

ness and quiet of the village, it seemed as if the mountains and volcanoes around had shielded it from the devastation and alarm of war. Passing through it, on the other side of the plain we commenced ascending a mountain. About half way up, looking back over the village and plain, we saw a single white line over the mountain we had crossed to the Ciudad Vieja, and the range of the eye embraced the plain and lake at our feet, the great plain of Escuintla, the two volcanoes of Agua and Fuego, extending to the Pacific Ocean. The road was very steep, and our mules laboured. On the other side of the mountain the road lay for some distance between shrubs and small trees, emerging from which we saw an immense plain, broken by the track of the direct road from Guatemala, and afar off the spires of the town of Chimaltenango. At the foot of the mountain we reached the village of Paramos. We had been three hours and a half making six miles. Don Pepé summoned the alcalde, showed him Carrera's passport, and demanded a guide to the next village. The alcalde called his alguazils, and in a very few minutes a guide was ready. Don Pepé told us that he left us in Europa, and with many thanks we bade him farewell.

We were now entering upon a region of country which, at the time of the conquest, was the most populous, the most civilized, and best cultivated in Guatemala. The people who occupied it were the descendants of those found there by Alvarado, and perhaps four-fifths were Indians of untainted blood. For three centuries they had submitted quietly to the dominion of the whites, but the rising of Carrera had waked them up to a recollection of their fathers, and it was rumoured that their eyes rolled strangely upon the white men as the enemies of their race. For the first time we saw fields of wheat and peach-trees. The country was poetically called Europa; and though the volcano de Agua still reared in full sight its stupendous head, it resembled the finest part of England on a magnificent scale.

But it was not like travelling in England. The young man with whose throat Mr. Catherwood had been so familiar loitered behind with the sick mule and a gun. He had started from Ciudad Vieja with a drawn knife in his hand, the blade about a foot and a half long, and we made up our minds to get rid of him; but we feared that he had anticipated us, and had gone off with the mule and gun. We waited till he came up, relieved him from the gun, and made him go forward, while we drove the mule. At the distance of two leagues we reached the Indian village of San Andres Isapa. Don Saturnino flourished Carrera's passport, introduced me as El Ministro de Nueva-York, demanded a guide, and in a few minutes an alguazil was trotting

before us for the next village. At this village, on the same requisition, the alcalde ran out to look for an alguazil, but could not find one immediately, and ventured to beg Don Saturnino to wait a moment. Don Saturnino told him he must go himself; Carrera would cut off his head if he did not; "the minister of New York" could not be kept waiting. Don Saturnino, like many others of my friends in that country, had no very definite notions in regard to titles or places. A man happened to be passing, whom the alcalde pressed into service, and he trotted on before with the halter of the led horse. Don Saturnino hurried him along; as we approached the next village Carrera's soldiers were in sight, returning on the direct road to Guatemala, fresh from the slaughter at Quezaltenango. Don Saturnino told the guide that he must avoid the plaza and go on to the next village. The guide begged, and Don Saturnino rode up, drew his sword, and threatened to cut his head off. The poor fellow trotted on, with his eye fixed on the uplifted sword; and when Don Saturnino turned to me with an Uncle Toby expression of face, he threw down the halter, leaped over a hedge fence, and ran toward the town. Don Saturnino, not disconcerted, caught up the halter, and, spurring his mule, pushed on. The road lay on a magnificent table-land, in some places having trees on each side for a great distance. Beyond this we had a heavy rain-storm, and late in the afternoon reached the brink of an immense precipice, in which, at a great distance, we saw the molino or wheat mill, looking like a New-England cotton factory. The descent was very steep and muddy, winding in places close along the precipitous side of the ravine. Great care was necessary with the mules; their tendency was to descend sidewise, which was very dangerous; but in the steepest places, by keeping their heads straight, they would slip in the mud several paces, bracing their feet and without falling.

At dark, wet and muddy, and in the midst of a heavy rain, we reached the molino. The major-domo was a Costa Rican, a countryman of Don Saturnino, and, fortunately, we had a room to ourselves, though it was damp and chilly. Here we learned that Tecpan Guatemala, one of the ruined cities we wished to visit, was but three leagues distant, and the major-domo offered to go with us in the morning.

