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JOURNAL OF A TOUR
TO AND FROM,
SOUTH AMERICA

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To dear Mrs Chisholm.
With Alice's love.
Oct 28. 1893



JOURNAL OF A TOUR

TO AND FROM

SOUTH AMERICA.





I Dedicate

THIS LITTLE JOURNAL OF MY TRIP TO AND FROM

SOUTH AMERICA

TO MY DARLING DAUGHTER

ELVIRA,

OCTOBER 1890 TO MARCH 1891.



Journal of a Tour to South America.

October 23rd, 1890.

AFTER spending a most enjoyable afternoon and evening with our dear children in their pretty, hospitable home, we were sorry to think that, like all good things, our visit had come to an end. We started for Waterloo Station accompanied by our dear ones and by numerous friends who had come to bid us *bon voyage*. There is always something sad connected with parting from those we are fond of, as one cannot see into the future, and therefore cannot tell if these faces will again be seen. But we must trust to Him who is always good and merciful. I am pained beyond expression to see my dear child weeping, and can now understand what my dearly-beloved mother must have suffered when we bade each other our last 'good-bye,' never to meet again in this world. The last kiss and loving look were for my dear daughter, and my thoughts were

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'may God bless and protect her and her husband.' They are young and happy and long may their happiness continue.

I am more than pleased to hear that the Count and Countess S. are to be our fellow travellers.

The train started off. Poor Countess S. had just been told that her only son was very ill at Buenos Ayres ; and I, leaving a large part of my heart behind, and P., who was anything but happy, were poor things to look at, and tried to console one another. We stopped at Surbiton, where Mr. and Mrs. D. joined us. We also saw Mr. and Mrs. B., who had come to bid them 'good-bye.' Mrs. D. looked very well and brought some lovely flowers from her conservatory. We then whirled off for Southampton, where we arrived in good time. Then the usual rush of people, quantities of luggage, young babies, some singing, some crying and some laughing, all cold and hungry, we were packed on a tender with all sorts and conditions, tall, short, broad, narrow, yellow, black and white. Oh, what a dreadful mixture !

Many came to see few off. We at last reached the Royal Mail s.s. '*Clyde*,' and after the usual rush we all sat down to luncheon, which was a case of 'first come, first served.' Weather predicted

very good, but we had already been told that by A. H. I then went to see where we were to reside for the next three weeks, and was greeted by a most beautiful basket of flowers and fruit sent by the dear children. Others also remembered us most kindly by sending flowers and telegrams. At four o'clock we steamed off, and passed the Isle of Wight, which looked very pretty. We passed the Needles, went out to sea, and found it as smooth as a mill-pond. We then went to our cabin to see that all was comfortable, and were astonished to find so many young babies about, numbering 30. The dear things all looked pretty and yet some were *so* naughty. We made our observations and found a most uninteresting looking number of people; however, we are a little party, consisting of the Count and Countess S., Mr. and Mrs. D. and our two selves. Our cabins were all *en suite*, and we were all given seats at the Captain's table. During the evening we were introduced to Sir V. B., who at once became very communicative about all his doings, etc. A friend of ours told us we would meet some school-fellow of his on board, but as yet have not seen him, but no doubt he will turn up. His name I cannot remember, but know it by some resemblance to

Pear's (Soap). I feel I should like to see a few pounds of the latter used here and there. We at last settle down and find good positions for our steamer chairs, and dine at six o'clock, much too early, as it makes the evening seem long. Everybody looks at each other and wonders who is who. Every moment I think of bad weather and have a perfect horror of coming to the Bay of Biscay. *Nous verrons.* We retire at 9.30, feeling very tired, and soon fall into the arms of Morpheus.

October 24th.—We awake at 6.30, after a very comfortable night's rest. *Entre nous*, found the berth a little small as I am not very short. First, some good-hearted soul comes at 6.30 calling out 'tea or coffee.' Oh! how I should have liked to throw the Stewardess, tea and coffee, overboard. There are some people who will never let others sleep. P. and I talk about our dear ones. P. dresses and leaves *le champ libre*. I breakfast in my berth; it is a most delightful morning. We sit on deck, and one could imagine oneself yachting on smooth water; not like some of my previous yachting excursions, which I trust I may never experience again. The day passes as many others in our lives, with nothing of interest to record. I read, work, and do a great deal of thinking. Sir

V. B. entertains us by relating some of his adventures.

After dinner we are favoured with the usual kind of music one generally hears on board ship. Very little that is good and much inferior. We walked the deck of the good ship, which is going along very quietly and quickly; make comments on those who are no doubt doing the same about us. At first I could not help comparing this ship with those crossing the North Atlantic, which are devoted more completely to the comfort of passengers and are much cleaner. The different trade and climate may have much to do with this; and after all if the ship is strong, safe, and has good navigators, the rest, although not so pleasing, is mere detail.

October 25th.—After a good night we awake and find ourselves favoured with fine weather. The Bay is like a pond—without a ripple. The ship has no motion of any kind. I cannot say how very pleased I am to feel so well on board, as it is a new experience to me. We go on deck and talk over the *contretemps* of our various friends. A maid who was to meet the Countess at Southampton did not turn up; and Mrs. D.'s trunk, which was put in the hold instead of in the

cabin, and caused a commotion during the last two days, has at last been found at the bottom of the hold, where four or five sailors with their lanterns have been busy searching for some time. We make the acquaintance of Mr. P. and Mr. S., both young men, who tell us they have a flat and keep Bachelor's Hall in London, near us. We chat and make plans for the morrow, when we hope to reach Lisbon.

Sunday, October 26th.—We awake early, and looking out of our port-holes, find we are nearing Lisbon, which looks very pretty and picturesque in the distance. Lisbon being hilly, the houses are built so that the first storey of one is almost on a level with the roof of the other. The Capital has 244,000 inhabitants and reminds me in many ways of Havana. The weather is glorious and warm, with a pleasant breeze. Count S. asks us to join him on the tender in order to land. The s.s. '*Clyde*' is anchored out in the River Tagus. On landing we at once drive to the Braganza Hotel and find most comfortable rooms awaiting us. The Count and Countess S. kindly make up a party for us, but as they are to be separated from each other for over a year we decline. So Mr. and Mrs. D., Mr. S. and Mr. P.,

Sir V. B. and ourselves go off. After writing to our children and reading the kind telegrams from them, which will help to pass a more cheerful day, we take a drive to Cintra. The railway station is perfect, and having been built only four years ago, everything looks beautifully white and clean. The railway carriages are also very handsome, wide, roomy and airy. The scenery is very pretty, and we pass many old wells and aqueducts along the route. After a comfortable journey we arrive at Cintra and drive to a pretty and clean but plain hotel called the 'Netto,' where we not only had a most delicious *déjeuner*, but a very jolly one. Our new acquaintances proved most amusing. One looks as if he were about 12 years of age and the other about 18 years. We find that the former is 26 and the latter 28.

After having refreshed ourselves we drive off in two carriages to Monserrate, the horses going at such a pace that we almost felt our end had come. Arriving at Monserrate, Sir V. B. makes inquiries. In the meantime we take photographs with his Kodak ; we laugh a great deal, and seem altogether a little noisy, considering the day of the week. Sir Wm. Cook, Bart., whose Portuguese title is Viscount Monserrate, married an American

lady, a Miss Clifton, and owns a beautiful castle here, which is 500 feet above the level of the sea, and contains no end of beautiful curios. After taking a good view of all his pretty possessions, we enjoyed a most beautiful drive, which reminded me of the Riviera. While driving through Cintra we stopped at a fonda and tasted different kinds of native wines, *Vino Tinto*, which is rather a sharp wine, and Moscatelle, which is rather more agreeable. We find everybody most genial. We indulged in many good jokes and hearty laughs. The vegetation is very good. Many tropical trees and plants grow out of doors. The roads are hilly and dusty, but during part of the drive we had the sea in view. The costumes of the peasants and their children are much like those worn in Spain, the men's costumes being rather pretty. The trousers fit tightly to the knee, and then gradually get wider until reaching the foot, which they partly hide. They wear jackets, like Toreadores, and a very broad sash: a felt hat with broad brim completes the costume. The women all wear shawls or handkerchiefs tied over their heads and shoulders, and shortish skirts which are dark. The peasants use mules for riding and for carrying all kinds of provisions and

vegetables to and from the market. The mules are strong, and have a quick short step. The horses are small but good, and go at a wonderful pace both up and down hill. Many of the buildings and the Castle, where the King was during his illness a month ago, are built in the Moorish style. After a most enjoyable drive we arrive at the station in good time to catch the train back to Lisbon, which we reach at 6.30. We make ourselves look presentable, and dine at *table d'hôte*. We had a very good dinner. The wines were excellent. After dinner we tasted the cordials which are made in the country ; these are indeed delicious. After dinner we went to the new Circus, which is a very large building, and can, in the shortest of notice, be turned into a Theatre, having a stage which is used for seating people and can be taken away at pleasure. The performance was excellent. The Royal Box is finer than anything I have ever seen of its kind. Red velvet, with gold trimmings extending the height of two storeys. The house was crowded, and the King's brother, Prince Affonso, occupied the Royal Box. What with the babies who were to be heard crying, the heat, and stuffy atmosphere, over-crowded house, and excess of

gas, we were rather uncomfortable, and left just after the first part. The streets were crowded with all sorts and conditions of men and women, the former selling most uninviting cakes, tarts, and other delicacies! Little children in arms were also to be seen. There were many beggars about, but on the whole the crowd was very orderly. We returned to the comfortable hotel, not feeling any the worse for our little escapade.

October 27th.—Immediately after breakfast we drove out. I thought the shops looked most fascinating. The pavements are made of small stones of different colours, and so well done in some places that they look like Mosaic. We drove to the Plaza San Pedro Alcantara, where we had a good view of the town and the gardens below, which were most beautifully laid out. The trams are drawn by four mules. We stopped to visit the Museum of Natural History, which is surrounded by gardens. On entering there is nothing to be seen, but, after being put into the hands of a guide, we were shown any amount of skeletons, hippopotami, elephants, birds, ostriches, whales, spoon-bills, owls, eagles, vultures, stuffed monkeys, bats, rats, foxes, alligators, seals, and armadillos, which latter are eaten in South America. We also saw a

good selection of shells brought from Africa and India. We saw the beard of a whale, part of which is cut and used for whalebone. We left after giving the guide a few hundred '*mil reis*.' Driving from the Museum, we were surprised to find some of the streets so narrow, and many of the fronts of the houses tiled. In the distance the sea was apparent. We saw some picturesque-looking fisher women wearing short skirts, blouse and two belts, and carrying baskets on their heads. Many of the men carry heavy packages with poles and rods from their shoulders. In some of the localities clothing can be seen hanging out of the windows. We passed a dairy where the cows were standing ready to be milked, and milk also was served to those who care to have it. Many of the houses have *Portes Cochères* as in France. We returned to the hotel to get our luggage, and went off to the steamer after having spent a really pleasant morning, and all feel well and happy. Count S. took us to the steamer in his little launch. It was very rough indeed. We at last got on board, and were much interested at the number of emigrants who had joined the ship while we were at Lisbon, some looking very rough, some jolly, and others broken-hearted. More babies, every woman

seems to have two or three, and all such dirty little mites. We were prevented from sailing at 4 o'clock, as announced, owing to some of the men not having the requisite passports. The police officers had them up and there we were, 5, 6, 7 o'clock, and yet not off. We dined and looked about to see what changes had been made among the passengers. At Lisbon I thought we had left most of the uninteresting people behind, but to my great disappointment found that they had been replaced by far worse. We were very sorry to leave the Count behind. We took Mr. P. and Mr. S. to our table, and are surrounded by lovely flowers, the Count and Countess having kindly presented me with a most beautiful basket from the Count's native soil. We are now getting up steam, and expect to sail at 9.30. As one looks at Lisbon in the distance, it being hilly, one sees all the lights, which seem to go higher and higher. It is really a fascinating sight, and the moon reflected on the Tagus helps to make a pretty picture. We shall look back with great pleasure upon our trip to Lisbon, which has been a very pleasant one. Steaming off we pass the spot where old Lisbon once stood before the earthquake of 1755. After the last of the land was seen, including Belem,

where the pretty tower stands, and the palace where the King is now residing, I went to my cabin, and had not been long in my berth before the rolling commenced, and I made sure there was a bad night in store for us.

October 28th.—We had a very rough night, and P. had to get up several times to make things secure, as all the trunks were rolling about in every direction and having a chase. When morning dawned the rolling grew worse. I made up my mind the berth was the best place for me to remain in, and therefore spent the day there, whiling away the time by reading, writing, and calling out to my neighbours. The Countess and Mrs. D. also remained in their cabins. The numerous babies certainly seem restless by the sound of their voices. P. has been very good, and has paid me many visits. I think lovingly of the dear children as I go to sleep, wondering how they are, and bless them.

October 29th.—After rather a rough night we awake early and are more than happy to rush out of our cabins, which had become very warm. We were able to open our port-holes, which had been kept closed the previous day on account of the heavy sea. We spent the day on deck, only going

down to meals, and remaining as short a time as possible. The heat of the saloon was most uncomfortable. Mrs. D. remained in her cabin, as she was suffering from a cold, but the Countess was with me on deck all day. We had many interesting chats, and tried to be philosophers. Sir V. B. also chatted a long time with us, but I did not altogether feel up to much, being rather dull at times. I missed my dear child more than words can tell. We seemed to feel more comfortable on board every day. I shall perhaps regret when the journey comes to an end (?) I have taken a dislike to several of the passengers, why?—but I suppose there are few who like everybody. Nevertheless it is very unjust to dislike without a reason, and I am sorry to say I have that fault. At 11 o'clock we sighted the revolving light of the Island of La Palina. We then retired and had a long, loving look at the photographs of the dear ones, which had been placed in our cabin by the kind hands of P. The noise made by the young people as I go to sleep seems worse than ever.

October 30th.—After rather a restless night, I was indeed thankful to see daylight. We are still rolling, but have fine weather. I go on deck and

see the same faces. Some of the ladies have turned out in the most summer-like clothing. Pale pink and white muslins, etc.

I am so amused with a Brazilian family, about ten in number, who all sit in a row without hats, caps or wraps, and are continually taking refreshments. They are all of a *very* dark complexion, with very long, thin fingers, coarse black hair and small eyes, really quite like monkeys. I cannot help thinking of Darwin when I look at them, which I must do, as their style is fascinating in its ugliness. They are extremely fond of tooth-picks. Captain Spooner is very amiable and kind, and we had tea in his room this afternoon. We met a steamer bound for Lisbon, pitching and looking most uncomfortable.

In the evening the moon made its appearance and was shining brightly, and reflected in the water. After chatting with those of our little party, we ladies retired, leaving the gentlemen at their game of whist.

October 31st.—Had another restless night. Some of the passengers played the piano until it was very late. P. did not feel very well, but with the aid of the doctor I hope he will be better to-morrow. He is suffering from a cold, although it is very hot

and stuffy. I am most anxious to get on deck, as the emigrants commence their music at about 4.30 a.m., and after they begin, being 599 in number, there is little chance of sleep. The children also do their part and keep up the excitement, and the pianist ditto. At 2.30 we sighted an American whaler. Captain Spooner kindly asked us to go on the hurricane-deck, which we did, and had a good view of the whaler, called '*Adelia Krasse*.' We passed quite close to her, and saw the man with the spy-glass fastened to the top of the mast looking out for whales. We also saw a whale which had been skinned and cut open lying on the deck of the whaler ready for boiling. The steerage passengers were much amused and shouted at the top of their voices, waving their hats and being most demonstrative. We are looking forward with much pleasure to reaching St. Vincent to-morrow morning (D.V.), and as we are to stop for coaling for several hours, hope to have the opportunity of going on shore. I have read several books on board, and have finished a piece of work. It seems to me the less one has to do the less one does.

November 1st.—We awoke when the anchor was being dropped off St. Vincent at 6.30, and looking out found we were in a pretty bay surrounded

by high rocks, on one side St. Vincent, on the other St. Antonio. The islands look very pretty. At St. Vincent there is little or no vegetation, but St. Antonio sends supplies from day to day by boat, which we now see going up and down the bay. We had an early breakfast, with children and nurses at most of the tables. Went in a small boat with Mr. S., Mr. P. and P.: 'three men in a boat' with one rather old girl. On landing we at once walked to the Cable Office, where we were handed a message from the children, and are thankful to say it brought good tidings. We sent them a reply at once. This Cable Office is quite an institution, about twenty-five young Englishmen living there. It is a very large two-storied house with verandahs the whole length of the building, standing in grounds with a few short trees and a few plants of Indian corn growing here and there. The soil is reddish and very coarse. The streets are paved with very small or broken stone. Nearly every one we meet seems black and mostly of the real African type. We walked to the palatial residence of the Governor (Portuguese), but found that the family had left to attend Mass, it being All Saints' Day. We visited the different shops, which did not take us long, and, in fact, saw the

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whole place. The streets run at right angles, with a poor little tree here and there, not more than about 10 feet high, but some of them are full of yellow blossoms and really look quite pretty. We visited the Church and saw many people about, and those who were not in the street were leaning out of their windows, the women with very low-necked dresses and no sleeves.

The beggars all know enough English to say 'Give me a penny Madama,' and when we had only six followers of this kind we thought ourselves most fortunate. We visited a small open space called the market, a poor one, women being the vendors. On a piece of coarse bagging were little piles of potatoes, dried beans, Indian corn, bananas, custard apples, all sold at so much the pile. We also saw quantities of meat being carted through the streets. The carts are very small and drawn by one ox. We invested in some hats, costing sixpence, which look and are very cool. We were very much looked at by the natives, and several women were having a lively discussion as to the material of my gown, which was foulard. When I told them it was 'seda' they were quite pleased, and one said 'I told you so.' So like the women! The black women all seem to walk

from their hips, carrying themselves very straight. They wear short petticoats, low bodices (if they could be called so), a belt round the hips, and no shoes.

We returned to the Cable Office, where we were asked to have some refreshments, the young Englishmen being most hospitable and pleased to have visitors from the old world. While the gentlemen are taking some cooling drinks I remain on the verandah, quietly chatting with one of the Staff, who told me something about their doings and how they lived in this desolate island. The climate here, though very warm, is healthy. The young gentlemen go there to work for three years, and then have a four months' holiday, which is well deserved after spending three years at this place. They club together to mess and take turns about catering, one week at a time. They have a music room with piano, such as it is, and chromos on the wall, but it looks as if some kind hand ought to come and tidy their music, papers, and things in general. There is also a billiard room, and many of the bedrooms open on to a verandah. The lower storey is used principally for business and telegraphic purposes. The heat was great, and

how those young gentlemen are able to play cricket is a wonder to me. They have a cricket ground at the end of the island.

After a rest, and thanking our kind friends for their hospitality, we returned to our boats and were rowed to the '*Clyde*,' during which time we threw silver pieces into the water, to bring up which young negroes would dive a great depth. About fifty of these negroes spend the day doing this alongside the steamer. We started at about 3 o'clock. We were all warm and worn out, and were glad to get to sea and have the breeze, spending most of the evening on deck. After dinner there was a dance, music consisting of a violin and banjo. At 9.30 I retired to read and rest after a very hot but agreeable day's outing.

Sunday, November 2nd.—The heat was so oppressive that after 4 o'clock a.m. it became almost impossible to remain in the cabin, and with the usual noise, which was most trying, we were kept entirely from sleep. We were very much refreshed after the usual cool bath, which is excellent on board steamer. Having had a light and small breakfast we went to Service, which takes place in the large dining saloon at 10.30, the Captain read the prayers, and First Officer the

lessons. Mrs. W. kindly played the organ, and most of the sailors attended. A Service on board ship always seems to me to be most impressive, and I feel all the better after it. People on deck are seen running from one side of the ship to the other in search of a cool spot to settle in. Tremendous showers occasionally came down, which created rather a commotion, especially among the steerage passengers, who are anyhow and anywhere, and at the best of times looking anything but clean. We settle down to read and write. Mr. D. is laid up with a bad attack of rheumatism, and seems to suffer much pain. We are all very sorry indeed for him. The Countess is overcome by the heat, and almost prostrated by it. P. and self are feeling very well indeed, and with the exception of sometimes being very warm, are most contented. Cool drinks are the order of the day, and are constantly being made. We indulged in *Thé à la Russe* and every drink we could possibly think of or invent. At 4 o'clock the weather cooled a little. We spent much time talking of our dear ones, and feel that every turn of the screw is unfortunately taking us further from them. Let us hope all is well with them. I have settled in a cool corner to spend the evening reading, but retire

at 9.30, after having several pleasant chats with some of the passengers, whom we discovered we had met in London during the last season.

