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NEW YORK'S OPPORTUNITY.

HOW MAY WE SECURE AN OBELISK FINER THAN THAT NOW GOING TO ENGLAND.

A MONUMENT OF WHICH, INDEED, AMERICA MIGHT BE JUSTLY PROUD.

The story of "Cleopatra's Needles"—their Historical value and why one of them is making a great Voyage.

We invite the attention of our readers to-day to an event which is not merely of interest in itself but upon the way to a possibility of the livest importance for New York. Nothing but a comparatively slight effort of public spirit here is needed to secure for our own metropolis an ornament fully equal to that which is now on its way to London eagerly expected by the whole British people. We are authorized to state that His Highness, the Khedive of Egpyt, has signified his willingness to present to the city of New York, upon a proper application being made to him, the noble obelisk seventy feet in height, which now stands "solitary and alone" near the railway station of Ramlet, at Alexandria, its companion having been accepted by England, and provision made for its transportation thither by a public-spirited Scottish gentleman. And we are further able to say that the enterprising contractors who are now conveying the English obelisk to its destination are prepared to agree to bring the companion monolith from Egypt to America and to erect it in any site which may be selected for it at a price not exceeding $100,000, the whole risk of the enterprise being taken by them against a deposit of the sum agreed upon in the hands of some leading American banker.

For nearly 2,000 years there have stood on the shores of the Levant two obelisks of rose-colored syenite known as "Cleopatra's Needles." Egyptologists tell us how these great monoliths, nearly seventy feet high, were taken from the granite quarries at Syene by the skillful workmen of antiquity and conveyed thence to Karnac and Heliopolis. In order to move them the stone was marked the whole length required, and metal wedges were driven into the line. Another plan which showed wonderful ingenuity was to insert wedges of extremely dry wood and then to pour water upon them till they split and displaced the stone. Pliny says that they were transported to the Nile with the aid of flat-bottomed boats, floating in canals specially prepared for the purpose. Sharpe says that they were placed in an erect position by cutting a groove in the pedestal, in which the lower edge of the monolith might turn as if it were a hinge, the top of the obelisk being elevated by means of a mound of earth, the size of which was continually increased till the stone stood securely erect. From Heliopolis, where they stood before the entrance of the temple of the god Tum, or the Setting Sun, they were transported to Alexandria during the reign of Tiberius, but bear their popular name because of a tradition that they were brought to Alexandria in the time of Cleopatra. A great deal of controversy has raged among the learned in regard to their meaning, but notwithstanding all that has been said and written about them, as well as about other similar monuments which still stand in Egypt or have been transferred to Rome, Arles, Paris and London, no absolute certainty as to their import has yet been reached. Pliny supposed them to be symbols of the sun's rays; other writers have identified them with the Jachin at Jerusalem, apparently only because the obelisks were placed in pairs before the entrance of an Egyptian temple. They have been regarded as identical with the Hindu Lingam and a score of opinions, more or less reasonable, have been advanced by speculative inquirers, but there still is quite as much difficulty in arriving at their true meaning and origin as there is in interpreting the story of the round towers of Ireland, or, to compare small things with great, the origin of the Newport mill. Mr. Bonomi, who is a better authority than most writers, inasmuch as he has spent a long period on the banks of the Nile in unwearied and intelligent research, says: "As regards the original sits of obelisks, it should be mentioned that there are none on the western bank of the river proper—the obelisk appearing to be a decoration of the cities of the living, symbolized by the rising sun, as the pyramid is of those of the dead, symbolized by the setting of that luminary." Taken in connection with the fact that at Heliopolis the monoliths now known as Cleopatra's Needles stood at the entrance of the temple of the Setting Sun, this explanation rather shows the difficulties surrounding the question of their meaning and origin than throws any decisive light on the subject. Nevertheless, a study of the heiroglyphics with which the Needles are covered seems to confirm the view of Mr. Bonomi. These inscriptions generally describe the greatness, magnificence and glory of the monarch in whose reign they were erected. On the obelisk which will soon be erected in London appears the name of Thothmes III., the date of whose reign, according to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, is a about the middle of the fourteenth century before the Christian era, or some 3,300 years ago. On the other hand, and touching the theory that obelisks were raised for the living alone, it should be remarked that dwarf obelisks were employed in Egypt from the earliest times and were placed before the doors of sepulchres at least 4,000 years ago. Obelisks are squared columns tapering slightly from base to apex, the proportions of the base being one-tenth of the height of the shaft up to the foot of the pyramidian or pyramidal top, which in later times was sometimes capped with gold, iron or copper. It was probebly during the twelfth dynasty of the Egyptian kings that they ceased to be sepulchral adornments or symbols and were placed before the temples.

