MORE ABOUT LIMA.

Some Other Sights About the Old Peruvian Capital.

ITS NATIONAL CONGRESS.

A Visit to the Senate Chamber and the House of Representatives — Vicissitudes of St. Mark's—Creditable Beneficent Institutions—Cows Kept on the Roof—Its Newspapers.

From the Star's Traveling Commissioner.

LIMA, PERU, 1890.

FIRST LET US LOOK IN upon the Peruvian senate chamber and hall of congress. The former, as before mentioned, is the old council room of the inquisition, and in the very place where the presiding officer sits, an inoffensive-looking little gentleman with a claw-hammer coat and hair parted in the middle, the stern, black-gowned inquisitors used to pronounce their awful sentences upon trembling victims. To reach the 300-year-old building we cross the Plaza de Bolivar, in which many "heretics" (which name included all who were at variance with the reigning powers, temporal as well as spiritual) were burned to death and where thousands of merely suspected men and women have been publicly scourged. Most of these deeds of darkness, however, occurred before the beginning of the present century, for the inquisition was abolished in this country about 1812. This plaza contains a notable statue, one of the two or three that the Chilian army left to Lima out of the many fine works of art that once adorned it, representing Simon Bolivar, the liberator, seated on a plunging steed in an impossible attitude, something like the equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson in the United States capital.

THE PERUVIAN CONGRESS.

The national congress holds its sessions in the long, narrow and somewhat dim and dingy apartment that for three centuries was the chapel of St. Mark's University, the very oldest temple of learning in the western world, which the "liberal" government confiscated from the church in 1869. Spectators are penned in a very narrow gallery, high up above the heads of the representatives, and the latter are ranged, like so many tolerably well-behaved school boys, all around three walls of the room, in two rows of chairs without desks. Near the center of the fourth side is placed a long table. At one end of it sits the presiding officer and at the other a tall cross is fixed, upon which the congressmen are required to swear that they will support the constitution. Between the crucifix and "senor presidente" are a number of clerks and reporters, and among them a few are scribbling away in shorthand as industriously as do their cousins in Washington. Whenever a formal speech is to be made the orator mounts a little platform which has a sort of pulpit desk upon it, but ordinary debates are participated in by members from their respective chairs, who seldom take the trouble to rise while speaking.

AN ANCIENT COLLEGE.

The most interesting things about this place pertain to the far-away past. One remembers that this college was founded sixty-nine years before the Puritan fathers sought our northern shores. The first steps toward it were made by the authorities of Lima as early as 1550, when they dispatched Tray Thomas de Saint Martin (who afterward became the Bishop of Chuquisaca), in company with Pedro de la Gasca, one of the first governors of Peru, over to Spain to apply for the erection of a clerical temple of learning in the new country. The Emperor Charles V and his wise mother, Juana, not only granted the desired decree, but conceded to the university which they ordered to be established at Lima all the prerogatives enjoyed by that of Salamanca. Pope Pius V confirmed its erection by an especial bull, and the learned Dr. Don Gaspar de Menesis became its first rector. Still the university, so nobly begun, was without a suitable building or even a site for its foundation, until the year 1574, when a piece of ground was purchased for it near the parish church of San Marcelo, and hence the college derived its name, "San Marcus." The site, however, was found to be inconveniently distant from the center of the city, so it was sold, another purchased near the palace of the Inquisition and the present building completed about three hundred and fourteen years ago.

THE FIRST FULL-FLEDGED D.D.

It consists of a great court yard surrounded by cloisters, on the walls of which queer frescoes are painted, supposed to represent the arts and sciences. Doors lead from the cloisters into the various lecture rooms and into the great hall of the university, where still hang the portraits of the most learned men of Peru's earlier days. The first full-fledged "D.D." who was graduated here was Don Domingo de San Thomas, a Spanish Dominican, who afterward attained great local celebrity, whose ugly countenance may still be seen in the great hall. The first graduate born in Peru was Don Juan de Balboa, professor of the Quichua language and canon of the Lima Cathedral.

The cultivation of literature during the time of the viceroys, though confined by a jealous priesthood within the narrowest possible limits, made considerable progress and was advanced by several men of learning and ability, sprung from the noblest families of Spain. Perhaps the most scholarly of all the vice-kings was Senor Don Antonio de Mendoza, a grandson of the Marquis de Santillana, the renowned poet and warrior of the court of John II, who claimed the Cid as the founder of his family. But Don Antonio died in 1551, after a very brief enjoyment of his power, and before he had much time to do more than lend his mighty influence toward the establishment of this university.

Since Peru's independence from Spain and the general emancipation of the minds of her people, poetry, painting and music have received great attention from the imaginative but somewhat frivolous youth of the country. But the truth is that the modern society of Lima is too dissipated and artificial to afford very promising soil for the growth of extraordinary genius in any direction.

CREDITABLE BENEFICENT INSTITUTIONS.

