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In the Interests of the Colored People
of the Country.

Able and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the

THE MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—feeling fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticize the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such men as in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

It is intended to supply the long felt need of a newspaper to advocate the rights and defend the interests of the Negro-American, especially in the Piedmont section of the Carolinas.

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W. C. SMITH Charlotte N. C.

The committee in charge of the celebration in London of the three hundredth anniversary of the destruction of the Spanish Armada has arranged that an Armada window shall be placed in St. Margaret's, Westminster, England, where Lord Howard and Sir Walter Raleigh lie buried, and also that an Armada tercentenary exhibition shall be held at Plymouth.

Nearly 1200 miles of new street railway track was laid in the United States and Canada in 1887, according to the *Street Railway Journal*, and over 1100 miles is projected for the present year, at a cost of \$9,738,000. The substitution of electric and cable plant for horse power brings up the estimated cost of projected improvements in existing lines to \$15,331,000.

In an aggregate population of 100,000,000 in Russia, according to Dr. Bubnoff, there are only about 5000 medical men, while no working sanitary system can be said to exist in the empire. In some districts the death-rate ranges from 60 to 80 per 1000, and in spite of a high birth-rate the population of the country is increasing only at the rate of 1 per cent.

Chinese nightingales are the fashionable drawing-room bird on the Continent now, and friends of the little creatures are protesting against the cruelty of their being transported to market from their distant homes by railroad, with no other care for their comfort than a sign, "Give me a drink," on their wire cages. If the railroad men don't give them the drink, then very likely they die; but if the railroad men are charitable, the birds live and bring six shillings apiece when they get to the great cities.

The shooting of a big dog by a French Custom House officer in the North of France the other day has given rise to some queer dog stories in the French papers. The officer shot the dog because he was suspiciously fat. The post-mortem examination revealed the fact that the dog wore a leather coat made to look like his own skin and skillfully fastened at the shoulder and haunches in such a way as to completely conceal the ends of the hair. In this coat the dog carried several hundred smuggled cigars.

Fish City, Mich., is a town that has no existence except in the winter. It is situated on Saginaw Bay, and is a collection of board shanties built upon the ice. Last winter it contained 1000 houses. They are the huts of men who do the winter fishing for pike, pickerel, lake trout and whitefish, and as soon as the ice forms on the bay their construction is begun. The fishermen live in their huts from the time they are built until the breaking up of the ice in the spring forces them to come ashore. There is a door in each hut, and in the floor a trap door twenty inches square. When this is raised a hole of the same size through the ice is discovered. At the side of this the fisherman sits all day and a great part of the night watching for his game, which he captures by a dexterous use of the spear. From 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 pounds of choice fish are caught from the bay each winter.

IF THEY KNEW.

If only my mother knew
How my heart is hurt within me,
She would take my face in her tender hands
And smooth my cheek, as she used to do
In the days that seem so long ago,
When childish tears were quick to flow;
She would smooth my face with her tender hands
If she felt the grief within me.

If only my lover knew
Of the surging, passionate sorrow,
He would hold me close to his sturdy breast,
As once he held me the long hours through—
When we had not learned to live apart,
But leaned for love on each other's heart;
He would hold me close to his heaving breast,
If he guessed my passionate sorrow.

But it pierces me like a knife
To think that they do not know it;
To think they can look in my pleading eyes,
Yet never question my hidden life—
Can touch my lips in the same old place
Yet never look for the soul in my face.
Oh, the tears are bitter that fill my eyes
To know that they do not know it!

—Curtis May.

THE NIUHI.

The doctor and I were enjoying a much-needed rest in a little cottage at Waikiki, Honolulu's ideal watering-place, says F. L. Clarke in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Strolling along the beach one day we came across a group of native fishermen repairing a large saffron-colored net one hundred feet long, perhaps, and ten feet wide.

"Take a look at that," said the doctor, who, born and brought up on the islands, was familiar with the language and habits of the natives. "That is made from the fibrous inner bark of the olona, a small tree growing in damp gulches. The natives have a way of separating the inner bark from the outer green pellicle, and scrape it into long smooth threads, which they twist into thin cords, with which the net is made. The fiber is as strong and smooth as silk, and fish-lines and nets made from it last a long time."

"If it is so strong what has torn it?" I asked.

The doctor repeated the question to the fisherman and then translated.

