

ANCIENT ACAPULCO.

ITS FAMOUS BUCCANERS AND SPANISH GALLEONS.

The Climate and Commerce—Pine Scenery—Population, Etc.—The State of Guerrero.

Special Correspondence of the RECORD—ACAPULCO (Mexico), July 1, 1886.

From Juchitán to Acapulco is a distance, due southward, of only 25 miles—but in this case at least the longest way around is the "urest." Remembering that "what man has done may do again," and believing that women can do most things as well, we disregarded the advice of those who, and pushed on to the Pacific coast as near a bee-line as possible. But I would not recommend anybody else to imitate our example. If the traveler feels an especial "call" to visit this ancient town—where every name recalls visions of bloody buccaners and Spanish galleons laden with riches of gold, silver, tea and silks—his best way is to stick to the old route, sailing westward from San Francisco, or San Blas, and going to Acapulco by the old stage road from Vera Cruz. The distance from Acapulco to San Francisco is exactly 1,826 miles, and the cabin fare is \$100, while Panama is 320 miles nearer, but the price is the same.

The first glimpse of the historic harbor makes one feel like a second Balboa on a voyage of discovery. So well sheltered is it, being surrounded on three sides by lofty mountains, that the largest vessels may ride safely at anchor close to the granite rocks. The two capes, a belt less than half a mile wide, between the highest and the lowest, are so carefully covered with soil that little vegetation finds root. The population is estimated at about 5,000, and is chiefly composed of foreign traders, divers, pearl-fishers and others who have

DEALING WITH THE DEER. Giving the place an odd character. The climate is exceedingly unhealthy, and is especially fatal to children. Cholera, yellow fever and cholera are constant visitors of all the coast region. The Hotel Pacifico is perhaps the best of the half-dozen hotels, and is managed by a Frenchman, who has a number of rooms reserved for tourists. The first thing for the tourist to do is to climb the hills to the old Spanish fortress of San Diego, which still proudly crowns an eminence overlooking the harbor. This once famous fort—built more than two centuries ago, after the order of Moro Castle—though commanding the entrance to the harbor, has been so often taken by assault as to be now untenable. When Maximilian's legions abandoned this vestige of antiquity they carried their brief but destructive wrath wrought more havoc than all the earthquakes which from time immemorial have had a habit of shaking up the place about every ten years.

Viewed from the castle ramparts the harbor—scorped out of the mountains—looks like the nest of some huge amphibious bird. In fact, the harbor is a double channel, which was given in the solid rock by some convulsion of nature. Tradition says that there was a great earthquake which up one summer's night and opened the present channel, swallowing all the shipping at one greedy mouthful, and making kinship-work of the frail bottom of the boats. Looking toward the sierras, across the sierra Colorado ("red lands," so called from the peculiar color of the soil), in the purple haze beyond the hills, the colors of the sierra Pasa is plainly visible for several miles, winding zigzag fashion between the heights. It is difficult to believe that over this slight mole-path all the way from the Basin with little rest for many years; that during little more than three centuries the cargoes of silver dollars alone which came this way amounted to thousands of millions! Over that mountain range.

UNSMOTHERED ARMS. Have advanced and retreated—and always with the same result, viz: If the army was large it soon starved out of the country, and if small it was destroyed, for hunger invariably followed the march. To-day all is as quiet and solitary as the grave, and there is nothing to indicate that the spot has ever been the scene of so much contention.

When Cortez built—in the neighboring State, Colima—those vessels that went in search of a northern passage to Acapulco and yet had not been discovered; but when the expedition returned from its fruitless quest it anchored in the mountain-girt harbor. The discovery of the inland passage, Magellan, first of the world's circumnavigator, and importance of this secret. He had sailed through the straits that now bear his name, and had coasted northward as far as the border of the Gulf of California, where he bore away to the spice islands, discovering the Philippine group, where the city of Manila was founded. By this voyage he demonstrated that the two passages of the latter part of the Pacific were superior to a voyage around Cape Horn as to justify the expense of land transit from Acapulco to Vera Cruz, and reshipment at the latter port for the Pacific.

Railroad was constructed this demonstration became valuable for other nations. The most practical advantage of the discovery was the establishment of the annual Manila galleon, in which

A MILLION SILVER DOLLARS. Were regularly sent out every year, with which to purchase Oriental products for the consumption of Spain and her American colonies. In fact, the galleon sailed to one land and the sword in the other, to the spiritual conquest of India; and by the same route the Spanish soldiers followed, and after the priests, to add the temporal to the spiritual subjugation of the Oriental empire. To this harbor the galleon returned, freighted with the rich merchandise of China, Japan and the Spice Islands. When its coming was announced, traders hastened hither from every corner of New Spain to attend the annual fair; and this is now the most important of the harbor's extraordinary activity. The harbor was crowded with small vessels from up and down the coast, which came to receive their share of the mammoth cargo. Then came the King's officers, in a stately state to look after the royal revenue; and in their train followed a multitude of proud and speculative Castilian dons, in much "barrowed" (or borrowed) splendor. Caravans of mules were summoned to transport the Spanish portion of the freight to Vera Cruz for shipment; multitudes of thieves, robbers and cut-throats (knights of the road) swarmed all along the way; and in short, the population of Acapulco and its vicinage was enormously increased during a few weeks' time.