In 1801, at the termination of the campaign of England against Napoleon in Egypt, General the Earl of Cavan was left in command of that portion of the British forces which was ordered to remain in the country. In this portion was included the auxiliary corps sent from India under the command of General Sir David Baird, the captive first and then the captor of Seringapatam. Lord Cavan's attention was drawn to the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, which lay upon the ground at Alexandria close to its own pedestal and to the other, which, as shown in our plate, is yet standing, and is believed by some persons to be the true and distinctive Needle. He conceived the notion of obtaining a grant of the fallen monolith for the purpose of conveying it to London, to be erected there as both an illustration of ancient history, most interesting in itself, and as a monument of British successes in Egypt. He obtained a grant from the Turkish authorities, and at once proceeded to carry his purpose into execution. In connection with Maj. Bryce, the chief engineer on the spot, he prepared a plan for the embarkation and conveyance of the obelisk to England. A manuscript now in the British Museum dated March 8, 1841, and apparently written by General Macdonald, says that—

"The troops then remaining in Egypt were invited by their Officers to subscribe a certain number of days' pay to meet the Expenses of an undertaking in which their feelings were deeply interested, an invitation which was eagerly accepted, so that Lord Cavan instantly found the neccessary Funds for his Purpose at his disposal. Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Soldiers vied with each other in offering their Contributions to the furtherance of an object so gratifying to their National and to their Professional pride, and work was withforth put in progress in the following manner: One of the largest of the French Frigates *(El Carso)* captured at Alexandria was purchased, of the Prize Agent, from the Funds thus contributed, to convey the fallen Needle to England. A Stone Pier or Jetty was commenced, alongside of which, when completed, the Frigate was to be brought, to receive the Needle, which was to be introduced into the Ship upon rollers, through a Stern Port to be cut to the necessary size, and when introduced, was to be laid upon a bed of large blocks of Timber, forming a platform upon the Keel of the ship, so as to keep this immense weight of solid substance exactly a midship, and to prevent it straining the Keel. Thus placed in the hold of the Ship, the Needle was to be secured in its bed, so as to preclude the possibility of its being moved therefrom by the motion of the ship at sea. As the fallen Needle lay close to the Sea, the moving it upon Rollers from where it lay, to the Ship, became a very easy operation."

Considerable progress was made with the Jetty, and all the officers of the Royal Navy then at Alexandria entered heartily into the project, which would have been successful had it not been abandoned in consequence of orders received from Lord Keith and General Fox, who were then in command of the fleet and the troops serving in the Mediterranean. The working parties were discontinued, the bargain with the prize agent for the ship was rescinded and the funds yet undisbursed were returned to the subscribers. The objections to the work seem to have been those which would be expected from two commonplace martinets. General Fox held that the employment of soldiers in such work was detrimental to their discipline and destructive to their equipments; Lord Keith thought it unbecoming that the Royal Navy should be employed in such an undertaking.

In 1819 Mehemet Ali offered the obelisk to the Prince Regent, and the British Government accepted the gift. Then rose the question of the expense of its removal, and as the estimated cost was put at £50,000 the Government which lavished ten times that sum on the Prince's follies declined to act in the matter. Subsequently, in 1851, the subject was revived, when even that watch-dog of the Treasury, Mr. Joseph Hume, strongly advocated its removal to England, in the House of Commons, but it was still deferred, although the estimated cost had been reduced to £35,000. It was offered to the Crystal Palace Company, which being in financial straits, shrank from the outlay. The upshot was that the Admirality sent a commission to Alexandria to examine the shaft and report upon its condition and the feasibility of transporting it to England. In 1852 it was examined by Mr. Scott Tucker, and a fragment of it was placed in the British Museum. The subject its removal was again brought under the notice of the Government, in consequence of a notification from the Khedive, who had let the ground on which it stood to a Greek merchant, who demanded that it should be removed as an incumbrance. It was taken away, and consequently, in order to be rid of it, the merchant buried it in the ground. Finally in 1876 Gener- Sir James Edward Alexander, the well-known Orientalist, a kinsman of the Alexanders of Sterling, revived the question of the obelisk in England, and Mr. John Dixon, a well-known engineer and contractor, offered to undertake the work, the whole expense being assumed by Professor Erasmus Wilson, to whose munificence and public spirit England is indebted for its present real ownership of the far-famed Cleopatra's Needle. Seeing that there was but slight prospect that the nation would ever obtain the obelisk through any action on the part of the Government, Mr. Wilson stirred in the matter, and the result is that the fallen monolith has been removed from the trench in which the Greek merchant buried it, placed in a specially constructed iron vessel, or floating case, and is now actually at sea, being towed to England by Messrs. William Johnson & Co.'s Liverpool steamer the Olga.

