

Scenes on Magdalena River

Travels of the Brigham Young Academy Exploring Expedition in South America.

Leave Colon by Steamer for Barranquilla—War Reminders En Route—600 Miles Up the River Sidon of Book of Mormon Fame—Company Again Divided—A Hoodooed Railway—Paradise for Colonists, a Rich and Fertile Country.

WHEN we had decided to take boat from Colon preparations for the journey were easily made. Our mules sold readily at a good figure, and luckily a steamer, the France, sailed in a few days, and would touch at Cartagena and Puerto Colombia, the latter being the place we desired to land.

On October 3, soon after 11 o'clock, the steamer whistled a good-bye and in a few moments we were on our way, and Colon rapidly faded from view. But the disappearance of Colon was not the entire loss of the sight of land, for our course was northeast and followed the shore somewhat, as far at least as Puerto San Blas. All was lost from view, however, when towards evening a heavy rain settled down over mountain and sea, and the water came down in torrents.

The next morning at daybreak some small islands covered with tall cocoas were sighted to our right, and an hour later the mainland appeared. We had crossed the gulf of Darien, and had sailed with a sea as smooth as the waters of a bay, for there had not even been a roller to move the ship. This was a disappointment to some of our party, who were having their first experience on ship board, for they had heard so much of the rocking of the vessel, and of sea sickness.

As we neared the main shore Cartagena appeared to our left, looking like a city built on the water, so low is the land on which it stands. But to get to the harbor we had to enter a narrow bay two miles before the city, through a narrow entrance called Boca Chico, on both sides of which stand old Spanish forts, still somewhat in use. Then sailing for a half hour between low hills dotted here and there with little villages, we reached the wharf. It was a quarter of a mile from town, but a little railroad carried the freight and passengers to and fro.

No sooner were we securely along side when three government soldiers took a position at the entrance of the gang plank and orders were issued that no one could so ashore except those who were to disembark. On account of the revolution the city was under martial law, and the strictest discipline, in some things, was maintained. We contented ourselves, therefore, at viewing the city from afar, and also watching the many dances that came around the vessel, headed with fruits, shells, parrots, and monkeys, which the natives sold to the passengers at remarkably low figures. One man had some peccaries, caught wild in the forest while young, but now tamed, which he offered for a few dollars each. Parrots and macaws, monkeys and beautiful shells were in plenty. That evening and the next night we traveled but seventy miles over the same calm sea, and by daylight were anchored in the bay of Puerto Colombia. On the wharf is a very narrow railroad which extends to Barranquilla on the Magdalena river, a distance of thirty miles. The cars are like "play-cars," they are so small, but in spite of their size, and the fact, too, that for a quarter of a mile through some swamps the track was inundated by the late heavy rains, the engineer continued at a rate of speed that caused every passenger to tremble for his life. Luckily no part of the track had given way, but so far as we could see the engineer had nothing in mind but speed.

At 12 o'clock we were in Barranquilla, and with the aid of the American consul, Mr. G. W. Colvig of Washington, we were through the custom house, guns and all, and had our passports

ready for the journey up the river, by 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

WAR SCENES.

Here more than ever since the rebels tried their guns on us near Antio, we realized the country was in a state of war. Soldiers paraded the streets, passports were necessary both to enter or to leave the city, and the river steamers lying in the dock were all fitted with iron rails both for attack and defense. In the evening a boat load of soldiers with arms and ammunition sailed for the seat of conflict, Rio Hacha, and later had news came which caused several women who were apparently awaiting news, to burst into tears.