But as soon as the galleons had put off to sea again everything relaxed into the usual semi-comatose condition, and remained more dead than alive till next year's return of the fleet. Such was the condition of the town when Mexico at last achieved her independence, after which epoch—there being then, as a matter of course, no farther need here for Spanish ships, King's officers or Castilian traders—the place appeared to die a natural death. At any rate, Acapulco was lost to commerce for many years, until, comparatively recent period, it was made a sort of half-way house on voyages between Panama and California. Now it carries on an extensive trade with San Francisco and Central America, as well as with the interior of Mexico. The chief exports are cochineal, cocoa, indigo, wool and hardware. When (if ever) the Moresias Islands are discovered, Acapulco will be its terminus, and then the old town will, no doubt, blossom out again into an important commercial center. At present, aside from its historic reminiscences, and the picturesque scenery of its landlocked harbor, the principal object of interest to the traveler is the stupendous cut called the Abra de San Nicholas, which has been artificially made in the mountains, and for admitting sea breezes to the fever-haunted town.

THE STATE OF GUERRERO. Was so named in honor of the revolution-

HERO DON VICENTE GUERRERO, AND HIS FIGURE MORE CONSPICUOUSLY THAN ANY OTHER IN MEXICO'S LONG STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

ITS CAPITOL. A little village of less than 3,000 inhabitants, named Chilpancingo, more frequently called, with pride, La Ciudad de los Bravos, the City of the Brave, was the scene of the National Congress of the Mexican Republic was called together. Our fathers fought no more courageously in the American revolution, nor prolonged the struggle with less encouragement than these brave men of Mexico's independence. In this first Congress the flower of the nation assembled, comprising such distinguished heroes as Bustamante, the historian, and other distinguished statesmen. General Guzman, General Guzman, General Guzman, and others whose names are household words.

THEIR MARCH. When Iturbide marched out of the capital with 5,000 soldiers to capture the city, he was met by the brave General Guzman, who, with a handful of followers, was hiding in the sierras around Acapulco—he had no sooner entered this State and marked the pulse of the people, than he saw that the cause of the oppressor was hopeless; and he wisely resolved to cast in his fortunes with the party of the future, rather than clinging to the party of the past.

Instead of fulfilling his mission of engaging Guerrero in mortal combat, he invited that patriot to an amicable meeting (in January, 1821), and together they proceeded to the town of Iguala, where they drew up the celebrated "Plan," by which the "Army of the three Guarantees"—liberty, union and independence—specifically recognized the rights of the people, and banished Spanish domination forever.

The State of Guerrero covers an area of little less than 40,000 square miles, and is eminently an agricultural and mining region, although at present—on account of lack of funds and energy—the mining interest is at a standstill, notwithstanding the rich placer deposits.

Every variety of most luscious tropical fruits abound in this section; also cotton, tobacco, rice, sugar-cane, medicinal plants, dye and precious woods, besides gold, silver, iron, lead, copper, tin, zinc, platinum, petroleum, platinum, nitrate, mica, potash and asbestos. Government lands sell at the rate of 25 cents per American acre, and uncultivated lands in sections are sold at an unoccupied in the vicinity of the Papagayo and Ometepe rivers, and between the slopes of the Sierra Madre del Sur and the Tepehuacan mountains.

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DISMAL SWAMP.

VIVID LANDMARK OF THE BY-GONE DAYS.

A Visit to the Former Hiding-Place of Runaway Slaves and Hunting Grounds for Fugitives.

HAMPTON (Va.), June 25th.

"Away to the Dismal Swamp!" His path is rugged and sore; Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds, Through the feather grass, the ferns, the mosses, and the mud, And man never told before!" A pleasure party in the Dismal Swamp! The very name of the thing has an indecipherable fascination. Of all Southern wild-nesses, what other possesses such a hold upon the imagination as this vast impassable morass, haunted by the "white canoe" of the spirit maiden and by the grim ghost of the runaway slave?

We have chartered for our gay party the little steam tug Bivalve, and on a sparkling May morning we got puffing and patting down Hampton creek and into the Roads—hand-chiefs fluttering, colors flying, shawls and cushions piled upon the tops of our little craft, where we recline under our awning in luxurious ease. There is nothing very novel this far—a water party in fair weather and on smooth waters, with a boat and launch, youth and holiday spirits on board.