The beneficent institutions of Lima, though not numerous, are certainly very creditable. Prominent among them is the "Sociedad de Beneficencia," which was established in the year 1825 and has the general guardianship and supervision of all the public charities. It also has the direction of the bull ring, the cock pit and the lottery, from which popular amusements it derives a considerable share of its revenue. Private individuals frequently subscribe to it generous sums; matrons occasionally get up a swell "charity ball," much as the same thing is managed in the United States and other parts of the world; and sometimes the belles and beaux of the city give a grand concert for its benefit, principally with the music of mandolins and guitars, in which they excel.

Here comes one of the sights of Lima, a female milk peddler, who sits astride her mule, with a bare foot and a tin can dangling on each side of the saddle. These "milk men" in petticoats neither toot a horn nor ring a bell as do their northern brothers; but riding from house to house, they stop at the door of each customer and give a peculiar shrill little scream, which the servants instantly recognize. The quart measure of this one is a gourd, just as it grew, except that a hole had been cut in one side and the seeds scraped out; but whether nature made it the exact size to contain what the law recognizes as a quart, we need not trouble ourselves to inquire, if the customers do not. Indeed, that form of measurement is so much in vogue here for liquids as by the gourdful, or still more commonly by the bottleful. Manufactured tin ware is dear, and the people are poor, but everybody drinks wine, consequently glass bottles, such as ordinarily contain claret, and hold perhaps three pints or thereabouts, abound. Many dealers have a fixed price on milks and other fluids for the "bottleful" and the "gourdful" who would be puzzled to know what it ought to bring by the quart or pint.

WHERE COWS ARE KEPT.

You would hardly be able to guess where some of the cows are kept that furnish the milk of the city—not all of them, but a few. Nowhere else than on the tops of suburban houses! As the roofs are perfectly flat the common people utilize them for all manner of purposes—notably for henneries, pigstys, dog kennels, gardens (where flowers and vegetables grow in boxes), laundries and even barn yards. A recent writer on this subject says: "In many cases a Lima cow spends all her days on the roof of her owner's residence, having been taken up when a calf and brought down at the end of her life as fresh beef. In the meantime she is fed on alfalfa, tropical clover and the slops from the kitchen. Chicken coops are still more common on the roofs of dwellings, and in the thickly populated portions of the town your neighbors' cocks waken you at daylight with reminders of St. Peter."

A SPACIOUS MARKET.

Going to the central market we find it is as spacious and convenient as any in New York or any other northern city. The squares of Lima are very large and this market covers a whole one, including a part of the old convent of Concepcion, which was forcibly appropriated by the government and the nuns ejected in the year 1851, at the imminent risk of a revolution. The market house proper is built around a great open courtyard, with exterior shops and an inner corridor, and is traversed by well-paved pathways radiating from a big fountain in the center. This arrangement forms a series of small courts, and each is appropriated to especial products. The principal dealers have stalls, but the mass of venders, who are women of lowest degree, squat all day upon the pavement at the edge of the galleries, or on the ground in the open spaces, with their fruit or fish or vegetables or whatever it may be, heaped up in flat baskets, or on mats spread before them, in small piles called montones.

Each monton has a fixed price, which never varies, whatever the fluctuations of the market, but the rise and fall of the commodity is marked by the size of the monton, a little more or less, as the case may be, for the same amount of money.

As do their confreres in other parts of the world, they chatter like magpies with one another and with their customers, perhaps nursing their babies the while or performing other less pleasing maternal duties. The children of the market, begotten, born and reared on the spot, begin to tumble and sprawl about in a very promiscuous manner as soon as they have gained sufficient strength, and in due course of time take to the vocation of their parents as naturally as ducks to water. Many of these market people spend their lives here and know no other home, eating and sleeping on the ground.

FOUR DAILY PAPERS.

There are four daily papers published in Lima, besides several periodicals devoted to society matters and general literature. Most prominent among the latter is a finely illustrated and well-conducted weekly, called "El Peru Ilustrado," owned and published by Mr. Peter Bacigalupi, who is by all odds the most enterprising North American it has ever been my fortune to meet. As he is a very prominent character in Lima, and his career illustrates what foreign brains and energy may accomplish among these slow-going Peruvians, I went one day to interview him. So busy a man as Mr. Bacigalupi, flying here, there, everywhere, attending to his dozens of "irons" that are all in the fire at once, it is no easy matter to find him, or when found to pin him down to conversation. But perseverance accomplished it, and here is the result: He was born in New York city in 1855, and consequently is now thirty-five years old. Though he never went to school after the age of thirteen he speaks French, Spanish, German, Italian and English equally well. When thirteen years old he was employed by the New York Equitable Life Insurance Company in some humble capacity, where he remained six years. Then he drifted to California and at the age of twenty-two married a young lady in Oakland. Less than a year later, after a breezy tiff with his mother-in-law, he left in haste and sailed for South America. Landing at Callao early in April, 1878, he had exactly $4 left in his pocket, and that was stolen before night. He found employment immediately and before many months became the confidential clerk of Mr. E. D. Adams, a prominent merchant of Lima, formerly from the United States. Mr. Adams was so accommodating as to die soon afterward, leaving Mr. Bacigalupi in charge of the business, and within the year he married his late employer's widow, a Peruvian lady who then had five children. They now have a beautiful home, and the number of olive branches has increased to nine.