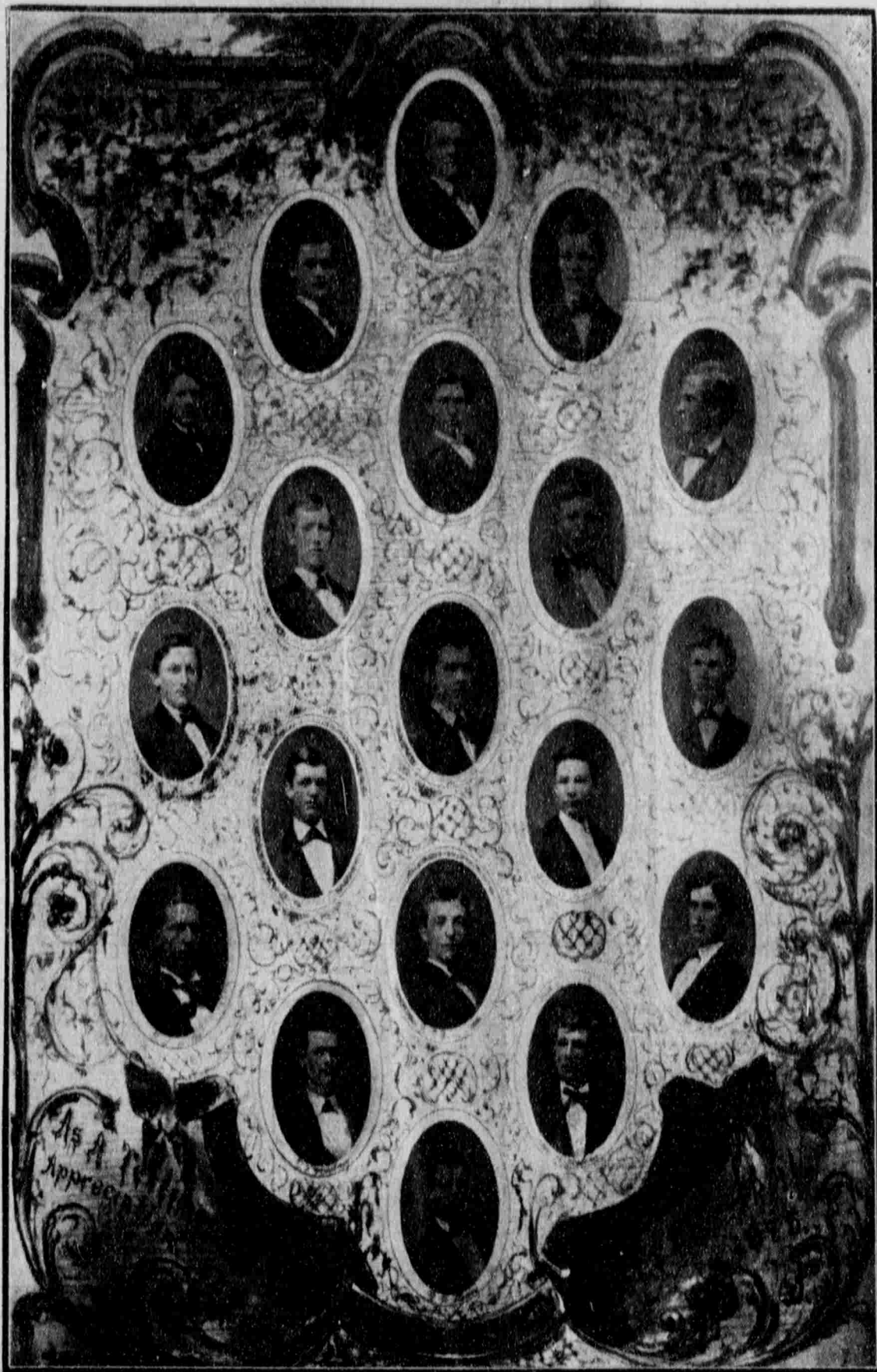
Barranquilla is a town of considerable importance. It has over 50,000 inhabitants, some beautiful parks and drives and several houses, such as the government house, the churches and some private dwellings that would honor any city. The streets are rough, but dry, for the town site is on the side of a hill, thus making good drainage.