In about two hours we touch at the gray wharves of the quaint old Southern city of Norfolk, Va., where we gain much material for our projected explorations. We are told that we cannot penetrate to the recesses of the swamp in our Bivalve, and that even if we could, it would be a hazardous undertaking upon our heads from the overhanging branches and black flies and yellow flies would surround us in devouring legion! Seeing that the swamp is a Government reserve, and in all the boldness of our inexperience, we are no way dismayed by these predictions.

The steam gaily part the Portsmouth Navy Yard, where the Dolphin lies quietly at anchor, cross the glittering Chesapeake, and enter the quiet canal—the canal more than a hundred years old, and the Norfolk and the Pasquotank river. This is surely a typical Southern scene! We enter in the bow and on the roof of the cabin to view the sandy banks, the pine, the "black" Southern farm-yard with its superannuated horses, the green ribbon of the canal and its dusty white mill-pails in vanishing perspective.

As we approach the "locks," which mark a change in level in the canal. Two huge gates set in massive stone masonry work, and the water is raised to the level of the higher level, and we glide easily forward. At the second of these locks, a complicated affair with three gates, we step on shore and up the granite steps and through the dark, dusky grass in the warm sunshine. Three or four negro women and boys are balancing their heads over baskets of strawberries, fresh from a neighboring field. Under a spreading tree we bargain for this unexpected complement to our luncheon—wild-berries, Dismal Swamp strawberries.

"Again we are clustered at the bow, among heated cushions, and under particular umbrellas, pushing our way deeper into the wilderness. Occasionally the boat lurches against an overhanging branch, or shivers and jars as it strikes some hidden snag. White water-lilies glitter almost in every direction, and the water is like a purple sea at a tantalizing light. A horse and cart overtake us, moving briskly along the tow-path, and their owner, introducing himself as Mr. Wallace, accedes us with a cordial invitation, which is truly Southern hospitality. Presently he whips up and disappears in a cloud of dust, and we picnic in the fern, and are leisurely finishing our strawberries, and the bell-rings and the boat stops at Wallace-town.

The visible features of the place are a dilapidated wooden and boys are balancing "hands" are supplied, crowded with the "foreword" hands, no doubt, in all shades of color and picturesque peculiarities of complexion and features. A West Indian, a very Southern-looking, with wide piazzas and a lattice covered with red roses and honeysuckle; a sandy soil and a smiling farm, reclaimed from a swampy bog; and higher up, a low mill and lumber-yard fragrant with its yellow pines. Mr. Wallace comes forward to meet us and speed us on our way, and we soon hear of a curious modern and boy, as balancing himself out-of-the-way spot—a "strike" in the Dismal Swamp. The men at Wallace-town have "struck" for higher wages and better conditions, and the strike is still on. Wallace says that he cannot afford to pay more in the present state of the lumber market.

They tell us that our little tug, which draws three and a half feet of water, will not take us further than the main canal, where it branches off into the narrower inlet—three miles of detour, through a swampy day and are lodged rent free. Mr. Wallace says that he cannot afford to pay more in the present state of the lumber market. They tell us that our little tug, which draws three and a half feet of water, will not take us further than the main canal, where it branches off into the narrower inlet—three miles of detour, through a swampy day and are lodged rent free. Mr. Wallace says that he cannot afford to pay more in the present state of the lumber market.

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"You-alls can't git any bunnies now," is the reply in the plaintive negro sing-song.

THOSE PRETTY SATTEENS.

A Peep Into Fashion's Closet Devoted to "Skiletions."

The Chicago Inter-Ocean's fashion writer states, in the latest issue of that journal, that the timid nature in which June draped herself in that city caused the women to buy up all the novelty patterns in imported satteens on the market, and adds: "These cotton fabrics are so very cheap and so remarkably pretty and well printed that it is a small wonder that they sold like bulbs when Europe was tulip mad. Only fancy getting a satteen for \$5, and wearing it half a dozen years. There are tricks and dabbles here, half a dozen shades of forest green, and the ever popular navy blues, which, when arranged with a bit of dash—but no looking—can be very readily passed for goods. But to do this successfully the satteens must be made up in what is called a straight pattern, because bouffant or puffed draperies will get crushed, and will not hold their shape. The satteens are made up in a variety of patterns, and are very much liked. To be specific, these goods are lavishly looped, but the women know what they are about, and never, never let it in them. This accounts for the success of the male sex, who work at the side-saddle manner that young ladies assume in street cars, grand stands, and little all-homes where things are done for the summer. The attraction is clear enough, once the key is opened. Simply, they do not want to crush their loopings. Of course it is little fun to dance in a well-cut dress, but it is a very acute kind of agony that a woman will not embrace when looks are the outcome of these pretty satteens are made up with a long polka-line, the back of which is arranged in artistic folds and the front cut out so as to show a deep vest of marcelles. The vests are made deep and fasten in the back, a high collar of the goods being attached. They are extremely pretty, and serve to freshen up the toilet as no other accessory can, and are ready independent of the dress, as are readily removed and replaced, when soiled, as a collar. The fact of their extreme prettiness needs qualification—for women differ from babies in the fact that all can wear them. Take a subject with cat's eyes, macaroni-like lashes, and a complexion like the flat side of a boiled ham; put a spotless marcelles vest in her line satteen, and if every beauty in Heaven's host of rosy cherubs, in a plastron, it is only because Miss Leather-lunge escapes judgment on a charge of impurity. It may interest the readers to know that the most popular color in the local stores before dinner are these very 10 cent satteens.