"They say that they were just outside the breakers yesterday with the net, and managed to entangle a specimen of the 'Mano Kihikihi' (the hammer-headed shark) and he did the damage. It seems that they can't manage one of that species of the huge white shark in a net. They have to use a hook to secure such sea monsters."

After asking a few more questions of the natives the doctor told me that they were going off in a few days to try to capture one of the huge sharks known as "niuhi," or man-eaters, and that they had offered to take us (for a consideration) if we would promise to sit still in the canoes.

"It's a good chance," he added, "to enjoy an experience that not one foreigner in a thousand meets with. And these fellows wouldn't offer it now if they did not believe that the niuhi would scent us white men, and be all the more ready to take the bait on the chance of its being you or I."

Having had some experience in a Sandwich Island canoe, it was not without a feeling of trepidation that I consented to embark again in one, under the circumstances. The agreement was made, however, and we held ourselves in readiness to start whenever the signal should be given to do so.

But elaborate preparations had first to be made by the fishermen for the projected trip. They first took the livers and part of the flesh of some common sharks they had caught and wrapped them in the broad, stout leaves of the ki-plant. These packages were then thoroughly baked in a rude stone oven built on the beach and packed in the canoes as bait. While this was being done two of the larger canoes were lashed together by their "outriggers" so as to make one double canoe. On the interlocked outriggers a platform was built, and on this were arranged piles of bait and a strong line. With the bait was stowed two or three bundles of "awa," (the root of the piper methysticum, which, being chewed, is stupefying in its effect. Gourds filled with fresh water were also provided, and finally, when the fleet was ready to sail, an ancient "kahuna" (half priest, half sorcerer) appeared and examined everything critically. It was his province, by his incantations, to prevent the dreaded man-eater from devouring any of the fishermen, and so the doctor took pains to have us specially incanted in his invocations.

A swift, light double canoe was fitted up for us, and four stalwart paddlers assigned to the duty of keeping us in the midst of the sport, and still out of danger.

Everything being in readiness, two or three of the lighter canoes were launched and their occupants paddled out to sea to discover some signs of the wished-for man-eater, while we were directed to be ready to embark at any time. It might be a day or two before the fishermen scouts would come across the proper indications of the presence of the niuhi. That variety of the shark tribe comes voluntarily into shallow water, but must always be sought for a mile or two from land. There he makes havoc among all other kinds of fish, and his presence is indicated by the commotion among them.

So the doctor and I leisurely dined that afternoon on the broad veranda overlooking the rippling sea, and lazily sauntered through the grove of palms and down hibiscus-shaded, jasmine-scented paths, bordered by brilliant-leaved crotons, watching through thin clouds of tobacco the shimmer and play of light of the setting sun on the gleaming surf. Now and then we would glance up to the sharply-defined peak of

Diamond head, where seven hundred feet above us we knew the sharp-eyed natives were watching for the signal from the fishermen far out at sea.

At last it came. When the western sky was ablaze with the glory of a tropical sunset, a shout went up from the group of expectant fishermen on the beach. They pointed to Diamond head, where, clearly drawn against the purple sky, was seen the naked figure of the watchman flourishing his scarlet malo, or breech cloth, which he had torn off to signal with.

It took us but a few moments to reach our canoe and spring in. Immediately our crew of paddlers forced the light hulls into the water, and in another moment we were darting over the smooth water inside the reef in hot chase after the large double canoe, on the platform of which sat the kahuna wildly tossing his arms about and howling out a dismal incantation. All the paddlers sat on the gunwales of their canoes, and with vigorous rhythmic strokes of their broad-bladed paddles drove forward the vessels. Soon we felt from the plunging motion that we were on the inner edge of the breakwater. Another moment and the roar and hiss of the coming waves were upon us. I glanced at the doctor and had just a glimpse of him, as he sat low down in the stern of his canoe, his muscular hands clutching firmly the edges of the craft, while from between his close-set teeth depended his beloved meerschaum. Quick puffs of smoke betrayed his excitement as the canoes reared and plunged over the breakers, and then we were gliding easily over the long swell outside.