A GREAT CONGLOMERATION OF GOODS.

In 1884 the old place of business was destroyed by fire, but nowise disheartened Mr. Bacigalupi set up again in a better location and since then the amount of his sales has been something phenomenal. His goods are mostly from the United States and comprise the greatest conglomeration ever collected under one roof. For instance, he has a large stock of books and stationery, drugs, soaps, lamps, clocks, silver ware, jewelry, sewing machines, typewriters, photographic outfits, agricultural implements; in short, almost everything imaginable except dress goods. Sandwiched among these are Peruvian curios, from mummies to ancient pots and idols. Besides his enormous trade as a forwarding and commission merchant, whose ramifications extend, in some shape or other, to almost every part of South America, the United States and Europe, he is himself a photographer of no mean ability and his agents are everywhere making those scenic views that travelers delight to purchase. He has long had the Peruvian agency of the Domestic Sewing Machine Company and commenced business the first day by selling 150 machines to the president of the republic, who distributed them among the poor widows of soldiers who fell during the last war. Since then he has sold thousands of machines. He is also agent for the Remington typewriter and has sold a good many of them in Lima. He introduced the first telephones into Peru and they are now in general use. He also introduced the first amateur photographic outfits, and in his place one may buy the kodak, hawkeye, Scovill's or almost any other.

MR. BACIGALUPI'S ENTERPRISE.

During the late war Mr. Bacigalupi purchased two vessels, one of American make called "Young America," the other English named "Union," and fitted them up as men-of-war. Through their agency and by the help of the "Monitor" he managed to make another fortune in coal and pickled pork. Last year he built an opera house on the spot where the old theater was burned. It is capable of seating 2,000 persons and it is one of the neatest, daintiest and most complete little theaters on the continent. Its builder loves to boast that he put it up in sixty days, employing seventy-five workmen, and personally superintending the use of every inch of 150,000 feet of lumber. Mr. Bacigalupi's main business, however, the others being mere outgrowths and side issues, is that of a printer and lithographer. In his establishment ten Gordon presses, two large Campe presses and a lithographic press, all moved by the only gas in Lima, are kept constantly going. Sixty-five men and boys are employed in the printing department (six of them being Americans from San Francisco) and Mr. Bacigalupi is expert in every detail of the business, from type setting to lithographing. His Peru Illustrado has been a great hit, being the only periodical of the kind in South America. It is a thirty-six page paper, something the size and shape of Judge, but not at all inclined to the comic. It is profusely and well illustrated, published every Saturday, and goes to every part of Peru, even to the village of Mayo-Bauba, to reach which requires a thirty days' journey on mule back.

CHANCES IN PERU.

To conclude, in Mr. Bacigalupi's own words: "In my office may be found all the newspapers published in South America, and many from the United States and Europe. Strangers are welcome to look at them whenever they like, and my doors are always open to Americans, residents or tourists, whether they come for business or 'to kill time,' and we are glad to furnish them with any information in our power respecting the country and its resources. I consider Peru a very promising field for energetic Americans, and would advise any with small capital to invest it somewhere in this continent. Of course some capital is necessary to establish any business anywhere, but a little goes much farther here than in the overcrowded United States."

I may add that Mr. Bacigalupi looks much more like the typical Spaniard than an Anglo-Saxon, being rather small and very dark, with intensely black eyes, set in so handsome a face that it is no wonder the wealthy widow Adams married him off-hand.

NEWSPAPERS AT TEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

The other newspapers of Lima are edited with considerable ability and contain telegraphic news from all parts of the world, besides choice selections and the effusions in prose and poetry of local literary lights; but their editors have a grandiose and flowery style, in wide if not ludicrous contrast to the terse, plain-spoken ways of American journalism. Most of the papers make their first appearance upon the streets about 10 o'clock at night and their names are yelled by the newsboys with all the vigor of New York gamins. Late in the morning carriers deliver the same edition to regular subscribers. As an index to the state of trade, it may be mentioned that the newspapers have about two pages of advertisements to one of reading matter; but I am told that the rates are very low and the merchants require editors "to trade out" the amounts.

FANNIE B. WARD.

Big Profits on Small Capital.

From the New York Weekly.

Tramp (to handsomely dressed lady on the avenue)—"Please, mum, my family is starvin', an' I'll have ter sell my wheelbarrer to buy bread. It's just around the corner, mum. Would ye like ter buy it?"

Lady—"Mercy! No. What would I do with a wheelbarrow? I live in a flat, my good man. But I will help you gladly. Here's a dollar."