A fashion which just at the moment appears to be in great vogue for young ladies is that of a short, stoutly tailored, made-bisque of striped, barred, or dotted summer woolen goods of serge, camel's hair, chevrot, canvas or tannin. The dress is made in a very mannish manner, except with handsome buttons, and nine out of every ten of these garments open over a chemise of linen or percale, with many ties to the waist, and tucked down the front. Where this style is not followed there is usually a medium-sized marine collar with sailor-necked silk scarf and the hair is dressed in a very mannish manner. Oftentimes the combination is reversed, and there is worn a tailor-made blouse of plain dark color, with skirts of striped or checked camel's hair. This latter style is far better for the majority of stout ladies. One stylish costume of this kind is made of golden-brown camel's hair, barred with cream, with basque of golden-brown livery cloth, and a very mannish blue serge dress of ivory color, with basque of the same color.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the return—the sunset, the threatening masses of clouds, the sudden lightning and sudden thunder-storm, the alternate flashes of lightning and "silver tangle" of myriads of fireflies. Protected by our water-proofs, we huddle under the awning, or in the dark, and sing "plantation melodies" and tell ghost stories. It has partially cleared again when we reach the little backwoods settlement of the "black" Southern farm-yard with its superannuated horses, the green ribbon of the canal and its dusty white mill-pails in vanishing perspective.

As we approach the "locks," which mark a change in level in the canal. Two huge gates set in massive stone masonry work, and the water is raised to the level of the higher level, and we glide easily forward. At the second of these locks, a complicated affair with three gates, we step on shore and up the granite steps and through the dark, dusky grass in the warm sunshine. Three or four negro women and boys are balancing their heads over baskets of strawberries, fresh from a neighboring field. Under a spreading tree we bargain for this unexpected complement to our luncheon—wild-berries, Dismal Swamp strawberries.

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HEALTH.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—TO LET.

FOR SALE—TO LET. A Peep Into Fashion's Closet Devoted to "Skiletions." The Chicago Inter-Ocean's fashion writer states, in the latest issue of that journal, that the timid nature in which June draped herself in that city caused the women to buy up all the novelty patterns in imported satteens on the market, and adds: "These cotton fabrics are so very cheap and so remarkably pretty and well printed that it is a small wonder that they sold like bulbs when Europe was tulip mad. Only fancy getting a satteen for \$5, and wearing it half a dozen years. There are tricks and dabbles here, half a dozen shades of forest green, and the ever popular navy blues, which, when arranged with a bit of dash—but no looking—can be very readily passed for goods. But to do this successfully the satteens must be made up in what is called a straight pattern, because bouffant or puffed draperies will get crushed, and will not hold their shape. The satteens are made up in a variety of patterns, and are very much liked. To be specific, these goods are lavishly looped, but the women know what they are about, and never, never let it in them. This accounts for the success of the male sex, who work at the side-saddle manner that young ladies assume in street cars, grand stands, and little all-homes where things are done for the summer. The attraction is clear enough, once the key is opened. Simply, they do not want to crush their loopings. Of course it is little fun to dance in a well-cut dress, but it is a very acute kind of agony that a woman will not embrace when looks are the outcome of these pretty satteens are made up with a long polka-line, the back of which is arranged in artistic folds and the front cut out so as to show a deep vest of marcelles. The vests are made deep and fasten in the back, a high collar of the goods being attached. They are extremely pretty, and serve to freshen up the toilet as no other accessory can, and are ready independent of the dress, as are readily removed and replaced, when soiled, as a collar. The fact of their extreme prettiness needs qualification—for women differ from babies in the fact that all can wear them. Take a subject with cat's eyes, macaroni-like lashes, and a complexion like the flat side of a boiled ham; put a spotless marcelles vest in her line satteen, and if every beauty in Heaven's host of rosy cherubs, in a plastron, it is only because Miss Leather-lunge escapes judgment on a charge of impurity. It may interest the readers to know that the most popular color in the local stores before dinner are these very 10 cent satteens.

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