In floating the obelisk a novel plan was used which would doubtless have surprised the ancient engineers who originally brought it to Alexandria. The stone is inclosed in an iron cylinder with ends shaped like wedges, which was built around it as it lay on the shore. Sixty tons of iron were used in its construction. It took about two months to inclose the monolith. The inclosing cylinder is 92 feet long and has a diameter of 15 feet; planks were arranged and fastened around the box, and after all was ready the whole was rolled down to the sea with the aid of ropes fastened on winches in vessels in the water, while other ropes on winches on the shore kept it from rolling too rapidly. At first it was a struggle as to which should be set in motion by this apparatus—the vessel or the obelisk. The obelisk got entirely the better of the strain, so that the boat, instead of pulling the stone down to the shore, was itself borne towards the land. It was only when steamtugs were substituted and put under full headway that the enormous mass was finally made to move. When, after two days of labor, the obelisk reached the sea, the cylinder filled with water because of a leak, and a powerful pump failed to empty the air spaces. Divers were employed, who found that a stone had broken a large hole in the cylinder and was wedged in it so tightly that it could not be removed under water. The cylinder was turned over, the injury repaired, and soon this remarkable boat, with its still more wonderful contents, was floating safely in the Mediterranean.

"From the position," says *Engineering* of the 21st September, "where the obelisk had remained during twenty certuries to the dry-dock in the harbor is a distance of about eight miles by sea, and a considerable proportion of this length lies outside the new breakwater, where the rollers of the Mediterranean tumble in with no inconsiderable force. It will be interesting to all students of naval architecture to learn how the cylindrical ship behaved under these circumstances. On the day of the passage the sea was high for the time of year, and thick waves, impelled by the northly wind, rolled on parallel to the breakwater, sending columns of spray high into the air. The two tugs in charge of the Needle rolled, continuously sponsons under, making it impossible to stand on the bridge without clinging to the rail, while the Needle ship came along grandly, after them, with some forty or fifty Arabs and Maltese sitting unconcernedly on the plain cylindrical top, with nothing to save them if the ship made a roll—which she never once did, so far as could be determined by the senses of those on board her or the tugs. Although she behaved exactly as theory indicates, and was predicted by the engineer, it nevertheless struck every one with the sensation of a surprise to see that two powerful tugs tossing violently with their floats fanning the air at every roll whilst the little cylindrical ship just let the rollers pass under her without answering to them in the slightest degree, merely bringing her forward and occasionally into the waves and charging the water right and left off her arched back. She would have pitched less than she did had she been in seagoing trim, but she was rudderless and was towed stern foremost, though intentionally trimmed down by the stern one foot and by accident somewhat more, as she had a considerable quantity of water in her at the time. It was no easy task to tow her, under these circumstances, round the breakwater, and after sunset through the dangerous Boghos Pass into Alexandria harbor; and the management of Messrs. Greenfield's tug by her commander was beyond praise. The rudderless cylinder would appear first on one side and then on the other, and again apparently prepared to charge savagely into the broadside of the tug, so that the skipper generally had his wheels going opposite ways, either to coax along the Needle or to get out of her way when she charged. Captain Clark was busier perhaps than he had ever been before towing a craft, but the Arab pilot of course sat crosslegged on the paddle-box smoking cigarettes and looking dreamily ahead, as if he had done nothing since his childhood than sit in tug and tow 'Needles' round to Alexandria harbor."