November 3rd.—Up early again and on deck as usual. Showers still come down now and again. This being baggage day, all the boxes, cases and trunks are taken out of the hold in order that the passengers may select summer clothing. As all this takes place just outside our cabin, we have been driven from our cool resting place, which was a passage for a current of air through the saloon of the steamer. Mr. D. is better and up, but his wife, unfortunately, has taken his place, feeling poorly and seedy, and unable to leave her cabin. The poor Countess is anything but well, and still prostrated by the heat. P.'s cold, I am pleased to say, is much better. The day ends, having been rather tiresome for many. I amused myself working and reading, and feeling anything but lonely.

November 4th.—We had a much cooler night. Mrs. D. is better and able to come on deck. The Countess, I am sorry to say, continues unwell. There is a fresh strong breeze blowing, and we spend the forenoon on deck. At noon we are obliged to slow down, as steaming too fast

would bring us at an awkward hour to Pernambuco. At 4.30 we passed the Equator, and any amount of comments and jokes were made about the line. Some say the ship jumped ; others try to show a chalk line. The day passes rather quietly. At 8.30 a concert was arranged by Mr. and Mrs. W., who are most enterprising. Plenty of music and recitations, some good, much inferior, but suppose one must not be too severe. Have just finished reading *The Bondman*, by Hall Caine, three volumes, a very strange tale, but very well written. I have also read *Pierrile*, by Jules Claretie, Acad., a pretty country tale which he wrote in 1859 when eighteen years of age, in Perigord, and also some very amusing little anecdotes by the same author. I retired at 10.30, rather late for me, and when I am fairly settled for a night's rest a tremendous wave comes in through the porthole and gives me a most refreshing and cooling bath, although awkward, as I was not prepared for it.

November 5th.—I had a rather pleasant night after my bath, and was charmed to see on awakening the very pretty Island of Fernando Noronha, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, $1\frac{1}{4}$ wide, and used as a settlement for convicts sent from Brazil. The population

consists of about 2,500 convicts and 400 troops. Cultivation, they say, is good, and all looks very pretty from the sea. It is quite a case of 'distance lends enchantment.' Cocoa palms and other trees are to be plainly seen. We were very near, and with the aid of the good glasses the dear children gave P., we were able to see the roads, &c. One of the little islands annexed is called 'Rat Island,' but, strange to say, is filled with wild cats. A Norwegian barque was wrecked there some ten years ago. About four cats that were on board escaped to this island and found it a good home, as there are many wild pigeons and other birds which fly over from the larger island. A lighthouse is now in course of construction on the island. It is always very pleasant to see land, and much talk and excitement therefore took place. Mr. and Mrs. D. are both well again. The Countess continues very seedy. P. is feeling better and the warm weather is doing him good. A fresh breeze is blowing. Being Guy Fawkes Day all sorts of figures and effigies are made and carried about the ship by the passengers. The young men, with blackened faces, were dressed in all sorts of old clothes which they had picked up here and there, some had shooting suits, and, in

fact, were dressed in general mixtures of old and new garments. Some of the Brazilians were much frightened, and seemed to be in wonderland. Some even said '*locos de Ingleses*.'

November 6th.—We anchored off Pernambuco (130,000 inhabitants) at 6 o'clock. It looks very pretty from the sea. After an early breakfast we went ashore with the Captain and Mr. D. It was very rough indeed, and therefore no other lady would join our small party. We left the steamer in a boat rowed by six natives, and landed $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the ship. After rolling about a little we landed at the Plaza, which looked very pretty. Facing the Plaza is the Exchange, and in this all business transactions take place, buying and selling of sugar, &c. We walked to the Cable Station over the British Bank, and received a telegram from the dear children bringing good news, which made us all the more happy. We then replied to them. We afterwards went to the R.M.S.S. agent's office and were introduced to the agent, who very kindly took us to breakfast at a fonda, which, though small, is considered the best. It runs from one street to the other, and is therefore delightfully cool and narrow, and looks like a landing or entrance to a house. In one corner all

the cooking and washing up are carried on, and small marble tables stand in a row all the way from one end to the other. Everything looked and was, indeed, very clean. Cuisine delicious, the menu consisting of native oysters, small and dark, but excellent, as in Havana ; filleted beef, prettily served with a lettuce leaf, a tomato and potato ; it was very good and looked most inviting ; after which came a large mutton chop and savoury omelet, cream cheese, pine and other tropical fruits, also coffee and other kinds of drinks, wine, &c. We did full justice to the cuisine. I was the only lady in the restaurant, but did not mind, as I was very much taken up and amused watching everything that was going on. We then drove to the market, which seemed to contain everything from a needle to an anchor ; the vegetables were good and plentiful. The pines, which are excellent and very large, can be bought at from 4*d.* to 6*d.* for picked ones. The fish also looked very fresh. Among the articles to be bought or sold were mangoes and other tropical fruits, muslins, handkerchiefs, artificial flowers, hats, caps and shoes, negro women and men being the vendors. The market is large, with some very fine marble counters and slabs. After the usual remarks and

jokes on the different vendors, we drove to the Church of La Senora de la Penas, very lofty, large, and fully decorated with faded paper flowers. There are many figures, life-size, in glass cases. Some nuns and girls are praying and kneeling before the altar, which is very large. We go to the back and a guide takes us up a small winding staircase—126 steps, and when we reached the platform on the top of this tower we had a beautiful panoramic view of Pernambuco, and the natural breakwater, on the end of which there is a lighthouse built. The coral reef extends for 100 miles. There are fifty churches in this place which look rather neglected, and Mass and confession go on from 4.30 to 11 a.m. We drove about the suburbs, which are very pretty, but the streets and roads are about as bad as any I have ever seen. The houses are all three storeys high, some yellow, green and white. We even saw blue houses with green doors and window frames. The gardens contain all sorts of trees, cocoa palms, palmetos, bananas, oranges, lemons, almond, bread - fruit, mangoes, tamarinds and flamboyants, all beautiful and all in bloom. We saw a most beautiful collection of crotons which seemed to grow wonderfully, both in colour and height. A few flowering trees

are also to be seen in all the streets. We visited a quinta, which is very well arranged, but like most things here looks as if there were not enough time and labour spent upon the ground, which has a neglected appearance. Tuber roses grow out of doors, as it is very warm ; in fact, almost anything should grow if cultivated. After a lengthy visit to the grounds, stables and villa, all very large, we partake of water from cocoa-nuts, which is cool and refreshing. We drove back to our landing place, where a cool breeze is now blowing. On the way we met many carts which are drawn by oxen. We returned to the ship. The sea has gone down since we came over, and therefore got back without an extra drenching, and also avoided the ordeal of being hoisted up in a basket as I was told I should be. Many on board questioned me about our most enjoyable excursion, which I am delighted I took, as I believe in seeing all that can be seen when one is travelling, *on ne retrappe jamais le temps perdu*. The Countess has now been in her cabin for two days with a severe cold and sore throat, and many are likewise suffering from the same complaint. Nearly thirty people on board have sore throats, and we fear there is an epidemic. We spent the evening as usual : 6 o'clock

dinner, which I dislike so early, music in the saloon, and retired at 9.30, after having visited the Countess in her cabin. Sir V. B. has landed in Pernambuco, so our party is reduced to one less. We all seem to miss him and his interesting chats. I hope he will continue well, as he has much more travelling to do.

November 7th.—After a most restless night I get up, being anything but refreshed, and feel as if I should like to remain without talking or reading, in fact, in perfect idleness. The first news I hear, feeling in this wonderfully cheerful mood, is that one of the passengers died of heart disease at 4 a.m., not far from our cabin. His poor little wife, a Frenchwoman, is alone. They were on their way to Rio. The Captain wanted to have the poor man buried at sea, but his wife besought him to arrange otherwise, so he will be taken ashore at Bahia if we reach it this evening as we expect to do. We also have several cases of illness on board, and some in the steerage are going to be sent ashore. Feeling rather warm in my cabin I decided to leave it. Of course everyone is talking about poor Mrs. L. and her misfortune. I called to see the Countess, who is much better, and then proceeded to the poor unfortunate woman,

who is in tears and can hardly realise the loss she has sustained. May God help her and give her strength to bear her troubles and trials. She is quite alone, and was returning with her husband to Rio, where they had their home and friends, having left in April for a little holiday trip to London, Paris and back. We are in sight of the coast, which is very pretty, having a white sandy beach, which almost looks like snow, with trees here and there, and cocoa-palms high against the horizon. We turned the corner, passed the lighthouse, and saw in the distance the s.s. 'Thames.' Mr. and Mrs. G. and Mrs. W. came to see us in one of the small boats, but were not allowed to come on board. We watched the people go on and off the ship, and parted with many of the passengers. We also decided to go on shore. Bahia looks very pretty from the bay where we are anchored. The bay is called Bahia de Todos los Santos. We hailed a small boat and got in with the mail and Second Officer. We landed after much rocking about. The town is very difficult to describe. The houses are built down by the sea or bay, and then higher up more houses and shops, and the whole looks like a two-storied town. The houses are very high, four, five and six storeys. After walking

through several streets we arrived at the lift, which took us to the top or upper town. These lifts are lubricated with castor oil. I will leave the rest to your imagination. The smells are simply dreadful. We met all sorts of people, mostly *very* dark, and not far from the monkey or negro type. Coming out of the lift we entered a tram with top but no sides. We have a very tall negro driver, who whips the two small and miserable mules to such an extent that we could not help shouting at the man, who was a greater brute than the mules. We passed a high shed and looking into it saw hundreds of mules used for the trams, pell-mell, anywhere and anyhow, without proper stalls, and when put into harness, which consists of a collar and two long straps, the driver whistles to start the team. By blowing one way the mules go, by blowing another way they stop. It becomes rather monotonous after a while. We stopped at the Plaza and walked up the road to the Hotel de Paris. The menu sounded well enough, but that was all that was good. We met many of the passengers, who had come, like ourselves, to indulge in a change and a good dinner. The latter is out of the question. The only things that were eatable and at all good were the little

native oysters, everything else being cooked in oil, which is not *de première fraîcheur*. The place was so hot and disagreeable that we decided to return on board ship as soon as possible. We see any amount of churches, and fireworks are being sent up around them. On asking what these fireworks meant, I was told it was people offering up their prayers! We passed a large house where a man is hanging half way out of the window, and crowds of people round the house. We were told he was making a political speech. When the crowd approved there were shouts, and when otherwise most awful groans were to be heard. The building where this took place is the leading newspaper office. Altogether, I have come to the conclusion that Bahia is not the place where I should like to end my days. We returned on board by starlight, and indeed a perfect night it was. On arriving we heard that the poor gentleman that died in the morning has been taken ashore, his poor wife remaining on board. Five cases of small-pox, three cases of measles, and several fever cases have also all been landed. I wonder there is not more illness among the steerage passengers, as the filth in which they live is enough to breed any disease. We are

surrounded by these poor people on all sides. The cargo is being taken out, so we may expect a noisy night. We therefore sit on deck as late as possible, but the bay with all the ships and the lights of the town help to make a pretty picture. The Countess is still suffering from her throat, and we now have forty cases on board.

November 8th.—We leave our cabins after a sleepless night, as the cargo and donkey engine are close to our cabin door. We feel rather tired, and sit on deck and quietly watch the people arriving to take the places of those who have left. Any amount of negroes and queer-looking people take their seats anywhere and anyhow. Some even take up seats in the dining saloon, as I hear they are short of accommodation. The ladies' boudoir on board is also given up to a family. So far things look as if they would be more uncomfortable than before, but the crowd is very amusing, and some of the lady passengers have large hats, and such hats! with all sorts of feathers and flowers, silk gowns trimmed with beads, jet lace bows and ends, and some carried huge coloured ostrich-feather fans, which look rather grand for travelling. Oh, that I had a Kodak or could be an impressionist!

D

As for the men they are simply beyond description. They always wear rings on the index finger. The bell goes, so most of these delightful people leave us ; but alas ! many remain, and after most demonstrative good-byes they part at 11 o'clock, when we steam off. The bay and the surroundings are very pretty indeed, and as we leave the town we pass many country houses and villas. As soon as we were out of the bay some of the Bahia people began to look very queer, and turn delicate shades of green and yellow. The men at once bring up bags from which are drawn pillows, pines, oranges, bananas, and out of their pockets huge knives, which they open, and then the peeling of oranges and pines begins. The children join in, and all have a feed *alfresco*. But it is not long ere one after another has to retire, as we were wishing would be the case. It is most uncharitable, but we have more room and are less crowded. The Countess, I am pleased to say, has been able to come on deck for the first time for many days, and is much better. Mr. and Mrs. D. are also now quite well, and cheerful. P. is quite well but seems rather bored at times, not finding things just to his satisfaction, but it is the same story all through

the ship. Everything seems to go 'happy-go-lucky' and every one does whatever he fancies, no one taking the trouble to interfere. Your chairs are removed without a word of warning. I often find that due respect is not paid to people's chairs and seats both at home and abroad. I am sorry to say the Captain has gone to his room feeling very poorly with a very sore throat and bad headache. Every one is most kind, but there are too many souls on board, they number 1000. I have been to see the poor widow, who seems in a trance: poor woman! may God help her.

After the usual evening chats we retire. The gentlemen in talking look as if they were quarrelling, but it is only an ordinary conversation. The Countess and I try to become good philosophers, but fear that when things don't go just as they should we are not very good examples.

Sunday, November 9th.—The heat is intense, and at 2.30 we are awakened by the warm atmosphere of the cabin. I decided early in the morning that a cool bath would be refreshing. When in my bath I found there was no lock to my door, and in the ladies' room the lady of

the bath, a lovely negress, sits. Another one is bathing a baby, who does not cease crying the whole time I am in my bath. In vain I try to discover a quiet and cool place on deck, and going into the music room I find it so full of nurses and children that I leave and settle in the dining saloon. No service to-day, as the Captain is anything but well. It becomes a little cooler in the evening, and we all look forward with pleasure to reaching Rio, if only for a change. Travelling is a wonderful opportunity to see just what people are; their dispositions and little ways are bound to show themselves before the journey is ended. The day ends without much of interest to record. Still much illness on board.

November 10th.—We had another noisy night, being disturbed by the screams of a gentleman on board who is a little queer, to say nothing stronger, but he has now been removed to the ship's hospital, where I hope he will rest in peace and allow us to do likewise. We are in sight of land, the coast looking very pretty. We drop anchor at about 11 o'clock. It is a refreshing sight to see all the emigrants dressed in their best, looking quite smart and ready to land, poor things! There is a

general rush of passengers, some going ashore and others still remaining on board. Mr. and Mrs. D., Mr. P., and Mr. S., join us. Mr. W., a friend of Mr. D.'s, came off in a steamer to meet us and took us to the reputedly best restaurant, called *Hôtel del Globo*. We find the streets, shops, and trams crowded and so very hot. The restaurant where we breakfasted is most uncomfortably warm, noisy, and not overclean. The best part of the repast was the fruit. Afterwards we take a stroll up one of the streets, where the people walk in the middle and not at the sides. The ladies look as if they were dressed for a masquerade ball. Such hats! enough on one to trim six. We are amused looking at the shops, and buy a few photos. We take carriages at the foot of this wonderful street and drive about the town, which is thickly populated (350,000 inhabitants). Trees and shrubs grow about the streets in all directions, but if this time of the year is spring, I should not like to come during the summer, for it is uncomfortably hot and close. After our drive we visit Mr W., who is to take us to a country place to spend the night in a comfortable hotel. We go to the Cable Office, telegraph to the dear ones, and were so pleased to hear from them first thing this morning.

Had a walk to the Tram Station, which was the hottest walk I ever had. We waited for the tram, and as it was a long time in making its appearance we calmly sat down on some chairs outside a furniture shop, and then thought what a refreshing thing an ice would be as we gazed upon a shop where these refreshments are sold. We walked over and all sat down round a small marble table and trampled the sanded floor. If there is one thing I do not like it is a sanded floor, but they are all so here. We ordered *sorbets*, and just as we are going to have them some one comes running in and says the tram is going, so we all leave, and make a rush for the car, which fortunately is open and cool. We drive out into the suburbs, and then take a carriage with four mules, the gentlemen riding, ladies driving. After a long drive, during which we pass many pretty *quintas* with their charming gardens, we arrive at Tijuca, a lovely spot, surrounded by hills and trees of all kinds and sizes. We have only brought enough luggage for the night, and make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The hotel is a very narrow, long building, and one must walk out of doors to go to the dining room, drawing room, and bedrooms. The gentlemen

are delighted with the large swimming baths. There is also one for ladies, but as we are not provided with the usual requisites we defer the pleasure of a dip in the open. When we came to the bedrooms we found everything damp, and our gowns feel as if they had been dipped in water. The rooms are very poorly furnished, damp, and cool. I fear I shall have a bad attack of rheumatism to-morrow. We dine at 6.30, and retire after a very hot day's wanderings. The bed is so hard that one might as well sleep on the floor. The pillow, if you can call it such, is also as hard as if it were filled with straw. I seldom travel without my own pillow, and now wish I had not made an exception. This hotel was once the residence of a gentleman who usually had many friends stopping with him from Saturday until Monday, and after adding room after room it became such a common thing for people to come that it was decided each visitor should pay his share, and latterly it has developed into a regular hotel, and is now kept by a Mr. White, a Scotchman, who is soon going to retire to his native heath. He will find it much cooler! All guests dine together, and the *table d'hôte* is very long and narrow. Everything is bare, and to add to its beauty there is only the glimmer

here and there of a badly-trimmed and smoky lamp.

November 11th.—After more baths, we put in an appearance at the breakfast table, and then drove out at 10.30, going up hill most of the way. A more beautiful drive I have never had or seen. The plants, palms, and trees are simply gorgeous. Most of the places look like well-kept green-houses. The roads are excellent, and looked after by the Government. We arrived at the Vista de Gloria, or Vista Chinesca. A grander view cannot be imagined, with the bay and all the islands in sight, and the ships, men-of-war, and the yacht which belonged to Dom Pedro at anchor. The town can also be seen, and looks very pretty from above. I am charmed with Rio and its surroundings, and highly delighted that I have had the opportunity of visiting this interesting place, which contains many Universities and Churches. The gardens and parks are very pretty. The *Jardin d'Acclimatation* has a cool stream running through, on which pleasure boats are floating. The palms are old and grand. We also see from this height the Race Course. We returned at 1.30, lost in admiration over the foliage, beautiful ferns, and plants of every description. The heat of the day

increases as it goes on. We try to make ourselves as comfortable as possible in our respective apartments, and mean to dine at 6.30. After reading and writing we retire, so as to make an early start, having received a telegram that the s.s. '*Clyde*' would sail on Wednesday at 10 a.m.

November 12th.—After a most restless night (the bed having felt harder than ever), P. had bad tooth-ache, brought on, I fear, by being too long and too often in that most fascinating swimming bath, for which, however, they have once more departed ; at 6 o'clock we make a rush and start for the good ship. We drive four-in-hand (four little mules like rats), with harness that has never been attended to since first made, and go down at a most furious pace until we reach the bottom of the Hill of Tijuca, and then we take the tram. The conductor seemed most displeased at our having hand-bags with us, but we told him we did not understand his anything but civilised speeches and answers. He goes off in a rage, saying 'I shall soon bring someone you will understand,' when an old man, speaking very good English, comes forward and begins to explain that bags are not allowed in trams, but must follow by another one that leaves three-quarters of an hour later. We try to explain

that we have to be on board steamer at a certain hour with our luggage. He says 'all right,' and off we go with our furious conductor. We drive again through Rio. The morning being bright, everything looks fresh and green, and the roads not a bit dusty. As we look into a pretty garden, we see most beautiful orchids growing, all most beautiful tints of lilac. On arrival at Rio we take a carriage to the wharf, where we hire a steam tender to convey us to the good ship. We arrive in a most comfortable style, but it is more than warm. We inquire after the Countess, who, I am sorry to say, remained on board, and is still very poorly. The Captain should be confined to his room, but nevertheless is most dutiful, and goes on the bridge. Passengers return from all directions, and many of them only just in time. I am thankful to say the ship looks as if it had had a good cleaning. The emigrants are all off, as well as many of the passengers. Things altogether seem much more comfortable and clean. The anchor's weighed. We are off once more. We admire the bay as we leave, and it is without doubt very grand, with the hills towering all round. We get a fresh breeze from the west, and settle down quite resigned for another five or six days' journey. We

are now few on board, having left, I am thankful to say, all the negroes, &c., at Rio. The Countess lost a diamond out of her ring, which distressed her very much, but after a time Mr. P., one of our party, found it, so there was much rejoicing. Have just finished reading another book, '*Notre Cœur*,' by Maupassant.

November 13th.—We had a rather rough night, and this has been a somewhat tiresome day; very warm indeed, and nothing takes place worth recording. The Captain is still ill, but was able to be on the bridge for a short time. Several flirtations are going on which amuse many of the passengers.