PERILS OF RIVER TRAVEL.

Besides the consul and wife, we met an energetic American by the name of Lovelace, who is engaged in the alligator hide business, and has depots in all the principal towns up the river for 500 miles. "Killing alligators on the Magdalena," is to be the title of a book in which he will give to the public, the interesting parts of his experience as an alligator hunter. Among other things will be the story of two young men, who narrowly escaped with their lives from a monster that attacked them, and with one bite of his great jaws broke the end of their canoe into splinters. Another story which will be accompanied by affidavits, will be the effect that once a huge alligator swallowed a man whole with the exception of one foot. The monster was afterwards caught and the poor fellow that had furnished its meal taken from its stomach and given a burial. Minister Hunter at Guatemala is authority for the following: "Once a river steamer ran on a sand bar and immediately thereafter took fire. The terrified passengers were forced to choose between death by the flames, or death by the sharp teeth of the huge alligators that swarmed in the water below. Some sought the water and were immediately torn to pieces, while the rest, seeing the fate of their fellows, chose the flames and perished in the burning boat."

On Monday, Oct. 7, all was bustle about the steamer Barranquilla, and by eleven o'clock the good-bye salute was whistled and we were gliding down the narrow canal or branch of the river towards the Magdalena. In less than an hour we reached the main stream, which is about 600 yards wide, and from ten to twenty feet deep, a beautiful sheet of water moving towards the ocean at the rate of five miles an hour. Along the banks for six hundred miles, or until the state of Tolima is reached, is principally the virgin forest, with occasionally small clearings of a few acres where a native has built a hut and planted a corn patch. There are several large towns, and some stock ranches, but not a thousandth part of the original forest has been touched for centuries. The great trees look grand as they grow near the water's edge, while the branches hang over the stream and almost touch the boat side as we hug the shore to avoid the swift current. At places vines are seen hanging from the tall trees and forming a veritable curtain of flowers and green leaves. In the evening the sweet odor of a thousand flowers was wafted from the forest to the river. Birds of various kinds delight the passengers with their sweet song, while the parrot and macaw, beautiful of plumage, screech out their hoarse cries.

THE ORIGINAL ZETA GAMMA SOCIETY.



FIRST ROW. SECOND ROW. THIRD ROW. FOURTH ROW. FIFTH ROW.

J. L. Heywood. E. P. Sutherland. J. B. Toronto. H. M. Wells. A. B. Taylor.
J. E. Read. H. G. Whitney. B. S. Young. D. O. Miner. A. W. Caine.
R. S. Wells. T. R. Ellerbeck. Jno. T. Caine Jr. J. M. Romney. W. S. Crismon.
O. F. Whitney. B. B. Young. A. Nebeker.
R. W. Sloan.

The group of pictures shown above was one of the most valued of the possessions of the late Dr. John R. Park, and it hangs today in the faculty room of the Utah University, where needless to say, it is greatly prized. It represents the old original Zeta Gamma debating society organized by Dr. Park in the early seventies. The doctor loved to attend its sessions, and his relation towards every one of the members was almost that of a father, as well as a teacher. He took a warm individual interest in all his pupils, but it is not too much to say that no group of boys who ever left his care was closer to him than that shown in the picture.

He followed the career of many of them with great pride in after years, and it was always a source of pleasure to him to point to his visitors the picture on the wall and describe how so many of his "boys" of a quarter of a century ago had blossomed out into leading figures in the community today.

