

BETWEEN THE AMAZON AND ANDES



PASS OF USPALLATA IN THE ANDES.

BETWEEN
THE AMAZON AND ANDES

OR

TEN YEARS OF A LADY'S TRAVELS

IN THE PAMPAS, GRAN CHACO, PARAGUAY,
AND MATTO GROSSO

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With Maps and Illustrations

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PREFACE.

THE following Sketches of my travels and adventures in the countries between the Amazon and the Andes, though possessing no literary merit, will perhaps convey to the reader something new regarding those regions which (in the words of Mr. Clements Markham) "offer the largest field of undeveloped geographical research." As I was the first Englishwoman to penetrate the heart of South America, travelling for thousands of miles through untrodden forests, seeing the Indian tribes in their own hunting-grounds, visiting the ruined shrines of the Jesuit Missions, and ultimately reaching that point whence I beheld the waters flowing down in opposite directions to the Amazon

and the La Plata, I give these Sketches to the public with the hope that they may call the attention of more learned travellers to a quarter of the world that so well repays the trouble of exploring.

MARION MULHALL.

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BETWEEN THE AMAZON AND ANDES.

CHAPTER I.

BUENOS AYRES.

My first impressions of this place were unfavourable, owing to the difficulties that attended our landing. There being no bay or harbour, the mail steamer anchored twenty miles off shore and put the passengers into whale-boats, which, on approaching land, grounded near the Custom-house. Here a number of carts were in readiness to convey us to the mole, on reaching which our luggage was seized by a group of Italian "facchini," who carried it off in spite of all our efforts to stop them. As we made our way along the slippery planks, through a drizzling rain, we had to be very careful of the numerous holes that occurred at intervals, for this mole had already put so many people hors-de-combat that the municipality had set apart a special ward

in the hospital for the victims of this "bridge of sighs." We found our luggage safe at the Resguardo, where the customs-officer passed it without any trouble, and proceeded to take up our quarters at the Hotel de la Paz. This was one of the best hotels, and situated near the principal public buildings. The city, covering an area of 2000 acres, was laid out in blocks of 150 yards square, the streets running at right angles in painful regularity, counterbalanced by the irregular architecture and the uneven pavement. Being the capital of the Argentine Republic, with a population of 200,000 souls, it is one of the most important places in South America, and at every step we heard so many languages spoken that it was difficult to tell which was that proper to the country. The name of Buenos Ayres, however, reminded us of its Spanish origin, and of the genial character of the climate, although on our arrival we were welcomed by a terrific storm, which lasted three days.

On the return of fine weather the streets in the lower part of the town presented a strange sight; the inhabitants putting out their furniture to dry on the azoteas,¹ as their houses had been flooded. We saw more than a dozen dead horses in the streets, and in one place a shattered brougham,

¹ The azotea, or flat roof, is the same as in use among the Moors.

of which the driver and horses had been drowned. Storms of this kind occur generally in March and September, very often preceded by extraordinary signs, such as a shower of beetles, dead mice, or fish. The beetles fall almost as thick as snow-flakes; the fish rise in waterspouts in front of the city, and are then blown inland over the houses; and as for the mice, it is supposed they come from Patagonia. Another sign of impending storm is the Fata Morgana, precisely as seen at Messina: sometimes all the vessels in port appear in the sky with their masts pointing downward; sometimes the town of Colonia, thirty miles across the River Plate, seems to be suspended over the Custom-house of Buenos Ayres. The present storm had done much injury to shipping, as well as on land. An Italian war vessel, called the *Principe Tommaso*, was found in a gentleman's garden near the Retiro, and the San Fernando railway station was carried a mile farther north than its proper site.

Persons accustomed to the comforts of life in England cannot easily reconcile themselves to the style of houses in South America. I knew of a lady who persuaded her husband to return to England, as she could not find a house "fit to live in." The principal quarters of the city are nevertheless built in a magnificent manner, the façade, colonnades,

and courtyards being of Genoese marble. The apartments are much larger and loftier than in London, and when a long suite is thrown open for the reception of guests it has a fine perspective effect. It is quite usual to pay from £250 to £500 a year for a house of six or eight rooms in the best part of the city; and the cost of living I found to be about double what it was in England, money being so abundant as to have little value.

Society is, of course, very cosmopolitan in a place where the morning papers are in five different languages; but the Germans and English are the principal classes of foreigners, commerce being mostly in their hands, while the tradespeople are French, Italians, and Basques. The last-mentioned are so versatile that it is a proverb "you will find a Basque everywhere, except in prison." Many of the native "estancieros," or landed proprietors, are enormously wealthy, and vie with each other in giving brilliant entertainments.

As a rule the style of living is copied from that of Paris. Concerts are given frequently, the best being those of the German Philharmonic Society. The opera, however, is the great attraction of the winter season, and it is not uncommon for young "artistes" from Europe to make their "debut" here, as for instance the famous tenor

Gayarre, and another named Tamagno, who promises also to become a star of the first magnitude.

Porteñas, as the native ladies are called, are remarkably handsome and graceful, of the same type of beauty which prevails at Cadiz or Seville, with possibly a little more of the Moorish feature. They dress with great taste, but it is a pity that they have discarded the "mantilla." As many as can afford to do so, get their toilettes from Paris, the others copying from them and making their own dresses, while the most experienced eye could not detect the difference. They are also good linguists and musicians, and there is no lack of excellent professors, foremost among whom is Signor Basili, the famous "maestro" of Milan, who was brought out by the Government to found an Academy of Music. On Sunday afternoons all the beauty and fashion gather at the city park, adjoining the ruined castle of Rosas. When completed, this park will comprise nearly 1000 acres, but the avenue of palm-trees is a feeble imitation of that of Rio Janeyro, and out of place for the climate. Much better would it have been to plant the Ombù (the only indigenous tree), which grows up like an elm, and can be seen so far in the plains that it is called "the lighthouse of the Pampas."

In the summer months most of the families

retire to their quintas, in the suburbs of Flores, Belgrano, Lomas, or San Isidro, which are connected by railways with the city. At first these quintas were little cottages surrounded by peach-groves, but since the enormous increase of wealth in latter years Italian villas have sprung up as if by enchantment, and so much care has been devoted to trees and flowers, that many of the country-houses are very charming. The eucalyptus of Australia was introduced about twenty years ago, and grows so fast that it is known there are over a million of these trees in the single province of Buenos Ayres; but the gardeners, in some places, have begun to cut them down, as nothing will grow within reach of their shadow. Along the highways the usual fence is the prickly pear, so impenetrable that it is planted on the frontier to keep back the Indians.

None of the suburbs, however, that I have mentioned possesses the charms of the Tigre, a little boating village at the junction of the Luxan and Paraná rivers, about twenty miles from the city. It is much appreciated by the English, who have a rowing-club, and pass here most of their holidays, among the islands: they also hold a regatta every spring, which is almost as great an event as the Derby-day is in England. All the country-houses at Tigre are built on arches or embankments, on

account of the frequent floods. I remember, when spending a few days with some native friends there, the garden was inundated, and the servant, coming from the kitchen to the house, had to bring the dinner in a boat.

Not far from Tigre was President Sarmiento's island of Carapachay, where he had cultivated fruit and vegetables for ten years, when Congress summoned him to the cares of office, and where he still loved to spend a holiday, among the trees he had planted. Close to his cottage, which was a wooden edifice on piles, he had constructed an "atalaya," or look-out, commanding a wide view of the delta of the Paraná, which native poets call the Tempe Argentino. There are hundreds of islands varying in size from ten to a thousand acres, which, a few years ago, could be bought for five or ten pounds each. They were gradually taken up by Italians, to raise vegetables and firewood for the city market, and are now all inhabited. They are pretty at all seasons, but especially in November or December, when the crimson Ceibo or coral-tree is in full flower. The soil is so rich that anything will grow in abundance, and the size of the quinces and water-melons is almost fabulous. I have seen two oxen drawing a waggonful of water-melons, and yet there were only five in the waggon. As for the

quinces, I cannot say how many inches, or rather feet, they were in circumference. These islands would certainly be a garden of Eden but for the mosquitoes and "bichos-colorados." The latter are an invisible species of red insect, which gets under the skin and produces a dreadful irritation. It happened that the Chilian minister, soon after his arrival at Buenos Ayres, spent a day here reading under the trees; the same night his head was so bad (from an attack of "bichos-colorados") that he feared he was going mad, and telegraphed to town for a physician, who cured him at once by rubbing his head with ammonia, and charged him fifty guineas for the visit.

It is usually remarked by strangers that Buenos Ayres is a place of great hospitality, and it has always been so, arising from the kindly nature of the old Creole families, descendants of many a brave cavalier that broke a lance with the Moors before Grenada, and preserving a strain of elegance and taste that tells of the "sangre azul" of the first Spanish settlers. Diplomats and naval officers not only mix freely in the best native society, but often reciprocate the hospitality of the Porteños.

The first English corvette that arrived, in recent times, was H.M.S. *Volage*, Captain Henry Fairfax, C.B., who gave a lunch to the President of the

Republic, Cabinet Ministers and their wives, foreign diplomatists, and some of the English residents. As the *Volage* had to lie off Ensenada, thirty miles south of Buenos Ayres, there was a special train to convey us thither. It was very gratifying to see the undisguised admiration of our Argentine friends at the manning of the yards, the shot and shell firing, and the whole "menage" of the ship. Our return journey was very nearly attended with serious accident, owing to the peculiar habits of the cattle of the country. The cows know so well the hours for the trains, that after the last passes at 7 P.M. they get up on the embankment to sleep there, the country around being swampy. As ours, however, was a special train, we came on them by surprise, killing half-a-dozen, some of which were thrown right over us, and so great was the shock that the engine plunged down the embankment, while an empty carriage in front of ours was overturned. Happily the grappling-irons of our carriage broke, or we might have been all killed. Mr. Coghlan, the resident director, who was of our party, proceeded along the line till he reached a station, from which he telegraphed to town for another train. It appeared afterwards that the cattle which we killed were prize Durham cows, worth £100 each, imported by Señor Pereyra for his estancia.

Buenos Ayres would be a much pleasanter place to live in but for one drawback, which no President or Governor has yet been able to remedy, namely the insecurity for life and property, to which, however, one gets accustomed after a time. The first thing of this kind which occurred to shock me was a little while after my arrival in the country. We had invited some friends to dine, and one who arrived late apologised by saying that the Consul Salvati had just been assassinated a few paces from our door, and he had assisted to carry the dying man into an apothecary's shop, where he expired in a few moments. A knife was found on the spot, with a card on which the assassin had written, "*Così si punisce chi tradisce Italia.*" No effort was made to discover the author of the crime, which was forgotten in a few days. About the same time a curious adventure happened to one of the English physicians of the city, which showed still more painfully the impunity for murder. Dr. B. was returning one evening on horseback from Belgrano, when, as he passed the Campo Santo, he heard a cry, and saw a man on the ground, and another bending over him. He galloped up, and, drawing his revolver, fired at the latter, whom he rightly judged to be a robber, but the fellow escaped. Then dismounting, he examined



CITY OF BUENOS AYRES.

the prostrate figure, and found the poor man was dead. The doctor rode quietly home, and was very careful to say nothing to the police, as it is the custom to put in prison anybody who knows anything in such a matter until the real criminal be found out. He was not, however, more than an hour at home when a wounded man presented himself, to have a bullet extracted from his shoulder, saying that he had been shot by a highwayman in front of the Campo Santo. The doctor's first impulse was to send for the police, and have the man tried for the murder he had just committed, but he knew too well that the assassin would be at large again, and perhaps murder him sooner or later. He therefore extracted the bullet, bandaged the man's wound, and dismissed him, refusing to take any fee, but keeping the bullet as a trophy.

There are seasons when crime assumes an epidemic form, just like an inroad of fever. Every morning you will hear of two or three horrible affairs, and this continues for a month or more, until suddenly there is a stop, and afterwards a long interval of comparative security. The period before an election for Governor or President is always one of trouble and bloodshed. It is no less true that atmospherical changes have a great influence, for whenever the north wind blows, the prison is filled

with criminals, some of whom declare that they are not answerable for what they do during the Viento Norte. The effects of this wind are certainly extraordinary and most distressing, although Europeans newly arrived are utterly unconscious of it, and remain so for two or three years. It amused me at first to see people going about with split beans on their temples, but I afterwards discovered that it was a good remedy for headache at such seasons. The natives dread this wind so much that some shut themselves up in their houses until it is over. For myself, I can say that neither the simoom of the African desert nor the scirocco of Sicily had so enervating an effect as the "viento norte," and I was told that it derives this quality from passing over the perfumed forests of Brazil.

It is not fair, however, to lay all the blame on the climate, since the lax system of punishing criminals was the strongest encouragement to crime, until the new penitentiary was built. The Cabildo was so small that sometimes the prisoners were let out on parole by the Alcayde. It happened one day that Judge B. recognised in the street a certain money-changer, whom he had a few weeks previously condemned to penal servitude for lithographing bank-notes, but on the Judge calling a policeman to arrest him it was explained to his worship that

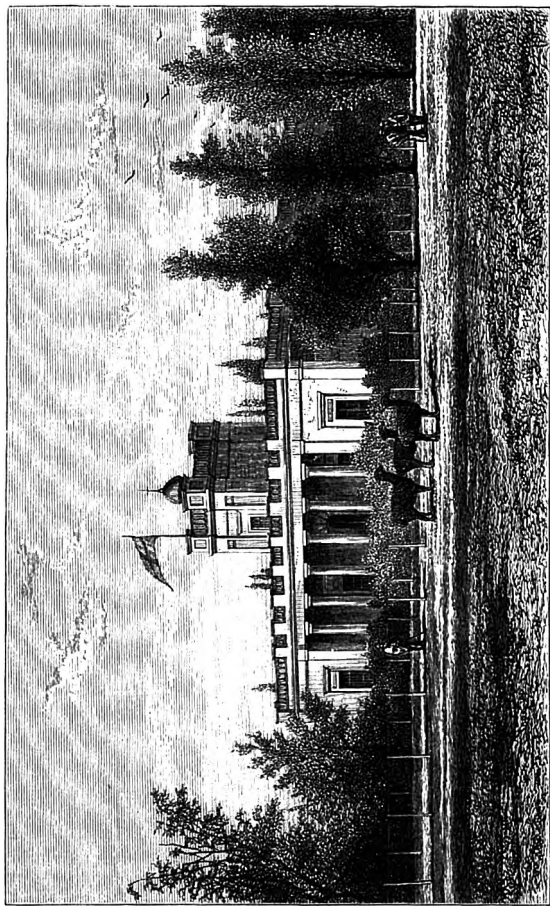
the man was actually undergoing his sentence, having permission from the Alcayde to attend his shop every day between certain hours.

In concluding these remarks about Buenos Ayres I may add that it has lost its charm of originality since the inroads of commerce and civilisation have assimilated it to the commercial cities of Europe and the United States. It always puzzled me to hear natives and foreigners speak of it as the "Athens of South America," for hides and tallow are much more appreciated than the Muses, and there is little to remind us of classical Greece unless it be the numerous Jasons scattered over the Pampas in quest of the Golden Fleece. "The Western Camps are indeed a modern Colchis, where thousands of Irishmen, who were as poor as the Argonauts when they landed, have since become some of the wealthiest men in South America. Besides these, there is a small number of "younger sons" from England and Scotland who own large estancias or sheep-farms in different parts of the province. The sheep industry is chiefly in the hands of British subjects, and is of such magnitude that the flocks number sixty million head, and the value of wool annually exported ranges from five to six millions sterling, or two-thirds of the total products of the country.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE IN THE PAMPAS.

DURING the Independence fêtes of 1870 my husband and I were invited to the first polo match played in South America, which came off at Mr. Shennan's estancia, El Negretti. After a journey of 100 miles by railway over the flat plains, we reached Villanueva, where Mr. Shennan was waiting for us. From the station we drove four-in-hand ten miles across country, startling the biscachos, a species of prairie dog which burrows in the ground like rabbits. The Pampa in some places was covered with a young growth of thistles, which grow so high at Christmas that I was told of a man who was looking for a week for a flock of sheep, and at last found them in the thistles less than a mile from his house. Where there were no thistles, the ground was covered with bright scarlet verbena, heliotrope, and a pretty violet flower called "Flor Morada." In the low, swampy grounds, the tapering stalks and feathery plumage of the pampa grass made a



MR. SHENNAN'S ESTANCIA NEAR BUENOS AYRES.

charming picture, and afforded a happy home for troops of snipe, duck, plover, spoonbills, wild turkeys, geese, flamingoes, cranes, swans, etc. On reaching the lodge of Negretti we entered an avenue of gum-trees, seeing on either side flocks of sheep, herds of cows of English breed, and groups of vicuñas and guanacoes, apparently on friendly terms with several hundred ostriches.

Whether owing to the frequent civil wars, or to the danger from Indian raids, the former proprietor, Mr. John Hannah, built the house like a fortress. It formed a quadrangle, with a "patio" or courtyard in the centre, with lemon and orange trees. The place looked all the better for its strength, since a few Englishmen within its walls could hold it against a South American army. All around were plantations of different kinds, the finest being the peach "*monte*." The peaches were so abundant that they were used for fattening pigs and cattle. In the engraving facing the next page the principal front is shown, looking north-east, in the midst of shrubberies and gardens charmingly laid out by the present owner. Besides the various European fruit-trees, the gardens contain many sub-tropical plants, and English visitors who would form their idea of Pampa life from estancias like this, or that of Mr. Kemmis in Santa Fé, would

carry away an impression rather too much *couleur-de-rose*.¹

Close to the spot where the rancho of the first settler, Berisso, was burned by Indians, seventy years ago, is now a small "Campo Santo," surrounded by poplars and weeping willows, where are buried some English settlers. The sighing of the trees and plaintive cry of the Teru-teru, or horned plover, made me feel very sad, as I stood at the rusty gate, and saw the moonbeams fall upon the silent graves of some of our countrymen in this far-off land. Most of them my husband had known—one was murdered while asleep by his own servant; another was drowned in crossing an arroyo or rivulet; a third was a youth of a noble family, whose death was a mystery; a fourth died of lockjaw; a fifth was shot by mistake, during an election; a sixth was bitten by a spider. There was not one who had died a natural death. Pampa life is attended with so much danger and hardship that it is said no one has ever seen a gray-haired gaucho, although a healthier climate cannot be found on the face of the earth. Heart disease is very prevalent, probably owing to the violent life on horseback, or mental

¹ At the beginning of the present year, Estancia Negretti had the honour of a visit from the sons of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who spent three days shooting with Mr. Shennan.

excitement on account of political events, Indians, pampa fires, and other circumstances of more or less frequent occurrence.

The polo match caused great interest, not only among Englishmen all over the Pampas, but also amongst the gauchos, for whom all games on horseback have a special charm. At the end of each goal they rushed about shouting "Viva!" and embracing any of the players that was unlucky enough to come within their reach. A gaucho's only measure of appreciation is what a man can do on horseback, and a bad rider is (for what reason I know not) called by them an apothecary.¹ It was owing to his wonderful horsemanship that the Dictator Rosas obtained such sway over his countrymen, and at various times, from the same cause, English adventurers have risen to be leaders of gaucho armies. The horse of the Pampas is said to have much of the Arab strain, the race having been imported from Andalusia. Although small, these animals have surprising endurance, and are often known to make journeys of a hundred miles in a day, but of course over the Pampas, which is very different from travelling on a hard road. They are exceedingly docile, and canter so

¹ It is a remarkable coincidence that the Patagonians consider the evil spirits to be the souls of departed physicians.

smoothly that they seem specially adapted for ladies: in value they range from five to twenty pounds.

Some of Mr. Shennan's visitors lived on the edge of the Indian country, and rarely came within the pale of civilisation. The stories and adventures which they told us of the frontier were most thrilling, and showed how reckless they had become of life from constant exposure to danger. Two of these young men were called, on account of their bravery, *Facon Grande* (Big Knife) and *Facon Chico* (Little Knife). They lived in small stone houses, with flat roofs, and always kept a man with a rifle on the look-out. As a rule, the Indians seldom interfered with them, but swept down on the *estancias* of *Cristianos* or natives, either because they were afraid of the Englishmen's rifles, or, as they said themselves, because the *Ingleses* did not rob or murder them as the *Cristianos* were in the habit of doing. Each day of our stay showed us some new phase of *estancia* life, which, notwithstanding its drawbacks, has its enjoyments. Anything more exhilarating than a canter over the elastic turf on a fine morning, or in the cool of the evening, cannot be conceived. Among the business events one of the most interesting is the "yerra" or branding of cattle. Before sunrise we were out, well mounted

on steady horses, to see the men driving in the herds to the corral, a large enclosure at some distance from the house. There were in all between two and three thousand horned cattle. Owing to the extreme coldness of the morning, the animals were a little wild, and there was some difficulty in keeping them together. The "peons," dressed in coloured ponchos and white-frilled "chiripàs" or drawers, charged over the camp in seeming confusion, shouting and trying to outflank various portions of the herd, which extended over a mile, the animals scampering across the country in all directions. At last, most of them were got together and driven into the corral. A wood fire was lighted, at which half-a-dozen brands were heated. Two men on horseback rode into the herd, singled out a calf, lassoed him, and dragged him out. Then four dismounted gauchos seized the poor animal, each holding him by a leg, while a fifth ran forward with the marking-iron, red-hot, and planted it on his flank, the poor beast moaning piteously as a column of smoke rose from the seething wound. I could not wait to see another, though I was told the pain soon passes. Each estancia has its own brand, which is registered at the Government House. All the animals are branded, and, if sold, must be counter-marked by the seller repeating his mark upside down. The

same rule is applicable to horses, and they are so much disfigured that I have seen some with almost as many hieroglyphics as Cleopatra's Needle.

The river Salado, which runs through Mr. Shennan's estancia, is full of duck and other waterfowl, and the camps farther south are well known to English sportsmen, abounding as they do in deer, pigeons, and bandurria, a kind of ibis. One of the greatest delicacies is the chorlita, a species of gray plover, which appears in immense flocks when the thistles are seeding. They become so fat that when shot the feathers peel from their bodies if touched by the hand. The oven-bird, so called from the shape of its nest, builds in all sorts of extraordinary places, such as on the top of telegraph posts and public statues. Many curious stories are told of the sagacity of the Teru-teru, or horned plover, which is called the watchman of the Pampa. An estanciero told me that once, during a revolution, he knew of the approach of the rebel army two days before it encamped in front of his gates, by the cries of the Teru-teru. They are to be found all over the country, and seem to share the dwellings of the little owls that stand like sentinels over the burrows made by the biscachos.

We enjoyed so much our first visit to Negretti, that many times afterwards we gladly availed our-

selves of the hospitable owner's invitation to so agreeable a change from the monotony of the city. It was not here, however, that I saw so much of the gauchos as in our subsequent journeys in the interior. In fact the contact of civilisation is fast changing the semi-Bedouin semi-Indian character of the rude inhabitants of the plains. Such a vague impression generally prevails regarding the gaucho, that I venture here to translate from Dr. Sarmiento's "*Facundo*" the following accurate description of the four distinctive types:—

"First comes the *Rastreador*, or tracker; then the *Baqueano*, or guide; the *Payador*, or bard; and the *Gaucho Malo*, or outlaw.

"The '*rastreador*' possesses the highest development of gaucho instinct. He can tell, in a confused track of animals' feet, how many of them are laden or have riders. He can even detect the footstep of a person or animal that he knows, and follow it in the most miraculous manner for hundreds of miles. Nature seems to give him a special instinct in these vast plains for the recovery of a lost animal or the pursuit of a fugitive. Whenever a robbery occurs, the person robbed, instead of applying to the authorities, sends for the nearest '*rastreador*,' covering up, meantime, very carefully whatever footmarks the intruder may have left. The

'rastreador' examines it closely, mounts his horse, and rides away, now and then casting his eyes to the ground, and following the trail like a bloodhound; until, after weeks and months, he brings the criminal to justice. The latter seldom asserts his innocence, as the judge usually regards the 'rastreador' as infallible. The stories told of Calibar, who was well known in San Juan for forty years, are surprising. It happened once that, while he was gone to Buenos Ayres on business, his best saddle was stolen. His wife, having covered the footmark as usual, showed it to him on his return after two months. A year and a half later, he was seen, one afternoon, with his head bent down, walking along a street in the suburbs of San Juan, till he entered a certain house, and found there his lost saddle, soiled and torn. In 1830 a criminal under sentence of death having escaped from prison, Calibar was sent in pursuit. The fugitive had taken every precaution to leave no track, and walked for some distance up the course of a shallow stream; but Calibar was not to be baffled, and followed the stream till he came to a place where he saw drops of water on the grass; 'He got out here,' he said. Following the criminal through fields and plantations, and over walls, he finally led the soldiers into a small vineyard, where, having examined all

the approaches to the house, he said they would find him inside. The soldiers searched the premises, and, coming out, maintained that the man had escaped. Calibar, however, insisted that he was inside, and so it proved. The unhappy man was shot next morning.

“The Baqueano, or guide, is hardly inferior to the former in importance. He knows every inch of country for five hundred miles around his abode, and is the only map by which South American generals conduct their campaigns. He is always at the side of the commander, and the fate of the army depends on him. Rarely, if ever, does he betray the confidence reposed in him. He knows every pool of water, fresh or salt, and many a secret ford across a river, or passage through a swamp, by which he can shorten the route. In the darkest night, whether in the midst of a forest or on a boundless plain, in which his companions may think themselves lost, he dismounts for a moment, plucks a few leaves or a handful of grass, and chews them; by the taste he can tell pretty nearly where he is, and especially whether he is near salt or fresh water. He then mounts again, tells his companions that they are so many leagues from this or that place, and starts off at an easy gallop in a given direction without even a star to guide him. In the Pampas

it often happens that a traveller may meet one of these 'baqueanos,' and ask him to guide him to a certain place two or three hundred miles off. The 'baqueano' will glance along the horizon, reflect for a moment, and, fixing his eye on a given point, start off like an arrow, riding day and night until he reaches his destination. He knows of the approach of an army forty or fifty miles off, and the direction it is taking, by the course which the deer, guanacos, and ostriches follow. When the enemy gets nearer, he can tell, by the volume of dust, whether their force numbers hundreds or thousands; his commander relying upon his estimate as infallible. If the condors and other birds of prey are wheeling in circles overhead, he can tell, from their manner, whether it is an enemy in ambush, an encampment recently abandoned, or merely a dead animal.

"The Payador is a kind of wandering minstrel, who sings of the wars and adventures of the day, like the troubadors of the middle ages. He goes about from 'rancho' to 'pulperia' with his guitar, singing of the outlaws of the Pampas or the raids of the Indians. He is a living chronicle of customs, history, and exploits, and his verses would form, perhaps, many a valuable link for the future historian of these countries. He has no

home, his dwelling is wherever the night may find him, his fame and fortune are his verses and his guitar. In every rural dance, in every festive gathering, his is the place of honour. So much is music a passion of the gauchos that at every 'pulperia' or wayside inn a guitar is always hung over the counter for the use of the first group of wayfarers. The 'payador' sometimes mixes his own exploits with those of his heroes, for he is not uncommonly a fugitive from justice, either for killing a friend, stealing a horse, or for some daring adventure. The character of his songs is generally monotonous, unless under some sudden inspiration.

"The Gaucho Malo, or outlaw, has his home in the desert, and despises the people of the towns, glorying in the epithet which is given to him. He has probably been a fugitive for years, and his name is so much dreaded that it is only whispered with a certain amount of respect. He lives in a clump of thistles or wild hemlock; his food consists of game, unless when he lassoes a cow, which he kills for the tongue, leaving the carcass for the birds of prey. He will suddenly present himself in a village from which the police have just gone in pursuit of him, talks with the neighbours as they form an admiring circle around him, gets

some tobacco and yerba,¹ remounts his horse, and if he sees the police in sight, quietly trots away towards the desert without any symptom of fear, or even looking back. The police will not pursue him, for they know that their horses are no match for his 'pangaré,' as famous as himself. If he happens to be surprised by the police, and surrounded, he rushes at them knife in hand, and, leaving two or three of them on the ground dead or wounded, leaps on the nearest horse and escapes, while the bullets vainly whistle after him. The 'payador' of the district adds this fresh exploit to his list of songs. Sometimes he will appear at a village dance, take part in the festivity, and retire as suddenly and unmolested as he came. But he is not a common robber or assassin, and would not think of stopping a traveller. If he steals, it is only horses. He knows every horse in the province, and can tell in a moment where any lost one may be found. He is often employed to recover such animals, and will deliver them up for a stipulated sum at a given time and place, with the utmost punctuality. Dishonest traders frequently buy stolen hides from this class of outlaws."

I remember an amusing occurrence in Azul, a town about 200 miles south of Buenos Ayres, where

¹ The tea of Paraguay, sometimes called "máte."

the principal shopkeeper, who was also Justice of the Peace for the district, made a bargain with a gaucho named El Cuervo, or "The Crow," to take hides from him *without asking questions*. It was arranged that every evening after dusk El Cuervo was to throw the hides over the wall of the shopkeeper's yard. I may mention that the shopkeeper had one of the largest estancias in the neighbourhood, and people did not speak well of the way in which he had acquired his wealth. For several nights El Cuervo threw over the wall half-a-dozen or more hides, and was paid next morning a few dollars for each. It was not long before one of the shopkeeper's peons, or labourers, in stacking out the hides observed his master's mark. As soon as the hides began to dry in the sun the mark became plainly visible. The shopkeeper was furious, and said to El Cuervo, "You scoundrel, you have killed and skinned some of my cattle;" to which the gaucho replied, "Master! whose cattle did you want me to kill unless your own?" The shopkeeper, being Justice of the Peace, did not dare to punish El Cuervo, and wisely said no more about it, seeing that the gaucho had outwitted him.

CHAPTER III.

THE PLAGUE AT BUENOS AYRES.

It would seem the irony of fate that a city so proverbial for its healthy and agreeable climate should become the scene of one of the most terrible plagues recorded in history. Its origin is still a mystery, as the special committee appointed by Government in 1872 have not yet published their report.

The first case occurred in June 1870, when Dr. Berry's servant died, with all the symptoms of yellow fever, another death following in the same house a few days later. It was then mid-winter, but on the approach of summer, in November, Dr. Berry wrote a letter to the Municipality, suggesting precautionary measures, as the city was in an unhealthy condition, and a plague was raging at Barcelona, from which port vessels often arrived. This led to a quarantine being ordered, shortly before Christmas, on all ships from Europe or Brazil. It happened, however, that the mail-steamer from Marseilles, which arrived on January 8, 1871, had

on board a niece of the Prime Minister, who was allowed to land, and to this act of weakness on the part of the port-captain many people, perhaps incorrectly, ascribe the awful calamity which cost the lives of 26,000 citizens.

For some weeks previously the banks of the River Plate were covered with dead fish, and the water had such a dreadful smell that much sickness occurred among the people living at the south end of the city. The river of Barracas also had become of a purple colour, from the blood of animals killed in the "saladeros" along its banks, but as these salting establishments had existed more than a century and the men employed in them enjoyed excellent health, no measures were taken to suspend the slaughter of cattle or purify the stream before falling into the River Plate. In fact, it had long been the custom to send invalids to Barracas to inhale the peculiar atmosphere of the saladeros.

I remember one delightful summer's evening, in January, we were walking about on the roof of our house, which commanded a wide view of the city and shipping, when the wind veered round to the south, and brought such an odour of the Barracas river that I became giddy and almost fainted. A few days later there was some alarm in town from the sudden death of an Italian woman in the parish of

San Telmo, with whom lodged one of the newly-arrived passengers by the Marseilles steamer. In less than a week the people of the same parish were dying five or six daily, but, as Carnival was at hand, the Municipality turned its attention to fireworks and decorating the streets, hoping to divert the public mind from an apprehension of pestilence. Never were the preparations on a grander scale. (The police had instructions to cause all funerals to take place after sunset, and when by chance anybody spoke of the prevalent sickness, people said: "It is only the poor Italians who die, because they live on wretched food and in unhealthy dwellings.")

Sunday was the first day of Carnival, and the crowds of masqueraders went about throwing sweets, flowers, and costly presents at the ladies in the balconies. The Corso, comprising three of the principal streets, was four miles in length, hung with banners, and having a triumphal arch at each point where streets crossed. Between the hour of noon and that of the Ave Maria (half-an-hour after sunset) more than 1000 carriages and 10,000 horsemen dressed in splendid costumes passed along. There were crusaders, warriors of the epoch of Cortes and Pizarro, Indian caciques, and every fantastic style of mounted cavaliers. The same pageant took place on the second and third days, and when

Carnival concluded, everybody was pleased that it had passed off so well, especially the fireworks of the Municipality.

No newspapers having appeared for three days, the public was astounded to learn on Ash Wednesday that the deaths had risen to forty daily, and that the English Catholic chaplain was among the victims. A panic ensued, whereupon such was the demand for horses and waggons to remove furniture that people paid the price of a team for a day's hire. In order to eradicate the evil, the Municipality had caused the police to turn out the inhabitants of any house in San Telmo parish where sickness had appeared, and whitewash the premises. The effect of this step was to spread infection all over the city. Five parishes were now tainted, out of thirteen, and so convinced were the citizens of an impending plague that the waiters in coffee-houses became carpenters to make coffins, while some of the lawyers bought up every cargo of timber in Buenos Ayres and Montevideo.

All the members of the Municipal Council having fled to the suburbs, the entire control of the city devolved upon Don Henrique O'Gorman, Chief of Police, who bravely held his ground to the last. Before the end of February the deaths reached one hundred in a day. The gravediggers demanded double wages, and extra gangs of men were em-

ployed to bury by torchlight. Some of the police died from over-work in carrying sufferers to hospital, the dead to the cemetery; others deserted. Even the porters or "changadores," who used to stand at the street-corners, were gone, many people of the humbler classes crowding along the great highways, north to Belgrano and west to Flores, and forming gipsy encampments wherever a clump of trees or a ruined outhouse gave any shelter. Until the beginning of March there was no sickness in our street, and as our house stood higher than those around it there was not much reason to fear the approach of contagion. One morning, about sunrise, I heard the bell of the acolyte accompanying the priest to visit the dying. That evening three coffins were taken from a house in front of ours, and an hour afterwards the police proceeded to burn the furniture, the flames throwing a lurid glare on all around. Every morning the disinfectors came round to sprinkle the houses with a mixture of coal-tar, saying at the same time "May God keep you from the plague!" The municipal dust-carts were used to remove the dead.

All the convents in the city had been turned into hospitals; every day they were filled, and emptied again before the following sunrise, for all died within twenty-four hours. The French Sisters

of Charity lost half their number, including the Superioress; the Irish Sisters of Mercy were in like manner stricken down in their heroic labours. There was no distinction of nationality among the patients admitted, nor did the Destroying Angel spare age or sex. The only difference remarked was that the negroes were exempt, and being much in request as nurses they obtained enormous wages.

Some cold days occurred in March which checked the plague, the deaths suddenly declining to two hundred daily, but no sooner did the bright warm sunshine return, than the number rose again to three hundred, and even passed the highest point reached before. I never saw more lovely autumn weather; such a contrast to the awful tragedy that was being enacted on all sides! To look at the bright blue sky, the ships lying at anchor on the unruffled waters of La Plata, and the charming aspect of the wooded suburbs of Barracas and Flores, one could not believe that a work of carnage was going on, more deadly than if a hundred cannon were bombarding the city. Food was beginning to run short, as the market people were afraid to come in with meat, butter, or milk. Prices rose as if a siege were going on, and some of the neighbouring villages drew a "cordon sanitaire" around, putting in quarantine any one who had come from the city.

been shut previously. Some of the railways had to stop running, as the engine-drivers were dead. The new cemetery opened in March being now full, the chief of police seized the Chacrita farm, at the west end of the city, and turned it to the same purpose. The gravediggers, after spreading one hundred cartloads of lime over the graves of the twenty thousand victims in the Corrales cemetery, marched off to the new ground. They were paid about thirty shillings a day, and happily not one of them died. If a panic had broken out among them, it would have been impossible to get others to take their place. They were about three hundred, and worked like sailors, in watches of four hours. The greatest number of corpses buried was on Easter Monday, namely one thousand and eighty; the weekly average hardly exceeded five thousand even then.

On April 13th we left town for Luxan, a village forty miles westward, arriving there by train at nightfall. The inn was crowded, but the landlady offered to make us as comfortable as possible in a barn, provided we got a permit from the police-doctor. In this we had no difficulty, the doctor at once certifying that we had no symptom of plague, and even volunteering to look for apartments for us among his friends. It happened, next day, that we

met the American Minister in the square, and he told us that an American family, who had just recovered from the plague, were about to give up their house and go to a sheep-farm some leagues off. He accompanied us to the place, on the edge of the town, facing a large plantation, but it was closed. We found the owner, an old lady, half-Indian, who told us that the Americans had just left, and that we could have the cottage at the same rent, two hundred silver dollars, or £40, per month. My husband at once got a man to whitewash the two rooms, and next day we entered our new home. We bought some kitchen utensils, a wooden table, three chairs, a couple of iron bedsteads, and a few other things. A black woman, who lived about fifty yards off, was our nearest neighbour, and I engaged her for my servant. The intervening space between our hut and hers was covered with a dense growth of wild hemlock, so high that, as she informed us, "*mala gente*" or bad people sometimes concealed themselves there at dusk, for which reason she recommended me to keep the door barred after the Ave Maria.

During two days that it rained we could not stir out, and in this dismal hut I began to think that my servants in town were right when they preferred to remain in our comfortable house, rather

than face the sufferings of camp life. The frogs and toads leaped about the floor, for even when the door was shut they got in through the chinks in the mud walls. It rained in so badly that we had to keep umbrellas over our beds, after shifting in vain from one corner to another. To add to the unpleasantness of our position, my husband heard from the American Minister that it was very necessary to be on our guard against the black woman's husband, a cross-blooded "guapo" who was known to "be indebted for six deaths," which means in English that he had murdered six persons. He never came near the place except to bring water for cooking, and was always most respectful when he saw me, besides getting us fresh milk, or whatever was necessary, with the utmost willingness, whenever his wife told him that I wanted anything. It is true that I paid her high wages, in fact what she asked, but I must say that during the two months I spent in the hut I had no cause to complain of these people.

An English blacksmith very kindly came to offer us quarters at his house in the village, but I preferred to remain where we were, expecting that we should soon be able to return to town, for the weather had set in so cold that we had to get a dish of cinders in our room. One night we heard

a noise in the hemlock near the house, and could see by the moonlight a figure moving stealthily towards the entrance. My husband cried out "Quien vive?" and as there was no answer, but a rustling in the bushes, he said, in Spanish, that he would fire if the intruder came any nearer. Presently two figures made a dash forward, my husband fired; there was a heavy fall in the hemlock, and all again was still. Next morning we had to pay five dollars for having shot the stray horse of a neighbour, that being the value of the ill-fated animal, after deducting the price of its hide.

When the evenings were fine we used to walk up to the station to get a copy of the *Bulletin*, containing the number of interments and the names of any persons of note who had died in the twenty-four hours. The English names were often so mangled by Spanish printers that it was hard to make them out. Most of the English and other foreigners had now left the city, the number of people remaining being estimated at one-third of the ordinary population, or scarcely 70,000 souls. Among the passengers who arrived one evening was Mr. Kennedy, an English merchant, who had gone through much of the plague, visiting the sick and burying the dead. He said the proportion of deaths was every week lighter, being now only

one-third of the persons attacked, whereas at the beginning it was nine-tenths. More would have recovered had they not been abandoned by their friends, but the disease was so deadly in some families that it was not surprising a panic seized all around. Mr. Kennedy was the sole survivor of six gentlemen who attended the funeral of Mr. Carfield, in whose house seven persons had died. The British hospital was unfortunately closed against patients, as its constitution forbade the treatment of any infectious or contagious disease, but the physicians, chaplains, and directors did all they could for our country-people by visiting them. The city hospitals obtained a very bad reputation, as none of the patients recovered, a circumstance mainly due to the fact that they were already beyond hope when admitted, and in part to the terror of the people at the idea of being buried without coffins. Nor could this be remedied at a time when the rudest coffin cost £10—simply a long wooden box painted black, with a yellow cross on the lid.

In the middle of May, the deaths having fallen below 100 daily, and our "rancho" at Luxan being intolerably cold and cheerless, we resolved to return to our house in town. As the train stopped at the suburb of Almagro, we had to proceed from

there on foot, and came upon a very odd scene a few yards from the railway station. Some fifty men with knives and long sticks were cutting open a number of beds and mattresses, and raking about the contents in search for money, the beds having been sent out here by the police to be burnt as infectious. It was said that large sums were often found in this way. At the Plaza Setiembre there was a worse sight, for one of the municipal carts full of corpses had broken down, one of the wheels lying at some distance. The dead had their clothes on, just as if stricken down in the streets. Near Plaza Lorea a man was selling coffins, the best omen that the plague was abating, as the supply was evidently equal to the demand. He cried out "Boxes for sale!" in the same way as if he were selling peaches, the word *box* in Spanish standing for coffin. We saw a woman run out and buy one, and then he sat down to smoke, for another person was dying and he expected to sell a second.

The city presented a deserted appearance, for we went some blocks without seeing anybody, but on reaching Calle San Martin we were suddenly stopped by a mounted policeman, who took us to the Policia, because my husband had a bundle of cloaks and rugs. The Commissary took down our address, and explained that it was necessary to

arrest all persons with bundles, in order to check burglary.

I shall never forget an amusing occurrence that we saw at the Policia. A prisoner was brought in, charged with having attempted to stab some of the gravediggers at the Chacrita cemetery. He was a negro, and his face and head were so covered with lime that his appearance was extremely ludicrous. It appeared he had been a nurse, and having earned high wages got very drunk; he was picked up for dead in the street, and taken in the municipal dust-cart to the Chacrita, but the lime which the gravediggers threw on the corpses got into his eyes and soon brought him to his senses. So enraged was he that he drew his knife and attacked the gravediggers. When I saw him he was quite sober, and the Commissary let him go without any fine, but took the knife from him. It is needless to say that many persons were believed to have been buried alive, which was quite possible. The most remarkable escape was that of Mr. Gardoni, an Italian, who recovered his senses in the same way as the negro, on the brink of the grave. On his way back from the cemetery to the city he felt so faint that he entered a "pulperia" and got a little brandy, but having no money to pay for it he was obliged to explain the escape he had from being

buried alive as one of the plague victims, which so frightened all present that they ran away, leaving him in possession of the shop.

During the month of June the people came back in such numbers that it was feared the pestilence would break out afresh, especially as no pains were taken to disinfect the houses, but such fears were, happily, not realised. Many of the finest houses had been stripped of their furniture by the boatmen and laundresses that lived in them, nor could the owners obtain any trace of the costly mirrors, chandeliers, works of art, etc., which had probably been shipped to Brazil or Europe.