November 14th.—Weather, I am thankful to say, a little cooler. We are thinking of getting into warmer clothes. There is a great deal of commotion, and the ship rolls. People all seem pretty well in the morning, and many are on deck, but they disappear one after another before luncheon time. I refrain from going down to luncheon, and spend the day with Mrs. M. on mid-ship, where the motion is certainly less. The weather becomes cooler every hour. We once more call out for our rugs, wraps, ulsters, &c., and in a few minutes there is a transformation of costumes to be seen; white

and tan shoes, ulsters and fur cloaks. Woollen caps replace the cool and fresh-looking straw hats, and remind me of 'between the seasons' in London. Another concert is being organised, to be followed by a ball. An excellent programme, but as the ladies are anything but comfortable, and have nearly all retired, the concert is finally put off until the morrow, when we hope to reach Monte Video. I am so pleased to say that P. is much better, and, in fact, quite himself once more.

November 15th.—8 a.m. We had a bitterly cold night, and all the wraps, which had been carefully put away, were brought to the fore, and were most welcome. We are in sight of Monte Video; a fresh breeze blowing, and bright sunshine. We anchor at about 9 o'clock, and all passengers look as if a garden party were going to take place, being well dressed, new gowns, new bonnets, and, in fact, very pretty toilettes, and, above all, such bright, cheerful faces. Many come to breakfast who have not appeared during the whole voyage. In the distance we see a small steamer with the Doctor on board, who is coming to visit us, being rather dissatisfied with the health bill. He returned without giving us leave to proceed or to land. We are all in

fearful suspense, thinking that we are to be quarantined. Many of the passengers have friends who have come to meet them from Buenos Ayres, but they are not allowed to come on board. It is a case of 'so near, and yet so far.' Mr. M. de H., the Countess's son, is among the disappointed. Mr. C. is also on the tender. We are handed a telegram from the dear ones, bringing us good news. We at once cable them. When the steamer returns we are told that the passengers for Monte Video are to be quarantined, so we are to take them, bag and baggage, to the Island of Flores, and there unload and proceed to Buenos Ayres. The different friends are allowed at last to come on board. The meeting of the Countess and her son is most touching. He brings his mother, as well as myself, lovely flowers and most delicious strawberries, called here *frutias*. We then proceed to the island and have a good view of Monte Video, which appears flat, but has wide streets and looks very well from the sea. Monte Video (104,500 inhabitants), is situated at the estuary of the River Plate, and the water is an ugly grey colour. Arriving at Flores, the passengers are landed by life-boats, and look most uncomfortable. The boats are small and the sea rough. We are indeed sorry to

see how very unpleasant the quarantine must be to all those poor people, but it is owing to the death of Mr. L., before reaching Bahia, and the cases of small-pox, which were all landed at the above place. When parting with the passengers for Monte Video much waving of handkerchiefs and shouting take place. We proceed, at about 5 o'clock, back to the port. The dinner was indeed an exception, as many delicacies had been sent on board, such as oysters, strawberries, fresh fish (which are very good here), and the saloon is decorated with pretty fresh flowers. The sunset was most beautiful, and presently the moon and stars (especially Venus) shine brightly in a most perfect sky. The smell of flowers and hay coming from the country made one feel that one could do without fogs, were it not for friends left behind.

At 8.15 the concert commenced, and was really very good. A testimonial was presented to Dr. Fellows, who, seeing the ship's Doctor stricken down with a sore throat like many others, took upon himself to render great assistance, not only to the cabin but also to the steerage passengers, where there were cases of all kinds. P. presented the testimonial with a few *à propos* remarks; the Doctor answered in pleasing terms, seeming most grateful for the

attention. After the concert, a young lady and I passed a plate to collect for the poor sailors' wives and children. We collected 15*l.* 15*s.* Most of the friends who joined the passengers on board at Monte Video remained with us, and all hope to reach our destination to-morrow morning.

November 16th.—As anticipated, we arrive off Buenos Ayres at 10 o'clock. We are anchored so far down the river that we can see nothing of Buenos Ayres, only a dark spot with a little green at either side. Any amount of steamers are in sight, and every one is all excitement to see their friends, and ascertain if we are to be quarantined. The Doctors come, but as we have several prominent families on board, including the ex-Mayor, we hope for the best, and are at last, amidst great rejoicing, given permission to land. Mr. C. had arranged for the steamer, called the '*Rapido*,' to meet us, so the Countess, Mr. and Mrs. D., Messrs. P. and S., Mr. M. de H., and ourselves make up the party. We start after bidding those on board 'good-bye,' and thanking the Captain for his kindness. We steam off, not without fears of having *le mal du mer*, and arrive at the wharf after one hour and three-quarters steaming up the river, and feel as if we had been crossing the

Channel from Dover to Calais, with very bad effects. We at once go to the Customs, and are cleared with our hand baggage only, having to return later in the day for our luggage. Mrs. C. meets us, and drives Mrs. D. and self to the Grand Hotel, which is to be our abode during our stay in Buenos Ayres. Driving through the streets I am most agreeably surprised, and 'first impressions are lasting,' *on dit*. Mine are certainly very good. I am told the hotels are very bad, but on arriving I am more than pleased at the look of things. We are simply famished, and all go to the Restaurant de Paris for luncheon. We all feel refreshed, and find everything excellent, in spite of all we had heard of this place. There is nothing like a change, and after $23\frac{1}{2}$ days of steamship life one is delighted to be once more on *terra firma*. I make my room look as comfortable as possible with my few books, photographs, and little odds and ends, which soon make a bare room look cheerful and homelike. Hope soon to be able to secure flowers, without which a room is never complete. No luggage yet ; we nevertheless drive out at 5.30 to the Hyde Park of Buenos Ayres, called Palermo. We are delighted with everything we see. The ladies all look very pretty, and are

beautifully dressed in the latest Parisian fashions. I am indeed pleased to find everything much more civilised than I expected. Although the day has been very warm, there has been a fresh, cool breeze, and driving is most agreeable. The houses we have passed in our drive are all very pretty, and the architecture tasteful. Everything seems larger and more extensive than I imagined. Being the Capital, Buenos Ayres has a population of 450,000. We cable our arrival to the dear ones, whom I hope and trust are well.

November 17th.—The noise of the trams, waggons, and carriages kept us all from having, as we had expected, a good night's rest. P. was out before 6 o'clock. I indulge in a little laziness, and take my *café au lait* in my room, and after a refreshing bath I busy myself arranging our rooms, and trying to make them look as cosy as possible. I went out in search of flowers, but found they are not kept in shops. One must drive out to the country gardens to order them. I shall leave that for another day. On our return to the hotel, Mrs. C. brought us some very pretty flowers; roses, carnations, &c., all grown out of doors. These complete the adornment of our sitting room. A few minutes after, Mrs. S., the ex-Mayor's wife,

E

sent me, as is generally done in this country, a large silver tray, with flowers so arranged around it that it looks like a huge basket. I immediately took it all to pieces and put the flowers in water; they were most beautiful and fragrant, but did not last long. We spend the day reading and working. I am still without my trunks, which are in the Custom House, and I am unable to appear in anything but my steam-ship gowns, but I am quite happy nevertheless. Several people called during the day. The weather is most delightful, although the nights are warm, and very noisy. The conductors of the trams blow a horn before coming to a turning. As my room is on a corner, and as there are no less than four different lines crossing—I leave the rest to the imagination. After dinner we went for a walk. The streets were hot and stuffy, and the perfume not of roses, so we returned, and sat chatting in the Patio. We ladies then retired at 10 o'clock, leaving the gentlemen to chat over their railroad business, at which they have been busy all day.

November 18th.—We spend the day with nothing of interest to relate. We drive to Palermo during the afternoon, and saw very few people, as it was not

a fashionable day. We walked up and down, looking at the shop windows, which are very effective, and contained all sorts of Parisian novelties. After dinner several friends called to see us, mostly people who had been on board with us. Also several gentlemen called to see Mr. D. and P. on railway business. It seems, much to my regret, to be the custom of the country to make tremendously long calls, and when one has just landed from a long voyage feeling the intense heat and change, the post of hostess is rather trying. We were thankful when the visitors had taken their departure, and managed to retire to our noisy rooms at 10.30.

November 19th.—After another bad night through the intense noise of the streets we are up and dressed at 7.30 to make a start for Campana. We go by rail by the Buenos Ayres and Rosario line, one of the railways Mr. D. and P. are here to investigate and look after generally. We all start off at 8 o'clock, the train having a special compartment for our accommodation. We go along for miles through country looking barren and flat, with few or no trees, a few rivulets here and there, and no cultivation. The effect of the mirage is simply marvellous, and is seen now by me for

the first time. The tremendous number of cattle carcasses along the route is beyond description, in all stages and sizes, and anything but pleasant to look at. On arrival at Campana we meet Lord W., our neighbour in London, who has just returned from a cruise on the river Tigre, and was hurrying to get news of the crisis reported in London by the failure of B. B. We had a most delicious *déjeuner* at the station, where there is a fine restaurant, after which we went to the railway offices and works, which looked wonderfully clean and well kept. The reading-room, chapel, &c., for the use of the *employés* of the railway looked cool and comfortable. We then drove to see the so-called River Plate or frozen mutton establishment, which we inspected from beginning to end, but part of it is anything but edifying.

The number of sheep killed, frozen, and shipped to Europe during the last four years has been as follows, viz. :—

Year ending 30th April 1888	...	288,616	sheep.
" " 1889	...	297,292	"
" " 1890	...	424,230	"
" " 1891	...	544,873	"

And from the commencement of the Company's

working in 1883 to 30th April, 1891, the total number of sheep frozen and shipped from the works was 2,197,236.

The number of sheep dealt with per day varies, but if pressed the works are capable of dealing with 3000 sheep a day. The average weight of the sheep exported is about 40 lbs. About 4000 bales of skins are packed each year, and several thousand tons of tallow are rendered and prepared for the market. Every part of the sheep is utilised at the works in one way or another.

The sheep are brought from considerable distances, and on arrival at Campana are pastured and rested on the Company's land; the stock of live sheep on hand varies according to the season. but the average is about thirty to forty thousand. The steamers, which carry about 40,000 sheep, are timed to arrive at the works every four weeks.

The skins are neatly packed in bales by a most ingenious machine and sent off to France. The ships are ready at the wharf to take the mutton on board, which generally comes to Liverpool. No doubt we often have it at home, 'Where ignorance is bliss,' &c. We return to the hotel rather tired, but pleased to see that my trunks have at last arrived, after the Customs people have

tumbled all my things about. Is it necessary to have old and unclean things in order to pass the Customs without being molested? It seemed like it, as I had several new things with me which they thought were for the shops. Mr. P. has developed a bad sore throat, and is now suffering from the malady which almost amounted to an epidemic on board the s.s. *Clyde*.

November 20th.—The noise is simply deafening. The afternoons are fairly quiet, but the mornings and evenings are enough to drive one out of one's mind, but in time I hope to get accustomed to it. We drive out and call on Mrs. C. The roads seem in a terrible condition, and we are considerably jolted. I am feeling rather dull, why? No reason. The dear ones perhaps are not well. I am constantly thinking how very far away from them we are. There is a very pretty church opposite the hotel, and I am watching a wedding from my balcony. Just as I happened to look out I saw the pretty bride going into the church. The guests all look very nice as they come out in their light gowns and customary large hats. We had a few callers, most of them strangers to me, and I am therefore not much interested. The older I get the less I like meeting strangers

and making new acquaintances unless they are in some way interesting. This, I fear, is rather selfish, but why not say what one feels if it does not wound anyone.

November 21st.—We had a quiet morning, and after *déjeuner* Mrs. D. and I went out shopping. We came across a branch of Liberty's shops (London), where everything in the way of materials, silks, fancy articles, lamps, and furniture, is to be found. I bought several things to add to the comfort and cosiness of our rooms, I also invested in tea-cups and saucers, and, with the aid of my travelling tea-basket, had afternoon tea for the first time, at which Messrs. P. and S. joined us, and, to judge from the merry way we went on, it looked as if the tea must have been very strong. We laughed at stupid jokes until we could laugh no longer. We had many callers during the afternoon and evening. I was very much taken with Mrs. B. She must have noticed it, as she told P., who took her to the door, that I was one of the most sympathetic strangers or foreigners she had ever met. I think people can always see when they are liked by a person's manner. After a very long chat we had our usual refreshments, and retired with my

usual phrase, '*C'est toujours avec un nouveau plaisir.*'

November 22nd.—We are up very early to make a start with Mrs. B. and party for La Plata. The country in this direction looked prettier. There were more trees, and in many cases the land looked well cultivated. The cattle also appeared healthier, and the absence of carcasses was quite refreshing. Wild flowers were to be seen growing along the road, and a large quantity of a small purple flower called *Flor Morada*, looked very pretty here and there in huge patches. Also a great quantity of birds like ostriches was to be seen here and there, and some very near the railway line. These birds have short feathers, which are used for rugs, trimmings, and feather dusters. On arrival at La Plata I was very much taken with the station. It is certainly a most gorgeous building, all covered in where the trains arrive, and has three sides with balconies all round. The second storey of the interior looks like a grand palace, with its marble staircase, high double doors, and frescoes. It is a mass of marble, plate-glass, and different coloured woods. The English Company which bought the railway a few months ago did not take over the building. The offices used

for the railway business are quite grand, and face the Plaza, which is beautifully laid out as a garden, although it looks dry and sandy. The dust is enough to make anything look grey, including ourselves. We are a party of twelve, only three ladies, and all are interested in the railway. We look about, and are simply amazed to see such a pretty town with 26,500 inhabitants, all built up since 1882. Strange to relate, the Government does not allow trains to pass through the streets, but the train we came in was a Government train before it was sold to the English, and ran right through one of the principal streets to La Plata and the terminus. Why should law makers be law breakers? To reach the terminus the train takes a turn to enter the present station, so that it is impossible to see from the station the incoming trains until they are nearly up to the platform.

The houses, which all have *patios*, look very pretty from the outside. Many palms have been imported and planted, but do not seem to thrive. After a general inspection, which was a most interesting but rather warm undertaking, we go to the Café de Paris opposite the station, and find a private room has been arranged for our

comfort, with tables laden with magnificent flowers. A most delicious *déjeuner* was served, after which we had speeches from Mr. B. and others, welcoming us in kind terms to their country, to which P. responded, all, of course, in Spanish. Allusion was made to Mr. D., whose name appeared in the morning papers as having been appointed one of the four to investigate the affairs and general situation in Buenos Ayres. We drank his health, after which they drank the health of the ladies. We make a fresh start to visit the works of the different docks, which seem excellent and clean, and display really good workmanship. It was also proposed that we should go on a boat to see where the canal was cut, but the heat of the sun was so great that we ladies abandoned all such ideas. We remained in the carriage which had taken us to the docks, and awaited the return of the most energetic of the firmer sex. The heat and dust are overpowering. We came back by our special, and, having more refreshments, returned to dine, after a most interesting visit to La Plata, the manager, Mr. R., having spared no trouble for our comfort and pleasure. I retired rather fatigued, but very pleased with my day's outing.

Sunday, November 23rd.—Another very noisy night ; the trams are really unbearable. We were up very early, as P. and Mr. D. are off by the 9.30 (special) train to Rosario and Tucuman. I go with them to the station and visit the carriages of their special, which seem most comfortable. The train consists of three carriages—one for day, one for night, and a brake van. I return, feeling very lonely without my ‘guid man.’ I go to Mass at Merced, which is opposite the hotel. On entering the Church a large figure, representing the Blessed Virgin, all dressed in white satin, stands on a table, with an inscription in front, asking 20 cents for the month of Mary, to be spent on charity. On inquiring later in the day, I find that November is the month of Mary in this country, instead of May.

This is spring with a vengeance. The thermometer 80 degrees in the shade. During the afternoon Mrs. D. and I drive out. Having asked for a small victoria, we are surprised—but not agreeably—to find that they have sent a huge landau. We start, in spite of this gorgeous arrangement, to make a few calls. We call on Mrs. C. D., whom we find most agreeable, and much prettier than when in London. Is it the

effect of being on her native heath? I think one generally shines more at home, especially if one is at all timid. We then called on Mrs. B., who kept us waiting some time, and after making the excuses which are usual on such occasions, she showed us over her house, which is built after the design drawn out by her husband. It looks like a show house, and, although perhaps fully furnished, seems comfortless. While we chatted about different things Mr. B. returned home, and insisted upon our seeing his study, which is indeed anyhow, and which he will not allow any one to tidy up. It is, however, most interesting, and around the walls are portraits of all the Presidents up to Celman and Pelegrini. There are also photos of Spanish and other authors, including the well-known faces of Alexander Dumas (*père et fils*), Victor Hugo, and the great Raspaille. After a very pleasant and most interesting visit, we drive to Palermo. The *paseo* was crowded with people walking and driving, all the ladies in bright colours, and nearly all looking more than comfortably portly. No doubt this comes from want of exercise and from their fondness of eating sweets. The young ladies look very pretty and graceful, and I wonder if they will grow to look

like their mammas. We return to the hotel, and have rather a lonely dinner without our respective husbands. Hotel life at the best of times is a miserable institution for those who are fond of home. We have few callers in the evening, and remain chatting on the balcony until retiring time.

November 24th.—Had a wretched night; the noise of the trams, the waggons, and the usual traffic of heavy carts during the small hours, kept me from sleeping. Also my enemies the mosquitoes were singing, and the night was intensely warm. We spent rather a quiet day, driving and calling during the afternoon. We drove to Antonio Dordoni's garden and bought some very pretty flowers, which were very fresh, as they are only cut when they are bought. They would not cut them with long stalks as I really would have liked to have had them, saying that it would spoil the plants. We also drove round Palermo, but there was not a soul to be seen. We had it all to ourselves. We received very good news of our respective husbands, who tell us that the heat is intense. It is a little cooler to-day, as we have had heavy showers, followed by thunder and lightning, which seem to have cleared

the atmosphere, still it is 80 degrees in the shade. We had the pleasure of meeting Messrs. P., first cousins of our son-in-law. The youngest looks very much like B.

November 25th.—We receive good news from our respective husbands, and, with the exception of going for a little drive in the afternoon, remain indoors the greater part of the day. During the evening we have a few visitors, among them Mr. P. and Mr. S., who have come to bid us good-bye, as they are starting for Paraguay. We sit up rather late, feeling timid about retiring, as we have had a revolution (on a small scale) close at hand, at the Exchange, and we begin to wonder if we are going to have more trouble. However, things seem quiet, and we retire; but not for long, as we hear a most awful voice screaming, and a row in general going on. We open our windows, go on to the balcony, and, on looking out, find a large Broom Brigade sweeping and clearing the streets. Every night, either one thing or another, but noise we must have.

November 26th.—Up at 6.30, and after making myself a cup of tea, I sit down to write, as all letters must be ready at 10.30. At breakfast a porter tells us that the steamer has arrived

bringing the English letters. No one can conceive with what pleasure this news is greeted. We have letters from the dear ones, and a telegram from P. who is now at Santa Fé. He complains most bitterly of the heat, which is 100 degrees in the shade. Mr. H. and our manservant, who were of the party going to Tucuman, I hear, are very poorly in consequence of the heat. Our telegrams of yesterday do not reach them until to-day, as the wires were interrupted by yesterday's thunderstorm, which I am thankful to say, although it has broken several telegraph wires, has certainly made a great difference in the air. It was almost too heavy to breathe before the storm. We went out walking, and went up and down the principal streets. Very few ladies were out, and I wondered where they all were. We met Miss F. and her brother, who were on their way to visit us, so we all returned together. I am making a fruit salad of pine, oranges, bananas, and strawberries (which are, by the way, very plentiful here), and it turns out to be a most refreshing luncheon. We drive out to Belgrano, a very pretty suburban locality, filled with charming villas and gardens. We call on Mrs. M. who

has just moved into her new *quinta*, which is indeed very pretty, with a nice garden. The reception and bedrooms are large and lofty, and very prettily furnished, most of the things having been brought from Europe. We again see the dear children, who look much happier than when on board, and join them at tea. Mrs. M. cuts some of her finest roses to give us as we depart. She is most hospitable and kind. We make another call on Mrs. B., who certainly has a very tastefully arranged house and garden. I was very much taken with the drawing-room, which looks exceedingly pretty and cosy, being tastefully arranged with screens, beautiful plants, and ferns. We enjoyed the drive back, but the roads are certainly very poor, and the coachman drove in a most frantic manner. I am at a loss to know how all the vehicles do not come to pieces and drop their occupants in a dusty bed. I have had two coachmen, one did nothing but beat his horses, sometimes with the thick end of his whip, from the time he left the hotel until he reached his destination, and although the present one is an improvement, he contradicts me flatly every time I give him an address. I am obliged every

now and again to put my head out of the window and shout to him at the top of my voice that he has just passed the place where I wanted to stop. When he finds his mistake he smiles from ear to ear, and says in a most condescending manner, 'I shall know next time,' and so shall I! All this exertion makes me so warm, at one time my hat goes to one side, or my elbow knocks against the window-frame, and altogether the whole thing is so comical that I cannot help laughing, although I am almost furious. If I lived out at Belgrano I think the train would be good enough for me. At dinner Mrs. D. and I were taken with a perfect fit of giggles, and being alone we must have looked rather odd, but nevertheless could not stop. We received more letters from England, one from our darling daughter, for which I am most thankful, as she tells me she is quite well, but, like all mortals, as soon as I finish reading one letter, I am already wishing for the next.