The most youthful member of the group is Governor Heber M. Wells, who was only about 15 years of age when the picture was taken. Prof. J. B. Toronto, who heads the picture is a member of the University faculty today. Others in the group are: Rulon S. Wells, one of the First Seven Presidents of Seventies; O. F. Whitney, Bishop of the Eighteenth ward and author of "The History of Utah"; John B. Read, editor of the Butte Intermountain; B. B. Young, singer and musician, now of Boston; Prof. John T. Caine Jr., of Logan; B. S. Young, a member of the present Board of Education; Hon. Aquila Nebeker, ex-president of the State Senate; Hon. W. S. Crismon, former recorder of Salt Lake County; T. R. Ellerbeck, the well known railroad man; A. W. Caine, the stationery merchant; Dr. D. O. Miner; R. W. Sloan, former manager of the Herald; J. M. Romney, salesman in Z. C. M. L.; J. L. Heywood, the stockman, and H. G. Whitney, Business Manager of the Deseret News.

Two of the group have left Utah, E. P. Sutherland, a son of Judge Sutherland, having settled in lower California, and A. B. Taylor, better known as "Bruce," a son of President John Taylor, living in the northwest. Every member of the group is still living.

Not infrequently a family of monkeys is frightened by the noise of the steamer and go scampering from bough to bough, and tree to tree, performing acrobatic feats that no human being ever can imitate. Once a tiger came to the river to drink, and as we approached walked slowly away stopping occasionally to look at us. The monster alligator sunning himself on the bank, could be seen at almost any hour of the day. As we approached he lumbered waddled into the water and sank from view. Often islands of various sizes and always beautiful divided the river in two.

The banks, for the first two days, as far as the eye could reach on either side were level plains covered with forests, and during high water inundated to a considerable extent. On the third day hills and mountains appeared in the distance both to the right and to the left, and in the evening we passed

through a low range of hills or high banks. The level plains appeared next morning, but disappeared again in a few days to give place to a more rolling and a healthier country.

THE SIDON OF BOOK OF MORMON FAME.

The river continued beautiful. To us it was intensely interesting, for the Magdalena is supposed to be the Sidon mentioned in the Book of Mormon. Who, believing in the Book of Mormon, would not be interested in the river, and in this land, and this people, the descendants of Father Lehi? But the beauty of its scenery, the grandeur of its mighty waters, inspires not alone the Latter-day Saint; every one who is privileged to ride upon its bosom goes into raptures. Even an old sea captain, who had not read poetry, much less written it for years could not restrain himself, and

the results were the beautiful lines below:

THE MIGHTY MAGDALENE.

In the wilds of New Granada
Near the equinoctial line,
Where the summer lasts forever,
And the sultry sun doth shine,
There is a charming valley,
Where the grass is always green,
Through which rolls the rapid waters
Of the mighty Magdalena.

On your banks stand ruined cities,
Where the Spaniard dwelt of old,
And revelled in the luxury
Of blood-begotten gold.
But his reign is passed forever
And his form is no more seen:
Yet your waters still are rolling on,
Oh! mighty Magdalena!

You've the tiger in your jungle,
And the caiman* fierce and free,

And the deadly serpent colleth,
Beneath the mango tree.
The broad-leaved waving plantain,
And the pointed sugar cane;
On your banks grow myriads golden
Fruits,
Oh, mighty Magdalena!

The snows on old Tolima*
By the mountain storm is riven,
And down in torrents raging,
Through the mighty gorge is driven,
Rushing madly to thy bosom,
With its wild and mystic screen,
To mingle with thy waters dark,
Oh, mighty Magdalena!

After ten days on the river we reached Palagua, where we found Artist Fairbanks hard at work with his pen and brush, and where we also found Mr. and Mrs. Mann, both Americans from New England, and whose hospitality we are now enjoying.

COMPANY AGAIN DIVIDED.

At Palagua on our way up the river Magdalena we parted with Bros. Chester Van Buren and Walter B. Tolton, they to go up the Cauca river in a canoe hunting and collecting birds and reptiles along the way, we to continue up the Magdalena. Our tickets went for Puerto Berrio, as we had expected to find Artist Fairbanks there, but on arriving we found that he had gone still further up, and suspecting that he would stop at Palagua, where we knew several Americans lived, we determined to come to this place. The vessel stopped a day and a half, however, at Puerto Berrio for the loading and unloading of freight. There is much shipped to and from this place, for it is the outlet to a large coffee and cacao country between the two rivers, and all freight for Medellin and surrounding country is by way of this port. Here are machine shops in which cars and even engines, though poor ones, are constructed.