The British community lost 270 persons, which was about one-sixth, but the other classes did not suffer so heavily, the city losing altogether 26,000, or only one-eighth of the population. It was observed that twice as many men died as women, and very few children. Some of the persons that were mourned for as dead, reappeared among their friends, when it was discovered that the printers had made a mistake in the name. In some cases also those who had been only taken ill were put down for dead, and becoming convalescent had gone to the country for a time. On the other hand, several persons died whose names were not

registered, and for whom the British Consul made enquiries in vain.

Before many weeks the plague was as utterly forgotten as if it had occurred in the previous century, and the foundations for a new opera-house were laid on the site of a sawmill in Calle Corrientes used for making coffins during the epidemic.

CHAPTER IV.

RIO GRANDE.

BEFORE my visit to Rio Grande, in the close of 1871, I had seen something of the outside of Brazilian life, at Rio Janeyro and Bahia, which is all that most travellers ever see of this magnificent country. But fate had decreed that I was yet to explore thousands of miles of Brazilian forests, to undergo many sufferings by land journeys and in canoes, until at last I was to be the first Englishwoman to stand upon that dividing ridge, midway between the Pacific and Atlantic, from which some of the headwaters of the Amazon and La Plata draw their source.

As soon as the steamer crossed the bar of Rio Grande, which is not easy in all weathers, we saw a long range of sandhills. On the left was the city, in front the suburb of San José do Norte, and farther up the bay the Mariner's Island. The heat and glare from the sand were distressing, and the place seemed by no means an agreeable residence.

There was only one long street, Rua Pedro Segundo, which ran parallel with the beach and terminated at either end in a sandhill. This was the fashionable promenade of the city, and every evening at sunset the foreign inhabitants rode up and down for a couple of hours. The only suburb on the land side was the cemetery, surrounded by such hills of sand that the last journey of the citizens was an extremely difficult one. Some of the merchants had pretty quintas on Mariner's Island, the verdure of the gardens relieving the eye like the sight of an oasis to the weary traveller in the desert. As for the suburb of San José, which is reached by a ferry from the market-place, it is gradually disappearing from the scene, the sand rising up so fast on all sides that many of the houses are now closed.

The city of Rio Grande is only 28 inches above sea-level, and geologists say it was once covered by the Atlantic: oyster-shells have been found on Itapoa Hill, which is 200 miles inland. Whether it is owing to the invigorating nature of the climate, or to the fact of their being descendants of a colony from the Azores, or rather a cross race, half Spanish, half Portuguese, it is generally admitted that the Rio Grandenses are physically, and perhaps intellectually, superior to the rest of Brazilians. They are all "fazendeiros," having enormous herds of

cattle, which are killed for their hides or for salted beef for the West Indies. Trade is about equally divided between English and Germans. These European residents sometimes have regattas and athletic sports, and they also amuse themselves shooting black swans off Mariner's Island.

We met with the greatest kindness from Mr. Crawford, the principal English merchant, who invited us to his country-house at Arrayal, about half-way to Pelotas. A charming avenue, with overarching trees, reminding me of the forest lanes in Sussex, led us to the house, which was built in the usual Brazilian style, a wooden staircase leading up to a large hall, from which the other rooms opened off to the right and left. The garden covered about forty acres, and produced over 100,000 oranges yearly.

Taking horses here to ride to Pelotas, we started before sunrise, crossing a wild and cheerless country. After a couple of hours' riding, we heard peals of thunder, and saw a black cloud ahead. The sun was rising, and the guide pointed to a clump of wood on the edge of the horizon, telling us it was Povo Novo. On our reaching the place it seemed to have no inhabitants. We rode between ruined huts, from which not even a dog started out, until we reached the church in the Plaza. In front was

a small post-house, where we obtained some biscuits and sardines for breakfast. Upon my asking the owner of the house whether there were any more inhabitants, he replied that there was a shoemaker, but who was now drinking, having nothing to do. The place had been the scene of a dreadful tragedy a few years before. The village priest was murdered on the steps of the church, and the criminal, although well known, was never punished.

Just after our leaving Povo Novo the storm came on, and as we passed the house of a man named Carneiro, I suggested to take shelter there, but the guide said that, in so doing, we should expose ourselves to the chance of not reaching Pelotas for some days, as the "arroyos" or streams intervening would become swollen and impassable. From a high slope we could see the fringe of timber which marked the course of the Rio San Gonzalo, as the Pelotas river is called. Bleak, swampy country now followed, with ranchos few and far between, while the thunder rolled over our heads, and the rain, like a cloud of dust, came sweeping down from the hills behind Pelotas. It was dismal enough, and we arranged our ponchos to meet the impending storm. At intervals, in these swamps, we had to proceed in Indian file, closely following our guide, who told us of different persons lost here,

from mistaking the passes between the lagoons, the bottom of which is generally a thick, dark mud. At one place our guide stopped in doubt, but speedily adopted the plan of the gauchos in all such cases—of driving some animal, of those grazing near, across the stream. We had some difficulty in prevailing on a calf to show us the ford; and, indeed, it was so bad that I was not surprised at the reluctance of our four-footed “baqueano.”

The San Gonzalo woods were about three miles ahead of us, when the rain came down in torrents. The ground was so swampy and uneven that we had to proceed cautiously. The rain was quite tropical, our poor horses reeling and staggering under its fury, while the thunder broke in deafening peals, and the lightning was so brilliant and beautiful as to lose its terrors. It cleared up for a while as we reached the woods, through which there were bridle-paths in many directions, and the trees were so thick that hardly a drop of rain penetrated. For half-a-mile or more this sylvan scenery was uninterrupted, the paths so narrow that with difficulty could two horsemen pass. A large “potrero,” or pasture-ground, intervened between the wood and the river, and we could see vessels going down with cargo from Pelotas, the turrets of the church marking the position of that town some few miles

higher up. To our annoyance we found a strong wire fence completely cutting us off from the river's side, where the boats lay for ferrying passengers over. In one place the wires were partly broken, and, after much trouble, we got our horses through, regardless that the owner had men placed to fire at trespassers. A dozen black slaves were at work on a kind of causeway from the river-bank to a warehouse close by, and of them we enquired when we should be able to get a boat; but they were very insolent, and only laughed at us, while the rain poured down again in a perfect deluge. The ground all about was a morass. We hailed boats going up and down, but they heeded us not. Just then a canoe, from the opposite bank, shot across the river, some two hundred yards wide, bringing food for the slaves. After much bargaining the boatmen agreed to pull us up the river to Pelotas for ten milreis (£1). We had to lie in the bottom of the canoe to prevent its capsizing, and, on reaching the middle of the stream, felt the full force of the current, but the boatmen pulled gallantly through, and made for the opposite bank, saying they had something to get from their house. After our waiting about half-an-hour the boatmen arrived, but one refused to come, saying his comrade could manage the canoe without him. We then found it

was the intention to take us up to Pelotas by sail. It was no use urging the danger of such a voyage, for canoes are never very safe, but with a sail the risk is tenfold. The rain still poured down in torrents, and we trusted ourselves to the frail vessel with the feeling that even a dip could not make us wetter. The boatman endeavoured to take off our attention from unpleasant reflections about the bottom of the river by pointing out, on the bank, the scene of a great battle at Paso dos Negros, in the civil war of 1840. We begged that he would keep close to shore, as at times, at some bend, a sudden gust caused our sail to fill, which made the canoe heel over alarmingly.

Landing at a wooden pier a mile from the town, we were unable to get a carriage or even a guide, and had to wade through pools in the road, keeping in view the turrets of the church. At last we reached the Plaza, and found there the Hotel Europa, which had been recommended to us. The host—a stout Portuguese—undertook to provide us from a neighbouring shop with a complete change of clothing, everything we had with us being saturated. We then had a bath of cashass, a spirit made from the sugar-cane, nearly similar to the Paraguayan caña or Jamaica rum, which is a sovereign remedy against rheumatism, and so we

found it, as we experienced no bad effects from our drenching.

It would be difficult to find a city of less attraction for travellers than Pelotas. It is little more than half the size of Rio Grande, with the usual straggling, half-built streets. Here and there, in close proximity to a miserable hovel, is a magnificent building, covered with shining blue tiles, looking very much too large for the place. Pelotas is simply a huge slaughter-house, where half-a-million cattle are annually killed, the beef being exported to Cuba. The hills on the west side of the city form an amphitheatre, and there are some charming views. We drove for twelve miles by the side of the new aqueduct to the Cachoeira or waterfall, which is in a most secluded spot in the hills, close to the springs from which the water supply is taken. There was a picturesque, ruined mill on the stream which forms the cascade, and I felt tempted to explore it, but our guide told us that the snakes were most numerous and deadly. Returning to Pelotas through a wood, in which flows the arroyo Michaela, with rocks rising up on either side among the foliage, we rested for an hour. A small market-cart, driven by an old woman with a red cloak, passed us, and the coachman observed "The old lady is a country-woman of yours." Her name was Carpenter, and she

was one of the few survivors of an English colony which had been established many years before at a place called Monte Bonito. This colony might have done well, but for the prejudice of the settlers, who declared they could not eat *sawdust*, as they called the *farinha* or ordinary meal of the country.

We availed ourselves of the departure of Mr. Proudfoot's steamer *Guayiba* to make the voyage to Port Alegre, across the inland sea of Lagoa dos Patos, which is so shallow that the steamers have no keel, and roll dreadfully. My husband asked the engineer, who was a Scotchman, if the *Guayiba* always rolled so much, to which he replied "that he feared some of these nights she would 'turn turtle.'" The accommodation on board was excellent, although we had 200 passengers.

The coast was lined with thousands of black swans, wild geese, ducks, and bandurria. At day-break the panorama was beautiful as we got abreast of Cape Barba Negra, where the *Guayiba* estuary flowed into Lake Patos. Hills, covered with forest, closed in on each side, leaving only a narrow channel, through which our steamer ascended to the *Guayiba*. Farms and country-houses nestling in luxuriant foliage bordered this enchanting lake, which is formed of four rivers. In the distance we saw the city seated on a commanding hill.

Port Alegre may be called a German settlement: the first colonists came in 1825, and now there are 60,000 Germans in the province. They never think of returning to Europe, but become permanent settlers in their adopted home. Still they preserve the warmest recollections of the Fatherland, and in language, sentiment, and traditions are as true to their native country as if only travellers in a strange land. Our fellow-passengers were nearly all Germans, and as we arrived within cannon-shot some one sang the "*Wacht am Rhein*," and the broad waters of the lake echoed the chorus—

"Fest steht und treu
Die Wacht am Rhein."

We passed *Pedras Blancas*, an island of immense loose stones, piled one on another so fantastically that you might fancy a person could push some of them over, though weighing several tons each.

Landed at last, we saw German signboards over most of the shops, which are much finer than those of *Rio Grande*; in fact, the city is twice as large, and has some handsome public buildings. Trees are planted along the streets, which are also adorned with pretty fountains. We spent four days here, and were invited by the French Consul, Baron d'Ornano, a near relative of the Buonapartes, to visit him at a ruinous old castle where he lived,

a few miles from the city. The Baron had travelled over most of the interior of Brazil, and told us of several adventures in the backwoods inhabited by the Botocudos. On one occasion he slept in the branches of a tree, and on descending in the morning found two arrows sticking in his hammock, which had been slung lower down.

We passed a night in his castle, when he showed us the records of his family for 1200 years. He bought this place to spend here the remainder of his life. The house was in such a ruinous condition that the places for windows and the principal door were boarded up, and, as we sat at supper, the wind whistled dismally on all sides. Nevertheless, the good fare, kindness, and entertaining conversation of our host dispelled any gloomy impressions, and it was near midnight when we retired to our apartment. The scene was one calculated to bring up all the strange stories of ghosts and haunted castles that I had heard of in childhood.

All was quiet except the murmur of the forest and the whistling of the wind through the crevices, when I heard a measured footstep on the flat roof overhead. I awoke my husband and called his attention to it, but he took no notice, merely saying that it might be the Baron walking on the battlements. Next morning, our host admitted

that he had also heard the midnight sentinel, and added that it was a ghost. He told us that he had been able to purchase the property much below its real value on account of the house being haunted. Sometimes for several nights successively the footstep could be heard on the roof, and on his going up to the turret he could see nothing. He even placed a man to watch, and then the footstep ceased, but no sooner did the watchman come away than the sentry resumed his ghostly round. Sometimes a month passed without the visitant, but there was no fixed interval of absence or duration, nor could the Baron connect the ghost with a change of weather or any other circumstance. It appeared, according to the stories of the neighbours, that a planter named Silva Lobo, who lived here in the year 1838, during the war of the Farapos, was surprised by a party of bandits; after a gallant defence he retreated to the roof, and was there killed. The castle was only partly built, and remained in that condition till purchased by Baron d'Ornano.

From Porto Alegre we ascended the Rio dos Sinos about forty-five miles, to San Leopoldo. The river was so fringed with thick timber, that, except an occasional glimpse of the peak Sapocaya, there was no scenery to attract notice. Midway

we passed a delightful fazenda belonging to an Italian named Bento Cyrio, who had been a baker in Porto Alegre. A few miles higher we saw a cottage which our boatman said had belonged to a German gardener, but was closed up. The gardener's little boy was one day playing near the river, when an alligator carried him off. Such events, however, the boatman added, were very rare; in fact, it was the only case he had ever known.

San Leopoldo is a charming German village, with dense woods and jungles, over which even the church tower is visible only a few hundred yards. Ernest Koch's hotel reminded me of the little wayside inns of the Rheingau, and it was pleasant to hear the farmers talking German at so many hundred miles' depth in Brazilian backwoods. We met here an Englishman named M'Ginity, who had been a sailor under Captain Maury. He had settled in Rio Grande many years ago, and established a foundry, with which he made a large fortune.

My husband having accepted Mr. M'Ginity's invitation to visit a coalfield recently discovered by him at Arroyo dos Ratos, we set out on mules for the colony of Novo Hamburgo. There are forty-four of these colonies, and although we visited

many of them, it will be quite sufficient for me to describe one or two, as they are all more or less alike. Without a personal visit, it is difficult to realise the nature and importance of these settlements. Imagine a country nearly as large as Belgium or Holland, cut out of these Brazilian forests, where the inhabitants are exclusively German, and speak no other language; where chapels and schools meet you at every opening in the wood; where the mountain-sides have been in many cases cleared to make room for cornfields; where women travel alone through the forest in perfect security; where agricultural and manufacturing industry flourish undisturbed; where crime is unknown, and public instruction almost on a level with that of Germany; in a word, where individual happiness and the welfare of the commonwealth go hand in hand, surrounded by the rich tropical vegetation of Brazil, and favoured by the great advantages of a healthy climate, and the blessings of peace, order, and good government. The main street of some of these villages is lined with orange-trees. The houses are models of neatness. The better kind are of bricks, with a wooden half-story under the sloping roof. Many, however, are of mud and canes, or made in a species of framework, with the large cross beams conspicuous,

as in most of the hamlets of Germany. Beneath the cottage, however humble, is a basement, used for implements, which keeps the houses very dry. No bars or bolts are visible, and the windows are often without glass. The surrounding forests abound with splendid timber, chiefly hard wood, viz. ipé, black canella, cabri-uva, tajuba, and grapeapuno.

At Novo Hamburgo we stopped for dinner, and then descended a hilly country, known as Schwabe-Schneitz, where the colonists, men and women, were working in the fields. Owing to the heat of the climate, the farmers do no work in the mid-day from 11 o'clock till 2 P.M. Forest scenery, grand but monotonous, ensued till we came in sight of the lovely valley of Baumschneitz, our headquarters for the night.

The hotel of Baumschneitz was kept by an old German soldier named Carl Merkel, who was most communicative about his campaigns and adventures in bygone years. Next day we ascended Fritzberg, and having taken a farewell view of the Dos Irmaos peaks, plunged into the "tea-forest." What a feeling of silence and solemnity! The arching trees seemed like the vaulted roof of some old Gothic cathedral. The only birds were the Tanzen-vögel, or dancing birds, the blacksmith, carpenter, etc. The dancing

birds are blue, with red crests. Five of them perch in a line on the branch of a tree, the leader sings, and the others hop backwards and forwards like soldiers on drill. The blacksmith is a white bird with black crest; the noise he makes seems at a distance like a hammer striking on an anvil. Now and then we saw a monkey. The only break in the woods was at Rosen Thal, where a beautiful landscape revealed itself. We met near this point a cavalcade, consisting of the Countess of Eberstein, with her attendants. The Countess was at least seventy years of age, and was making a journey round the world. She rode a strong cob, seated in a kind of pillion. Soon again we were in the midst of the forest. What splendid ferns! What grand trees, all interlaced with creepers and parasites.

Crossing the Millersberg we saw the mountains around us cultivated to their summits, and ahead of us, perched like an eagle's eyrie, was Woolff's Nest, where we passed the night with Herr Woolff and his wife, who did all they could to make us comfortable. I am sorry to say that shortly after our visit these poor people, with their six little children, were, with 200 other persons, murdered by a set of fanatics called Mûckers, who took their name from the leader, who was a woman.

We were out before sunrise to see the first rays

fall on the Caté cascade, and soon made our way through a wood-clearing, where patches of beans and flax alternated with felled timber. The descent into the ravine was difficult, owing to the loose stones. The first view of the waterfall disappointed me, the quantity of water being insignificant: its height by degrees impresses you, for it is 375 feet over a sheer precipice, the woods on either side coming down to the brink, while the waterfall, like a silver ribbon, descends to the valley. There is no visible outlet for the water, which is caught in a pool that has never been sounded, and the colonists have a tradition of a man who fell in and was never seen to rise, his body having been probably carried away by some subterranean current. A thin vapour rose from the cascade, which assumed many colours as the sunbeams fell on it.

All day we travelled through woods, stopping twice at the cottages of German farmers, who gave us eggs and coffee. Night overtook us in the "Devil's Gorge," and we had some difficulty in crossing the river, after which we saw the glimmer of a candle. Following in the direction of the light, we reached Johann Metzel's farm, where we found excellent accommodation for the night.

After passing through Acht-und-Ferzig, we pushed on to the Sinos river, and hired a flat boat

which took us to the confluence of that river with the Jacuhy. Here we had the good fortune to meet a castor-oil merchant with a large canoe, bound for San Geronimo; the wind being favourable, we made a fine run of five hours to our destination, and on landing came upon a crowd of Germans and negroes engaged in cock-fighting. The principal merchant of the place, a Frenchman named Daixon, invited us to lunch: he told us he was originally a hatter, but was sent up here by a Rio Grande merchant to buy yerba-maté, or Jesuit's tea, in which business he now employed fifty persons.

From M. Daixon's house we ascended a steep hill, on mules lent us by Major Marcos, the Comandante, to the cottage of Thomas Jones, a Welsh settler. Here we had a lovely view. In front, where the Taquary and Jacuhy met, the broad breast of waters reflected the turrets and buildings of the old city of Triunfo, on the opposite bank. At our feet was San Geronimo, surrounded by palm-trees, and far away to the right a line of woods, near which Mr. M'Ginity pointed out the Arroyo dos Ratos coalfields. We dined under the shade of the Welsh colonist's orange-trees, and enjoyed the breeze from the river. It was strange to find that Mr. Jones did not know a word of English, which

obliged us to speak with him in Portuguese, to the great amusement of Major Marcos, who thought it very absurd that English people could not talk in their own language.

Next morning we rode to the coalfield, but I remained at the cottage of Mrs. Davis, near the Arroyo, while my husband and Mr. M'Ginity went down to the works. Mrs. Davis spoke Portuguese, but said she could understand a little English : her eldest son had been killed a few weeks before while blasting some rocks. The samples of coal at Arroyo dos Ratos looked very like slate, but I suppose they were of a good quality, since they had taken a prize at the Paris Exhibition.

From San Geronimo we proceeded westward through a wooded country, very thinly inhabited, stopping at various cattle-farms on our way till reaching the once important but now stagnant town of Yaguaron, where the people strongly reminded me of Irving's story of Rip van Winkle.

CHAPTER V.

REPUBLIC OF URUGUAY.

CROSSING the river Yaguaron, which is the frontier between Brazil and the Republic of Uruguay, we found ourselves in the village of Artigas. The Comandante sat in an easy chair, under a verandah, smoking, and having glanced at our passports allowed our luggage to pass unopened. As there was no hotel we were about to claim the hospitality of the priest, when a mule-driver informed us that there was an Englishman living only two miles off. Mounting our mules, we followed the Indian to the farm of Don Tomas Fernandez, as the Englishman was called. The road was simply a beaten track, without fence on either side until we reached the "chacra," clumps of wood intervening here and there. At the barking of the dogs the owner came out, and was astonished to be greeted in English, answering us as well as he could in the same language, which he had partly forgotten. His real name was Flanagan, and his family consisted of his

wife and two daughters, the former being sister to the Comandante of Artigas. Nothing could exceed the neatness of the house, or the picturesque beauty of the situation. After supper, as we sat under the verandah, looking down on the fringe of palms and forest timber that marked the course of the Yaguaron, our host told us the story of his life. He was a native of Mallow, in Ireland, by trade a carpenter, and ran away to sea. It happened that he fell overboard off the Canary Islands, without being missed from his ship, and contrived to keep himself afloat till picked up by another vessel, which landed him at Rio Grande. He soon found employment at his trade, and had saved some money, when he met one evening, on the beach, a ship captain, who asked him if he could get him some cattle at £10 per head for the inhabitants of Montevideo. The siege of that city by General Oribe was then going on, and in a few months Mr. Flanagan was shipping hundreds of cattle for that port. He had no desire ever again to see Ireland, from which country he had been absent thirty years.

By our host's advice we gave up the idea of proceeding on mules to Cerro Largo, as the "matreiros" had been causing some trouble of late. It was only a few weeks previously that they dug a hole in the ford of the Duraznillo, so that on the horses

entering the water the mail-coach capsized. We had to wait several days for the "*diligencia*," which was a small, high-built, rickety vehicle, drawn by ten horses. Along the road was a number of wooden crosses, where persons had met with a violent death in one form or other.



Our fellow-passengers were much in dread of the "*matreros*," some of whom were, nevertheless, known to be connected with good families, and had been driven to the woods by what they called "the force of circumstances." One of them, whom we met at the Corral de Piedra, where our coach stopped for the night, told my husband he had had a "*disgracia*" or misfortune, having shot his brother-in-law at a christening. He added that he would remain in the woods until the next revolution should bring a change of government.

Before sunrise we were again on the road. The morning air was sharp as we ascended the ridge of the Cuchilla Grande, a bleak, sterile country, devoid of cattle or any signs of human habitation.

Clumps of timber, which the natives call "islands," alone interrupted the savage monotony of the scene, marking the route of the various "arroyos" or tributaries that swell the flood of the Olimar.

The "mayoral" or guard informed us that the only post-house was at the river-pass, where we might expect to get breakfast about noon. One of the passengers observed that the said post-house bore a bad name, which the others confirmed. As we approached we could see a number of gauchos in brilliant "ponchos," on horseback, which indicated that races were being held.

The post-house was a massive stone structure with a large gateway. There was but one window, and that was strongly barred, allowing room enough to pass a bottle to the customers outside. Although the place had such an ancient look, the date over the gateway was 1835, showing that it had been built only a few years before the campaign of General Oribe, which reduced the Banda Oriental to a howling wilderness. The gate was thrown open to admit our "diligencia," and the interior presented a spectacle of desolation. Two sides of the quadrangle were in ruins, the roof having fallen in, and the courtyard was choked with weeds, in the midst of which was a stone "brocal" with pulley and bucket for drawing water from a deep well.

Some of our party went out to see the racing while breakfast was getting ready. The racecourse was an open stretch of about a mile, overlooking the river Olimar, and at each end was a group of some fifty gauchos, many of whom rode horses with silver trappings. We saw two races. The riders made several false starts, and were each time called back by the umpire, until at last they were allowed to pass a certain point, after which they beat their horses dreadfully with the "rebenque," the one that first reached the goal being received with cries of "Viva!" The gauchos often bet not only their silver buttons and trappings, but finally their horse, and if left afoot, present a pitiable object, until able to borrow or steal another horse.

Breakfast was cooked and served up in the courtyard, each of the travellers taking a rib of beef in his fingers, and cutting off the meat with his "facon." The hostess gave me a plate, and apologised for having no bread or salt. The biscuits were broken with a hammer, and in lieu of salt were some cups of brine. The feast concluded with raisins and coffee.

We crossed the Olimar in canoes, while the "diligencia" and baggage were drawn over on a "balsa" or raft. The "peons" had such trouble in getting the horses to the water, that the passengers

had to help them in a general pursuit through the wood along the river bank. Some of the horses swam over by themselves, others were taken in tow of the canoes. The river was about 150 yards wide, and extremely rapid.

The "mayoral" was in such a hurry to reach Cerro Largo before nightfall that he would not stay a few minutes to bury the remains of a murdered man found in the wood. The body was quite fresh, but the poncho and boots were gone, and the victim was probably some one who had been winner of a few silver buttons at the races of the previous day.

Ostriches were very numerous as we pushed on towards the Sarandi. The "mayoral" pointed to an earthwork near the road, which he called a "terremoto," explaining that it was one of the many burial-places of the Charrua Indians before the Spanish conquest. This tribe is now nearly extinct, but one of the postillions was said to be a pure descendant of theirs.

At the Sarandi we found a fine stone bridge of three arches, where a toll was collected. It was built in 1853, by Monsieur Gardou, a French Basque, who had made a fortune with a troop of bullock-waggons during the "long war." Instead of returning to France, he sank his capital in this bridge, and was murdered by a gaucho who refused to pay

the toll. A few scattered farm-houses, and even some cattle, were seen at intervals about sunset, and in the distance the church towers and white buildings of Cerro Largo. On approaching the town, our postillions, with whips and cries, urged on the horses at full speed, and as we dashed into the Plaza and drew up at the Hotel de Paris the excitement was almost equal to that of a revolution. Everybody asked for newspapers, the "diligencia" only arriving twice a month, and it seemed there was some apprehension of an invasion from Rio Grande by General Palomeque, an ex-President, who was a refugee in that province.

We remained two days at this charming little town, which was suffering from a recent crisis in which all the four banks had failed. Although everybody called it Cerro Largo, the official name was Villa de Melo; but this often happens in South America. For example, Pernambuco is Recife, Bahia is San Salvador, Rio Grande is San Pedro, Frayle Muerto is San Geronimo, and Cerro Largo is Villa de Melo. The double name is at first confusing to the traveller, and is supposed to arise from the richness of the Spanish or the Portuguese language. It answers sometimes as a source of municipal revenue, a fine of one dollar being imposed on all strangers who

may inadvertently use the old name instead of the new one authorised by law.

We crossed a very picturesque country after leaving Cerro Largo, and passed the first night at the foot of Cerro Campana, so called because, when struck with a piece of metal, it emits the sound of a bell, the echo being heard for several miles. The post-house was a wretched hovel, and was kept by a woman in a faded black dress, who apologised for the miserable appearance of all around, by saying she was a poor widow. There was no furniture in the place except an old bedstead, some logs used for seats, and the few rude implements of camp life. Such quantities of broken bottles and sardine tins lay strewn about the house that it seemed to have been the scene of festivity, offering a strange contrast to the woe-begone aspect of the postmistress. Only a few months previously the place had been sacked by a body of Blancos Colorados, who murdered the postmaster. "Yonder," said the poor woman, "my husband was coming up from the creek with a barrel of water, when the soldiers rushed out of the wood, and cruelly killed him. They not only consumed or broke all the goods in the 'almacen,' but carried off everything, even to my bed covering." She added that, with the aid of her child, a little boy of ten years,

she carried her husband's corpse to the edge of the wood, and there dug a grave under a "ceibo," on which she cut the form of a cross.

Next day we forded the Illescas, and about noon changed horses at Cerro Colorado, one of the vast estates belonging to the Jackson family. It is said that Mr. Jackson and his sisters own half-a-million sheep, while the number and extent of their landed properties are something fabulous. The manager at Cerro Colorado was an old friend of my husband's, and kindly prevailed on us to rest for a week at the estancia.

During this time a circumstance occurred that reminded me of the ghost at Baron D'Ornano's castle, and made me think it had followed us in our route. One night I heard a heavy tread on the azotea roof. It was not the foot of a man, but more like that of an elephant. On rousing up my husband, he said it seemed as if there was a horse on the roof. And such, indeed, proved to be the case, for Mr. L. told us it was his favourite horse, which he had kept up there for the last four months, the poor animal being shut up all day in the watch-tower, and allowed at night to take exercise on the roof. He had been forced to adopt this plan in order to save the horse from the Government and revolutionary forces which ravaged the country by turns.

The "diligencia" in which we took passage from Cerro Colorado to Montevideo had but one passenger besides ourselves; a woman of middle age and coarse features, who had evidently seen a good deal of rough life in the "camp." As the "diligencia" approached the Mansavillagra stream, she called out to the mayoral that she desired to stop for a moment at the blacksmith's on the opposite bank. The smith was also a carpenter, and had a large workshop; he was a good-looking Basco, and came out to salute our fellow-passenger, who asked him "if he had the box ready." The box was produced, about eighteen inches square, and when the Basco was about to put it on the roof, the woman observed that it would be safer inside, there being plenty of room, unless the other passengers objected. My husband, however, said that it depended on what was in the box. "Only remains," she replied; "the remains of my poor deceased —," meaning her husband. This is, in fact, a very common practice with the country people: whenever a person dies, they expose the corpse for twelve months on a high rock or in trees, until the bones are left bare; then they put them into a square box, and convey them to the nearest cemetery. In the case of rich people, a handsome urn of polished cedar or

mahogany is used instead of the ordinary square box.

We passed the night at San Benito, a hamlet not far from the Santa Lucia river. The post-house was kept by a native of the Canary Islands, whose wife and daughters were considerably alarmed, owing to a strange visitor who had come the previous day. This was a young "estanciero" of good family who had lost his reason on the occasion of the Blancos taking San Benito, some six months before. He asked us if we had not met a traveller without his head.

From San Benito we had a short day's journey to the village of Santa Lucia, where we found a very good inn, kept by a Bearnese family. The pictures in the dining-room had some amusing titles, in English and French, such as "Chasse aux Sangliers—Fox-hunting to the Wild Boar." We met at the *table d'hôte* two Englishmen who were making surveys for a railway to connect Montevideo and Santa Lucia. They considered the country very unsafe, and told us the following story :—

"On the first day of our survey in the wood that skirts the Santa Lucia river we came upon a corpse, and at once rode over to San José to inform the Juez de Paz. The judge made light of the affair,

and seemed to think it was a joke on our part to come to him with such information. We reminded his Worship that when we presented him our letter of introduction from General Flores he promised to assist us in every way. He then asked us rather sharply if the deceased had been in our employment, or why we meddled in the matter. It was impossible for us to convince him of the propriety of sending some one to bury the remains, until we offered to pay a policeman for the purpose. The policeman shared the judge's feelings—that our conduct was that of eccentric Englishmen, but gladly accompanied us for the promised reward of a silver dollar.

“The distance from San José was only two leagues; but when we got back to the wood we could not find the exact spot from which we had started. In looking, however, for the body which we had brought the policeman to bury, we came upon the corpses of two other murdered persons, one of which showed several knife-wounds; the other had a bullet through the head.”

Santa Lucia is considered the healthiest place in the Banda Oriental, and is crowded during the summer months, as the river water is impregnated with sarsaparilla, and therefore much recommended by physicians. A retired tailor of Montevideo, who

is now a colonel in the army, has a fine country house near the river. In our journey to the capital we found ourselves detained at Canelones, owing to a heavy fall of rain during the night, which had swollen the river and marshes so as to render them impassable for several hours. We saw the old town-hall in the "Plaza," which had been occupied by the British troops in 1806. We also visited the mill of a Frenchman, the principal trader in the place, who told us there was a colony of Canary Islanders at a short distance, producing sufficient wheat to feed the citizens of Montevideo. Next day we passed through the village of Las Piedras, close to which the "mayoral" pointed out the model farm of a Frenchman named Giot, who had spent twenty years in acclimatising guanacoës, alpacas, Angora goats, and other strange animals.

The view that burst upon us at Cerrito as the "diligencia" reached the summit was very fine. At our feet lay the city of Montevideo, spread out as on a map, the ocean forming the background. A thousand vessels were at anchor in the bay, and the smoke of a steamer entering port reminded me that we were now, after 1200 miles of inland travel, again in contact with the exterior world. To the right rose the Cerro, crowned with a fortress, several hundred feet over the bay, and numberless gardens

and country-houses between us and the city added a charm to the picture, while the white surf breaking along the coast, as it stretched away till lost in the horizon, completed a *coup d'œil* of remarkable beauty and animation.

The next day was Sunday, and as we left the Matriz church a revolution broke out in the "Plaza;" one volley was fired from the Senate-house, but the random firing came from all directions. Among the persons killed was an English sailor sleeping on a bench under the trees; this was of course a mere accident, the other victims being for the most part officers or ex-Cabinet Ministers, who were taking an active part in the fray. Fourteen were killed in all, and over fifty wounded. Among the former was Dr. Ramos, who had been staying in the Hotel Oriental—the same where we lodged. He was said to be one of the most rising young men in the city, and so much beloved that the hotel was crowded all night with his friends. The body was laid out in a large room adjoining ours, and as the noise was so great that we could not sleep, the landlord kindly gave us a bedroom in another part of the house. As this was the first revolution that I witnessed, it impressed me more than any that I have seen since. I shall never forget seeing the corpse brought into

the hotel on a shutter, and recognising the handsome young lawyer who had breakfasted close to us that morning in the "comedor."

The result of the revolution was not decisive; one party having taken Fort San José, while the other held the Government House and the Cabildo. It was therefore agreed to make a fusion of the two lists, blue and yellow, for which the voting had begun on Sunday till stopped by the firing. Business was resumed on Monday as if nothing had happened, and in the afternoon, although the fourteen persons killed were of opposite factions, the same funeral cortege accompanied all indiscriminately to the Campo Santo at the suburb of Cordon.

The Governor and Ministers acted as chief mourners; the troops marched with their muskets reversed, and not a discordant cry broke in upon the sad and solemn scene.

The city papers on Tuesday morning appeared with black borders, and contained the speeches delivered at the grave "o'er friends and foes in one red burial blent." Some of these were very touching, the orator in each case calling the deceased by his Christian name, and wishing him a long farewell, like the thrice-repeated *Vale* of the Romans.

We had a very pleasant stay at Montevideo,

where picnics, boating excursions, and tertulias succeeded one another. One day Mr. Buschenthal took us to his quinta near Paso Molino, where he had several hundred acres of pleasure-ground laid out with great taste, the woods planted by himself, in such manner that beautiful views opened here and there upon the city and the bay.

Another day we went on a picnic to the Cerro, ascended to the summit, and obtained a splendid view of sea and land from the moss-grown battlements, where a rusty old cannon still remained—a relic of the Spanish rule—with the inscription “ultima ratio regum.” We could not go through the fort, the interior being now used as a prison. Some of the prisoners appeared at the bars, and one offered us a toy ship for sale. It was very nicely finished, being made of the beef bones of the prisoner’s rations. The officer in charge told us that he had 142 convicts to guard, and that they passed their time playing cards. He showed us some very noted bandits: one, in particular, had committed fifteen murders, having killed some of his victims merely for the silver buttons on their belt. He also pointed out a half-caste with a sinister countenance, adding, “That is Guemes, who beheaded the Neapolitan.” It appears a Sicilian organ-grinder was playing his organ one Sunday

evening for a group of people at the Arroyo Seco, when Guemes came up, cut off the Sicilian's head, put it on the organ, and went on playing in presence of the bystanders, who were too terrified to move. He ultimately fled to Rio Grande, and, on the demand of extradition, was given up by the Brazilian authorities. The tales we heard were sufficient proof of the necessity for capital punishment, seeing the utter disregard of human life, and yet these assassins were simply locked up, to play cards until they got a chance of murdering the guards. About six months after our visit a mutiny occurred and all the prisoners got loose, but the Government ordered a general "battuc," which resulted in the following official report six days after the occurrence :—

"The Most Excellent Government of Uruguay takes this mode of thanking the officers and men who took part in the chastisement of the 'sublevados' of the Cerro. Of the total number who fled from the prison no fewer than sixty-two have been recaptured (including forty-eight wounded) and thirty-five killed in the pursuit. The remaining forty-five, still at large, will probably fall into the hands of the Executive before long."

The mutiny had one good effect, in inflicting capital punishment on thirty-five assassins, but it set

free forty-five others, among whom was the notorious Guemes above mentioned. It is needless to say they were not overtaken, having safely gained the woods of the Santa Lucia river.

CHAPTER VI.

ENTRE RIOS.

WE had not been long in Buenos Ayres when we received an invitation to spend a few days with General Urquiza, ex-President of the Argentine Confederation, at his estancia of San José, in Entre Rios. Taking steamer for the river Uruguay, the first place at which we touched was Colonia, where many of the streets were in ruins, the city never having been rebuilt since it was bombarded by Captain MacNamara in 1764. The marks of the shot were as plain as if it had been quite a recent affair. If the enterprise had succeeded, the Banda Oriental would have become as flourishing a British colony as Canada or Australia, but Captain MacNamara's ship, the *Lord Clive*, blew up at the very moment that the Spaniards hoisted a signal of surrender. His sword was found 110 years afterwards by a fisherman, who presented it to H.M. Consul, Major Munro.

The same evening we passed Fray Bentos, where

some vessels were anchored off Liebig's extract-of-beef factory, and New Palmyra, a fishing village at a bend of the Uruguay. Next morning we reached Paysandù, a bustling town of 10,000 inhabitants, with tramways, banks, and several fine buildings. The Governor, Colonel Mundell, was an old Scotchman, who lived in great state at the Comandancia, in front of which he had mounted some Krupp cannons. He had completely forgotten English, having lived here nearly forty years and played an important part in politics. He was at present busily occupied with public improvements, having a number of Scotch carpenters and blacksmiths at work in various parts of the city. He was very popular amongst the townspeople, and dreaded by the evil-doers, having rid the Department of all the worst criminals, for whenever an assassin was taken red-handed he made the police responsible for his safe keeping. It happened, therefore, that the police always reported that the criminal had tried to escape, and that they shot him in the attempt. The Supreme Tribunal at Montevideo complained of such summary mode of justice, but the Government considered it the most effective.

The Colonel very kindly showed us everything of interest about the town, especially Padre Solano's ruins. These were situated a mile southwards, on

a slope overlooking the Uruguay. We proceeded very cautiously through a dense growth of wild hemlock, so high as to cover horse and rider, sometimes stumbling over huge wheels and pieces of machinery broken and covered with rust. Padre Solano, who was at the time Cura of Paysandù, began here to construct a subterranean saladero, for which he brought out this machinery from England, but died in a lunatic asylum at Montevideo before the works were half finished. The story of his life is another instance of how thin is the partition between genius and madness. He was born in Spain, and began his career as Cura of Paysandù in 1825, making himself so much esteemed that the Government suspected him of having more influence than the Intendente of the Department, and banished him to Cuba. His influence partly arose from his having taught the natives the proper way of burning lime, and, until the present, Paysandù lime is considered the best in the Banda Oriental. Even then the parishioners regarded him as insane, because he rode to church every Sunday on a white bullock, and roofed his house with slate, instead of tiles. After some years he returned from Cuba, and was welcomed by his flock, bringing with him many novelties that soon startled the simple-minded natives. On one occasion he hatched 1500 chickens

by steam. Besides silkworms, he introduced a superior breed of snails suitable for eating : the silkworms thrived as long as he lived to mind them, but are now extinct ; the snails, however, multiplied so prodigiously that no human energy has sufficed to extirpate them, or even reduce their numbers. He had thirty men at work excavating and putting up machinery, when General Oribe invaded the Banda Oriental by order of General Rosas, in 1843. As Oribe's friends had before banished him to Cuba, he hastily fled towards Montevideo, spreading the utmost panic on his route, for it happened that his waggon had a zinc roof, which made such a noise in motion, that the people took to the woods everywhere, believing Oribe's army was upon them. It is pretty clear that he was mad in the scheme of the subterranean *saladero*, although some of the natives think his motive for it was that he had discovered Liebig's secret, before Liebig was born, and wished to keep his mode of working to himself. We followed two of the galleries for some length ; they reminded me of the Roman Catacombs, places for lamps occurring at intervals.

Leaving Paysandù in a whaleboat, we had a delightful sail across the Uruguay, and landed in Entre Rios, close to the Swiss colony of San José. The cultivated farms, neat cottages, orchards, and

thriving look of the people, gave me a favourable impression of Entre Rios. The colony was founded in 1856 by General Urquiza, who selected 300 families in Switzerland and Lombardy, gave them free passage from Europe, and supplied them with food, seeds, cattle and implements, besides a free land grant of 120 acres each. The only obligation on them in way of repayment was to give him one-third of their crops for the first five years. Nothing could be more successful than the result. We found the colony had built two churches, one Catholic, the other Protestant, and the schools were attended by 300 children: the colonists were evidently wealthy, for they had just sold their wheat for £32,000 sterling, and supplied Paysandù daily with eggs, butter, and vegetables. None of the agricultural colonies that I have since seen can compare with San José.

Concepcion, the capital of Entre Rios, seemed a very uninteresting place, the church being the only building of any note. We set out in "vetturino" next morning for San José, the palace of General Urquiza; the country was not so undulating as in Banda Oriental, but we passed a number of small streams. Very few signs of population were to be seen, but plenty of cattle, all this part of Entre Rios forming a part of General Urquiza's farm. It is

difficult to imagine a farm of such extent, surpassing even the dominions of the Esterhazys. You could ride for a week in a straight line without reaching the boundary, the stock comprising more than half-a-million cows and sheep. We saw troops of ostriches, apparently almost tame, for General Urquiza would sentence a man to a year's military service if he killed one.