Now that three-quarters of a century after it was first offered to her, England finally sees Cleopatra's Needle on its way to her shores, the new question has arisen what is she to do with it? The matter was left in the hands of the London Metropolitan Board of Works, and the Chief Commissioner has already submitted two or three sites on any of which he thinks that the monolith might be placed to advantage. But the London public seem unable to decide upon the exact place in which to put it. Mr. Noel set up a wooden model near St. Margaret's, Westminister, in the immediate neighborhood of Westminister Abbey, but no sooner had he done so than evil was predicted. The foundation of a monument so situated would be immediately over the Metropolitan District Railway, and so heavy a mass as Cleopatra's Needle might break through into the tunnel. Besides this, either a new street must be closed or the flower-beds would have to be removed, while the statues of eminent men near the Houses of Parliament would be dwarfed into pigmies by this colossal monument from Egypt, which no true Britons could tolerate. Sir Charles Barry's enormous eight-day clock-tower, which rises to a height of 320 feet above the House of Commons, would, in its turn, dwarf the Needle, so why should it be placed there? Sir Charles Barry sees this, and loudly protest against the site at Westminister; he desires to place the monolith at a spot "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," near the top of Portland place. Others suggest that it should stand in the courtyard of the British Museum. Another sit and a fine one which has been thought of is the upper end of the noble Thames Embankment; still another is Lincoln's Inn Fields, and another still is Primrose Hill. Some people insist that the only proper place for it is within the railings of St. James's Park, where a mound would have to be raised for it after the manner of that whereon the statute of Achilles in Hyde Park is mounted, for which some enthusitic ladies gave a commission that it might commenorate forever the battle and the victor of Waterloo. As to St. James's Park, some objections not of an artistic but of a highly practical nature are urged. The ground was originally swampy, and is thought to be still treacherous, so that it is within the limits of possibility that, should the Needle be placed there, London might awake some fine morning to find it, like the Amsterdam Stadt-Huys, sunken and gone. Similar doubts exist with regard to the site on which the wooden model stands in Parliament square. Not only does the Metropolitan District Railway run under it, but beneath this spot of old the water flowed around Thorny Island and Westmister Abbey. Another site which has been spoken of is Greenwich Hospital, but the obelisk might almost as well be placed on Salisbury Plain. It will be seen that there is a great variety in the views of the English public as to where the Egyptian relic of the times of Thothmes III. should stand, the subject having been taken up with the liveliest and keenest interest by the London people of all classes, from the scholars and divines down to the smallest shopkeepers, who are quickwitted enough to see how much new grist will be brought to their mills by this new and unprecedented addition to the attractions of the great metropolis.

These obelisks posses a very great historic value aside from that sentimental estimate which enlightened nations place upon all monuments of antiquity. When the one now on its way to England was unearthed on the grounds of M. Dimitri, the Greek merchant already spoken of, it was covered with three feet of sand and was found to be just sixty-eight feet long. The hieroglyphics which cover all of its four sides were prepared for deciphering by by washing the stone from the water-skin of a water-carrier. They were then studied by Brugsch Bey, the eminent German Egyptologist, who visited this country at the time of the Centennial. He found that they referred to the lives of two kings, Thothmes III. and Rameses II. The central inscriptions recounted the deeds of Thothmes and the others those of Rameses. The weight of the whole block was 200 tons. So far as is known, the hieroglyphics on the obelisk which remains standing at Alexandria, and which as we elsewhere show may one day be transferred to New York, have not been deciphered, but as they are of the same age and came originally from the same city and temple, it is not unlikely that they refer to the same, or at least to similar subjects.

The temple at Helipolis, where the Monoliths first stood, is of intense interest to Biblical Students as being supposed to be the one in which Moses, the Hebrew law-giver, became learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. Thothmes III, was one of the greatest of the Egyptian Kings, and in his day the power of Egypt was extended over Abyssinia, Nubia, Arabia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Kurdistan and Armenia. Notwithstanding the traditional hatred of the Egyptians for the sea, he had a powerful fleet on the Mediterranean with which he conquored Cyprus and Crete and the islands of the Archipelago, the southern coast of Greece, and perhaps even the south of Italy. All of northern Africa where his monuments are found, were certainly brought into subjection by him. Rameses II., whose name is recorded on the English Cleopatra's Needle, was the greatest builder of all the Pharaohs. Many of the magnificent Temples at Karnak and Luxor are his work, as are also the two subterranean Temples at Ipsambul in Nubia, and the Rameseum at Thebes. He also was a great warrior, and it was upon the story of his campaigns and those of Seti and Thothmes that the Greeks built up their legends Sesostris. When the hieroglyphics upon the second obelisk shall have been deciphered—though many of them must have been nearly effaced by wind and weather—further light may be cast upon the history of the remote past in Egypt, which is so profoundly connected with the whole rise and progress of the religions, the philosophies and the arts of our own race and our own times.