A HOODOOED RAILWAY.

From here a railway runs towards the large city of Medellin, though it has as yet reached only thirty miles, as against a hundred it has to go. The most notable thing about the railway, so we were told by an American of long residence here, is the numerous accidents that occur, many of which are fatal.

This American came out to operate some gold mines in Antioquia, but finding that he needed heavier machinery, he was returning to the States to make the necessary selection. He declared that the mines, both the veins and the gravel, are rich, and that some day there will be a great mining boom in this country.

It was midnight when we reached Palagua, but Mr. Mann was at the landing, and we soon made our wants known, and received an invitation to "come up to the house, if you can put up with our poor conveniences and poor food." He led the way and we followed, first through a plantation orchard, then by a native hut and into a forest of cacao trees, the end of which we thought we never would reach, but in time the glimmer of a distant light gave us assurance, and in a few moments afterwards we were introduced to Mrs. Mann. Elisha J. Mann is from the New England states and has lived in this country for over ten years. He served in the war of the Rebellion, and in consequence of a wound the cold weather of the north did not agree with him. When, therefore, he received an offer to come to Colombia to teach the natives how to make shoes with machinery, he accepted. Finding his health better in a warm climate, after his contract was finished he purchased some land and settled down to plant cacao. Success has followed his efforts and now he owns two fincas or plantations, on one of which he has fifteen thousand trees, on the other ten thousand, either of which makes him independent for life.

Across the river from Mr. Mann's is another plantation owned by Mr. Cook, also from New England. Mr. Cook has about six hundred thousand acres of land, so I was informed by his foreman, part of which will be sold, and the rest improved by a company formed for that purpose, known as the Boston Plantation Co. It is proposed to cultivate cacao, cotton and cane. Mr. Cook was not at home at the time of our visit, but the foreman and Mrs. Cook readily gave us the general facts.

Mrs. Cook has lived on the plantation for nine years and has never known a sick day. She considers this one of the healthiest of countries, in spite of the rumored prevalence of fever to the contrary.

A company known as the Magdalena River Colonization Co., of which Mr. Mann is agent, also owns a large tract of land, three hundred thousand acres, which they propose to sell to colonists on reasonable terms, and thus effect the colonization of the whole tract. The land faces the river for twenty-five miles and runs back to the crest of the mountains, with an altitude of about

four hundred feet above sea level at the river and several thousand feet in the mountains. This land is especially adapted to the cultivation of cacao, cane, cotton, corn plantains and rubber, while in the mountains wheat, Irish potatoes and all kinds of grain grow in abundance. Fish of various kinds abound in the river, and the forest furnishes an abundance of game.

A PARADISE FOR COLONISTS.

The whole tract is covered now with a thick growth of timber much of which will make good saw timber and some such as the cedar, mahogany, ebony, lignum vitae, and rose wood will do for export at good prices. The rubber tree grows at present and in paying quantities, but as the natural forests are being swept away, the cultivated tree will gradually receive attention.

There is much public land, however, in Colombia just as good as the above mentioned tracts that can be obtained much cheaper. In fact, the better one have double the land he can cultivate after ten years of residence, by simply paying for the expense of surveying and making out the deeds. And this land is as good as any in the world for cacao or coffee according to the altitude above sea level.