Tramp (to himself)—"That's six dollars I've made today tryin' to sell a wheelbarrer to kind people what lives in flats, an' I ain't got no wheelbarrer nuther."

Where Does She Do Her Piano Practice?

From the New York Weekly.

Mr. Newwed—"My dear, I wish you'd tell that cook we don't like our beefsteak burned and don't want our roasts raw."

Mrs. Newwed—"Tell her? How can I? She never comes into the parlor and she won't let me go into the kitchen."

LIFE IN FAIR SAMOA.

A Group of Lovely Islands in the Far South Pacific.

RUINED BY THE GERMANS.

How Cheating Europeans Have Stolen the Islands From the Natives—Samoa as Viewed by the Visitor—The Way the Natives Live—A Paradise of the Ocean.

ONCE UPON A TIME a great god was fishing in the sea and his hook caught in a rock. He pulled so hard to get it loose that he brought up rock and all to the surface, and in this way was formed the group of islands in the Pacific known as Samoa. When this had happened the god sent down his daughter, the curlew, which dropped upon the new-made land a seed that grew into a vine. The leaves of the vine shriveled, fell off and turned into maggots, and the maggots became men and women. Thus it was that Samoa was originally populated.

"At all events that is the tradition in which the natives of Samoa believe," said Ensign Safford of the navy, who has spent a long time in the country, to a writer for THE STAR. "They call the white people 'sky breakers,' because they believe that the heavens shut down over the earth at the horizon, and therefore it seemed to them that the pale-faced people must have burst through the wall of sky from beyond in order to reach the islands.

VIRTUOUS SAMOAN WOMEN.

"It is true, as has often been said, that the Samoans have no word for female virtue, but that is simply because they do not possess terms for things abstract. The women of the islands are more chaste than those of any other race in the world. One reason for this is that from time immemorial the most tremendous penalty has been dealt out for any lapse in this regard. In the old days a girl found guilty was promptly killed, usually with a war club in the hands of her own father. Even now the punishment is utter disgrace. The few Samoan women who are not altogether respectable are every one of them deserted wives of foreigners, who have married them by native rites and deserted them afterward.

"Though so entirely virtuous the women of Samoa have little modesty in the sense in which the quality is understood among civilized people. Their native costume is simply a petticoat of bark cloth, but remote from the large villages it does not embarrass them much apparently to be seen without even this garment, simply because they are free from any imaginings of impropriety in the matter. The men wear similar short petticoats, but under the influence of the missionaries they have to some extent adopted shirts also, while the females in the towns very generally appear in small ponchos, after the Mexican fashion, with a slit in the middle to put the head through.

A SUGGESTIVE DANCE.

"The missionaries have done their best to do away with a certain highly improper national dance of the Samoans, called the muli-pa'i-pa'i, performed always by girls. It is exceedingly suggestive in its nature, and those who participate in it divest themselves of all their clothing incidentally. But the muli-pa'i-pa'i is still danced on the sly. A Samoan and his wife will say to you: 'We missionary people; no have muli-pa'i-pa'i. But after a little we go to bed, and then our daughters will dance the muli-pa'i-pa'i for you.'

"When you arrive in a harbor of the Samoan group your ship is at once surrounded by scores of native canoes, the occupants of which make earnest offers of friendship. The common expression, whether the person making the appeal of amity is a man or a woman, is, 'You my flen me; me my flen you!' If you assent to one of these offers an exchange of presents is in order between yourself and your new friend. Every stranger is supposed to have one such friend only among the natives, though he may be agreeably acquainted with any number in addition. He must give to this friend many presents from time to time—such things in particular as tobacco, needles, thread, scissors, knives, cotton stuffs, hatchets, bright-colored handkerchiefs and perfumery, of which last the islanders are extremely fond. In return for gifts so bestowed you receive bark cloth, mats of pandanus leaves, shaggy mats of the fiber of a nettle-like plant, fans of cocoanut leaves, war clubs of iron wood, spears and sea shells. Also your friend keeps you supplied during your stay with fruit and other fresh food. But you must on no account give the smallest article to any one but this friend, because it will be bitterly resented. Upon learning of the gift your friend will say: 'Bad you! You give presents to other girl. She no your friend, she Mr. Smithy's friend.'

VALUABLE MATS.

"Among all the presents you get in this way none has much value except the fine mats, which are worth on the islands from $20 to $100 according, to their age. The older the mat is the more it is worth, because of the reverence which the natives have for anything that is ancient and for their ancestors. When these mats are torn, they are carefully mended, and very often one that is covered with patches will sell for the highest price. The history of each mat is carefully recorded. It takes two women sometimes as much as two years to make a single mat six feet square. Pandanus leaves are split for the purpose and cured by soaking in salt water and drying in the sun. Frequently these braided mats are ornamented with borders of red feathers from the breast of the Fijian parroquet, imported to Samoa in great numbers, kept alive in cages, fed on fruit and plucked regularly twice a year. In all this interchange of presents the object of the native is to get as much as possible and to give as little in return. The islander is very shrewd. It is his custom nowadays, having entertained strangers at his house with dances, to finally place a wooden bowl or some such receptacle in the middle of the floor and throw a silver dollar into it, after which each guest is expected to do likewise.