There is a large diplomatic dinner going on at the Café de Paris, which is opposite to the hotel. Two bands of music constantly play in turns. All the front of the café is beautifully

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lighted up by electricity, which has a bright effect, if nothing else. The windows being all thrown open, it almost seems as if we are of the party, we can hear the speeches, and see the different dishes coming in, some things being built up like little castles. Mr. A. M. calls, and we sit on the balcony until nearly midnight, listening to the excellent music, forgetting that the hotel people turn off the gas at 11 o'clock, and as one cannot very well entertain in the dark, to-morrow I shall invest in candles.

November 27th.—We are up early, and join Mr. and Mrs. C. at the Central Station, and are off to the Tigre by the 9.30 train. The country as we go along looks very pretty, and we pass several stations where most of the best families of Buenos Ayres have villas, and live during the summer months, namely, December, January and February. The trees seem taller and in better condition than any I have so far seen. Thistles, which grow to a tremendous height, some nearly 9 ft., are to be seen in great quantities. Many fine oleanders, all in bloom, are also to be seen in great profusion. We pass a great many little huts, built of wood, or bamboo and mud, in many places called sun-dried

bricks, like small log huts in size and appearance. The number of horses and cattle in all directions is simply astonishing. We arrived, after an hour's journey, at the Tigre, which certainly looks very pretty. Many Italians are about with their boats, and Mr. C. takes a very pretty little clean one, and we are rowed down the river to the hotel by an Italian. I try to speak Italian, but finding that Spanish is not much good, I let him do all the talking and explanation of the different men-of-war, pretty boats, yachts, and boat-houses. The Tigre Hotel is very large, delightfully clean, and cool. The reception and bedrooms are excellent. The manager is English, and it looks as if this new hotel should be most successful. The view all round the hotel is excellent, and everything looks extremely pretty. The view of the River Lujan is also a picture, with the pretty green and graceful willows which grow in great numbers, and overhang the sides of the river. The Arsenal is near at hand, and many of the sailors are seen here at work planting and arranging the grounds, and making large kitchen and flower gardens. After an excellent *déjeuner*, we take another comfortable little boat, go down the River Tigre and round the little Island of Bunge, and it is the prettiest

water *paseo* I have ever had. The bungalow huts are almost hidden from sight by the lovely foliage, grass, and large heaps of honeysuckle which perfumes the air, and is really my delight. We are on the water for nearly three hours, and every turn we take seems to bring us to a prettier spot than the last. It was a most enjoyable outing. In some places the river was so narrow that the boatman pushed the boat from the sides. After dinner we took a tram to the station, and passed many pretty villas brightly lighted up. The amount of fire-flies amongst the shrubs and the trees look like so many diamonds. The blue, starry sky and balmy air driving to the station in the open tram were indeed most delightful. We arrive at the station at 9.30, after a most enjoyable day. I am indeed charmed with the Tigre, and, in fact, everything I have so far seen in and around Buenos Ayres. Mr. and Mrs. C. have been most kind.

November 28th.—We went out shopping with Mrs. C. early in the morning, and remained quietly the rest of the day at the hotel, having had a few callers. The day is cooler, and the atmosphere more agreeable. In the evening we drove to Palermo and dined with Mr. and Mrs. M. We

were asked to dine at 7, and sat down at 8 o'clock; but as the house is not yet in good running order it was most excusable in her case. I had a ravenous appetite, and as Mrs. M. had a French cook, we did full justice to his *cuisine*. We had a most pleasant evening, and enjoyed the cool drive back to the hotel, where we found letters and telegrams from our respective husbands, also letters from the dear children. I retired to my room after making myself quite comfortable, and sat down to read and enjoy the contents of the dear letters, and having had nothing but excellent news, slept the sleep of the just, and awoke after a really good night's rest, feeling quite happy and contented. I have found it my experience that if there is much love distance increases it, 'absence makes the heart grow fonder'; but should the affection be only luke-warm it is sure to grow quite cold.

November 29th.—I begin to think that I do not take enough exercise, and feel as if I am rather inclined to become plump in this country, like most of the natives. I therefore dress, and walk about energetically on the shady sides of the streets. There is a saying that only mad dogs and Englishmen walk on the sunny side of the streets. As I

am neither I keep on the shady side, and walk until I am fairly tired and very warm. However, I feel I have done part of my duty towards those who are fond of me, as I am sure they would not like me to return weighing about 15 stone, instead of what I now weigh, 12 stone, and as stoutness only needs a beginning, walk I shall. Mrs. D. is most anxious to make several little purchases, and as it is rather difficult to find what she really wants ready made, we go into one shop and ask in Spanish, 'Have you such and such a thing'? If I asked that question once I asked it 20 times, until at last patience had its reward; we find a shop where they are willing to make what we want in a week's time. We spend the afternoon sewing, reading and writing, and go out and dine with Mrs. H., who has a delightful little house in Calle Cerito, a perfect little *bon-bonière*. We have a really very superior dinner, and find Mr. and Mrs. H. most enjoyable company. Mr. H. is very fond of talking, or being, as it were, in the chair, but we all have our little failings more or less prominent, and I have nevertheless enjoyed my evening very much. Both Mr. and Mrs. H. have visited Europe, and they speak English perfectly. If I may be allowed to say so, I think Mrs. H. exceed-

ingly pretty and accomplished. She paints, plays the piano, and would be most agreeable, I think, if she had a chance of talking. Their little house is most artistically arranged. They send us home in their *coupé*. On arrival at the hotel we find more letters and telegrams from our respective husbands. They are still going on travelling at a good pace, and are now at Las Bandas, but still complaining of the heat. I begin to wish that my husband were back. Life seems rather short when one is truly happy, and therefore the less one is separated from those we love the better. Perhaps the gentlemen enjoy being away sometimes for a change. In saying so I do not make any personalities, but am only speaking in general terms.

November 30th.—Another month gone, or nearly so; but just now I would not mind how quickly the time goes, as every day brings me a little nearer my dear daughter. I do not really love many, but the few I do, there is no doubt about it, I love intensely. Those that I love are all in all to me. I received such nice letters from my dear child this morning early, so full of life, happiness, and contentment. May she always be so. I hear her dear husband is also very well, and off with a party to shoot at Bonnie Morenish, in

Scotland. I hope he may have good sport, and enjoy the visit to the dear little Highland home. We are off by the 10 o'clock train from the Central Station to San Isidro, where we are asked to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. B. at their new *quinta*, and they have kindly come to meet us at the station. As Mrs. D. has a bad headache and does not feel well, my pleasure is in some way rather marred. We are served with a most sumptuous Spanish breakfast. There was no *menu*, but as far as I can remember there were fifteen different dishes. We were to drive out after *déjeuner*, but this plan had to be abandoned, as Mrs. D. was too seedy, and we arranged to return early by the 3.30 train. I shall have to go alone to dine with Mrs. C., who has kindly asked us for this evening. I had a very pleasant day, and enjoyed being with the different people, all of whom were exceedingly kind. Mrs. C.'s house is indeed a most comfortable, hospitable little home. I drove back in the carriage alone, doing a great deal of thinking, and feeling perhaps a little lonely.

December 1st.—I am delighted, as another post from England has come in, and brings me long letters from my dear daughter, who writes in most cheerful and excellent spirits. I am most thankful,

as I also have very good news from my husband. He is on his way back from Tucuman, having left there at noon, and is due on Wednesday night.

The day is intensely warm. I put the thermometer on the balcony and it went up to 100 degrees (F). It was 80 degrees in the sitting room with all windows and doors open. Two or three ladies come in to tea, but we find it rather a warm refreshment. We usually have 5 o'clock tea at 2.30, and drive out at 5 o'clock and dine early. After our guests departed we drove to San José de Flores. What a road! We were simply tumbled about in the carriage. After turning corners, going up and down the road and asking every one we met the way to La Villa de Moro, and after driving through clouds of dust, at last we reach our destination, which is a small *quinta*, the garden of which, like many I have seen, would look very pretty if only cared for. After paying our respects we departed to make another call, but could not succeed in finding the house. On inquiring for Mrs. R., I was sent to a house where they said an English family lived. An old woman came to the door, and shouted to me at the top of her voice, 'Do not come near us, every one in the house is down with the measles.' We took our departure

rather rapidly and without further notice, and after more vain searching give it up, and find it is already 7 o'clock.

We were very pleased to reach the hotel, shake off the dust which clings to us, and have a delightful little dinner which was awaiting us. I think the long drive must have done us good, as we did ample justice to the *menu*. I am quite sure it would be impossible to have a liver if one drove up and down the road to San José de Flores several times a week. You might perhaps lose your head, as the jolting is beyond description. After dinner Mrs. D. and self had a long discussion on religion, which was most elevating, and I ended in wondering whether or no we are capable of judging the actions of others.

December 2nd.—We spend a rather quiet morning, again receiving good news from our respective husbands, and after reading, working, and chatting, we drive out to Palermo, and make about six calls, one of which was on Mr. and Mrs. H. Having known Mr. H. in Havana, it can easily be imagined how much we chatted about those who, though far away, are never forgotten. We returned to the hotel, dined *tête-a-tête* as usual, and retired early.

December 3rd.—We are up early and very happy, as we hope to welcome our respective husbands home to-day. We still have many callers, and Mademoiselle L. brings me some lovely flowers from her father's *quinta*, and I am more than charmed with her. She is not what I call pretty, but has an air *tout-à-fait distinguée*, and looks even more charming than when on board. At 3 o'clock we start to drive to the Station de Once, and get there very early, as we are afraid of being late. The special arrives, but, alas! all the dust of the roads must have alighted on the faces of our dear better halves. Their hair is simply brown with dust, but this is only a trifle, and I am very pleased to welcome and kiss my 'guid man.' He has brought me back quantities of orchids, and a pretty speaking parrot, but the poor thing looks dusty, hungry, and miserable. Every one coming out of the train seems to have brought back orchids. They are fastened to a hoop, and only want air to grow. I shall tie mine on the balcony. My husband has also brought me some very pretty Tucuman lace, made into long scarves and anti-macassars. It is generally called Paraguay lace, and is really beautifully made. I am, as usual, spoiled, but this only encourages me to spoil others.

December 4th.—Having many letters to write in order to catch the mail to be in England in time for Christmas and New Year's greetings, I remain indoors and write about eighteen letters. Have a little rest until dinner-time, finishing another French novel. After dinner we drive to Palermo with the Countess, who has kindly called for us, as the firmer sex are rather tired after their travelling up and down country. We retire early, and I am pleased to say my husband has a good night's rest.

December 5th.—We are up early, and go for a long walk, as nothing will convince me that I am not getting like the natives (the stout ones I mean). During the afternoon we have several callers, among them Mr. and Mrs. P., Mrs. C., and Mr. and Mrs. H. After dinner we again drive out to Palermo with the Countess. Mr. A. M. sends me a magnificent basket of flowers, most tastefully tied up in Moire ribbons. Really a perfect work of art. I had no idea that such pretty things could have been arranged here; but as all flowers, including orchids, are always cut short here, I begin to fear they will not last long. Mrs. D., I am sorry to say, is again a little seedy. My little afternoon teas prove a great

success, in spite of the warm weather. The gentlemen generally come in to tea, and, feeling refreshed, return to work.

December 6th.—We are up very early again, having been called at 5 a.m. We left word that a porter was to call us at that hour, and when he came to do so we thought the house was coming down. He startled us fearfully with his banging and knocking. My husband and Mr. D. have to go to investigate some railway buildings, and I have promised to meet them at the Tigre Hotel. As Mrs. D. is too seedy, I go down with my maid. We took the 9 o'clock train, and, after having left town about ten minutes, we were simply amazed to see locusts flying about in thousands. I had often heard and read about them, but could not imagine anything so horrible. As the train was going full speed, one large locust flew in at the window and on to my breast. For a second I thought the world had come to an end. Some of the locusts were so large that they looked like small birds, and the nearer we go to the Tigre the thicker they seem to be. On arrival at the hotel I ordered breakfast for a party of working men. The *menu* was good, but the service left a great deal to be desired.

After breakfast the gentlemen talk over their business, and I read quietly awaiting their return. Mr. and Mrs. D., my husband, and self, took a small boat, the two former to inspect some place down the river where they expect to erect some building. It was delightful on the river, and we had the same Italian that we had on the previous occasion. After the tour of inspection we had a cup of tea like good Britishers, and returned by the 5.30 train. After refreshing ourselves, dined together, and spent a quiet evening.

Sunday, December 7th.—Another very warm morning. I prepare to go to Church, service beginning at 11 o'clock. There was a very poor attendance. The service very high, and the sermon good. After luncheon Mr. M. de H. calls for us to view the Racecourse belonging to the Jockey Club, of which he is a member. The course is very pretty indeed. We go to the principal stand, and happen to sit very near the President, Dr. Pelegrini, General Campo, and many others. There were few ladies, the majority of those present being of the firmer sex. Mr. M. de H. has two horses running in the race, and one wins, to his intense excitement and joy. He takes us to tea, and we are charmed with all the arrangements of the

reception-rooms of the Club. The ladies' rooms are most luxuriously arranged, and many a lesson could be taken here and put into practice in Europe. Everything is certainly done in a princely manner. Whether this will continue I know not, but the beginning is certainly very good. We afterwards drive through Palermo and call on Mrs. S., whose house and surroundings are most charming.

December 8th.—Another morning with the thermometer at 90 degrees. The gentlemen are out most of the day. This is a holiday, being the day of the Immaculate Conception, and nearly all the shops are closed and all the churches open. The races take place, but as the day is so warm we ladies remain at home. The gentlemen attend, and seem to have thought the races good. During the afternoon my husband and self make a few calls, and after dinner drive out to Belgrano to call on Mrs. M. Of all our pastimes the cool drives in the evenings are the most enjoyable, in spite of the horses being very disagreeable at times.

December 9th.—Weather intensely close, 85 degrees in the shade. I nevertheless go for a good constitutional, always having my fear, of which you know. We work, read and write, and

again drive out in the evening. I am rather fatigued, more by the heat than by serious occupation.

December 10th.—We are up very early. We had a terrific storm during the night, which has certainly cooled the air and settled some of the dust, which was really terrible. We again make an early start for the train at the Station de Once. We have a special train for this trip, which has kindly been arranged by the gentlemen of the W. Railway, who have taken their respective wives. We are a party of twelve, and before starting we inspect the different carriages, which are very comfortable, consisting of sleeper, and dining car, with a pretty kitchen, looked after by the *chef*, who is very smart, with his pretty white cap and apron. Everything looks most clean and comfortable. From all appearances, the journey to Trenque Lau-quen will be most comfortable. We start off at 8.30, and are at once offered cocktails, which I must own, although early, we all took, and enjoyed immensely. We sit down on the comfortable seats of the American built carriage, which turns into a sleeper at night. The dining car does not run nearly so

smoothly as those built in England. We chat, read, and look about. After we pass a few small stations, the country begins to look flat and uninteresting. Miles and miles of flat land without a tree, man or beast, and with very little vegetation, and I can compare it to nothing else but a land of sea, called here a pampas. The rivulets and lakes, that should be, are all dried up, and only small pools are to be seen here and there. Everything is parched and dry. Now and again we see some cattle, and in larger numbers as we near our destination. I am told that not very long ago all this apparently barren land was inhabited by Indians. The railways are built first, and the settlements come after. The party of gentlemen are so busy over their plans and calculations that we ladies are very much left to ourselves. At Mercedes Mr. B. H. joins our party, and we have a long chat with him about the dear ones at home. We keep in travelling at a good speed and reach our destination at 8.30, where we stopped to dine in the train. We are all as dusty as possible, and how much is possible can only be imagined by those who know what the dust of this country is. It is brown, thick, and like sand, and

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has to be literally scraped off. While we dine, the beds are being made up. After dinner we walk about, but there was nothing much to be seen. It was quite a new place and everybody seemed to have retired. We do ditto, and a short time afterwards we were all called up to see a large forest fire, where the coarse grass is being burnt in order to be able to cultivate the land. The fire looks miles long and is indeed a grand sight. Everything has been arranged most comfortably for our journey, and nothing that could be done has been omitted, and I think that instead of a vote of thanks for the ladies' company from the gentlemen, we ladies should give the gentlemen a vote of thanks for all their careful attention. The arrangements could not have been better at a first-class hotel, and I should not mind going round the world if I could do it in the same company and with the same comfort.

December 11th.—After a capital night's rest we had tea brought to us in our berths. We all meet once more, when we agree that we never had a better night's rest in a train. In fact, everything was luxurious. We arrived back at the Station de Once at 10 o'clock, not at all

fatigued after our 26 hours' journey, out of which we stopped two hours only for meals. We returned to the hotel, and after making ourselves quite comfortable spent the day quietly, reading and working. I finish a piece of work which I was anxious to have ready for the 27th to give my husband on the anniversary of our marriage day, which will be 11 years since. I am alone nearly all day, as Mrs. D. is very fatigued by the trip and remains in her room. When my husband returned, we went for a walk up and down the main street, Calle Florida, which is very pretty and full of lovely shops. I purchased some wools, as I wish to begin a new piece of work.

December 12th.—Had a most refreshing night's rest; weather a little cooler. I again receive three long letters from my darling daughter, all of which contain excellent news of herself and her husband. They seem to be enjoying themselves and having a happy time. Her letters are long, interesting, witty, and most amusing, and make me feel so homesick, that I begin to wish I could be with the dear ones at Christmas-time. We also receive many letters containing good wishes for the New Year. To

imagine New Year's Day with the thermometer which will most likely be 90 degrees seems rather strange. I spend most of the afternoon alone, as Mrs. D. remained in her room. I am busy making arrangements for to-morrow, when we hope to go to Monte Video for a few days. I went out for another smart walk with P. and on my return did not feel very well. I feared I was going to be ill, but think, perhaps, I walked a little too quickly, and was a little overcome by the heat, as after having dined I was quite well again. We spend the evening reading the last numbers of the *Times*, just received. We read of the sad disaster to the man-of-war *Serpent*, which was wrecked and all hands lost but three, who alone survived to tell the tale, also the difficulties of Messrs. B. B., and lastly, but not at all edifying, the terrible murder of a poor woman and her babe. The papers are not of a pleasing character. Let us hope the next will bring more pleasant news. The funeral of the late Mayor, who died last Monday, was very largely attended—300 carriages. He was very much respected and liked. Dr. Pelegrini, President, made a most touching address at the grave.

December 13th.—A bright cool morning. I do a great deal of writing, and make final arrangements for our trip to Monte Video. At 5 o'clock we start for the wharf, and we drive over what seems to me the roughest road in creation. We arrive and go on board the *Apollo*. Have excellent cabins on upper deck, and arrange for the night. We dine, and as I sit at the table I am facing the window, through which I can watch the sun slowly sinking, and a more magnificent sunset I have never seen, the colours graduating from the palest and softest blue to dark red and pink. It was really a glorious sight. The ships at anchor and the men-of-war, standing out against the horizon, all completed a most perfect effect. Had I been inclined to be poetical, I should have been so then and there.

I feel a bad headache coming on, and after bidding our party good-night retire to my cabin. As the night goes on the pain grows worse, and there is no doubt that I am in for a bad attack of neuralgia. At 11 o'clock the sea becomes very rough, and, being unable to sleep, towards morning I feel more dead than alive.

December 14th.—Off Monte Video. Being the 14th December, it reminds me that my darling has

been married six months to-day. She has my thoughts and best wishes. I have had a most dreadful night, and feel wretched. My husband finds that we are all to land by going into a small rowing boat. This is indeed 'the last straw.' My maid tries to dress me, but I can hardly stand. My boots and clothes feel so heavy. I pull myself together and make a start. We at last land, and are introduced to several gentlemen who have kindly come to meet us. I bow or rather nod, and am sure would not know them again.

We drive to the hotel in a most gorgeous affair called a brake, all lined and 'capitonné' in light grey cloth, which looks to me, what with the coachman perched high on the box, ever so far up, the draperies with fringes and the black horses, entirely like a hearse. When we alighted at the Continental Hotel I was begged to retire, but wishing to arrange our rooms in as comfortable a way as possible, I help to unpack and turn one of the sitting-rooms into a dressing-room, and make things look a little more cosy. It is much cooler here than in Buenos Ayres, the thermometer down to 66 degrees. I take a cup of strong coffee, and try all in my power to keep up, but am obliged at

last to give in. I remain lying down until about 4 o'clock, when I begin to feel better. I am most anxious to see the place, so get up, dress, and make ready for a drive. We start in a most elaborate landau which must have been in the ark, if they had such things, and the coachman seems up in the clouds. Going over the rough roads, I thought several times we were going to lose him. We drive through the suburbs and some of them look very pretty. We met many carriages of every description, with large parties returning from the races, and being driven most furiously. The roads are decidedly better than in Buenos Ayres. We expected to be in time to see the races, but my unfortunate head, which would ache, caused a delay, so that we were only in time to see most of the people returning, many looking as if they were going to a Carnival. We returned to the hotel at 7 o'clock, dined, and I think I never was so pleased in my life to retire. I read a long time, being unable to sleep. P., I am thankful to say, is very well indeed, and Mrs. D. is now quite well again.