Though it did not take us long to reach the spot where the man-eater was known to be, yet night had fallen on them, and it was by the light of torches made of the baked kernels of the candle-nut strung upon cocoa-leaf fibre that we drew near the fleet. As we did so the dip of paddles was noiseless, and it was by signs alone that the "luna," or head fisherman, gave direction to the rest. By the smoky, red light of the torches we could see men busily scattering about the baked meat he had brought, and also half-chewed morsels of the awa root. As they did so there was the gleam of the fins and tails of hundreds of fish darting to and fro for the food. Now and then a larger one than the rest, with sides glowing with phosphorescent light, would dart among the smaller fry, scattering them right and left.

"They are the 'mano-Kanaka,'" whispered the doctor (who had both crawled on to the platform of our canoe), "the shark god of the old Hawaiians. It is the kind they believed could assume the forms of human beings at will. And there! there!" he added, quickly, as a massive bulk rose slowly from the depths below, "there is the 'mano-keokeo,' the great white shark!"

Just then the old fisherman stationed near us suddenly crouched down, and, touching the doctor with one lean brown hand, pointed to the water near the stern of the canoe, next to us. We there saw, gleaming in the opalescent depths, two bright spots that shone with a malignant, greenish light. They were set in a monstrous, shallow head, beyond which we could dimly see a huge brown body. Below the cold, cruel eyes were traced the outlines of a formidable mouth, that, even as we looked opened slowly, disclosing row upon row of strongly hooked, pearly white teeth, with deeply serrated edges. As this frightful mouth opened the monster rolled half over and vigorously snapped at the bundle of food sinking near him. It was the Niuhi, the fiercest and most voracious of his tribe, and as he moved along the crowd of fish darted away in terror. Even the great white shark suddenly gave place to this tiger of the sea, who swam slowly about swallowing the food the fishermen kept throwing to him. As he thus moved from place to place his whole body seemed to exhale a peculiar light, that streamed from the tips of his fins and long, unevenly lobed tail. By the gleam of this peculiar phosphorescence his motion could be closely watched, and finally the experienced fishermen saw that he was becoming gorged. So intent had we been watching his movements that we had not noticed that while he was being fed the fleet of canoes had been silently moved in near the shore. Now, looking down, we could dimly see the white sandy bottom, and in a few minutes were in quite shallow water, opposite an opening in the reef where the surf did not break. Our progress had been very slow, and now for awhile the canoes halted, while hovering between them was the man-eater, evidently somewhat stupefied by the awa he had swallowed with the food so freely given him.

The old Kahuna had, during the whole performance, kept up his panoramic display, though in a guarded, quiet manner, while the fishermen kept close watch upon the shark. He gorged to repletion, evidently intended to take a nap, and so settled slowly down on the white sandy bottom. He was the perfect (submarine) picture of overfed helplessness, and it seemed as though we could almost hear him snore.

And then commenced a curious exhibition of skill and daring. A noise had been made in the end of a long, strong rope, and this was taken by an experienced old fisherman, who quietly slipped overboard from his canoe and allowed himself to sink to where the man-eater was resting his body enveloped in that strange, weird light. That was the moment when, if the shark had been shamming sleep, he would with one vigorous sweep of his tail and a snap of his jaws have earned the name of "man-eater." But no; he was for the time being powerless, and with infinite dexterity and skill the native succeeded in passing the noose over the brute's head and about his middle. He then quickly rose to the surface and clambered into his canoe, and the boat was again set in motion. The canoe to which the line

about the shark's body was attached moved very slowly and carefully, just enough strain being kept on the line to raise the captive's body clear of the bottom. Sometimes the shark would be a little restive, and then we all waited "until," as the doctor said, "he rolled over and went to sleep again."

At length we were close into the beach and all but two canoes were drawn up on the sands to wait for daylight. The two remaining ones lay over the sleeping niuhi, the end of the line to which he was secured being taken on the beach, and then all hands took turns in watching and sleeping. The job might have been completed that night, but this the Kahuna forbade.

"We have the right to snare the man-eater in the night, while he is drunk," he said, "but we must wait for daylight, when he is sober, before we kill him."

By daylight a crowd of people had assembled on the beach, and the signal was given from the canoes that the niuhi was awake and getting restive. So the long line was seized by a hundred hands; it stretched out, and then, amidst the triumphant song of the Kahuna (who took immense credit to himself for the capture) and the yells and laughter of the crowd tramping away with the rope, the enraged man-eater thrashing and plunging about, was drawn out of the water and over the yellow sands. As his huge body plunged hither and thither he snapped savagely at everything, but in vain. A crowd of fishermen were always about him, raining a shower of blows on his ugly head, until he lay, beaten to death, on the shore.

