



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. ROUGH FOOTING FOR HORSES.

THE TRAVELS OF MISS BIRD.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, Author of "The Ascent of the Matterhorn."

It can scarcely be necessary to introduce the name of Miss Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop) to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, for during many years past this lady traveller has presented to the public volumes upon her journeys, which have been extensively circulated and widely read. Most persons, no doubt, consider her a very tough and robust individual, and it will be a surprise to many to learn that this lady, so seemingly hardy, who has made such bold flights for so long a period, has never been strong, has generally been in very indifferent health, and has on several occasions been laid up for months, and almost years, at a time. It is fair and proper to give prominence to this fact, which renders doubly remarkable the journeys of one who has so excellently shown that women can travel just as well as men if they only go to work in the right way.

Miss Bird commenced her travels at the age of twenty-one by going with some relations to

Prince Edward Island, and shortly afterwards went by herself to Canada and the United States. She published an account of this journey, under the title of "The Englishwoman in America." A little later she spent a year in travelling in the United States, from Florida in the south to what was then the far west. This was just before the war, and during some weeks spent at Washington she became intimately acquainted with nearly all the statesmen of both parties. There is some account given of this journey in the papers in *The Leisure Hour* for 1862, called "Adventures on Lake Superior." Soon after her return her father died, and she went to live at Edinburgh, being at this period troubled with a spinal affection, which frequently confined her to bed. In 1871 her health was so indifferent that she was ordered a complete change for two years, and she recommenced her travels by first spending three months among the Mediterranean ports, then making four

voyages across the Atlantic, only sleeping three nights ashore during the whole time, next went to Australia, New Zealand, and the Sandwich Islands, and after writing two books upon these journeys, then betook herself to Japan, China, and the Malay Archipelago, finishing up upon her way home by a *Solitary pilgrimage to Sinai*, an account of which will shortly appear in the pages of that admirable magazine, *The Leisure Hour*.*

Miss Bird says that she went to the "States with that amount of prejudice which seems the birthright of every English person," but that it soon melted away, and that she found much to admire in the midst of comparatively little to condemn. Her testimony to the politeness of the average American towards ladies is emphatic, and she gives an example where all the gentlemen but one in a railway car

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vacated their seats for the benefit of their fair fellow travellers—the solitary exception being, she was ashamed to find, one of her own countrymen. On another occasion, while travelling by rail for two successive days and nights, she was, very naturally, on the second night overcome with fatigue. A mechanic noticing her unsuccessful attempts at obtaining any comfort or repose, accosted her thus:—“Stranger, I guess you’re almost used up? Maybe you’d be more comfortable if you could rest your head.” Whereupon he spoke to a companion, and both gave up their places, one of them rolling his coat round the arm of the seat to make a pillow; and these two men stood for an hour and a half without apparently having any idea that they were performing an act of kindness.

To most rules, however, there are exceptions, and there is not much politeness (on the American side) in the next incident. The cars were extremely full, and some friends with whom Miss Bird had been travelling were obliged to leave her by herself in the only available seat and seek another part of the train. The appearance of her next neighbour was so villainous that she at once set him down as a swindler or pickpocket, while she felt quite certain that she would not be able to keep awake after the fatigue she had recently experienced. As a matter of fact, she soon “sank into an oblivious state, from which,” says she, “I awoke to the consciousness that my companion was withdrawing his hand from my pocket. My first impulse was to make an exclamation, my second, which I carried into execution, to ascertain my loss, which I found to be the very alarming one of my baggage checks, my whole property being thereby placed at this vagabond’s disposal.” The thief’s ticket was for Chicago, and so was Miss Bird’s. At length spires and lofty buildings rising from a grass prairie on one side and from the blue waters of Lake Michigan on the other showed that they were approaching their destination, and soon afterwards the train ran into a shed and stopped. Let Miss Bird finish the story. “The pickpocket got up; I got up too; the baggage-master came to the door. ‘This gentleman has the checks for my luggage,’ said I, pointing to the thief. Bewildered, he took them from his waistcoat pocket, gave them to the baggage-master, and went hastily away. I had no inclination to cry ‘stop thief!’ and had barely time to congratulate myself on the fortunate impulse which had led me to say what I did, when my friends appeared from the next car. They were too highly amused with my recital to sympathise at all with my feelings of annoyance, and one of them, a gentleman filling a high situation in the East, laughed heartily, saying, in a thoroughly American tone, ‘The English ladies must be cute customers if they can outwit Yankee pickpockets.’”