SAMOAN HOUSES.

"The Samoan house may be compared in shape to a big beehive, raised on posts five feet high. Of beautiful wicker work the beehive is composed with a thatch of sugar cane leaves. The floor is of loose, clean gravel, raised about a foot above the ground. There are no walls to the dwellings, but it may be inclosed at night or in bad weather by a sort of Venetian blind made of cocoanut leaves. On each side of the tall, strong center posts is a hole for making fire in lined with stones and baked earth. The house is all one room, but is usually separated into compartments at night by lowering curtains of bark cloth from the roof. This is done not so much for motives of modesty as to keep out the mosquitoes.

HOW GUESTS ARE TREATED.

"When you enter one of these native huts a clean mat is offered you to sit down upon and you are given a fresh cocoanut. Should dinner be about to be served you will be invited to the family repast and will find a bill of fare possibly something like this: Fish baked whole, without being cleaned or scaled, comes first, and next 'afato,' which is the larva of a beetle found in decayed wood and very much prized for the table. In addition you will partake of fresh-water prawns, bread fruit, yams and dishes composed of the tender leaves of the taro and the juice expressed from the meat of the cocoanut with taro root. All the cooking is done in a small house a short distance from the dwelling. A hole is made in the ground, in which stones are heated with fire. Subsequently the fire is raked out and the food put into the hole, wrapped in leaves and covered over with hot stones and leaves. Boiling is unknown to the Samoans. They make fire by rubbing a pointed stick in a groove of soft wood.

"At a certain time each year the sea about the islands swarms with a peculiar marine worm, called the 'palolo,' of which the natives are extravagantly fond. The creatures resemble vermicelli in appearance. The gathering of the palolo is one of the national sports, and when it appears, the natives go about in canoes, dipping up with ladles the squirming masses. After two days the worms go away. The islanders send them about as gifts to their friends, wrapped in leaves, for complimentary tidbits. They collect much edible seaweed upon the reefs and catch the smaller fish by thrusting their hands into holes in the rocks.

VERY FOND OF ORNAMENTS.

"The Samoans are very fond of ornaments. They adorn their hair with garlands of flowers, wear head dresses made of discs cut from the pearly nautilus, and sport necklaces of shells and seeds. For decoration also they use the petals of the fragrant mosooi tree that in India produces the perfume known as ylang-ylang, combining these with scarlet red peppers. All the men are tattooed precisely alike, the operation being usually performed at the age of puberty. It is generally considered a disgrace for a man not to be tattooed, and any grown male islander who is not so ornamented is ridiculed by the girls. They say that a man looks dressed when he is tattooed, but naked without it. Any civilized person who has seen a tattooed freak at a circus will coincide with this idea. A Samoan maiden of rank will appear on especial occasion with five or six petticoats of fine mats, which stand out like the skirts of a ballet dancer. A Samoan warrior in native costume is one of the finest-looking physical specimens in the world, but in European dress he resembles simply a nondescript colored person.

The Samoan Islands are 14 degrees south of the equator and have a luxuriant vegetation, with high mountains and a climate of the most equable character, varying between 70 and 80 degrees Fahrenheit all the year around. Such a thing as a poor man or a rich one is unknown there, social existence being almost on a basis of communism. The men do all the cooking, cultivate taro and yams, build canoes, make war clubs and spears and fish at sea for bonito and sharks. Sharks are considered a delicacy in Samoa and the natives capture them by rattling half cocoanut shells strung upon sticks in the water to attract the prey. When a shark is thus seduced within proper distance a piece of dead fish on the end of a line is thrown to him and drawn slowly toward the boat to fetch the victim on. When the latter gets alongside he is hit in the head with a war club and thus dispatched.

THE WORK OF THE WOMEN.

"The women of Samoa help fish on the reefs, make bark cloth and mats, assist in weeding the taro patches and help make thatch for the houses. Practically all of the natives can read and write, thanks to the missionaries. In fact the percentage of literacy is greater than in any other country. Speaking of war clubs reminds me to say that the Samoans are a nation of warriors. Village is continually fighting against village, and there is usually a government and an opposition, so that a year rarely goes by without a war. Nevertheless the people will never fight on Sunday. They have learned from the missionaries to regard that day as 'saa' or sacred, though their Sunday is actually Saturday, because they take the Australian Sunday. Anciently the Samoans were known to the inhabitants of other groups as the 'Godless Samoans,' because they worshiped no images, having merely some conception of the Deity in the abstract and regarding certain objects, places and days as 'saa.' When the missionaries came they taught the natives that one day in each week was 'saa,' and the people have since become such Sabatarians that a vessel coming in on their Sunday cannot get any food or other supplies. Some of the missionaries have not hesitated to take advantage of the islanders, selling to them the clothes and medicines sent out free by the missionary society. On one occasion in the early times it was necessary to build a stone wall for a little church, and certain missionaries made mortar for the wall by burning coral for lime and mixing it with sand, &c. With this a part of the wall was constructed the first day, but the native laying their hands upon the mortar where it was spread, said: 'It is soft!' 'We will spread these cloths over the wall,' replied a missionary, 'tomorrow I will remove the the cloths, and lo! this shall be rock. More wonderful things than these can be done by those who follow the Lord!'