The first view of San José gave a fair idea of the barbaric splendour of the place. An encampment of cavalry about half-a-mile to the right consisted of a long row of huts, with horses picketed in front, and dismounted troopers pacing up and down as sentries. Before us a building like an Italian villa, with turrets at either end, the gardens spreading out in all directions and terminating westward in a wood. On our reaching the grand entrance an orderly demanded our cards, and in a few minutes an officer appeared, who led the way for us across a spacious courtyard to the reception room. We had not been waiting long when Mme. Urquiza entered the room, and welcomed us, enquiring of my husband about his travels in Africa and Europe since his last visit to San José. Having offered us a "panal," or species of sherbet, saying that breakfast would be ready at noon, she proposed for us to go and meet the General in the garden. We came

upon an elderly man, with wide straw hat, pruning some plants ; it was Urquiza. Like Cincinnatus, he had retired from the cares of State to give himself up to gardening. He was very glad to see us, and turned back with us towards the house, for the day was beginning to get hot. He had a great collection of canaries, cardinals, and a species of thrush, besides many kinds of birds unknown to me, and also a pond well stocked with fish. But he took most pride in his plants and trees, for the cultivation of which he spared no pains, having constructed a complete system of water-supply at enormous expense. He showed me cherry-trees that had cost him £120 each, and for which he had got a special gardener from Bordeaux. He had an endless variety of ornamental shrubs, but seemed to cultivate them more for number than harmony of effect, and giving away, as I heard, some 10,000 plants and shrubs every year. In this way he made numerous friends, for the value of such gifts to dwellers in the treeless Pampas cannot be exaggerated. He had many kinds of orange-trees, and maintained that oranges were the elixir of life. During three days that we spent at San José I was struck with the enormous expenditure lavished on the place. The General had already spent £200,000, but of this nearly one-half was for the "tajamar" or arti-

ficial lake, in which hundreds of men had been employed for some years. It was made from the overflow of the Gualeguay river, and covered many acres, the embankment on all sides being planted with Australian gum-trees. An immense grove of peach, pear, and other fruit-trees extended for two miles from the lake to the banks of the Gualeguay, and in this plantation Mme. Urquiza reared bees in such numbers that she made wax candles for all the churches in Entre Rios. The chapel attached to the palace was in Italian style, the interior of Genoese marble, and supplied with the richest vestments and altar service. At the time of our visit, the General was making arrangements to establish a second Swiss colony, midway between San José and Concepcion, but he was barbarously murdered shortly afterwards, on which occasion his daughter, Lolah, fought so bravely as to kill one of the assassins.

On returning to Concepcion to take the steamer for Salto we found a new guest at the hotel, a shabbily-dressed man, who said to my husband, "You knew me in other times, when I was President of the Republic of Uruguay." It was his former Excellency Don Atanasio Aguirre, now in banishment, who wore a look such as Marius may have had when he fled from Rome, and told us he

had come to accept the humble post of tutor at General Urquiza's college.

In ascending the Uruguay to Salto we passed the Mesa de Artigas, a plateau or hill which derives its name from the cruelties here committed by General Artigas. All Spanish prisoners, during the War of Independence, were put to death by him at this spot. Some were sewn up alive in fresh cow-hides, and then exposed under a hot sun, when the shrinking of the hide caused a lingering and painful death. Others were staked out on the ground, like hides put to dry; but the most fortunate were those who were tied up with thongs and rolled down into the river.

Salto is one of the prettiest towns in Spanish America, standing on seven hills that slope down to the Uruguay. We found a very comfortable hotel, and met with much civility from Mr. Richard Williams, the oldest British resident, who presented me with a variety of magnificent crystallisations and amethysts, that abound here. The Governor, Major M'Eachen, spoke English well, having been educated at Stonyhurst. He was a native, owned a fine estancia near the town, and was very popular, devoting much care to the construction of a pier for landing passengers. The beach was covered with machinery, rusty and broken, which had been

brought out from England for a gold-mining company at Cunapirù, 150 miles inland, but war breaking out the company collapsed. At the hotel we met his Excellency Duncan Stewart, Minister of Finance, who had come up from Montevideo about the new pier. The number of Scotchmen, or men of Scotch descent, holding high positions in these countries is surprising to a stranger.

CHAPTER VII.

SIERRAS OF CORDOBA.

MR. WHEELWRIGHT having invited us to attend the inauguration of his railway at Cordoba, we took steamer at San Fernando for Rosario, a voyage usually of fifteen hours, but had to cast anchor in one of the channels near San Nicolas, owing to the dense volumes of smoke in the surrounding islands. Some of the islanders were clearing jungle, and the conflagration at night was appalling. The flames rose in sheets of fire, as if they would destroy everything in their course, while the crackling of the timber sounded like a discharge of musketry, and the atmosphere was so stifling that no one on board could sleep. Next day, instead of flames we saw black masses of smoke, and towards noon a stiff pampero set in, which blew the fire over towards Entre Rios, and enabled us to proceed on our way. When we reached Rosario we found the train had left, with Mr. Wheelwright and party, for Cordoba; but another was to leave

next morning, by which we could arrive in time for the fête.

Winter had already set in, a light frost covering the ground at sunrise as we set out for Cordoba. There was a stove at one end of the carriage, with every appliance for making coffee, and at the other a small sleeping cabin. The train had only ten passengers, including the American Minister, who had come up with us from Buenos Ayres, and some Rosario merchants en route for Rio Cuarto and Mendoza. The Swiss colonies at Roldan once passed, we saw no more houses till we reached the village of Frayle Muerto, at 10 A.M. The restaurant was kept by a Frenchman, who gave us an excellent breakfast, wine included, for a Bolivian dollar, or three shillings each. At noon the train stopped for water at a miserable wayside station, surrounded by a trench, which was bridged over by a plank. The station-master, who was an Irishman, said the Indians had been seen a few days before, but did not come within gunshot. He felt confident they would never venture to cross the trench, which was too wide for their horses to leap, but his wife lived in great alarm and hoped Mr. Wheelwright would soon remove them. When the line was in construction the navvies on this section always kept an engine by them, for fear

of surprise, and once they were chased for some miles by the Indians, who tried to lasso the engine!

We stopped for dinner at Villa Maria, in the midst of a forest, the "restaurant" being under the same owner, and the "cuisine" as faultless as at Frayle Muerto. In front of the station was a cleared space, with numerous pools of water, and on the edge of the forest I observed a hut with a signboard inscribed "Hotel de Paris." A smaller rancho at a hundred yards' distance seemed a store-house for lumber. On my enquiring of the station-master how far it was to the town of Villa Maria, he said, "There, you see it before you." As I could see nothing but the two wooden huts, I thought he was jesting, and observed that I meant the town which Congress had recently selected as the capital for the Argentine Republic. He assured me this was Villa Maria, and that he supposed the members of Congress had never seen the place, or they could not think of removing the capital from Buenos Ayres to this dismal swamp. He added that no water fit to drink could be procured nearer than the Rio Tercero, and that the previous station-master and all his family had died from blood-poisoning, caused by the brackish nature of the wells and pools. Villa Maria was ultimately found

a delusion, but not until two sessions of Congress had been wasted on the chimera.

I was anxiously looking out for the first glimpse of the Sierras of Cordoba, often visible for 100 miles, but night closed in before we crossed the Rio Segundo, and here we came to a sudden stop. A courier had arrived from Mr. Wheelwright, in Cordoba, to prevent any trains coming farther, as it was discovered that some miscreants had sawn the beams that supported one of the smaller bridges midway between the two stations. The line had been open for some months from Rosario to Rio Segundo, and we found at the latter place over a thousand bullock-carts, which gave the appearance of an encampment along the river bank, the only house being the railway station. Some of the bullock-carts were from Tucuman, others from the Andine provinces of Mendoza and San Juan, others from the remote settlements of Salta and Jujuy on the frontiers of Bolivia. Groups of gauchos were cooking their suppers—pieces of beef—on the iron stake or “asador” surrounded by blazing fagots. These carts travel in batches of ten or twenty, with two men to each, and are thus strong enough to defend themselves against small bands of Indians. They make two or three journeys in the year, bringing down hides, wine, or dried peaches, for

the Rosario market, and returning with cotton-goods, hardware, and other European merchandise. The gauchos, or waggoners, lead a life of great hardship, being always on the road, except two months in the year, when discharging and taking in cargo at their destination. It sometimes happens that they are surprised by Indians, who carry off the oxen and booty, leaving the carts on the road with the corpses of the waggoners. But although their life is so hard they are poorly paid, usually about £22 a year: they seldom live to fifty years of age, many of them dying in quarrels. Whether owing to their mixed blood or wandering habits, they have a vein of romance and poetry, and beguile the weary hours of their frequent halts with songs of love, war, and adventure. Ten miles a day is their ordinary rate of travelling, but sometimes they may be detained a week on the bank of a flooded river, or in digging out their waggons from a "pantano." Gambling is more common with them than drinking, their chief game being one of skill in throwing a knuckle-bone, called the "taba." They are courteous and hospitable, but the traveller must bear in mind that many of them are outlaws for murder or for desertion from military service, and hence some caution in dealing with them is always necessary.

We had no difficulty in obtaining from them some roast beef for supper, after which we took a stroll through the encampment. Some of the waggons had wreaths of air-plants suspended from a pole out of the roof, others had a picture of St. Anthony, patron of travellers. The waggoners were already spreading their couches for the night—a few cloths or sheepskins, under the shadow of the carts, except some groups here and there seated around a kettle of “yerba-maté,” or listening to the troubadours of the Pampas. A heavy dew was falling, and the sleepers covered their heads and faces so completely that at times we stumbled over them, mistaking them for dogs. It is wonderful that they do not burn themselves, as they lie grouped around the fires. The night was so cold that we needed all our cloaks and rugs in the railway carriage, waiting for daybreak. I thought it was the longest night that I had ever known; but at last the cold gray twilight announced the approach of day, and long before sunrise we were galloping along in an old “diligencia” drawn by ten wretched horses, in the direction of the Sierras. The view when day broke was very beautiful, the sun gilding the points and outline of the snow-peaks of Ischilin, Tanticuche, and the second range of Sierras on the borders of the salt-desert of San

Luis. Dogs attacked us at two farm-houses where we vainly endeavoured to procure some beef for breakfast, the natives being full of the greatest bitterness towards the railway and foreigners, because these post-houses would be no longer required. At the next place we met with a like reception, but seeing half a side of beef hanging from a tree, my husband drew a revolver and threatened to shoot the dogs, as he meant to cut off some of the beef if the people would not give us breakfast. Ultimately the woman of the hut prevailed on the gauchos who sat at the door to make a treaty of peace with us, we paying ten gold dollars, or £2 sterling, for as much beef as we required, including our peons and postillions. After half-an-hour breakfast was served on a bench under a shady tree: the beef was so tough that we could not eat it, but the postmistress gave us a large dish of boiled eggs and some excellent coffee, so that we left the place in good humour, to resume our journey, having paid twelve times the fair value of the food supplied to us. Our road lay mostly through forest-clearing, the stumps of trees at times almost upsetting our coach, and the horses tearing along in the most reckless manner. The speed with which a "diligencia" is driven in South America would terrify an English coachman. When an accident does

occur, which is seldom, most of the passengers are killed, the horses dragging the wreck for miles over the plains before being stopped.

On reaching the hill-top from which the first glimpse of Cordoba was obtained, we stood, to enjoy the view. The city covered the valley on either side of Rio Primero, its white walls and flat roofs giving it a Moorish appearance, but for the numerous domes and belfries of its churches and convents. For three centuries Cordoba was isolated from the world, having been originally founded by some Spanish adventurers from Peru; it stands almost in the middle of this part of South America, being a thousand miles from either the Atlantic or Pacific, and has been so rarely visited by Europeans that a foreigner is regarded with some distrust. The ruins of the university of San Carlos formed a conspicuous feature in the landscape, attesting the magnificence of the works of the Jesuits, and reminding us that the glory of Cordoba passed away with the expulsion of that order in 1768. The schools of law, medicine, and divinity were renowned in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; yet, strange to say, the cultivation of potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables, was first introduced by some English prisoners of war who were sent up here after Captain MacNamara's unsuccessful attempt

to take Colonia, in 1765. Another prominent object before us was a flour-mill just below the city, belonging to a Frenchman named Bouquet: this was the first instance of employing steam-power, and the owner has made a handsome fortune. The first printing-press used in the New World was in this city, in the time of Philip and Mary, the property of the university above mentioned. Many other historic associations were recalled as we looked down upon the sleepy city of lotus-eaters, which is said to have such a fascination for strangers that persons who have come hither to spend a month among the Sierras have stayed thirty or forty years, and still talk of leaving. There is a charm about the air, the scenery, the repose of Cordoba, that grows upon one the longer you stay, and I have heard it said that if you wish to return to the busy world you must not loiter here many days.

Crack! crack! crack! went the postillions' whips, as our "*diligencia*" rushed down the steep descent to the Aduana, where our luggage was examined. The narrow streets and ill-clad peasants reminded me of the real Cordoba in Spain, and the illusion was heightened as we drove across the Plaza Mayor and stopped at the Fonda de Paris, close to the Moorish Cabildo. We were about to take up our quarters in the room used by Sir Francis Head in his ride

across the Pampas, when we were informed that Mr. Wheelwright had taken rooms for us at the Hotel de la Paz, in the new quarter of the city. It was pleasant to find the warm reception that awaited us, and in Mr. Wheelwright's "sala" we met Governor Peña, the Bishop, and other dignitaries. The Governor was making arrangements for the ceremony of inauguration, to be attended with great *éclat*, and the Bishop offering the co-operation of all the clerical bodies, the better to crush the hostile feeling of the lower orders to the Gringos.¹ Mr. Wheelwright thanked both the Governor and Bishop, and when they were leaving he handed the Bishop a cheque for £400, for the orphan asylums of the city. The landlord was very solicitous to make us comfortable, as he had known my husband many years ago: he had been lessee of the Spanish drama at Buenos Ayres, and was an excellent tragedian, but perpetually dunned by creditors. At last, while performing his part one night in a play called the *Siete Grados del Crimen*, or Seven Stages of Crime, the police came to arrest him at the footlights: it was near the climax, of Satan carrying off the hero of the piece, when Señor Villadiego gave the signal for the trap-door, and vanished from the sight of the judge's officers, never again to

¹ Gringo is a term of contempt used towards Europeans.

appear upon those boards of which he had been the chief ornament for thirty years. His very name was forgotten in Buenos Ayres. A friend, meantime, sent him up to the Sierras of Cordoba to take charge of a flock of Angora goats, and living in a little hut, with his wife and two daughters, he passed some time in the desert. Ultimately he met with sympathy and support from some of those who had appreciated his talents, and was now very prosperous.

The Cordobese are early risers, and about day-break the city was in motion, the police making a dreadful noise with some mortars; there was a row of these miniature cannon placed near the hotel; in shape and size resembling a tankard. Formerly an old Spanish twelve-pounder used to be let off, but on such occasions it always killed the man who fired it, and this caused so strong a prejudice against it that the Governor had to give it up. Rockets were also let off at each street-corner, the natives having a strange preference for fireworks by daylight, but then, as the desired object is only to make a noise, it is perfectly attained. That more accidents do not happen is astonishing, for the police let off these rockets in all directions, and yet I have only known of three persons killed. One of these was in Buenos Ayres, where Mr. Billbergh, Consul for Sweden, was

shot through the eye ; and another was the wife of an English carpenter. It is, however, a consolation to know that the Argentine provinces consume annually more (harmless) gunpowder of this description than was used on the field of Waterloo.

We found the railway station beautifully decorated with flags and triumphal arches, and at eleven o'clock the venerable Bishop, accompanied by the canons, friars, and other clergy, pronounced a blessing on the engine, which was festooned with air-plants of many colours. Then Governor Peña made a speech, declaring the Central Argentine Railway duly opened to traffic, after which all the church bells, from a dozen turrets, rang out a joyful peal, rockets rent the air in all directions, and the band of the 6th Infantry played the national hymn. The goods shed having been converted into a banquet-hall, Mr. Wheelwright invited his guests to breakfast ; all the *élite* of Cordoba were there, as well as some governors and cabinet ministers from Tucuman, Salta, and the far north, who had never seen a railway before. The speeches began with a toast, given by Mr. Wheelwright, to the President of the Republic, the Governor, and the Bishop of Cordoba, coupling with their names the prosperity of the Argentine Confederacy and of Cordoba in particular. After the applause had

subsided, Governor Peña replied in suitable words. This was followed by a torrent of eloquence from various speakers, which lasted over three hours. The Spanish language is so grand, sonorous, and expressive, that any shopman will make an oration on the spur of the moment, as pleasant to the ear as the verses of an Italian "improvisatore." But this kind of eloquence is only sound, and if you were to prohibit any speaker from using the words "patria, libertad, principios, religiosidad, porvenir, honradez," and two or three others, I feel certain he could not utter a sentence. All the speakers were either senators or deputies, every one, without exception, rejoicing in the title of doctor; indeed, it is said that if anybody calls out "Señor Doctor" in the streets of Cordoba every man at once turns round. Some are doctors of law, others of medicine, others of both faculties, but, however clever they may be in Justinian or Aristotle, they are not well versed in the modern sciences. The best speakers on this occasion were the editors of the local newspapers, and still their eloquence consisted less in what they said than in their mode of expressing it. In the evening there was a performance at the theatre. Next morning the Governor took us to see the ruins of the Jesuit college, a part of which is still used for the University and contains some fine corridors

and staircases; the latter are of marble, as we perceived on scraping off the whitewash of the vandals who at present occupy the place.

On the following day we were invited to a picnic given at Saldan to Mrs. Wheelwright. Some of the party, including my husband, were to go on horseback, others in carriages. It was my lot to be placed in a tilbury with a gentleman who professed to be a good driver, but turned out the reverse. It was a delightful morning; the invigorating breeze from the Sierras bringing with it the sharp breath of the snow-drift, while the sunshine danced on the glittering peaks of Ischilin and Cruz-del-Exe. We crossed the Tablada, entered a forest of algarroba, and, after passing a small river, reached the farm-house of Saldan. Here we alighted, and walked to a large walnut-tree on the banks of the river, where some tables were already laid for lunch. This walnut-tree is said to be the largest in the world, the natives boasting that three hundred horsemen could saddle their horses under its branches. After lunch we rambled in the Sierras, and picked up numbers of sea-shells at a height of two thousand feet over sea-level, and distant a thousand miles from either the Atlantic or Pacific. In one place I saw layers of shells, in regular strata, not unlike oyster-shells; but how

long it may have been since the ocean was here I cannot pretend to say. At the foot of the mountain we entered a shepherd's hut, before the door of which was a tree hung with a number of ghastly heads; it was the house of a famous lion-hunter named Juan Antonio, and the heads were his trophies of the chase. I bought some skins from him—those of the puma, which is formidable only to sheep and goats. The neighbours gave him a silver dollar for each that he killed, besides which he usually got a dollar for the skin. I have since met the puma at farm-houses, domesticated as a watch-dog, but it is not safe to trust them if there are children about who are likely to tease them. On my return journey towards Cordoba something had gone wrong with our harness, which caused us to be the last of the party, and on reaching the Saldan river Mr. R. slackened the reins to let the horse drink, when the animal deliberately lay down in the stream. Mr. R. exclaimed "The horse will be drowned," and indeed it looked very likely, as the water rushed over him, being about three feet deep. We were in the middle of the stream, and Mr. R. recommended me to get into the water and hold up the horse's head, while he pulled the reins. I did so, and, as I believe, saved the animal from drowning. At that moment my husband appeared

on the opposite bank, having ridden back to see the cause of our delay. He galloped off in haste to a group of huts for assistance, and returned, in a few moments, with a dozen women. With their aid we soon got the tilbury over the river, and then I took off my shoes and stockings, wrapping my feet in a poncho that my husband gave me. We pushed on so rapidly as soon to overtake the other carriages; but our troubles were not yet ended. Mr. R., on reaching the Indian village which forms a suburb of Cordoba, tried to pass another carriage, and lashed our horse till he kicked. It so happened that in kicking he struck the wooden board of a little open watercourse in the centre of the street, and then, taking fright, started off at full speed through the main street, clearing everything before him; fortunately the street was of sand, for Mr. R. had thrown himself out, and though I at once caught up the reins, I was powerless to check the terrified horse. I remember no more until I was carried into the house of some friendly natives, who picked me up after the tilbury had turned over, the horse going off with the two fore wheels, and leaving me in the sand senseless but unhurt. My husband arrived just as I came to myself, and, as I had no shoes or stockings, he went to the hotel for some, but I was much amused at the astonishment

of the native women on finding my feet wrapped in a poncho, for they seemed to think it was a new English fashion in place of shoes and stockings. Half-an-hour passed, but my husband did not return; at last the Governor's aide-de-camp came to enquire about me, as his Excellency had heard that an English lady was killed. Just then a policeman appeared, who told the officer that an Englishman was under arrest for galloping in the streets. It proved to be my husband, who was at once liberated. The people of the hotel were very civil and attentive, and on the following day I had completely recovered from the effects of my strange adventures in a phaeton. I heard afterwards that Mr. R. was born under some unlucky star, for he had met with a similar accident before, in which his wife was nearly killed.

Before leaving the quaint old city of Cordoba we resolved to make an excursion to the Sierra of Cosquin, to see the famous valley of San Roque, which is on the highroad to Rioja.

We set out on strong ponies, under the guidance of a half-caste named Manuel, our route facing towards the mountains, whose blue range bounded the view westward. The snow had begun to fall in the mountains, and away in the direction of San Luis the summits of the Sierras shone like

burnished gold. For about a mile we passed through quintas and gardens lined with poplars, leaving on the left the city cemetery till crossing the Rio Primero. Then we had a constant ascent as far as the Tablada, an extensive tableland, famous for a battle fought there some years ago, which proved unusually bloody, as there was no shelter for the beaten army. The view from the Tablada was very beautiful; the city below on one side, the mountains standing out boldly on the other. Our guide related to us reminiscences of the battle, and seemed as well versed in history as in the intricacies of the Sierras. Before we had gone very far we found that he was a great favourite with all the old women in the ranchos along the way. As we approached the Arroyo Saldan the stumps of trees were serious obstacles to galloping; the ranchos became very numerous, and had a miserable appearance. Men were scarcely to be seen, but plenty of women of every colour. After crossing the Arroyo Saldan our road began to ascend, and thick brushwood shut in the view on either side, till at a bend of the river we saw two German women washing, and some fair-haired children running about. An hour farther brought us to a comfortable estancia house, where we saw a kid hanging from a tree before the

door. We bargained for a quarter, and soon it was roasting on the "Asador" over a heap of cinders, our ride of ten miles giving us a good appetite for breakfast. From this place we followed a bridle-path through dense woods, sometimes diving into dark glens, but oftener ascending, till we came out upon a hill-side where cattle were grazing.

The guide pointed to a house in the distance as the place where the notorious Ramirez and his bandits committed such dreadful crimes about twenty years ago. People disappeared, but the relatives were afraid to seek for justice. Even the authorities for a long time lacked either the power or the will to grapple with this gang of murderers, whose ordinary mode of waylaying travellers was to drop a noose from a tree over the path, and pull up the victim off his mule till he was strangled. At last the neighbours and authorities made a grand "battue" of the highwaymen, killing ten or twelve, and sending as many more in irons to Cordoba. The ruined post-house which they used for their headquarters is still standing, and in the thicket behind were disinterred the bones of men, women, and children, that had perished in this place.

We were going through a dismal defile, which lent additional horror to the guide's story ; a rivulet

that never sees the light of day trickled through the bottom, and again the path ascended through thick overhanging woods. At this point a mulatto driving a horse crossed our track and bade us "good evening." Presently we heard the bells of a troop of mules higher up the mountain, just as we emerged upon a bare ledge of rock, where the horses had to climb cautiously as if feeling their way. An abyss of a thousand feet was on our left, while the rocks sometimes jutted out so on our right that two riders could not pass. I kept my eyes on the mountain-side, for a glimpse leftward at one or other of these points made one's blood run cold. We asked the guide why he had not allowed us to dismount before entering this pass, but he said the horses will not be led, and that they are so sure-footed he never heard of one tumbling over. He said some travellers coming over the Cosquin with children put them in panniers on each side of the mule, but this seemed to me still more dangerous, as one of the panniers might strike against the rock and throw the mule out of equilibrium.

"Amigos, make haste to clear the way," cried a voice from above, "as we are waiting to pass, and the evening gets late."

Right over our head was the mule troop, and

as we reached the tableland, upon which the "Arriero," with a number of men and women on mules, and a train of baggage mules carrying wine and dried fruits from Rioja, were assembled, we exchanged friendly salutations. Then the "Arriero" and all his troop began to descend the Cordoba side, and before us the setting sun revealed a picture of surpassing loveliness. . The valley of St. Francis was at our feet, a river dividing it from the woods that clothed the mountain to the low ground, and away on the verge of the horizon was the Sierra Ischilin reflecting the last beams of that golden hour of tranquil beauty.

The descent was steep and rugged, at times worn like a flight of stairs, but my horse never stumbled, and the branches, wreathed with lovely orchids, made me bow my head as I proceeded.

Night overtook us in these woods. We saw some lights in the trees, and coming up found it was an encampment of muleteers from Rioja, who were preparing their supper, having unloaded their mules and turned them out to graze.

At last Manuel confessed that we should also have to sleep in the woods, as it was impossible to reach San Roque that night. "Let us stop," he said, "till the moon rises, and then we may be able to discover some rancho." Accordingly,

we dismounted a few paces from the roadside, unsaddled our horses, and stretched our rugs under a tree. We had only been about half-an-hour resting when we heard dogs barking, which decided us to continue our route in that direction.

When the moon rose we were already in the open country, and our guide thought we were on the road to Tanticuche. Again the dogs barking told us of some human dwelling near, and we came up to a rancho where half-a-dozen wild-looking men and women gave us a very doubtful welcome. One of them proved to be the man we met in the forest driving a horse before him, and, after some words exchanged between him and Manuel, the latter said, "There is a 'tapera,' or uninhabited house, a few yards off, where we can pass the night."

Following the wild-looking mountaineer, we reached the "tapera," which had neither door nor window, but was open to all the winds and rains of heaven. It was not quite empty, for there were a few boards, which, as we struck a light, proved to be tolerably clean.

Manuel failed in his efforts to obtain anything to eat; we offered the man a dollar apiece for a couple of hens, but he protested they had no meat or poultry of any kind. Seeing that there was no hope for supper, our guide gave the horses in charge

to the host, having first removed our saddles and his "recado." The latter comprised a number of rugs and cloths. We made our beds with ponchos on the boards already mentioned.

As a last effort for supper Manuel went to the rancho and begged them to give us something, but he returned empty-handed, merely promising us a dish of mazamorra (made of maize and milk) in the morning. One of the women of the place came in a few minutes later with a piece of cold "matambre," or dried beef. Hungry as we were, we could not eat a morsel of it, it was so tough and salty.

At two in the morning I awoke from the intense cold, for even our guanaco rugs hardly prevented us from becoming benumbed. We got up and walked for nearly an hour, while the cold night air passed freely through the open window-place and doorway. I had seldom watched so anxiously for the break of day as now, and long before sunrise we were out exploring. About the rancho there was a number of fowls, although the inhabitants had told us the night before they had not any. Close by was a river, and a fine old ruined mill, supposed to have belonged to the Jesuits.

We had a ride of ten miles to the nearest inn, where we obtained a good breakfast of roast kid and sardines.

It happened, before we left the inn, that a small party of Bolivian Indians came up. They belonged to the tribe called Callavayas, which for three centuries has been exclusively devoted to the practice of medicine. Each of them carried a sack and a rifle. The chief of the party, who spoke a little Spanish, told me that each trip from their home in the Andes to Buenos Ayres took them about a year. They live on the most eastern of the Andine slopes, north of La Paz, about 2000 miles from Buenos Ayres. The Callavayas assemble every year in great numbers, and scale the mountains north-east of La Paz, which, being covered with immense forests growing from the base to the summits, possess every variety of temperature from the torrid to the frigid zone. The vegetable kingdom is there inconceivably varied and rich, and the Callavayas collect their stock of barks, gums, balsams, resins, and other drugs possessing powerful medicinal virtues. Having stored their wallets, which they carry slung across their shoulders, with these drugs, the Callavayas set out on foot in parties of two or three, and traverse the mountains of Peru, Quito, and Chile, and the Pampas of Buenos Ayres to the distance of five or six hundred leagues, exercising their vocation wherever their assistance is required. Their approach to a house is often

announced by the aromatic fragrance of their loads before they themselves are seen.

They perform sometimes most remarkable cures, although the diseases they contend against are not very complicated. They also are very mysterious, and work on the superstitions of their patients. In travelling they do not keep to the beaten track, but steer their course from place to place in the straightest possible line over the summits of snow-covered ridges, across unpeopled tablelands, pampas, and sandy or stony deserts.

This sort of route is called "Naque tuppa," which means "path of the Indian," but, perhaps, "as the crow flies" would be a more appropriate translation. These extraordinary people never sleep under cover, but stretch themselves on the bare ground, whether they halt for the night on the bleakest elevations, or in the sultry regions below. They live to a very old age, and I was immensely amused at the chief of the party pointing out to me his "muchacho" or young son. I asked him how old he was; he replied, "Treinta años, nada mas" — "only thirty years." A person at thirty is considered a lad; at forty only is he called a man. As it is the greatest compliment you can pay a Bolivian Indian to ask him for a little "coca," I asked if they would give me some, and, from the readiness with

which they all presented me their leathern pouches, which they wore suspended from the neck next their breasts, they seemed anxious to make me feel how pleased they were.

Coca is a Bolivian plant, not unlike the vine, growing to a height of six or eight feet. The leaves are aromatic, of bitter flavour; they act as a sudorific, are a preservative to the teeth, and drive away sleep. They are gathered leaf by leaf with great care, and, when used, the flavour is corrected by a very small addition of an alkali called *elipta*. To those unaccustomed to its use Coca produces slight inflammation of the tongue. The Indians are always chewing it, and subsist for that reason on a very small quantity of the simplest food.

As soon as we began the ascent of the hills, the glare from the rocks was excessive, owing to large sheets of talc. We passed numbers of cottages surrounded with orchards, and, as we got higher, these became fewer. On crossing the Sierra we got a view of Cordoba beyond the Rio Primero, and soon after came upon a group of Englishmen at work, who told us they were building an hotel for the people of the city to come to in the summer months, the Rio Primero offering facilities for bathing. We rode along the banks of this river

for a couple of hours till reaching a delightful island with a farm-house belonging to a Frenchman, and entered Cordoba as the church-bells were ringing the Ave Maria.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAN LUIS AND THE ANDES.

IN November 1875, my husband being invited by the President of the Republic to attend the opening of the Andine or San Luis Railway, I took the opportunity of accompanying him, in order to see something more of the Indian country, and, if possible, the Andes. On the third day after leaving Buenos Ayres, we reached Rio Cuarto, a journey of 450 miles. Nothing could be more desolate than the Pampas that lay from Villa Maria to Rio Cuarto; we saw neither houses nor cattle, except at the estancia of Messrs. Fielden of Manchester, about a mile south of the line. All this territory was so often swept by Indians, that even the railway failed to induce settlers, although it had been three years open to traffic. In fact, the country was in the same condition as when Messrs. Fielden made their settlement, fifty years before. On arriving at Rio Cuarto, we found the inns full, but had the good fortune to become the guests of

two young Englishmen in business there. It was a large, straggling place, built, like most South American towns, in the form of a chess-board, and had a garrison of several hundred men, being the headquarters on the Indian frontier, under the command of Colonel Roca (now President of the Argentine Republic), remarkable for his kindness to foreigners. Even then, although only twenty-five years of age, he possessed so much influence in the interior, that my husband remarked he expected one day to see him President or Dictator of the country, but he little thought his expectation would be so soon realised.

The special train started next morning for Rio Quinto, in San Luis, our party numbering about two hundred, of whom one-fourth were ladies, mostly from Cordoba, and a few from Buenos Ayres. The dust was awful, the line being only just completed, and the heat all the more terrible as we could not open the windows; some of the persons in our carriage having ventured outside for a few moments on the platform, returned so black that we could only recognise them by their voices. We travelled in this dense cloud for hours, and I thought at times we should be suffocated. About half-way we stopped near a group of huts, which displayed the American and Argentine flags, and

here the Governor of Cordoba invited us to examine a boring for coal that an enterprising American had commenced.

We were glad to get time to breathe a little fresh air, but there was no water to drink. After a wearisome journey of six hours, we reached Rio Quinto, having seen little of the country, except at intervals when the dust abated. Now and then we got glimpses of guanacoës, deer, and ostriches. The latter were so numerous as to cause much trouble to the engineers who made the line; for, whenever a workman left any bolts or screws out of his hand, though only for a moment, they disappeared, and at last it was found the ostriches swallowed them. One engineer assured us that they picked the bolts out of the iron bridges if they were, by chance, left unriveted.

Over a thousand persons were assembled to receive the train at Rio Quinto. There were tame Indians, gauchos, soldiers, mixed up in a crowd; and the police let off a number of rockets, while Colonel Roca's band played the Argentine hymn. Dinner was served in the goods shed, which was hung with the flags of all nations, and the speeches lasted several hours. In the evening, the Municipality gave a ball at the Cabildo. It was quite dark, and as we were not aware of an open watercourse in

the courtyard I stepped into it on my way to the ball-room. It was impossible to obtain change of dress, and being anxious to see a ball in Indian territory, I had no choice but to go in as I was. Many of the ladies were *en grande toilette*, having brought their dresses from Buenos Ayres and Cordoba, while the native women of the place had such extraordinary costumes and mixtures of colour that it seemed like a fancy ball. It was the first time that I saw the *zamacueca*, *gato*, *cielito*, and other gaucho dances. I thought them extremely graceful, but, like the mantilla, they are quite discarded by the upper ten of Buenos Ayres. At the ball I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the distinguished astronomer Professor Gould, founder and director of the Cordoba Observatory, who was making the *Uranometria* of the southern hemisphere.

Rio Quinto had little to attract a traveller's notice, except the fact of its having three names, for the gauchos still called it Fort Pulgas, and the official title of the place was Villa de Mercedes. The population was very mixed, all the hard work and industry being in the hands of Italians, while the Indians led a "*dolce far niente*" life, on Government rations of horse-flesh and tobacco. The army of the frontier, under Colonel Roca, was reviewed by the President: it was mostly cavalry, in very good



Scale of English Statute Miles.



discipline and equipment, and the artillery consisted of Krupp guns and a mitrailleuse. His Excellency and party returned by train after the review, but we had arranged with some friends to go on to Mendoza, and were deliberating about the diligence, when Mr. Slatter, agent for Messrs. Fielden, told us that he would start next day for that city, with a "tropilla," or troop of horses, adding that he would be very happy if we accompanied him. This just suited our purpose, as diligence-travelling is exceedingly disagreeable and tedious.

The ride from Rio Quinto to San Luis took us two days, over the same level country as hitherto, until we approached the lower range of the Sierra de la Punta, at the extremity of which the capital city of San Luis stands. Even the houses in the Plaza were of sun-dried bricks, with thatched roofs, which was a change from the ordinary flat roofs in other towns. Mr. Slatter having obtained a fresh supply of provisions, we resumed our journey on the following day. Every five or six miles the peons changed our horses, and then started off before us, with the "tropilla" at sufficient distance to leeward not to inconvenience us with the dust. This mode of travelling is very easy, as the horses follow the "madrina" mare, which has a bell from her neck. At a ruined post-house called El Balde,

we came upon Lake Bebedeiro, the banks of which were covered with a white crust of salt. Trunks of trees, now perfectly dry, strewed the ground for miles, and Mr. Slatter told us these trees had perished from the effects of an inundation of the lake many years ago, the water being so impregnated with salt as to destroy whatever it touched. The lake was full of fish, and we bought some excellent trout from a gaucho who was fishing, which we roasted on a fire made of the dry wood about. The Bebedeiro is over fifty miles round, but its depth is unknown, no boat having ever crossed it, as the surrounding country is a perfect wilderness. Pushing on westward, we noticed that the ground echoed under our horses' feet as if it was hollow. Even the guanacoës and ostriches appeared to avoid this desert, but not so the polecat, of whose presence we had disagreeable proof.

The first view of the Andes is a sight seldom forgotten by the traveller, although by no means imposing, being so vague in its outline; we could only see the peak of Tupungato covered with perpetual snow, for we were yet more than 100 miles from Mendoza. I confess I was now beginning to suffer from fatigue, having slept five nights in the Pampa, with no other bed than a guanaco rug under a little tent which gave scarcely any shelter from the

cold winds of the Cordillera. For this reason Mr. Slatter proposed that we should rest a day or two at a certain post-house on the Tunyan river, where the Mendoza frontier began ; but we were unable to reach it that night, and luckily for us, as it proved. We had passed no travellers since leaving the Bebedeiro, except a troop of mules with Mendoza wine going to Rio Quinto. Neither had we seen any trace of Indians, although Mr. Slatter's peons were much afraid of meeting them. What was our horror next day, on reaching the post-house, to find the murdered corpses of all the inmates ! Their wounds were still fresh, and some hot embers in an outhouse used for a kitchen told us that only some hours had elapsed since the visit of the marauders. I did not venture to enter the house, in which there were six corpses, that of the postmaster showing that he had made a stout resistance. The Indians had carried off everything, except a dog that howled dismally, adding to the painful character of the scene.

Between the fatigue which I had undergone and the horrible effect of so unexpected a tragedy, I became so nervous that, as we galloped along the Tunyan river, I could not help turning round every moment to see if the Indians were after us. Mr. Slatter said we must endeavour to reach La Paz before nightfall, so we pushed on the whole day

without stopping to eat, and felt much relieved when the plantations around La Paz appeared right ahead of us early in the afternoon. This was the most anxious day I ever spent in South America. The people of La Paz congratulated us on our escape, for they knew that the Indians had come in, but were afraid as yet to send out and see what damage had been done. Mr. Slatter told the *Gefe Politico* of what he had seen at the post-house, and we heard that it was a most unfortunate place, having been repeatedly the scene of similar Indian raids. The hotel was full of passengers from Mendoza, the diligence being afraid to set out for San Luis. After a rest of three days we again mounted our horses and faced westward, having still eighty miles before us. We passed numerous cattle farms, this part of the province being apparently safe from Indians, who rarely came westward of La Paz. The country was more undulating, and thickets of algarroba diversified the landscape. Without further adventure we entered the village of San Martin on the fourth day from La Paz, and I was much struck with its charming appearance close to the banks of the Rio de Mendoza. Canals in all directions served to irrigate the farms of this thriving district, and the road was bordered by rows of lofty poplars. From here to Mendoza we saw several ruined farm-

houses, evidence of the terrible earthquake that visited this place in 1861. As we entered the suburb of San Vicente, Mr. Slatter pointed out to us the position of the old city and the site of the principal churches and other buildings, of which now little remained, the materials having been used for the new town. Although nine-tenths of the inhabitants perished in the earthquake, Mendoza has risen from its ruins and is again a thriving place, carrying on a considerable trade with Chile. We found comfortable quarters at the Fonda Argentina, where we met two German travellers *en route* to cross the Andes. In the evening we had a visit from one of the principal men of the city, Don Jaime Albarracin, who placed his house at our disposal, and told us of his wonderful escape from the earthquake. It may be best to tell the story in his own words, as nearly as possible, as follows :—

“The weather had been sultry for some days, as often occurs towards the end of autumn. My family had gone to evening prayers at the church of Santo Domingo, for it was Ash Wednesday, as I sat talking with Monsieur Bravard in the corridor overlooking the vineyard behind my house. This French geologist had brought me letters some months before from Vicomte Daguesseau, the French Minister at Buenos Ayres, and whenever he came into Mendoza

from his excursions in the Cordillera or neighbouring Departments he stayed at my house. He was so convinced of the danger which threatened our city, that he told me he had written to Viscount Daguesseau¹ a few days previously, saying he believed Mendoza would be destroyed by earthquake before the close of the nineteenth century. Suddenly a rumbling noise was heard, and in an instant the ground heaved and the city fell with a crash. How long I remained insensible under the ruins of my house is more than I know, but on regaining consciousness I found that one of my legs was broken, and a beam which had fallen from the roof caused me much pain. I was too weak to free myself from its weight, and hardly cared whether I lived to see another sunrise, for I concluded that my family had all perished, and that I was perhaps the sole survivor in the city. Through a crevice in the ruins amid which I lay, I was able not only to breathe but to see the flames that raged within a short distance. When day broke the fire seemed to abate, but the stillness of the scene was overpowering. I should have felt relieved to hear even a dog bark or a cock crow; there was a dead silence, except at intervals when the rumbling noise beneath was

¹ The letter exists in the French Legation at Buenos Ayres. Monsieur Bravard perished on the fatal night.

accompanied by fresh shocks, of which I counted fifteen during the day. Each time there was a fall of bricks, as if the city had not been yet reduced to a heap of ruins, but no sound of living being. It was vain to hope that any person would come to seek his friends, for all had apparently perished. The night was intensely cold, in spite of the fires, which now blazed with less fury. I prayed that I might sleep, and so die, but in vain I closed my eyes. The horror of my situation was increased by a dreadful thirst; the very air I breathed was thick with dust and smoke. It seemed an interminable night. The second day I heard voices, and summoning all my strength called out loudly for assistance. All was again silent for a couple of hours, till the afternoon, when I awoke from a short sleep to hear footsteps quite close to me. The first man who approached me replied with a coarse insult when I begged him to lift the beam under which I lay. His comrades were no less inhuman, for they were one of the numerous gangs of banditti attracted like birds of prey to the scene of disaster. They had seen the flames afar off on the Pampas, and came in scent of booty. I passed a third night under the ruins, and on the following day again heard the freebooters seeking for articles of value among the corpses or houses of the victims. One of these

men asked me how much I would pay to be rescued. Fortunately my gold watch procured my release, and I was lifted out of the *débris*. Weak and exhausted I lay on a pile of rubbish, and almost doubted whether my senses remained. There was nothing left of the city, but the row of poplars on the Alameda and the familiar peaks of the Andes reminded me that what I beheld was no dream: it was a fearful reality. Some hours later a citizen named Gomez, who had been away to his estancia when the earthquake occurred, came to see whether any of his friends remained, and to him, under Divine Providence, I owe my life, for he helped me along, with my leg broken, until we came to the Alameda, where a mud rancho contained most of the survivors, some fifty in number. Here I obtained food and shelter, and heard of many wonderful escapes, none of which, however, so remarkable as my own. One man told us the Governor had been to pay him a visit, and was leaving his house at the moment of the shock. The Governor rushed into the middle of the street, and was instantly killed by the wall falling on him, while the owner of the house as he stood in the doorway was unhurt. While I remained in the rancho a relief party went out every day in quest of survivors, but only three more persons were rescued, and one of them died. It hap-

pened more than once that groans were heard from under solid masses of masonry, which there was no way of removing. The fires continued in some quarters; the great conflagration, however, which had begun in the arcade or passage of *El Comercio* was now extinct. A greater evil followed, for as soon as the smoke and flames cleared off we were unable to support the dreadful smell of the corpses. This obliged us to abandon our shelter on the *Alameda*, and take refuge in a farm-house of the suburb *San Vicente*, where we received food and clothing sent us from *Chile*. Numerous shocks continued almost daily for a month, but the banditti continued to ravage the ruined city, undeterred by the awful smell, until they considered no more booty could be obtained. So complete was the destruction, that when a new Governor was appointed a year later, and the site marked out for reconstruction, the Government could find no heirs or claimants on behalf of three-fourths of the families of the old city."