In the morning the major-domo furnished us with fine horses, and we started early. Almost immediately we commenced ascending the other side of the ravine which we had descended the night before, and on the top entered on a continuation of the same beautiful and extensive table-land. On one side, for some distance, were high hedge fences, in which aloes were growing, and in one place were four in full

bloom. In an hour we arrived at Patzum, a large Indian village. Here we turned off to the right from the high road to Mexico by a sort of by-path; but the country was beautiful, and in parts well cultivated. The morning was bracing, and the climate like a spring morning in May. The immense table-land was elevated some 5,000 or 6,000 feet, but none of these heights have ever been taken. We passed on the right two mounds, such as are seen in many parts of the United States, and on the left an immense barranca. The table-land was level to the very edge, where the earth seemed to have broken off and sunk, and we looked down into a frightful abyss 2,000 or 3,000 feet deep. Gigantic trees at the bottom of the immense cavity looked like shrubs. At some distance beyond we passed a second of these immense barrancas, and in an hour and a half reached the Indian village of Tecpan Guatemala. For some distance before reaching it the road was shaded by trees and shrubs, among which were aloes thirty feet high. The long street by which we entered was paved with stones from the ruins of the old city, and filled with drunken Indians; and rushing across it was one with his arms around a woman's neck. At the head of this street was a fine plaza, with a large cabildo, and twenty or thirty Indian alguazils under the corridor, with wands of office in their hands, silent, in full suits of blue cloth, the trousers open at the knees, and cloak with a hood like the Arab burnouse. Adjoining this was the large courtyard of the church, paved with stone, and the church itself was one of the most magnificent in the country. It was the second built after the conquest. The façade was 200 feet wide, very lofty, with turrets and spires gorgeously ornamented with stuccoed figures, and a high platform, on which were Indians, the first we had seen in picturesque costume; and with the widely-extended view of the country around, it was a scene of wild magnificence in nature and in art. We stopped involuntarily; and while the Indians, in mute astonishment, gazed at us, we were lost in surprise and admiration. As usual, Don Saturnino was the pioneer, and we rode up to the house of the padre, where we were shown into a small room, in which the padre was dozing in a large chair, with the window closed and a ray of light admitted from the door. Before he had fairly opened his eyes, Don Saturnino told him that we had come to visit the ruins of the old city, and wanted a guide, and thrust into his hands Carrera's passport and the letter of the Provisor. The padre was old, fat, rich, and infirm, had been 35 years cura of Tecpan Guatemala, and was not used to doing things in a hurry; but our friend, knowing the particular objects of our visit, with great earnestness and haste told the padre that the minister of

New York had heard in his country of a remarkable stone, and the Provisor and Carrera were anxious for him to see it. The padre said that it was in the church, and lay on the top of the grand altar; the cup of the sacrament stood upon it; it was covered up, and very sacred; he had never seen it, and he was evidently unwilling to let us see it, but said he would endeavour to do so when we returned from the ruins. He sent for a guide, and we went out to the courtyard of the church; and while Mr. Catherwood was attempting a sketch, I walked up the steps. The interior was lofty, spacious, richly ornamented with stuccoed figures and paintings, dark and solemn, and in the distance was the grand altar, with long wax candles burning upon it, and Indians kneeling before it. At the door a man stopped me, and said that I must not enter with sword and spurs, and even that I must take off my boots. I would have done so, but saw that the Indians did not like a stranger going into *their* church. They were evidently entirely unaccustomed to the sight of strangers, and Mr. Catherwood was so annoyed by their gathering round him that he gave up his drawing; and fearing it would be worse on our return, I told Don Saturnino that we must make an effort to see the stone now. Don Saturnino had a great respect for the priests and the Church. He was not a fanatic, but he thought a powerful religious influence good for the Indians. Nevertheless, he said we ought to see it; and we went back in a body to the padre, and Don Saturnino told him that we were anxious to see the stone now, to prevent delay on our return. The good padre's heavy body was troubled. He asked for the Provisor's letter again, read it over, went out on the corridor and consulted with a brother about as old and round as himself, and at length told us to wait in that room and he would bring it. As he went out he ordered all the Indians in the courtyard, about forty or fifty, to go to the cabildo and tell the alcalde to send the guide. In a few minutes he returned, and opening with some trepidation the folds of his large gown, produced the stone.