Most people know that coffee grows on a small tree or bush, that two kernels form one berry, which is covered with a soft pulp of almost black or nearly black when ripe, but few, however, know how cacao grows or how it is prepared for market. Cacao is the name of the bean or kernel from which chocolate is made. It grows on a tree about the size of an apple tree with a leaf somewhat larger and thicker, and yields a continuous crop from September to May. When young the plant is very tender and needs to be protected from the sun. For this purpose the plantain is usually set out first, or in some parts the "Madre de Cacao," mother of cacao, a quick growing tree, is used instead of the plantain. The tree begins to bear at four years old, bears a full crop at eight or ten years, and continues bearing for thirty or forty years. The writer is informed that there are trees in Colombia planted by the Spaniards over a hundred years ago that are still yielding fruit of a good quality.

The cacao is covered to a rod one-half inch thick with from twenty to forty berries in each pod. The pod is round, and tapers from the middle to both ends. Some of them are ten inches long and eight inches in circumference at the largest place. But the average is about six inches long. They grow any place on the tree from two inches above ground on the trunk within a foot of the top, but most of the fruit hangs from the larger limbs. Ripe pods, others partially grown and blossoms will all be on the tree at once, hence the crop is continuous.

After the pods are gathered they are broken open with three light cuts from a machete, one at either end crosswise, and the third lengthwise in the center. The berries are taken out, picked apart and put in a box to ferment. After a twenty-four hour fermentation they are spread on platforms to dry, the drying process taking from three to four days. The dried berry is then shipped to market where it is made into chocolate.

Mr. Mason informs me, and his long experience makes him authority, that ten thousand trees will, on an average, year in and year out, yield a net income of two thousand dollars gold. This is a conservative figure. His orchard has done better since it was five years old.

Our next postoffice address is Quito, Ecuador, then Lima, Peru.

HENJ. CLUFF, JR.
Palagua, Colombia, Oct. 30, 1901.

* Alligator.

** Mount Tolima reaches the region of eternal snow.

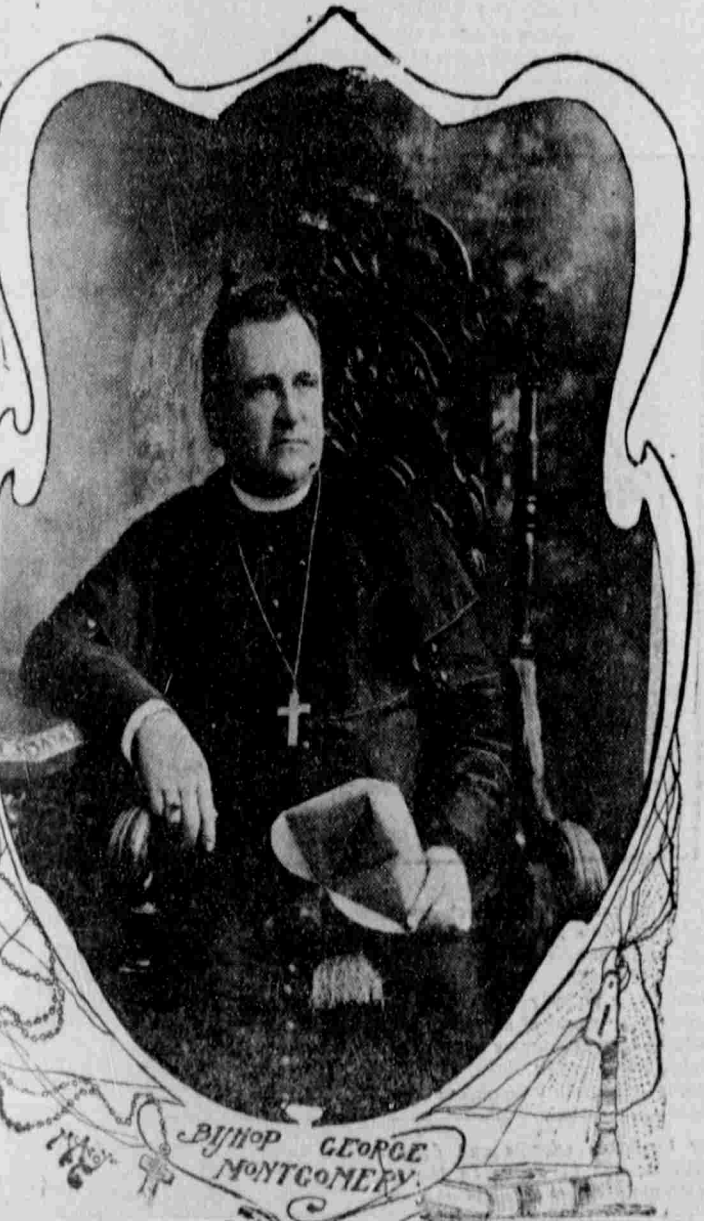
A SCRIPTURE CRYPTOGRAM.