We spent a few days in visiting the pleasant little hamlets of *Zapallar*, *San Nicolas*, and *Godoy*, where the natives had well-cultivated farms, irrigated by means of a canal called the *Zanjon*, constructed by the *Cacique Guaymallen* before the time of the Spanish conquest. My great wish,

however, was to ascend the Andes as far as the famous Inca's Bridge, and obtain a view of the Mendoza plain from the Paramillos. We engaged an "arriero," who had a troop of eight strong mules, for the journey, and set out shortly after daybreak, each of us having two mules—one to ride, the other to carry food and baggage—for all which we agreed to pay forty gold dollars, that is, about £1 per mule. The "arriero" was a Chilian, who had crossed the Andes more than a hundred times, and told us many interesting adventures of his among the snows and in meeting with banditti. Our road lay due north, going parallel with the Cordillera, the country having a desert appearance, devoid of houses or inhabitants. We had even taken some water from Mendoza, as we should not be able to procure any before reaching Villa Vicencio. The first day we rode thirty miles by easy stages, and encamped for the night amongst a group of cactus, at a point where the road made a sharp bend westward towards the mountains. The "arriero" cooked our supper, and arranged our rugs as comfortably as possible. It was clear moonlight, the air bitterly cold, but the fatigue of the day's journey soon brought a refreshing sleep, from which I awoke before sunrise, when the "arriero" was preparing some coffee for us, previous to getting his mules ready for the road.

The second day we entered the defile of Villa Vicencio, and commenced the ascent of the Andes, which was very gradual until we reached Puntas del Agua. Here the road became so bad that I dismounted, proceeding on foot to the wretched inn of Villa Vicencio. I had expected to find a village, but there was only this solitary house, and the "arriero" told us that the place was not safe, as banditti often concealed themselves in the abandoned lead mines of the neighbourhood. We saw no one but the innkeeper and his wife, who informed us a troop of merchants had passed over the previous day, with mules laden with bars of silver from San Juan for Chile.

Next day our path continued to climb the Paramillos until we reached a height of 9000 feet above sea-level; the cold was intense, and the wind swept along with tremendous force. It repaid all the toil of the ascent to look down from here upon the Cuyo plain: we could almost count the white houses of Mendoza, apparently some twenty miles off in a straight line south-east. Looking westward, we saw the central chain of the Andes like an immense wall, from which some of the peaks rose up in dark and frowning majesty, relieved at intervals by snow-wreaths. The road now descended very easily to the valley of Uspallata, in the midst of which flowed

the river of that name, fed by numerous streams from the Paramillo range that we had just crossed, and the main ridge of the Andes on the far side. The farm-house of Uspallata offered us better accommodation than at Villa Vicencio: it served also for a custom-house and a general country store, where provisions of all kinds were kept for sale. The landlord showed us the streets and squares marked out by the Government thirty years before, when free lots were offered to settlers, but the climate is so harsh that nobody could be induced to build here, although the place is so well watered that it produces, not only pasture, but also grain and fruit-trees.

After leaving Uspallata we followed the Rio de Mendoza, keeping along its left bank. The route may be said to have been cut by the river through gigantic masses of rock, and winds here and there in the most capricious fashion. The ascent is not steep, but we suffered greatly from the dust, and found it moreover very fatiguing from the loose stones. The dust made us very thirsty, being apparently impregnated with salt. In places the "laderas" were so narrow, especially on doubling a rocky boulder, that I could readily understand how cargo mules were sometimes accidentally thrown over the edge of the abyss. At last we reached the picturesque

pass of Las Vacas, where three defiles converged. This used to be the most dangerous pass on the route, but we found a fine wooden bridge, built in 1860 by the Governor of Mendoza, which enabled us to cross in safety the roaring torrent that boiled beneath our feet.

The gorge which we now followed took the name of Las Cuevas, and, as we ascended, the path widened into a valley, which we had hardly pursued a mile when we came to the first Casucha or refuge, where we were to pass the night. The hut was in shape of an oven, built of bricks upon a solid pedestal ten feet high. We ascended by a wooden staircase, and entered a vaulted chamber sixteen feet square and sixteen feet in height. It had neither windows nor chimney, and in the centre of the room was a heap of ashes, where travellers were accustomed to cook their food. Notwithstanding the great elevation, our "arriero" found good pasture for his mules. It surprised my husband and myself that we felt little or nothing of what Andine travellers call "puna," an affection of the lungs arising from the rarefaction of the air. We had known many cases of persons dying from it, especially Captain Wallace, an English artillery officer, the year before.

Among the Indians this affection is better known

as "soroche," and I have read in Miller's *War of Independence* that whole battalions suddenly dropped down from its effect in those places where metalliferous exhalations are supposed to prevail. On speaking of this with some officers who served in India, I have been told by them that they never experienced anything of the kind in the Himalayas; perhaps because there are no metallic influences there.

Next day we sighted at noon the little wayside inn near the Inca's Bridge, and were glad to hear from the "arriero" that it was not yet abandoned, for the summer was now nearly ended, and the inn-keeper never attempted to pass the winter in the snows. We met here a large party of engineers under Mr. Matthew Clarke, of Valparaiso, who were on their way to Chile, having surveyed the different passes so as to ascertain the easiest route for the proposed railway between Chile and Mendoza.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INCA'S BRIDGE.

THIS famous natural bridge did not at first strike me as either beautiful or grand. I had expected to see two granite cliffs towering upwards and meeting at the top. Instead of that I found simply an arch of stratified shingle, through which the Rio de Las Cuevas had worn its way, falling in a cascade below. The bridge was about 60 feet long and 40 wide, varying in thickness from 20 to 30 feet.

But the beauty of the vaulted arch beneath compensated for any disappointment that I felt. It was hung with the most magnificent stalactites as white as snow; the cascade also was enchanting. My husband, however, took most interest in the mineral springs, the water of which bubbled up quite hot, marking 34 degrees centigrade. It was perfectly clear, having a slight taste of salt, which was not unpleasant. Each of the two springs was about three feet in diameter, and the guide told us that numbers of people came

every year from Chile to bathe here, the water being known to contain iron and other mineral properties.

Why it should be called the Inca's Bridge has puzzled many learned people, natives as well as Europeans. Some think the name altogether absurd; others suppose that it is natural enough, since everything grand in South America belonged to the time of the Incas, and Ulloa adduces proof that under that race of monarchs some "tambillos" were built, not far from this bridge, perhaps for their use when frequenting these baths. The Incas had, in the various parts of their vast empire, no fewer than two thousand "tambillos," each capable of accommodating from five hundred guests upwards, serving sometimes as inns for travellers, and at other times for the reception of the royal household or troops on march. When we consider what a wonderful race the Incas were, it is impossible not to feel regret at their extinction by the sanguinary Pizarro. In the long catalogue of Spanish acts of perfidy, there is hardly a blacker deed than the execution of Atahualpa, the last of the Incas, whose tragic fate has always deeply impressed me. I had no intention of publishing the following verses, which I wrote at the Inca's Bridge, until his Excellency Don Manuel Garcia, Argentine Minister

in London, paid me the compliment to translate them into Spanish verse :—

VISION OF ATAHUALPA.¹

I.

Out from Cuzco's sacred city,
In the silence of the night,
Came forth bands of phantom warriors,
Like the misty moonbeam's light,
Rank on rank, till all the valley
With those spectral warriors shone,
For their lines of armour glitter'd,
Though their faces were of stone.

II.

And they pass'd before the sleeper
Who in Spanish dungeon lay
Wond'ring at the ghostly vision,
And the martial, proud array;
Then the Incas, for long ages,
Down from Manco's royal line,
One by one, passed slowly by him,
But they gave not word or sign.

III.

Then the snow-capp'd Chimborazo
Rose before the sleeper's view,
And the spectral hosts ascended,
Like a cloud of morning dew.
Then a dozen white-robed prophets
Closed the pageant strange and dim,
Singing low, in accents mournful,
Atahualpa's funeral hymn.

¹ Pronounced Atawalpa.

IV.

"Last of kings, thy reign is ended,
 And thy line of kingly sires
 All extinct, in darkness shrouded,
 Like Sorata's ancient fires.
 But above, to fields Elysian,
 In the regions of the sun,
 Where the Incas reign in splendour,
 Come!—thy earthly work is done."

The Argentine Minister has written a sequel to the above lines, which I give, with his permission, as well as my own translation of the same, although it is difficult to convey the beauty of the Spanish verse, in which Mr. Garcia is so graceful and well-known a writer:—

EL SUPPLICIO.

Al despertar, el Inca infortunado
 Mira absorto una hoguera
 Que el ciego fanatismo levantara
 Ordenandole muera.

No sació de los viles opresores
 La sed devoradora,
 El rescate del oro codiciado
 Que sus ojos devoran.

Ni diezmar con temidos arcabuces
 A una raza inócete,
 Usurparle su tierra, leyes, trono
 Y hasta el sol refulgente.

Muere, infeliz ! y aguarda que el futuro
En sus arcanos guarda
La venganza que America prepara
A una raza bastarda,
Que en torva noche la sumió insolente,
I se alzarà iracundo
El astro de los Incas que proclame
La libertad de un Mundo.
Tardo imaginas de venganza el dia ?—
Bien pronto ensangrentadas
De Castilla seràn por la discordia
Las jaurias rebeldias.
La profanada tierra Americana
Apagará indignada,
Con sangre de verdugos las hogueras
Al fanatismo alzadas.

THE EXECUTION.

I.

Like the footstep of an angel
Falls a ray of morning light
On the sleeping Atahualpa,
And dispels his vision bright.
Rises up the fated Inca
Fearless, though he knows to-day
Manco's royal race ere sunset
Will have passed from earth away.

II.

Close beside his gloomy dungeon
See the fagots piled on high,
See, the stake now claims its victim ;
Atahualpa's hour is nigh.

Vain the gold and silver ransom,
Vain a suppliant nation's tears,
Vain the cries of outraged honour
In the recreant Spaniards' ears.

III.

But the day will come, Pizarro !
To avenge thy deeds of crime,
Blood and fire thy name recording
In the foulest page of time.
And the strength of Spain shall wither,
And her star shall set in gloom,
Murky as the smoke-clouds wreathing
Over Atahualpa's tomb.

IV.

Ayacucho, name of magic !
Flash the patriot swords on high ;
Spaniards ! yield, and pray for mercy,
Or within this hour ye die.
See, the Sun-god of the Incas
Shines upon a world made free,
And the Spanish power's uprooted
From the Andes to the sea.

Herrera and Garcilaso de la Vega both mention a prophecy written on the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, that the empire of the Incas would be overthrown, and that it would be afterwards restored by people from a country called Inglaterra (England). How wonderfully this prophecy has been fulfilled appears from the fact that the final victory

of Ayacucho, which was the overthrow of Spanish power in South America, was won by General Miller. It was, moreover, the English Legion that beat the Spaniards in the terrible battle of Carabobo, after which General Bolivar saluted our countrymen in the words, "Hail! saviours of my country."

The Indians of the interior still preserve the memory of the Incas with such veneration that they wear mourning for them, and numberless are the traditions respecting them in various places. Few persons have devoted more attention to this subject than Don Guillermo Blest Gana, late Chilean Minister at Buenos Ayres, who has visited the remains of their cities and temples, and collected many unpublished fragments of their history.

Manco Capac, founder of the dynasty, commenced to build the city of Cuzco in the same year (1066) that William the Conqueror invaded England. According to the old Quichuan legend he was son of a white man shipwrecked on the coast of Peru, who married the daughter of a Cacique, and taught the people agriculture, architecture, and some other arts. The golden colour of Manco's hair gave strength to the story that he was a child of the sun, which made such impression on the simple natives that they accepted his sway, and aided him in building the seat of the new empire.

His real name was Ingisman-Cocopac, or the "blooming stranger," changed into Inca Manco Capac, the word Ingisman being regarded as a corruption of Englishman, the nationality of the shipwrecked stranger above mentioned.

The government of the Incas was a pure despotism, but so mollified by patriarchal customs and institutions that Peru advanced rapidly in the arts as well of peace as of war, and flourished during the unblemished lives of eleven successive sovereigns. The destructive civil war, which brought about the murder of Huascar by his yet more unfortunate half-brother Atahualpa, cast the first stain upon their until then blameless annals.¹

In the reign of Huayna Capac (tenth Inca), the empire extended from the northern confines of Quito to the river Maule in Chile, a distance from north to south of nearly forty degrees, and from the shores of the Pacific to the Pampas of Tucuman. Its population is supposed to have exceeded ten millions.

On the invasion of Pizarro, the Peruvians were found to have attained a high degree of civilisation—much higher, indeed, than any other nation was ever known to have reached before the use of letters. Wonderful remains of works of utility

¹ Miller's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. 217.

prove their knowledge, skill, and extraordinary industry. In many of the provinces the sides of mountains are cased round with terraces or hanging gardens, which rise, one above another, to a surprising elevation. These were called *Andenes*, which was probably the origin of the name *Andes*. The monuments in Cuzco which still survive the destructive barbarity of its conquerors attest more strongly than the accounts of early Spanish authors the power, the splendour, and civilisation of the people by whom they were erected.

Perhaps the history of the Incas could not be comprised in a more brief and interesting summary than is contained in a letter written by General O'Leary, aide-de-camp to General Bolivar during the war of Independence, of which the following is an extract:—

“Cuzco interests me highly. Its history, its fables, its ruins, are enchanting. The city may with truth be called the Rome of America. The immense fortress on the north is the Capitol. The Temple of the Sun is its Coliseum. Manco Capac was its Romulus, Veracochoa its Augustus, Huascar its Pompey, and Atahualpa its Cæsar. The Pizarros, Almagros, Valdivias, and Toledos, are the Huns, Goths, and Vandals who have destroyed it. Tupac Amaru is its Belisarius, who gave it a

day of hope. Pumacàgua is its Rienzi and last patriot."

The innkeeper at the Inca's Bridge gave us a good supper of guanaco meat, of which he had much hung up to dry, for it keeps any length of time in this climate. He had half-a-dozen dogs trained to hunt guanacoës, and told us they were a special breed, half Chilian half greyhound. But that the season was so advanced, we might have crossed the Andes into Chile. As this was impossible, we bade adieu to the Inca's Bridge, and commenced the downward journey to Mendoza. Before reaching Punta de Vacas we met a man on foot, carrying a sack, whom our arriero saluted. He told us this man was in the habit of crossing the Andes at all seasons, carrying letters or even goods for the merchants of Mendoza. On the following day we met another traveller on foot, who asked us for assistance, saying that he had been robbed by a companion near Uspallata, and was quite destitute. He spoke French and Italian well, but seemed to us either a Greek or Sicilian. We gave him a sovereign and some port wine, for which he seemed very grateful, and as the poor man continued his toilsome journey afoot towards Chile we pitied his misfortune. Small herds of guanacoës were grazing in the valley of the Rio de Mendoza, but not near enough to have a

chance shot at them. The condors were flying in circles overhead as we turned the point which brought us within view of the farm-house of Uspallata. It was some "carguero" mule that had fallen over the edge of the rock into the valley, hundreds of feet below, that attracted them. Higher up, in the region of perpetual snow, as our "arriero" told us, may be seen the dried bodies of mules that have lain there more than a century, and are as light as cork. Our informant added that once he went after some stray mules in a bypath, and was surprised to see a man seated on the ground as if enjoying the scenery. He approached quietly and tapped him on the shoulder, when the stranger rolled to the ground. The man had been dead over forty years, for a paper in his pocket showed that he was a Spanish soldier, and had probably fled after the defeat at Maypo, with the hope of crossing the Andes to Mendoza. It was dusk as we reached the welcome fireside at Uspallata, and the landlord's first question was, whether we had met the notorious bandit Farini. A wounded traveller at the inn, whom Farini had robbed and left for dead, described the bandit so accurately, that we recognised the traveller to whom we had given the sovereign and port wine. The landlord then told us the story of Farini's exploit two years before, when he waylaid

Messrs. Jamieson and Bravo with a troop of mules laden with San Juan silver for Chile. Farini's band numbered twenty assassins, most of whom were escaped criminals from the prisons of Chile and Mendoza. Jamieson and Bravo were accompanied by eight peons and drivers, all well armed, but being suddenly attacked by the bandits in the gorge of Las Cuevas, with a discharge of musketry that killed or wounded the half of their party, the travellers agreed to surrender, and give up all they had, on their lives being spared. Farini then caused them to lie down with their faces to the ground, and was about to sack the convoy of mules, when he changed his mind, or was prevailed on by his followers to shoot the prisoners. Two of Mr. Jamieson's men had been killed by the first attack, and now three others were taken successively to a corner of the rock, and shot. When it came to Señor Bravo's turn Jamieson started up, leaped over the precipice, and rolled down the side of the mountain more than 800 feet, till he fell into the Rio de Mendoza. The bullets whistled after him, but none of the bandits dared to leap over the precipice and pursue him. Swimming down the river, he ducked his head as often as possible, for he saw some of the band running along the cliffs that overhung the gorge, and firing at him now and then. At last a

fissure in the mountain stopped them, and he was able to get into the valley on the far side, following the course of the stream till he came to a ford where some men were watering mules. He procured assistance at the Inca's Bridge the same afternoon, when two dozen men well armed went in chase of the banditti. On reaching the scene of the tragedy they found bars of silver strewn about, but none of Jamieson's mules, for the robbers had ridden away on them towards Chile, having taken Mr. Bravo's gold watch and as much silver as they could conveniently carry. While Jamieson and his party were burying the murdered men they heard a cry from an adjacent rock, and saw a little boy, ten years of age, who was Bravo's valet, and had contrived to conceal himself from the bandits. All the rest had fallen victims. Some weeks later Mr. Jamieson identified one of the bandits, named Farias, riding his favourite mule at San Fernando in Chile, and prevailed on the authorities to arrest him. Farini had gone to Valparaiso, where he stayed at the principal hotel until the steamer arrived, in which he left for Europe. After two years he returned to the River Plate, and kept a gaming-table. Meantime the Argentine Government claimed the assassin Farias from the Chilean authorities, alleging that he had escaped from jail at Mendoza, pending

his trial for various crimes. But as the Argentine Government had refused a similar request some time before, on a plea of disputed jurisdiction and boundaries, the Chilians would not give him up, and in a few months he was again at large, having the poncho of Señor Bravo still in his possession.

When we reached Mendoza we heard that Mr. Slatter had returned to San Luis by "diligence," and as this was much the safest way of travelling, we resolved to follow his example. It proved, however, more tedious than riding with a "tropilla," and I recommend travellers rather to run the danger of Indians than to undergo seven days such as we suffered between Mendoza and Rio Quinto. Nor were our troubles at an end when we got into the railway carriage for Villa Maria, *en route* for Rosario. A cloud of locusts, as thick as a snowstorm, came upon us near Rio Cuarto. It was impossible to see ten yards, and even the telegraph posts were hardly visible. The air was so heavy that I felt it difficult to breathe. At last the train came to a standstill, and the engine-driver declared he could not go farther unless the passengers assisted to clear the wheels of the engine and carriages. The oil of the crushed locusts had made the wheels so slippery that they went round and round, but the train remained in

the same place. After clearing the wheels we got on very well for half-an-hour, and then had to repeat the process, so that we did not reach Villa Maria till two o'clock in the morning, having eaten nothing for eighteen hours.

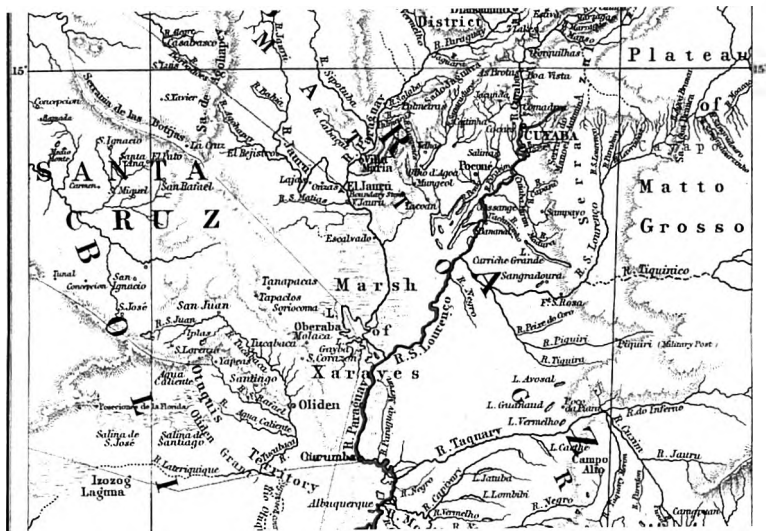
CHAPTER X.

THE GREAT RIVERS.

IN no journey by land or water can so much of the interior life of South America be seen, as in the ascent of the rivers Paraná and Paraguay into the province of Matto Grosso. This we accomplished by the following means. The Brazilian Government was sending a small gun-vessel to convey Madame Hermes, the wife of the President of Matto Grosso, her husband having gone there some months previously. I had the good fortune to make her acquaintance at the Brazilian Legation in Buenos Ayres, and when she heard how anxious I was to see as much of the country as possible, she very kindly invited my husband and myself to accompany her in the war-vessel. We gladly accepted the invitation and embarked in the *Jaurù*.

From Buenos Ayres to Cuyaba is nearly 2500 miles, and the journey had seldom been made by Europeans, and never before by an English lady. Captain Bossi explored Matto Grosso in 1862,





when he attempted to cross the intervening forest and hill-ranges, and descend by the Amazon to the Atlantic, but was forced to desist by a mutiny among the Indians who accompanied him. Nevertheless it is quite possible to cross from Cuyaba to the river Tapajoz, and descend in a canoe to the Amazon, which the Indians consider is a voyage of thirty-five days. This was actually done by Governor Coutinho in 1771, the Indians carrying his canoe through the woods.

August 1.—We entered the Paraná by its main branch the "Guazu," having passed the island of Martin Garcia, which may be called the Gibraltar of the River Plate, as all vessels going up either the Paraná or Uruguay rivers must pass within range of its batteries. It is of granitic formation, and looks very bleak and miserable. The Argentine Government has established on it a naval school. I have already described this portion of the Paraná, with its innumerable islands and labyrinth of channels, only used by the fruiterers and charcoal-burners. The former, during the season, lay their barques against the banks, and load from the overhanging peach and orange trees. The peach-trees are cultivated not only for their fruit, but also for firewood. It has never yet been discovered who introduced them, as it is well known they are not

indigenous. Some writers say they owe their origin to the forethought of the Jesuits, others to the migration of birds from the mainland.

August 2.—We anchored in front of Rosario at daybreak, walked through the town, which is a thriving place, being the outlet for the trade of the interior provinces. It is built in the usual straight lines, with the Plaza in the centre. Breakfasted on shore with H.M. Consul, Mr. Joel, and hurried back to the *Jauru*. About an hour after leaving Rosario we passed the convent of San Lorenzo, built by the Jesuits, and now held by the Franciscans. San Lorenzo stands near the site of the old fort Santo Espirito of Sebastian Cabot, and is remarkable as the first Spanish settlement in this part of South America. About six miles higher the river Carcarañà empties into the Paranà, which is here two miles wide. The high land on our left soon merged into a network of islands, the deep-water channel skirting along the opposite coast, which presented a number of openings, through which we got glimpses of wood and dale in charming contrast with the sloping "barrancas." Groups of magnificent trees like oaks broke the surface of a verdant vegetation, nature having outdone the work of the most artistic landscape-gardener in the rich variation of tints and foliage. The graceful

outlines of hill and vale, the stately forms of pine and algarroba, which every moment presented themselves, were very charming. A scientific friend has given me the following paragraph:—"The section made in successive ages by the river shows a tertiary formation of alternate strata of loose sand, coarse sandstone, calcareous stone, and marl, and the fossils found therein resemble those of the Patagonian tertiary formation from Bahia-Blanca to Punta-Arenas." The approach to the town of Paraná was picturesque, towering bluffs of red sandstone, here and there relieved by a thick fringe of deep green. There were several limekilns along the coast. As the sun went down, streaks of purple covered the sky, casting their reflection upon the water and surrounding objects. A profound silence reigned. We remained on deck till we anchored in front of Paraná at midnight.

August 3.—Paraná stands on an eminence of 200 feet. On a clear day the turrets of Santa Fé may be seen, about seven miles distant, on the opposite bank of the river. During the delay at this port I landed with Madame Hermes to see the town, which is like other Spanish South American towns. I missed, however, the miradors or turrets which are so ornamental and to be found in almost all the better class of houses in Buenos

Ayres and Montevideo. The gardens were prettily arranged, and the rich foliage of the vines, orange, peach, pomegranate, and fig trees made a lovely contrast with the whitewashed walls of the houses. Paranà was the capital of the Republic under General Urquiza, the Government and foreign Ministers residing here. It happened that an English attaché, once appointed to this out-of-the-way place, on being reprimanded for not proceeding to his post, went to Downing Street with an atlas, and asked the Secretary of State to point him out where Paranà was, as he could not find it on any map. It was quite true, as previously to Black's Atlas the place was always marked Bajada, the old Spanish name. We saw the Senate House, where treaties had been signed with France, England, and the United States, which is now a café. After leaving Paranà we commenced to see on our left the thick woods of the Gran Chaco, which we were destined to follow for twelve days, in ascending the river, without seeing on that side the least trace of human habitation. The Chaco is mostly forest, and covers the same extent as France, in the undisputed possession of various tribes of savage Indians, some of whom were at one time docile pupils of the Jesuits, as shown by the ruined churches of San Xavier and Coronda,

surrounded by plantations of orange and cotton trees now grown wild. Two leagues higher we passed a Swiss colony, from which some boats were crossing to Santa Fé, one of them taking in tow a horse. It is said that these animals swim much better here than in Europe, and General Urquiza several times passed the Diamante with an army, which in any other country would have required rafts. The mildness of the climate, the frequent intersection of the lands in every direction by small rivers, and the absence of ferries and bridges, oblige the people of the country also to become expert swimmers. In most of the islands that we passed we saw Genoese boatmen cutting timber and burning it for charcoal in the most reckless manner, which caused my husband to remark that unless the Government took some measures to check the wholesale destruction of forests, this country would ultimately become as treeless as the plains of La Mancha. At this part the captain frequently lowered a boat to send the pilot forward to take soundings, for although the river was two miles wide the deep-water channel was narrow and so irregular that sometimes we were coasting the Gran Chaco, and then again the shore of Entre Rios. So shifting is the bed of the river that the pilot told me the passes changed in

many places during the year, and towns erected on its banks only thirty or forty years ago are now almost inaccessible, so many islands intervene. As we approached La Paz we passed the mail steamer *Messenger* going down stream, which left Paraguay two days before; we saluted with flags. I noticed several passengers on the quarter-deck, the rest of the vessel being so packed with oranges that nothing could be seen but the funnels. It is little more than forty years ago that the timid navigators of the Paraná knew nothing of steamers, but crept lazily along the banks in their little boats, sounding the current at every step, often sheltering themselves under the "barrancas" when the least symptom of bad weather appeared, and never trusting themselves, even under the most experienced pilot, to the perils of navigation by night. It is even yet supposed by many people that steamers coming from Europe make fast to trees at night-time. We know that the first Spanish expedition from the mouth of the La Plata to Paraguay took more than twelve months; for, although the direct distance to Lambarè, where they landed, is under one thousand miles, the way is made almost double by the crossing from one bank to the other. Certainly the adventurous settlers of the sixteenth century were men of surpassing energy, determina-

tion, and perseverance. It is impossible for us to form an idea of the hardships they must have gone through, penetrating to the centre of the continent, to establish a city amid these woods and wilds. Such as they then looked upon these cliffs and islands they are to-day, for Nature, in her simplest and rudest garb, still holds undisputed sway in these silent, melancholy regions. For thousands of years this mighty river has flowed on to the sea, and yet it seems the same as when Creation dawned upon the universe. The arts or science of man are nowhere visible for hundreds of miles, and the various layers of soil forming the islands only show that, during numberless generations, the stream has continued to carry down its deposits, till these have gradually risen above the surrounding flood, decked out in all the charms of tropical Nature, with trees of various kinds, many of them probably yet unknown to botanists. At sunset we were called up from dinner by the first lieutenant, to see a tiger, or rather jaguar, that was swimming across the river; nothing was visible but his head, and he swam in a straight line, with powerful stroke, perfectly heedless of the current. A thick jungle of marshy grass and tangled underwood, which almost defied the entrance of man, afforded a secure asylum for these animals, which at times cross the river in search of

break. No boat, however, came from the town, and one of the tigers kept watch below, thinking the stranger might be driven by hunger to run the gauntlet, and make towards town. In this manner the poor priest passed two terrible days and nights, before he was relieved from his dangerous position. Another time a family was left at some distance from Paranà at nightfall, and, being unable to reach the town, had to light a large fire to keep off the tigers. These animals are often accompanied by foxes, in the same manner as I have known the jackals to follow lions in the Atlas Mountains. Our fare to-day consisted of game from the Gran Chaco, which the captain bought at Esquina. We had soup made from the lagarta or iguana, a kind of small crocodile; then a fricassee of perdiz grande, being a species of partridge as big as a pheasant; then a roasted pavo del monte, or wild turkey; the dinner concluding, as usual among Brazilians, with the inevitable "feijao," a dish composed of black beans and chopped pork, and farinha made from mandioca.

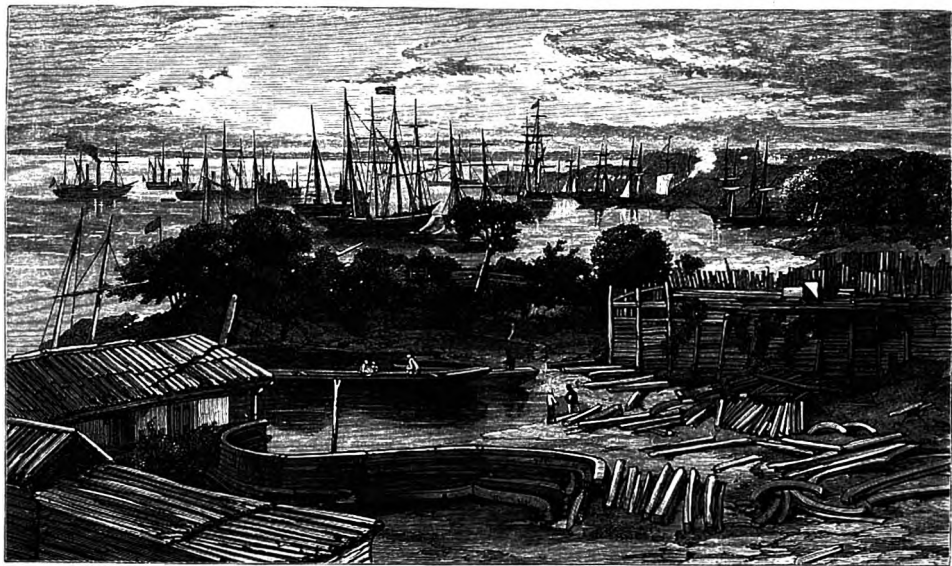
August 5.—Anchored off Goya, a place of some importance, called after the beautiful wife of a Portuguese settler who lived here at the commencement of the present century. The cha-ha, or turkey-buzzard, awakened the echoes of the

woody islands with its strange cry—cha-ha—which signifies in Guarani “let us be going.” Seeing a group of swans and carpinchos on the bank, the first lieutenant fired at the latter, and shot one of them, which we were able to secure. Soon afterwards the pilot called our attention to a red fog ahead, which came down so rapidly that, in a few minutes, the vessel was enveloped in locusts; it passed over us in about half-an-hour, going southward. This convinced me how erroneous is the idea of the Buenos Ayreans that locusts come from Patagonia. At Rincon de Soto we saw, on a hill, the old Jesuit church of Santa Lucia, after which began the red sandstone bluffs of Cuevas. This place takes its name from a settler in 1825, whose heroism is still spoken of amongst the people, for, with his son and two daughters, he drove off a band of Indians that crossed over from the Chaco to steal his cattle. The approach to Bella Vista was beautiful—a chain of steep cliffs, terminating with an orange-grove, beyond which we saw, nestling amongst palm-trees and other tropical foliage, the little town on the hillside. We stopped only an hour, to take in wood for the steamer. The native boatmen bore some resemblance to Calabrian fishermen, only looking much wilder; the inhabitants being all descendants of a band of convicts, and

still bearing rather a lawless character. We bought here a species of mullet, which the boatmen catch in an ingenious manner, without either rod or net, by tapping against the sides of their canoes, when the fish, being frightened, leap out of the water and fall into the canoe. The sand-flies, which were almost invisible, were very troublesome all day, but disappeared with the evening breeze.

August 6.—Coming on deck this morning, I was greatly struck with the picturesque situation of Corrientes, with its palm-trees and orange-groves. Below the city I saw an obelisk, which marked the place where the Spaniards first landed in 1588. We went ashore after breakfast, and proceeded to the Hotel Concordia, Madame Hermes having resolved to detain the gunboat and rest here for a few days. Corrientes is rather more of an Indian than a Spanish town, the only language spoken being Guarani, although the better classes understand Spanish. We met groups of Guaycuru Indians carrying grass on their heads, who had just come over from the Chaco in their canoes. These are generally considered tame Indians, some of them having been baptized, and obtain a living by selling grass and vegetables in the Corrientes market.

August 7.—We were up by break of day, determined to make as much of our short stay as possible.



CITY OF CORRIENTES.

We saw in the church of San Francisco an organ made by one of the friars. Many of the houses had corridors in front to keep off the heat of the sun, and the roofs were made of the bark of the palm-tree. It was put in strips of six feet long like ordinary tiles. We visited some friends of Mons. Bonpland, who told us many anecdotes of the great French botanist, the companion of Humboldt, and showed us a manuscript in his writing, of which the following is an extract :—

“ I was born at Rochelle on the 29th of August 1773. My real name was Amadé Goujaud. My father, who was a physician, intended me for the same profession. It was on account of my great love of plants that he gave me the soubriquet of Bon-plant, which I afterwards adopted instead of my family name. When studying medicine at Paris I spent all my leisure hours in the Jardin des Plantes. Being appointed, along with Mr. Humboldt, by the French Government on a scientific mission to South America, we made all preparations to sail under Captain Baudin, when the war with England broke out. This upset our plans, so that we resolved to proceed together to explore the interior of Africa, the Swedish Government kindly giving us a free passage in a vessel of that country, loaded with presents for the Bey of Algiers. It happened that

we were not to reach our destination, for the vessel was driven by stress of weather into Cadiz. From that port the Spanish corvette *Pizarro* was about to sail for Mexico, and the Spanish Minister Arquijo not only placed the vessel at our disposal, but gave us letters of recommendation to the various viceroys and governors of Spanish America.

“ During our wanderings through South America we made vast collections of botany, geology, mineralogy, etc., which occupied us many years. On returning to Europe the result of our labours was published in six volumes. Shortly afterwards, the Empress Josephine appointed me botanist to Malmaison, which post I held until her death in May 1814. The desire to revisit South America was so strong that in August 1816 I left Europe, and landed three months later in Buenos Ayres, intending to make a lengthened study of the trees and plants of this part of the world. The time, however, was most inopportune, as civil war raged everywhere. The Government of Buenos Ayres appointed me Professor of Medicine in the University of that city. It was not long, however, before I proceeded up the Uruguay to establish a botanical garden, on my own account, in the ruined mission of Santo Tomé.

“ One afternoon, while sleeping in my hammock,

I was awakened by the shouting of some of my Indians, and on going to the door was cut down by a Paraguayan soldier. It appeared the tyrant Francia had heard that I was cultivating yerba or Paraguay tea, and sent a party of his men into that part of Corrientes to destroy my plantations and carry me prisoner into Paraguay.

“During nine years of captivity I was prohibited, under pain of death, from going more than a league from my house, but I contrived to earn, by the practice of medicine, enough for my support, besides occasional gains from a sawmill which I established for the benefit of my neighbours. At last, on the 12th of May 1829, at the earnest request of the British and French Governments, the tyrant Francia set me at liberty, with orders to leave Paraguay in twenty-four hours. On reaching Buenos Ayres I was very kindly received by the French Admiral commanding the station, who informed me that his Majesty Louis Philippe had directed him to offer me a passage home to France. I have recently sent home by the Admiral fifty cases of specimens collected by me in Paraguay, and I am now about to establish a model farm and botanical garden at San Borja, from which to send plants for acclimatisation in foreign countries.”

Besides the memoir, Mdlle. Labougle gave us a

copy of a portrait of Mons. Bonpland taken by his friend Signor Pellegrini.

August 8.—We took horses for the French colony of Lomas, which is ten miles from Corrientes, on the banks of the Upper Paraná. Shortly after leaving the town we passed the “Cruz del Milagro,” the obelisk which we saw before coming into port. Here it was that the Spaniards landed under Juan and Alonzo Vera, only sixty in number, and were attacked by eight thousand Guaycurus. The former had planted a large wooden cross, and the Indians, supposing it possessed a charm, carried it off, trying in vain to burn it, for lightning fell in the midst of them, killing many. This so frightened them that the Cacique with all his people begged to be baptized. Riding between numerous plantations and country houses, we came to that of Mr. Billinghamurst, where we stopped to lunch. There was a magnificent grove of 10,000 orange-trees, besides fields of maize and mandioca; the latter is a root not unlike a parsnip with the flavour of a potato, and constitutes the chief food of millions of people in South America. The juice resembles milk, coagulates in the sun, and the curd is dressed in the same manner as eggs. The sediment which the juice deposits is that article of diet for invalids so well known by its native name, tapioca. After

leaving Mr. Billingham's quinta, our way lay through several sandy lanes with cactus hedges. We had to ford some small streams, but the passes were pretty good. At Lomas we found most of the colonists very poor, complaining of the unlucky star that brought them here from France; others, however, were prospering, and one in particular, who was from Savoy, had a comfortable little farm, and was worth several hundred pounds. His wife gave me a species of white silk made by a large spider which is perfectly harmless, and clusters like bees. The silk appeared very suitable for weaving, and Dobrizhoffer mentions a pair of stockings made of it, and sent as a present to the King of Spain.

August 9.—Again under weigh, the pilot steering for the Tres Bocas. On the Chaco side we saw the "Obraje," or wood-cutting establishment of San Fernando, recently rebuilt, the Indians having burnt it down last year and killed all the inhabitants. At noon we reached the Tres Bocas, where the Paraguay and Paraná meet, and entered the former river. The island of Cerrito on the left was the headquarters of the Brazilian army during the recent war, and the bank is lined with crosses in commemoration of the officers who fell. There was hard fighting all about here, as every inch of ground

was valiantly disputed by Lopez and his people during five years, until the overpowering forces of Brazil and Buenos Ayres triumphed in 1870. On the Chaco side after sundown we saw a great fire, the flames sweeping along over trees and brushwood. As we approached we could distinguish the figures of a number of Indians, like so many demons, dancing apparently in the midst of the flames. They make these fires in a circle about half-a-mile in diameter, leaving an opening where, lance in hand, they await the tigers and other animals that attempt to escape. Seen in the darkness of the night, the sight before us was very extraordinary; the crackling of the trees, the rolling of the flames, and the Indians apparently dancing in the middle, reminded one vividly of Dante's *Inferno*. All along the left bank is disputed territory claimed by both Argentines and Paraguayans, but the Indians are in sole possession.

August 10.—Passed Humaità last night by moonlight. Nothing was visible but the ruined tower of San Carlos, where Lopez held his headquarters for three years, and baffled every effort of the enemy to force a passage. The pass is very narrow, and forms a V, both sides of the angle having been protected by heavy batteries constructed under ground in the bluff, in front of which

a chain was thrown across the river to the Chaco side. At last, in February 1868, a heavy flood occurred, which enabled the Brazilian ironclads to pass up over the chain, and although the vessels were severely damaged by the batteries, they commenced to shell Humaità from the north side, and compelled Lopez to withdraw. It is a strange fact that the Brazilian Government, in 1850, lent engineer officers to Lopez's father to construct these batteries, the capture of which cost Brazil three years of warfare. At the mouth of the Vermejo we saw several Indians fishing; some used nets, and others shot the fish with arrows. This is one of the two great rivers of the interior; it rises in the Bolivian Andes, and flows for 1200 miles through the forests of the Chaco. It is said to resemble a corkscrew, Captain Lavarello having counted 900 bends between the mouth and the point known as Esquina Grande, near Salta. It derives its name from its red colour, which is probably owing to the numerous dye-woods that grow along the banks. Before coming to the mouth of the Tibiquari on the Paraguayan side, we passed a deserted village which was formerly Pilar. In Francia's time foreigners were not allowed into the interior of Paraguay, but might settle here. The Tibiquari, which falls into the Paraguay on its left bank, rises in the yerbales

or maté fields of Misiones, and passes through the most fertile districts of the country. A little higher up I saw the first "yacarès" or South American crocodiles, although we had for several days been looking for them, as they often come much lower down, but the weather was extremely cold—the reason, I suppose, why they preferred to remain where they were. The next place we saw was Villa Franca, a miserable little village. I have been told that formerly all these villages were in a thriving condition, but the fatal war reduced the whole country to a state of ruin, leaving nothing but its natural beauty unhurt. At Villa Oliva, another small place a few leagues farther, we took in some wood. The river became more winding, the land on the Chaco side much higher, and the forests near the banks denser. The best of the woods about this point were the Lapacho, Quebracho, Urunday, and Algarroba, the last so well known in the east as the Carob-tree. The cattle fatten better on the bean of the Algarroba than on any other food, and an intoxicating drink is made by the Indians from it. It is curious that the distillers in Scotland are now importing from Cyprus the Carob bean to make whisky: perhaps some day the Algarroba may become a source of wealth to these countries.

August 11.—The *Jaurù* was detained all night below Villeta, this being the most difficult pass on the river in seasons of low water. The captain feared we should have to send to Asuncion for a steam launch, but we got safely through. Abreast of Villeta a ship was at anchor; between her and the shore there was a platform some fifty yards long, upon which passed every now and then a procession of white-robed figures, which in the distance had a most picturesque effect. These were women loading the vessel with oranges from a large heap on the bank of the river. I thought I never saw anything more graceful than their manner of walking and carrying their load. They were all barefooted, and wore the national dress of the country, which is nothing but a long white tunic, fastened at the waist. The pass of Angostura, above mentioned, is celebrated for the heroic conduct of an English engineer, Colonel Thompson, who defended it for some months with a handful of men against the powerful army and navy of the Allies. A few miles inland is the ruined village of Lomas Valentinas, where a great battle was fought towards the close of the Paraguayan war. Amongst the captives taken by the Argentines were many little boys, whom the officers adopted and treated with much kindness. One of them, Carlos Aramburu, was brought to

Buenos Ayres by Captain Kitisoff, a Russian, who, being on active service, begged me to take care of the boy, at the same time making me a present of a pair of doors beautifully carved, which belonged to the old college, having been wrought by the neophytes of the Jesuits, in the sixteenth century. The panels are of different woods, viz. Quebracho, Nandubay, Urunday, Catiguà, Guabiyù, Iguavirà, Laurel, Timbò, and Tatanè. They are carved inside and outside in alto-relief; and the framework is entirely of cedar. Such is the weight of the wood, that if thrown into the water these doors would sink like a stone. So magnificent a relic of that period is now perhaps not to be found. The Spanish Minister at Buenos Ayres, Mr. Perez de Ruano, who had made antiquarian researches in Mexico and Central America for several years, declared he had never seen its equal; and some of my scientific friends in England consider it of the highest historical interest. Six miles beyond Villeta the magnificent peak of Lambare, wooded to its summit, rose abruptly from the river's edge to a height of 300 feet, a bend in the river bringing us in full view of the capital of Paraguay.

