



THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

of its acquisition and administration which, by analogy, might be applied to the permanent control of the Philippines. Alaska, it will be remembered, was ceded to the United States by Russia on March 30, 1867, and was soon thereafter formally delivered into our military possession, General Rousseau of the army representing our government. By an act of Congress, approved July 27, 1868, the laws of the United States relating to customs, commerce, and navigation were extended over the vast territory thus acquired, and from that date until May 17, 1884, a period of sixteen years, these laws were administered and executed by the Treasury Department and its subordinate officers.

The act of May 17, 1884, provided for the appointment of a governor for Alaska, a United States district court, with marshal, clerks, and deputies, and for United States

commissioners to be stationed at various points in the Territory. Subsequently laws have been passed regarding town sites, and protecting fishing and mining rights; and the present Congress has passed a law defining the rights of railway corporations, extending the homestead laws over the Territory, and limiting the amount of land to be taken up, purchased, or occupied by any one person or corporation upon navigable waters.

So that Congress has met the necessities of this Territory, as they have arisen from time to time, by suitable legislation; but no provision has been yet made for a territorial form of government with a legislature. That will come in due time, and the future will see one or more States carved out of that great territory, but not until it is peopled with men from the States in such numbers as to give assurance of stable self-government.

LIFE IN MANILA.

BY WALLACE CUMMING.

THERE is no place in the civilized parts of the world which has been so entirely unknown, even to well-informed people, as the Philippine Islands. Even the ubiquitous "globe-trotter" passes them by, for they are

off the regular route which runs from Singapore, via Hong-Kong, to Shanghai or Japan, and the China Sea is a specially unpleasant body of water to cross. The steamers running between Hong-Kong and Manila are so small



A BIT OF CORREGIDOR.

that the trip is like a rough Channel passage lengthened to between sixty and seventy hours. Of the alternative route from Singapore I will not speak beyond saying that the steamers on this route are Spanish; for to most people who have not had the advantage of a Spanish bringing up the usual Spanish steamer is not to be thought of. Never shall I forget the nightmare horrors of my own first passage from Hong-Kong to Manila. I was hurrying to Manila to enter the American house of Peele, Hubbell & Co. as a junior clerk. At that time (the autumn of 1882) Manila was being devastated by the worst epidemic of cholera ever known there. The death-rate rose to thirteen hundred a day, and Peele, Hubbell & Co., having lost two clerks, and not knowing how many more might go, cabled me an offer of a position.

On reaching Hong-Kong, I found that, owing to the quarantine against Manila, the next regular steamer would not leave for ten days or two weeks. Being blissfully ignorant of the fact that a person entirely unacquainted with the life and ways of the East, and not having enough knowledge of Spanish to swear by (barely enough, indeed, to swear *with*), is about as useful as the vermiform

appendix,—and with the same capacity of being very troublesome,—I allowed myself to be persuaded to take passage on a tiny little German tramp steamer, about to start. She was of less than two hundred tons, with her cabin just forward of the engine, and separated from it by an iron bulkhead which gave it the benefit of all the heat. It was barely large enough to accommodate a fixed table and four chairs, and had on each side a cabin with two berths each. There were two other passengers. One doubled up with the captain. The other, a young Filipino, shared the other cabin with me. We ran into a typhoon just outside of Hong-Kong harbor, and did not get out of it until we entered Manila Bay, six days later. Never did time pass so slowly. I had forgotten to bring any reading material. The cabin was unbearably hot, the deck was under water the whole time, and the bridge was the only place of refuge; even that was soaked with spray. The night was even worse, for though I was not sick, my little Filipino more than made up for my immunity, and effectually deterred me from occupying the berth to which I was entitled. So I made a bed of the cabin floor, twisting myself around the

legs of the table to prevent being rolled from side to side. We did arrive at last, however, though the steamer had such a list, through the shifting of her cargo, that dishes would slide off the cabin table even when we were anchored in the calm water of Manila Bay.

The coast is a bold one at the entrance to Manila Bay, a small rocky island dividing the entrance into two unequal passages. The island is that Corregidor so often mentioned in the reports of the naval battle. After passing through the entrance, the bay widens out, extending about forty miles north and south, and the same east and west.