December 15th.—We are up and out early as we are going over the Eastern Extension of the railway, which has not yet been opened to the

public. At 8 o'clock we drive to the Central Station, and there find all in readiness for a comfortable day's journey, as far as the rails are laid, which is to Cerro Colorado, 82 miles from Monte Video. The country looks very pretty as we steam along. Vegetation appears much better and more plentiful than about Buenos Ayres. Much of the land is cultivated, and quantities of cattle are to be seen here and there, as well as some old carcasses. We also pass a great number of brick houses. I read a great deal, and look about as much. Many little huts are dotted here and there, made mostly of laths and mud. The day continues cool and most enjoyable, with the absence of the Buenos Ayres, or rather Argentine Republic dust. At 10.30 we stop at a station, and have a very nice lunch in the train. The party consists of six, as Mr. P. and Mr. H. are coming over the line with us. We are very much interested in all we see, and the gentlemen take a great deal of trouble and care in explaining to us all about the construction of the railway. When we reach our destination we walk out, as we also did at all the stations that we passed. We are to be taken to see the *Estancia* belonging to Mr. J. We arrived at the house, but as the family are away we

are requested by the servant to visit the domain and afterwards have tea. As Mr. J. is a great friend of Mr. P., who assures us that it is quite the right thing to do, we accept with much pleasure. The housekeeper gives us indeed an excellent tea, which we do ample justice to. We visit the gardens and stables. All look thoroughly neglected, but no doubt when the proprietor comes to his *Estancia* all will be in order. 'When the cat is away,' &c. We return to the train and are called to get in quickly as the rays of the sun are scorching. We return to Monte Video, having killed several cows on the rails, which fortunately did no harm (to us). The gentlemen of the party join us at dinner at the Continental. The day has in every way been most enjoyable, and not at all fatiguing.

December 16th.—The gentlemen are off again very early in the morning to visit other railways and extensions. We remain indoors for the day as the rain keeps coming down in torrents. We have a few callers. Our better halves return in the evening well and jolly, in spite of being drenched. I feel rather dull to-day, and think it is owing to the weather. The smells to-day before the rain were something too dreadful to imagine.

December 17th.—The gentlemen are out until breakfast time on business. We remain at the hotel. Had a few callers, and drive out to visit the Positos, a fashionable bathing-place on the beach of the Atlantic, where many people go during the summer months. There are several pretty little hotels and villas. We also visited the new Hôtel National which is indeed a handsome building, but as the funds are not forthcoming, the furniture (all from England) remains at the Custom House, and the hotel is therefore unable to be opened. Crossing the road from the hotel we visit the baths, which surpass anything I have ever seen either in America or Europe. The reception-rooms for the ladies and gentlemen are sumptuously furnished, and are at the same time most comfortable. Light refreshments can be had after the baths. The swimming bath is beautiful, beginning at a depth of two feet and ending at fifteen feet. At this end a cascade is arranged with rocks and ferns, over which the water falls into the swimming bath. Around the bath is a walk about ten feet wide on to which small dressing-rooms open. The dressing-rooms are furnished with marble baths and douches of all kinds, and each person who bathes has a little nich where he can



keep his bathing requisites. The fittings are nearly all marble, and it is one of the finest establishments of the kind imaginable.

We afterwards drove through the principal streets to the hotel, where we were delighted to find letters from the dear ones, bringing us excellent news. We dine with Mr. and Mrs. T., and I cannot say how taken I was with her. She is one of the prettiest, most charming, and most delightful hostesses I have met for a long time. The dinner was excellent, and the table arrangements and decorations were very pretty, and all in good taste. In fact, everything was perfection, and we enjoyed our evening much more than our hostess was aware of. I am pleased to say she has promised to join our party to-morrow on our excursion up another line, the name of which I do not yet know. We were 10 at dinner, and I assure you the conversation never flagged. We all seemed in excellent spirits. Mrs. T.'s house is so pretty and beautifully furnished, and we are looking forward to meeting her to-morrow at the Central Station, from whence we are to start at 8 o'clock.

December 18th.—We are at the station in good time, Mr. and Mrs. T., Mr. and Mrs. W., Mr. C., Mr.

and Mrs. D., Mr. H. and ourselves. We all start well and in excellent spirits. The country looks much prettier than anything I have yet seen. We come to some granite quarries, from whence we start on a new line or extension, which is not yet completed. The men working on the line do not seem to feel the heat, which is intense to-day, nearly 100 degrees in the shade. Their tents are scattered everywhere, and look rather comfortless and hot. Though very small they are supposed to accommodate from six to ten men. We find any amount of brick huts, and further on numerous vineries. I am told that most of these vines, which are trained like hops and look very strong, are planted by the Chairman, and have no doubt he will be successful. We see a great number of mud huts with thatched roofs, and also many nurseries. We make a stop at Santa Lucia, a very pretty place about thirty-five miles from Monte Video. We steam on to Florida, and there have a most elaborate and jolly breakfast, after which we start at 1 o'clock for Rio Negro, 170 miles from Monte Video. Cattle seem to abound along the line, and we kill a few as we go along at full speed, without causing any commotion. The amount of carcasses and bones one sees built up at

the different stations like little hills, is most astonishing. I am told that the bones are ready for shipment to Europe, no doubt for bone-dust. We arrive, and are escorted to the Hôtel Oriental. The name sounds well if nothing else. The very idea of being able to have a dip after ten hours' dusty journey is most refreshing.

December 19th.—Rio Negro. We have a fair night's rest, having been somewhat disturbed now and again by the Serenos. They call out the hour and general state of the weather, reminding me of bygone times, as I had not heard them since I left Havana. They seem to call out every half hour and sing to each other, and then join in a general chorus. The general commotion to get the party together at 5.30 cannot be imagined. One loses his way, another is not ready, and one suddenly remembers he has forgotten something, then the other runs back to see if he is ready. At last we are all together, and once more settled in our comfortable railway carriage, where we are provided with delicacies of all kinds. We are to have another very hot day, but the Manager, Mr. C., who is most kind and attentive, arranged for good ventilation in the carriage, and so we are off to Tambores, if we cannot

go further, but our instructions are to go, if possible, as far as Tacuerembo, 110 miles from Rio Negro. We sit down, read, and chat, and cool drinks are the order of the day, as it is again intensely hot, being, in fact, I think the warmest day I have yet experienced. The country, as we are going along, is very pretty and undulating. We see many ostriches and partridges, as well as many pretty wild flowers, among them a large quantity of scarlet verbenas. Our journey is interrupted several times by construction engines and trucks, which are all along the line, and we find that we shall not be able to go further than Tambores in order to return to-night to Rio Negro. Mr. C. joins our party at one of the stations. We are all charmed with him, he is so witty and bright, and find him the true type of an Irish gentleman. Being the constructing engineer of this line, he explains everything to us, and answers all our questions most willingly. We at last reach Tambores at 1 o'clock, having passed through a most beautiful valley, with hills covered with lovely trees, plants, and cactuses. The hills surrounding us where we stop are most picturesque, and the vegetation beautiful.

Mr. C. ordered a sheep to be prepared, and we

are to have one of the famous '*asados*' for luncheon. The sheep is brought out of the flock alive, and is then killed and trimmed, and put on a long piece of iron, which is stuck into the ground, around which a bright wood fire is made, and here the whole animal roasts, being basted with salt and water.

It is supposed to be cooked in forty-five minutes, the heat of the wood fire is so intense. The sheep is prepared by the *gauchos*, or peasants. We all sit down watching it, in spite of the heat, as we are curious to see the operation, which is common out here. Some of us thought it looked rather nice as a specimen of camp life, while others seemed thoroughly disgusted.

The animal, when cooked, is laid on a piece of canvas across two chairs, and carved in large, if not delicate, pieces.

Some of our party are rather horrified, others, like myself, enjoy it, and think it an excellent way of cooking meat. We have luncheon in the train, as the sun is too hot to sit in the open, after which we start off again to Rio Negro. Some of the party are very tired and thoroughly done up, but I must say the trip and all the surroundings were most enjoyable. The vegetation about Tambores re-

minds me very much of the Brazilian trees and shrubs. Of course, we are not very far off the frontier, and all the country around is very pretty. We arrive at our destination, after having had two or three little excitements on the road, cattle coming constantly in contact with the engine, meeting trucks with ballast, &c. Hundreds of men seem to be working along the line. I am very sorry at the thought that our party is to break up.

December 20th.—We had a good night's rest, and were very tired after our long journey, as it was one of the warmest days we have had. Two ladies of our party did not appear at dinner, being too tired and exhausted.

We are up at an early hour, ready again to start for Paysandu, a journey of about 125 miles. We leave some of our party behind, who have come to see us off. Mr. and Mrs. T., Mr. G., Manager of the line (Midland Railway), Mr. and Mrs. D., and our two selves form the party. We arrive, all covered with dust, and find everything ready at Paysandu Station to make us quite comfortable. Mrs. G., wife of the Manager, and Miss F. met us at the station, and have a good breakfast prepared for us, to which we do full justice, in spite

of the heat and dust. At 2 o'clock we start for the wharf to join the steamer '*Eolo*,' and arrive there quite overcome by the heat. As we drive through the town, which is very pretty, we see the colossal building where the ox tongues are put up. The sun is simply scorching, and there is not a breath of air. We take a small boat and are rowed out into the river in order to get on board the steamer, which is delayed waiting for the mail, which is brought down the river in another boat from Salto. So there we are, patiently waiting and going from one end of the ship to the other, vainly searching for a cool place to settle down in. The Captain, who is most kind, comes to our rescue, and asks us to take possession of his pretty room, which is the coolest place in the ship. The steamer is very handsome and comfortable, and at any other time we should have found it exceedingly pretty, but really there is no comfort with such intense heat. Everything one touches or feels seems on fire, even our clothes and our hair. We sit on deck until very late and watch the sunset, which is one of the prettiest I have ever seen. We are unable to go to dinner, and at 9 o'clock have a sandwich and iced champagne. It is impossible to sleep.

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Sunday, December 21st.—We had a most pleasant and delightful trip down the river, but I shall never forget the intense heat. We were, of course, unable to sleep, and spent the night going and coming from the cabin to the deck, *en costumes 'très négligés.'* Towards morning we make ourselves look tidy, and rush for the fore part of the ship, and reach Buenos Ayres feeling more dead than alive, and positively exhausted by the heat. On arrival at the Grand Hotel, we find our same rooms ready and cosy for our reception. We make ourselves comfortable, but Mrs. D. having disappeared, does not return until dinner time. I spend the afternoon chatting with Mrs. T., who leaves us at 5.30 to return to Monte Video with her husband and son. I am simply charmed with her, and find her most entertaining and agreeable. She is what is called in Spanish, '*mui simpática.*'

A high wind is blowing, and we feel the air growing a little cooler, for which I am most thankful.

We have a few callers, but I am sorry to say P. is not up to much. I am sometimes a little uncomfortable about him, and fear that the heat and exposure to the sun have perhaps been a little

imprudent. Receive a telegram from London, bringing us excellent news.

December 22nd.—Christmas is drawing near, and I must confess I feel a little home-sick. Moreover, just now I am not entirely happy, but rather depressed, and perhaps a little superstitious and nervous. Why? I cannot tell. I must try and shake it off and feel happier. Unfortunately I am one of those who are affected by my surroundings. If those around me are dull and quiet I become the same without knowing it. We spend the day in a most harmless manner, reading, working, and taking a smart walk. We have had a storm, and the weather is much cooler, and therefore more agreeable.

December 23rd.—After a good night's rest, we are up at 6 o'clock. I make tea as usual in P.'s dressing room, where we have it Darby and Joan style. I then settle down to write without interruption from 7.30 until 10.30, when I dress for breakfast, without taste or energy. We asked Mr. C., who has come from the country, and is stopping in the hotel, to join us at breakfast, and as he is alone we have also asked him to dine with us. Mr. P., C., and Miss F. and her brother, are also stopping here, so that we see them often. I have

asked them to come in to tea with us, after which I go out with P. for a long stroll, but there is really little pleasure in walking here, as the pavements are very narrow, and one constantly meets people going in the opposite direction, then begins the usual right, left, stop; of course, each one doing the same thing at the same time. We manage to do a little shopping, and buy two or three small Christmas presents. I buy one for Mrs. D. and one for my maid, who is indeed most kind and obliging. I continue to feel dull and stupid, and more and more home-sick.

I am rather busy making preparations to go to Mar del Plata, where we are to spend our Christmas holidays, of which little notice is taken in this country. One hears so little said about Christmas, and with a thermometer at 86 degrees it is difficult to imagine that it is the 23rd December.

December 24th.—We are up at 5 o'clock, with everything ready to start for the Southern Railway Station at 6.15. Arriving there, although we have not a special, we find two carriages have been added to the usual train, which starts morning and evening for Mar del Plata. We leave at the appointed time, and find that Mr. B.

has prepared everything for a most comfortable journey. We are at once served with a most delicious cup of coffee. Our party is small but jolly, Mr. and Mrs. C., Mr. and Mrs. D., Mr. B., and ourselves. We pass many pretty villas, and the country in this direction seems more pleasing to the eye, and as we go south we see trees here and there, small lakes, and, as usual, a great number of cattle, as well as many wild duck, flamingoes, and parrots flying in huge flocks in all directions.

The dust during the journey was something too awful, and was at times worse than the London pea-soup fog. We were, of course, covered, and our faces were almost black. However, we spend a most agreeable day, in spite of the dust, and arrive in due time, at 5.30, not at all fatigued. I am rather worried about P., who still complains, and does not seem at all well. When we reach the Bristol Hotel we find rooms have been kept for us. The sea air is very cold, and the change seems rather rapid, the thermometer having fallen below 70 degrees. After the usual preparations, we go through the underground passage to the dining room, which is a new addition to the hotel. As there is a street running between the two buildings

this underground passage, which is prettily carpeted and furnished with plants here and there, has been built so that one can cross without going out of doors. The dining room is most elaborate, and not unlike the room at the Hôtel de Paris at Monte Carlo. We had an excellent dinner, and the service was also very good. After several glasses of good, cold champagne, we felt entirely restored. We visited the large and sumptuous drawing room, where a young lady artiste (?) was playing the piano in a most frantic manner, which made me shudder. How any one can be so devoid of ear and feeling is beyond my comprehension. There are also several card rooms, where I hear a great deal of money changes hands. We were busy inspecting the said rooms, when a fierce man with a long beard, quite the type of a croupier, said, in a very angry tone, that ladies were not allowed in this part of the building. However, the deed was done, and we had seen all there was to be seen. After a stroll we returned to our sitting room, had a chat, and retired, leaving the firmer sex to go to the Grand Hotel to ask Mr. and Mrs. C. to join us at dinner on Christmas Day. P., I am thankful to say, is already much better, the air is cool and most refreshing, and seems to be doing

him any amount of good. I finish reading Count Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina* (2 volumes). The book certainly contains much good, and gives one a true idea of Russian life, but no doubt the work loses much in its translation, and needs very careful reading. The author has, beyond a doubt, a wonderful knowledge of humanity.

December 25th, Christmas Day, 1890.—How different from other Christmas Days I have spent does this one seem to be, but one must be consoled and hope for better next year. I am most thankful P. is so much better, and the sea air and rest will, I am sure, do him good. I gave him a glove satchel I had worked at Morenish last autumn for his Christmas box, and received from him a pretty gold hat pin. We try to cheer one another up. We receive many letters and telegrams, which are, indeed, most gratifying. I send in my Christmas present, with all good wishes, to Mrs. D., who I imagine is very home-sick. As we go out of the hotel we meet the Countess and her son, who were coming to wish us a 'merry Christmas.' We make up a party of ten, and all breakfast together, Mr. and Mrs. D., Mrs. B., the Countess, Messrs. M., &c. After merrily chatting we sit on the verandah, facing the sea, the view being very

pretty. We return to the hotel at tea-time, and the gentlemen go for a long drive, whilst we try to arrange a Christmas dinner. Mrs. D. has received a fine plum pudding, which is her contribution to the repast, and I have ordered a large turkey and roast beef, but not of old England. We do ample justice to all three, and most of the other guests are rather horrified, or at least seem to be, at our large joints. I nevertheless feel very home-sick, and wish I had wings, 'that I might fly to thee.' We re-read our letters and telegrams from the dear ones far away. We have also had telegrams from Buscot Park, from Eze, and from London, as well as many letters. We retire as cheerfully as can be expected under the circumstances, being away from those we love in a strange, but I must say, pretty place. The reflection of the moon on the sea, and the sky, which is a most beautiful shade of blue, with the stars and southern cross standing out plainly and brightly, seem like a dream.

December 26th. — After a most refreshing night's rest, with the thermometer a little below 70 degrees, we drove to the Countess's *estancia*. As we went along, P. and Mr. B. jumped out several times, and had some very good shots at

the parrots which were flying about in hundreds. As we reached the gates of the *estancia* we met the Messrs. M. on horseback, and I was very much taken up with the whole riding apparatus. The horses had about six different blankets on, some of wool, others of hair and skin, and then came the saddle. The stirrups, handles of whips and head-gear were all silver mounted, and really looked very handsome. The Countess's smiling face greeted us as we reach the cottage, which is very pretty and well planned. The kitchen, offices, and servants' rooms are in a separate building opposite the cottage. The name of the *estancia* or estate, which is 30 miles square, is Chapamallan, and has an enormous number of cattle on it, 20,000 cows, 75,000 sheep, and 500 horses and 42 thoroughbreds, the latter mostly English and French. There is also a large quantity of working cattle. The hens, with their pretty broods, walking about the long grass, coming out here and there, look a perfect picture of pride, happiness and comfort. The whole place has a go-ahead air, the stabling and all arrangements being those of care and comfort. The cottage is also very nicely arranged, and I should not mind being there for some weeks. The

Countess and her son were more than charming and hospitable. We had an excellent *déjeuner*, after which the four gentlemen went shooting, while the Countess and I chatted and philosophised, at the same time doing our needle-work. Later on we went for a walk and inspected the different places at the farm. After tea we remained on the verandah, where Mr. M. took our photographs, and we presently departed in one of the *estancia* carriages. When we reached the hotel I felt so poorly that I spent the rest of the evening in my room, and regret that such an enjoyable day should end *en queue de poisson*.

December 27th (Anniversary of our Wedding Day).—I am still a little seedy, but am rather cheered by a very pretty present in the shape of an enamelled hand mirror given to me by P., who is, I am thankful to say, getting better by the hour, and seems almost quite well again. I spend most of the day in my bed-room, reading and working in turns. We receive more letters and telegrams, and many Christmas cards. I have come to the conclusion that coloured Christmas cards are simply dreadful, and should be limited to the nursery, and nursery maids. Feeling a little better towards evening, I dress, and manage to

go across for dinner, and we sit down the usual party of 6. Mr. B. and Mr. M. join us. We had flowers on the table and excellent champagne, which we brought with us from England, and dear P. did all he could to make the anniversary as agreeable as possible.

December 28th.—We are up very early, as my better half is going off with Mr. D., Mr. B., the Manager of the line, and Mr. M., over some of the Southern Railway Extensions, and intends to be away until Thursday next. I am very sorry for several reasons, but hope they will have a good journey and a pleasant time. After they leave (6.30) I read, and go to Church (9.30), after having arranged my husband's dressing-room, and put away his things.

The Church is a small building, on an elevation, near the sea, and really is very pretty. The building itself is very primitive, and the music much too loud for the size of the Church. There are five altars and a very full congregation, nearly all ladies. Coming out I saw the Countess, who was to call for me at 5 o'clock, as I am to spend a few days with her at her *estancia*. It will indeed be a most agreeable change, and I look forward to the drive of 15 miles from Mar del Plata, the country

being more undulating than in many places I have seen round Buenos Ayres. The air is excellent, and the sky is a most beautiful blue. We start at 4.30, and on arrival at Chapamallan find it beautifully cool. The Countess, her nephew, and self make up the party. We dine very quietly, and sit out afterwards on the verandah watching the beautiful sunset. We remain out of doors until 10.30, when we retire. I am still feeling rather seedy, and read until nearly midnight. I seem to think a great deal and am unable to sleep. The dear ones are often in my mind. I am, however, very pleased to be under the Countess's roof, as the change is refreshing.

I am very fond of the Countess, and she is a sensible, good, and warm-hearted companion.