Fuentes, in speaking of the old city, says—"To the westward of the city there is a little mount that commands it, on which stands a small round building about six feet in height, in the middle of which there is a pedestal formed of a shining substance resembling glass, but the precise quality of which has not been ascertained. Seated around this building, the judges heard and decided the causes brought before them, and their sentences were executed upon the spot. Previous to executing them, however, it was necessary to have them confirmed by the oracle, for which purpose three of the judges left their seats and proceeded to a deep ravine, where there was a place of worship containing

a black transparent stone, on the surface of which the Deity was supposed to indicate the fate of the criminal. If the decision was approved, the sentence was executed immediately; if nothing appeared on the stone, the accused was set at liberty. This oracle was also consulted in the affairs of war. The Bishop Francisco Marroquin, having obtained intelligence of this slab, ordered it to be cut square, and consecrated it for the top of the grand altar in the Church of Tecpan Guatemala. It is a stone of singular beauty, about a yard and a half each way." The "Modern Traveller" refers to it as an "interesting specimen of ancient art;" and, in 1824, concludes—"we may hope, before long, to receive some more distinct account of this oracular stone."

The world—meaning thereby the two classes into which an author once divided it, of subscribers and non-subscribers to his work—the world that reads these pages is indebted to Don Saturnino for some additional information. The stone was sewed up in a piece of cotton cloth drawn tight, which looked certainly as old as the thirty-five years it had been under the cura's charge, and probably was the same covering in which it was enveloped when first laid on the top of the altar. One or two stitches were cut in the middle, and this was perhaps all we should have seen; but Don Saturnino, with a hurried jargon of "strange, curious, sacred, incomprehensible, the Provisor's letter, minister of New York," &c., whipped out his penknife, and the good old padre, heavy with agitation and his own weight, sunk into his chair, still holding on with both hands. Don Saturnino ripped till he almost cut the good old man's fingers, slipped out the sacred tablet, and left the sack in the padre's hands. The padre sat a picture of self-abandonment, helplessness, distress, and self-reproach. We moved toward the light, and Don Saturnino, with a twinkle of his eyes and a ludicrous earnestness, consummated the padre's fear and horror by scratching the sacred stone with his knife. This oracular slab is a piece of common slate, fourteen inches by ten, and about as thick as those used by boys at school, without characters of any kind upon it. With a strong predilection for the marvellous, and scratching it most irreverently, we could make nothing more out of it. Don Saturnino handed it back to the padre, and told him he had better sew it up and put it back; and probably it is now in its place on the top of the grand altar, with the sacramental cup upon it, an object of veneration to the fanatic Indians.

But the agitation of the padre destroyed whatever there was of comic in the scene. Recovering from the shock, he told us not to go back through the town; that there was a road direct to the old city; and

concealing the tablet under his gown, he walked out with a firm step, and in a strong, unbroken voice, rapidly, in their own unintelligible dialect, called to the Indians to bring up our horses, and directed the guide to put us in the road which led direct to the molino. He feared that the Indians might discover our sacrilegious act; and as we looked in their stupid faces, we were well satisfied to get away before any such discovery was made, rejoicing more than the padre that we could get back to the molino without returning through the town.

We had but to mount and ride. At the distance of a mile and a half we reached the bank of an immense ravine. We descended it, Don Saturnino leading the way; and at the foot, on the other side, he stopped at a narrow passage, barely wide enough for the mule to pass. This was the entrance to the old city. It was a winding passage cut in the side of the ravine, twenty or thirty feet deep, and not wide enough for two horsemen to ride abreast; and this continued to the high table-land on which stood the ancient city of Patinamit.

When we rose upon the table-land for some distance it bore no marks of ever having been a city. Very soon we came upon an Indian burning down trees, and preparing a piece of ground for planting corn. Don Saturnino asked him to go with us and show us the ruins, but he refused. Soon after we reached a hut, outside of which a woman was washing. We asked her to accompany us, but she ran into the hut. Beyond this we reached a wall of stones, but broken and confused. We tied our horses in the shade of trees, and commenced exploring on foot. The ground was covered with mounds of ruins. In one place we saw the foundations of two houses, one of them about 100 feet long by 50 feet broad. It was 140 years since Fuentes published the account of his visit; during that time the Indians had carried away on their backs stones to build up the modern village of Tecpan Guatemala, and the hand of ruin had been busily at work. We inquired particularly for sculptured figures; our guide knew of two, and after considerable search brought us to them. They were lying on the ground, about three feet long, so worn that we could not make them out, though on one the eyes and nose of an animal were distinguishable. The position commanded an almost boundless view, and it is surrounded by an immense ravine, which warrants the description given of it by Fuentes. In some places it was frightful to look down into its depths. On every side it was inaccessible, and the only way of reaching it was by the narrow passage through which we entered, its desolation and ruin adding another page to the burdened record of human contentions, and proving that, as in the world whose history we know, so in this of

whose history we are ignorant, man's hand has been against his fellow. The solitary Indian hut is all that now occupies the site of the ancient city; but on Good Friday of every year a solemn procession of the whole Indian population is made to it from the village of Tecpan Guatemala, and, as our guide told us, on that day bells are heard sounding under the earth.