A lady who can take such good care of herself may evidently travel almost anywhere. Miss Bird has successively visited various unbeaten tracks, besides those of Japan, having numerous adventures in many places, and coming happily out of them all. She is strongest, however, in descriptions. Pleasant indeed is her account of Honolulu, the little Hawaiian capital, where half the population

came out to look at the great, unwieldy, barely seaworthy vessel which had brought her across the Pacific. “Such rich brown men and women they were, with wavy shining black hair, large brown lustrous eyes, and rows of perfect teeth, like ivory. Everyone was smiling.” Colour and brightness were on every hand. Without any exception the native men and women wore wreaths of flowers twined round their hats or thrown carelessly round their necks. Many of the young beauties wore the gorgeous blossom of the red hibiscus in their unconfined and abundant black hair, and many, besides the garlands, wore festoons of a sweet-scented vine or of an exquisitely blue fern knotted behind and hanging halfway down their dresses. The foreign ladies were in muslin and light straw hats, but many of them adopted the attractive native custom of wearing flowers. The main point which

of these torrents, where river met sea, Miss Bird admits, “My soul and senses literally reeled among the dizzy horrors of the wide, wild tide, but with an effort I regained sense and self-possession, for we were in, and there was no turning. D—, ahead, screamed to me what I could not hear; she said afterwards that it was ‘Spur, spur, and keep up the river;’ the native was shrieking in Hawaiian from the hinder shore, I waving to the right, but the torrents of rain, the crash of the breakers, and the rush and hurry of the river confused both sight and hearing. I saw D—’s great horse carried off his legs; my mare, too, was swimming, struggling and floundering. We reached what had been the junction of two rivers, where there was foothold, and the water was only up to the seat of the saddles.” Although they could hardly hear each other speak, Miss Bird attempted to induce Deborah not to proceed, but that young person replied, “Can’t go back; we no stay here; water higher all minutes; spur horse, think we come through.” The horses were almost immediately afterwards carried by the whirling water off their feet and swept seawards, where the incoming surf was thundering on the beach. Miss Bird managed, however, to turn the mare she was riding so that her chest and not side should receive the force of the river, and Deborah did the same with her horse, and the brave animals, after struggling till nearly exhausted, at length landed them safely. A still worse gulch was crossed shortly afterwards, where the horses were lassoed and half-dragged across by amphibious natives, plunging and floundering till they reached a foothold, their riders momentarily expecting to be swept to destruction.

In the autumn and early winter of 1873, when on her way back to England from the Sandwich Islands, Miss Bird sojourned in the Rocky Mountains, and while at Truckee, high up the Sierra Nevada, in California, took a long and solitary ride on horseback, and had the following adventure with a bear: “After,” says she, “I had ridden about ten miles the road went up a steep hill in the forest, turned abruptly, and through the blue gloom of the great pines which rose from the ravine in which the river was then hid, came glimpses of two mountains, about 11,000 feet in height, whose bald grey summits were crowned with pure snow. . . The forest was thick, and had an under-

growth of dwarf spruce and brambles, but as the horse had become fidgety and ‘scary’ on the track, I turned off, in the idea of taking a short cut, and was sitting carelessly, shortening my stirrup, when a great, dark, hairy beast rose, crashing and snorting, out of the tangle just in front of me. I had a glimpse of him, and thought that my imagination had magnified a wild boar, but it was a bear. The horse snorted and plunged violently, as if he would go down to the river, and then turned, still plunging, up a steep bank, when finding that I must come off, I threw myself off on the right side, where the ground rose considerably, so that I had not far to fall. I got up covered with dust, but neither shaken nor bruised. It was truly grotesque and humiliating. The bear ran in one direction and the horse in another. I hurried after the latter, and twice he stopped till I was close to him,



struck Miss Bird was the easy, contented happy look of everybody. “Where were the hard, angular, careworn, shallow, passionate faces of men and women, such as form the majority of every crowd at home?” The conditions of life in spite of volcanoes and earthquakes were evidently easy and devoid of care.