ALL THE BEST LAND OWNED BY GERMANS.

"Nearly all of the best land in Samoa is owned by the Germans. One plantation, belonging to the German Commercial and Plantation Company, of which Bismarck is a large stockholder, alone contains 17,000 acres. Attempts have been made to cultivate on this plantation cotton, spices and fruits, but failure has resulted because of the distance of markets. The cotton could not compete with Indian cotton and the fruits could not reach Australia in as good condition as did the same fruits from the Tonga and other groups nearer to Australia. Because the Samoans cannot be made to work the German plantations are tilled by black, woolly headed natives of the Solomon and Gilbert groups far away. These blacks are enticed by promises on board of the German vessels and conveyed to Samoa, where they are practically slaves, being treated very severely and fed upon bread fruit, which grows without care, so that their subsistence costs almost nothing. They are bound by contract to remain from three to five years, at the end of which time each man is given a shot gun, some ammunition, a piece of bright cloth and a few other trifles. He is then taken back to his native island, where these gifts serve to induce others of his tribe to take German service in Samoa.

GERMANS CAUSED THE RECENT TROUBLES.

"It was the German Commercial and Plantation Company that occasioned all the recent troubles in Samoa. Its enterprise was not proving a financial success and the overseers of the plantations it owns made excuse for this by saying that the natives were stealing their fruit. This was an absurd falsehood, though possibly a few bananas may have been pilfered. But the Germans took this excuse to levy a fine upon the natives and told the king, Malietoa, that he must pay $60,000 on a certain day. Malietoa with great difficulty raised the sum and was ready to pay it over before the day set, but the Germans seized him nevertheless and carried him off in irons to the coast of Africa, placing in his stead a tool of theirs called Tamasese. The Samoans would not recognize Tamasese and many of them rallied around the high chief Mataafa, who took the name of Malieton and marched against Tamasese. Then followed the recent war, which ended by a tripartite agreement between Germany, England and the United States. The original Malietoa was brought back from Africa and offered the throne again, but he refused, having had enough of the troubles of royalty.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE SAMOANS.

"The condition of the Samoans is now a little better than it was, though their situation is still unfortunate. All their best tillable land has been secured by the Germans, whose method of acquiring it is usually as follows: A German goes to a chief and offers him a gun or other desirable article in exchange for the chief's signature to a mortgage on his land. The chief does not know what a mortgage is, and so he signs willingly, not understanding the matter at all, but delighted to get the gun. At the end of three years, when the mortgage falls due, the German forecloses it. He goes to the chief and says: 'All this land here is mine; you must get off it.' 'No; this is my land,' replies the chief. 'My father and my grandfather and my great-grandfather all lived here and owned this land.' 'Well, it is mine now,' rejoins the German. 'You have signed it over to me and you must get off it.'

"Then the poor chief cries and says that he does not understand it at all. He goes to the British consul or to the United States consul, but they cannot help him. His land is the German's now. In this way many of these unhappy natives have been tricked into signing away all the possessions of their families, often without having any legal right to so sign. And thus the Germans have got possession of the fair Samoan group by fraud and cunning."

THISTLE AND SHAMROCK.

How the Two Came to Be Adopted as National Emblems.

From the Philadelphia Times.

The legend that caused the adoption of the thistle as the national emblem of Scotland reminds one of the Roman tradition about the cackling of the geese that saved Rome when the worn-out sentry slept on watch. The goose was thereafter considered sacred. With the thistle the legend runs as follows:

Many hundred years ago the Danes, or Norsemen, made war upon the Scots and invaded their country. The Danes came upon the Scots under cover of night and halted while their spies were trying to find the undefended points in their opponents' camp. But one of the spies chanced to step on a thistle with his bare foot as he was creeping along noiselessly in the dark and he cried out aloud with pain. His cry awoke the soldiers of the Scotch army. They sprang to their arms and drove back the Danes with great loss, and so saved Scotland. From that time the thistle has been the national flower of Scotland.

The earliest mention of the thistle as the national badge of Scotland is in the inventory of James III. Thistles occur on the coins of James IV, Mary, James V and VI, and on those of James VI they are for the first time accompanied by the motto "Nemo me impune lacesset." A collar of thistles appear as early as 1539 on the gold bonnet piece of James V.