Manila is on the eastern shore of the bay. About seven miles nearer the entrance, on the southern shore, is Cavite, the scene of the great naval battle, where there are a dry-dock and an arsenal. We came to anchor on Sunday morning about a mile offshore. All vessels drawing over sixteen feet discharge a part of their cargo in the bay and then enter the river Pasig, on which are located the principal business houses and wharves. Though any land would have been most welcome after six days of such tossing as we had experienced, yet my first view of

Manila was most unattractive. Two terrible typhoons had visited the city six weeks before, and the shores of the bay were literally strewn with wrecked vessels. Every vessel lying in the bay at the time had been driven ashore, while thousands of native houses were destroyed.

The population of Manila was placed at about three hundred thousand. That is probably not an overestimate, for it is certain that at least sixty thousand people died of cholera during that epidemic. All statistics are, however, mere guess-work, for there are no official figures. During all the years the Spaniards have owned the islands, they have occupied only the mere edges, and great areas on the larger islands are as wild and unknown as at the landing of Magalhães.

The old city, called there distinctively "Manila," is built in the angle made by the river Pasig and the bay. It is surrounded by stone walls forty feet thick, and a wide moat, in part double. Each gate has a portcullis, and is approached by a drawbridge, and the top of the wall is lined with cannon of two hundred years ago. It is said to be the most perfectly preserved type of the old walled city now left. In it are the cathedral, the archbishop's palace, most of the



A STREET IN CAVITE.



CITY WALL OF MANILA, WITH ITS DEFENSES.

government offices, and many convents and monasteries. Many European Spaniards live there.

Spreading far on the shore of the bay, and on both banks of the Pasig, on a perfectly flat, alluvial plain intersected by numerous creeks, are the different pueblos, or wards (some fifteen or twenty in number), which together constitute what is known to the outside world as Manila. The population is a mixture of all races. Every color is represented, from the blonde Caucasian Scandinavian to the darkest native. The latter is least common, and is usually an American negro from some ship, or, more rarely, a specimen of the dwarfish aboriginals known as Negritos (little negroes). They have the thick lips, flat noses, retreating foreheads, and woolly heads of the West Coast African, and closely resemble the Bushman of South-central Africa. They are numerous, and in the unknown interior of Luzon they live an utterly savage life, and have never been even nominally subdued.

The Spaniard from "the Peninsula," as they call Spain, is invariably an office-holder, or in the army or navy. He looks down on everybody else, and has come to make as much money as possible, no matter how, and then go back to spend it in Spain. Then there are the Filipinos,—"children of the country," they are called,—who are supposed to be pure-blooded descendants of Spanish settlers. But there are few of them without some touch of Chinese or native blood. There are from forty to sixty thousand

Chinese. Many of them are wealthy, but the bulk of them are coolies earning twenty cents a day. The vast majority of the population is made up of every shade and cross, natives (Malays) and half-breeds (mestizos). Smallest in number, but controlling the entire import and export business, are the "foreigners"—English, Germans, Americans, Swiss, etc. Most of the European countries are represented.

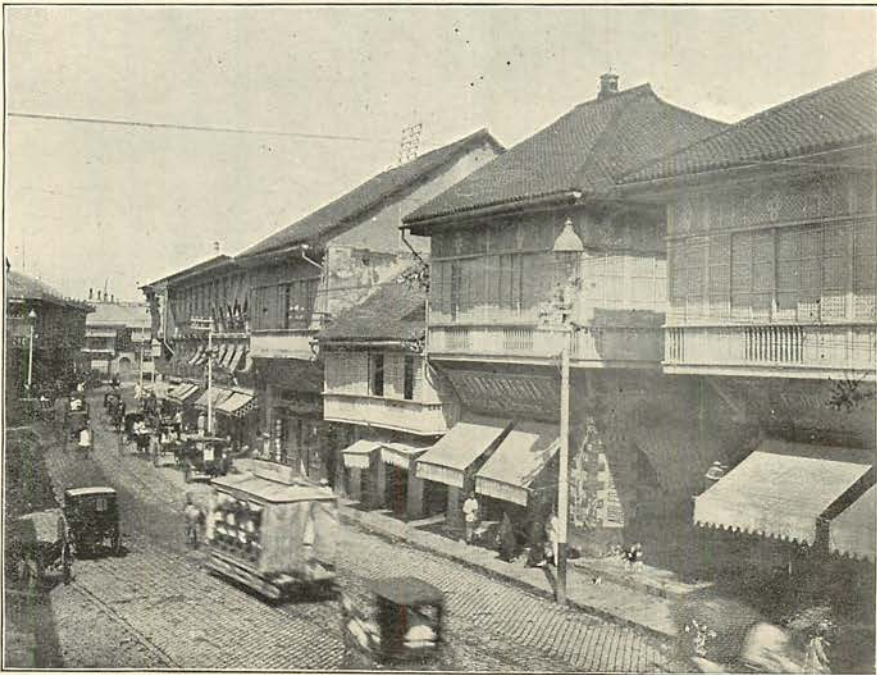
Among the first things to impress a stranger are the horses. Descended from horses brought from Mexico, they have become much smaller, while they are also much more shapely. In fact, I have never seen a better-looking breed. There is nothing of the pony about their shape, though in size they range between forty-eight and fifty-two inches. At first it looked absurd to see them ridden by big men whose stirrups hung down to the horses' knees; but I soon found out that they easily carried a rider weighing two hundred pounds. The foreigners have a jockey club, which holds two meetings a year at the beautiful turf track at Santa Mesa. To avoid sharp practice, members of the club only are eligible to ride. This necessitates a scale of weights starting at one hundred and thirty-two pounds and rising to one hundred and fifty-four pounds. It demonstrates the speed and strength of these miniature horses that a mile has been run in two minutes and ten seconds by a pony carrying one hundred and fifty pounds. Only stallions are used. Mares cannot even be brought into the city. Nobody walks;