August 12. — Asunçion. Landed here last night. This city was for two centuries a place

of great importance, and has now only a few hundred inhabitants. The streets run in straight lines from the river ; but the houses are mostly in ruins. Lopez's palace, which he was building on the model of the Tuileries, stands as a souvenir of human vanity. It has neither doors nor windows, and is now the abode of bats and owls. He had resolved to declare himself Emperor, and among the spoils taken by the Allies was an Imperial crown which he had just received from Paris before the beginning of the war. The soil is of red sand, into which we sank at every step, as we were roaming about in quest of the Brazilian Legation. We found it at last, and presented our letters to the Minister, Dr. Callado, who, with Mrs. Callado, received us most kindly, and insisted on our staying in their house whilst we were in Asuncion. They could not understand my desire to explore the far interior, and talked very much of the dangers and difficulties which I should have to face. They pressed me to remain with them and see Paraguay ; but I was determined not to lose so favourable an opportunity of exploring a country where no European lady had ever been before. I promised, however, on the return voyage to avail myself of their kind invitation.

August 13.—The weather, which since our

departure from Buenos Ayres had been very fine, looked threatening, and the rain soon came down in torrents. At first we thought the *Jaurù* could not leave to-day; but a messenger arrived to tell me that Madame Hermes was on board, and only waited for us. The Brazilian vessels saluted us as we left port for Cuyabà, 1400 miles farther north. The *Jaurù* skirted along the Chaco, and passed a little French colony which settled here a few years ago, and have raised small farms in the midst of the forest. They cut out a space, leave the fallen trees to dry, then burn them, and sow or plant on the fertilising ashes. On the same side were "salinas;" and a number of huts showed us that the salt-gatherers had commenced to work. The salt districts are common property, of which any one may profit, and men come in their canoes from all parts of the river to collect it. The rivers that run through these districts are almost all brackish. This salt, according to Dobrizhoffer, is produced by a species of palm; but Southey says it is a strange philosophy to suppose that the soil derives its nitre from the plants, and not the plants from the soil. The earth when first turned up shows no evidence of the presence of salt; but after being for some time exposed to the sun it becomes covered with a crust looking like frost.

The people collect this efflorescence carefully ; but it is from the water, through which the earth is repeatedly washed to extract all saliferous particles, that the principal supply is obtained. Farther on was a rock, called Peñon, of conical form, rising for about twenty feet in the middle of the river ; it was covered with water-fowl, and right on the top, as if cut and placed by the hand, was a block of red sandstone. Before coming close, I saw on it what I thought were two men fishing, but they were two huge storks, called Juan Grandes, standing five feet high. Señor Braga, the first lieutenant, who was the only sportsman of the party, fired at one of them, but missed. We steered through a number of little islands, covered with vegetation and fringed with aquatic plants. There were several fine patos reales or royal ducks, some of which were perched on a tree like hens—a fact, I suppose, well known to naturalists, although several sportsmen, whom I have told of it, have always received it with great doubt. Opposite Caragatay (an old estancia of Lopez) we saw on the Chaco side some Indians fishing. To-day we were enlivened by a scene between Madame Hermes and one of her servants, a negress named Ramona. During the entire voyage Ramona was very unmanageable, refusing to obey her mistress ; at last Madame Hermes

threatened to have her punished, she being a slave. This brought her to her senses, and as she promised better conduct in future she was again taken into favour. It was strange to see the mixture of bad and good in the girl's character; she had several times received her freedom, and always came back to Madame Hermes, saying, "I don't wish to be free; I will not leave you."

August 14.—This morning we anchored off Concepcion, and took in wood. This was once a flourishing place, but now consists of a few miserable huts. It has yet the yerba trade, the yerbales, which cover three million acres, being about seventy miles inland. They were worked for many years by the Jesuits, and from this circumstance maté is often called Jesuits' tea. A little distance from Concepcion, a friend of my husband, an American, had just established a factory to make ropes from the Caraguatay, which is a species of aloe; it is said to be much stronger and more durable for cordage than hemp, while at the same time the finest lace may be made from it. The caraguatay not only makes ropes, but its leaves, when scraped, give a sweet liquor, which soon ferments, and, mixed with the seeds of oranges, is good to drink: if exposed to the sun it turns to vinegar. The Indians also use the juice of the caraguatay to heal

their wounds. Mr. Wilton, who is a naturalist, and is collecting specimens to send to the United States, gave me several plants, among which were the Guaycuru-rembiu, a creeping plant having a beautiful white, wax-like flower. The Indians eat the fruit, which they roast like a chestnut. The guembe and guembetaya are lovely parasites, which twist themselves round the tendrils of a tree and take root beside it. Mr. Wilton also makes ropes from the guembe. The fruit of the guembetaya is used by the Indians like maize, which it resembles in appearance. It has a beautiful, trumpet-shaped flower of delicate straw-colour. I felt as if I did not know which to admire most amid such a wealth of beauty. The Captain bought some pacù, a fish which is very plentiful in the Paraguay. Between Concepcion and San Salvador we passed a Scotch colony for planting coffee—there were some charming views—and another “salina.” We saw several “carpinchos,” which seemed excellent friends with the alligators. The latter lay in shoals on the banks, motionless, like logs of wood, except when they opened their jaws showing alarming rows of teeth. The body was dark gray, and scaly like a tortoise, with four short legs, by which they glide into the water with the greatest ease and even elegance. When Captain Hawkins, H.M.S. *Cracker*, was here

last year, one of his officers, with a Snider rifle, shot an alligator at a distance of 150 yards. The ball penetrated the thickest part of the hide, and was flattened in the inside. Mr. Braga shot another, though we did not recover the body. The ball went down the creature's throat, and he escaped into the water, tinging it with blood. Just in front of San Salvador a ridge of rocks ran across the river, which we had some difficulty in passing. A large tiger was sitting on the eastern bank watching us; he was a noble-looking fellow, and I am sorry to say the first lieutenant fired at him. He looked at us, deliberated a little, slowly rose, and retired into the jungle. On the Chaco side we passed an extensive plain of high grass, and then an immense forest of palms as far as the eye could reach. The trees formed long aisles and vaulted colonnades, amidst which in many places were ant-hills five or six feet in height. So regular were the arches formed by the trees, rising up to about a hundred feet, that I could hardly believe they were not planted by hand. We passed the Sierra Caapucu, which extended for some leagues along the river. The scenery from this point was charming; the Sierra Morada and Itapucu were covered with magnificent trees, from which hung thousands of orchids of various hues. On the Chaco side



GUAYCURUS IN THE GRAN CHACO.

the palm forest became wearisome, until at last we saw a group of Indians making for the bank, as if desiring to speak with us. They belonged to the tribe called Guaycurus. We slackened speed, and a boat with a crew well armed, under the command of one of the officers, was sent to ask what they wanted: it appeared that they had some skins and other articles, which they wished us to take in exchange for tobacco and rum. They all laid their bows and arrows at some distance, as if to show that they wished to be friends. The captain offered to take us on shore, and gave directions to those on board to keep a careful look-out. Madame Hermes, with my husband and myself, provided with arms in case of treachery, landed. The Indians pointed to a group of huts at a little distance, and made signs that they wished us to follow them. I distinguished the Cacique by the silver rod in his lower lip—the rods of all the others were of wood—his tunic also was decorated with feathers and pieces of tin or silver, while the tunics of his subjects were of white cotton. When we came to the huts the women eyed me curiously; they were much inferior in appearance to the men, and wore longer tunics. The Guaycurus are a wandering tribe, always fighting with their neighbours; they generally encamp on the bank of a

river, so that they may have fish as well as game. As soon as they think all the latter is exhausted about one place they move to another. They tattoo themselves in a most symmetrical way with urucú and yenipapo, the women especially loving this mode of adornment, as well as necklaces of shells, and in fact everything that glitters. Before leaving Asunción I laid in a stock of brass buttons, small looking-glasses, and penknives, as I was told I should find them useful presents; and so it proved all through our journey. My buttons, coloured beads, and penknives, made me many friends. Amongst them I am still remembered as the "Mujer Blanca" who came to teach music; for unconsciously I gained this reputation by the Indians hearing me sing on board, and Mme. Hermes and the officers encouraged the idea. I had a guitar, and every evening when the breeze blew the tormenting insects away, we had music on the quarter-deck. It would really seem I made some impression on them, for in the following year two German explorers, coming down from Bolivia, heard the Indians still talking of me. The tattooing on the Cacique's arms consisted of half-moons, stars, serpents, and diamonds, all well arranged. He was evidently very proud of himself, and when the captain offered him a cigar he would only take it



YAGUARETE, THE TIGER SLAYER.

from the hands of what I supposed was an attendant. It struck me as being strange that this savage of the forest should have such dignity, but when I gave him a penknife he took it from me, making signs to show that he was greatly pleased with it. The men of the tribe were all muscular and good-looking, but the women made themselves more hideous than they were naturally, by the manner of wearing their coarse black hair, which was like a bristled mane. They have a tradition of their origin, which is mentioned by Dobrizhoffer, that in the beginning God created all other nations as numerous as they are at present, and divided the earth among them. Afterwards he created two Mbayas, male and female, and commissioned the Caracara (*Falco Brasiliensis*) to tell them he was very sorry that there was no part of the world left for their portion, therefore he had only made two of them; but they were to wander about the inheritance of others, make eternal war upon all other people, kill the males, and adopt the women and children. Their maloca, or encampment, was divided into straight streets of very low ranchos, covered with palm-leaves.

August 15.—Still we were skirting palm-trees, among which the grass grew to a great height. One of the things we had from the Indians yester-

day was the date-palm. Its fruit grows in clusters, looking like a colossal bunch of grapes; the outer shell is thin, and contains a sweet, yellowish substance, of which the Indians are very fond, covering a nut like a filbert, with the flavour of the coconut, containing the kernel from which the oil is extracted. We suffered very much last night from the mosquitoes. All on board complained of the heat, but as yet I have scarcely felt it warm, although within twenty degrees of the equator. For several nights past we heard the howling monkey, and the river swarms with animal life; I have seen to-day several carpinchos and a tapir. The delicious odour of the trees was perceptible all along. We anchored at Rio Appa to take in some wood, this being the frontier-line between Paraguay and Brazil. A small colony of Frenchmen have established themselves here, to cut wood for exportation; they seem to have little fear of the Indians. Between Rio Appa and Fort Bourbon the ground became higher, and the river widened considerably. Fort Bourbon, or Olimpo, the first Brazilian land-mark met with on the Paraguay, is built on a spur of the Sierra Olimpo, a well-wooded range. Another palm-forest, and, as the sun broke through the clouds, it shone on a belt of trees in yellow blossom that looked like burnished gold.

Purple and dark green foliage diversified the landscape, and a flight of toucans, with their black and gray plumage and orange breasts, lent some life to a scene otherwise mournful from the surrounding solitude and silence. The river now seemed to have forced its way through a magnificent group of hills, the highest, Pan de Azucar, being 1350 feet. The little island in front, placed as if to bar our progress, was called "Fecha dos Morros,"—"the mountain gate." All these mountains were clad with the most luxuriant foliage, and I noticed trees, the flowers of which resembled our horse-chestnut, of different colours; but I was told that they were always white first, afterwards changing to yellow and deep crimson. This tree is called the Formigueira, or ant-tree, because if you touch it you will be covered immediately with millions of ants, which seem to live in it. Captain Vasconcellos told me that this lovely spot was most unhealthy, and showed me the graves of a whole Brazilian garrison, who, being sent here to make a fort, were seized with an illness, and only lived a fortnight. It must be something in the nature of the soil, for the trunks of the trees are swollen out in a most hideous manner, for which reason they are called "barrigones." Plains of grass, only a few feet above the river, succeeded for many miles, till we came to another encamp-

ment of Indians; these were the Caduveos, who are at constant war with their neighbours. As we approached, they leaped into their canoes, and darted into the middle of the river, across our course, although the *Jauru* was going at full speed. There were about forty canoes surrounding the steamer, the Indians dressed for the occasion; besides their tunics, some had soldiers' jackets, others shirts with foxes' or dogs' heads printed on them, evidently of English manufacture; one or two wore caps, others tiger-skins; it seemed as if they were a lot of wild people in fancy costume. We threw them biscuits, and the captain held out to them a bottle of rum; they shouted, gesticulated, and became almost frantic in their efforts to obtain the prize. He threw it into the water to some distance; the forty canoes shot after it, knocking one against the other, and upsetting their occupants. The lucky finder swam away holding it up before the others, and grinning and displaying his fine teeth. The rest called out for more, holding up tiger-skins to signify their readiness to traffic with us. The Caduveos are copper-coloured, and decidedly handsome, at least manly, in their expression, and are undisputed lords of the vast wilds. They destroyed the town of San Salvador in 1871, and carried off the women and cattle.

The animals grazing on the banks formed part of the booty ; they were guarded by an Indian dressed in tiger-skins, and a tall black hat which must have been part of the spoil of San Salvador. He carried a musket on his shoulder, and, as we passed, waved his hat with the most unstudied grace.

August 16.—In the distance we saw the mountains of Coimbra and Albuquerque. On the slope of the former was a large fort, exposed to a scorching sun ; it was the first habitation we met with for 1300 miles on the Chaco side, since leaving Santa Fé. Vessels passing up or down the river must come within gunshot. The interior of the fort was in admirable order. Within the walls were small stone houses, thatched with palm-leaves, the quarters of the Comandante and some of the garrison ; the remainder lived in little huts, with their families, outside the gates. All supplies were obtained from Albuquerque and the neighbouring Indians. The Bolivians have often talked of making a road from Bolivia to this point, through the Otoquis territory, for all this portion of the Chaco is claimed by Bolivia, except a few yards round the fort. Madame Hermes remained with the Comandante and Madame Soto, whilst my husband and I, accompanied by one of the officers of the garrison, and a couple of blue jackets to

carry our torches, proceeded to visit the "Grotto del Infierno," which was a league north of the fort, on the same range of hills, and about a mile from the river. With some difficulty forcing our way through a forest of "palo santo," and wading up to our knees in mud and water, we reached the mouth of the cavern, an aperture in the limestone rock, which seemed hardly big enough to admit us. On brushing away the long grass, we entered an inclined tunnel, and creeping cautiously down, on hands and feet, for about fifty yards, reached the edge of a beautiful little lake, lying peacefully in its rocky cradle. My first feeling was of wonder and awe on finding myself in a magnificent hall, of the size of which we could not form an exact idea, owing to the vapours that arose. The roof, from fifty to a hundred feet in height, was supported by immense natural pillars, exquisitely formed, as if designed and placed there by an artistic hand. Intermingling with the pillars, and towering into the vapoury mists above our heads, rose wonderful stalagmites of the most fantastic shapes, and, as the light of our torches was reflected by the millions of crystals on the roof and walls, it formed a picture of dazzling splendour. I expected to see one of the genii of the Arabian Nights start up from behind the shadows of the stalagmites to offer us the

hospitality of his enchanted palace. The illusion was heightened by the sighing of the wind through the grottoes, the ceaseless drip of the water, and the roar of the unseen subterranean waterfall which communicates with the Paraguay. Many entrances leading to other parts of the cavern told of secret regions yet unexplored. The water of the lake was transparent, the depth being eighteen feet, with a temperature of 75 degrees. We carried off a few of the pure white stalactites and bade adieu to fairy-land. Above Coimbra the islands became very numerous, mostly wooded; there were birds of the richest plumage, and the alligators were so thick on the banks that we could scarcely see the sand. Passed some beautiful groves of *cambarasa* and *aguaribay*. This is supposed to be an unfailing remedy for every disease, and is one of the most valuable trees in these countries. A syrup is extracted from it which is called "Balm of the Missions." Before the Jesuits were expelled from Paraguay, each Indian village was obliged to furnish several pounds of this balm annually to the royal apothecary at Madrid. In this grove I heard the first singing birds since leaving Buenos Ayres. We saw a tall white bird, with black head, called *Martin Pescador*; also some monkeys on a tree, and several storks. Now and then deer showed themselves on

the banks. Just as the sun was setting we came to the magnificent peak of Conselho, rising from the river bank 1500 feet, clad in richest timber of variegated foliage, with lower hills that were lost in the Chaco. On the opposite side, higher up, was the river Miranda, leading to a village of that name, famous for the largest cattle in Brazil.

August 17.—Found this morning that the fishes had stolen the dress which I wore on my journey to the cavern yesterday. It was so thick with mud that I improvised a way of washing it, by attaching it to the end of a stout cord and suspending it all night from the *Jaurù*. The officers said the string must have been cut by the palometa, which has such sharp jaws and teeth that the Indians make knives of them. My poor dress was one of those I had made for travelling in these countries, dark gray tweed, made rather short. I found them the most useful in all latitudes. All the beautiful scenery which we had before seen was now surpassed by what unfolded itself at every bend of the river. Sometimes the Saddle Mountain was on our right, sometimes on our left, and the Sierra of Albuquerque formed the background. I have just been told a curious stratagem of the jaguar. When the floods are out the fish leave the river to feed on certain fruits. As soon as they hear or feel the fruit strike

the water, they leap to catch it as it rises to the surface, and in their eagerness spring into the air. The jaguar gets upon a projecting bough, and from time to time strikes the water with his tail, thus imitating the sound which the fruit makes as it drops, and as the fish spring towards it catches them with his paw. The principal fishes in the river Paraguay are the dorado, pacù, and palometa. A group of ranchos formed the port of Albuquerque. The village, which is inland, at foot of the Sierra, is described as a charming place in the midst of groves, the inhabitants forming a model Indian mission. A league higher was Port Pluva, where I saw a number of naked children playing with some poultry, goats, and pigs.

CHAPTER XI.

MATTO GROSSO.

CURUMBÀ, *August 18.*—At last we are in the very heart of South America, having ascended these rivers for 1800 miles, and here may be said to terminate the ordinary navigation. Canoes, however, can go up to Villa Maria, 800 miles farther, on the river Paraguay, or to Cuyabà, 600 miles, by the San Lorenzo. Travellers and traders usually stop here, being deterred by the awful heat, the want of food, the danger from Indians, and the slow rate of travelling. It takes twenty-four days from here to Cuyabà in canoes manned by tame Indians, the San Lorenzo being so shallow that they cannot row, but have to push up-stream with poles, about thirty miles a day. If they come short of provisions they shoot monkeys, for the greater part of the voyage is through swamps and forests, destitute of human habitation. Our gun-boat being unable to go any higher, we are fortunate in having at our disposal a little steam launch belonging to Messrs. Conceição, who have fitted it up

with every requisite and a complete supply of provisions for the voyage, which we expect to make in seven or eight days.

August 19.—We visited the batteries yesterday, above and below the town, on bluffs that command all approaches. They were of Krupp guns, and the Comandante also showed us the barracks. It was so hot that we did not ride to the Ladario arsenal, although he offered us tame cows accustomed to the saddle. He told us the Government had 2000 men at work there. A range of wooded hills separated Ladario from Curumbà, so infested with tigers that the road was unsafe for single travellers, the distance between the two places being only four miles. Before the Paraguayan war Curumbà was only a village, for Lopez greatly impeded commerce and navigation in these waters, but now it has risen to such importance that, as Madame Hermes informs me, the Government have some idea of removing the capital from Cuyabà and making it here. The only drawback to this place is the want of water, few of the houses having cisterns for rainfall, and the river water near the town being so stagnant as to smell very badly. Perhaps this is the reason that the death-rate is so high, although we saw boats go out into the middle of the river to fill their water-barrels, and all day long Paraguayan women, mostly

wives of the Brazilian soldiers, were going up or down the zigzag road, carrying jars on their heads, between the river-side and the town. Many of the houses were completely covered with a lovely yellow-flowered creeper which seemed to grow wild, and growing in some of the streets and on the hillsides there were quantities of the yellow and red "pimientos" so much esteemed by the Brazilians. We visited all the principal shops, some belonging to Brazilians, others to German Jews. The only curiosities to be met with were the feather hammocks made by the Chiquitos Indians, for which fabulous sums were asked. I saw one which I liked very well, but the price was thirty doubloons, or about £100 sterling. This was said to be a moderate price, for as every one in this country travels with a hammock (beds are not known in the interior provinces), a sort of rivalry exists, just as in England there would be as regards horses. In Curumbà, as in all other towns in South America, I found it most difficult to get the shopkeepers to show us things made in the country; they would insist on producing those of Manchester and Liverpool. We bought some "motùs" from a Frenchman, named Boivet, who had a little shop. Madame Boivet told me a great deal about the place, and lamented her fate at being so far from civilisation. The

motù, or Brazilian turkey, is a beautiful bird, something like our pheasant. The hen is brown, with brown and white crest, the male black, with black crest; they look like two distinct classes of birds. The woods about were filled with them, as also with pato real, jacu, jacutinga, biguá, cardinals, sun-birds, flamingoes, humming birds, and parrots of every colour.

August 20.—The heat last night was terrific, and the smell from the river insupportable. My husband warned me of the difficulties that we should have to face in continuing the voyage 600 miles farther, but the interest of exploring this *terra incognita* would not allow me to think of turning back. We embarked this morning in the steam launch *Coxipò*, which draws only ten inches; she is open at the sides, and has a wooden awning to keep off the sun. On the mole we saw some men skinning a huge alligator. Just as they had half completed the process, the animal slipped through the rope which held him and plunged into the water. The view of Curumbà, receding from us as we ascended the river Paraguay towards the mouth of the San Lorenzo, was very picturesque. At noon we passed a few low wooded hills on the Bolivian side. The river narrowed till the rocks almost met over our heads. We very nearly ran into a canoe heavily

laden, which was going to Cuyabà. At sunset the captain pointed out to us a deserted sugar-plantation, in the midst of which was a neat wooden cottage. The sugar-canes had grown very high, and the place wore a sad look. The planter was supposed to have been killed and eaten by tigers, and left no heirs.

August 21.—At daybreak the scenery was magnificent, as we stopped at the foot of Cerros Dourados to take in wood. The hillsides were covered with wild fig, imbauna, formigueira, and other trees. The imbauna had white branching stems and silver-lined leaves. There was a little settlement of woodcutters, whose houses were like the palm huts of Paraguay. They told us that tigers and snakes were very abundant. We sailed for miles along the foot of the Dourados Mountains, the scenery varying in beauty at every point. At one bend we met some canoes with Guato Indians fishing. Each canoe had a man and woman and sometimes one or two children, the latter so fair that one might take them for English. The women managed the canoes, while the men fished. They were a fine-looking race, and neither men nor women were tattooed. We saw a Guato shooting fish near us; he stood like a bronze statue, balancing himself with a foot on each side of the canoe till a fish



THE NABADIGUAS IN THEIR NATIVE WILDS.

passed, when, quick as lightning, the bow was drawn and the arrow cut through the water without a ripple. At the mouth of a stream called the Bananal, we saw a man who was giving up sugar-planting and vacating his "fazenda," getting his slaves and furniture into a large canoe. Two of the slaves were old black women, and the furniture was of a character to remind one of the times of the patriarchs. A dog howled piteously because his cruel and barbarous master had tied him to a tree, to save the trouble of taking him in the canoe. At 130 miles from Curumbà we entered the San Lorenzo, having navigated the Paraguay 1100 miles from its mouth at Tres Bocas. The San Lorenzo is much infested by the cruel Coroados, so called because they shave their heads, leaving only a tuft of hair on the crown. Shoals of alligators lay along the banks, of a larger kind than those of the river Paraguay. The scenery of the San Lorenzo was only wood and water, but beautifully diversified. On our right bank were tall trees covered with balls of wild cotton, larger than an orange, called payna, which serves to make pillows as soft as eider down. Both banks of the river were low and swampy, and fringed with timber. The captain told me of a blind wasp which is very common here. If it knocks against your skin in any part it causes

instant death. Turning a sharp corner of the river the rudder of our little steamer broke, and we were detained twelve hours mending it. We were obliged to keep a good look-out, all well armed, because the Coroados might be hid on the banks within arrow-shot of us. What we feared most were poisoned arrows. Only a few months before, they surprised some men in a canoe, and cut off their heads for trophies. This tribe is very numerous, fearfully addicted to drunkenness, and beyond hope of civilisation. At several places we passed deserted huts, the inhabitants of which were killed by these savages.

August 22.—Near the Boca de San Juan last night we met an Igaritè coming down stream. I watched for some time the steady approach of what I first took for a “will-of-the-wisp,” which proved to be the lamp of the Igaritè: these canoes are about 30 feet long and 6 wide, and have a little hut in the middle covered with palm leaves. About the Boca de San Juan was a group of “ranchos,” whose owners were surprised and killed by the Coroados only four months ago; the pilot said he thought only one or two were killed, the rest escaping under cover of the woods to the nearest Christian settlement. A little chapel at Melgasso was also burned down, and among the ruins were

several red deer. Leaving the river San Lorenzo, we entered the Cuyabà, which was much narrower, although the same in other respects. The Cuyabà rises near the 13th degree of latitude, from thirty to forty leagues above the capital, and within a few miles to the east of the sources of the river Paraguay. We were still in Coroado territory. The navigation was much impeded by trees which fell into the river, being undermined by the stream, or loosened by the inundations, and in some places we had to stop and cut them down to allow the steamer to pass. The monkeys sat grinning at us, but took care to keep out of our way; one kind, known as the bearded monkey, was strangely like a man. The bed of the river became so narrow that the branches of the trees struck us. The climbing plants, loaded with flowers, gave the trees the most wonderful forms that the richest imagination could invent. Every tree in these forests has become the prey of "lianes," which entwine them on all sides with inextricable tangles, always green and always flowered.

August 23.—Numerous ant-hills, looking like stumps of palm-trees. Ants are one of the plagues of Brazil, there being many kinds, of which the most remarkable are large black ones called Tocandeiros, and the "foragers," which carry off every-

thing green they can find. The latter strip entire trees, and are the terror of the mandioca planters. I have often been much interested in watching the habits of these foragers in the Pampas. Their lines of march can be traced for great distances from some special trees to their nest. Sometimes there are twenty or thirty of these roads quite close to one another, all made by distinct families, although of the same species. Now and then the ants will be so completely covered with a leaf that only a piece of green is seen marching along. I have taken some, put them on different routes, and watched the result. The moment the real owners of the road discovered the intruder they took him before one of their number, apparently the leader of the tribe, and then beat him until almost dead, driving him off, to find his way as best he could to his own companions. Little red ants that usually make their nest under the foundation of houses, render it almost impossible to keep provisions, especially sugar. This morning I saw an alligator going off with a live boa-constrictor, of a small kind, in his jaws; the snake was about twelve feet long, and wriggled as the alligator swam off, holding him by the middle. An opening in the forest showed thirty or forty large deer, some with branching antlers, like those found in Ireland.

Two or three were pure white. Clouds of white birds now and then settled on the trees, and it was not easy to distinguish them from the payna or wild cotton. The river was covered with biguás or water-hens; in fact it seemed full of animal life: tigers, carpinchos, tapirs, and last but not least, the numerous family of snakes, as dangerous to travellers as the Coroados. Last night we were awakened by a boa striking our boat as it swam across the river. Vampire bats were very numerous; they are known to destroy cattle by sucking their blood while asleep, and sometimes attack travellers, the sufferer sleeping more soundly while the vampire sucks his blood. But there is nothing in tropical travelling from which one suffers so much as thirst. Cold tea or coffee would be the best thing to drink, only there was nothing cold to be had; everything was lukewarm. The river water was almost hot enough to boil an egg. We cooled it somewhat by hanging it in canvas bags in the sun.

August 24.—The first sign of returning civilisation was the comfortable “fazenda” of Teobaldo, surrounded with fields of sugar-cane and tobacco, the latter looking like large green cabbage. Stopping here for a couple of hours during the noon-day heat, we took siesta. The house was divided by a

hall, on one side of which were the apartments for the family, on the other those for the slaves. Inside, it was as cool as a grotto, the house being protected by a verandah. Mme. Teobaldo's fair-haired children contrasted strikingly with the little naked negroes rolling about in the sand. Round about the house were "boucans" or wooden frames for drying fish, and a number of "ranchos" where the slaves were extracting sugar by means of old-fashioned presses, with troughs to receive the juice. A refreshing drink is made from the sugar-cane, called garapè, which is, however, very injurious to dogs. It was painful to see the poor animals with their bones sticking through their skin,¹ the effect, as we were told, of drinking this juice. It was infinitely more distressing to observe the little negro children, swollen in a hideous manner from eating clay, while the emaciated face, arms, and legs made a horrid contrast, and showed how rapidly this strange disease was taking them to the grave. Most physicians say that if the children can be checked in time they may recover, but the parents, who are slaves, are supposed rather to encourage them in this fatal habit. The river made to-day a great

¹ Some years since a Scotch physician published a work in which he tried to show that sugar produced a tendency to pulmonary consumption.

bend. In the morning we had the good fortune to buy some hens from a civil old planter in striped calico trousers, and this evening we passed the hut of a man dressed in the same way. We asked the latter if he had any poultry for sale, to which he replied, "You bought this morning all I had." It was the same planter, but his hut, seen from the back, had quite a different appearance from the front view we had of it this morning. All these planters and sellers of firewood are remarkably civil. Until very recent years they did their business by barter instead of money: ten empty bottles for a cow-hide, and other things in proportion.

August 25.—Two or three times to-day we called at "fazendas," which now began to appear at both sides of the river. One of these had for background a grove of imbauna and cajù, the front being sheltered by a tamarind-tree, said to be the finest in Matto Grosso. The cajù fruit is shaped like a pear, and coloured like a brilliant apple; it has a green, kidney-shaped seed attached to the end, and this is known as the cajù nut.¹ This fruit is spongy, full of juice, and supposed to have great medicinal properties. To-day, feeling an attack of "chucho" or ague, which is very common in this river, from

¹ Southey mentions that before the discovery of the New World cajù nuts were cast up on the shores of Cornwall.

having incautiously slept last night in my hammock on deck, I found effectual relief from some guaranà given me by Mme. Hermes. This extract is obtained by pounding the almonds of a parasite plant found on the Amazon. The Maues Indians roast it, and make it into cakes like chocolate, and it is in such demand that the ordinary price is about forty shillings per lb. A table-spoonful of the powder is taken in a glass of water, the taste being very bitter. At one of the "fazendas" I saw an old Portuguese picture, on wood, with an inscription on the back showing that it had been brought to Brazil in the sixteenth century. When I offered to buy it, as the owner did not seem to value it, having coloured prints pasted on it, he refused, because it had been in his family two centuries. These "fazendeiros" live on fish, fruit, mandioca, and sugar-cane, but rear cattle and poultry to sell to canoes going up or down. They lead happy lives, undisturbed by the changes so common in other parts of South America, and are once a year visited by a priest, who comes round to christen and marry. Eighty miles from Cuyabà both sides of the river were thickly studded with well-cultivated "fazendas."

August 26.—The *Coxipò* got on a reef, called Itaicis, which ran half across the river, and was delayed several hours. Higher up we struck on



OUR CANOE ASCENDING THE CUYABÁ RIVER.

a bank, and had to tranship into a large canoe, of the kind already described as an "igaritè." It was manned by eight "zingadores," a name derived from the "zinga" or pole with which they pushed the boat along. We were yet three days' journey from Cuyabà; and the slow mode of travelling made us suffer exceedingly from heat and mosquitoes.

August 27.—The heat last night was oppressive. Going ashore at sunrise for a walk through the forest, we were told by the Indians that if we could get through, as far as San Antonio, it would save us ten hours' voyage by canoe. We took four Guana Indians for guides, all of us armed with long sticks to keep off snakes, and for some distance followed a track but little trodden through a beautiful, dense forest. Wherever it was necessary to clear our way the Indians went in front, cutting right and left with their knives. The farther we advanced the thicker became the woods; and we were also impeded by a close grass which grew to a great height, as well as by the parasites that hung like ropes from the trees, sometimes curling round us so much that we had to extricate each other by cutting the creepers. Now and then we saw glimpses of blue sky through the network of leaves and branches, in which were numbers of

monkeys and parrots that seemed as if they would ask us what business we had in their dominions. The ground was soft, and sometimes the marks were recognised by the Indians as those of jaguars and tapirs. My hat was knocked off by a web which stretched from one tree to another, and belonged to a large hairy spider sitting not far from its work. The largest kind of these spiders is like a good-sized crab, and subsists by catching birds. Some friends of mine who were dining one day in a verandah saw one of these monster "tarantulas" crossing the floor, and threw his fork at it, the spider going off with the fork sticking in him. The Indians told me this kind was not so venomous as a smaller one abounding in these forests. What a pity the spiders do not eat up the mosquitoes, which tormented us fearfully! We found plenty of wild honey in the trees, and lizards innumerable crossed our path at every step. We killed a snake of a lovely crimson colour. The woods resounded with the singing of the yapù, a bird resembling a thrush, but black, with yellow on the tips of the wings; it imitates every other bird in the forest, but differs from the common mocking-bird in having a note peculiarly its own. When it sings it swings from the branch of a tree with its head down, and ruffles up all its beautiful

plumage. Its nest is a wonderful construction, hanging from the very highest bough of the tallest trees, attached, as it were, by the slightest cordage, which, although exposed to the most violent hurricanes, is never known to break. The Indians caught me some butterflies, one of which had the figure "88" distinctly marked on its wings. Suddenly the guide ahead of us made a sign for us not to move, and two large jaguars crossed the path; but whether they did not see us, or did not like to attack us, they continued their march, and we went on our way rejoicing. At last we reached the "fazenda" of Senhor Pedro, where it was agreed we were to wait for the canoe, and enjoyed a refreshing siesta before resuming our journey.

August 28.—Last night a terrific thunderstorm overtook our canoe, and as the zingadores could not make head against it we were forced to land at a sheltered part of the river-bank, not far from an encampment of Guana Indians, who flocked to the canoe, and made signs for us to follow them to their huts. After considering a little, we determined to accept the invitation, taking the precaution of being well armed, which we found, however, was not necessary, as the Guanans are a pacific nation, although allied with the warlike Guaycurus. The encampment consisted of a number of huts

ranged in a large circle, the centre forming the public kitchen, where little fires, over which hung pots in gipsy fashion, struggled to keep alive in the heavy rain that was falling. The hut to which Madame Hermes and myself were taken was extremely clean ; the furniture comprised two beds of leaves and skins, a few clay vessels, and several bows, arrows, and lances hung on the walls. The Guanas were the best type of Indian women that I met, very cleanly and industrious, but not subjected to such drudgery as in other tribes, where the men compel the squaws to do all the hard work. Their dress was a long white tunic, worn gracefully, fastened at the waist, leaving the arms and neck bare. The hair on the forehead was cut in a fringe, but fell down the back in one long plait. A shocking custom was told me of them, which I should be sorry to believe, that they kill many of their female children, because they think if there were too many women they would not be so well treated as if they were fewer ; this custom may have existed in former times. They vied with each other in showing us civility, partly from curiosity, partly from the inborn hospitality of the tribe. When the storm ceased we had supper, composed of tiger-steak, alligator ragout, and some excellent fish called piraputanga, about the size of a trout,



AN INDIAN CHIEF.

but differing in flavour from any fish that I know of. I did not like any of the dishes except the piraputanga; but the Indians consider the tiger-flesh a great delicacy, and believe that courage is influenced by the quality of the food. I saw strips of tiger meat hung up to dry, which they told me keeps a long time.

August 29.—Madame Hermes and I passed a very comfortable night on our Indian couches, wrapped in guanaco skins, the night being very cool after the thunderstorm. Before taking leave of our kind entertainers we bought some bows, arrows, and skins, at very reasonable prices; and they were much pleased at a few presents we gave them of beads and penknives. They made me promise to visit them again in going down the river; and one of them gave me a dead monkey, which her husband had shot that morning. As soon as our canoe got abreast of the Coxipò river the turrets of Cuyabà were visible, the distance by land being half of that which our course by water obliged us to go. The moment a canoe from the outer world reaches this point, which is usually once a month, a gun is fired, the report of which we distinctly heard, our approach having been signalled by flags from the "atalaya" to the city. Along the banks on either side were charming

little plantations. In some places the slaves were digging in the fields, or fishing on the banks ; and we passed a number of canoes which had nets drawn across a portion of the river. The sun set behind a chain of hills on our left as we reached the government arsenal, from which an officer came aboard to salute Madame Hermes, and place himself at her orders. The landing-place was three miles from the city, and there being but one horse (that of the President) Madame Hermes took it, kindly offering to send it back for me the same night. It was arranged that we were to be her guests at the palace, there being no hotel ; but it was so late, and I was so tired, that I preferred waiting till the morning, and accepting the invitation of Señor Texeira, a Portuguese merchant, who volunteered to accommodate us for the night in his warehouse. Travelling in the interior of Brazil is very convenient in one respect, for travellers carry their own hammocks, and every room in every house has rings in the wall for hanging them. Our supper was cooked by an old Indian slave, who roasted the monkey given me by the squaw ; the flesh was white and tender as lamb, but I did not like it.

August 30.—The view from the bank in front of Señor Texeira's house took in a long stretch of

the river downwards towards Coxipò, and upwards till lost in one of those hill-ranges supposed to be rich in gold and diamonds, but where the savage Botocudos will allow no white man to set foot. The port below was full of "igaritès," belonging to market-people who had arrived at this early hour—before sunrise; women, wearing red blankets, carried on their heads baskets of fish, fruit, or cakes of sugar. We passed numbers of them as we proceeded afoot towards Cuyabà, following a rocky and uneven road over two rows of hills. From the top of the second range we had a fine view of the capital; the houses had tile roofs, most of them being two or three stories high; and the size and look of the place reminded me of Santarem, in Portugal. The outline was irregular, as the houses were built here and there on the sides of hills, wherever the first settlers found gold, and overshadowed by magnificent palms and bananas. At our feet was the Plaza or great square, with the cathedral on one side, the President's palace on another, and not far off the massive building of the Bishop's College. On a hill overlooking the city was the camp of Bau, where the Government kept 4000 men, the headquarters of the province. After coming so many thousands of miles through savage wilds it astonished me to see so large a city com-

pletely isolated from the rest of the world, and apparently without any *raison d'être*. So utterly remote was it, that only twice in the present century had it been visited by an Englishman, the last an explorer in search of diamonds. As we entered by some narrow streets we could see the women in the houses peep at us through half-open blinds, for no European lady had ever before reached Cuyabà. There was nothing rude in the curiosity of the people: on the contrary, whenever we entered a shop or addressed anybody in the street, they seemed most friendly, and glad to find that we spoke Portuguese. At the market-place the country people had oxen laden like mules, the climate being too hot for horses. Most of the women were sadly disfigured with goitre, arising from the water of these hills. The better class of inhabitants are of pure Portuguese descent, but the lower orders are Caribocas, or half Indian, half negro. This mixed race, strange to say, bears the highest name for industry and good conduct, the contrary occurring in all other parts of South America. The difference, no doubt, arises from the class of Indian, as all the tribes that we met since leaving Paraguay were of a much nobler type than the Pehuelches and Tehuelches of the Pampas. We were received at the palace by an aide-de-camp,

who conducted us through a number of ante-chambers filled with officers, for President Hermes kept up as much state as if he were Viceroy of India. All the civilians that we saw wore evening dress, with white kid gloves, this being *de rigueur* at all hours at the palace. Entering a long hall, richly carpeted, we saw full-length portraits of Don Pedro Segundo and the Empress, and a throne under a canopy of red velvet and gold. A beautiful gazelle came up and licked my hand, and in going through the rooms there were so many tortoises, monkeys, opossums, etc., all walking about so tame, that I fancied I was in Noah's ark. Madame Hermes and the President received us very kindly, and breakfast was served in a corridor, on one side of a courtyard in which grew bananas and other fruit. They spoke to us a good deal about England and English literature, and took much interest in our journey. The General's daughter, Mme. Vasconcellos, was a charming person, and, like most Brazilian ladies, a good linguist and musician. Her husband, the General's secretary, lent us some interesting works on this part of Brazil, including those of Baron Melgasso.

August 31.—Went out shopping with Madame Vasconcellos; the largest shop belonged to a German Jew, who sold everything, his stock con-

sisting of European goods, which were of course very dear, having to be brought seven hundred miles by canoe from Curumbà. This pioneer of civilisation had amongst other things French dresses as varied and gorgeous as the plumage of tropical birds; for the good taste of the Caribocas be it said, they have not yet discarded their red cloaks and white tunics for the gaudy finery of Paris. We passed a hairdresser's window in which were busts showing the latest fashion in hairdressing, but the ladies in wax seemed to suffer terribly from the climate. There was nothing in the way of native art or workmanship, for although gold was found in the streets whenever it rained, I could not get a single article of home-made jewellery.

September 1.—The usual visiting hour being before breakfast, I accompanied my husband very early to visit Baron Melgasso, better known as Admiral Leverger, whose charts of the interior are considered very valuable. He lived in a cottage near the city, and seemed glad to see Europeans. Notwithstanding an uninterrupted residence of fifty years in the heart of Brazil he spoke French fluently, showing us a collection of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which, he said, was his only tie with the outer world. He was a native of St. Malo, in France, and had been for some years

President of Matto Grosso, on which occasion the Emperor made him Baron de Melgasso. He told me I was the first European lady that ever reached Cuyabà. In the afternoon we went to the Bau camp, where the commander showed us the seal of the regiment, an unshaped piece of gold which fell out of a stone when some builders were working on the spot a couple of years ago. Gold is so plentiful that on Sundays and holidays masters give their slaves leave to go and pick up for themselves as much as they can find.

September 2.—We visited the Government arsenal, and saw three hundred boys learning different trades. The director, Captain Tapajoz, gave us a handsome polished casket made by the boys from a species of rosewood. We met Dr. Adolf Josetti, a German, who had lived here forty years as Government physician. Close to the arsenal is a house built by Cabral, the first settler, who suffered exceedingly from rats, there being no cats in the country. Southey even says that this man paid £300 for the first cat introduced, and that her kittens were sold for their weight in gold.

September 3.—Made an excursion on cows to Cerro Chapada, our party being under the direction of Dr. Pedra, chief of police. We followed the road of San Antonio as far as the Coxipò, after

which the guide led us eastward through an open country: the only trees to be seen were some "paynas" and bananas, till we reached the foot of the ridge. The ascent was gradual, and as we passed a ruined hut a tiger rushed out and made for the wood, but was brought down by a shot from one of our police escort. From the top of the ridge we could see the course of the Coxipò till it joined the Cuyabà near the Cerro San Antonio, a beautifully wooded peak. On the other side the eye wandered over the country of the Baicary Indians, through which flowed a stream much smaller than the Coxipò, but the waters of which found their way into the Amazon, for the Bananal, as it was called, was a tributary of the Arinos. Standing on this dividing ridge we could see the waters on one side flow down towards the Paraguay and La Plata, and those on the other to the Amazon.