December 29th—I slept the sleep of the just, no doubt because I had made up my mind that I would have a bad night, what with a strange bed, P. away, &c., but everything was so comfortable, and the cool breeze blowing into the room had a most soothing effect. We spend the day without going far, working and chatting the whole time. I finish another piece of work, and after tea, in the cool of the evening, we went out for a stroll. We called upon the gardener and his wife, who have been

happily married five years, and have five children, who all look almost the same size and age. They seemed very happy, and were near the well, having their feet washed in a family tub (which consisted of the half of a barrel) before being sent to bed. The sunset is again rich and gorgeous, and after dinner we again sit on the verandah and watch the stars one by one making their appearance. The Southern Cross shows most brightly, and the moon coming out from behind the clouds looks very pretty. Every now and again a breath of warm air comes upon us, just as if a furnace had been opened near us. The temperature has been nearly 96 degrees all day, but fortunately the house is very cool, and we are as comfortable as possible. We retired rather late as, when we went into the cottage, we were surprised to find the hands of the clock marking 11.30. We had so many interesting little chats that time passed away very quickly. The thermometer has fallen to 82 degrees. I again read until nearly 12.30, and could not go to sleep on account of a terrible storm, which continued through the night.

December 30th.—A very close and warm morning, thermometer marking 104 degrees. We go about and can hardly work, but sit reading and

chatting in turns. The poor Countess suffers very much from the heat, and feels simply miserable. The flies have become a perfect nuisance, but by closing the venetian blinds, and making the room quite dark, they all disappear. I am still low spirited, and when I retire at night feel nervous and superstitious. The candles each side of my bed as I am reading at night, constantly remind me of being laid out in state. The lightning is again so strong that it lights up the whole room as if the sunlight were coming in, and as quickly as it is lit I am again left in the darkest darkness. The sky seems black, if such a thing can be, not a star can be seen, and the wind howls as if it would blow the roof off the house. I at last went to sleep feeling anything but happy, and wonder why I am so nervous.

December 31st.—We are up with the lark, and have a very warm drive back to Mar del Plata. Although we started before 9 o'clock, it was nearly 11 when we arrived. We passed the day quietly. The Countess has promised to spend a day and night with us, at which I am delighted. I regret very much that my agreeable stay with her has come to an end. The country looks very dry and dusty and needs rain. The weather still continues

warm and stormy. I did not retire until late, and read until nearly 1 o'clock, *Le Passé*, by Henry Greville, a pretty tale, but sad.

New Year's Day, January 1st.—We three ladies, Mrs. D., the Countess, and self retired to our rooms at 11 o'clock, as the Countess had P.'s dressing-room, we proposed to get up at midnight and wish each other a 'Happy New Year,' and this we did over a glass of lemonade. We assembled the photos of those most dear to us and drank their very good health, as well as to all absent friends. Tears came to our eyes as we thought how very far away they all were.

The Countess and self were up at 6.30. We drove to the station to meet the Countess's son and my better half, and to wish them at the same time a 'Happy New Year.'

After chatting with many of the people we met at the station the train arrived, only 1½ hours late, and our respective expectations alighted, looking well and very sunburnt. We all wish each other a very happy New Year and afterwards breakfast together. The Countess left us about 5 o'clock, and drove back to the *estancia*.

We walked on the beach and watched the people bathing in the open. At dinner I could

not help admiring the ladies in their pretty gowns. They always look and dress so well at night. A band was playing during dinner, and all the guests wore flowers, so that altogether there was quite a festive look about the hotel and the visitors. I did not feel as happy as I should have liked for a New Year's Day. We telegraphed the dear ones who are our constant thought.

January 2nd.—We spend most of the day strolling about, as the gentlemen are still fatigued after their long journey. We do not take an excursion as we expected. When the day grew cooler, about 5 o'clock, we went for a nice walk round St. James's Bay, where many children were bathing, the water being less rough and less deep than nearer the Hotel. In the evening we went to the large drawing-room, where an orchestra plays every evening, and watched the dancing. We were introduced to several of the guests stopping at the Hotel. The ladies looked specially pretty, and altogether I cannot imagine a more agreeable place to spend one's holidays and at the same time enjoy the delightful sea-baths. They have been of great advantage to P., who looks fifty per cent. better than he did when we came down from Buenos Ayres. I am in one way sorry that our

visit is drawing to a close. I do not know that I am at my best at or near the sea, but the others all seem to enjoy it, and I can very often manage to find my pleasure in that of others.

January 3rd.—Mr. and Mrs. D., P., and self start for Chapamallan, where we are to spend the day with the Countess, and to bid her a final good-bye, as there is no telling when we may meet again. I am sure if we are spared to return to London, we shall miss the dear Countess very much. After $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours' drive we arrive and find the Countess, her son, and nephew, well and jolly, awaiting us on the terrace.

We had quite an exhibition seeing men try to mount wild horses for the first time, and the Wild West Show of Buffalo Bill could not compare with it. The Domador, or tamer, looked as though he were a part of the animal, so well did he keep his seat, with a sheep skin for a saddle. The wild horses are first of all driven into a small enclosure and lassoed. Then the feet are caught into a loop or loose knot, and having once firm hold of the feet, the animal is thrown down on its side. Three or four men then tie the head up in a bag, or sort of muzzle made of rope which tightens at will, being made of sliding knots. The sheepskin is then

fastened on when the horse is down. After this operation the legs are once more freed. The horse being still wild, the Domador, who is on another horse, leads the wild animal out of the enclosure by a long rope. The wild horse kicks, jumps, and puts his nose to the ground, and looks very like a mule, and is most aggravating through his sulkiness. Once they are out in the open field the Domador mounts almost without touching the horse, then it is quite marvellous to see this man hold on. He was thrown at last, but alighted on his feet like a cat, and must really have as many lives. He again jumps up, and away they go for some distance, when all at once the horse puts his nose to the ground, and do what they will, he will not move, being very stubborn and unruly. He is left alone for that day, and is tried again a few weeks after. Should he continue in this manner after a second or third trial he is shot. We saw any number of horses which were to be sold at 30s. each, rather good-looking animals, but of course unbroken. We also visited the kennels, where there were many good dogs; after which the gentlemen went shooting, returning at dusk bringing a very fair bag of duck and a deer. They also shot many parrots, but left them on the

ground. We again had tea, *al fresco*, and afterwards drove back to the hotel, having had a most enjoyable day. Mr. M. drove back with us, taking the place of the coachman, who was left to ride by our side. The trap, which was a very comfortable covered brake with three horses, went along very quickly, although the leader was rather fond of looking at those behind him.

I am again suffering from an attack of neuralgia, and am unable to join the party at dinner.

January 4th.—We had a terrible storm during the night, rain, thunder, lightning, and wind, which were enough to make a serious person think. The hotel seemed to shake. The storm did not cease until morning, and after a pretty sunrise we had a very good day, which we spent quietly. There was quite an excitement about some pigeon-shooting, but the wind being very strong the shooting became difficult. At 8 o'clock we start in a special carriage, but by the usual train, for Buenos Ayres.

January 5th.—After a most comfortable journey of $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours we arrive at Buenos Ayres not in the least fatigued—the morning being cool and pleasant. We return to our headquarters at the Grand Hotel,

and feel in a way as if we were at home, as our surroundings and associations of a few weeks are here to greet us. I busy myself arranging the sitting-room and so-called business-room of the gentlemen, which is a very small room adjoining the sitting-room, with a very large writing table. After the photographs and the little nicknacks I have with me are put about, there is an air of cosiness. I have just finished reading the *Dead Man's Diary*, from which, though it is a strange tale, much good can be derived by careful reading, and it is no doubt written with this object. I continue to feel not quite well. My head seems heavy, and I am hot and cold in turns, and sometimes a little more worried than I ought to be.

January 6th.—The comfort of being in a bed that does not hop and jump is only appreciated by those who have passed several nights in a train. My experience of railway travelling is to lie down and remain in the same position until the destination is reached, and awake with one ear, one shoulder, and in fact all one side aching. The weather is still cool and agreeable after the terrific winds and storms. Much damage has unfortunately been done. Roofs of houses have been blown off, many barns thrown down, and there

are floods in several places. Bahia Blanca, where my husband has just been, suffered loss both of life and property. Troubles never seem to come alone, and this poor country seems indeed *sans chance* now. One poor Spanish woman saved her three little children by putting them on the floor and covering them with her own body, which was much hurt and wounded before assistance could reach her, the roof of the poor frail dwelling falling in by the force of the storm. I spend the day writing several letters and working. P. and self drive out to Belgrano and dine with Mr. and Mrs. M. We passed a most delightful homely evening, and have a cool drive back. After reading our interesting and kind letters from the dear ones at home we retire after 12 o'clock, rather late for us, as we are generally up very early.

January 7th.—Had a very busy morning looking over my wardrobe with my maid. I also do likewise with my husband's. Things seem to get out of order being packed and repacked so often. I spend most of the day again writing, and finish reading the book called *Beatrice*, by H. Rider Haggard, very nicely written, with many true sentiments, and shows a good knowledge of humanity, perhaps a little too boldly expressed for the taste of

many. As a rule I do not enjoy reading English books so well as French, but one must not be too conservative in this world, and I find that by not being so much more pleasure is derived from reading, as well as in other matters.

I walk out for an hour, doing a little shopping.

Messrs. P. and S. came to tea, and Mrs. M. called a little later. After dinner we had several callers, and laughed a great deal about the different experiences of those who have visited the Camp (as the campo or country is called here). One man cut his nose almost off whilst eating *asados*. The custom in this country is to take a large piece of meat in the hands, and cut off a piece with a sharp knife while one end is between the fingers and the other between the teeth. The nose of this unfortunate man could not be stopped bleeding. The Capatas or Major Domo came with a varnish pot and brush and varnished the nose thickly over, which at once had the desired effect, but two days afterwards the moustache had become so stiff that it had to be almost chopped off instead of shaved off, as it was as stiff as wood. The different tales of the country life, whether true or not, were most amusing.

January 8th.—Went out with Mrs. D. after

breakfast. It was so warm that we almost collapsed on our return, but did our shopping bravely. I suppose some ladies would go out shopping and shop even if they were half dead. I sometimes dislike it immensely, and it often bores me, but am never tired of buying pretty things for the house.

P. does not seem so well in Buenos Ayres, and I begin to think it does not quite suit him. He seems to have so much to do and contend with, and the weather is so trying. We drive out to Mr. de M. whom we knew in Paris years ago. On arrival at 7.30 Mr. de M. met us at the door, and took us into his very pretty house in Avenida Alvear, which has been taken by a party of gentlemen during their stay here. The three gentlemen are keeping Bachelor's Hall together. Mr. and Mrs. L. came in shortly afterwards. Mrs. and Mr. M. did not come until 8.15, although dinner was to be at 7.30 sharp, but as they had several *contretemps* we were so pleased to see them that the lateness of their arrival was not thought of long. We sit down to dinner, a party of ten, and the arrangements were perfect, the flowers beautiful, and the dinner excellent, and one cannot but think that we have been instantly transported to Paris, and every-

thing would have done credit to any hostess, so that our host, who is a bachelor, deserves all the more praise. The different languages spoken at the table in turns were most amusing, Spanish, French, English, and German, and the conversation did not seem to flag for a moment, as all the parties had travelled more or less, and each had some interesting anecdote to relate and talk about. We departed at 11.30, having enjoyed a most happy evening.

January 9th.—The day being intensely warm I am quite contented to sit quietly reading, working, and writing several letters. Our respective husbands return after their day's work looking very tired, so I give them a cup of tea, which I make as usual with great care. I advised them to rest, which they did, and am pleased to see them once more restored, and able to enjoy their dinner, after which P. and I drive out and call on Mr. D., and leave cards at the bachelor's, where we dined last night.

January 10th.—Nothing interesting to relate. P. is feeling a little seedy, and seems to have a cold. I am dull and stupid, and altogether feel in a most unsatisfactory state.

January 11th.—We are up very early. P. is

still suffering from a bad cold. We take the 10 o'clock train from the Central Station for San Isidro, where we are to spend the day at Mr. and Mrs. B.'s Villa Maria. The air is cool and most refreshing. Our host and hostess meet us at the station, and on arrival at their pretty villa we at once sit down to a most elaborate *déjeuner*, and it seems to me that one quarter of the number of dishes would have been ample. I am just beginning to understand why the ladies become so portly. After chatting we sit on the verandah, which faces the sea, or more correctly the River Plate, where we have tea. We drove to the side of the river, where men, boys, and dogs were indulging in swimming and general bathing. I do not blame them, as one constantly feels it would be a most enjoyable thing to be in cold water the whole day. We met several friends of our host and hostess fishing, and afterwards take a boat, and are rowed down the river, which always looks muddy, having a mud bottom.

We are very much entertained by the Bicho Censto which is like a caterpillar, and makes a most wonderful little strong basket house, which it carries with it until it dies. They are mostly on willow trees. The little creatures crawl up the

trees, and gradually drop themselves with a piece of fine silk, from which they hang and go up again at will. The inside or lining of the little house or basket is like a piece of soft woollen stuff, around which are the little straws, carefully crossed, most beautifully neat, and all equal in size. We had much trouble to get one out of the little houses, considering there were thousands and millions at work. They are said to be most destructive, and to eat flowers and trees when budding. After returning from this little island where we had been busy inspecting the Bichos, we drove off to Mrs. B.'s sister, Mrs. V., her husband being a relative of Mr. Horace Vernet. We went over the gardens, and were most cordially treated. After dining we drove to the station in the cool of the evening, which was indeed refreshing. The train was full of crying babies and young children at nearly 10 o'clock. Why do they not send the dear little ones to bed early? No matter what time of the evening you are out you are sure to see little ones here and there.

January 12th.—The morning has passed as usual, quietly. I have worked, read, and written. At 3 o'clock Mr. M. and Mr. S. call. After tea we again went out shopping until dinner time, and

paid several calls afterwards. Late in the evening we received letters from home, bringing us good news, with which we are of course delighted.

January 13th.—P. seems very bad with a cold, and has been obliged to remain indoors all day. I am, moreover, very depressed and homesick, and wish we were back. Callers come more or less the whole day, which is very fatiguing to P. We have our dinner together in the sitting-room, not wishing to go into more draughts. The doctor has prescribed, so hope he will be better soon.

January 14th.—P. much better, I am thankful to say, as I am more or less worried about his health here, especially at this time of the year; but God is good and merciful, and I hope and trust it may be for the best.

We drive out to Belgrano and dine with Mr. and Mrs. D. We have dinner on the verandah, and, having appeared in a pale blue low-necked dress, I feel rather out of place. We sit in the garden the whole evening, and merrily chat until 10.30. I then drive Mrs. M. back to her home; the gentlemen walked. We are surprised to find here, in Buenos Ayres, that it is generally the gentleman of the house who writes to invite friends to dinner instead of the hostess. On returning, after a very

pleasant evening and drive through Palermo, I read *Ruffino*, another pretty tale by Ouida, and also re-read our letters from London. So far, no post has come to Buenos Ayres from England without bringing us letters from the dear ones, which are truly appreciated.

January 15th.—P., I am thankful to say, is again better. I very much feared he would be worse after dining and sitting in the open. I could just finish my correspondence for London as the post was going out, and then had to give in to a most violent attack of neuralgia. Oh my nerves! Why do women have nerves? I do not often feel mine; but when I do no one knows, as I have still good control over myself as far as actions are concerned, but my thoughts make up for it all. I sit in a corner on a steamer or deck chair, gazing at the walls of my room for hours, and trying to read, now and again, *Paul Patoff*, which is interesting me very much. At 6 o'clock, by magic, all pain left me. I jumped up, dressed, and went out to dine with Mr. and Mrs. M. at Belgrano. Their house is indeed beginning to look pretty and most homelike, but I thought we should never get there, as the carriage we ordered broke down, most fortunately before we were in it, so we had

just time to get a train to Belgrano. The M.'s are the most hospitable people I have ever met. The children are so sweet and gentle, and I always have much pleasure in going to see them. After dinner they drove us to Palermo in their new landau, which was being used for the first time, and was indeed comfortable. We met several people we knew, and chatted from carriage to carriage as is the fashion here. The Paseo is delightful at night, all the main drives being lighted up with electricity. A band plays every evening.

January 16th.—The heat is again intense, and I am overpowered. I am hardly fit for anything. After breakfast I walk out with my maid and do a little shopping. In the evening we drive out, and find it wonderfully cool out of town; the thunder and lightning are fierce, so we may expect a storm, which will cool the air.

The gentlemen looked warm and worn out when they returned this evening; but P. seems to stand the heat very well.

January 17th.—After a busy day, seeing many callers, we start for the Station de Once, to take the special train for Mendoza at 8 p.m. Mr. and Mrs. D., Mrs. F., Mr. M. and ourselves form the

party, and we are to have some gentlemen join us here and there along the route at the different stations. We start under the most favourable auspices, cool, no dust, and every one in excellent spirits. We have several friends at the station, and Mrs. M.'s boys bring me a large posy, and the younger ones sweets. They are, indeed, charming boys, and I am really growing very fond of them, as well as of their mother, who is a most fascinating woman.

After the usual good-byes, and many exchanges of *au revoir*, *bon voyage*, and waving of handkerchiefs, we are off.

Sunday, January 18th.—We travel all day, and have nothing to mar our pleasure. Late in the evening we go out and look at the river and bridge over which the train has stopped. Just as the train moves on P. falls into a space on the bridge. We are all very frightened, but find fortunately, that there is a break in the fall, and that his arm has only been in some way twisted; but the shock of falling three feet suddenly has rather upset him. The idea that the space into which he fell might have been open over a deep gap fills me with horror; and every time I think of it my heart seems to stand still for a moment. We

retire, leaving P. feeling a little better, with the exception of his arm being somewhat stiff.

The sunset and moonlight were so grand that they would be difficult to describe or forget.

January 19th.—We arrive at Maipu about 7.30, and have an excellent view of the Mountain Tupum Gato, which is 22,000 feet high, topped with snow, and, indeed, looks grand. We reach Mendoza about 8.30, having had a most comfortable journey of 650 miles. Mr. R., who is very nice, comes to meet us, and we are delighted to accept his kind invitation to have baths and tea at his house, which we find most comfortably furnished and nothing wanting, his good wife having sent everything from London. A man and his wife kept house, and everything seems exceedingly well done. The gentlemen join us at tea, after which we drive about the town and country. Mendoza looks like a garden, there are so many trees, plazas, &c.; but most of the houses are built of mud or sun-dried bricks. All the walls, gardens, stations, and *quintas* are made of huge blocks of mud. The principal streets are very fine, having trees on either side, and are very wide, and paved with cobbles. Most of the other streets are not paved, and the dust is something beyond descrip-

tion, and is really most dreadful. On either side of the streets are small canals, where water is constantly running from the River Mendoza. It is strange to see how the inhabitants come into the streets, open the wooden trap (the pavements being in many places wood) and with a bucket take out water as if from a well; it looks anything but inviting, either to wash in or to drink. I have been told by Mr. B., a resident of Mendoza, that this same water is used for drinking purposes, being only in some cases filtered.

As we drive along a most dusty but pretty road, leading out of Calle San Martin, we are told it is the bed of a dried river, and at certain points there were most primitive wooden bridges, over which we were requested to go on foot. As we were walking we came to some peach trees covered with fruit, and quite overhanging the road. Imagine ripe fruit out of doors in January. We helped ourselves, and going further, saw some vines laden with huge bunches of grapes, white and black, and in enormous quantities. Every one here seems to live an easy life, and to make the best of a sandy and dry soil, as it seldom or never rains here. There are any number of men riding, in some instances their wives being on the same horse, while:

others have one or two children also on the same saddle.

We return to our railway carriage, and dine most comfortably. Mr. R. and Mr. D. join the party. Everything is most agreeable, the *cuisine* excellent, the beds on the train very good, and the sleeping carriages run very smoothly, with very little or no motion. All arrangements are made for the morrow, when we are to start for the Transandine Railway, where we expect to get a good view of the Andes. The sight of a mountain is refreshing after having seen so much flat land, and so are the trees and fruit, after the large quantities of cattle. It is quite true that spring would be gloomy weather if we had nothing else but spring.

I am really more and more charmed with Mrs. F., who is without doubt a most sympathetic woman, and enters with all her heart into the different phases of our journey, and seems delighted with the trip, which she has always been most anxious to make. There is certainly a great deal of pleasure in trying to make others happy, but one's efforts are very often without success or appreciation, so that when we really come across one who enters into and enjoys the pleasure planned for them, it is indeed refreshing.

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January 20th.—We are up and off from Mendoza Station at 7.15 for Transandine. We go along, up-hill all the way. The morning is delightfully cool, thermometer being 70 degrees, and there is little or no dust. We are a party of twelve. We gradually near the mountains, and a prettier sight it would be difficult to see. The Cactuses are very pretty and in great variety, pampas grass grows in great quantities, and we have the river in view all the way from Mendoza. The colour of the latter is not so pretty as it might be, as it is very muddy. We pass Mr. B.'s place, which we are to visit to-morrow. The view of the fruit trees looks very well from the railway carriage. We pass a great number of goats and kids on the hills. The skins of the latter are sent to France, and the former to America. On reaching Sehuca Station we alight and visit a hot spring, which seems as hot as can be without steaming (90 degrees). It runs into the ice-cold River Mendoza, the water of which, coming from the mountain tops, is nearly all melted snow. Here and there are baths, or what are supposed to be baths, which consist of a hole dug into the ground, and the hot water comes in in great quantities. These baths are reputed to be very good for all kinds of

rheumatic pains. The springs or different openings are covered over with pieces of old canvas or rag, held out by bits of wood ; but the surroundings, with the tall mountains and the wild flowers, are so beautiful, that the primitiveness of the baths is a mere item. After visiting the baths and different springs we returned to our railway carriage, rather warm after our climbing. Mrs. F., who is most artistic, has made a petty posy of wild flowers and grasses, which she has collected on her way to and from the springs.