everybody rides; and on any special *fiesta* thousands of carriages fill the streets. I doubt if there is a city in the world that can turn out half the number of private vehicles in proportion to the population. The better houses differ in some ways from any other in the world. Always of two stories, there is a high stone basement, with a carriageway through to the court, where are the servants' quarters and domestic offices. The upper story is of wood, being complete in itself, so that in case of an earthquake it will settle together. The ceilings are covered with cloth instead of plaster. A wide stairway leads up from the carriageway. Between three and four feet above the floor of this story is a wide window-ledge with grooves running the whole length of every side. In these grooves slide blinds, and also frames in which are set small squares of oyster shell (called "conchas"). Both blinds and conchas run the full length of each side. Either or both can be closed at the same time, and both can be slid back to the width of one at each end, leaving the whole side open, and allowing the air to circulate as freely as in a shed. The roofs were formerly made of heavy curved tiles. Now galvanized iron is used, as it vastly decreases the chance of the roof falling during an earthquake, and lessens the damage if it does. On the other hand, the iron roof is

much more likely to be blown off by the terrible typhoons.

The native houses are built of bamboo, with thatched roofs made of the leaf of the nipa palm, and elevated from six to ten feet on bamboo poles. When one builds a house in Manila, it is necessary to decide whether to make it safe from earthquake or typhoon. The frail nipa house may swing like a ship in a heavy sea during an earthquake, but is perfectly safe; while the tile or iron roof may fall, killing and destroying everything near it. But when the typhoon comes, the nipa houses go down by the hundred, while the tile- and iron-roofed ones suffer little.

Possibly the chief peculiarity of the Philippines is its position as the stronghold of the priest and the religious orders. All the great orders are established there; black, blue, brown, and white robes swarm in the streets. All education is in their hands, and in the country and village the priest is virtually all-powerful. No translation of the Bible is allowed to enter the islands, and no Protestant church can be built, no service held. To illustrate the power of the church, I will describe the ceremony I saw on Corpus Christi. There was a great procession, with all the officials, troops, and sailors taking part. Finally the procession halted, and the archbishop drove slowly by in his carriage, drawn by four white horses, with outriders and



ESCOLTA, STREET OF MANILA.

guards. As he passed the colors of each regiment, the carriage stopped, and the colors were laid on the ground. The archbishop descended, stood on them, and elevated the host to the four quarters, and then went forward to repeat the ceremony at each regiment.

they do on all the great holidays of the church, to music, fireworks, cock-fighting, processions, etc.

Almost all these processions took place at night, and the effect was most picturesque. There would be a line of marchers, men,



A HALF-BREED. THE UPPER PORTION OF THE COSTUME IS MADE OF THE FIBER OF PINEAPPLES.