From the Lutheran Visitor.

LETTER FROM REV. G. D. BERNHEIM FROM LONDON.

ENGLAND, Aug. 12, 1877.

Dear Visitor,—I left Switzerland on my homeward journey the 7th of August, and stopped once more in Manheim and Mayence, to bid my relatives farewell. Had a pleasant surprise at a railroad station in the Black Forest mountains, in meeting another family of my relatives, on their way to Switzerland on a pleasure trip. I sailed down the Rhine to Dusseldorf, where I stayed a couple of days with the rest of my relatives, from whom it was very difficult to part. Had a pleasant visit to Baden-Baden, and enjoyed the baths there very much. This is the most renowned and fashionable bathing place in all Europe. The water is hot, and has minerals in it. They have a band of music playing morning or evening every day. Last night I went to hear the music, and there saw the fashionable world assembled in the open air, in the garden promenade; and I assure you the glitter of this world dazzled my eyes, and I therefore returned early to my hotel, and retired for the night.

On my arrival in Dusseldorf, I found everything in a commotion, as the Emperor was expected there on the 5th of September, in order to hold a grand review. All visits to Switzerland, Schwarzburg and other places are cut short, so that the citizens may be back at the approaching great event. Everywhere great preparations were being made for the Emperor's reception: arches were erected, troops were drilled laboriously each day, an elaborate platform or stage for the review had been built; all to welcome and receive their great earthly sovereign, but the heavenly king of glory—oh, how he is forgotten! I was very much pressed to remain there until after the Emperor's arrival, and indeed would have enjoyed it greatly, but my time was too limited.

From Dusseldorf my route took me through Holland. I was astonished that I could understand so much of the language, which, in fact, greatly resembles the German. At Flushing we took the steamship for Queensboro. We had headwinds all the time, but not much motion of the ship, which caused very little seasickness; and the trip was made in eleven hours. Took the cars at Queensboro, and rode with great rapidity to London, a distance of 65 miles in one and a-half hours. Visited St. Paul's cathedral, and attended seavice there on the evening of my arrival, and was much pleased with the music and intonations of the prayers, creed, &c.; also with the singing of the amen responses. The choristers were all dressed in white, and walked in procession to their places, with the minister in the rear. The reading clergyman wore a shawl-like covering of red over his white surplice, and the preacher a similar one of black. The sermon was very long, and by no means an able one; but I must say I did not hear very clearly, for the echo in this immense edifice destroys the distinctness of utterance. I was delighted with the interior architecture of the church, but the exterior is too much blackened by age and the smoke of the city to please the eye. There is no display of dress and fashion among the worshippers; all were apparelled in good clothing, but nothing more, the English being an exceedingly sensible people in this respect, caring more for substantials, and less for finery and outward show.

London is a smoky city; so much soft, bituminous coal is burnt here in the houses, factories, &c., that the buildings are all discolored, and I have to keep my window closed, to keep out the soot and sulphurous air, that makes one cough involuntarily. I should dislike to live here on that account; but O, what a change between England and the Continent! Here everything is quiet on Sunday; stores all closed, and the Lord's day not profaned. For this I like England—it is so much like my own country.