Descending by the same narrow passage, we traversed the ravine, and ascended on the other side. Our guide put us into the road that avoided the town, and we set off on a gallop.

Don Saturnino possessed the extremes of good temper, simplicity, uprightness, intelligence, and perseverance. Ever since I fell in with him he had been most useful, but this day he surpassed himself; and he was so well satisfied with us as to declare that if it were not for his wife in Costa Rica, he would bear us company to Palenque. He had an engagement in Guatemala on a particular day; every day that he lost with us was so much deducted from his visit to his relatives; and at his earnest request we had consented to pass a day with them, though a little out of our road. We reached the molino in time to walk over the mill. On the side of the hill above was a large building to receive grain, and below it an immense reservoir for water in the dry season, but which did not answer the purpose intended. The mill had seven sets of grindstones, and working night and day, ground from seventy to ninety negases of wheat in the twenty-four hours, each negas being six arobas of twenty-five pounds. The Indians bring the wheat, and each one takes a stone and does his own grinding, paying a rial (sixpence halfpenny) per negas for the use of the mill. Flour is worth about from fourteen to sixteen shillings the barrel.

Don Saturnino was one of the best men that ever lived, but in undress there was a lankness about him that was ludicrous. In the evening, as he sat on the bed with his thin arms wound around his thin legs, and we reproved him for his sacrilegious act in cutting open the cotton cloth, his little eyes twinkled, and Mr. C. and I laughed as we had not before laughed in Central America.

But in that country one extreme followed close upon another. At midnight we were roused from sleep by that movement which, once felt, can never be mistaken. The building rocked, our men in the corridor cried out, "temblor," and Mr. C. and I at the same moment exclaimed, "an earthquake!" Our catres stood transversely. By the undulating movement of the earth he was rolled from side to side, and I from head to foot. The sinking of my head induced an awful faintness of heart. I sprang upon my feet, and rushed to the door. In a moment the earth was still. We sat on the sides of the bed,

compared movements and sensations, lay down again, and slept till morning.

Early in the morning we resumed our journey. Unfortunately, the grey mule was no better. Perhaps she would recover in a few days, but we had no time to wait. My first mule, too, purchased at the price of seeing Don Clementino's sister, which had been a most faithful animal, was drooping. Don Saturnino offered me his own, a strong, hardy animal, in exchange for the latter, and the former I left behind, to be sent back and turned out on the pasture-grounds of Padre Alcantara. There were few trials greater in that country than that of being obliged to leave on the road these tried and faithful companions.

To Patzum our road was the same as the day before. Before reaching it we had difficulty with the luggage, and left at a hut on the road, our only catre. Leaving Patzum on the left, our road lay on the high, level table-land, and at ten o'clock we came to the brink of a ravine, 3,000 feet deep, saw an immense abyss at our feet, and opposite, the high, precipitous wall of the ravine. Our road lay across it. At the very commencement the descent was steep. As we advanced the path wound fearfully along the edge of the precipice, and we met a caravan of mules at a narrow place, where there was no room to turn out, and we were obliged to go back, taking care to give them the outside. All the way down we were meeting them; perhaps more than 500 passed us, loaded with wheat for the mills, and cloths for Guatemala. In meeting so many mules laden with merchandise, we lost the vague and indefinite apprehensions with which we had set out on this road. We were kept back by them more than half an hour, and with great labour reached the bottom of the ravine. A stream ran through it; for some distance our road lay in the stream, and we crossed it thirty or forty times. The sides of the ravine were of an immense height. In one place we rode along a perpendicular wall of limestone rock smoking with spontaneous combustion.