Formerly, a serious drawback to a visit to Manila was the lack of hotels, but now there are several. If the visitor has letters of introduction, there is also a pleasant and comfortable foreigners' club at which he may stay. Manila loves holidays. At one time there were over forty in each year. The number has been sadly diminished, though there are still thirteen left, I understand. Each pueblo has its saint, and on that saint's day the inhabitants give themselves over, as

women, and children, walking in single file on each side of the street, every one with a lighted candle in his hand. At intervals, in the middle of the road, would come images of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the saints, borne on the shoulders of from ten to thirty men, surrounded by priests, and preceded by a band of music. Some of the images were covered with diamonds and other precious stones, said to be enormously valuable. In these cases there was always a guard of

soldiers with fixed bayonets about the image. Often there would be thousands of people walking in these processions, and all the while it was moving, tens of thousands of rockets and bombs would be fired. These rockets and bombs are home-made. The rockets consist only of a joint of bamboo filled with powder, exploding with a great

gray robe with a hood, and it comes to the ground. The effect is very strange, and as the people go they repeat continually: "*Santa Maria, Madre de Dios, ora pro nobis!*" It may seem strange that grave-clothes are provided before they are needed; but in Manila they are considered a prime necessity, and every native owns those clothes, even if he is bare



A NATIVE.

noise, but with little light. The bombs are simply a handful of powder tightly wrapped with hemp. They cost a mere trifle, but make a great noise, and no fiesta is complete without plenty of them.

The most curious procession is participated in only by natives and the poorer mestizos. It takes place, if I remember rightly, during Holy Week, and is a high solemnity. Every one walking in the procession is robed in his grave-clothes. The garment is a long, loose

of all others. The ordinary dress of the native man is trousers and shirt of "piecegoods" (calico), the shirt being worn outside the trousers. On holidays they wear a shirt made of *piña*, which is an expensive material. Native servants wear the same articles, but they must be of spotless white; and very suitable and nice-looking it is, though I suppose that the idea of being driven by a coachman so dressed would shock the habitués of Central and Hyde



COCK-FIGHTING, A COMMON STREET SCENE.

parks. A curious freak of custom was that native servants were required to serve bare-footed, while it was an insult if a Chinese servant appeared before his superior without his shoes.

Our firm had a mess-house, in which the partners lived, and which was open to all their American and English employees. Should the latter prefer to live elsewhere, one thousand dollars a year was allowed as the equivalent. I lived at the mess, finding it much the more comfortable. Indeed, it would have been hard to be dissatisfied with our way of living; and as it will show the style in which the great American houses in the East are conducted, I think it worth telling with some detail. The mess was a fine house, handsomely furnished, in one of the pleasantest parts of the city. The table was supplied by a

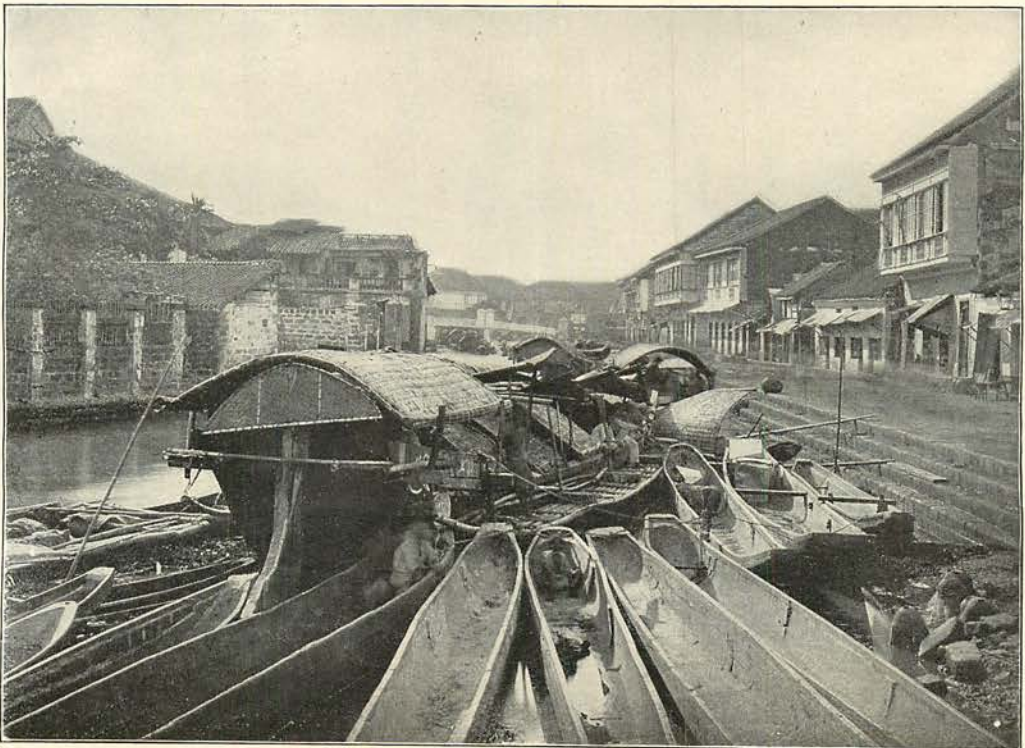
Chinese cook. He was allowed five hundred dollars a month, and given certain of the heavier groceries, such as flour, rice, etc. He paid his under-cooks, and was responsible for meals at the mess, and for breakfast (like the French *déjeuner à la fourchette*) and afternoon tea, which were taken at the office by all the employees, except on Sundays and fiestas. Then there was a majordomo, who had control of all the servants and had charge of the house. There was also an extra house-servant, and a Chinese porter, who opened and shut the great house doors, filled the baths, pulled the punka, and watered the street in the dry season. Then every one had a personal servant, who took care of his room, attended to his clothes, waited on him at table, prepared his early breakfast (about 7 A.M.), and so on. Everybody also