Miss Bird visited the volcanic district, but her most adventurous trip was a five days’ ride into the country with some natives, her chief companion being Deborah, a young and attractive native girl not long before married to a white man employed on one of the great plantations. Many of the great gulches which come down from the high land to the seacoast were at the time filled with dangerous torrents, in attempting to swim or ford which, with their horses or mules, they ran a considerable amount of risk. At the mouth of one

then turned round and cantered away. After walking about a mile in deep dust, I picked up first the saddle blanket and next my bag, and soon came upon the horse, standing facing me, and shaking all over. I thought I should catch him then, but when I went up to him he turned round, threw up his heels several times, *rushed off the track*, galloped in circles, bucking, kicking, and plunging for some time, and then throwing up his heels as an act of final defiance, went off at full speed in the direction of Truckee, with the saddle over his shoulders, and the great wooden stirrups thumping his sides, while I trudged ignominiously along in the dust, laboriously carrying the bag and the saddle-blanket."

After walking for nearly an hour Miss Bird met a teamster she had passed in the morning leading the horse back to her, and, having seen her remounted on the still nervous animal, walked some distance by her to see that she was "all right." He stated that the woods in the neighbourhood were then full of brown and grizzly bears, but that no one was in any danger from them. Shortly afterwards Miss Bird forgot her trouble in admiring the beauties of Lake Tahoe.

A little later we find her in Colorado, of the climate of which she speaks in glowing terms. *Consumptives, asthmatics, dyspeptics, and sufferers from nervous disorders* go there in hundreds and thousands, either trying the "camp-cure" for a few months or settling down permanently. People can safely sleep out of doors for six months of the year, for the rainfall is far below the average; dews are rare, and fogs are nearly unknown. The air is pure and invigorating. The very plains are from 4,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea-level, while some of the mountain valleys are at a much greater altitude. Miss Bird found when travelling in this state that nine out of every ten settlers were cured invalids.

Here she conceived the ambition to ascend Long's Peak, a mountain said to be 14,700 feet high, one of the landmarks of Colorado, and the opportunity occurred when she made the acquaintance of "Rocky Mountain Jim," a trapper and settler, who volunteered to act as guide. Jim was a character, a rather extreme example of a type well known in the outlying districts of Western America. His hut was a rude, black, log cabin, as rough as it could be to be a shelter at all. Lynx, beaver, and other furs were laid out to dry on the roof, and part of the carcase of a deer hung at one end of the interior. Roused by the growling of his dog, the owner appeared on the scene, a thick-set man of middle height, wearing a grey hunting suit, so dilapidated that it was almost falling to pieces, a digger's scarf round his waist, a knife in his belt, and a "bosom friend," a revolver, sticking out of the breast-pocket of his coat.

"His face was remarkable. He is a man about forty-five, and must have been strikingly handsome. He has large grey-blue eyes, deeply set, with well-marked eyebrows, a handsome aquiline nose, and a very handsome mouth. His face was smooth-shaven except for a dense moustache and imperial. Tawny hair in thin, uncared-for curls, fell from under his hunter's cap and over his collar. One eye was entirely gone, and the loss made one side of the face repulsive, while the other might have been modelled in marble. 'Desperado' was written in large letters all over him. . . . Coming up to me, he raised his cap, showing as he did so a magnificently formed brow and head, and in a cultured tone of voice asked if there was anything he could do for me. I asked for some water, and he brought some in a battered tin, gracefully apologising for not having anything more presentable. We entered into conversation, and as he spoke I forgot both his reputation and appearance, for his manner was that of a chivalrous gentleman,

his accent refined, and his language easy and elegant. I inquired about some beavers' paws which were drying, and in a moment they hung on the horn of my saddle. *Apropos* of the wild animals of the region, he told me that the loss of his eye was owing to a recent encounter with a grizzly bear, which, after giving him a death hug, tearing him all over, breaking his arm, and scratching out his eye, had left him for dead. As we rode away, for the sun was sinking, he said, courteously, 'You are not an American. I know from your voice that you are a countrywoman of mine. I hope you will allow me the pleasure of calling on you.' This man, known through the territories and beyond them as 'Rocky Mountain Jim,' or, more briefly, as 'Mountain Jim,' is one of the famous scouts of the plains, and is the original of some daring portraits in fiction concerning Indian frontier warfare."