We go on almost without stopping for 60 kilometers, until we reach and stop on the bridge over the river. The box car is turned into a dining room, and we are served with an excellent breakfast or luncheon, after which we start off again, going through the most beautiful scenery, until we reach Uspallata. Mrs. F. and self, having had two chairs fastened to the end of the platform of the last carriage, were able to see everything as if we had been driving in an open carriage, with the advantage of going much quicker. We also had the plan of the railway, which was most interesting, and coming to the different bridges and tunnels we knew exactly where we were, the length of the curves, &c. I really consider

this a most perfect railway journey, and will long remember the grandeur of the Cordillera. Some people do not like mountains without trees and vegetation in the foreground, but the Andes are very grand, and almost take one's breath away. Their grandeur, loftiness, and majestic tops ; the beautiful blue sky, with a white cloud here and there ; the different colours and varied tints of the mountains ; the clear and cool atmosphere, make a perfect picture, and could any artist possibly reproduce the colours, no one would ever think them true to nature. At Uspallata we try to have mules to take us to the top of the Cumbre, but it cannot be managed, as we are told it is a very cold journey of two or three days, and the same back again. We have to give up the idea of going, much to our disappointment. As the construction of the railway is not progressing as well as was expected, we see many workmen and navvies, with their wives and children, obtaining passes to return to Buenos Ayres, as all work has for the present been suspended on this line. Not to finish the tunnel through the Cordillera would indeed be a great pity, now that the work has gone so far. We make the best of our disappointment, and after enjoying the view from the

spot, where we seemed to be entirely closed in by the huge mountains, with no outlet to be seen, we bid good-bye to those about, and start off on our return journey to Mendoza, where we arrive about 7 o'clock, after a most agreeable day, without the slightest *contretemps*. We thank Mr. C. and Mr. R. for all their kindness and attention. We dine together in the railway carriage, then have a short walk by moonlight, and I retire very pleased and happy that I have been able to see the Cordilleras, and shall always have a most agreeable recollection of our journey through this part of the Andes, and most sincerely hope that some day, not too far off, one will be able to take a delightful trip from Mendoza to Valparaiso, and so cross the entire chain.

January 21st.—I fear we are all rather late in making an appearance this morning, as we were a little tired, but one at a time we appear, and seem quite ready for our first meal, which, of course, we have in the railway carriage, in a cool and shady spot, at the station. During the early part of the forenoon we again visit Mr. R.'s hospitable home. The housekeeper gives us good baths, and we remain to tea, which we enjoy very much, as well as the delicious fruit of Men-

doza and neighbourhood. Mr. B. calls and takes us, all to his *quinta*, which is five miles from Mendoza. We have four carriages, and the dust we raise as we go along is wonderful to behold. However, we reached the pretty *quinta*, the gardens of which, as far as flowers, fruit trees, &c. are concerned, are very fine. The manner in which they are laid out might not be quite to the taste of some of our English gardeners, but the contents are marvellous. The rose trees are ten to twelve feet high, and laden with most beautiful blossoms of all kinds and colours. After a walk through the gardens, we are offered some fruit instead of tea, and are also requested to taste the wines of the country. We indulged in melons from 18 to 20 inches long. Peaches, plums, pears, and grapes were arranged on different little tables on the verandah where we all sat, and one must really see the fruit to appreciate the colour and the quantities that grow on one tree or vine. The melons are beyond all doubt the best I have ever tasted, but the other fruits, though very beautiful in colour and size, are, perhaps, not so delicate as hot-house fruits, or the out-door peaches and pears of North America, but of course everything here is still in its infancy,

and no doubt with time and care, all will be as good as can be desired, as the soil seems to produce anything that is planted, and it is marvellous to see how everything will grow, and grow really well, if only cared for a little. It seldom or never rains here, and all the watering of the vines and trees is done by little irrigation canals cut near the roots, the water being sent down at certain times by means of small wooden sluices. All the water comes from the river Mendoza. It is a fortunate thing it does not rain often, or what would become of the mud houses, roofs and walls!

We drive to an elevation, from whence we have a very pretty view indeed, and can see all the property, which covers an area of 220 hectares. It is an immense place, and the vineyards are most beautifully kept and look extremely pretty. The buildings that are being put up for wine-making are very large, and there is a little tram to take up the grapes from the vineyards to the building where they make the wine. They will begin work about the end of February, when they hope everything will be ready. The wines we tasted were certainly excellent, but the gentlemen all thought they wanted keeping much longer before

being ready for use. The port wine, which tasted like muscatel, was excellent, and was many years older than the white wines, which were only made two years ago and were very strong. As we depart our carriage is laden with fruit, wines, and flowers, and we have a most pleasant visit to record. Mrs. B. was charming and most hospitable, and I regretted the other ladies were unable to converse with her, as Mrs. B. only spoke Spanish. We part with the hope of meeting in England in '92. During the evening several gentlemen come to bid us 'good-bye,' and we pronounce ourselves very pleased and delighted with Mendoza, with the exception of the dust, and are grateful for all the kind attentions we had received from Mrs. and Mr. B., Mr. R., Mrs. and Mr. B., and another Mr. R.

January 22nd. — After being again settled comfortably, we started at midnight on our return journey to Buenos Ayres, and, having a good rest, we were up early and had a pleasant day. We worked, read, and chatted. I finished reading *Paul Patoff*, by Marion Crawford, and was delighted with it, especially the little bits here and there, not entirely

belonging to the tale. How well I saw expressed what I have often felt, but could not myself put into words, that when one's life was not filled with deep emotion, it was crammed with insignificant details. What a gift it is (and one which I long to possess) to be able to put one's thoughts and feelings into words!

I enjoy Mrs. F.'s company more and more. She is intelligent, clever, bright, and besides these attractive qualities and gifts she possesses much good sense. I was so sorry to see her a little seedy, and feared the rapid journey had perhaps been a little too much for her; but she seems to get better hourly, and all those we meet on the line at the different stations say we indeed look a jolly party, so suppose it must be so.

January 23rd.—My Birthday.

P. comes in early and wishes me many happy returns of the day. We are stopping at Mercedes Station. Mr. R. now leaves us, and Mr. B. H. joins the party, as we asked him on our way up to come with us and spend a few days at Buenos Ayres. The part of the journey we did by night going, we did during the day returning, which gave us an excellent opportunity of seeing the country. We were very sorry to leave the

mountains behind and return to our flat country, where there are numerous, and in many cases, miserable looking cattle. We arrive at the Station de Once in good time—11 o'clock—all well and jolly, and delighted with our comfortable, well-planned, and well-managed trip, which I would not have missed for a great deal.

P. was indeed most kind, and did all in his power to make us happy. Mrs. F. leaves us and goes her way, and I am extremely sorry to part with her. There is always something sad at the end of a pleasant party, and that is, the breaking up. Mr. M. also leaves us, and we return to our hotel and spend most of the day trying to part with the dust and sand which we have brought with us. On arrival at our rooms we find telegrams, letters of congratulation and good wishes, one from my dear daughter and her husband, Mr. P., and Mr. K. It is indeed a pleasant sensation to be remembered so many miles away; but I do not feel a day older than I did five or six years ago, when I was very ill and miserable. Health is indeed the greatest blessing, and we seldom think of it or appreciate it until we have lost it. Having health, good news from the dear

ones far away, P. well and jolly, I was as happy as a lark. Such a lovely card case is handed me by P., which has come from the dear children. On the dinner table there is a very large basket of flowers which P. has put there, and it is only then known by the rest of the party that it is my birthday when I am wished all that is good. After dinner we drive to Palermo, where there were many people in search, like ourselves, of fresh air. It is much warmer than during the trip to Mendoza, the thermometer being now 70 deg. in the shade. During the hours of 12 to 4 p.m. the thermometer was 90 deg. Here we seldom have it below 80 deg. now, and it is also a little damp, which is not nearly so agreeable as the dry heat.

January 24th.—We spend rather a quiet day, and after a short drive in the afternoon we went to see the play called 'Juan Moreira.' The play represented life as it was years ago in the Campo. The Gauchos were dressed exactly as one sees them, so also were the horses, with their numerous blankets, saddle bags, and saddles, and some have very pretty silver mounted bridles, which were quite in keeping with the style of the play. The *asado* was also cooked in the ring, and *maté* was

being made and taken all the time by the Gauchos sitting about. This *maté*, or Paraguay tea, is still much in use. I have tasted it several times, and do not find it at all disagreeable, only a little bitter. It is taken from a small dry gourde (some are silver mounted) with a little *bombio*, which consists of a long tube with a little perforated end or bulb at the bottom. This bulb goes into the *maté* cup, and the tea is drawn through the other end as if drawing through a straw. The *maté* is put into a *maté* cup, with a little sugar and boiling water poured upon it, and it is then taken at once by drawing through the tube. When one has taken his or her cup full, it is again refilled with boiling water and passed on to the next person, and so on until the *maté* becomes too weak, when it is replaced with fresh herbs. Such a thing as washing the cup, or even wiping the tube, would be considered an insult. Sometimes the *bombio* is even kindly tried by the servant, to see that it works properly, and is not too hot, and it is then handed to you. It is a most customary thing in this country to offer *maté* to any one who might come with a message, or on a visit. Some houses do not have it, as they do not approve of the manner in which it is taken.

Revenons à nos Moutons. At the performance old, young, black and white, all sit about the place eating *asado* and drinking *maté*, of which I have already told you. The tale of the play is, that Juan Moreira lends a man called Morena (who keeps a *pulperia*, a sort of inn or drinking-place) a sum of money, and after repeated refusals to pay, Moreira has Morena brought before the County Magistrate, who unfortunately happens to be a friend of Morena's, and when both appear before this wonderful person, Morena denies owing the money, whereupon poor Moreira is put into the stocks, and lashed with a whip. The poor man becomes enraged, and most justly so, but during the night all meet at Morena's *pulperia*, among them Moreira, who, in the midst of the argument, kills Morena. He runs home, where his old father, wife, and child (a boy of eight years) await his arrival. Shortly after a policeman appears, but after a fight Juan manages to kill him. More men appear, whom he also kills, and then escapes, as it is supposed, to the camp, where you can see him careering along on his fiery steed. It is reported that he is dead, and his wife forms a new attachment, when most unexpectedly, and certainly most unwelcome, he returns

to find the painful truth. After kissing his child, and not (for a wonder) killing his wife, who asks for pardon, saying they were starving, and were told that her husband was dead, he forgives her, and departs looking very angry and furious. Mounted police are again sent running round the ring on their steeds, which seem rather uncontrollable, and find Juan at a *fiesta* in the camp, where a very pretty dance is going on, which, by the way, I thought would never end. The officers arrive, Juan Moreira jumps on his steed, and then a most tremendous fight takes place. Juan again kills more men, and the officer or Captain. At last he is caught and shot, and as he dies he still shows fight until the last moment. So ended the play, at 12.30, and it was quite enough for one night. Mr. B. H. was delighted with it, but especially with the pretty young ladies in their enormously large hats. The house looked very nice, being adorned by many pretty faces. Again young children, and many in arms, were to be seen here and there, until all hours of the night.

January 25th, Sunday.—Went to Church, and was almost overcome by the heat. The congregation very small; the sermon poor. After luncheon, at which Mr. and Mrs. F. joined, we were taken

by Mr. P. to inspect the water works. Seldom, if ever, have I seen machinery and things in general so well kept. It was really a pleasure to look at. I always enjoy seeing machinery in work, and watched with much interest, as there is nothing I should like better than to invent and think out a new and wonderful sort of machine.

We drove to Calle Cordova, and there saw the tanks or reservoirs, twelve in number. There is a large building about 150 square yards, and when you enter this you see nothing but a quantity of iron pillars in groups of four. We go upstairs to the first storey, and there are four tanks, each containing 18,000,000 gallons of water. We go up another flight of stairs, where there are again four more tanks, and four more on the top of these, making in all twelve large iron tanks. The building is immense, the centre is to be open, and at the four corners there will be four little towers concealing tanks, where the pressure will be higher in case of fire. The building stands on the highest part of Buenos Ayres. We saw the water coming into one of the tanks through a 34-inch pipe. The exterior of the building will be finished with Doulton's artistic tiles and marble, and will be very fine. We after-

wards drove to Palermo, where the working and pumping of the water is all arranged. There are many different reservoirs, one into which the water is first pumped direct from the river ; then there is another where the water is filtered ; then the water goes into a third reservoir, from which it is pumped up to the different tanks in the centre of the town. The reservoirs are all to be covered and roofed in, and are sunk into the ground, so that one walks over the water. It is so well arranged, and so carefully kept, that any one would be proud to own it, not a small scrap of anything disagreeable, not even a bit of paper or a straw can be seen. There is perfect order, and the machines are beautifully polished. The brass and steel shine like mirrors. The flagstones are so clean that one would willingly dine off them. We were simply delighted, and owe Mr. P. many thanks for a most delightful afternoon. We did not return until 6 o'clock, and were just in time to dress and drive out to Mrs. M.'s, where we dine and spend a most enjoyable evening. We were a party of ten, and the table looked so pretty, being decorated with delightful white and pink roses. Every one at dinner was in excellent spirits, so plenty of chatting went on, and we were all

surprised when we heard the clock strike 11. The drive back to the hotel was most delightful.

January 26th.—Had letters from home containing excellent news, and spend the morning writing letters. P. seems to be better now, and his trip to Mar del Plata appears to have done him good, and he can stand the fatigue and heat much better than any of the other gentlemen.

Mrs. D. and self drive out and make several calls in the afternoon. After dinner Mr. and Mrs. P. call, also Mr. B. We chat until late. We then read, and look over the new *Whitaker* for 1891. I always find it so interesting, and do not like to be without it. I am beginning to count the days that will bring us (D.V.) to our darling. B. H. bids us good-bye, and returns to Mercedes.

January 27th.—It was my intention to go out, but it rains all day, and is indeed most refreshing, and I would not have it otherwise if I could, as it will settle the dust, at least for a few days. We dine at Mrs. F.'s, but Mrs. D. is unable to come with us, as she is suffering from a bad headache. The house is most artistic, and is tastefully arranged and furnished. There are so many interesting *objets d'art*, pictures, books, and photos, that we think

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ourselves back in London. I am more and more charmed with Mrs. F., and we both enjoy talking of our mutual acquaintances. We were a party of eight at dinner, and the table, china, &c., were simply perfect, and in everything you can see the work of an artistic hand and head.

January 28th.—We spend a rather quiet morning. At 4 o'clock we start for La Plata. Mrs. D. being seedy, is unable to join the jolly party of twelve. When we arrive we at once go to the *paseo* or park, which is very pretty and nicely laid out, an observatory being in construction. The Museum is also a fine building, and very lofty, with a spacious and pretty entrance, having a fountain playing opposite. The marble staircase is wide and lofty, and the situation is all that could be desired even in an old European town, to say nothing of one which was only built about eight years ago, and in what is called the Mushroom country. The interior of the Museum, which is lighted with electricity, is most interesting, and is filled with most wonderful skeletons of antediluvian animals, the names of which are as yet unknown. They were found when the buildings were commenced. The effect of the bright light all over the town is very

effective. We drove to the hotel, where we had an excellent dinner. The light was prettily arranged, and shaded with pale green. A speaking doll was taken from her box, and made the round of the table, saying, 'Hickory Dickory Dock,' &c., which was most clear and distinct. The C.'s were most kind and attentive, and certainly did all that was in their power to show us and explain everything appertaining to electricity. After dinner we drove to the Opera House, although there was nothing going on, but the building was lighted for our benefit, so that we could see the effect of the lights. The entrance and staircase are such as one sees only at a very large theatre, and the house, which has five galleries, is most beautifully arranged. We went on to the stage to see the lights work. All the different keys seem puzzling to one who does not understand the working of such things. The acoustic arrangements are perfect, and any one talking could be perfectly and distinctly heard all over the house. We again make a start, looking more like Cook's tourists than anything else. After calling on the P.'s we return, and arrive at the hotel at 12.30, having spent a most enjoyable evening, thanks to Mr. and Mrs. B., who were

most kind. The electric light, I am told, was in working order at La Plata almost before a single residence was built, and in many instances one notices that some things are most complete and quite up to date, but others take you far back.

January 29th.—My morning is a happy one. We receive excellent news from home, and I spend most of the day writing and reading. I am thinking of those far away. This is J. H.'s birthday. We have sent her a cable, which we hope will find her well. We dine out (P. and self) at Mrs. F.'s, where we spend a most enjoyable evening.

January 30th.—I write many letters, as P. is still very busy. Mrs. M. joins us at luncheon, and I go shopping with her afterwards. We dine with Mrs. P. and family. It is the eldest son's birthday. We are a jolly little party of twelve, and nearly all the family appear at dinner. Mrs. P. is most kind and hospitable. It is a lovely old place, where they have lived for many years. The grounds are large, covering forty-six acres, so that one almost forgets for a time that we are not miles away into the country. The flowers are beautiful. Mr. P. takes me in to dinner, and

the table is indeed a thing of beauty, being decorated with large pink lilies. We wish the young gentleman all that is good, and drink his health. We ladies retire to the drawing-room, and talk and laugh a great deal over our different travels to New York, Boston, Philadelphia, &c. Mrs. P.'s twin daughters are very pretty, and they all look a happy and contented family. I may say it is one of the most enjoyable evenings I have spent since I came here.

January 31st.—Had a most beautiful basket of fruit and flowers sent me, but the latter gave me the most pleasure, as they were much better in quality. The fruit, though very pretty to look at and of a lovely colour, is rather hard, except the melons and grapes, which are good. Asparagus here is still very plentiful, and it seems to me that everything one takes the trouble to plant and care for grows to perfection. I should very much like to be able to see this country fifty years hence; that will, I fear, be impossible, but I am sure the advance will be wonderful. The weather is cool and pleasant. We drive out, return to the hotel, and retire early, which is a most agreeable change.

February 1st, Sunday.—Went to Church with Mrs. D.; the congregation was very small, but we had an excellent sermon, and on our return Miss C. and Mrs. F. lunched with us and remained most of the afternoon. We had several callers, and then start off to San Isidro to Mr. and Mrs. B.'s, where we are to dine. Just as we start the rain comes down in torrents. I suggest not going, but on reaching our destination we find that not a drop has fallen at San Isidro or in the immediate neighbourhood. Mr. and Mrs. A. also join us at dinner, and Mrs. B.'s sister with her husband and child. We spend a very pleasant evening, but the dinner is so long, as the people here think that very large dinners are true hospitality. We are given so many different dishes that really dining out is quite an undertaking in some houses; but their kind words and generous ways make them forget we mortals can do so much and no more. After dinner we all drive to the Tigre, where a concert is going on. We find the whole space near the hotel and the river crowded, the latter with boats, the occupants listening to the music, which is not at all bad. As we enter the hall of the hotel, well filled with pretty-looking people,

mostly young ladies, a very nice violin solo is being rendered, which sounds well. We walk about and look at the different faces, which would be very handsome were they not covered with some death-like powder or composition. One lady had used so much that it made her eyes look like those of a fish. Why will people make themselves so ugly, not to say repulsive, when they could look charming with their natural complexion? We are told more or less who the people are, and we see several well-known faces. Later on the orchestra played *Carmen* very well indeed, and we then departed. The river looked all life with the many boats and pretty occupants, and the hotel too was brilliantly lighted up. I hear there are to be several balls and parties during the Carnival and before Lent. We return by train, and have the pleasure to see nearly every one nodding or asleep ere we reach the station at Buenos Ayres.

February 2nd.—Being a holiday (Candlemas) the church bells peal furiously. The shops are all closed and it seems a second Sunday. We drive out early to Belgrano, and remain to dine with Mr. and Mrs. M. The children are very jolly and playful, and P. has a good gambol with

them. We have a very pleasant drive home, and this we always enjoy.

February 3rd.—We receive letters containing good news from England from several of my friends (not acquaintances), and I begin to wish I could see them all. It is again intensely warm, and most people are inclined to feel very limp. A storm is expected, and I hope it will soon come to clear the atmosphere. The dust and wind before the rain were most disagreeable, and everything, books, papers, furniture, &c., were covered with fine dust, which looks like small sand. I write and read and drive out in the afternoon. Mrs. B., having spent the day with me, I drive her home, as she has never been out alone, although married for ten years (this is one of the customs of the country). On my return I call on Mrs. F., where I enjoyed a homely chat. We dine with Mr. S., being a small and most agreeable party of six. Mr. and Mrs. H. are there also, and we have a long talk about our mutual friends in Cuba. After dinner we have excellent music, and are obliged to remain rather late, as the storm is raging furiously, and we are unable to get a cab for some time. We spend a most agreeable evening, and hope all to meet again in London.