In Shakespeare's name lies the key to a wonderful cryptogram. The spelling, "Shakespeare," was the poet's nom de plume, while "Shakespear" was his name, an evident change from "Shakespeare," in each of the two spellings last given are 10 letters—four vowels and six consonants. Combine these two numbers and we have the number 46, the key to the mystery.

Turning to the forty-sixth psalm in the revised version, it is found that the psalm is divided into three portions, each one ending with "selah." Remember the number—46.

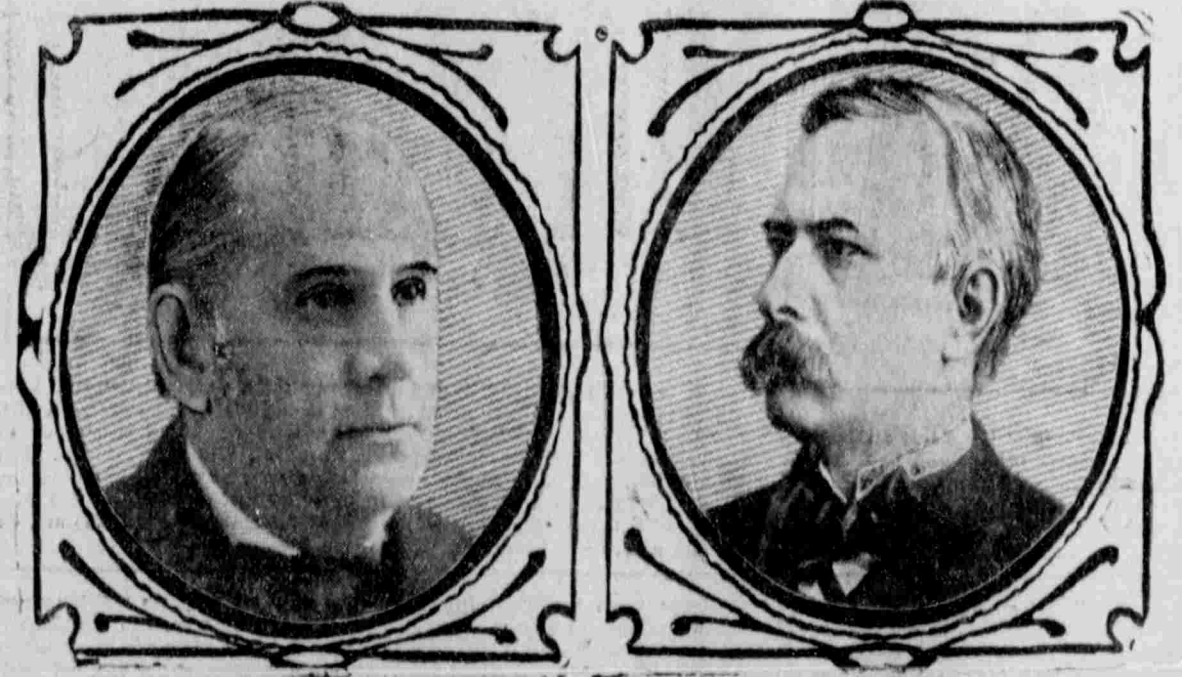
Counting 46 words from the beginning of the psalm, one reads the word "shake" in the first portion, and counting 46 words from the end of the psalm, one reaches the word "sear." There is "Shakespeare" as plainly as letters can make it.—London Answers.