This individual, it appears, used to drink more than was good for him, and had "ugly fits," during which his neighbours thought it best to avoid him. "When he's sober," said Miss Bird's host, "Jim's a perfect gentleman; but when he's had liquor he's the most awful ruffian in Colorado." He seems, however, to have proved an efficient mountain guide. Miss Bird suffered from giddiness, "from bruised ankles and arms half pulled out of their sockets," and admits that she would never have gone half way to the summit of Long's Peak "had not Jim dragged me along with a patience and skill, and withal a determination that I should ascend the Peak, which never failed." Their course ran over one deep ravine, filled with ice and snow and broken rock. "That part, to me," says she, "was two hours of painful and unwilling submission to the inevitable; of trembling, slipping, straining, of smooth ice appearing when it was least expected, and of weak entreaties to be left behind. . . . Jim always said there was no danger, that there was only a short bad bit ahead, and that I should go up, even if he carried me." The terminal Peak itself is described as a smooth, cracked face or wall of pink granite, "as nearly perpendicular as anything could well be up which it was possible to climb," and it occupied them one hour to accomplish 500 feet of this final ascent, the only foothold possible being in narrow cracks or on minute projections in the granite. The views from the summit, a level acre of boulders, with precipitous sides, were extensive and superb.*

In 1878 Miss Bird went to Japan, and penetrated to various parts of the interior quite unknown to foreigners, meeting with almost invariable courtesy and kindness from the country people. Her visit to the sacred shrines of Nikko, which only eight years before were inaccessible to foreigners, is exceedingly well described, and should be read in full. Two great tree-sheltered roads lead to Nikko, with avenues respectively thirty and fifty miles in length, which are said to have been planted as an offering by a man who was too poor to place a bronze lantern at the shrines! Their course is marked by temples of lacquered wood and small villages with big bells suspended between double poles. At a village about eight miles from Nikko these ways unite, and thence one grand avenue leads to the sacred spot.

While at Nikko, Miss Bird stopped in a delightful country-house of the middle class, which she describes as a "Japanese idyll." There was nothing within or without which did not please the eye, and after the noise of the public inns, its comparative quiet, musical with the dash of waters and the twitter of birds, was most refreshing. It consisted of a

* The gentlemanly and chivalrous ruffian was shot about nine months later, the cause not being specified, beyond that he had been making himself objectionable.

two-storied pavilion, with verandahs approached by a flight of stone steps, and was surrounded by a bright and well laid-out garden. A mountain, its lower slopes covered with red azaleas, rose behind, from which a stream fell that supplied the house with water, cold and pure, while another passed under the house and through a fish-pond with rocky islets into the river below. Beyond were high broken hills, richly wooded and seamed with ravines and waterfalls. The entrance, staircases, and floors of the house were so highly polished, and the mats were so fine and white, that Miss Bird almost feared to walk over them even in her stockings. In her own room the ceiling was of light wood crossed by bars of dark wood, while the panels were of wrinkled sky blue paper splashed with gold. At one end were two alcoves with floors of polished wood; in one was a wall picture, a painting of a blossoming branch of cherry on white silk, the work of an artist who never painted anything but cherry-blossoms, in the other a valuable cabinet. A single spray of azalea in a pure white vase hanging on one of the polished posts, and a single iris in another, were the only decorations. The owner of this house had accommodated foreigners before, but he had no desire to decorate his house with European productions.

In the country districts there are some very marked contrasts in the style of the villages and houses. Hachiishi, with its steeped-roofed, deep-eaved houses, warm colouring and wonderful cleanliness, appears to have been in some respects a kind of show village. "It is a doll's street with small low houses so finely matted, so exquisitely clean, so finically neat, so light and delicate that even," says Miss Bird, "when I entered them without my boots I felt like 'a bull in a china shop,' as if my mere weight must smash things through and destroy them. The street is so painfully clean that I should no more think of walking over it in muddy boots than over a drawing-room carpet. It has a silent mountain look, and most of its shops sell specialties, lacquer-work, boxes of sweetmeats made of black beans and sugar, all sorts of boxes, trays, cups, and stands, made of plain polished wood, and more grotesque articles made from the roots of trees."