At twelve o'clock we commenced ascending the opposite side. About half way up we met another caravan of mules, with heavy boxes on their sides, tumbling down the steep descent. They came upon us so suddenly that our cargo-mules got entangled among them, turned around, and were hurried down the mountain. Our men got them disengaged, and we drew up against the side. As we ascended, toward the summit, far above us, were rude fortifications, commanding the road up which we were toiling. This was the frontier post of Los Altos, and the position taken by General Guzman to repel the invasion of Carrera. It seemed certain death for any body of men to advance

against it; but Carrera sent a detachment of Indians, who clambered up the ravine at another place, and attacked it in the rear. The fortifications were pulled down and burned, the boundary lines demolished, and Los Altos annexed to Guatemala. Here we met an Indian, who confirmed what the muleteers had told us, that the road to Santiago Atitlan, the place of residence of Don Saturnino's relatives, was five leagues, and exceedingly bad, and, in order to save our luggage-mules, we resolved to leave them at the village of Godines, about a mile further on. The village consisted of but three or four huts, entirely desolate; there was not a person in sight. We were afraid to trust our *mazos* alone; they might be robbed, or they might rob us themselves; besides, they had nothing to eat. We were about at the head of the lake of Atitlan. It was impossible, with the cargo-mules, to reach Santiago Atitlan that day; it lay on the left border of the lake; our road was on the right, and it was agreed for Don Saturnino to go on alone, and for us to continue on our direct road to Panajachel, a village on the right border opposite Atitlan, and cross the lake to pay our visit to him. We were told that there were canoes for this purpose, and bade farewell to Don Saturnino with the confident expectation of seeing him the next day at the house of his relatives; but we never met again.

At two o'clock we came out upon the lofty table-land bordering the lake of Atitlan. In general I have forborne attempting to give any idea of the magnificent scenery amid which we were travelling, but here forbearance would be a sin. From a height of 3,000 or 4,000 feet we looked down upon a surface shining like a sheet of molten silver, enclosed by rocks and mountains of every form, some barren, and some covered with verdure, rising from 500 to 5,000 feet in height. Opposite, down on the borders of the lake, and apparently inaccessible by land, was the town of Santiago Atitlan, to which our friend was wending his way, situated between two immense volcanoes 8,000 or 10,000 feet high. Farther on was another volcano, and farther still another, more lofty than all, with its summit buried in clouds. There were no associations connected with this lake; until lately we did not know it even by name; but we both agreed that it was the most magnificent spectacle we ever saw. We stopped and watched the fleecy clouds of vapour rising from the bottom, moving up the mountains and the sides of the volcanoes. We descended at first by a steep pitch, and then gently for about three miles along the precipitous border of the lake, leaving on our right the *camino real* and the village of San Andres, and suddenly reached the brink of the table-land, 2,000 feet high. At the foot was a rich plain running down to the

water; and on the opposite side another immense perpendicular mountain-side, rising to the same height with that on which we stood. In the middle of the plain, buried in foliage, with the spire of the church barely visible, was the town of Panajachel. Our first view of the lake was the most beautiful we had ever seen, but this surpassed it. All the requisites of the grand and beautiful were there; gigantic mountains, a valley of poetic softness, lake, and volcanoes, and from the height on which we stood a waterfall marked a silver line down its sides. A party of Indian men and women were moving in single file from the foot of the mountain toward the village, and looked like children. The descent was steep and perpendicular, and, reaching the plain, the view of the mountain-walls was sublime. As we advanced, the plain formed a triangle with its base on the lake, the two mountain ranges converged to a point, and communicated by a narrow defile beyond with the village of San Andres.

Riding through a thick forest of fruit and flower trees, we entered the village, and at three o'clock rode up to the convent. The padre was a young man, cura of four or five villages, rich, formal, and polite; but all over the world women are better than men; his mother and sister received us cordially. They were in great distress on account of the outrage at Quezaltenango. Carrera's troops had passed through on their return to Guatemala, and they feared that the same bloody scenes were to be enacted all through the country. Part of his outrages were against the person of a cura, and this seemed to break the only chain that was supposed to keep him in subjection. Unfortunately, we learned that there was little or no communication with Santiago Atitlan, and no canoe on this side of the lake. Our only chance of seeing Don Saturnino again was that he would learn this fact at Atitlan, and if there was a canoe there, send it for us. After dinner, with a servant of the house as guide, we walked down to the lake. The path lay through a tropical garden. The climate was entirely different from the table-land above, and productions which would not grow there flourished here. Sapotes, jocotes, aguacates, manzanas, pine-apples, oranges, and lemons, the best fruits of Central America, grew in profusion, and aloe grew 30 to 35 feet high, and 12 or 14 inches thick, cultivated in rows, to be used for thatching miserable Indian huts. We came down to the lake at some hot springs, so near the edge that the waves ran over the spring, the former being very hot, and the latter very cold.