TO BE APPOINTED BISHOP AT MANILA.



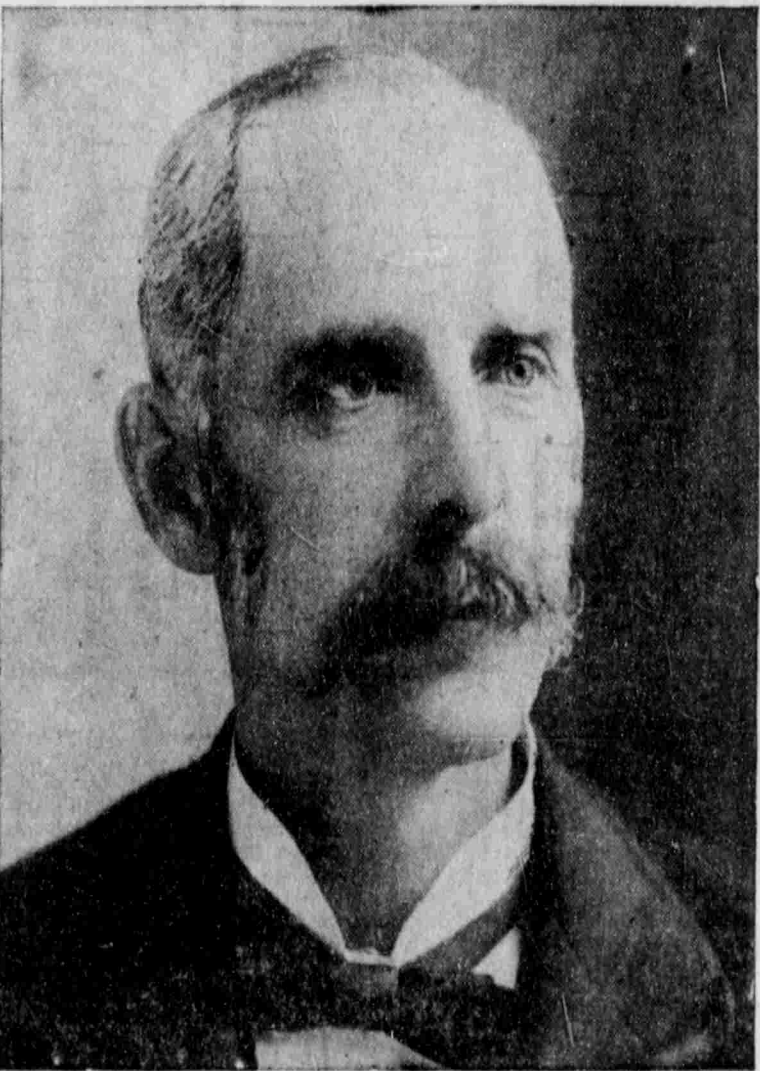
Above is the latest portrait of the Right Reverend George Montgomery, Roman Catholic Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, who is about to be appointed Bishop of Manila. His selection for the important post by the Vatican gives great satisfaction in this country.

HANNA-FORAKER CAUCUS FIGHT.



The Ohio country is intensely interested in the hot fight now being waged between Senators Foraker and Hanna for the organization and control of the Ohio legislature. Every day the fight waxes fiercer and fiercer, and January 4th, the day of the caucus when the exciting contest will be decided, is anxiously awaited by the adherents of both men.

WORRIED BY SHAW'S APPOINTMENT.



Here is the latest portrait of Governor Leslie M. Shaw, who has been appointed secretary of the treasury by President Roosevelt in place of Secretary Gage. While gratified by the selection of a second Iowa for a cabinet office, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson's friends are apprehensive that the appointment of Shaw portends the early retirement of Wilson.