The shamrock, the national emblem of Ireland, is a leaf with three leaflets, or a plant having such leaves, sometimes supposed to be the wood sorrel, but more generally believed to be some species of clover. It is not improbable that the name has a sort of general reference to the trifolate plants. It is said to have been first assumed as the badge of Ireland from the circumstance that St. Patrick made use of it to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity.

As one legend of myth or superstition begets many the clover is looked for on St. John's eve—the special religious festival of June observed on the 24th. There are various superstitions connected with this festival, one of which was especially believed by the Irish. They held that the souls of all people on that night leave their bodies and wander to the place, by land or sea, where they will eventually die. The whole human family have an element of superstition in their composition. From the earliest time it has been the rule with man to worship that which he could not comprehend. In the land of oracles and superstitions the more unintelligible the oracle the more credence is given it.

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THE LAND OF ACADIA.

The Garden Spot Which Was Laid Waste by the English.

THE SIMPLE-MINDED PEOPLE WHO WERE DRAGGED FROM THEIR HOMES—FAMILIES AND FRIENDS WERE SEPARATED—THE SAD STORY OF LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

GRAND PRE, N. S., Dec. 14.

THIS IS THE SPOT where one October morning, 150 years ago, the English government committed the crime of the eighteenth century—a plot which for villainous conception and cold-blooded treachery and cruelty has scarce a parallel in history. Nova Scotia was discovered by Cabot in 1497, only seven years after Columbus discovered the West India islands. The first settlement made was at Port Royal, now Annapolis, by a Frenchman named De Monts, in 1608, fourteen years before the settlement at Plymouth. Civilization in this valley is older than in Massachusetts. The present population of Nova Scotia is about 500,000. The principal business is growing lumber, potatoes and fruit, the most of which find their way to the United States.

About 200 years ago a few enterprising Norman peasants noted for their progressive ideas, industry and peaceful habits came over from France and settled at the east end of the Annapolis valley, fronting the great Minas basin, a sheet of water that makes in from the Bay of Fundy, sixty miles long by twenty miles wide and at high water 200 feet deep. This valley, which is seventy miles long by twelve miles wide, is the garden of the world, possessing natural advantages that are rarely equaled. With the Bay of Fundy on the north, along the south shores of which a chain of mountains extend the whole length of the valley, sheltering it from the cold north winds, a range of high hills on the south, surmounted by table lands that slope away to the ocean, where, a short distance out, the warm waters of the gulf stream flow, this valley is made unequaled in the mildness and healthfulness of its climate and fertility of its soil. While Maine has laid under a foot of snow for a fortnight the first snow of the season has just come here, the weather being but little colder than in Washington.

Rivers, through which flow from forty to fifty feet of salt water at every tide, set far back into the country, large vessels being able to load with lumber and potatoes six miles inland from the basin. When the tide goes out these vessels, which, at low water, rest on subwharves, present a singular spectacle as they hang suspended to the wharves thirty feet above the water.

THE HAPPY LAND OF THE BLEST.

It was in this lovely valley, in a climate tempered by the gulf stream and the Bay of Fundy, that the old French colony lived and prospered. They gave to it the fond name of Acadie—"The happy land of the blest." They made friends of the Indians and, like William Penn, refused to take any part in the Indian wars. Having seen how Holland had grown rich by means of its dykes they went down into the mud with their shovels and, after years of patient toil, succeeded in reclaiming many thousand acres of rich lands that, without fertilizing, for 200 years have been yielding from two to four tons of hay to the acre. As they saw their labors rewarded by beautiful green fields, on which, after the grass was cut, their cattle roamed and grew fat, they exclaimed in their delight: "Grand Pre!"—the French for "Grand Prasie"—and the place took that name and has been known by it ever since.

The prosperity of these people who refused to take any part in the wars England was waging excited the envy and hatred of the English government and so a plan was devised for their extermination.

ALL THE PEOPLE MADE PRISONERS.

One day during the autumn of 1755, just as the farmers had finished the harvesting of their crops and were enjoying the long Indian summer that precedes winter in this climate, a fleet of English war ships rounded Cape Blomidon and anchored in the basin in front of the little colony. Before making known the object of their visit armed men were sent from house to house and disarmed every settler, not even giving them a chance to fight for their liberty. Then the men were all requested to meet the admiral for conference in their little church on the knoll in front of the fleet. Every man was required to be there. No sooner had these honest, unsuspecting people assembled than the doors were turned upon them and they found themselves prisoners of war, where they were kept under a guard of soldiers until the women and children, with such of their effects as could be moved, were transferred to the ships. Then the men were liberated and ordered to the ships. In the hurry and confusion of the embarkation husbands were separated from their wives, mothers from their children and lovers from each other.

THE STORY OF EVANGELINE.

The fair Evangeline, whose name Longfellow has made immortal, was separated from her betrothed lover. The shock was too great for her aged father, who fell dead upon the beach, and the young Evangeline was borne an orphan to a different ship from that containing her lover. When the last of the little colony had been transferred to the ships the torch was applied to their homes and to the little Catholic church where they had been accustomed to assemble and to receive instruction from their priest, the faithful Father Felicias.