September 4.—Rested all day, as we arranged to start to-morrow in S^r Texeira's canoe for Curumbà.

September 5.—Took leave of our kind friends, when Madame Hermes gave me a parrot which spoke Portuguese and some Indian dialect. It is quite wonderful how these birds talk, and Sir W. Temple mentions one that belonged to Prince

Maurice of Nassau which carried on the following conversation :—

Prince Maurice. Where do you come from ?

Parrot. From Maranhão.

Prince M. To whom do you belong ?

Parrot. To a Portuguese.

Prince M. What do you do there ?

Parrot. I look after the chickens.

Prince M. You look after chickens ?

Parrot. Yes ; and I know how to do it well ;
chuck, chuck, etc.

September 10.—Reached Curumbá, having made the voyage in less than half the time that it took us to ascend the river.

September 12.—Embarked in the steamer *Cecilia*, Captain Muratori, for Asunción.

CHAPTER XII.

PARAGUAY.

September 18.—LANDED at Asunción and found letters from Buenos Ayres, which compelled my husband to return at once, leaving me on a visit at the Brazilian Legation with my friends, the Callados. The house was one of the finest in the city and had belonged to Lopez: in the centre was a spacious courtyard filled with tropical plants and European flowers. The aspect of Asunción was mournful in the extreme; deserted houses and silent streets, only enlivened at times by a few women passing, with baskets of mandioca or bottles of "caña" on their heads. The almost total absence of men, except a few Brazilians or other foreigners, was very remarkable, all the native males (except boys under ten) having been killed in the war. Never did any people fight with greater heroism, and whole battalions were composed of women. It was believed by Colonel Thompson and other competent judges that Lopez would have beaten the Brazilians

and Argentines but for the want of salt, owing to which circumstance the constitution of the soldiers became so debilitated that their wounds would not heal. Thousands of women and children perished of hunger, and the race must certainly have died out but for the oranges that grew spontaneously all over the country.

September 20.—Bought a quantity of the native lace, called “ñanduty,” or “spider-web,” made of the caraguatay fibre. Some of the patterns were very beautiful, designed from spider’s web, hanging plants, etc., and utterly distinct from anything I had ever seen before. One piece in particular had taken months to do, such being the fineness of the thread that the women had to make it indoors, lest a breath of air should disarrange the work. Handkerchiefs were worth from one to ten pounds each. The room in which I write has the walls and ceiling covered with this “ñanduty,” on a groundwork of crimson satin. The effect is exquisite, and Lopez must have engaged hundreds of women upon the work for some years.

September 22.—Last night Madame Callado gave a tertulia, at which the foreigners in Asunción were present. The most remarkable was Colonel Wisner von Morgenstern, a splendid-looking old soldier, who left Hungary over fifty years ago.

His life has been an eventful one: his first campaign was in the Balkans in 1826, after which he fought for Poland until the death of Kosciusko, when he came to South America. He served for some time in the Brazilian army, as an officer of engineers, and finally accepted a commission from the father of the tyrant Lopez, to construct fortifications for Paraguay. He is one of the few who has outlived the war, and is now about to lead an expedition to the Sierra Anhambay in search of gold deposits, which he says he found there thirty years ago, when making surveys for Lopez, but which he was commanded, under pain of death, to keep secret, lest there should be a rush of Europeans into the country.

September 23.—Rode out with the Callados and Mademoiselle Baez to the Recoleta, through delightful lanes, with hedges of cape jasmine, also a pink shrub resembling an oleander, and orange-trees, with their dark green leaves and golden fruit. The perfume was delicious. Our horses sank up to their fetlocks in the sand, till we came to the Recoleta hill, which commanded a lovely view of the city, the river, and the Gran Chaco. Riding homeward by another road, we met groups of picturesque-looking women, carrying red clay jars on their heads, wearing the usual long white chemise,



PARAGUAYAN WOMEN.

fastened at the waist, and trimmed with lace at the neck and arms. Many of them had curious

gold necklaces and combs. All were barefooted, and smoking the roughly-made cigars of the country. The features of the Paraguayan women are generally fine, and their hands and feet remarkably small. They are so sunburnt as to have an olive complexion, but sometimes are as fair as among the northern nations of Europe. They speak nothing but Guarani, which is a very soft language, but difficult to learn owing to the nasal and guttural sounds. I found the knowledge of it which I obtained from my *protégé*, Carlos, before leaving Buenos Ayres, was useful to me here, as it had already been in my adventures with the Indian tribes of the Gran Chaco and San Lorenzo. The food of the Paraguayans is mostly maize, mandioca, oranges, and "chipà;" the last is an excellent description of bread, in which mandioca flour, eggs, oil, and either milk or orange juice, form the ingredients. It is better a fortnight old than when fresh, and is decidedly superior to the ordinary bread that is made in Europe. "Matè" is as generally used as tea in England, and is a very wholesome drink. It is gathered from a shrub which the Guaranis call caa, resembling an orange-tree; the flower is white, growing in small clusters. Forests of this tree extend for hundreds of miles in the northern parts of Paraguay and the Misiones

bordering on Brazil. The mode of preparing the leaves is by roasting them slowly, and then pounding them fine in a wooden mortar. The infusion is made by putting some of the powdered leaves into a gourd of fantastic shape (mounted in silver or gold if the owner be wealthy); then boiling water is poured on it, and it is sucked through a silver tube having a little strainer at the end. The same cup is passed from one person to another, round the room, a custom very disagreeable to Europeans. Caña, or native rum, is also much used, and said to be better than that of the West Indies; some of the "liqueurs" made from it are of very delicate flavour, but exceedingly strong. I am told that the Paraguayan women can drink caña like water without being intoxicated. In the gardens of many of the houses that we passed I saw wooden crosses with ribbons or garlands of flowers tied to them, which marked the graves of the family. This reminded me of the custom of burying alongside the huts in the Nile villages, and showed a similar wish among the people to have the remains of their relatives near them.

September 27.—Went last night with Made-moiselle Baez to see the "velorio," or wake, of a little child. The body was laid on a table, dressed in white satin, embroidered with silver; it had a

wig of long, black, curly hair, on which was a wreath of artificial flowers. About forty women sat around, smoking and laughing. When a child dies, the mother first holds the feast in her own house, and then lends the body to her neighbours, the event of an infant's death being regarded as an occasion for great rejoicing.

September 30.—Rose at 4 A.M. to see the market, a square of about two acres, which presented a curious sight, being filled with hundreds of women, seated on the ground, dressed as usual in white, selling cigars, oranges, mandioca, chipà, meat, vegetables, goats'-butter, lace, and white balls of mandioca starch. The value of some of the baskets was only a few pence, but all the women looked happy and contented, notwithstanding their poverty, and the terrible trials they have gone through. We visited, afterwards, the churches, but in none of them could I see any trace of the Jesuit carvings. At the Encarnacion I was shown the spot where the tyrant Francia had been buried; one morning, when the church door was opened for prayers, the tyrant's monument was found in fragments, and the body missing. It is still believed that Satan had come to claim his own.

October 3, Cerro Leon.—We left town yesterday by train at 8 A.M., and had the President's

state carriage, which, like everything else in the country, was in ruins. What remained of the curtains and covering of the cushions showed us that they were once yellow satin; a rug had been put on the floor in our honour, but we were obliged to remove it, as now and then one or other of us ran the risk of disappearing through the holes which it served to hide. The first station was Trinidad, where there was a very pretty church, the burial-place of Carlos Antonio Lopez, commonly known as Lopez I. Here we had to get water for the engine, and some boys were occupied for half-an-hour in filling kerosene tins from a little rivulet close by. Whenever this operation was repeated, every few miles, some of the passengers got out to shoot partridge, the engine-driver whistling when he was ready to go on again. When the fuel was exhausted we had to assist in cutting wood, after which we went at a frightful pace to pull up for lost time, until another stop; and so on. The country was undulating, and looked like a beautiful garden that had run wild. Each station was crowded with women selling oranges, cooked fowls, and chipà. They were all miserably poor, but so good-humoured as to convince me that they are the kindest and happiest people in the world. On leaving Luque the scenery became more and more picturesque;

we were surrounded by orange groves, and I saw many trees laden with ripe fruit on one side and blossoms on the other. After these were palm groves, and gorges through which flowed small streams. The Cordillera of Azcurra became visible, and at its foot the silvery lake of Ipacaray studded with islands of aquatic plants. At Patiño Cue the late President's country house was charmingly situated at the foot of a wooded hill, with a full view of the lake, and orange plantations on either side. Beyond Pirayù was the peak of Mbatovi, some fragments at the foot of which are supposed to be the effects of a volcanic eruption.

October 4.—This estancia of Cerro Leon is situated in a grassy plain on the borders of Lake Ipacaray; the land in front rises in gentle slopes to wooded mountains. The plain has the appearance of a lovely meadow, and is dotted with herds of horned cattle, and patches of corn, tobacco, and mandioca, which are cultivated by women.

October 5.—Took a stroll at sunrise along the banks of Lake Ipacaray, and saw numbers of aquatic birds feeding on the seeds of the *Victoria Regia*, which grows here abundantly, and is called by the natives "*Mais del Agua*." It serves to make bread, and the flour is also used by women for their complexions. Many of my readers must

have seen this "queen of the floral tribes" at Kew Gardens, but they can hardly imagine what a glorious picture hundreds of them make here in their native waters, their dark green leaves and white-pink flowers contrasting with the brilliant plumage of the birds.

October 7, Paraguari.—Arrived here last night with Mdle. Bacz, whose family lived here before the war. This was one of the earliest of the Jesuit settlements, and although the church has been rebuilt, it has a very curious tabernacle of that period carved in black wood with silver mounting. Most of the old churches were pulled down by the tyrant Francia, or converted into barracks, with the apparent object of effacing all records of the Jesuits. But according to Ulloa the churches in his time were equal to the finest in Spain. The houses in the Plaza are built of the materials of the Jesuit College.

October 8.—Ascended a steep and stony hill crowned with magnificent trees like elms. At my feet was stretched out the delightful valley of Pirayù, like an amphitheatre, bounded by the Cordillera of Mbatovi. On every slope and projection of the range were little huts surrounded by plantations. Stately palms, whose bare trunks shot up straight as arrows, waved their feathery

tufts above the green woods that lined the range of hills; the view terminating towards Villa Rica with the solitary peak of Acay, like a sentinel watching the battlefield where the Paraguayans cut to pieces the invading army of General Belgrano in 1812. Close to where I stood rose a magnificent Cuervo Real, called in Guarani "rubicha" or King of the Vultures. He was larger than the common vulture, and almost pure white.

October 10.—Set out at daybreak from Paraguari for Villa Rica. About noon passed the place where the Lincolnshire farmers were encamped, of whom the graves of 160 are all that remain. The site was low and swampy, which accounts for so many dying of fever. They were not in reality Lincolnshire farmers, but a curious gathering of distressed artisans from Houndsditch and White-chapel, with a sprinkling of respectable people who had unluckily thrown in their fate with the enterprise. The idea was to establish an English agricultural colony, the Paraguayan Government paying its agents in London so much a head for the emigrants, but when they arrived in Asunción in 1876, it was found that none of them had ever seen a plough. They were encamped in this swamp for fifteen months, in canvas tents, and suffered so much from hardship and insufficient food that they

would certainly all have perished but for the timely assistance of Mr. Frederick St. John, British Chargé d'Affaires at Buenos Ayres, who sent up a steamer and took away the survivors, 650 persons. Under good management, and with well-chosen colonists, in a country naturally so fertile and healthy, a project of this kind would have fared differently. We stopped for the night at Rio Hondo, having ridden nearly thirty miles. The house belonged to an old nurse of Mdlle. Baez. Like all the huts I have seen, it was scrupulously clean, the furniture consisting of snow-white hammocks. Our supper of chicken was served up on plates made of mandioca, so that we ate both plates and chicken.¹

October 12.—Villa Rica is a highly interesting place, and centre of the richest parts of Paraguay. It stands on a hill overlooking the valley of the Tibiquary. The tobacco trade has much declined, the country being alike destitute of men and money. Everything is very cheap, and I heard to-day of an Englishman from Montevideo who has just bought sixty square miles of land for £600, being about 4d. per acre.

October 15.—Attended a tertulia last night, at the house of a peasant, who was barefoot and wore a red blanket, but who boasted the name of one of the

¹ Accisis coget dapibus consumere mensas.—*Enéidos*, vii. 125.

Spanish Viceroys, Ortiz de Zarate. He received us with the courtesy of an hidalgo, offering us cigars, maté, and rum. The ladies who danced wore shoes, but the "tapadas" in the antechamber had none. The dances were the palomita and habanera, varied with mazurkas. The ballroom was large, with whitewashed walls and clay floor, lighted with tallow candles stuck against the walls. The music consisted of a harp and a guitar, and every now and then I could recognise bars from English and Scotch ballads, that the natives had learned from musicians brought out from Europe by Lopez. Nothing could exceed the grace of the women in dancing, this being their national amusement, so much so, that a tertulia takes place every evening in one house or other. It is related of the Jesuits that, finding the Guaranis so full of this taste, they brought out from Spain a dancing-master, named Cardiel, to teach the boys decorous dances. The tapadas in the antechamber took no active part in the tertulia, but criticised the dancers between the intervals of their cigar and rum. The word "tapada" signifies veiled or covered, and the ladies in question were supposed to be incognita, either from mourning or other motives. The custom is common to all Spanish America, although now little used among the better classes.

October 16.—Paid a visit to the Cura or parish priest, a most interesting old man, who showed me a book of sermons in the Guarani language, by a Father Tapaguy, an Indian, printed in this country in 1724, fifty years before the first printing-press was introduced into Buenos Ayres. The furniture in his house was simple, but of beautiful kinds of wood, called morosimo, tatayba, tatanè, etc., which, if known in Europe, would be much prized.

October 17.—Rode to the banks of the Tibiquary; saw a number of women making cigars of the better descriptions, called petì hobì and petì parà. The Cura told me that, before the war, this district produced twenty-one million pounds of tobacco yearly. Even in Paraguay there are few scenes more beautiful than the approach to Villa Rica from the Tibiquary. It is flanked, east and west, by ranges of thickly-wooded hills, and stands three hundred feet above the level of the plain.

October 25, Asunçion.—On arriving here last night I found my husband had returned from Buenos Ayres to take me home, and a shooting party arrived from the Pilcomayo, including the British and French Ministers, Hon. Lionel Sackville West and Vicomte Richemont, with their secretaries, who had been here a month ago on

diplomatic business with the Paraguayan Government. It was curious to hear the different opinions on the expedition. The Frenchmen complained bitterly about mosquitoes and the rough life, which the Englishmen, on the contrary, enjoyed, as they had capital sport, having killed three tigers, a quantity of patos reales, and other birds, besides capturing a live alligator. They described the whole country as a swamp, the banks of the river so low that often they could not land. Although the Pilcomayo is sixteen hundred miles in length, it is utterly useless, because, in some places, so shallow that it is hardly navigable for a canoe.

I am indebted to the Hon. Lionel Sackville West (now Minister to Washington) for the following notes on sport, which I give with his permission:—

“There is abundance of game of all kinds in Paraguay, but the difficulty of travelling in the interior of the country renders good sport precarious. The sportsman must therefore keep to the river banks, and it is absolutely necessary that he should be provided with boats adapted to the navigation, which is sometimes attended with considerable danger. The canoes used by the Indian tribes, although useful for fishing purposes, and crossing inland lakes and streams, could not be made to carry sufficient luggage and the stores necessary for a

shooting expedition, for it must be remembered that there is literally nothing to depend upon in the country should provisions fall short, and that, in such case, very serious inconvenience would be experienced.

“A steam launch, fitted for burning wood, is almost necessary for a well-organised expedition, and would save much labour in ascending the affluents of the rivers Paraguay and Pilcomayo, along the banks of which the game is chiefly to be found. Expeditions from the banks of the rivers into the interior country would also be much facilitated, and good shooting obtained, while the launch was employed in towing the boats up the windings of the stream. Care should be taken, at night, to guard the boats, which, if possible, should be moored away from the banks, which are generally high, and thus afford facilities of attack on the part of the Indians, who are dexterous in the use of their spears. Their fear of firearms, however, is so great that they seldom make any attack on white men, unless they are sure of surprising them. With few exceptions, they are harmless, and those I met with appeared only anxious for barter. They are expert fishermen, and live much upon the fish they catch, and are well acquainted with the habits of wild animals, the skins of which they use chiefly for their huts.

"I took with me a breech-loading and muzzle-loading gun, as well as a short Snider rifle. The latter I found a very useful weapon for jungle shooting. The jungle is very dense, and it is not often that a long-range rifle is required. The sportsman will generally come suddenly on large game at short distances, when a short, handy weapon will be found the most effective. The large deer are usually met with in this manner. It is different, however, with the jaguar, which, towards evening, frequents the sandy shores of the streams, and can be seen at a considerable distance. An 'Express' rifle, therefore, is wanted, which, as it must be used from a boat, should have a crutch, or rest, fixed on the gunwale, for steadying the aim. The jaguar is a very shy and keen-scented animal, but does not seem to mind a boat if no one is seen in it. To obtain a shot, therefore, from the bottom of a boat is by no means an easy operation. In the province of Corrientes the jaguar is hunted with dogs until he takes to a tree, when he is easily disposed of. There are, however, hunters who, it is said, kill many single-handed with long knives; but I am inclined to believe that there is much exaggeration in these stories.

"There is no doubt, however, as to the numbers which are killed every year in this province; and

as it is easy of access from Buenos Ayres, it is, perhaps, the best part of the country to go to for this sport. The country, on the other hand, about Asunción, and farther north, is much less known, and is very much more difficult for sport in every respect.

"I had, myself, experience of this during an expedition up the river Vermejo. We started from Asunción in the cutter of H.M.S. *Cracker*, which had brought me up from Buenos Ayres on H.M. service. We were fully equipped, and well provisioned for a week's cruise, besides being provided with a Frenchman, long resident in Asunción, as a guide and chasseur. The descent of the river, as far as the mouth of the Vermejo, was, of course, effected without difficulty, and with the usual anticipations of successful sport. We found the river up which we had to make our way, a sluggish, heavy stream, about two hundred yards broad, widening and decreasing in its tortuous course as we ascended, and occasionally partially blocked by fallen timber, upon which sat the never-failing birds of prey, watching for the carcass of some dead alligator floating down. Saving these ghastly companions of the solitude which reigned around, we saw no sign of game, and pulled steadily up, in the hope, as evening came on, of coming upon a

jaguar taking his usual drink. We landed from time to time, but all we saw were the tracks of the previous day, and sometimes, as our guide assured us, those much more recent. We would wait, therefore, all expectation, for the sight of this beautiful animal gliding down through the thick jungle. Every twig that the breeze stirred betokened the wished-for moment; but, alas! we were doomed to disappointment, and after some hours wended what had now become our weary way; for a dead pull in a heavy boat (laden with all the necessaries for camping out) against such a current as is only to be found in South American streams, does tell upon the physical powers. So much was this the case with us that, as the sun went down, we determined to bring up for the night, instead of proceeding farther up stream to a place where our guide assured us we should find excellent sport. The cutter was, therefore, beached on a convenient sandy flat, and we proceeded to establish our camp, and light fires, a matter, however, of considerable difficulty, as all the wood we could lay our hands upon was wet and spongy, as is usually the case in tropical forests. The night was oppressive, and the ground damp, and, as we well knew that to sleep on it would lay us up with fever, we slung the hammocks we had brought with us in the trees, and

thought to pass a comfortable time. It was not long, however, before the sharp, ringing clap of thunder, so peculiar to South America, warned us of what was coming, and ere we had time to get down from our trees we were wet to the skin. A general rush was made for the cutter, which had the awning spread, and we all of us huddled together in her until morning. I mention this occurrence as showing the uncertainty of camping out; for, had it not been for our boat, all our guns and ammunition would have been rendered useless. No sportsman in South America ought to separate himself from his guns at night, and it is for this reason that the boat should, if possible, be made, in all cases, the sleeping quarters of the party. In the vicinity of Indians this is more especially necessary. Our guide, the next morning, was completely discouraged, but still insisted on going farther in search of sport. We accordingly started, and halted near some flat country, where we tried for the large partridge; but as we had no dog¹ we could not get them up, although we could hear them calling all around us. It was here that, separated from my companions, I came upon an enormous stag, which rushed across me as I was

¹ A good retriever is almost indispensable; pointers are too delicate, and would be torn to pieces by the thorns.

getting through a thick jungle, and was out of shot before I could disentangle my little rifle. I saw more signs of deer, but it was quite evident that we should have to remain some days in these parts in order to get at them, and, as our time was limited, we determined to descend the river and return to Asunción."

Lieutenant Baird of H.M.S. *Cracker* has kindly given me a table of distances from Buenos Ayres to Asunción, to which I append the Brazilian "itinerario," as far as Cuyabà, viz.—

	Miles.
Buenos Ayres to Rosario . . .	259
„ „ Paraná . . .	352
„ „ Goya . . .	583
„ „ Corrientes . . .	716
„ „ Humaytá . . .	758
„ „ Asunción . . .	956
„ „ Concepción . . .	1156
„ „ San Salvador . . .	1219
„ „ Fecha dos Morros . . .	1361
„ „ Fort Coimbra . . .	1550
„ „ Curumbà . . .	1701
„ „ Cuyabà . . .	2146

The above being geographical miles, the distance to Cuyabà is about 2500 English miles from Buenos Ayres; the round trip, therefore, including explorations, was little under 6000 miles.

APPENDIX.

RISE AND FALL OF THE JESUIT MISSIONS.

As no English writer has heretofore undertaken the task, it may interest my readers if I give them a brief and accurate statement of one of the noblest and saddest episodes in the history of mankind. The rise of the Jesuit Missions marked a period of such prosperity that Southey said of it,—

“ In history’s mournful map, the eye
On Paraguay, as on a sunny spot,
May rest complacent.”

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Misiones was the constant theme of admiration among the writers and statesmen of Europe, and even Voltaire declared that “the Jesuit Republic was the triumph of humanity.” To-day the traveller sees the ruins of the splendid churches that were built in that time, and admires the sculpture and wood-carving done by the natives; but that is all that remains. In the following pages it is

unnecessary to express how much I am indebted to Charlevoix, Montoya, and other French and Spanish authors.

1.—*Paraguay before the Jesuits.*

From the date of the conquest till the arrival of the Jesuits was a period of fifty-three years, in which time were laid the foundations of this new viceroyalty in the dominions of the King of Spain. The first expedition to arrive in the waters of Paraguay was that of Juan de Ayolas, in 1536, on which occasion the natives fought with the most obstinate valour in defence of their country, but were ultimately subdued and compelled to aid the conquerors in building the town and fortifications of Asunción. No sooner did Ayolas see his position so far secured, than he resolved to open up communications with his countrymen in Peru, and, having set out with a mixed force of Spaniards and Indians, perished in the enterprise. After vainly waiting for the return of their Governor the garrison of Asunción proceeded in 1538 to elect in his room Don Martinez de Yrala, a veteran officer of consummate ability, who soon justified their choice by his prudent and vigorous administration. His first act was to bring up from Buenos Ayres the wretched survivors of Mendoza's colony, barely 600 in

number, at the same time declaring his intention of making Asunción the capital of all Spanish possessions east of the Andes. Having distributed some thousands of natives as slaves among his followers, for the agricultural and other labours of the settlement, he also encouraged his soldiers to take wives among the Guarani women, a policy which rapidly tended to consolidate his power, and to blend the conquerors with the vanquished.

It was in March 1542, after Yrala had ruled wisely during four years, that Alvar Nuñez arrived from Spain with the rank of Adelantado, and was received with the utmost loyalty by Yrala and the citizens of Asunción. But Nuñez was so anxious to open a route to Peru, and possibly to find another El Dorado on the way, that he set out in the same direction that Ayolas had taken five years before, and was attended with fortunes hardly less disastrous. Famine and ague decimated his force, till he was compelled to give up the project and return to Asunción, where an *émeute* occurred shortly afterwards, resulting in his being thrown into prison, and finally, after a captivity of ten months, sent home under arrest to Spain.

Martinez de Yrala being again elected Governor in 1544, signalised his accession to office by a series of victories over the Agaces and other tribes, which

he reduced to captivity. In 1547, having resolved on the same great enterprise in which Ayolas and Nuñez had been so unfortunate, he started westward with 350 Spaniards and a number of Indian auxiliaries, and, after much difficulty and fighting, reached the foot of the Andes, where he met a Spanish officer named Anzures, who had just founded the city of Chuquisaca. Sending forward Nuflo Chaves with despatches for the Viceroy at Lima, and orders to obtain some sheep and goats for the colonists in Paraguay, he retraced his steps to Asunción, and was welcomed with great rejoicing, after an absence of almost three years. It was not long until Chaves arrived with the sheep from Peru, and a little later some horned cattle (nine head in number) were obtained from a Portuguese farmer named Goes, in San Paulo: these animals formed the original stock from which the countless flocks and herds of La Plata are descended. The Emperor Carlos Quinto having heard of Yrala's efforts and success, sent him in 1555, by Bishop Latorre, letters raising him to the rank of Adelantado, with power to extend his conquests at will between the Andes and Brazil. He was, however, too advanced in years to undertake fresh expeditions in person, for which reason he sent one of his most trusted officers, Melgarejo, to annex the territory lying

between the Upper Paraná and the backwoods of San Paulo, and another, Nuflo Chaves, to establish towns in the Chaco along the route to Peru. The annexation of Guayrà, as the new province was called, was accomplished without difficulty, Melgarejo establishing Ciudad Real and other settlements, and distributing 40,000 of the natives among his followers. But the mission of Chaves was more arduous, and terminated fatally for that gallant adventurer. In the meantime Yrala died at Asunción in his seventieth year, leaving behind him a great name and a well-consolidated power.

Such was the condition of affairs when the first Jesuits arrived, with a special mission from the Spanish Government to save the Guarani tribes from the tyranny and oppression of the conquerors. The cruelties incidental to the system of *Encomiendas*, by which the natives were reduced to slavery, had for some time aroused the attention of the Spanish Court, and will, probably, for ever be associated in history with the name of the otherwise illustrious Martinez de Yrala. But, if the conquest of Paraguay was at all justifiable, it is difficult to imagine how it could have been effected without imposing a species of servitude on the natives. The number of the Spanish adventurers was very small, for, as Yrala shows in his letter to the

King, when the survivors of Mendoza's expedition were transferred from Buenos Ayres to Asunción, there were but 600 left out of 30,000 men of all ranks who had come out from Spain in the previous five years. Nor did the Court of Madrid lend the least assistance, or even take any interest in the affairs of Paraguay, since the colony was considered of no value, because it did not produce the precious metals like Mexico and Peru. Being thrown, therefore, entirely on his own resources, in the midst of a numerous and hostile people, Martinez de Yrala had to consult above all things the safety of his garrison. The system of *Encomiendas*, which he introduced, was intended as a mild form of slavery, and would have been free from the worst charges of cruelty and oppression if carried out by his followers in the manner prescribed.

The adventurers who obtained licenses for "reducing" Indians were designated *Encomenderos*, and permitted to enslave the natives under two forms. If they reduced them by force of arms, the latter were *Yanaconas*, and became unreservedly the property of their conquerors; but if any tribe submitted voluntarily, the males were enrolled as *Mitayas*, subject to only a certain amount of servitude. During the twenty years of Yrala's administration no less than forty tribes were "reduced,"

numbering apparently over 100,000 souls. The population was much greater than in latter times in all these parts of South America, for we read that Nuflo Chaves distributed 60,000 natives among his followers at Santa Cruz de la Sierra, Villaroel 10,000 at Tucuman, Aguirre 46,000 at Santiago del Estero, Heredia 8000 at Las Piedras, and Cabrera several thousands at Cordoba. Sometimes the portion allotted to a single adventurer was 1000, and we know that Chaves had 2000 working on his farm near Asuncion. The labour imposed was very light, sufficient merely to raise food for the "reduction," and, as the soil was bountiful, the mode of agriculture was simple and easy. In return for the labour of his slaves, the master was bound to protect and instruct them, as also bring them up in the Christian religion, take care of them when sick and old, and treat them as members of his family. Every year an inspection was made of each "reduction" by a Government official, to hear any complaints, but this soon became a dead letter, and the tyranny of the Encomenderos increased daily. So hateful had grown the condition of the Yanacunas, that before the arrival of the Jesuits the Guarani women used to strangle their infants, rather than see them brought up as slaves, for the law of the Encomiendas did not restore the natives to

freedom till the third generation. This accounts in a great measure for the rapid decline of population, although the labour of the "reductions" was much lighter than what was borne by the Indians of Peru in the silver mines of that country.

Perhaps the ill-fated Yanaconas felt the more keenly the hardship of their lot in comparing it with that of the Mitayas, whose condition was in every respect enviable. The latter, on submitting to the Spanish arms, were given a certain area to live upon, and guaranteed against the assaults of the savage Indians of San Paulo. They were so far allowed to preserve their independence that they elected their own Cacique and Alcaldes, who attended to all municipal or communal wants, and the only burden imposed on them was, that all the males between the ages of eighteen and fifty had to give two months' labour every year for their masters.

The Spanish adventurers, however, were little disposed to content themselves with such partial service from the natives as the Mitayas were bound to, and used every means for treating them as slaves. From time to time the groans of the sufferers reached the ears of the King, through the Franciscan missionaries, but it was not easy to provide a remedy for such abuses. The Bull of Paul III., which was issued in 1537, emphatically declaring the rights of

man in favour of the poor Indians, was not published in South America till 1552, when the Council of Lima felt bound to promulgate it in opposition to the prevalent opinion that the Indians had no souls, and were but inferior animals. Nor did the said Bull in any way improve the condition of the Yanaconas, for the Spaniards of Paraguay were almost independent of the mother country, and disregarded any laws that interfered between them and their slaves. The decree of Carlos Quinto in 1547 had declared all Indians free in South America, and required of them only an annual tribute of one ounce of silver for every male between eighteen and fifty years of age, but the Encomenderos paid little heed to the decree, and forty years later their tyranny had become so notorious that Philip II. requested the General of the Jesuits to send out some Fathers to Paraguay, who might be able to interpose between the Guarani tribes and their oppressors.

2.—*First Missions in Paraguay*, A.D. 1542-1602.

The earliest missionaries were two Franciscans, named Bernardo Armenta and Alonzo Lebron, who came overland from Brazil with the Adelantado Alvar Nuñez, in 1542, five years after the foundation of Asunción. They appear to have converted numbers of the natives, and it was perhaps from

their good reports that several other Franciscans, notably Fathers Solano and Bolaños, made Paraguay the scene of their labours. Martinez de Yrala would seem to have encouraged missionaries, for their number increased so rapidly during his administration that his funeral obsequies were attended, in 1557, by no fewer than twenty priests, besides Bishop Latorre. Long before the arrival of the Jesuits, there were missions at Yaguaron and Ità, under the care of Father Bolaños, who compiled the first catechism in Guarani, and various tribes had likewise been gained over by Father Solano (since canonised as the Apostle of Paraguay), whose skill in playing the violin attracted crowds to follow him, a love of music being one of the characteristics of all the Guarani race.

In the year 1589 the first band of Jesuits arrived, consisting of Fathers Salonio, Field, and Ortega, the first named fixing his residence, as Superior, at Asunción, and sending his two companions to explore the remote and recently-conquered territory of Guayrà. This lay beyond the river Paranà, and comprised an indefinite area, mostly between the 21st and 24th degrees of south latitude, covered with dense forests, watered by the Tieté, Yguazù, and other great tributaries of the Paranà, and bordered southward by the Serra Curitiba of San

Paulo. So numerous was the population that in 1558 Melgarejo distributed 26,000 natives as slaves among the hundred Spanish adventurers who founded the capital, Ciudad Real de Guayrà, and so far from the natives offering any opposition they came to claim the protection of the Spaniards against the ferocious Tupis, who waged incessant warfare upon them. The Guaranis were of a peaceful disposition, cultivating small patches of maize and mandioca, and at times following the chase, rather for amusement than livelihood. Wherever the land was open, or had been cleared for agriculture, the soil was tolerably fertile, and the climate healthy. If Father Field's estimates be correct, the Indians in the immediate vicinity of Ciudad Real and Villa Rica numbered 300,000 souls, while the total number of Spaniards hardly exceeded 200.

Setting out in a canoe from Asunción, the missionaries ascended the Paraguay to the mouth of the Jejuy, not without much danger from the Payaguàs, who infested that part of the river, and then followed the Jejuy in safety, till reaching the foot of the Sierra de Maracayù, from which they had a painful journey of 130 miles through yerba forests to the great falls of Guayrà.¹ About ten miles

¹ These falls took their name from a Cacique, Guayracà, who ruled many tribes. Some writers speak of them as the greatest

farther they at last arrived at Guayrà or Ciudad Real, where they were well received by the inhabitants. It was not long, however, before they saw how hopeless it would be for them to attempt to improve the condition of the Yanaconas under their cruel masters. In fact, the Spaniards of Ciudad Real had a lawless reputation, for, only a few years before, they had proclaimed a republic, and given much trouble to the Government of Paraguay. On one occasion having found a number of rock-crystals, which they supposed to be diamonds, they put their Governor in irons, and compelled him to accompany them in their canoes, intending to go and sell the crystals in Europe, till they were intercepted by Melgarejo and convinced of their mistake.

Fathers Field and Ortega, after a stay of one month, continued their journey by canoe up the Paranà, and its tributary the Huyboy, on which stood the second great town of the country, Villa Rica, founded in 1577, about sixty miles north of Ciudad Real, and sometimes called Espiritu Santo. Owing to dense woods there was no communication overland between the two places, and the distance by water was nearly 200 miles, taking usually six or eight days in canoes. Here the missionaries

cataract in the world, but they have not been visited by any European in modern times, to my knowledge.

found a better class of adventurers, and stayed a couple of months, converting great numbers of Indians, and reforming the habits of the settlers by precept and example.

On their return to Asunción they found that a dreadful plague had broken out, having previously ravaged other parts of South America, and was carrying off hundreds of people. So deadly was it that nine-tenths of the persons attacked died within twenty-four hours, without other symptom than a swelling of the eyes and throat. In nine months the Jesuits buried nearly 10,000 victims, of whom two-thirds were Indians. No sooner was the plague over than Father Ortega proceeded to found a permanent mission at Villa Rica, besides two Indian reductions, called Salvador and Magdalena. Meantime, Father Salonio, thinking that the capital offered the best scene for their exertions, sent Father Field with orders to Father Ortega to close the Villa Rica mission and return to Asunción. But the inhabitants would not permit it; they threw themselves on their knees in the streets, and offered to build a college and chapel for the priests, whereupon the latter were so moved that they sent a messenger to Father Salonio asking permission to remain. This was accorded, and the chapel and college were duly built, this mission

being the centre from which for some years the Jesuits extended their labours among the Indians.

The Governor of Paraguay was at that time the well-known Fernan d'Arias, a native of the country, who felt a lively gratitude towards the Jesuits for the services they had rendered during the plague. Accordingly, on the arrival of the new Superior, Father Romero, in 1594, he not only granted a free site for a church and a college, but worked as a mason in laying the foundations, an example that was imitated by all the officials and influential people of the city. The buildings were completed in the following year, and shortly afterwards the good Father Salonio died, "a victim of charity" as Charlevoix entitles him, in 1597.

Besides Fathers Field and Ortega, there was still a third Jesuit in the country,—Father Lorenzana,—who had arrived with the Provincial Romero, some four years previously, and succeeded him as Superior. The order had recently lost their protector Arias, who was replaced by Governor Zarate, and now the intrigues against the Jesuits were crowned with a temporary success. A decree was issued for the arrest of Father Ortega, on a false accusation preferred against him by one of the Encomenderos of Villa Rica, and the Jesuit missions were closed. Father Field, on account of his

age and infirmities, was allowed to remain at Asunción, as caretaker of the college, while Fathers Lorenzana and Ortega were accompanied to their canoes at the water-side by crowds of weeping Indians. The Spaniards hated the Jesuits for their virtues, especially their self-denial and their zeal on behalf of the poor natives, but most of all for the recollection of their heroic labours during the plague of 1590.

Thus closed the first Jesuit mission, after thirteen years of indefatigable toil, during which, it is said, Father Field and his associates baptized 150,000 Indians. This, indeed, seems hardly credible when we consider that seven years later Fathers Cataldino and Mazeta found only scattered vestiges of their labours; but it is beyond question that Fathers Field and Ortega prepared the way for those who came after them, and bore the most astonishing hardships and fatigue. Their missions covered so vast a field, that they went at one time 600 miles in canoe, without any repose, to visit the settlers of Xeres, in the country now known as Matto Grosso. Father Ortega, after his release from prison at Lima, was sent to preach to the Chiriguanos, among whom he spent fifteen years, dying at Charcas in 1621. Father Field survived to an extreme old age, for he was still living in

1624, in the college at Asunción, and had the happiness to see the Guayrà missions under Father Cataldino attain such a degree of prosperity as he could have scarcely anticipated.

3.—*Rise of the Guayrà Missions*, A.D. 1610-1628.

It is a remarkable fact that all Franciscan and Jesuit missionaries paid much respect to the tradition among the natives that St. Thomas the Apostle had preached the gospel in South America. Not alone in Paraguay, but in Brazil, we find numerous traces of Pay Zuma or Pay Tuma, the equivalent in Guarani for "our father Thomas," and among the mixed and fantastical creed of the tribes in Guayrà there was a vague belief in a triple God, in a Saviour born of a virgin, and now residing in the sun, and the tradition of a general deluge. May it not be possible that St. Thomas passed from China into America, or that the Guaranis had some intercourse with Chinese Christians? It is very curious that the word "tea" is Chá in China, and Caá in Guarani, and that Chih-li, one of the divisions of the Chinese empire, has almost the same name as the country south of Peru.

Two years after the retirement of the Jesuits from Asunción, the bishop, Don Martin de Loyola (who was an ex-Jesuit and a relative of the founder

of the order), wrote in the most urgent manner to Father Aquaviva, the General, at Rome, requesting him to revive the mission in Paraguay. It was in compliance with this request that in June 1605 the Superior at Tucuman despatched Fathers Cataldino, Mazeta, and Lorenzana to Asunción. On their voyage up the Paraná, after passing Santa Fé, they had the misfortune to capsize their canoe near the shore of the Gran Chaco, losing not only their canoe, but also everything in the way of supplies. They had been two days without food, exposed to constant danger from wild beasts and Indians, when they heard one of their hymns borne on the evening breeze, and presently saw two canoes approach, with the Bishop of Asunción and his attendants. The Bishop had just taken leave of his diocese, to end his days in Buenos Ayres, and was rejoiced at coming so opportunely to save the missionaries, to whom he gave one of his canoes, with all necessaries for continuing their voyage. On arriving at Asunción they were welcomed by Father Field and the principal inhabitants, and received with the greatest honour by their old friend and protector Fernan d'Arias, now holding the post of Governor for a second time.

During four years they remained at Asunción without making any effort to proceed to the

interior, not from want of zeal, but in obedience to the instructions from their Provincial, as the General of the Order was awaiting fuller powers from the King of Spain. Finally, in 1608, Philip III. issued a rescript whereby Father Aquaviva was authorised to send fifty Jesuits to South America, who were to take the Indians under their care, the system of *Encomiendas* being declared henceforward illegal, and no service required of the natives except the tribute decreed by Carlos Quinto, an ounce of silver from each male capable of bearing arms. The missions were to be under the immediate protection of the Government of Madrid, which furnished to each a bell, a chalice, and a set of vestments, besides paying the missionary a stipend of ten ounces of gold (say £33 sterling) per annum. And in order still more to favour the Jesuits it was provided that all tribes converted by them were to be exempt for ten years from the tribute above mentioned.

It was towards the close of 1609 that all arrangements had been made between the civil and religious authorities to commence two Jesuit missions simultaneously among the tribes of Guayrà on the north-east, and those of Tibiquary on the south. Fathers Cataldino and Mazeta were destined for the first, Fathers Lorenzana and San Martin for

the second of these missions, and solemnly invested, in the cathedral of Asunción, by the Bishop and the Governor, with the faculties attached to their high calling. A guard of honour was also provided for them, and their departure was attended with the utmost *éclat*. Father Cataldino and his companion embarked on December 8th, 1609, accompanied by an escort of soldiers for protection against the Payaguàs, and safely reached Sierra de Maracayu, at the head of the river Jejuy, after a fatiguing voyage of forty days, the season being midsummer, and the supply of provisions very insufficient. From this point, having dismissed their escort, they followed the same route that Field and Ortega had taken twenty years before, through jungle and forest, without other food than honey, dates, and wild boar, till they reached Ciudad Real, on March 1st, 1610, having travelled four hundred miles in eighty-three days.

The sufferings which they endured on this journey were extraordinary. In some places they had to wade through mud and water up to their hips, and in others to cut their path through woods and thickets, axe in hand, in a country infested with deadly reptiles and wild beasts. At Ciudad Real they rested for a month, and then proceeded in their canoe up the Paraná and Huyboy, to Villa

Rica, to take possession of the college and chapel built for their brethren in 1592, but met with a very uncivil, and even hostile reception. In answer to the outcry of the Encomenderos, that they came to take their slaves from them, the Jesuits said—"We do not oppose your making profit of Indian labour by legitimate means, but the King will not allow you to make them slaves, and it is forbidden, also, by the law of God. Thousands have miserably perished since you began this system of Encomiendas, so iniquitous in the sight of Heaven and of mankind."

Whether owing to the fatigue of the journey, or the excitement among the Spanish settlers, or the change of climate and want of food, both the Jesuits were seized with a malignant fever immediately upon their arrival; they had neither physician nor medicine, but happily recovered, and resolved to transfer their seat of operations to some of the neighbouring tribes of Indians who might have some recollection of their predecessors of twenty years ago. While they were deliberating what direction to take, they received a message from Cacique Cumbá, inviting them to instruct and baptize his people, and offering to be their guide through the forest. Next day the Cacique arrived, and was at once seized by the Spaniards, and put

in irons, but Father Cataldino threatened them so effectually with the King's anger, that they released him.

On July 2, 1610, the Jesuits, accompanied by Cumbá, entered the village of Pirapò under a succession of triumphal arches, and found two hundred persons still living who had been baptized by FF. Field and Ortega. Here they made their first "reduction," and called it Loretto, under which name it flourished for twenty years, and became the model of all the other communities that made up the Christian Republic of Misiones. A second "reduction," called San Ignacio Mini, was established fifteen miles lower down the river, under the Cacique Alycaya, both these missions being about two hundred miles north of Villa Rica.