The next day I visited Westminster Abbey, which is located near Westminster bridge, and almost adjoining the Parliament edifice. I arrived just at the time of evening service, the music of which sounded inexpressibly sweet through the vaulted arches of the Abbey, softened by distance, for I was in another transept of the building. The service here is intoned, like that in St. Paul's cathedral, and is certainly an improvement upon the services in some Episcopal churches in America. An immense crowd was gathered in the Abbey for sight-seeing, and at the conclusion of the service a general rush was made to the various parts of the edifice. Some of the visitors were evidently from the coarser and lower walks of life. Mothers were there with their infants in their arms; and the thoughtless and meaningless faces of some of the visitors showed but too plainly that they but little understood where they were, or what they saw. The Abbey more than comes up to all my expectations. It is a noble building; not quite so large as St. Paul's cathedral, purely Gothic, and ornamented with great taste and magnificence. In one of the divisions may be seen, suspended from on high, some of the mutilated battle-flags of past ages, either as trophies of victories, or as honorable vestiges of the faithful performance of duty. But what pained me exceedingly, is the unpardonable sacrilege of which relic-hunters have made themselves guilty in mutilating the sacred monuments of the honored dead; here a part of an arabesque monument is wanting, there an entire hand of a marble effigy is broken off, on another but one or two fingers are remaining, some of the fluted collar of Queen Elizabeth's dress taken away. O, I could most severely chastise such sacrilegious theft. The ashes of Mary Queen of Scotts repose opposite those of Elizabeth; the chancel is between them, and the ashes of each are in a separate apartment on each side of the chancel. Their effigies on their tombs are as though they were arrayed in the clothing they wore in those days. I was surprised to find so few of the English sovereigns entombed here. The most of the monuments are erected in honor of England's illustrious dead outside of the ranks of royalty. In the poets' corner are names as familiar to us as household words—Shakspeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Gray, Dryden, the two Johnsons, Chaucer, and a host of others, with Macaulay, Thackery and Dickens as the newest additions to those of a past age. All honorable professions seem to be represented here among the illustrious dead—men of science, like Sir Isaac Newton and the two Herschells; statesmen, like Pitt, Palmerston, and others; warriors by land and sea, like Nelson and Montgomery; authors, theologians, novelists, comedians like Garrick, and even his wife; inventors such—as Watt, explorers like Sir John Franklin and Livingstone; musicians, like Handel and others. The lamented Major Andre has a most touching monument and epitaph, and even John and Charles Wesley, the founders of Methodism, have bas-relief portraits in marble, with inscriptions quoted from their works. And then, upon them all falls the "dim religious light" of the Abbey as it passes through the stained windows. A decriptive placard, in each part or division of the Abbey, sometimes more than one, so that one can very readily find the tomb and monument of each one buried or honored here, with other cards, all of which are hung up—some giving quotations from authors and poets respecting Westminster Abbey, and others warning against mutilations, and requesting the detection of such sacrilegious persons. The impressions made upon my mind were more of a pleasing nature than otherwise. One communes not simply with the dead, but with past events and honorable deeds, of which those illustrious dead were the partakers and promoters. And although "the path of glory leads but to the grave," nevertheless it is a happy thought, that England thus honors the memory of her great men, and incites her sons and daughters of every age to make England yet more renowned by future deeds of valor. Would that republics could also learn the important lesson here given, and cease to deserve the oft-repeated stigma, that they are generally ungrateful.

What most surprised me was the coronation chair of ancient and modern royalty, in use for a period of over 600 years—even Queen Victoria was crowned in it. It is a very rough and ordinary armchair, made of wood, and so indifferent and unornamented is it, that I would not give it room in my house, if it were deprived of its historical associations. Underneath it is fixed the stone, which is likewise very ordinary, on which the kings of Scotland were crowned. A similar chair was made when William and Mary were crowned together, and stands side by side with its more ancient companion. But such is the hallowed veneration of the English for ancient things and usage, that this "old arm chair," dirty, discolored, unpainted, and even mutilated as it appears, is sacredly preserved for all future coronation occasions, and I admire them for it.

Yours truly,

G. D. BERNHEIM.

ERUPTION OF COTOPAXI.

More Than One Thousand Lives Lost.

[Ecuador Correspondent N. Y. Nation.]

The last eruption of the volcano of Cotopaxi, the tenth according to my computation, took place on the 12th of June last, with every circumstance that could increase its horror—utter darkness in broad day, thunder and lightning, fearful explosions that made the earth tremble, subterranean noises and wild gusts of wind, accompanied by a rain of ashes. An eye witness told me that the volcano poured out a cataract of ten times the bulk of Niagara, which carried all before it in its headlong course, and submerged the whole surrounding country. The torrent divided itself in two opposite directions, as if to give greater scope to its devastation and make confusion still more dire. One branch took a southerly course toward the city of Latacunga, situated twelve miles from Cotopaxi. On its way the current converted the plain of Callao into an immense lake. There is but little hope that the ruins of the palace of the Incas, described by Humbolt, and all other travellers through the central valley of the equatorial Andes, have escaped the ravages of flood. Near Latacunga the furious torrent tore up from the very foundation the cotton factory of Don Jose Villagomez, whose value was estimated at $300,000; crops, cattle and buildings were swept away; the massive bridges of Catuche and Pansalvo were destroyed as well as a part of the fine carriage road (scarce equaled even in Europe), which connets Quito with the towns in the South of the Republic.