According to Juarros, "the Lake of Atitlan is one of the most remarkable in the kingdom. It is about twenty-four miles from east to west, and ten from north to south, entirely surrounded by rocks and

mountains. There is no gradation of depth from its shores, and the bottom has not been found with a line of 300 fathoms. It receives several rivers, and all the waters that descend from the mountains, but there is no known channel by which this great body is carried off. The only fish caught in it are crabs, and a species of small fish about the size of the little finger. These are in such countless myriads that the inhabitants of the surrounding ten villages carry on a considerable fishing for them."

At that hour of the day, as we understood to be the case always at that season of the year, heavy clouds were hanging over the mountains and volcanoes, and the lake was violently agitated by a strong south-west wind; as our guide said, "la laguna es muy brava." Santiago Atitlan was nearly opposite, at a distance of seven or eight leagues, and in following the irregular and mountainous border of the lake, from the point where Don Saturnino left us, we doubted whether he could reach it that night. It was much farther off than we supposed, and with the lake in such a state of agitation, and subject, as our guide told us, at all times to violent gusts of wind, we had but little inclination to cross it in a canoe. It would have been magnificent to see there a tropical storm, to hear the thunder roll among the mountains, and see the lightnings flash down into the lake. We sat on the shore till the sun disappeared behind the mountains at the head of the lake. Mingled with our contemplations of it were thoughts of other and far distant scenes, and at dark we returned to the convent.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

LAKE OF ATITLAN—CONJECTURES AS TO ITS ORIGIN, ETC.—A SAIL ON THE LAKE—A DANGEROUS SITUATION—A LOFTY MOUNTAIN RANGE—ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAINS—COMMANDING VIEW—BEAUTIFUL PLAIN—AN ELEVATED VILLAGE—RIDE ALONG THE LAKE—SOLOLA—VISIT TO SANTA CRUZ DEL QUICHÉ—SCENERY ON THE ROAD—BARRANCAS—SAN THOMAS—WHIPPING POSTS—PLAIN OF QUICHÉ—THE VILLAGE—RUINS OF QUICHÉ—ITS HISTORY—DESOLATE SCENE—A FACETIOUS CURA—DESCRIPTION OF THE RUINS—PLAN—THE ROYAL PALACE—THE PLACE OF SACRIFICE—AN IMAGE—TWO HEADS, ETC.—DESTRUCTION OF THE PALACE RECENT—AN ARCH.

EARLY in the morning we again went down to the lake. Not a vapour was on the water, and the top of every volcano was clear of clouds. We looked over to Santiago Atitlan, but there was no indication of a canoe coming for us. We whiled away the time in shooting wild ducks, but could only get two ashore, which we afterward found of excellent flavour. According to the account given by Juarros, the water of this lake is so cold that in a few minutes it benumbs and swells the limbs of all who bathe in it. But it looked so inviting that we determined to risk it, and were not benumbed, nor were our limbs swollen. The inhabitants, we were told, bathed in it constantly; and Mr. C. remained a long time in the water, supported by his life-preserver, and without taking any exercise, and was not conscious of extreme coldness. In the utter ignorance that exists in regard to the geography and geology of that country, it may be that the account of its fathomless depth, and the absence of any visible outlet, is as unfounded as that of the coldness of its waters.

While we were dressing, Juan, one of our mozos, found a canoe along the shore. It was an oblong "dug-out," awkward and rickety, and intended for only one person; but the lake was so smooth that a plank seemed sufficient. We got in, and Juan pushed off, and paddled out. As we moved away the mountainous borders of the lake rose grandly before us; and I had just called Mr. C.'s attention to a cascade opening upon us from the great height of perhaps 3,000 or 4,000 feet, when we were struck by a flaw, which turned the canoe, and drove us out into the lake. The canoe was overloaded, and Juan was an unskilful paddler. For several minutes he pulled, with every sinew stretched, but could barely keep her head straight. Mr. C. was in the stern, I on my knees in the bottom of the canoe. The loss of a stroke, or a tottering movement in changing places might swamp her; and if we let her go she would be driven out into the lake, and cast ashore, if