

have sent to a Quitonian gentleman, by request, a package of broom-corn seed, which, we trust, will be the forerunner of a harvest of brooms and cleaner floors in the high city. Not only the lords, but also the ladies, are inveterate smokers. Little mats are used for spittoons.

"Perhaps Quitonian ladies have too many Indian servants about them to keep tidy; seven or eight is the average number for a family. These are married, and occupy the ground floor, which swarms with nude children. They are cheap, thievish, lazy, and filthy. No class, pure-blood or half-breed, is given to ablu-tion, though there are two public baths in the city. Washerwomen repair to the Machangara, where they beat the dirty linen of Quito over the smooth rocks. We remember but two or three tablecloths, which entirely covered the table, and only one which was clean. There are but two daily meals; one does not feel the need of more; they are partaken at nine and three, or an hour earlier than in Guayaquil. When two unwashed, uncombed cooks bend over a charcoal fire, which is fanned by a third unkempt individual, and all three blinded by smoke (for there is no chimney), so that it is not their fault if capillaries and something worse are mingled with the stew, with onions to right of them, onions to left of them, onions in front of them, and *achote* already in the pot in spite of your repeated anathemas and expostulations—*achote*, the same red coloring matter which the wild Indians use for painting their bodies and dyeing their cloth—and with several aboriginal wee ones romping about the kitchen, keen must be the appetite that will take hold with alacrity as the dishes are brought on by the most slovenly waiter imagination can body forth. The aim of Ecuadorian cookery is to eradicate all natural flavor; you wouldn't know you were eating chicken except by the bones. Even coffee and chocolate somehow lose their fine Guayaquilian aroma in this high altitude, and the very pies are stuffed with onions. But the beef, minus the garlic, is most excellent, and the *dulce* unapproachable."

After leaving Quito, the travellers visited Chimborazo, and then Pichincha—a volcano with the deepest crater on the globe. Our readers will be interested in Prof. Orton's description:—

"The first to reach the brink of the crater were the French Academicians in 1742. Sixty years after, Humboldt stood on the summit. But it was not till 1844 that any one dared to enter the crater. This was accomplished by Garcia Moreno, now President of Ecuador, and Sebastian Wisse, a French engineer. Humboldt pronounced the bottom of the crater 'inaccessibile, from its great depth and precipitous descent.' We found it accessible, but exceedingly perilous. The moment we prepared to descend our guide ran away. We went on without him; but, when half-way down, were stopped by a precipice.

"On the 22nd of October, 1867, we returned to Pichincha with another guide, and entered the crater by a different route. Manuel, our Indian guide, led us to the south side, and over the brink we went. We were not long in realizing the danger of the undertaking. Here the snow concealed an ugly fissure or covered a treacherous rock (for nearly all the rocks are crumbling); there we must cross a mass of loose sand moving like a glacier down the almost vertical side of the crater; and on every hand rocks were giving way, and, gathering momentum at each revolution, went thundering down, leaping over precipices and jostling other rocks, which joined in the race, till they all struck the bottom with a deep rumbling sound, shivered like so many bombshells into a thousand pieces, and telling us what would be our fate if we had made a single misstep. We followed our Indian in single file, keeping close together, that the stones set free by those in the rear might not dash those below from their feet; feeling our way with the greatest caution, clinging with our hands to snow, sand, rock, tufts of grass, or anything that would hold for a moment; now leaping over a chasm, now letting ourselves down from rock to rock; at times paralyzed with fear, and always with death staring us in the face; thus we scrambled on for two hours and a half till we reached the bottom of the crater.

Here we found a deeply-furrowed plain, strewn with ragged rocks and containing a few patches of vegetation, with half a dozen species of flowers. In the centre is an irregular heap of stones, two hundred and sixty feet high by eight hundred in diameter. This is the cone of eruption—its sides and summit covered with an imposing group of vents, seventy in number, all lined with sulphur and exhaling steam, black smoke and sulphurous gas. The temperature of the vapor just within the fumarole is 184°, water boiling beside it at 180°. The central vent, or chimney, gives forth a sound like the violent bubbling of boiling water. As we sat on this fiery mount, surrounded by a circular rampart of rocks, and looked up at the immense towers of dark dolerite which ran up almost vertically to the height of twenty-five hundred feet above us, musing over the tremendous force which fashioned this awful amphitheatre—spacious enough for all the gods of Tartarus to hold high carnival—the clouds which hung in the thin air around the crest of the crater pealed forth thunder after thunder, which, reverberating from precipice to precipice, were answered by the crash of rocks let loose by the storm, till the whole mountain seemed to tremble like a leaf. Such acoustics, mingled with the flash of lightning and the smell of brimstone, made us believe that we had fairly got into the realm of Pluto. It is the spot where Dante's *Inferno* ought to be read.

"Finishing our observations, and warming our dinner over the steaming crevices, we prepared to ascend. The escape from this horrid hole was more perilous than the entrance, and, on reaching the top, we sang, with grateful hearts, to the tune of 'Old Hundred,'

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

"We doubt whether that famous tune and glorious doxology were ever sung so near to heaven.

"The second line,

'Praise Him all creatures here below,'

had a strange meaning fifteen thousand feet high."

Numerous illustrations scattered throughout the volume give a better idea of the scenery and inhabitants than mere description can do; and the value of the book is enhanced by a new map on a large scale of Equatorial America.

Publishers' Notice.

Notwithstanding our clear announcement, reiterated for months, of the change of terms which we found it necessary to make on the first of January last, namely, raising the price of the *DOMINION MONTHLY* from one dollar per annum to one dollar and a half, some subscribers continue to remit, in renewal, the former amount, which only pays for eight months. Now, we draw the attention of all such to the terms formerly announced, namely, that by procuring and remitting for another subscriber, both copies will be sent for a year for one dollar each. It should not surely be difficult to comply with this condition, without which (as it is necessary to make all alike) we cannot credit the parties who have remitted a dollar for more than eight months.