Compare this with Fujihara, a village further in the interior, consisting of forty-six squallid farmhouses and an inn, "all dark, damp, dirty, and draughty, a combination of dwelling-house, barn, and stable." Miss Bird was driven out to the balcony by myriads of fleas, which hopped out of the mats as sand-hoppers do out of the sea-sand, and even in the balcony hopped over the letter she was writing. There were outer walls of hairy mud with living creatures crawling in the cracks; cobwebs hung from the rafters, and the mats were brown with age and dirt. The rice and tea were musty, and the eggs had seen better days. In another place black beans and boiled cucumbers were all that she could eat, while the inn was full of smoke and the rafters black and shiny with soot and moisture. Here she had kindly but rashly given a few drops of chlorodyne for the use of a little boy with a cough, and next morning by five o'clock nearly the whole population had assembled round her room, including scores of invalids, blind people, and many suffering from horrible skin complaints, all expecting to be cured offhand. She was sadly obliged to inform them that she did not understand medicine, and had no stock of drugs, but could conscientiously recommend a more regular use of water. To pacify them, she was obliged to make an ointment of fat and flower of sulphur, and tell them how to apply it.

Miss Bird thus describes the effect of a bad day of the rainy season, and the changes which occurred under her own eyes. "The

rush of water was heard everywhere, trees of great size slid down, breaking others in their fall; rocks were rent, and carried away trees in their descent; the waters rose before our eyes with a boom and roar, as of an earthquake; a hillside burst, and half the hill, with a noble forest of cryptomeria, was projected outwards, and the trees, with the land on which they grew, went down heads foremost, diverting a river from its course; and where the forest-covered hillside had been there was a great scar, out of which a torrent burst at high pressure, which in half an hour carved for itself a deep ravine, and carried into the valley below an avalanche of stones and sand. Another hillside descended less abruptly, and its noble groves found themselves at the bottom in a perpendicular position, and will doubtless survive their transplantation. Actually, before my eyes, this fine new road was torn away by hastily improvised torrents, or blocked by landslips in several places, and a little lower, in one moment, a hundred yards of it disappeared, and with them a fine bridge, which was deposited aslant across the torrent lower down." Miss Bird herself ran risks and hardships during this season, and on one occasion found herself being hauled out of a ditch by three men, her horse having tumbled into it while going down a steep hill.

We must now flit from Japan to the Malay Peninsula, which is treated upon in the last of our traveller's published works. Miss Bird arrived at Hong Kong, *en route* for Malacca, at the end of December, 1878, to find that city in flames and covered with a black pall of smoke, business of all kinds being very naturally upset for the time. She inquired how to get ashore, and received the reply, "It's no use going ashore; the town's half burned and burning still; there's not a bed at any hotel for love or money, and we are going to make up beds here. However," she continues, "through the politeness of the mail agent I did go ashore in the launch; but we had to climb through and over at least eight tiers of boats crammed with refugees, mainly women and children, and piled up with all sorts of household goods, whole and broken, which had been thrown into them promiscuously to save them. The palace of the English bishop, they said, was still untouched, so, escaping from an indescribable hubbub, I got into a bamboo chair with two long poles, which rested on the shoulders of two lean coolies, who carried me to my destination at a swinging pace through streets as steep as those of Varenna. Streets choked up with household goods and the costly contents of shops, treasured books and nick-nacks lying on the dusty pavements, with beds, pictures, clothing, mirrors, goods of all sorts; Chinamen dragging their possessions to the hills; Chinawomen, some of them with hoofs rather than feet, carrying their children on their backs and under their arms; officers, black with smoke, working at the hose like firemen; parties of troops marching as steadily as on parade, or keeping guard in perilous places; Mr. Pope Hennessy, the governor, ubiquitous in a chair with four scarlet bearers; men belonging to the insurance companies running about with drawn swords, the miscellaneous population running hither and thither; loud and frequent explosions, heavy cracks as of tottering walls, and, above all, the loud bell of the Romish cathedral tolling rapidly, calling to work or prayer, made a scene of intense excitement; while, utterly unmoved, in grand Oriental calm (or apathy), with the waves of tumult breaking around their feet, stood Sikh sentries, majestic men with swarthy faces and great crimson turbans."