Great were the rejoicings over the success of this hunt for the niuhi. Every portion of the body (which was eighteen feet in length) was eaten, for it—the bones and skin especially—are supposed to endow the eater with high courage and great strength. As for the one who slipped the noose over the head of the man-eater, he was given an extra portion of the liver, was extravagantly praised for his skill, and would, the Kahuna said, be fortunate in everything he undertook thereafter.

Brain Foiled by an Unarmed Man.

A Fargo (Dakota) letter gives the experience of a Montana miner who was pursued by a bear, and took to a tree. We quote from the narrator's account: "The bear wanted to keep me company, for he got to the foot of the tree by the time I had gained a limb six feet from the ground. The tree was just about small enough for the fellow to climb, and he tried his claws on the bark as high as he could reach. I was in a bad fix and no way to help myself. I couldn't use a knife for I had none, but good luck and a happy thought helped me. I had a canteen of kerosene oil suspended around my neck, which I thought would make my eyes smart and drive him away. The oil had no effect on the eyes if it managed to get in them, for the miserable brute continued to look up at me and seemed to grin. Then another idea got into my head. I had a fresh box of matches, and if I could set fire to the oil that I poured over the bear's head the battle was won. I made several attempts to drop burning matches on the oily hair of the bear, but the lucifer's either went out or missed the mark. I had no paper but I managed to tear a piece of lining out of my vest, and getting a limb almost three feet long, fastened the rag to it, set to fire the rag, and with more satisfaction than I ever did anything since, lowered the burning rag at the end of the stick until it soaked about three feet of the bear's oily soiled head and let it drop. In about one second I was enjoying all the fun to myself, and the other fellow was in trouble. The oil instantly took fire and the blaze from the burning hair was something good for one in my place to gaze at. The animal was surprised beyond the limit of any bear's imagination. One howl of pain, then up went the paws, to rub the burning head to get burnt for their trouble, followed by another howl; then down went the nose into the dirt, but no relief, when with a terrible howl the bear made a rush through the brush up the mountain out of sight."

Handsome Africans.

The Bangalas are a fine race physically, being tall, powerful, and splendidly formed, with features by no means of the negro type; the women are the handsomest I have seen in Africa. Their dress is scanty, consisting for the most part only of a waist cloth for the men and a short kilt of woven grass for the women; but men of high degree often wear mantles of dressed goat or other skins. They cicatrize their arms, shoulders and busts in patterns by cutting the skin and injecting some irritant. Sometimes the result looks very well; but in other cases the process is not successful, and raises huge unsightly lumps of flesh.

The Chief of Iboko, when I arrived, was an old man over 80—his age was reported by some to be 81, by others 85—who had lost one eye in battle and possessed fifty wives. He was over six feet in height, with a fine, well-developed figure, and but for his dirty white hair and shriveled skin, would have passed for a man of half his age. He was much attached to Captain Coquilhat (named "Mwafa" or the "Eagle" by the natives), and never understood anything without consulting him. The scene just after our arrival at Bangala, when, "Le Roi des Bangalas" being announced as we were all sitting over our afternoon coffee, Mata Bwaki entered, wearing his royal hat of leopard skin and attended by several of his wives, and enfolded Captain Coquilhat, gold-spangled uniform and all, in an ample bear's hug, was really worth seeing.—*Blackwood's*.

One of the finest collections of orchids in the world is that of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the English statesman and manufacturer. It is valued at \$100,000 and fills nine conservatories.

LIFE AT A FRONTIER POST.

ROUTINE OF A SOLDIER'S DUTY IN THE FAR WEST.

An Early Morning Scene—At the Rifle Range—Grooming the Horses—Gating Gun Practice.

Lieutenant E. M. Lewis, of the United States Army, gives in the *New York Star* the following account of a soldier's daily life at a frontier post:

The military post of Fort Yates, Dak., is unpicturesquely situated just above the cliff-like banks of the "Muddy Missouri." The parade ground—that nucleus around which cluster the components of every military post—is square and level, and ample enough in dimensions for the six-company garrison. On one side of the parade runs a well-shaded drive, along which are built the officers' quarters, called in army parlance "the line." The other three sides are enclosed by the soldiers' quarters, the chapel, the administrative building and the guard house.