THE TORRENTS OF BOILING WATER.

The torrent that headed toward the south of Cotopaxi devastated the prosperous and enchanting valley of Chillo, and in particular the estate of the Senor Aguirre, noted for having been the residence of Humbolt. There, too, as in Latacunga, arose the building of a thriving factory, which, only the year before, had been destroyed by fire, and had been repaired at great expense. The torrent rooted it from the ground, and bore it away in a thousand fragments. It is asserted that a mill of Don Eanuel Palacios floated on the water like a ship at sea until shattered by the current. The loss in the valley of Chillo alone is estimated at over two millions of dollars, and in the other sections is equally great. It is likewise calculated that the number of the dead exceeds 1,000. Although the surroundings of Quito have been laid waste, the city itself suffered from only a rain of ashes and a complete darkness, which began on the 26th of June, at three in the afternoon. At Machache and other places the night lasted for thirty consecutive hours. In the midst of this opaque gloom one could hear the bellowing of cattle and the cries of other animals, who, deprived of their usual food by the shower of ashes, sought, in a species of frenzy, for the means of satisfying their hunger. Other beasts frantic with terror, careered hither and thither as if in dispair, and the piteous howling of the dogs pierced the ear with its ominous sound. In Quito the darkness was as that of night; it was like that described by the younger Pliny in a letter to Tacitus, in which he relates the eruption of Vesuvius and the destruction of Pompeii. "It was," he says, "as if the lights in a room had been extinguished." At Quito the shower at first was of coarse heavy sand, which subsequently turned into ashes so fine and impalpable that they penetrated not only into apartments, but into the most carefully closed receptacles. In the depth of the darkness, men and women, braving the rain of ashes, sallied forth into the streets, screening themselves with umbrellas, and lighting their way with lanterns, and all the while these strange apparitions rent the air with their cries and prayers for mercy. The umbrellas, as well as the green eye-glasses used here on journeys, were no superfluous precaution, although they afforded but scanty protection against the subtle powder; which, it was remembered, had in many cases produced blindness during the eruption of 1843, during the rain of ashes of thirty hours that attended it.

SUPERSTITIOUS FRENZY OF THE PEOPLE.

From the outset the people had unanimously ascribed the disaster to a chastisement of heaven, brought down by the irreligion of the Government, which had arbitrarily closed the churches, and deprived the people of those spiritual consolations that were made doubly necessary by the sad condition of things in general. The idea of a divine punishment spread like wildfire, and as the tempest raged more wildly, this conviction gathered intensity, until, at last, groups of men, without a leader, without any concerted plan, and without arms, threw themselves upon the guard of the military hospital, while others attacked the guard stationed at the powder magazine on the hill of Javira. There were but few troops in the garrison, the greater part having been sent to suppress the insurrection in Imbabura; but the assailants, lacking arms and direction, were promptly overpowered, with no further loss than that of two soldiers and two citizens. On the day following, before the city had recovered from its consternation and while clouds of ashes still hovered in the air and pervaded the streets, five of the unhappy prisoners who had been taken during the tumult, suffered the barbarous punishment of five hundred lashes, some had died in consequence. The facts need no comment. A number of respectable citizens have been arrested, and are to be subjected to a court-martial. In the present wretched condition of Ecuador, ruined as it is by a series of disasters, the recent eruption is the culmination of its woes. Ten years of peace and prosperity, of which there is faint prospect now, will not suffice to repair the evils which a few hours have wrought in this unfortunate land.

Miss Frances Fisher, of Salisbury, N. C., the authoress of "Morton House" and other popular novels, is on a visit to this city. Miss Fisher is the daughter of Colonel Fisher, of North Carolina, who was killed in the first battle of Manassas.—*Balt. Gazette.*