The Malay Peninsula—the "Golden Chersonese" of Milton—is still little known, and it would be pleasant to follow Miss Bird there in her many wanderings; but we must con-

fine ourselves almost entirely to Malacca, described as a town of antiquated appearance, with low houses, much coloured, with flattish red-tiled roofs, fringed by massive-looking bungalows half buried in trees. It possesses in its ruined cathedral a relic of Portuguese days, probably the oldest Christian church in the Far East. Traces of Dutch occupation may be seen in the Stadhaus, in which Miss Bird was lodged. Malacca is now one of our "Straits Settlements," though to all intents and purposes it is a Chinese city.

Miss Bird tells us that, driving out of the city, one may in a few minutes reach grand dark forests of cocoa, betel, and sago palms, and jungles of sugar-cane and pineapples. The huge trees which border the road have their stems nearly hidden by orchids; tamarinds and mimosa add the grace of their feathery foliage, the banana unfolds its gigantic fronds above its golden fruit, the gutta-percha and indiarubber trees increase the forest gloom by the brown velvety undersides of their leafage, and the cashew-nut and bread-fruit abound. At their feet is a tangle of fungi, mosses, ferns, lilies, reeds, canes, and rattan, in which reptiles flourish, and in which swarms of mosquitoes are hourly hatched, to the misery of man and beast. This proximity of the jungle to the town accounts for such a fact as the following. A tiger came down the principal street one morning shortly before her visit, tore a Chinaman to pieces, and then, scared by a posse of police, took refuge in a house. Every door in the city was barred as the news spread like wildfire. The police entered the house, but the animal pinned the corporal to the wall, and would have killed him had not one of his men been brave enough to shoot and club the tiger. The corporal, although not killed outright, became almost entirely paralysed.

On another occasion a fine young tiger was brought to the Governor, who ordered a proper cage to be made in which to send him to England. Meanwhile he was placed in the kitchen in the bamboo cage in which he had been brought. In the morning the cage was found in fragments, the kitchen shutters torn down, and the tiger gone! There was a complete panic in Malacca, which did not subside until it became generally believed that the beast had escaped to its natural home in the jungle.

Of another settlement where we have a residency Miss Bird relates the following experience:—"I was going into the garden when six armed policemen leaped past me as if they had been shot, followed by Mr. Daly, the land surveyor, who has the V.C. for some brave deed, shouting, 'A cobra! a cobra!' and I saw a hooded head above the plants, and then the form I most fear and loathe twisting itself towards the house with frightful rapidity, everyone flying. I was up a ladder in no time, and the next moment one of the policemen, plucking up courage, broke the reptile's back with the butt of his rifle, and soon it was borne away dead by its tail. It was over four feet long. They get about three a day at the fort."

A large proportion of the great merchants of Malacca are Chinese, whose wealth may be inferred from the expensive manner in which many of them clothe and adorn their children. Four youngsters, attended by a train of Chinese and Malay servants, made a New Year's call on the lieutenant-governor while Miss Bird was present. "A literal description of their appearance," says she, "reads like fiction. The girl wore a yellow petticoat of treble satin (mandarin yellow), with broad box pleats in front and behind, exquisitely embroidered with flowers in shades of blue silk, with narrow box pleats between them, with a trail of blue silk flowers on each. Over this there was a short robe of crimson

brocaded silk, with a broad border of cream-white satin, with the same exquisite floral embroidery in shades of blue silk. Above this was a tippet of three rows of embroidered lozenge-shaped tabs of satin. The child wore a crown on her head, the basis of which was black velvet. At the top was an aigrette of diamonds of the purest water, the centre one as large as a sixpenny piece. Solitaires flashing blue flames blazed all over the cape, and the front one was ornamented with a dragon in fine filigree work in red Malay gold, set with diamonds. I fear to be thought guilty of exaggeration when I write that this child wore seven necklaces, all of gorgeous beauty. The stones were all cut in facets at the back, and highly polished, and their beauty was enhanced by the good taste and skilful workmanship of the setting. The first necklace was of diamonds, set as roses and crescents, some of them very large and all of great brilliancy; the second of emeralds, a few of which were as large as acorns, but spoiled by being pierced; the third of pearls, set whole; the fourth of hollow filigree beads in red, burned gold; the fifth of sapphires and diamonds; the sixth a number of finely-worked chains of gold, with a pendant of a gold filigree fish set with diamonds; the seventh, what they all wear, a massive gold chain, which looked heavy enough, even by itself, to weigh down the fragile little wearer, from which depended a gold shield, on which the Chinese characters forming the child's name were raised in rubies, with fishes and flowers in diamonds all round it, and at the back a god in rubies similarly surrounded. And all this weight of splendour, valued at the very least at £8,000, was carried by a frail human mite barely four feet high, with a powdered face, gentle, pensive expression, and quiet grace of manner, who came forward and most winsomely shook hands with us, as did all the other grave, gentle mites. Some sugar-plums fell on the floor, and as the eldest girl stooped to pick them up, diamond solitaires fell out of her hair, which were gathered up by her attendant's as if they were used to such occurrences."