The season is summer, and the soft quiet that marks the hour just before the dawn is broken only by the ping of a mosquito, or the crowing of some early cock, proclaiming the advent of a new day. As if in answer to chanticleer's challenge, the voice of the sentinel at the guard house, sounding sweet but clear in the sharp morning air, announces that the hour is 4 o'clock, and that all is well.

To each of the barrack buildings a little addition has been joined, and the light shining out from their open windows proclaims that the cooks are already busy preparing the early meal of their sleeping comrades.

One by one the stars fade out in the blue canopy overhead, while brighter and brighter grows the light in the east. Softly the barrack doors open to give egress to sleepy-looking men, carrying bright, shining things under their arms, who hurry to join the group already forming away down at one end of the line. Suddenly, "Fall in; forward, march!" is commanded, and away they go, sounding on their bugles the reveille.

Down they march to the end of their file, then back again, and to the center of the parade ground, their leathern tunics never seeming to tire in the process. By twos and threes, sleepy, frowzy-headed men straggle out of the barracks, and, leaning against the building for support, postpone as long as possible the moment when they must fully awaken to life and take their places in the ranks. The officers hurry out of their quarters and join their companies on the parade. And now the sleepy ones have to abandon their lazy positions to go through the roll call: the flag floats proudly to the top of the flagstaff, unrolling her beauty to the fresh morning breeze in graceful folds. The reports are made, the companies dismissed, and the military day has dawned.

The next fifteen minutes would exhibit to curious eyes peering into any one of the little rooms in rear of all the company quarters a long line of men, who, with the assistance of tin water-filling basins and a wonderful amount of splashing and spurning, are performing their morning ablutions, giving by brisk rubs with coarse towels finishing touches to their already shining faces. Hardly is this finished when the brazen bugle's voice calls from without:

Soupy, soupy, soup, without any bean;
Coffee, coffee, coffee, without any cream;
Porky, porky, pork, without any lean-lean,

and, all thoroughly awake, they file into the dining room to partake of a somewhat more elaborate bill of fare than the pessimistic bugle has proclaimed. Some hurry through and leave the room in order to enjoy a pipeful of tobacco before the duties of the day shall call them off, for at 5:45 o'clock squads of infantrymen, their rifles slung over their broad shoulders, are seen straggling down toward the rifle ranges.

Down on the range the rifles have been popping for an hour, and we wander carelessly in that direction. At the base of the hills is a long line of targets, ranging in size according to the distance from the marksmen, but all with oval centers surrounded by two oval rings. Two hundred yards from one target a soldier is standing ready to fire. The gentle breeze wafts the smoke from the muzzle of his rifle, and a white disk appearing in front of the target announces that he has hit the bullseye.

At the 300-yard point, before another target, the soldiers shooting are sitting or kneeling upon the ground, and a little red flag waving over the mark indicates that the last shot has been too high, while the officer chides the luckless fellow and bids him be more careful next time.

Away back, 600 yards from another target, two men are stretched out upon the ground apparently resting lazily, but a closer inspection shows that their rifles are in hand, their left legs passed through the rifle slings, and a puff of smoke followed by a red disk placed almost over the bullseye gives evidence that the man's aim has been good and his hand steady.

Far across the prairie is a dark line of figures representing a company engaged in action, their black silhouettes in relief distinctly against the rising land beyond. These are the skirmish targets, and as we look, a company of infantry, deployed as skirmishers, advances toward them. A bugle sounds and the men drop like a flash, and in a moment, the sound of the distant fusilade reaches us. Another note from the bugle, and they are retiring at a run, only to stop again and again to pour a merciless fire upon the inert foe. Now the officers ride to the targets, and, dismounting, count the number of hits, which, being satisfactory the company is marched back to the barracks, where the details are forming for guard mounting.

Half a dozen bugles are sounding a march, and with military precision the

guard is formed, inspected by the adjutant, presented to the officer of the day and marched off to the guard house, where the old guard is drawn up in line to receive it. Salutes are exchanged, the two sergeants are seen for a moment in earnest conversation as they exchange the orders for the day, and the tired fellows who have been on duty for the last twenty-four hours go to their quarters to seek their well-merited repose.