As the conflagration extended the cattle and horses broke loose and made a wild stampede over the dikes, looking in wonder upon the strange spectacle. The ships then weighed anchor and stood down the bay. Thus departed the Acadians from the homes they had made by honest toil and that they loved so well.

"Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the dark of evening,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the great hereafter."

It would be difficult to conceive what must have been the feelings of those people when as night came on they looked back upon the eastern sky, made lurid by their burning homes, and then looked forward into the darkness of despair. They were separated and dropped all along the coast from Boston to the West Indies.

THE LONG, LONG SEARCH.

Louisiana and the great northwest being then under the dominion of France the exiles naturally sought protection under the French flag. Some took up plantations in Louisiana, among them Gabriel, the young lover of Evangeline, with his father, Basil, the blacksmith, while others went west among the Indians. Evangeline, under the protection of her ever-faithful priest, kept up the search for her lover, floating down the Ohio river and through the bayou of Louisiana in a flat boat, reaching the plantation of Basil, the blacksmith, to find that Gabriel, her lover, had left the day before in pursuit of her. Year after year she continued the search, often near her lover, and yet never able to meet him. This was before the days of newspapers, railroads, steamboats and telegraphs, her means of procuring information being mostly confined to the various tribes of Indians, with whom she was accustomed to winter during the many years of her weary journeying and fruitless search.

UNITED IN DEATH.

By and by the roses left her cheeks. Year by year her beauty faded. Then came gray hairs, followed by wrinkles upon her beautiful face, but still she kept up her weary pilgrimage, believing that some day she would meet her lover, until the death of Father Felicias, when, discouraged and disheartened, she gave up the search and became a Sister of Mercy in a convent in Philadelphia, where for many years she ministered to the wants of the poor and friendless in the hospitals and alms houses of that city until the time of a great epidemic, when one Sabbath morning she discovered her long lost lover in the person of an old man, with long, gray, unkempt hair, dying upon a pallet in an alms house. She had kept her heart young and the fire of love burning bright during a fruitless search of fifty years, unconscious that she and her lover were growing old, and when at last she found him old and friendless, dying in a poor house, she exclaimed in her gratitude as she pressed his dying form to her bosom and closed his eyes in death, "Father, I thank Thee!"

Evangeline soon followed her lover, and side by side they have rested for a century in unknown graves in a Catholic church yard in the city of Philadelphia.

So anxious has the English government been to hide its shame for its treatment of these people that it has caused every record concerning them that could be obtained to be destroyed. Even the old French wells have been filled up, and the graveyard plowed over, leaving nothing to show where the Acadians buried their dead. Not long ago while some excavations were being made one of the old wells was discovered and has been restored to use. Not far away from this well a coffin in a good state of preservation was found, the body that it incased having long ago returned to dust. The spot where this coffin was found fixes the location of the old graveyard and of the little church that stood near by on a knowl about three hundred yards north of the Grand Pre depot.

To have been consistent England, in her efforts to hide her shame by destroying history, should have torn away the dikes and given the rich lands of the Annapolis valley back to the ocean, from which it was reclaimed by the patient toil of the exiled Acadians, but selfishness stepped in and prevented such action.

A NEW NAME SUBSTITUTED.

Even the name given to this beautiful country by the old French settlers has been taken away and the inappropriate and ill-fitting one of Nova Scotia, or New Scotland, substituted.

The rich farms stolen from the Acadians were parceled out to the soldiers and to the tories who came here from Boston at the breaking out of the revolutionary war. Some of the descendants of the tories are among the very best citizens here today.

It would seem as if the great powers of the world had vied with each other in efforts to see which should excel in deeds of cruelty and wickedness.

Fifty years after the burning of the Acadian homes and the banishment of the colony by England France sent 100 line-of-battle ships to crush out the infant government founded by Toussaint L'Ouverture over San Domingo. Toussaint did not wait for the torch to be applied by his enemies, but applied it himself, reducing San Domingo to ashes and leaving the invaders nothing but fever to feed upon, while he and his army took to the mountains. Finding that the heroic blacks could not be subdued, treachery in place of brute force was resorted to by inviting Toussaint, under a flag of truce, to dine on the admiral's ship. While being entertained as a guest the flag of truce was violated, Toussaint was placed in irons and carried to France, where, by order of Napoleon, he was starved to death in an icy dungeon in the Alps. And now Russia, as if to outdo both England and France in fiendish cruelty, is torturing to insanity and death its best brains 'mid the snows of Siberia. But how can we with our slavery record cast stones at these governments?

A SUPERIOR CLASS OF MEN AND WOMEN.

The location and climate of the Annapolis valley seem to be calculated to produce a superior class of men and women. Fine, stalwart, brainey men and beautiful women, with graceful, symmetrical forms, fair