One story more of a funny dinner-party at which Miss Bird assisted. She had arrived at a place in the absence of the resident, and her valise being still on the road, she had been obliged to redress herself in her mud-splashed tweed. She was therefore somewhat annoyed to find the table set for three, and fully expected that two persons would appear in faultless evening dress. "I was," says she, "vexed to think that my dream of solitude was not to be realised, when the butler more emphatically assured me that the meal was served, and I sat down, much mystified, at the well-appointed table, when he led in a large ape, and the Malay servant brought in a small one, and a Sikh brought in a large retriever and tied him to my chair! This was all done with the most profound solemnity. The circle being then complete, dinner proceeded with great stateliness." The apes had their curry, chutney, pineapple, eggs, and bananas on porcelain plates, and so had Miss Bird. The chief difference was that, whereas she waited to be helped, the big ape often helped himself, and, for the matter of that, the little one too, from her plate. But she seems to have found it a delightful experience, and ultimately they became quite friendly, and the little one was regarded by her as a most loveable and infatigating semi-human creature.

Keen appreciation of natural beauties are one of the distinguishing characteristics of this lady's books.* Miss Bird does not sketch

* "The Englishwoman in America;" "Six Months among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands;" "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains;" "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan;" and "The Golden Chersonese."



MISS BIRD AT A MALAY WEDDING.

like Miss Gordon-Cumming, nor has she the knowledge of horses possessed by Lady Anne Blunt; but she has a quick eye and a clever pen, and it is not to be wondered at that most of her works have gone through several editions. All have been published by Mr. Murray, with whom, it is pleasant to be able to add upon the best authority, her relations "have ever been of the most cordial and agreeable nature."

VARIETIES.

A WORD TO GRUBLERS.—We had better be content with the work given us which we are able to do, and perform it faithfully, than vainly wish for something beyond our reach, which we would not be able, perhaps, properly to perform.

FRETFUL TEMPER.—Fretfulness of temper will generally characterise those who are negligent of order.—*Blair.*

A GOOD MOTHER.—One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is a loadstone to all hearts and a loadstar to all eyes.—*George Herbert.*

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE.—Love is a passion which frequently comes we know not how, and it quits us just in the same manner.

LIMITED POWERS.—Our powers are limited. No one ever saw the whole of anything, however simple it might appear; and the more complex the object, the smaller the fraction that we behold. If we but realise this fully it will go far towards dispelling prejudice and broadening our outlook.

IN A NARROW SPHERE.—Narrow-minded people have not a thought beyond the little sphere of their own vision. "The snail," say the Hindoos, "sees nothing but his own shell, and thinks it the grandest place in the universe."

A CAUTION.—If you will always remember that, whatever you are doing, God stands by as a witness, you will never err in all your acts.—*Epictetus.*

LABOUR AND EXCELLENCE.—Excellence is never granted to anyone but as the reward of labour.

GIVING AND LOSING.—To give and to lose is nothing, but to lose and to give still is the part of a great mind.—*Seneca.*

IN PRAISE OF SLEEP.—Sleep is a generous robber: it gives in strength what it takes in time.

THE REST OF THE SABBATH.—The institution of the Sabbath rest from labour ought to be valued if only for the sake of its influence on health. The intense labour that is often exercised by man deranges and strains the delicate mechanism of the human body, and engenders disease. To counteract this the great thing is the total rest of the seventh day.

CHOOSING FRIENDS.—We should ever have it fixed in our memories that by the character of those whom we choose for our friends our own character is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world.

THE PRESENT HOUR.—One of the commonest of illusions is to imagine that the present hour is not the critical decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

A CURIOSITY.

The following couplet is a curiosity in its way, the only vowel employed in it being *e*:—

"Persevere, ye perfect men,
Ever keep the precepts ten."