Now the soldiers are coming back from the target range, and the officers gather in the administrative building to receive the orders of the commanding officer, and to be catechised by him in tactics and the science of war.

Outside the details for fatigue are forming. Dump carts, drawn by long-eared, pensive-looking mules, appear and the work of polishing the post is commenced. Here a gang of prisoners under the charge of an armed sentry are raking up the leaves and dirt that have accumulated during the past twenty-four hours. There a party is at work digging a new drain or repairing the pipe line through which the garrison drains its water supply. On the porches of the quarters are gathered the men off duty, lounging about with coats unbuttoned and caps on back of heads. An officer passes, and in a trice coats are buttoned, caps readjusted, bodies erect and heels together, while hands are extended in respectful salutes.

Soon after dinner little squads of men are seen strolling eastward, a group rapidly forming about some object on the prairie, and upon our joining them we find that a new Gatling gun is about to be tried. On the outskirts of the crowd loiter a dozen Indians, curious to see the, to them, new engine of war. The target is a little knoll, distant some 500 yards. At the command of the officer in charge the crank is turned, when streams of fire spurt from the steel muzzles, and a column of dust rising from the little knoll attests the accuracy of their aim. The Indians, surprised for once out of their appearance of stoical indifference, draw quickly back, applying a name to the machine which, being translated from their harsh-sounding language, is found to be "the devil who shoots."

Again the bugle sounds. Ladies and children assemble on the porches to witness the crowning military ceremony of the day. Half a dozen darts, gaudily painted Indians hang expectantly upon the pickets of the boundary fence, and as many more mounted on their ponies await the parade. The companies are forming in front of their barracks, and the officers in full dress, belted and with plumes flying, hasten to join them. The adjutant and sergeant-major, accompanied by the markers with little fluttering silken guidons, establish the line, and the companies, amid much blowing of trumpets and many loud commands, form upon it.

Now a little squad approaches from the guard house, and two guards under a sergeant conduct a shameful prisoner to a point in front of the center of the line. The adjutant steps briskly forward, and, unfolding a paper, reads the orders, among which is one announcing the proceedings of a court martial and sentencing the prisoner to a term of hard labor in the guard house and a fine. He is then led away, and just as the last edge of the crimson sun is disappearing behind the western hills, and almost before the sweet sounds of "retreat" have died away, the waving lines of bunting come floating gently down the flagstaff, and, still unsaluted, are folded away in the guard room until on the morrow they will herald the dawn of another busy day. The companies are marched back to their barracks and dismissed, and the military day is ended. At 8:30 tattoo is sounded, the first sergeants call the roll, and report that all is present.

"Taps" come early in garrison, in order that no loss of sleep may cause unsteady nerves in the men who are to try their skill at the targets the following day.

A Steep Climb in Ceylon.

For the first time for a number of years the Sicrii Rock in Ceylon has been scaled by a European, the feat on this occasion being performed by General Lennox, who commands the troops in the island. It is said, indeed, that only one other European, Mr. Crassy, ever succeeded in reaching the summit. The rock is cylindrical in shape, and the bulging sides render the ascent very difficult and dangerous. There are galleries all round, a groove about four inches deep being cut in the solid rock. This rises spirally, and in it are fixed the foundation bricks, which support a platform about six feet broad, with a chunam-coated wall about nine feet high. The whole structure follows the curves and contours of the solid rock, and is cunningly constructed so as to make the most of any natural support the formation can afford. In some places the gallery has fallen completely away, but it still exhibits flights of fine marble steps. High up on the rocks are several figures of Buddha; but it is a mystery how the artist got there, or how, being there, he was able to carry on his work. The fortifications consist of platforms, one above the other, supported by massive retaining walls, each commanding the other. Owing to the falling away of the gallery the ascent in parts had to be made up a perpendicular face of the cliff, and General Lennox and four natives were left to do the latter part of the ascent alone. The top they found to be a plateau about an acre in extent in which were two square tanks, with sides 30 yards and 15 feet respectively in length, cut out of the solid rock. A palace is believed to have existed on the summit at one time; although time, weather and the jungle have obliterated all traces of it. During the descent the first corner had to guide the foot of the next into a safe fissure; but all reached the bottom safely in about two and a half hours.

The last letter Miss Alcott, the poetess, ever wrote ended with the word: "Shall I never find time to die?"