owned a horse or horses, which involved one more servant at least. Being a junior, I contented myself with one pony and a two-wheeled trap, something like a dog-cart. The others drove victorias and pairs. Three of our mess owned racing-ponies, which inured to my benefit, as it gave me as much riding as I wished. After the bath and an early breakfast came the drive to the office, between eight and eight-thirty; then work till twelve-fifteen, at which hour breakfast was served at the office; then work again until five-thirty, interrupted between three and four by afternoon tea; then to the bungalow to dress, to drive, and back to dinner at seven-thirty.

To a lover of music Manila is a charming place. The natives have wonderful musical talent, and there were numerous bands. Those of the three regiments then stationed there were remarkably good; and four afternoons each week they played in turn on the "Luneta," a sort of plaza on the shores of the bay just outside the old walls. I recall vividly the open-air concert, by three hundred instruments, given in honor of Prince Oscar of Sweden. The glorious full moon of the tropics, far brighter than in more Northern lands, shining on the quiet waters of the

bay, the innumerable lights, the brilliantly dressed crowd, and the thrilling music of the mighty bands, softened in volume on the great plain, combined to make it an occasion to be long remembered. The "Battle of Castellejos," which they played, was inspiring, and the effect was heightened by the repetition of the trumpet-calls by soldiers who were stationed at intervals far off upon the plains, while the guns on the city walls added a touch of reality.

During the height of the rainy season, from about the middle of June to the middle of September, all outdoor pursuits are suspended. The violence of the downpour is hardly to be imagined by dwellers in higher latitudes. The streets in Manila, and some of the roads for a few miles outside, are fairly good during the dry season, but quickly become nearly impassable when the rains set in. As I have already mentioned, Manila is intersected in all directions by creeks, which are traversed by hundreds of canoes. These canoes are dugouts, often of great size, and the natives are most expert in handling them. They are indispensable at times when vast floods come down from the great lake, about thirty miles from Manila, of which the river Pasig is the outlet. One



SCENE ON A CANAL IN MANILA, SHOWING LIGHTERS AND CANOES.

storm will sometimes raise the river and overflow most of the city. After a few hours' rain I have gone direct from our steps into a *banca* (canoe), and been paddled through the streets to the office.

In this lake is found one of the most remarkable phenomena in the islands. Not very far from the center rises what is evidently the old crater of a submerged volcano. Circular in shape, it comes up abruptly from the water, the sides several hundred feet in height, except in one place, where it is not more than thirty. The natives are dreadfully afraid of it, saying it is full of crocodiles; but a party of us who went there in a steam-launch induced them to drag their canoes over, and paddle us about. The interior walls rise perpendicularly, and are masses of vegetation which has found foothold in every crack and cranny. The water within seems to have no communication with

the lake, and is no longer water, but a mass of corruption and putridity that fills one with shuddering horror. We saw no crocodiles. Perhaps our noise frightened them; but I cannot understand how fish could live in that mass of filth, nor where the crocodiles would find food, if fish were lacking. The depth of this place is unknown, no bottom having been found in the soundings thus far made.

I have no space here to write of many other interesting topics: the venality of the Spanish officials, from the lowest to the highest; the almost incredible impediments which they throw in the way of business; the character and customs of the women, Filipina, mestiza, and native; the fruits, including the mango, king of all, and the one hundred and sixty-five varieties of bananas, and—but the list itself might extend almost to the length of an article.



NATIVE HOUSE AND NATIVES IN MANILA.