Before the close of the following year (1611), the missions numbered some 14,000 souls, of whom 2000 were baptized, and 12,000 catechumens. They were not distinct tribes, but made up of several, for the Jesuits had visited twenty-three villages in the Panè and Pirapò woods, in twelve of which they found many Christians of the time of FF. Field and Ortega, and in all a disposition to regard the Jesuits as the protectors of the red man against the Encomenderos. Moreover, the fearless manner in which the Jesuits penetrated the inmost

recesses of the country and mingled with the Indians won for them a respectful awe. It needed all the watchfulness of the missionaries to guard against the designs of the Encomenderos, or slave-hunters. On one occasion a Spanish youth begged to accompany the priests, and seemed so zealous for the conversion of the Indians, that he gained their esteem. One day he would return to the mission-hut without his shoes, the next without coat or hat, and when Father Cataldino enquired the cause, he explained that, as he was unable to preach the truths of religion like the Jesuits, he felt impelled to distribute his clothes among the poor Indians. Soon afterwards he was missing, having gone away in his canoe with a number of children whom he had bought in exchange for his clothing.

The rapid growth of the missions irritated the Spaniards to such a degree, that they prevailed on the King to appoint an inspector to report on the doings of the Jesuits. When this official reached the falls of Guayrà, he was met by Father Cataldino with a band of neophytes, to do him honour, and after visiting the missions, he published an edict fully confirming all that had been done.

The Encomenderos, seeing that their only hope was again to banish the Jesuits from the country,

provoked an *émeute* at Asunción, which resulted in their expulsion; but, after a few weeks, they were brought back again with every demonstration of respect.

In 1612 the Provincial, Father Torres, sent fresh missionaries to Paraguay, eight of whom had orders to proceed at once to the interior—viz. Fathers Montoya and Moranta to Guayrà, Griffi and Gonsalez to the northern territory called Itatines, Sena and Romero to the Guaycurus, Boroa, Delvalle, and Gonsalez to the Tibiquary. The most remarkable was Father Ruiz de Montoya, a native of Lima, in whom physical endurance and strength of mind were alike extraordinary, and who was destined to play the part of a second Moses, in rescuing his people from bondage. The voyage up to Maracayu was attended with such hardship that Father Montoya's companion was unable to go farther, and obliged to return to Asunción; nor is this surprising when we read that their only food, for six weeks, was a handful of maize flour twice a day. At the foot of Sierra Maracayu was a reduction called Santa Teresa, comprising 170 Indian families, who rejoiced at the sight of a missionary, for they suffered much oppression from the Spaniards, this place being the principal port on Rio Jejuy for the shipment of yerba or Paraguayan tea. On his

journey through the forest, Father Montoya met numbers of Indians carrying loads of 100 or 120 lbs., under which they often sank exhausted, and as the Encomenderos gave them no food, forcing them to subsist on snakes, frogs, and roots, so many of them died, that in some places their bones lay in heaps, as if a destroying angel had passed that way. Just above the great falls Father Cataldino was waiting with a canoe, and the two Jesuits proceeded for three hundred miles up the Paraná and Pirapò, while the neophytes sang hymns to the measure of their oars, and drew to the river-side numbers of Indians who had not yet bowed their neck to the yoke of the gospel.

Father Montoya¹ describes very minutely the condition of the missions of Loretto and San Ignacio on his arrival. The clothes and shoes of Father Cataldino and his companion were so patched and mended as to offer a strange appearance. The hut in which they lived was surrounded by a palisade, which no woman was allowed to enter. Their food consisted of maize, potatoes, and mandioca, and sometimes they received a present of game from the Cacique, such as wild boar or iguanas, but they had not tasted wine, bread, or salt, for years. They cultivated, in their garden, some wheat, as this was

¹ *Conquista Espiritual del Paraguay*, published at Madrid, 1639.

necessary for the host, and so sparing were they of wine for altar service that a little keg lasted five years.

Shortly after Montoya's arrival a fourth Jesuit appeared, in the person of Father Urtazù, whereupon it was resolved to divide the mission, Father Cataldino and the new-comer proceeding to San Ignacio, while Fathers Montoya and Mazeta remained at Loretto. Father Urtazù is spoken of by contemporaries as a Guarani Demosthenes, and may have been a native; nor was Father Montoya much inferior, since his grammar and dictionary in that language are a lasting monument of study and erudition.¹ Every morning in the chapel of the mission there was a sermon, followed by Mass, but when it came to reading the Gospel the catechumens were turned out, which they felt so deeply that they anxiously desired to be baptized. The Jesuits made it an inflexible rule not to baptize any adult natives until they were well instructed in the Christian doctrine, and had abandoned those pagan habits, such as polygamy and sorcery, which were contrary to religion. Moreover, they kept them in a term of probation for seven years after baptism, before admitting them to first communion. Besides the daily school for teaching children to

¹ They may be seen at the British Museum.

read and write in Guarani, the Jesuits held an evening lecture, religious or scientific, for those adults who chose to come and hear them. So mortified, at the same time, was their life, that Father Montoya says they seldom got anything to eat before sundown.

It was eight years since the Indians of the Pirapò had welcomed Father Cataldino, when a sudden calamity befell them in the form of an epidemic. The Jesuits were as indefatigable in giving assistance to the sick as in baptizing those in danger of death ; but while the plague was at its worst some Mamelucos or pirates from San Paulo, dressed as Jesuits, carried off numbers of Indians into slavery.

Father Urtazù died in the year following, and about the same time Father Cataldino was summoned to Asunçion, the title of Superior of Guayrà devolving upon Montoya, with none but Mazeta to help him in the care of so many Indian tribes, for the number of neophytes had greatly increased since the plague.

In 1620 there arrived in Paraguay the largest band of missionaries yet seen, some of whom were sent to the Tibiquary, where Father Lorenzana was making wonderful progress, others to Guayrà, the Chaco, and the new missions of the Uruguay.

Father Cataldino returned to Loretto, accompanied by three other Jesuits named Bach, Salazar, and Mendoza, which enabled them greatly to extend their labours. In 1628 there were thirteen reductions under the care of eleven Jesuits. The reductions, in the order of their foundation, were—Loretto, San Ignacio, San Javier, Encarnacion, San Josè, San Pablo, San Miguel, San Antonio, Arcangeles, Concepcion, San Pedro, Santo Tomé, and Jesus Maria. The first two exceeded all the rest in importance, and possessed noble churches, in which the religious functions were performed with a degree of splendour scarcely surpassed in any subsequent period of the Misiones. Father Bach (sometimes called Basco), who had been director of choir to Archduke Albert of Germany, taught the boys to sing in parts, and devoted himself so earnestly to the task that his health gave way, and he died at Loretto, cheered by the knowledge that he had founded a school of Guarani music which would last for many generations. Less than twenty years had elapsed since the arrival of Fathers Cataldino and Mazeta, and these missions now possessed a number of expert artisans, such as carpenters, blacksmiths, carvers, stone-cutters, etc., besides having made such advancement in agriculture that there was no longer any scarcity of maize, mandioca, and the

other items of their simple fare. In the school attached to each mission there were six youths specially chosen for church service, who acted as acolytes, and these were taught Latin and Spanish, so that if they afterwards chose to embrace a life of celibacy, they could themselves become missionaries, as sometimes happened.

As a rule, the Jesuits met with no serious opposition from the natives, although the Caciques, in many instances, held out when all the rest of the tribe had become Christian. This was partly because the Cacique was the only one who possessed many wives, and partly on account of the practice of sorcery, of which he was usually the high priest. For some time the Indians had a certain dread of being baptized, which ceremony the magicians said was fatal, from the circumstance that the Fathers baptized catechumens in danger of death, many of whom, of course, died shortly after.

In 1628, when the Guayrà missions attained their highest prosperity, the register showed that 94,990 persons had been baptized since 1610, of which number probably one-half were still living, and the actual total of catechumens and neophytes was known to exceed 100,000, or about one-third of the total population of the territory. Rumours were for some time current of a projected invasion

by Mamelucos from San Paulo, in union with the savage Tupis, but the Spanish settlers made no preparations for defence, and, as the Jesuits were prohibited from giving firearms to the Indians, the country promised an easy conquest to the daring freebooters that were gathering on the borders.

4.—*Missions of the Tibiquary and Paraná,*
1609-1627.

On the 16th December 1609, eight days after Father Cataldino's departure for Guayrà, a numerous cavalcade left the city of Asunción, composed of the Governor and principal citizens, accompanying Fathers Lorenzana and San Martin on their way to the banks of the Tibiquary. The Cacique Arapizandù had repeatedly solicited the Bishop to send a missionary to convert his people, but they bore such a warlike reputation, having twice defeated the Spaniards who attempted to reduce them to slavery, that the Cacique's request was for some years disregarded. Father Lorenzana had previously gained much experience by his mission in the Chaco (1590-93), and hesitated not to undertake the perilous task proposed. The cavalcade attended him and his companion eighteen miles, as far as Yaguaron, from which place they rode forward with the Cura, a Franciscan friar, who

volunteered to lead them safely to the Tibiquary. Having crossed this river, they found the Cacique Arapizandù had prepared his people to give them a cordial welcome, and even constructed a chapel of green boughs wherein to perform Divine service. The same night, it being Christmas-eve, they sang Mass solemnly in presence of a great number of Indians. Proceeding to Itaguy, they were received in the same manner by Abacatù, the Cacique of that district, and learned, moreover, that Tabacamby, the King of all the Tibiquary territory, was coming to salute them. This powerful chieftain hastened to inform them that the whole nation of Canoeros or boatmen (as they were termed) would become Christians if they could be assured that the Jesuits had no connection with the Encomenderos or slave-hunters, on which point Father Lorenzana speedily assured Tabacamby by showing him the rescript of Philip III. against slavery, and the exemption, for ten years, from all tribute, in favour of Jesuit reductions.

The first mission founded was denominated San Ignacio Guazu, on a hill overlooking the Tibiquary, and from this central point Father Lorenzana made various journeys to visit the tribes that inhabited all the country between the above-named river and the Paranà. He did not find

much difficulty in inducing the Caciques to abandon polygamy; but some of them insisted on being permitted to select whichever of the wives they liked best, whereas, Father Lorenzana was of opinion they should keep the one whom they had first espoused. This question was ultimately referred to Rome, when the Pope declared the Cacique would be strictly in his right in choosing any one of his wives, but recommended the Jesuits to point out that the first wife had in some manner a stronger claim than the others.

An outbreak occurring among the Canoeros, at the instigation of the magicians, it was feared in Asunción that the Jesuits would be killed, and hence a small force was sent to the Tibiquary to facilitate their escape, but they refused to leave San Ignacio. Through ill-health it became necessary soon afterwards for Father San Martin to return to the capital, leaving Father Lorenzana alone, among so wild and warlike a nation; but he was joined in the succeeding year (1612) by Fathers Delvalle and Gonsalez, who were quickly followed by Boroa, Sena, and Romero.

The village of San Ignacio now presented a favourable appearance. It consisted of nine squares or "manzanas," of 120 feet long, each manzana containing six houses of twenty feet front, built "dos-

a-dos," making in all one hundred and eight houses, with five or six hundred inhabitants. The site had been marked out for a church, the work of which was inaugurated with much ceremony in 1613, and completed a year later. This church was perhaps the first built by the Indians of any reduction, as it is doubtful whether Loretto, on the Pirapò, or San Ignacio Guazu, claimed precedence. It is at least certain that Father Romero was bearer of the first code of rules drawn up by the Provincial, Father Torres, for this mission of San Ignacio, which served as the basis from which all the others afterwards copied their constitutions. Subsequently, the site, being found unhealthy, was changed to that now known as San Ignacio, and here was begun in 1670 the magnificent church which took twenty-four years to build, and of which travellers still speak in terms of the highest admiration.

In 1613 Fathers Boroa and Gonsalez made an expedition by canoe up the Paraná, to penetrate the lower portion of the Guayrà country, but were repulsed by savage tribes. Three years later, having made a second attempt with no better success, they landed on the left bank, at the pass of Itapua, and founded the reduction of Candelaria. This was the first of a number of missions established in rapid succession in the peninsula between

the Paranà and Uruguay, subject to the jurisdiction of Father Lorenzana, who still remained at San Ignacio. So important were the Paranà missions considered by the Provincial, Father Torres, that in 1618 we find nine Jesuits engaged in them, while there were but two in Guayrà. The most intrepid of the Paranà explorers were Fathers Gonzalez and Boroa, the former of whom especially had penetrated the remotest woods and mountains along the two great rivers :

“Behold him on his way! the breviary,
Which from his girdle hangs, his only shield :
That cross the only weapon he will wield.”

Although Father Boroa had three times failed to obtain a footing in the Upper Paranà, he set out on another voyage in 1623, accompanied by the son of Arapizandù, and landed at the mouth of the Acaray, seventy miles below the falls of Guayrà. He was well received by the Cacique Arerarà, who gave him sufficient land to found a mission, and even went with him across the Paranà to visit the Cacique of Yguazù and invite him to embrace the Christian religion. The latter attempt, however, was unsuccessful, and Father Boroa returned to Acaray to establish the reduction of Navidad, where he remained for three years, until the Cacique of Yguazù sent for him and submitted,

changing the name of his village to Santa Maria la Mayor. The latter mission was then given in charge to Father Ruyer, who baptized 1200 adults in the year 1627. Both Navidad and Santa Maria were moved a few years afterwards lower down the Paranà, to be secure from the Paulista marauders.

5.—*Destruction of Guayrà, A.D. 1628-1630.*

The conquest of Guayrà by Martinez de Yrala was never recognised either by the Portuguese Government or the colonists of San Paulo. An interval of seventy-two years had elapsed, during which the Spaniards had built the cities of Ciudad Real and Villa Rica, and the Jesuits founded thirteen missions, when the Tupis and Mamelucos organised the first expedition to devastate the province with fire and sword, and reduce the inhabitants to slavery. The Mamelucos derived their name, as is supposed, from the darkness of their skin, being a race of pirates of mixed blood, namely, of Portuguese or Dutch fathers and African or Indian mothers. They constituted a kind of republic, offering asylum to the criminals and outlaws of all nations.

In 1628, Don Luis Cespedes, having been appointed Governor of Paraguay, came overland from San Paulo, when he saw a force of 900 Mamelucos

and 2000 Tupis preparing to invade Guayrà. The former were armed with muskets, the latter with "macanas" (a species of battle-axe), and all wore "escupilas" or ponchos of a certain material which resisted the arrows of their enemies.

The first mission attacked was San Antonio, the pretext being that Father Mola, the Cura, had refused to give up a Cacique named Istaurana. The Mamelucos entered without opposition, massacred men, women, and children (not sparing those who took shelter in the church), seized the sacred vessels and ornaments for booty, and set fire to the place. They then sacked San Miguel (the inhabitants of which had already escaped to Encarnacion), and set out on their return to San Paulo, driving before them 7000 captives to be sold for slaves.

A second foray occurred in the following year, in which the invaders razed to the ground Encarnacion and San Pablo. At the latter place Father Suarez threw himself on his knees to intercede for his flock, but in vain. As many of the inhabitants as were not put to the sword were driven in chains to the slave-market of San Paulo. At the same time the new Governor, Cespedes, attended by some officials, arrived at the Pirapò on a tour of inspection, and was received with the utmost respect by Father Montoya at Loretto. The latter begged his

protection against the Mamelucos, to which he replied in a very unsatisfactory manner. It was hardly doubtful that the Spaniards and Mamelucos were in league for the destruction of the Jesuit establishments, while the alarm amongst the Indians was such that thousands of them took to the woods, to avoid falling into the hands of the terrible Paulistas. This alarm was increased by the rumour which the Mamelucos spread everywhere, that the Jesuits were selling the Indians to them for slaves.

San José and San Xavier were destroyed in 1630, and as a last resource Father Montoya sent Father Taño to Asunción, with urgent letters to the Governor to give them aid. Cespedes, who rejoiced at the deeds of the Mamelucos, was very angry at such a request, exclaiming, "You Jesuits make much noise for a little, and are everywhere detested." Such was the ingratitude that the Fathers were destined to experience from a government which owed them so many services!

"Much of injustice had they to complain,
Much of neglect; but faithful labourers they
In the Lord's vineyard."

Meantime the Paulistas drove away the wretched captives in such numbers, that the route was marked with the dead and dying, and the narrative left by Fathers Mola, Mancilla, and Mazeta, who followed

the poor sufferers on their terrible journey to San Paulo, is full of the most harrowing details. Any stragglers unable to keep up with the rest, were butchered on the roadside, for the Paulistas said, that if any member of a family were allowed to remain behind, it would be an inducement to their slaves to run away. In many places the Jesuits found children or sick persons who had taken refuge in clumps of wood, dying from exhaustion or hunger. In others, the tigers and birds of prey were already feeding on the corpses. Except wild fruits or herbs, the Jesuits had no food during this journey of four hundred miles, and, on their arrival at San Paulo, they found the slave-dealers inexorable to all their supplications. Rasposo, the Mameluke commander, caused the prisoners to be sold in gangs, like cattle, the ordinary price being from three to four pounds sterling per head. In many cases the dealers shipped them to Rio Janeyro, and sold them at eight or ten pounds each. Some of the Paulista sugar-planters obtained slaves much cheaper by making contracts with the Pomberos, or "pigeon-trappers," among the Tupis, giving them a pound a head for all captives, big or little. In fine, the trade was so brisk that, in the years 1628 to 1630, no fewer than sixty thousand Indians of the Guayrà missions were sold in the San Paulo market, from

the official statement of Governor Davila; and the notorious Manoel Pinto used to boast that he had on his plantation a thousand Guayrà captives able to manage the bow.

There were now but six missions standing, the rest having been utterly destroyed with fire and sword, and nothing left except a few fugitives in the woods. Father Silveyra, who had seven thousand Indians at San Xavier before the last "maloca," saved five hundred of his flock; Father Suarez four hundred from the survivors of San José, and with these two groups a new mission was established near Loretto. At that moment the Cacique Tayoba brought information to the Jesuits that the Pomberos were preparing a final raid to annihilate the missions, and almost simultaneously Father Montoya received letters from the Superior, Father Truxillo, ordering him in all haste to prepare a flotilla of boats, and remove what remained of the missions to some place of safety, at a distance from the Mamelucos.

It was not without a deep feeling of regret that Father Montoya saw himself compelled to abandon the missions, some of which were in a very prosperous condition. Loretto, now in its twenty-first year, possessed a stately church, fine schools, valuable herds of cattle, and such extensive cotton-fields

that it supplied this product to all the other missions. San Ignacio was hardly inferior in its buildings and agriculture. No sooner was the Superior's order known, than Father Montoya set his carpenters and other artisans to work for the accomplishment of the great task before him. He first constructed seven hundred "balsas," or rafts, each being made of two canoes tied together, with a platform across. The next thing was to get together as large as possible a supply of provisions, besides which the Jesuits saved the sacred vessels of the churches. When all the survivors of the missions were embarked they were found to number twelve thousand souls, each raft carrying about twenty persons, except those laden with effects. So convinced were the Jesuits that they should never again return to Loretto and San Ignacio, that they exhumed the bones of Father Urtazù and two other priests, which they took with them in their flight.

Before the breaking up of the missions there were thirteen Jesuits, viz. Fathers Montoya, Espinosa, Mazeta, Salazar, Suarez, Contreras, Silveyra, Mola, Mancilla, Mendoza, Ranconnier, Hernacio, and Cataldino. The first-named six were all that now remained, Father Montoya having dispatched Ranconnier and Hernacio to found missions among the Itatinès, north of Paraguay, and the

others accompanied scattered groups of their flocks to the wooded ranges of Sierra dos Tapès, where they founded several missions, which were destined to have but a brief existence of five years.

In excellent order and discipline the flotilla descended the Pirapò to its confluence with the Paranà, and then the latter river for about two hundred miles, without obstacle or mishap, Father Montoya rejoicing to see his people rescued from the danger that had been so long impending over them. Nor was he a moment too soon in his flight, for on the second day after leaving Loretto, he received news that the Mamelucos had arrived in overwhelming force at the missions, and were so enraged because the inhabitants had fled, that they broke open the churches and set them on fire. Continuing their course down stream, the fugitives were within ten miles of the Guayrà cataract, when they found an attempt was made to stop their further progress. The inhabitants of Ciudad Real had constructed a breastwork or musket battery, from which they opened fire on the approach of the boats. In reply to a flag of truce from Father Montoya, they declared that they would not allow his people to pass, their object, apparently, being to make slaves of the ill-fated children of the missions.

Whether by threat or persuasion, Father Montoya prevailed on the Spaniards to withdraw from the river-side, and give them free passage as far as the great falls, an obstacle which proved insurmountable to navigation. Three hundred "balsas" or rafts were lost in attempting to send them, empty, down the rapids. It became, therefore, necessary to carry the children, old people, provisions, etc., for a distance of seventy miles, through the forest and jungle that skirted the falls on either side, till coming again to smooth water, and here fresh "balsas" were made, out of a species of cane that grew three feet thick and fifty in length. Sickness and famine began to claim a number of victims, and it seemed as if the wanderers were never to see the promised land to which Father Montoya was leading them. At this juncture some canoes laden with provisions arrived from Father Boroa's missions of Navidad and Santa Maria, seventy miles lower down. But this assistance, however opportune, was insufficient for such a number of people, and Father Montoya proceeded to adopt other measures for a case of such urgency. Collecting all his books, vestments, chalices, and articles of value, he sent them to Santa Fé to be given in exchange for food and seeds, at the same time writing to Father Alfaro, the new Provincial

at Asunción, to beg all possible assistance. Then, dividing the people into four sections, he disposed of them as follows :—

1st, The strongest men, led by himself and Father Espinosa, were to descend by rafts and canoes to that part of the Tibiquary valley where the mission of Corpus was founded twelve years before by Father Lorenzana's associates, and to choose an adjacent area suitable for their reception.

2d, A smaller band, under Father Contreras, was to make its way through the woods on the right bank of the Paraná, to Father Boroa's mission of Navidad.

3d, Another band, under Father Suarez, was to follow the left bank, till reaching Santa Maria Mayor at the mouth of the Yguazú.

4th, The women and children were to remain, under Fathers Mazeta and Salazar, at the foot of the great falls, till the canoes should return for them from Corpus.

This arrangement proved, on the whole, successful, being attended with less misfortune than would have occurred under any other circumstances. The first division, under Father Montoya, descended the river safely to Corpus, where they landed, some three thousand in number, and proceeded to mark out the site for the new mission of Loretto. The

second and third divisions arrived at Navidad and Santa Maria Mayor, and were kindly received by Father Boroa's people, but a sickness broke out in both these missions, in the form of dysentery, which carried off eleven hundred persons, chiefly among the new-comers, who were in a very weakly state from hunger and exhaustion. As for the women and children, they had to remain four months at the foot of the great falls, subsisting on fish, roots, etc., until the return of the rafts and canoes.

Father Montoya met with the most generous assistance from Major Cabrera, a wealthy estanciero of Corrientes, who gave him permission to kill or take away twenty-four head of cattle daily, being equal to rations of one pound of meat for every inhabitant, gratis. Nevertheless an epidemic similar to that above mentioned soon proclaimed itself, the number of victims exceeding two thousand, so that, when all the survivors were counted, they did not reach nine thousand, out of one hundred thousand souls in the Guayrà missions only three years previously.

Ciudad Real was destroyed by the Mamelucos very soon afterwards, not a vestige of its buildings being left. Finally, in 1635, the marauders besieged the city of Villa Rica, the last stronghold of

the Encomenderos of Guayrà, and the clergy of the city, in solemn procession, prevailed on the besiegers to spare the lives of the Spaniards, 130 in number, who surrendered their slaves, their ill-gotten wealth, and all their possessions, to the Mamelucos. Then Captain Balderrama, procuring a few canoes, into which his unfortunate countrymen hurried for safety, conducted them down the Huyboy and the Paranà as far as the great falls, and, proceeding overland westward about 200 miles, he founded the new city of Villa Rica in Paraguay on the site where it now stands. This was eighty years after the conquest of Guayrà by Melgarejo. So complete was the destruction by the Mamelucos that no trace remains of the once flourishing cities, and so cruel the treatment of the Indian captives that in 1639 there were not 1000 living of the 60,000 sold ten years before in the San Paulo market.

6.—*Missions of Serra dos Tapès*, A.D. 1624-1637.

The wooded range of mountains that occupies the central part of Rio Grande do Sul was inhabited by sundry tribes, more or less ferocious, at the time that Father Gonzalez first appeared among them in 1624. In some instances he gained over the Cacique by presents of fish-hooks, needles, pen-

knives, hatchets, etc., the use of iron being till then unknown, and all implements made of stone. The conversion of the Cacique was usually the prelude to that of two or three hundred of his people, and in this way Father Gonsalez made such rapid progress that he was styled the Apostle of the Uruguay. He was, perhaps, in some manner indebted to the circumstances of his birth, being a native of Asunçion, cousin to the Governor Fernan d'Arias, and a superior Guarani scholar, his eloquence drawing numbers of the Indians to hear him. During twelve years that he spent in the missions of the Paranà, under Father Lorenzana, he founded many reductions, and passed through tribes that had never before permitted a white man to set foot in their territory. Finally crossing over from the Uruguay to the Serra dos Tapès, he commenced a new series of labours that he was destined to seal with his blood. He founded the first of these missions in 1625, under the name of San Nicolas, and was joined by Fathers Rodriguez, Castillo, and Ampuero, who aided him to establish two others, All Saints and Asunçion, after which the great Cacique Nezù invited the "cross-bearers" to preach to his people, and actually built a chapel and house for them. But the magicians worked upon the pride and fears of the Cacique by telling him that the Jesuits would

depose him from his high station, and sell his people to the "pigeon-trappers;" and ultimately prevailed on him to concert a plot for the murder of all the Fathers.

It was in November 1628, and the mission of All Saints had just been inaugurated, Father Gonsalez was tying a tongue to the bell of his chapel, when one of Nezù's officers came up and dashed out his brains with a "macana." Fathers Rodriguez and Castillo were likewise taken by surprise and massacred, as well as twenty of their neophytes. At the same time a gigantic sorceress named Caporù, followed by 700 fanatics, made a swoop down on the missions, where they killed and ate 300 Christians, declaring their intention not to leave a Christian alive in the country. But the chaplain of San Nicolas hastily collected a force of 1500 men, and defended that mission so manfully that the army of Nezù was routed and cut to pieces, the Cacique and his twelve magicians being among the slain. The remains of the three murdered Jesuits were reverently collected and deposited at San Nicolas, and their names ever afterwards held in the highest esteem among the Indians.

It is stated by Father Montoya that after Nezù had slain Father Gonsalez he put on his vestments

and pretended to say Mass, in presence of the magicians, besides going through a ceremony of scraping the heads of such as had been baptized, saying, "I disbaptize you." He also possessed himself of the missionary's horse, but the animal would allow no one to mount him, and fretted so much that he grew quite thin, for it was observed that tears stood in his eyes whenever he heard his master's name mentioned,¹ till at last they were obliged to kill him.

The death of Father Gonzalez and his two companions, all of whom were in the prime of life, gave a check to the Tapè missions. That of San Nicolas still flourished, as well as a new one called Los Martires on the site where the three Jesuits had been murdered, but no further advance was made for three years, till the break-up of the Guayrà reductions caused some of the Fathers to cross the Uruguay and seek new homes in this direction for the remnants of their people. In 1631 Father Mola founded San Carlos with a few hundred families collected by him in the woods, fugitives from the Paulistas, and in the following year

¹ Repararon que en nombrandole al Padre Roque arrojaba dos arroyos de lagrimas. Nunca consintió que Indio alguno le subiese encima. Enflaquecióse tanto del ayuno que le mataron.—*Conquista Espiritual*, p. 78.

Father Mendoza made a similar settlement under the name of San Miguel. Five more missions were established in 1633 by Father Cataldino and four associates, to which they gave the names of San José, San Cosme, Apostoles, Santo Tomé, and Sant Ana, partly composed of old Christians from Guayrá, partly of converted Tupis of the neighbourhood. Among the latter some of the most zealous were those who had taken part in the murder of Father Gonzalez and his companions. By the close of 1635 there were fourteen missions, counting about 30,000 Christians, the latest reductions being those of Santa Theresa, San Cristobal, Navidad, and Jesus-Maria, not a little exposed to attack from the Pomberos or savage tribes of the San Paulo borders.

As an instance of the eagerness with which some of the Caciques embraced the Gospel, it is related that one of them, who afterwards took the name of Antonio, sent several times to Father Ximenez at Santa Theresa, begging him to receive him and all his people into the Christian religion. The mission of Father Ximenez, however, already counted 5000 Indians, to whom he taught, moreover, many arts, including the use of European ploughs, and he was therefore constrained to reply that he could not go to see the Cacique, but would

gladly teach any boys that he might send to Santa Theresa, an offer that Antonio accepted with goodwill. At last, in 1635, when Father Contreras arrived to baptize the Cacique and establish the mission of San Cristobal, he found, to his surprise, that many of the people were well instructed in the Christian doctrine, and skilled in the mechanical arts.

Several of the newest missions had been founded by Fathers Romero and Mendoza, and the latter having remained in charge of Jesus-Maria, the farthest and most exposed of all, he received a few months later an invitation from Tayubay, Cacique of Caaguapè, to visit him. The treacherous Tupi laid an ambush for him, and on his approach murdered him as well as the neophytes who accompanied him. Thus perished, in 1636, one of the most intrepid of the Jesuits, after sixteen years of indefatigable labours in Guayrà and the Serra dos Tapès. His death was avenged by the Indians of Jesus-Maria, who equipped a force of 1400 men, invaded Tayubay's territory, and killed that Cacique with a number of his followers. Father Mendoza was a native of Santa Cruz de la Sierra, and grandson of the first governor of that place.

It happened that Father Montoya was making a tour of these missions, when, a few days after the

death of Father Mendoza, he received intelligence that the Mamelucos had made a descent on Jesus-Maria, and killed or carried off all the inhabitants. This proved to be the beginning of a fresh campaign by the Pomberos against the Jesuit missions, and fully justified the prediction of Father Montoya, when fleeing from Guayrà five years before, that the country between the Paranà and Uruguay was the safest refuge against a repetition of the horrors which they had witnessed. If the Jesuits had been allowed to arm their people with muskets, the present invasion could have been successfully repelled. The curate of Jesus-Maria had notice of the danger, but hardly thought it so immediate, for the stockade which he commenced was not half finished when the invasion occurred. The people were at Mass, it being the feast of St. Francis Xavier (December 3d, 1636), when 140 Mamelucos and 1500 Tupis, all wearing "escupilas" and fully armed, galloped into the town, with drums beating and colours flying, and firing shots in all directions. The church held out for six hours, during which it was three times set afire, and as often saved, but at last, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the curate was shot down, and the inmates surrendered. Then commenced an indiscriminate slaughter, the Mamelucos cutting infants in two

before their mothers' eyes, and all the houses were given to the flames. All the wounded persons, even of the victors, were thrown into a lake and drowned, so as to save trouble, and the survivors chained in gangs and driven into slavery. The bulk of the invaders remained encamped three weeks among the ruins of Jesus-Maria, proceeding on Christmas eve to march upon San Cristobal, twelve miles distant. Meantime, the Cura, Father Contreras, had gone with all the women and children to Sant Ana, ten miles farther westward, leaving 1600 men to defend the place in case of attack. On Christmas morning the enemy appeared, and at once began to make a huge "corral" for prisoners and cattle. The fight, although uneven, lasted for five hours, the defenders having only bows and arrows to oppose to musketry; nevertheless, they twice repulsed the Pomberos, who betook themselves to an adjacent wood, until under cover of the night they succeeded in setting the church on fire. The garrison then retreated to Sant Ana.

"It was on Christmas day," says Father Montoya, "that I arrived at Sant Ana, and found the place overwhelmed with the dreadful news. Such a night of terror and confusion! The Cacique Ayerobia conferring with me as to the best course to be adopted, I gave orders to evacuate Sant Ana,

and take the people of that mission, as also of San Cristobal, to Navidad near the Uruguay, which would interpose the rapid river Yacay between us and the marauders."

Accordingly, the inhabitants, and whatever they could carry, were transferred across the Yacay, the Indians taking measures to fortify the pass, and removing the "balsas" used for ferrying cattle over. The force under Ayerobia exceeded 2000 men, who desired permission to go and engage the Paulistas in the open, but Father Montoya prevailed on them, with some difficulty, to stand on the defensive. As soon as the enemy attempted to force the pass, the gallant Cacique attacked them with great impetuosity, inflicting on them a signal defeat, and being himself killed in the moment of victory. The Mamelucos made no further effort against Sant Ana, but retired with their booty and captives to San Paulo.

Never did a more terrible picture present itself than that which met the view of Father Montoya and his comrade Boroa, in visiting the ruins of San Cristobal and Jesus-Maria to bury the dead, for which purpose they were accompanied by 400 Indians. At the first-named village they found the corpses of twenty of the inhabitants, which they buried, and as they followed the road to Jesus-

Maria, they came on headless bodies and mutilated remains, which marked the route as if a legion of demons had passed that way. Close to the village the smell was overpowering, as piles of dead had lain there more than a month. Some of the houses were still burning, with remains of women and children burnt alive, inside, such having been the fate of all that were too weak to make the journey in chains to San Paulo. In one house the Jesuits found a woman still living, but she expired immediately after receiving the last sacrament. In another they saw the half-burnt corpse of a woman with twins in her arms. Not only the houses, but the surrounding woods were full of dead bodies, which had such a sickening effect on the 400 Indians of the escort that they ran away in horror to the stockade of the Yacay. The Jesuits, unwearied and undeterred by what they had gone through, dug a number of large holes, and interred corpses all day till nightfall. There was nothing to be saved from the place, for the barbarians had sacked the church, and even pulled down the altar.

Returning to the mission of Navidad, Father Montoya at once gave directions to evacuate the ten remaining missions, set fire to the buildings, and retreat across the Uruguay to the same country where he had established himself with the

fugitives from Guayrà six years before. It was strange that on him should devolve this second Hegira, since he had opposed the idea of the Tapè reductions. How much the numerical strength of the Jesuits had increased of late years may be judged from the fact that there were twenty-five Fathers¹ in the Tapè missions at the time of the Mameluco invasion, the register at Madrid showing there were altogether 191 between Paraguay and Chile.

Father Montoya despatched Father Taño on a special mission to Rome (the purport of which does not appear), and resolved to go in person to Madrid and press the King for permission to give the Indians firearms, as a guarantee against the Paulistas. Meantime he wrote to his Majesty a heart-rending description of the recent invasion, and although the vessel which took these despatches was lost at sea, the hand of Providence caused the box containing them to be washed ashore at Lisbon, and safely forwarded to the King.

The removal of the Tapè missions to the banks of the Uruguay was not so arduous as the migra-

¹ Fathers Montoya, Romero, Cespedes, Ximenez, Gomez, Salas, Arenas, Berthold, Benavides, Arnot, Palermo, Mendoza, Rua, Taño, Mola, Bernal, Cardenas, Martinez, Mansilla, Mazeta, Cataldino, Alfaro, Boron, Oreggio, and Contreras.

tion from Guayrà. It was a distance of about 200 miles, and Father Montoya ordered the movement to be in three divisions, the total population comprising 12,000 families, or about 50,000 souls. The first division, under Father Arenas, consisted of the people of Sant Ana, San Joaquin, San Cristobal, and the more exposed reductions. There is no record of their march, but it was probably unattended by any serious loss or disaster, for Father Arenas simply tells us that his people were received with open arms by the missions between Paranà and Uruguay: the latter were now very prosperous, but could remember what sufferings they had themselves experienced in a similar manner, and were all the more generously disposed to their co-religionists in so trying an emergency.

It was not without difficulty that some of the Tapè missions could be induced to obey the orders of Father Montoya. Some directly refused, and of this number was the village of Santa Theresa; it was the prettiest of all the missions, standing on a hill, near the head-waters of the Igay, surrounded by fertile plains and rich groves of yerba-màte. The inhabitants, moreover, could never come short of food, as the palm-trees, which grew 120 feet in height, produced an abundance of nutritious fruit. But the Mamelucos came down again the same year

(1637), attacked Santa Theresa and the other missions, and killed or carried off whatever inhabitants had disobeyed Father Montoya's injunctions.

Meantime, the old, the infirm, and the children, who were unable to proceed afoot to the new Misiones, were put into canoes at Araricà, along with the church ornaments and other articles of value, from which point they floated down stream to the Uruguay, and crossing over to the western bank they fell on their knees to thank Divine Providence for the land flowing with milk and honey that was now given to them.

7.—*Territory of Misiones.*

The land-of-promise to which Father Montoya conducted the survivors of the Guayrà, and subsequently of the Tapès missions, was well protected from Paulistas or other marauders, having the Uruguay on the east, and the Tibiquary on the north. Most of the territory still goes by the name of Misiones, and it would be difficult to find a more delightful country, or one better suited for the purposes which the Jesuits had in view. It covered an area of 30,000 square miles, and being situated between the 26th and 30th degrees of latitude, possessed such advantages of climate and soil that the fruits and products of tropical and

temperate zones grew almost spontaneously. Maize, mandioca, and sweet potatoes were chiefly cultivated, besides which the Fathers introduced wheat, but of this only a small quantity was raised, the grain being of inferior quality. Sugar and cotton thrived remarkably, as well as the vine, and towards the close of the seventeenth century the wines of La Cruz mission were already favourably known. Oranges, dates, figs, and other fruits, grew in great abundance.

The chain of mountains called Sierra de Misiones, which extended from Santa Ana on the Paraná to Los Martires on the Uruguay, was in reality a hill-range no higher than the Cheviots, but the summits were for the most part inaccessible, through dense forests, except where the yerba-gatherers had opened a passage. Besides the natural yerbales from which the Jesuit tea was obtained, the Fathers caused plantations to be made of this tree around several of the missions, by the cultivation of which its quality was so much improved, that even at present, after a century of neglect, the yerba of Misiones commands a higher price at Buenos Ayres than what is grown in Brazil or Paraguay. The forests, moreover, contained a great variety of timber suitable for building or cabinet-work, such as quebracho, nandubay, urun-

day, lapacho, algarroba, etc., and as the distance between the Paranà and Uruguay was little over fifty miles, the woodcutters were able, without much difficulty, to get their logs to either of these rivers, to be floated down to the Spanish settlements.

In the swampy country between the Tibiquary and Paranà, as well as in the vicinity of Lake Yberà, the pastures were of the richest kind, and here the Jesuits established cattle-farms, the fame of which is still remembered. The estancias of Yberà and Aguapey were twenty-five in number, and their importance may be judged from the fact that when these properties were confiscated by the King of Spain the inventory showed no less than 788,000 cows, 225,000 sheep, and 111,400 horses. The increase of flocks and herds was greater than of population, as meat was eaten but on three days in each week, the inhabitants depending chiefly for support on mandioca, vegetables, and fruit. Perhaps one reason why meat was so little used was the scarcity of salt, which was only obtained with great difficulty from the "salinas" in the Gran Chaco, involving conveyance by canoe for several hundreds of miles up the Paranà.

The mineral resources were manifold, and fully known to the Jesuits, but imperfectly developed,

either from want of machinery, or for fear of the jealousy of the rulers of Paraguay and the courtiers of Madrid. Stone quarries were worked with great success for more than a century, and to such an advanced state had this industry attained, that the church of San Ignacio had monolith pillars fifteen feet in height, of which three stood when Doblas visited the ruins of that mission in 1798. Rock-crystal and amethysts were very abundant, and some veins of copper were worked for a time, until the Jesuits abandoned them, apparently because it was rumoured at Madrid that they had found rich gold-fields and were extracting enormous treasures without paying royalty to the Crown. These mines are actually in the same condition as when the Jesuits left them.

In general the climate was healthy, although "chucho" or ague prevailed in many places, and smallpox caused at intervals dreadful ravages. There were two seasons, summer and winter, both of a temperate character, the former being much milder than the hot season in Brazil. It was doubtless owing to the forests, lakes, and rivers, that the air was so moist, fogs being very common in the morning until two hours before noon. Earthquakes were unknown, but thunderstorms frequent and destructive. Tigers and snakes of a deadly

nature might often be met with in the forests, or on the shores of Lake Yberà, but rarely approached the dwellings of the people. Parrots and toucans existed in great numbers, as well as ostriches and a species of white raven. All the rivers teemed with fish of various kinds, none of them known in Europe, but nutritious and palatable as articles of food.

The water-power would have served to turn cotton-mills or other factories, but the Jesuits preferred manual labour, probably because the wants of the missions were few, as otherwise they could have easily made the requisite machinery. The Paranà and Uruguay were of limited utility as ways of communication, since it was only at seasons of flood that the canoes laden with products of the missions could descend the Apipè rapids, near Corrientes, or the Salto Grande of the Uruguay.

One of the special advantages of Misiones was its isolation, as the system of the Jesuits was judiciously based on the principle of keeping their people apart from all contact with the Spaniards, and for this purpose they had obtained a rescript from the King, giving them absolute control in their own territory, independent of the authorities, lay or ecclesiastical, of Paraguay.

Besides the above-mentioned country between the Tibiquary and Uruguay, the Misiones in course of time came to include the territory on the left bank of the Uruguay as far as the foot of the Serra Herval. The latter proved ultimately a source of trouble between the kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, which was the remote cause of the expulsion of the Jesuits and downfall of the missions.

8.—*Rise of Misiones*, A.D. 1631-1653.

Many and sore were the hardships that beset Father Montoya and his people on their first arrival in the land which he had chosen on the banks of the Paraná. Major Cabrera's generosity in giving them 700 head of cattle monthly provided against the danger of famine, but sickness was very prevalent for a long period. When the messengers returned from Santa Fé and Asunción with a supply of seeds, the labours of the field were actively commenced, and as the soil was prolific Father Montoya looked forward with confidence to the crops that in due time would reward their constancy and place the missions on a secure footing. A new danger, however, presented itself, for the people dug up at night, and ate, the maize and mandioca planted during the day, and it was only by setting guards on the fields, and flogging

the offenders, that this abuse was remedied in time. When the crops came up they were the most bountiful that had ever been seen, and the people were filled with gratitude towards Divine Providence for consolation after so many trials and sufferings. Such was the abundance of grain and legumes that Father Montoya was able to send his companion, Father Espinosa, with the superfluity to barter for pigs, poultry, etc., among the older settlements of Father Lorenzana's province. After several successful expeditions of this kind Father Espinosa was commissioned to procure 1800 sheep, that the people might have wool for spinning (since the frosts at night had severely nipped the cotton-plants), but certain wild Indians waylaid him on his return, murdering him while asleep under a tree, and carrying off the sheep. Some time afterwards Father Montoya was able to replace the sheep, but the loss of so able a coadjutor as Father Espinosa was a severe blow, for he had schools of carpenters and tailors, taught by himself, and was much beloved by the Indians.

The epidemic of dysentery which prevailed in 1632, arising either from change of climate or the hardships undergone, threatened to depopulate the new settlement, until the Jesuits discovered an herb called "sarasgo," a species of marine parsley,

which proved an excellent remedy. All the survivors of Guayrà now formed but two reductions, which took the names of those founded by Father Cataldino on the Pirapò, viz. Loretto and San Ignacio Mini, comprising, as before said, about 9000 souls in the aggregate.

