spirited steeds decked in shining trappings, with heavy Gothic-shaped spurs, half the weight of the riders.

It is a curious scene to contemplate all this motley crowd, as the first sweet tone of the great bell of the cathedral—and the sweetest sound from brass and silver ever heard—gives forth its prolonged and melancholy cadence for *oracion*. As if touched by the wand of a magician, the busy hum of life is hushed—mules and donkeys halt of their own accord, and with drooping ears and bended necks, appear absorbed in prayer. The man who is yelling *Fresquita!* with all his might, stops miraculously short at the half-uttered word in the highest note—venders and the disciples of Abraham cease barter—horsemen draw bridle—these gay *berlinas* pause, and their fair inmates with jewelled fingers tell their beads, and rosy lips arrest the dimpling smiles—lovers silence the soft whispers to blushing *amantes*—the whirr of loom and spindle weaving the golden threads is checked—hats and heads are borne low, and every vestige of animation is suspended—all is beautifully impressive. A minute! The *avé* is uttered—the heavy bell sounds twice—thrice—then the deafening and rejoicing peals ring from towers far and near. Crack! falls the cruel lash on the devout donkey's hide—*arré!* shouts the *arrieros*—*quita!* screams the dulce-man—*Tres pesos et menor!* wheedles the Jew—off glide the gilded vehicles—away gallop capering barbs—the artisans resume the mazy windings of the

reel or shuttle—the lover and his mistress again become smiling and pathetic—and again goes on the roar and turmoil of a populous town.

On the right bank of the Rimac are two promenades, neither particularly well shaded, but the Alameda nearest the river is most frequented and pleasant.

During feast days, or after the Sunday bull-fights in the arena near at hand, it is customary for the élite of Lima to appear in full dress, enshrined within the glass panels of their pretty *berlinas*, and take a stand along the drive, beneath the drooping willows. Nor is it considered indecorous, if you have friends or acquaintances among those lovely dames, to doff your castor and touch the tips of their ungloved, rosy fingers, and may be, hear the number of their *palco* at the evening opera—or, where the *tertulia* is given, and what a charming bouquet it was you sent—and other agreeable pleasantries. Have a care, my gringo! button your coat tight, or you may lose your heart!

On these occasions, also, the stone benches on either side the promenade are thronged with *sayas y mantas*—the most bewitching satin envelope that ever woman, be she youthful or aged, was ever wrapped in. There is no resisting the large, brilliant, languishing eye—laughing with all its might—nor the round, white arm, that so pertinaciously keeps the jealous folds of the *manta* over the face. Exhaust the whole Castilian vocabulary of compliments—and it is copious—beseeching and imploring to be vouchsafed one little word! *Ah Señorita! haceme el favor de una palabrita!*—do speak one little word. But no! never a syllable from the silent veil, while the roguish eye twinkles and laughs like a planet! They may know you—but the sharpest dueña that ever cheated or was bribed by a lover could not

detect her charge within these closely-fitting dominoes—nor husband the wife, nor mother her daughter—they are alike enshrouded in the same graceful but impenetrable black masque. They are so cunning and coquettish, too! Fancy you discover one. Strive to awaken her jealousy, or pique her vanity by encomiums or scandal upon a sister or cousin—ten to one it comes back to you in protean shapes from the one you least dreamed of. Yet I cannot but think the institution was originally invented by ugly women; and it appears, many of the fairest portions are of the same opinion, being generally quite willing to exhibit their charms of face as nature intended. Except on feast days, or in carnival, the dress is now rarely worn; but in former years no woman appeared in street or mass without the *saya y manta*. In those days, intrigue was so rife that a prudent young bachelor was forced to keep a strict watch upon his morals, or have his heart forcibly abducted by these warm-blooded Liméneans—those were the times to hold wicked husbands in consternation, and set watchful dueñas at defiance! For a wonder, French taste and dress are rapidly reforming all.

Some distance up the Rimac, near the Alameda, is to be found the pleasantest place for bathing. Water is turned by narrow canals, and pours through a long range of enclosed and covered tanks, nicely cemented and tiled, sufficiently large for swimming. They are not very private places at all hours of the day, but one's delicacy is seldom shocked, for the swimmers are the politest people possible: as an instance, whilst bathing one morning, two youths accidentally intruded on my quarters, but recovering their equanimity, very civilly removed their head-gear and made a polite bow to me, while in the water!

Drives there are none at all pleasurable for any extent around the city; nor are the rides more so. The environs, in all directions, are intersected by heavy and high mud walls, shutting out air and vision, leaving only heat and stifling clouds of dust to repay one's trouble.

Lima itself should not be too narrowly criticised from the streets; although without, naught is beheld save dingy, adobie walls, dusty cobwebbed lattices and balconies, half decayed, yet once pass the wide and lofty portals, and many of the best houses have noble suites of apartments, furnished with great taste and even splendor; besides, that which gives, in a certain degree, an air of elegance, is the elaborate mazes of glass doors, gaily papered or frescoed walls, and a profusion of gilding. Light is usually thrown from the roof, and the houses are cool and properly ventilated.

After a few *tertulias*, and a pretty ball given by the American Chargé, we had no other opportunities of mingling in Liménean society. There were quite a number of pretty women, with very fair complexions and winning manners, who danced like sylphs, as what Creole does not? Two youthful Señoritas, of some sixteen and seventeen years, were pointed out as little lumps of gold, of "purest ray serene," who were *fiancée* to their uncles, fine old gentlemen of sixty! It was suggestive of a post-chaise and handboxes to any successful aspirant to the ownership of a lovely pair of eyes. However, these out of the way alliances are quite common in Lima, and perhaps the fair ones, at a later era, begin to discover they have hearts of their own not to be sold to the highest bidder, like bills of exchange at the mart! Very few of these deluded damsels, it may be reasonably presumed,

when fully aware of their tender wrongs, can exclaim, in the words of the Spanish lady's ballad:

"I will not falsify my vows for gold nor gain.
Nor yet for all the *fondest swains* that ever lived in Spain."

CHAPTER LIV.

THE public edifices of Lima, which are so closely connected with the History of the Conquest, and the bloody revolutionary struggles of Peru, have no other attributes, either in architectural beauty or position to recommend them.

The Cathedral occupies nearly one side of the grand plaza; the exterior is painfully decorated, without taste or system; within is a solid silver altar, paintings of archbishops, and their earthly remains also, mummified in leather, and reposing in open coffins.

The Viceroy's Palace fills the northern face of the square—a low, irregular collection of buildings—the lower parts, fronting the plaza and streets, occupied by small shopmen, similar to the hosts of tinkers, fringemen, hatters, and cooks beneath the opposite ranges of the *portales*. Opening into the inner courtyard are the public offices and the private residence of the President, General Castilla. He was a soldier of fortune, had risen from the ranks, and passed through many vicissitudes of life before being chosen the supreme governor of Peru; not more surprising probably even to himself, than the extraordinary anomaly, that he has held his position the four years since the election, without a revolution having arisen to disturb his tranquillity. This security he owed, in a measure, to his individual bravery and soldiership displayed in times past, and the belief generally entertained by