In the following year (1633) the Mamelucos came down to the mouth of the Yguazù to destroy the missions of Santa Maria Mayor and Navidad, but the Jesuits, having timely notice, were able to embark the population, numbering over 6000 persons, who floated safely down the Paranà, and took up their position not far from the great bend of Itapua, where the ruins of Santa Maria Mayor now stand. The same opportune assistance which Fathers Boroa and Romero lent to the fugitives from Guayrà two years before was now freely extended to them in return by the mission of Loretto.

The reductions of the Paranà grew every year in prosperity, including five established by Lorenzana and his associates previously to Montoya's arrival, but there was still only a small portion of the new territory occupied, for the Guarani race seemed to increase slowly. Altogether the nine missions made up about 30,000 souls; some were purely agricultural, others for the most part

engaged in the production of yerba, and the rest, especially Yapeyù, devoted to the care of cattle.

In 1637 the fugitives from Serra dos Tapès formed nine new reductions between the Uruguay and Paranà, which were able, under Father Montoya's wise dispositions, to avoid most of the sorrows that had befallen their predecessors. No sooner were they duly established than Father Montoya set out for Spain, to press upon the King the necessity of allowing the Indians to have firearms, to repel any future attempts of the Mamelucos. In this he succeeded, and a decree was issued to this effect in 1639, whereupon he proceeded to Seville, spending some months at the Fabrica de Armas in getting ready muskets and artillery for his people. But he was destined never again to see his beloved Indians, who looked for his return with the affectionate anxiety of children. He was sent to Tucuman in 1641, and some years later to Lima, in which latter city he died in 1652.

Four years after the destruction of the Serra dos Tapès missions the Mamelucos organised another raid on a great scale, in 1641, descending from Guayrà by water to assail the new reductions in flank. Their force consisted of 300 canoes, manned by 400 Mamelucos and 3000 Pomberos, all well armed. The Jesuits, being aware of their approach,

sent the Cacique Abiarù to give them battle, and the result showed how valuable were the firearms recently sent out by Father Montoya. The missionary army comprised 300 men with muskets, and 3700 archers, with one or two pieces of cannon. As soon as the Mamelucos came in sight they insolently demanded of Abiarù an immediate surrender, to which he replied with a volley of grape-shot that sank three of their canoes. The invaders then leaped ashore to fight on "terra firma," and the battle raged all day with the utmost tenacity on both sides. At last the Mamelucos broke and fled, taking refuge in a forest near at hand. Next day the struggle was renewed, and resulted in a decisive victory for the missions, the enemy leaving 1200 slain, and retreating precipitately to San Paulo.

The military reputation of the Indians was completely established by this victory, the Mamelucos never afterwards attempting to molest Misiones. A formidable expedition was, nevertheless, got up by the Paulistas, ten years later, to destroy Asunción, and devastate Paraguay, as they had done Guayrà. In this emergency, Governor Leon sent to the Jesuits for assistance, and the latter, forgetful of all the injuries they had received, promptly despatched a force of three thousand men to meet the invaders—

“For whensoever the Spaniards felt or feared
An Indian enemy, they called for aid
Upon Loyola’s sons, now long endeared
To many a happy tribe.”

As the Paulistas had already entered Paraguay in four parallel columns, the Indians attacked all the four simultaneously, and routed them, the enemy leaving all his wounded and baggage on the field. The loss of the missionary army was numerically small, but among the slain was Father Alfaro, who had probably been rendering assistance to the wounded during the battle.

The missions were no less prosperous in the arts of peace than respected for their military strength, when the venerable Father Cataldino quietly breathed his last on July 10, 1653, at his mission of San José, in the eighty-third year of his age. He was an Italian by birth, and had served fifty-two years as a Jesuit, of which forty-eight were spent among the Indian tribes. After Father Montoya, he is perhaps entitled to the highest place among the founders of the Misiones, whose fortunes he shared in the darkest hours of adversity, and in their subsequent rise to greatness. Only twenty years had elapsed since their flight from Guayrá, and now the commonwealth founded by Father Montoya numbered eighteen missions and sixty thousand inhabitants.

9.—*Customs of the Missions.*

The system of the missions, based on an equality of labour and community of goods, has been often condemned, as having had a tendency to keep the Indians in a state of perpetual infancy. But it is very unjust to blame the Jesuits for following a system which was traditional among the Guarani tribes, and had been in force under the Incas. The Fathers adapted themselves as much as possible to the habits of the natives, and how far they succeeded may be seen from Southey's testimony, that "the missions enjoyed a greater exemption from physical and moral evil than any other inhabitants of the globe." The Indians were as docile children under the Jesuits, and the latter never, in a single instance, abused the power that was in their hands.

"Mild pupils, in submission's perfect school,
One hundred thousand souls were gathered here.
Beneath the Jesuits' all-embracing rule
They dwelt, obeying them with love sincere,
That never knew distrust, nor felt a fear."

Each mission was laid out in chessboard fashion, in blocks, the streets intersecting each other at right angles. The huts were of sun-dried bricks, with tile roofs, the only structures of note being the church and college, which formed two

sides of the Plaza, or principal square. The college, or residence of the Fathers, of whom there were two in every mission, was of massive proportions, in the shape of a quadrangle, with corridors on each side as a shelter from the sun, but so devoid of luxury, that the windows had wooden shutters instead of glass. The workshops were generally two hundred feet in length, with all the necessary appliances for blacksmiths, carpenters, stone-cutters, and such like trades. Each mission had also a granary, an armoury, and a town-hall for the use of the Alcaldes. No priest ever entered an Indian's hut, and no woman was ever admitted into the college. The high moral character of the Jesuits tended in a great measure to their influence over the natives, with whose temporal affairs they seemed to meddle as little as possible. The Alcaldes managed all the municipal matters, subject, of course, to the orders of the Cura, who acted as governor and administered all public works. The second Father was styled Teniente, and attended solely to spiritual concerns. Austerity formed no part of the Jesuit system, which was rather of an easy character, to suit the simple natives, while the habits of order and discipline were on a military footing. Everything that regarded the public interests was conducted with the utmost formality, and the church

feasts and ceremonies were of a brilliant and impressive nature.

The Jesuits remained mostly in their schools and workshops, being seldom seen in public unless on great occasions, or in church, surrounded by a number of acolytes, in rich vestments. Their only recreation was to cultivate a garden attached to the college, in which all the fruits and vegetables of Europe or the tropics might be found.

All clothing was made by the women, who were not allowed to work in the fields, but received, each week, eighteen ounces of cotton to spin. The men wore white trousers, and a shirt and cap, besides a poncho on festivals; the women, a species of toga and petticoat fastened with a belt. All went bare-foot, no one but the Fathers wearing shoes, and all were equal, having the same food and clothing. Widows, orphans, and persons too old to work, were supported by the rest, the fruits of all labours being in common, and laid up in storehouses, to be given out as required. Maize and mandioca were the staple food, with rations of beef three times a week. At first the Guaranis were prone to drunkenness, but this was cured by penances,¹ and no

¹ Among the penances were, standing in a sheet at the church door, or certain fasts, or hours of detention. The Indians, after performing any of these penances, were accustomed to go and kiss

pains were spared to cultivate among them a taste for music, dancing, and feats of skill in horsemanship or the use of arms.

Every morning, about sunrise, the church bell summoned the people to Mass, after which there was an hour for breakfast. Then the day's labours commenced, the artisans and apprentices betaking themselves to their various trades in the workshops, while the rest of the male population went out to field labours. A band of music always led the way, the rest following in procession, carrying the statue of some saint, which they deposited under a shade while they performed their work; they rested during the heat of the day, afterwards working for a couple of hours, and then a procession was again formed, marching back, with sound of music as before, to the mission.

"In grateful adoration then they raise
The evening hymn, for every prayer enrolled
Shall one day in their good account appear;
And guardian angels hover round, and fold
Their wings in adoration while they hear."

The amount of labour was indeed light, but we must remember, not only the heat of the climate, but also that the physical type of the Guarani race the Jesuit's hand, saying, "Aguyebe, cherubá, chemboará gua a teepe," which means, "Lord reward you, Father, for showing me my errors."

was by no means robust, or capable of sustained exertion. Feast-days were very numerous, averaging six or eight per month, besides Sundays, and on such days of repose the afternoon was spent in all manner of innocent amusements. Sometimes a concert of select airs from the Italian masters, sometimes a variety of dances or athletic sports. Women never danced, but boys were trained to represent charades, and men performed war-dances that were doubtless handed down from their ancestors. Sham-fights and other martial exercises were also frequent, including archery and musketry practice. The consumption of powder was considerable, but it was mostly for fireworks, of which the Indians were extremely fond, and each mission usually made enough for its own consumption.

As the Jesuits particularly cultivated a sentiment of loyalty to the Spanish throne, one of the grandest fêtes in the year was the King's birthday. On the day preceding it, a procession was formed to convey the King's full-length portrait from the armoury to the church, a band of drums and violins leading the way, and the Indians rending the air with cries of "*Viva el Rey, nuestro Señor,*" as they placed the picture in the portico of the church. Dances and "running the ring" on horseback ensued till sunset, when the picture was carried back with the same

solemnity to the armoury, for the night. Next morning, at daybreak, the bells rang out a merry peal, and the festival began with the procession of the King's portrait, in which all the inhabitants took part, as well as in a grand *Te Deum*, sung by a powerful choir under the direction of the Fathers. After the church festivities, there was horse-racing, the horses carrying bells, and the riders performing a variety of feats of agility. In the afternoon long tables were spread, and, as soon as the dishes were blessed by the Jesuits, the inhabitants sat down to a banquet. The whole concluded with illuminations and fireworks. On such a festival as this, the Alcaldes and other municipal officers had scarfs and maces, although they went barefoot like the rest.

St. Michael being the general patron of Misiones, his feast-day was celebrated with great pomp, but each mission had also its own saint's day, and celebrated likewise the saint's day of the Father who acted as Governor. On the occasion of a local fête of the latter kind it was customary to invite the Jesuits and Alcaldes of other missions near. Scouts were posted at certain distances to announce by a *feu-de-joie* the approach of the expected guests, who were received with the utmost distinction, and conducted to the college amid the joyful acclamations of the villagers and the inevitable discharge of rockets

and mortars. But the greatest festival in the year was Corpus Christi, the principal feature being the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The Plaza in front of the church was fitted up in a most tasteful manner for the occasion : on each of the four sides was an avenue formed of green branches, with an altar at each corner. As the procession issued from the church the band appeared, playing joyful music, to which the church bells pealed in unison. Then came a long train of cross-bearers, acolytes bearing tapers or swinging vessels full of incense, and lastly the Alcaldes supporting the "baldacchino" or awning, under which walked the priest carrying the Most Holy Sacrament, followed by a large crowd of men and women. Boys danced before the "baldacchino" as it proceeded around the Plaza, while others threw on the ground roasted maize, which looked like flowers. At each of the four altars already mentioned the priest halted to bless the seeds, vegetables, and other products. An eye-witness has left a vivid account of the impression produced on him at seeing trophies of grain, clothing, pottery, etc., set up in the Plaza for benediction.¹ All manner of church ceremonies and public festivals had a particular charm for the Indians.

¹ He also mentions his alarm at seeing tigers and alligators tied to posts in the Plaza, besides which he saw wood-pigeons, fish,

"Nor lacked they store of innocent delight,
Music and song, and dance and proud array,
Banners and pageantry in rich display,
The altar drest, the church with garlands hung,
Arches and floral bowers beside the way,
And festal tables spread for old and young."

Sundays were the same as ordinary holidays, no work being done, but musketry practice took place in presence of one of the Fathers. Christenings were held in church on Sundays, unless a child, born during the week, were in danger of death, when it was at once baptized. Marriages were likewise celebrated in church, and matrimony was so much encouraged by the Jesuits that it was rare to find a man or woman over twenty years of age unmarried, but the families were small, usually no more than three or four children. The principle of respect and veneration prevailed throughout : whenever an Indian saluted one of the Fathers he kissed his hand or asked his blessing, and in like manner children asked their parents' blessing every night and morning. In case of sickness, whether man or woman, the patients were removed from their own house to the hospital adjoining the college, where the Jesuits gave them medicinal and spiritual flowers, and, in fact, everything emblematic of earth, air, and water, collected by the Indians to do honour to the Creator. See *De Angelis, Coleccion de obras historicas sobre el Vireynato del Plata.*

assistance. But if the sick person could not safely be removed, the priest came to the Indian's house, and when it was necessary to bring the Viaticum this was done in solemn procession, with lighted tapers. No coffins were used for the dead, but the corpse was sewn up in a white cotton cloth and carried on a bier to the church-door, where the last prayers were sung and the rites of sepulture performed. It was not due to any quality of the soil that the bones decayed as quickly as the flesh, but probably a consequence of the want of salt in the Indians' food and constitution. The bones of Spaniards were found to last much longer.

Once a year, or oftener, the Jesuits sent the surplus products of the mission to be exchanged at Buenos Ayres for such manufactures or other European merchandise as they most needed. On such occasions, which were generally when the "creciente" or flood-season allowed easy passage over the Apipè rapids, flotillas of canoes from the various missions would assemble, and proceed to descend the Paraná together. The distance to Buenos Ayres was about 900 miles, the downward voyage taking twelve or fourteen days, the return three times as many.

Fabulous stories of the wealth of the Jesuit missions were so current in the beginning of the eighteenth century as to obtain general belief. Yet

the products of Misiones were so limited that there could be little apparent grounds for such rumours. Yerba, the most valuable of the exports, was worth about eight dollars per quintal, or £32 sterling per ton, and, as the Jesuits were restricted by the King's decree to 150 tons, the value of this item could not exceed £5000 a year. Hides were of next importance, for the estancias of the Fathers counted nearly half-a-million cattle of all descriptions, and the consumption of beef in Misiones averaged 60,000 head of oxen yearly. As for maize or mandioca, not much was exported, nor yet of fruits or vegetables, which could not stand so long a voyage. Amethysts and rock-crystal, although often found in the missions, do not appear among the products sold at Buenos Ayres, nor was there any truth in the story about "tercios" of gold-dust. Indeed, the Jesuits were afraid to work the copper-mines, lest it might add to the slander that they were extracting precious metals without paying "royalty" on the same. Stone and timber, especially the latter, were the articles of greatest burthen, where-with their canoes were freighted, and many of the old buildings still seen in Buenos Ayres or Montevideo have rafters of ñandubay or urunday that came from Misiones in the Jesuit epoch. Altogether the annual value of products shipped by the

Missions could hardly reach £25,000, and out of this the Jesuits had to pay tribute to the amount of £3000, being a dollar for each adult male. For whatever surplus remained after paying the tribute, the canoes brought back merchandise, such as church ornaments, firearms, books, and musical instruments. The Jesuits were lavish in all that related to the splendour of church ceremonies, for the religious sentiment underlay the whole structure of their commonwealth.

10.—*Golden Age of Misiones*, A.D. 1654-1724.

In the middle of the seventeenth century Misiones attained such importance as to arouse the jealousy of the Spanish officials, who fancied that the Jesuits were raising up an "imperium in imperio" which would overshadow the adjacent dominions of the Spanish crown. Only ten years after the battle of the Tibiquary, in which the Misionero Indians routed the Mamelucos and saved Paraguay, the King's permission for them to carry firearms was revoked, and the Jesuits, in obedience to the Governor's orders, sent in their artillery and muskets to the arsenal at Asuncion. But the industry of the missions was viewed with no less animosity than their military strength, and the King was further prevailed on to forbid the Jesuits

from exporting more than 150 tons of yerba-mate yearly, or about one-third of their ordinary productions. And in order, if possible, to cripple the effective power of the missions, the Governor of Buenos Ayres adopted every pretext for demanding levies of able-bodied men, which were promptly supplied. In 1665 a force was required to defend Santa Fé against an invasion of Calchaquies, and the Misisioneros fought so well that they saved that city from certain destruction. The following year a contingent of 500 was called for, to build the fortifications and cathedral of Buenos Ayres, in which they were occupied for three years.

In 1680, hostilities having broken out between Spain and Portugal, the Governor of Buenos Ayres again permitted the use of firearms to the Indians, and called on the Jesuits to equip an army of 3000 men for the proposed attack on Colonia. This was a very serious demand on the strength of the missions, as the recent census (1676) showed a total of only 14,037 men in the twenty-two reductions. Such was, however, the alacrity with which the Fathers responded to the order, that in eleven days an army of the required force was assembled at Yapeyú, on the Uruguay, with all supplies for a campaign of six months. The men were drawn up in three brigades, with 500 draught oxen for the

artillery, and 500 mules and 4000 horses for carrying provisions. The infantry were in companies of 100, the cavalry in squadrons of 50 men each, and the three brigades were commanded by their respective Caciques. After receiving the blessing of the Superior, the army set out—one brigade by water, the other two by land—attended by their chaplains. In due time they drew up before Colonia, and a French naval officer, who was present, has left a graphic account of the marvellous discipline and silence with which they took up the position assigned to them. Colonia was carried by assault after a gallant defence by the Portuguese, the garrison having 200 killed. The Indians lost 100 men, the Spaniards only six, the brunt of the fighting having fallen on the former. When the Governor thanked the Indians and gave them permission to return to Misiones, he offered them a sum of £12,000 sterling, or £4 each, but they refused it, saying the King was entitled to their services whenever necessary.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Portuguese, having rebuilt Colonia, made alliance with the Charrua Indians, giving them fire-arms to attack and devastate the missions. The Charruas took Yapeyù by surprise, sacked the place, plundered the church, and in their retreat

carried off a quantity of cattle. As soon as the Misioneros had time to arm themselves they went in pursuit, overtook the marauders, and engaged in a battle which lasted five days, the result being that the Charruas were annihilated and the booty was recovered. This occurred in 1704, and a few months later an order was received from the Governor of Buenos Ayres for an army of 4000 men, for another campaign against Colonia. Accordingly, on September 8th, four divisions set out from Yapeyù, two by water, two by land, each having a Cacique, a chaplain, and an army-surgeon, the last a Jesuit lay-brother. The distance was about 500 miles, and the divisions in canoes arrived before Colonia on October 14th, those by land twenty-one days later. The Indians carried the besieging artillery on their shoulders to place it in position, utterly heedless of the fire from the enemy's batteries, and the garrison were glad to escape in four ships the moment the assault was ordered. The loss of the Indians was 150 between killed and wounded.

Although they had brought their own provisions, and were not dismissed till March 17th, 1705, they refused a sum of £36,000 offered them by Major Garcia Ros on the part of the King. The same major was afterwards Governor of Paraguay,

and in a report upon the missions said:—"It would be impossible for your Majesty to believe the condition of these missions without seeing them. The discipline and good order which prevail throughout are no less remarkable than the innocence of manners, piety and union, combined with an affectionate respect for the Fathers. Every one is ready to die for God or the King."

So rapid was their progress in the arts of peace, that another report of the same date (1710) said:—"The Indians are very clever carpenters, masons, smiths, turners, carvers, painters, gilders, bell-founders, organ-builders, and mechanics. They can imitate anything perfectly, and have made several mills, clocks, etc. Their musical talent is remarkable, and their fine sonorous voices are well trained in the church choirs." At this time, also, they had printing-offices at Santa Maria Mayor and San Xavier,¹ and an astronomical observatory at San Cosme, the latter under the direction of Father Suarez. The types which they used were cast by themselves, of bronze, and all the instruments in use at the observatory were likewise made on the

¹ In the British Museum may be seen two of the books printed at Santa Maria Mayor in the Guarani language (A.D. 1711), being a grammar and dictionary. I have also seen in Paraguay the treatise on *Time and Eternity* by Father Nieremberg (1705), the *Manual for Paraguay* (1724), and F. Tapaguy's *Sermons*; all in Guarani.

spot, such as a complete set of telescopes from eight feet to twenty-three feet in length, a clock with minutes and seconds, a sextant, a sundial, etc. Father Suarez used the smaller telescopes for eclipses of the sun and moon, the larger ones for observing Jupiter's satellites, of which he left 147 observations. During thirty years the observatory of San Cosme was known to the scientific world, Father Suarez keeping up correspondence with De Lisle at St. Petersburg, Koegler at Pekin, Grammatici at Madrid, and Peralta at Lima, and at his death in 1741 he left astronomical tables for 100 years, down to 1840.

Agriculture was so flourishing that the missions now exported not only yerba and hides, but also tobacco, sugar, and cotton manufactures. Each reduction produced twenty-five tons of cotton-wool, which was all spun into cloth, and whatever was not required for home use was sent down to Buenos Ayres and sold at prices varying from 6d. to 10d. per yard. Moreover, their estancias were so well attended to, that they had cattle and horses for sale every year, the ordinary value of such animals being 6s. to 8s. per head. Bees were likewise plentiful, and the supply of wax considerable, but the Jesuits could never prevail on the Indians to sell any, their reply being invariably, "We have

consecrated it to our Good Mother, and if we were to sell it she might not intercede for us in our needs."

Although the Jesuits regularly paid the yearly tribute of £3000 to the King, they were constantly called upon to send Indians for special service. Governor Robles kept 2000 at Buenos Ayres for six months, when there was alarm of an impending French invasion, and some time later a larger force was landed at Montevideo (in 1721) to construct the fortifications of that place.

11.—*Decline of Misiones*, A.D. 1735-1750.

The importance or decline of a nation is sometimes indicated by the rise or fall of its population, and this was true of Misiones, which country was never more flourishing than in 1732, when it contained the greatest number of inhabitants. From that year we find a period of decline, as shown in the Jesuit registers, viz.—

Years.	Families.	Souls.
1732	30,362	141,242
1736	20,685	102,721
1742	18,641	78,929

Thus in ten years Misiones lost nearly half its population, this arising in some measure from a war with the Comuneros of Paraguay, but still

more from three successive epidemics which ensued. The war in question was a sequel to the troubles of Antequera, the evil genius of Paraguay, who by no means expiated by his death on the scaffold the sorrows that he inflicted on that country.

Don José Antequera, having been sent as special commissioner by the Viceroy of Peru to investigate the charges against the Jesuits, of encouraging slaves to run away from their masters and join the Misiones, took occasion to depose the Governor, Don Antonio Reyes, as an accomplice of the Jesuits, and to declare himself Governor in his room. The Viceroy no sooner learned the truth of the case than he ordered Antequera to present himself at Lima, but the latter got the Comuneros to proclaim him King as Joseph I., and prepared to resist any army that might be sent against him. Governor Reyes, at the head of a Jesuit force of 2000 men, marched towards Asunción, but allowed himself to be surprised at night near the Tibiquary, when Antequera killed 300 of the Indians and sacked four of the missions, after which he returned in triumph to Asunción with Reyes for his prisoner. In the following year, by the Viceroy's order, the Governor of Buenos Ayres, Don Bruno Zabala, assembled a mixed force of Spaniards and Indians to march against Antequera, and on reaching

Paraguay learned that the rebellion was at an end, Antequera having set out for Lima. Thereupon Zabala appointed Captain Martin Barua as governor, and returned to Buenos Ayres, the Comunero army of 300 men, under Mompò, seizing Asunción a few days after. For five years the Comuneros remained absolute masters of Paraguay, compelling Governor Barua to ratify all their acts and decrees. Encouraged by impunity, they even formed a project to march against Misiones, sack the villages, and expel the Jesuits. Just then the Viceroy sent, in 1730, a new Governor named Soroeta, who was ignominiously expelled from Asunción three days after his arrival, the populace shouting, "Viva Antequera!" "Death to the Jesuits!" This was followed by the execution of Antequera at Lima, on 5th July 1731, which still more exasperated the Comuneros.

Two commissioners from Buenos Ayres were deputed by the Viceroy of Peru to restore order in Paraguay: they were Father Arreguy, a Franciscan friar, and Captain Ruy Loba. They arrived at Asunción in September 1733, and were invited by the Comuneros to a conference at Itauguà. Father Arreguy remained in Asunción, but Ruy Loba proceeded to meet the rebels, who no sooner saw him approach than they treacherously discharged a

volley of musketry at him. The ill-fated Ruy Loba fell from his horse mortally wounded; his last words were, "Viva el Rey!" as he died fighting with his back to a tree. The rebels then proclaimed Father Arreguy as governor, and forced him to sign a decree of expulsion against the Jesuits; but he contrived to escape shortly afterwards in a canoe to Buenos Ayres. Governor Zabala, seeing that it was necessary to put down the Comuneros at all hazards, ordered the Jesuits to make a general levy in Misiones, whereupon 12,000 men were got ready for the field. The Governor set out from Buenos Ayres with fifty Spanish infantry, having previously sent forward Lieutenant Cars with a company of dragoons to the mouth of the Tibiquary, at the same time directing the Jesuits to equip 3000 men for active service. On reaching the mission of San Ignacio, where he established his headquarters, he was met by several of the principal persons of Asunción, who begged him to hasten his march and hang the rebel leaders. Crossing the Tibiquary, in January 1735, he pushed on to Villa Rica, where he was joined by eighty Spaniards under Fernandez, and learned that the rebel army was entrenched at Tabaty with artillery, to dispute his march towards Asunción. Zabala's vanguard, consisting of 245 Spaniards and 200 Indians, under

Captain Echaurrey, advanced to make the assault, but found the place empty, the rebels having fallen back on Yaguaron. Here they were overtaken by Lieutenant Martinez, who cut them to pieces, taking their artillery and baggage, besides many prisoners. Governor Zabala offered a reward of one thousand silver dollars for each of the ring-leaders, five of whom were taken and hanged, the other two escaping to Brazil. On entering Asunción, March 30th, he appointed Captain Echaurrey as Governor, and thus brought to a close the Comunero troubles, which had lasted nearly fifteen years. Zabala was a man of equal firmness and rectitude, but the anxiety that attended his labours in Paraguay had such effect upon him that he died on the voyage down stream to Buenos Ayres.

It would be difficult to estimate the loss of the Misioneros in this campaign, not so much from operations in the field, as from result of exposure and unsuitable food. Before the arrival of Lieutenant Cars at the Tibiquary, they had 7000 men stationed along the south bank of the river, and the Jesuits petitioned the governor of Buenos Ayres to be allowed to recall two-thirds of that number, since many were dying daily. But the greatest mortality was after the return of the Misionero army from Asunción, the health of the

poor Indians being so much undermined that thousands died of dysentery.

Nor had the missions time to recover from the effects of the Comunero war, when Governor Echaurrey sent an urgent note to the Jesuits for a strong *corps-d'armée*, to aid him in driving off a combined invasion of Mocovis and Guaycurùs, who threatened the destruction of Asunción. The Indians were again promptly in the field, and contributed mainly to save from extermination the people of that city who had so often persecuted them and their protectors the Jesuits.

Ten years later, in 1746, the missions began to show signs of returning prosperity, the population having risen to 87,240 souls. Perhaps a single generation of tranquillity would have brought up the figures to what they had been before the Comunero war; but, alas for these peaceably-disposed people! they were never more to have a long exemption from the trials and hardships of military service. Even now a storm was gathering which would wreck and ruin thousands of happy homes, and prove the forerunner of that final overthrow which the enemies of the Jesuits hoped for as the consummation of their iniquity.

12.—*War with the Portuguese, 1750-1756.*

The contraband trade carried on by the Portuguese at Colonia gave so much trouble to the Spaniards, that the Court of Madrid at last consented to barter for that fortress all the missions on the eastern bank of the Uruguay. The territory thus ceded to Portugal included half of the actual province of Rio Grande do Sul, covering a superficies of more than 20,000 square miles, with rich yerbales, numerous towns and villages, and all the fruits of agriculture of seven flourishing Indian "reductions." These were San Nicolas, San Luis, San Miguel, San Juan, San Borja, San Lorenzo, and San Angel, with an aggregate of 25,000 souls. Such of the Indians as chose to remain could do so by swearing allegiance to the King of Portugal, and those who preferred to cross the Uruguay into Misiones were to be permitted to take their cattle, furniture, and clothing, but to receive no compensation for their houses and cultivated fields. It was not expected that any of the Indians would accept the Portuguese yoke, the missions having in bygone times suffered so terribly from the Paulista slave-hunters, so that the treaty amounted practically to a confiscation of the properties of the seven "reductions" above named. As if to add to the indignity

of such a compact, Spain agreed also to abandon her claim to the territory of Guayrà; while the little fortified village of Colonia, with two thousand inhabitants, was all that Pombal gave in return for such amazing concessions. The treaty was a significant proof of the decadence of Spain, and excited the commiseration or ridicule of every Court in Europe; but in South America it was received with a storm of anger and condemnation. The Viceroy of Peru, the supreme Audience of Charcas, all the governors and bishops, petitioned the Court of Madrid to revoke so insane a compact, but they petitioned in vain.

The energy of Pombal overawed the Spanish Ministry, forcing it, however unwilling, to carry out the treaty, and in August 1752 the commissioners of the two governments had already begun marking the new limits from Lake Patos to the Serra Herbal and the head-waters of the Ibicuy. It would appear from the narrative published several years later at Madrid, by Colonel Charles Murphy, that they suffered great hardships from floods, exposure, and want of provisions. They reached at last the little Portuguese fort of Santa Thecla, and were about to construct one of the pillars for demarcation near the Ibicuy, when Sepè, Alcalde of San Miguel, presented himself, at the

head of an armed Guarani force, and ordered the commissioners to retire. The latter were so alarmed at the aspect of affairs that they fled, and the demarcation of limits rudely came to an end.

The Marquis de Pombal had foreseen this difficulty, and compelled the Spanish Cabinet (although the King repented the treaty) to send out fresh commissioners in the persons of the Marquis de Lirios and Father Altamirano, the latter with special powers from the General of the Jesuits, to enforce the evacuation of the seven missions. Still the Indians asserted that God and St. Michael had given them their homes, and declared they would die sooner than submit to the Portuguese, in which resolution they were encouraged by Fathers Balda and Henis, who believed (as ultimately proved correct) that the King was, in his heart, opposed to the treaty of Madrid, and would never carry it out. The diary of the war has been handed down to us by Father Henis, and may be condensed as follows :—

April 17, 1754.—After a solemn Mass of the Holy Ghost, at which all the army received communion, we set out against the Portuguese. Our force was only six hundred men, in two contingents from San Miguel and San Luis, with four pieces of cannon.

April 25.—Made pontoons and crossed the Yguazù. Found we had, by some mistake, only brought four rounds of ammunition for each cannon. Advanced ten miles very cautiously through the woods, hoping to surprise the Portuguese garrison of Curutuy.

April 28.—Made attack before daybreak, but the fort, having eight cannons, repelled two assaults. Our men stood for two hours, during which the garrison fired at least one hundred artillery, and one thousand musket shots. Then the Portuguese made a sortie, killed our commander, Alexandro, and captured one of our cannons; after which they hoisted a flag of truce. Sepè, who succeeded Alexandro as our commander, incautiously entered the fort to sign a treaty, and was at once made prisoner, with twenty-three of his staff. The same night he swam across the river and escaped.

May 8.—Returned to San Miguel; people very sad for our defeat.

July 30.—Letters from Nicholas, Cacique of Concepcion, calling out all the forces of the twenty-eight missions, to oppose an army of three thousand Spaniards and two thousand Portuguese, which had set out from Colonia on May 5, to invade Misiones.

August 15.—Contingents from eighteen missions

assembled, numbering in all 1710 men, and marched for the pass of the river Yacuy.

September 20.—Having cut off all supplies for the Portuguese garrison, we have reduced it to great extremities. The enemy has already lost sixty-four between killed in action and died of hunger.

October 4.—We have been reinforced by Guanà and Minuanes Indians, bringing up our army to two thousand men. Sepè, our General, sends a letter to Gomez Freyre, the Portuguese commander, to retire in peace.

November 10.—Portuguese garrison endeavours to send three rafts across the Yacuy, but Sepè opens fire with three pieces of cannon, and sinks two of the rafts. Our cannons are made of hard wood (ñandubay), tied with strips of hide.

November 12.—The Portuguese capitulate, and a treaty is signed between General Gomez Freyre and Sepè, and sworn in presence of Rev. Thomas Clark, the Portuguese chaplain.

(After this convention hostilities were suspended for more than a year, the Indians hoping that the King of Spain would revoke the treaty of Madrid, and the Portuguese charging the Spaniards with bad faith. At last a formidable army of two thousand Spaniards and one thousand Portuguese

marched from Colonia, on December 5, 1755, and entered the disputed territory after a march of forty-two days; when the diary of Father Henis is resumed.)

January 20, 1756.—Sudden alarm of invasion, an army of two thousand Spaniards having crossed Rio Negro on the 16th. Sepè calls out all the available force of the missions, but only seven contingents arrive, making up 1350 men.

January 22.—Sepè, with a vanguard of one hundred men, surprises and cuts to pieces a Spanish detachment at San Augustin.

January 24.—Another detachment of Spaniards is annihilated at Cerro Batovi, only one man escaping.

January 25.—Sepè falls into an ambuscade on Rio Bacacay. In the thick of the fight his horse stumbles and throws him to the ground. His little band gathers round him, against overpowering numbers, but the Spanish General rides up and shoots him through the head. His followers break through the ranks of the enemy, and escape.

January 30.—It appears Sepè was not killed in the skirmish, but captured still living. The Spanish General caused him to be stripped, rubbed with powder, and then burnt; his death being accompanied with great suffering. During the

night our people recovered his remains, and gave them decent burial on the bank of the Bacacay, singing the usual dirges over the grave.

February 8.—Nicholas, who succeeds Sepè, resolves to dispute the passage of the Yacaré with the invaders, and throws up breastworks on the slopes of Cerro Caybatè. Most of the Indians incline rather to the tactics of Sepè, who used to say that the only way to fight the invaders was by a guerilla warfare.

February 10.—Allied army of three thousand Spaniards and Portuguese advance, and send notice to Nicholas to retire from Cerro Caybatè. The latter replies that the Indians will die in their trenches. The engagement begins with a volley of grape-shot from six pieces of cannon of the enemy, which makes no impression on our men. Nicholas makes a sortie, cutting off the right wing of Spanish cavalry, which is almost annihilated. The main body of the Spaniards intercepts Nicholas in trying to regain his trenches, and the Indians are thrown into such confusion that the battle becomes a massacre, which lasts many hours. No quarter is asked or given. At last night stops the carnage, the Indians leaving six hundred dead on the field, and the rest escaping to the woods, except 137 who are taken prisoners.

February 20.—The missions of San Luis, San Lorenzo, and San Miguel, send a message to the Spanish General, offering to evacuate their possessions and cross the Uruguay if the prisoners be returned to them; to which the Spanish General makes a haughty reply, "that rebels should only sue for the King's clemency."

March 15.—Nicholas, having collected a second army of about four hundred men, attacks and puts to flight a Portuguese detachment building a fort on the Yguazù.

May 3.—Nicholas attacks the Spanish army near San Bernardo, but the latter forms a square, with bullock-waggons on four sides, and replies with artillery and musketry, compelling him to retire.

May 10.—The Spanish army being in sight of San Miguel, we hide all the church ornaments in a wood, and set fire to the houses, the women and children having been safely removed to the forest of Piratini. Nicholas resolves to make a last stand at the ford of the Ibicuà, and erects a stockade, with two iron cannon and five wooden ones. The enemy advances, forces the pass with a loss of sixty men, and marches into San Miguel, which he finds in flames. This ends the war.

The seven missions were at last in the hands of the allies, but the war soon after began afresh.

The Indians now betook themselves to the woods, cut off stragglers, prevented supplies, and carried on a guerilla warfare against the Portuguese. After some time, General Freyre saw his numbers so reduced that he resolved to evacuate the conquered territory, and retire with the survivors of his army to a fortress on the Rio Pardo. In order to avenge himself for his defeat, he made a "battue" of women and children, and sent them in gangs to be sold for slaves at Port Alegre.

After an expenditure of twenty-six million cruzados, or £6,250,000 sterling, Portugal found herself nominally possessor of the seven missions, but compelled to send a large garrison to hold them. Pombal naturally laid the blame on the Jesuits, and in 1759 expelled them from all the dominions of Portugal.

But the Jesuits were destined to have their revenge, for the treaty of Madrid was revoked on February 12th, 1761, the Indians were allowed to return to the deserted missions, which were again handed over to the Fathers, and the war that was provoked by Pombal had no other result than the slaughter of numbers of poor Indians who fought in defence of their homes, and a prodigious waste of money by Spain and Portugal to carry out an unjust treaty.

13.—*Expulsion of the Jesuits*, A.D. 1768.

After the restoration of peace, Misiones began to recover from the effects of the recent struggle. The population rose from 90,039 in 1756, the year of the disastrous battle of Caybatè, to 105,585 in 1762. But this epoch of prosperity was cut short by a dreadful visitation of smallpox in 1764, which carried off 7414 persons, equal to seven per cent of the population, a blow from which the missions never recovered.

The decree of Charles III. for expelling the Jesuits was issued in 1767, three years after the expulsion of the order from France. It might have been hoped, for the cause of civilisation, that, if even they were driven from every kingdom in Europe, they would at least be left in quiet enjoyment of the missions which they had raised up in the backwoods of Paraguay. But their enemies were indefatigable in working upon the fears and jealousy of the Spanish Government, by representing that the Fathers had organised a strong military power among the Indians, and accumulated an immense amount of wealth from gold-mines. These and other calumnies were set forth at great length in a work published at Madrid, in 1766, by Father Bernardo Ybañez, who had been

himself a Jesuit in Paraguay, and was expelled from the order.

When Bucarelli, the Governor of Buenos Ayres, received the decree, he proceeded to put it in force in the most violent and outrageous manner. He affected to believe that the Jesuits would meet him with an army of horse and foot, but they offered not the least opposition. The venerable old men, who had spent their lives among the Indians, were melted to tears at parting from their flocks, and led away prisoners to be shipped to Europe. Meantime, the Indians had already vainly petitioned the Viceroy for the Fathers to be allowed to remain, and the following letter from the mission of San Luis shows the affectionate esteem in which the Jesuits were held by their flocks:—

“To His Excellency, the Marquis de Bucarelli,
“Governor of Buenos Ayres.

“We, the Cabildo, Caciques, Indians, women and children of San Luis, beg of the Almighty to keep your Excellency, our Father, in His holy care. The Alcaldes Peredo and Cayuari have written to ask us for certain birds that they want to send to the King, and we are sorry that we cannot get them, because these birds dwell in the woods where

God has made them, and go far from us so that we cannot reach them. But we are no less subjects of God and the King, and always happy to fulfil the wishes of his ministers when we can.

“ Have we not three times gone to Colonia to lend our assistance ? And do we not work hard to pay the tribute ? And now we pray that the loveliest of all birds, the Holy Ghost, may descend on the King to enlighten him, and that his angel-guardian may watch over him.

“ Full of confidence in your Excellency, we come, with tears in our eyes, to beg you to permit the Fathers of the Company of Jesus to remain always with us. For the love of God we pray your Excellency to ask for us this favour from the King. As for the monks and priests that have been sent here to take the place of the Jesuits, we do not want them. The Apostle St. Thomas first taught the gospel to our ancestors, and the Jesuits have always been full of kindness towards us and our fathers, teaching us and saving us for God and the King. We were happy under their rule, for they were indulgent to our weakness, and taught us to love God and the King.

“ If your Excellency lend an ear to our request we shall pay a higher tribute in yerba-màte. We are not slaves, neither do we work as the Spaniards,

each for himself, but helping one another in our daily task. We tell your Excellency the simple truth, and if you heed it not, this mission will go to ruin like so many others. We shall be lost to God and the King, falling into the hands of the demon, and who will aid us at the hour of death? Our children will take to the woods to do evil, as has happened already at San Joaquin, San Estanislao, San Fernando, and Timbò, where the Cabildos are no longer able to call them back for God and the King.

“Therefore, good Governor, grant our request, and may God assist and guard your Excellency.

“This is what we say on behalf of the people of San Luis, on this 28th day of February 1768.

“Your Servants and Children,

“The CABILDO of San Luis.”

The request was unheeded, and the prediction contained in the above letter was fulfilled. The Indians fled to the woods, or went to Paraguay, Corrientes, or Buenos Ayres, to earn their living as artisans or workmen. The plantations were abandoned, the missions deserted ;

— “ And now a first and last farewell
To that dear home within their native wood,
Their quiet nest till now. The bird may dwell

Henceforth in safety there, and rear her brood,
And beasts and reptiles undisturbed intrude.
Reckless of this, the simple tenants go,
Emerging from their peaceful solitude
To mingle with the world."

The only work of the Jesuits in Misiones that is still in a good state of preservation is the church of Santa Rosa, built in 1698. It is 270 feet long, and has the form of a Latin cross. The roof is supported by elaborately-carved pillars of wood, looking as fresh as if cut yesterday. The altar and pulpit have very fine alto-relief fruits and flowers, and the six statues of saints, in niches of the high altar, are exquisite in attitude and expression. The window-gratings are of iron, beautifully wrought, attesting in the most eloquent manner the advancement that the Indians had made under the Jesuits. Some of the houses of the village are also standing, but uninhabited, unless by tigers or other animals of the chase.

GLOSSARY.

- ADUANA**, custom-house.
ALAMEDA, promenade lined with poplars.
ALCAYDE, chief turnkey (Arabic word).
ALGARROBA, Arabic name for the locust-tree.
ALMACEN, shop for groceries and comestibles.
ARRIERO, mule-driver.
BAQUEANO, guide.
BARRANCA, bluff overhanging a river.
CABILDO, town-hall and prison.
CAMP, same as "bush" in Australia.
CASA, spirit made from sugar-cane.
CARGUERO, mule laden with goods.
CARPINCHO, same as Capibary, a river hog.
CHACRA, small farm for tillage.
CUNA, parish priest.
ESTANCIA, farm for sheep or cattle.
FAZENDA, Brazilian farm of plantation.
FONDA, an hotel.
GAUCHO, a native of the Pampas, of mixed blood.
GEFE POLITICO, the governor of a department.
GUACHO, a lamb brought up without its mother.
GUARO, a bravo ; sometimes a brave person.
JUEZ DE PAZ, Justice of Peace.
LADERA, path overhanging a precipice.
MADRINA, the bell-mare.
NAQUE-TUPPA, path of the Indian.
OHRAJE, place for felling timber.
PAMPA, plain devoid of trees.
PAMPERO, hurricane from S.W. Pampas.
PANTANO, a swampy place.
PEON, a labourer, origin of the "pawn" in Chess.
PLAZA, principal square.
PONCHO, shawl with slit in the middle.
PORTENO, of the port, i.e. Buenos Ayrean.
PULPERIA, wayside inn.
RANCHO, hut with straw roof.
REBENQUE, whip made of flat thongs.
RESGUARDO, watch-house for customs-officer.
TERREMOTO, prehistoric burial-place of Indians.
TERTULIA, evening party.
VIZCACHA, species of prairie dog.

* In Spain "terremoto" is used for earthquake, but in the River Plate it has the above signification, and an earthquake is called "temblor."

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