February 4th.—P. is very busy making arrangements for the morrow, to start for Tucuman. It has been decided to have only a men's party, so we ladies will remain at Buenos Ayres. This is a most depressing day, the heat and closeness are simply indescribable. We nevertheless have several callers, and all come in looking extremely limp. Mrs. R. again sends us most lovely flowers and home-grown grapes. We dine out at Belgrano with Mr. and Mrs. S. The house, which we visited for the first time, is very pretty, and shows at once that the occupants have been to Europe. The children are very pretty and beautifully fair, with big dark eyes. We sit down, a party of eight, and after an excellent banquet (as it cannot be classed as a dinner), we spend the remainder of the evening chatting on the verandah. The air is perfumed with flowers after the heavy rain, and is so delicious that I cannot help thinking of the contrast to the fogs, snow, and altogether terrible winter at home. With *one* exception I am glad to be out of it. The evening is delightful, and were it not for the shying horses, we would have enjoyed the drive back to town.

February 5th.—Having been out a great deal

I thought I should enjoy a quiet day. Was up at 6 o'clock to see P. off with a party going to the opening of a railway branch at Tucuman. All start in good spirits from the Central Station at 7.30, and by the papers I see they made a very quick run to Rosario, the train having travelled at an average of 45 miles an hour. I wrote letters to my dear ones, worked, and read. Mrs. M. called during the afternoon, and I was delighted to see her, especially as I was quite alone, Mrs. D. having gone out. We both dine quietly. Mr. and Mrs. H. call for me at 8.30 to go to Brown's Circus, where there was a very good performance. The jokes and the usual circus tricks, ending with an aquatic performance, were most amusing. The ring was filled with water, and towards the end of the play every one, as a matter of course, falls into the water, including the usual Englishman, who is dressed in a large checked suit, with long, fair whiskers, and field glasses strapped over his shoulder, and a solitary eyeglass in his right eye, and a very small hat on one side of his head. I often wonder if people who have never been to England imagine that all Englishmen look like those one sees repeatedly on the stage. This very much reminds me of a gentleman who once asked

me if all the ladies in Havana looked like those upon the fancy pictures, usually put on the covers of cigar-boxes. I, of course, said, 'oh, yes,' and was asked afterwards if all the ladies smoked. I answered, much to his disappointment, 'not those I have had the pleasure of meeting and associating with.' Returning to the hotel at 11.15, I read until 12.45, and was much amused with a book called *C'est nous qui sont l'histoire*, by Gyp.

February 6th.—Breakfasted alone, as Mrs. D. had gone out. I read and worked until 4 o'clock, then went out to call and buy some books. Drove to Mrs. F., where I remained to dine. Mrs. C. was there; she is a most charming American, and has not been long married. She has just come out here, and has no friends and few acquaintances. I was very much taken with her. Drove home, and felt rather cold, the thermometer having suddenly fallen below 70 degrees. I miss P. very much indeed, and am inclined to feel dull and low, and regret so much I was not taken to Tucuman.

February 7th.—Have good news and telegrams from Tucuman, all well, good weather, rapid and comfortable journey, having made it in twenty-five hours, deducting, of course, the stoppages. More than ever do I wish I had gone, as I am not feel-

ing very well, and seem to have taken cold. During the afternoon Mrs. M., Mrs. C., and Miss C. call.

We again receive flowers and fruit from different friends. The people are most kind, and we appreciate their attentions, and flowers are always welcome, especially in a hotel room, with the usual red velvet furniture, a clock, and two ornaments ; but thanks to a few odds and ends, photographs, books, &c., which I have with me, I am able to make it look a little cosy and home-like. We have a regular tea-party, all ladies, after which I drive out with Mrs. M. to do some shopping, and then to Belgrano, where I spend the evening. I return, and am almost crushed to death, as the coachman drove up hill and down dale, and over something which is still a mystery to me, and I am jerked to such an extent that my head comes in contact with the top of the *coupe* twice, one of the knocks being so violent that it broke a shell pin in my hair. How my head is not broken I am at a loss to know. Driving through the streets, I see all the festive preparations being made for Carnival, which will begin to-morrow after Church hours.

Mrs. D., who had asked some friends to dinner,

was so unwell that her guests had to dine without her.

February 8th.—Awoke feeling very poorly, having a bad cold. I am dull and miserable, but the good cheerful letters from home help to keep me up, I read them over and over again with much pleasure. I breakfast, and during the afternoon we have more telegrams from Tucuman. P. writes that he is well, and that the weather is exceptionally cool.

Mr. P. and Mr. and Mrs. M. call. The latter wanted me to drive out to Belgrano and spend the evening, but I am too unwell. A poor attempt is being made in the streets to celebrate the Carnival festivities, but a dulness seems to prevail everywhere. People are often less jolly when they try to be so.

February 9th.—I am still feeling under the weather, and again remain at the hotel all day. My cold is terrible, and my throat is sore, and I am all out of sorts. I read and work, and am amused by the people driving and walking about masked and in fancy costumes.

February 10th.—I am still very seedy. Dear P. is to arrive at 7.30 from Tucuman, and writes that he is well satisfied with the successful trip, which is

the first direct journey to Tucuman. The time occupied was only thirty hours. I am more than pleased to have him back, as I felt very lonely, and missed him more than words can tell. I spend the day quietly, and at midnight we start for a ball, which is held at the Progreso Club. Mrs. D. looks very well in yellow and white. I go dressed in heliotrope. We are very much amused with the masks, and Mrs. D. thinks we all look like sweeps. I object. We arrive at the ball and find we are much too early, so spend some time visiting the different reception-rooms of the club, which are most handsomely furnished. We remain in the ladies' waiting-room, and watch the new arrivals, who were masked and in every imaginable dress. Some of the fancy dresses were very good, fresh, and new-looking, while others were very inferior. In a very short time there is a tremendous crowd, and then dancing becomes almost impossible. But the young people of this country are quite happy in walking about and chatting or sitting out the dances. We meet several people we know. All the ladies are masked but the gentlemen are not, and some delight in teasing the firmer sex. The ladies are very amusing, and several are teasing P., who is unable to discover who they are. We return

to the hotel at 2.30, and, for my part, may say that I was very pleased indeed with the entertainment, and think the ball, in spite of the crowd, a great success.

February 11th.—I am at last feeling better, and my cold is taking its departure. Doctor Z. calls for P. and self at 4 o'clock, and we drive about and visit the different public schools. Some of them are magnificent buildings, large, open, and free to all sorts and conditions. The same system prevails as in North America, and it is indeed an excellent one. The buildings are numerous, and, after visiting several of the most important, we drive to the Rural Society's Exhibition Grounds. Exhibitions are held there every two or three years, and were originally started by Doctor Z., who is president of the society. The buildings, though not of the most substantial character, are, nevertheless, very pretty, and there are many pavilions about the grounds, as well as numerous stalls for horses, cows, sheep, &c., and a very large fowl house, and round all these places are the most delightful pavements to walk about on. The walks all through the grounds are paved, and the arrangements are most carefully and tastefully carried out, and would do credit to Windsor, let

alone Buenos Ayres. There is also a very large Hall in the grounds where speeches, concerts, and musical entertainments take place. Round the walls of this Hall hang escutcheons, with the names of all those who brought choice or prize-cattle over to this country, under which are the dates. Seven cows and one bull were first imported from Holland. We certainly had a most delightful and interesting visit, for which we have to thank Doctor Z. On leaving the Exhibition I was presented with a handsome posy.

February 12th.—I work hard all day to finish a piece of work, and feel rather worried, as P. does not feel quite so well again. I fear he is doing too much running about in the hot sun. We dine at the *Café de Paris* with Mr. and Mrs. F. We are a party of six, and spend a most enjoyable evening, after which we drove out and paid several calls.

February 13th.—I sometimes feel rather uncomfortable, and am made to feel so by my surroundings, and shall not in many ways feel sorry when I am a few weeks older.

We had many callers during the afternoon and evening. The end of a visit to a new country seems sometimes the most pleasant, as one becomes better acquainted with the people one meets, and

one warms up to a place and its surroundings. We dine at the hotel, and drive to Palermo afterwards.

February 14th.—P. is again feeling better, and is off at 6.30 to Campana. I try hard to finish my piece of work, and am pleased to think I have succeeded, as I am so anxious to take it back finished to my darling child.

I wrote several letters, and after luncheon, at which Mrs. C. joined us, I am very charmed with her, as she is only a few months older than my daughter, and also quite a recently married woman, and being here alone, I find her so sympathetic, and hope I shall meet her again. I drive out with Mrs. M. to visit the Cathedral, which is in Plaza Victoria. The Cathedral is a fine lofty building, the interior being all white with gilt ornamentation. The high altar is very fine, but I am not quite in favour of the dressing (as done in all Spanish countries I have visited) of the figures representing saints, and find that some, to my taste are really too realistic. The monumental tomb of St. Martin is very handsome, bronze with marble base. Much of the Cathedral is also of very pretty marble, and the altars on both sides of the church remind me a little of the Madeleine in Paris. After

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visiting the Cathedral we drove to the Church of Dominique, which is much smaller than the Cathedral, but far prettier. It is largely ornamented in gilt and white, and has three main altars, very handsome indeed, being chiefly marble and gold. One altar to the left is surrounded with dark red hangings, and the walls are covered with red, and, to my taste, there is too much drapery, as well as too many artificial flowers, ribbons, and lace. We are very much interested in the old flags, called here *los Trofeos Engleses*, being the flags which were taken from the English in 1806. They look very old, and are framed in elaborate gilt frames. The English were driven down this very street, from which it derives its name, 'Calle Reconquista.' We afterwards drove to the 'Recolleta,' and it was a case when one might say that the English take their pleasure sadly, but I did not like to leave the country without seeing all these places. I visited the cemetery, which is not very large, and there are few or no trees. The chapels and tombs are built very close together, and are all in perfect order. Some of the niches are built up quite high, and I was horrified when looking into some of the chapels or tombs to see exposed to the view the coffins covered

with bead and other kind of wreaths. Some of the mementos were very fine and handsome. Some of the niches reminded me of an eight-storey house, where the dead lay one over another. As we were leaving the cemetery a funeral was taking place.

We paid several calls after our sad excursion.

Mr. P. joined us, and afterwards took us to see the Opera House arranged and illuminated ere the ball commenced. It is a handsome building, and I am very pleased to have seen it, as during the summer there has been no Opera Season. On our return we dressed, and went to the second ball at the Progresso Club, which was well patronised, but it was so late before the ladies made their appearance that it was nearly 2 o'clock ere the ball fairly commenced. Some of the costumes were very pretty indeed. We were not long in the ball-room before we were told that a revolution might break out at any moment, and that great trouble was anticipated for the morrow. We are rather wondering what will happen, but as we are tired, and it is late, we are pleased to return to the hotel.

February 15th, Sunday.—Feeling rather tired

having gone to bed very late, or rather very early, I did not go to Church. P. goes at 7.30 to Mr. P.'s *estancia* to spend the day. I am pleased to say the revolution has not yet broken out. Every thing is quiet, with the exception of a few people here and there in fancy costumes doing honour to King Carnival, who is to be buried to-night. After luncheon I go to the Museum, which is only open on Sundays, and find it most interesting. There is one part which is entirely devoted to the exhibition of the different products of the provinces, such as leathers, woods, cloths, vegetables, grain, and wine.

It is again an intensely hot day, and I am glad to be once more in the cool apartments at the hotel. We drive out to Belgrano to dine with the M.'s, and are a party of ten. We are all rather sorry at the approaching parting, and I have grown very fond of Mrs. M., who is indeed a very sweet woman. We have a few farewell speeches at dinner, and we part with the hope to meet again.

February 16th.—We have letters from home bringing us good news, at which we are highly pleased. I am out nearly all day bidding friends Good-bye.' P. and I dine with Dr. Z. and

family, who give us a Farewell Dinner. We are a party of sixteen, and many speeches are made, and all drink to our continued good health and happiness.

After dinner we are taken over the house, and are very much pleased with Dr. Z.'s library, which is really wonderful. He is a great and constant reader, and his collection of presents from far and near is marvellous, and beyond all description. The photographs of all great men, political and otherwise, generals, &c., are most interesting. Although the family have never visited Europe, everything in and around the house has an air of European comfort. The house itself is most interesting, and in every corner one finds a pretty surprise, and not a detail has been neglected.

We have very good music, and so ends one of the many agreeable evenings we have spent at Buenos Ayres.

February 17th.—Another excessively warm day, thermometer nearly 100. Had several friends to breakfast and dinner, and remain all day at the hotel, with the exception of an hour, when I went shopping, and found it most difficult to select a few souvenirs to take back, having already invested freely in furs and skins. I

have certainly never felt anything like the intense heat during the hour I was out walking (between twelve and one). It is quite true that 'only Englishmen and mad dogs walk on the sunny side.' During the evening we had many visitors, who came to bid us 'good-bye', and many doubt me when I assure them I am extremely pleased and interested with my visit to Buenos Ayres and its surroundings.

We retire late, having still many little arrangements to make for the morrow, and pack away some little souvenirs which have been given us, in the shape of *maté* cups, lace of the country, and many most interesting books, written and presented by Dr. Z. and Mr. A.

February 18th.—The heat seems more intense than ever. We hope for cooler weather to embark, as the journey from the hotel to the steamer, which is anchored far out, is a most trying one, but we shall have to make the best of it. We are in receipt of a cable from home wishing us *bon voyage*. Many beautiful baskets of flowers and posies are sent us. One very pretty basket filled with fine flowers is handed to me without a card, which is annoying beyond description. Still more people

call to bid us good-bye. At ten o'clock the servants are off with all the luggage. What a relief! We lunch quietly. The gentlemen spend most of the day changing their collars and other articles of attire, which the heat has made almost unrecognisable. I have to rush out to say good-bye to two families where we dined last, and found it a most trying undertaking, as the heat is overpowering, and most decidedly these are the two warmest days we have yet had. At two o'clock we are all sitting in the *patio* of the hotel partaking of cool refrescos, and shortly afterwards Mrs. M., Mrs. F. and self drive off to Darsana del Sud, whence we are to take the Yacht *Alicia*, which has been specially put at our disposal, to go to the steamship *Clyde*. We start amid many good-byes, and all that is good is wished us. A few friends come off with us, and they all (especially several ladies) seem to wish they also were returning home, and think us most happy mortals. Poor Mrs. F. feels most home-sick. We make ourselves as happy and comfortable as possible, which is greatly assisted by the thought that we are on our way home. I felt rather sad when I bid Mrs. F. and Mrs. M. good-bye, as in a really short time I had grown very fond of

both these ladies, who, though different in their ways and life, are both most interesting and sympathetic. I have often met people I have grown fond of in a very short time, whilst others never seem to awake in me even a feeling of interest. The older I become and the more people I see, the harder it seems to me to tolerate selfish conceit or gossiping women, whose conversation is entirely based on individuals. Oh that we could hear ourselves as others hear us! At 5 o'clock we steam off, and start with favourable weather. A cool light breeze is blowing and is indeed most soothing. As soon as we are under way I retire to my cabin, where everything is comfortably arranged, and in taking off my gown found the steel pin in my broach, and another pin which fastened a piece of lace at my neck, so rusty that I could hardly pull them out, so I leave to the imagination what my collar and general appearance were like, and how warm it must have been. The gentlemen's shirt collars look like accordion plaits. We all settle down on deck, Mr. and Mrs. D., Mr. and Mrs. H., Mr. C., and ourselves, and are delighted at the thought of home, sweet home. The ship

indeed looks like a yacht, and is most clean, everything shining and in perfect order. We are, of course, fewer passengers, and all does great credit to captain and crew.

February 19th.—We had a terribly warm night, and found it impossible to sleep. We arrive at Monte Video at 8 o'clock. P. goes ashore, but I remain on board as the sea is very rough and we should have to go ashore in a very small tender, which is rocking about in every direction without mercy. We are amused watching the passengers come on board, as usual with a vast number of troublesome small packages tumbling about. *How* I do dislike small packages! Mr. and Mrs. M. go almost through the ladder, Mr. C. hurts himself, and altogether it is most difficult to get on board, as it seems to get rougher by the hour. P. returns, bringing me fruit and kind letters from Mrs. W. and Mrs. T. The letters are most charming, and I am sorry to leave without seeing these two ladies again. P. has also brought me a pretty bronze which he saw and which took his fancy in one of the shop windows in Monte Video. At 4 o'clock we are again under way, having taken a quantity of jerked beef on board as cargo, at which I

am very sorry, as it does not smell quite as sweet as a flower garden.

February 20th.—We had a capital night's rest, and I am thankful to find the morning much cooler. We sit on deck nearly all day, reading and chatting a little now and again, but on the whole I am rather inclined to feel quiet. It is wonderful how a few high waves will subdue the merriest spirits.

February 21st.—Had a very bad night. Weather hot and oppressive. Spend the day on deck. Some of our party disappear now and again and many do not venture to dinner. The evening is better, and I remain on deck, although it is very damp, until 10 o'clock.

February 22nd.—At 9.30 we sight land, and arrive at Rio about 1 o'clock, having made a very good run. The harbour of Rio is really splendid, with the different islands, and hills covered with most beautiful tropical trees and plants. The clear blue sky and water and the delicious cool breeze are perfect. Rio from the bay looks very picturesque, and the forts and surrounding mountains make a pretty frame. The captain, who very kindly asked us to come on the bridge, gives us an unusually good

opportunity of seeing the entrance and harbour. At 3.30 Mr. W. comes on board to take us off in a launch, and we have a rather rough *paseo* to the wharves. We thought Rio looked rather untidy, to say the least of it. Being Sunday, all the shops were closed, and many of the poorer classes filled the streets, walking about in their Sunday best, which made us think that Carnival was not quite over in Rio. As said before, the arrangements and colours of the materials are too showy and very badly put together. The streets did not look as if cared for, and leave little doubt that the yellow fever which is now raging has here prolific ground.

We take the tram which goes to Tijuca, where we stopped on our way out, and after a few minutes we are well out of town and again passing the pretty villas and gardens. At the terminus we have a landau and four mules, but take an eternity of time to reach our destination, which we eventually do at 7 o'clock. The hotel has changed hands since we were last here, but all looks just the same, if anything, however, perhaps not quite so neat. We are shown to our respective rooms, and a wash-stand, with a chest of drawers and

a few rickety chairs on a bare floor describe the apartments of the Tijuca Hotel. We go to dinner and find a long table capable of seating about fifty people in the centre of a long narrow dining-room, which is dingily lighted and looks anything but neat. At the end of the room are shelves or book-cases, which have faded creton nailed and hanging as if it might have been there before I was born, and that was certainly not yesterday. Down the centre of the table, in a perfectly straight line, like so many soldiers in a row, stand most marvellous vases. One has huge red and pink flowers painted on it, and another white and dark blue stripes, and must, I think, at one time have been a jam jar. Then there are about twelve terracotta water *carafes*, which might have looked pretty were it not that they also were covered with cromos. Blue pepper-dishes and blue tooth-pick holders, coloured glass mustard-pots and salt-cellars—the latter filled with damp salt—and patches about a quarter of a yard square on the table-cloth, make up the decorations. The gossiping party make enough noise to make Mr. D. say he feels as though he were in the Tower of Babel. It rains in torrents and this fortunately cools the air a little.

February 23rd.—We had a capital night, notwithstanding the intensely hard bed and very small pillows. The firmer sex are off early to the swimming baths, and we remain in the hotel grounds, which are undoubtedly most beautifully laid out. The hills on either side, which are covered with white, pink, and purple flowering shrubs, trees and lofty palms here and there, look like a huge garden. The vegetation of Rio and its surroundings is perfectly glorious. Calceolaria and begonias grow in every direction, and everything is much more advanced than when we passed through Rio in November. I am not surprised to find dotted here and there many pretty villas where the people come to spend the warm summer months.

February 24th.—We are up with the larks, and have a delightful view from our windows. We breakfast and start for our return to Rio. The day promises to be a warm one. We arrive and are off after an hour's waiting for the tender, during which time we purchased some palms, which are simply beautiful. They are $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, and the average cost is about 8s. When we arrive at the good ship *Clyde* we find a great commotion, as the Viscount L. and

family are going off, and there are no less than three tenders filled with his friends to bid him *bon voyage*. We were to be off at 3 o'clock but did not sail until 4.

The harbour as we go out is really a beautiful sight, and so are the hills with different lights upon them. We find we have taken on board at Rio many more passengers and thirty-seven children, but nevertheless the ship looks very trim and neat. The passengers all went off yesterday to spend the night and return laden with fruits and things in general. The Viscount had brought amongst other things a cow and her calf so that his children might have fresh milk, and we were all amused to see this poor animal swung on board in a sling, and the calf ditto. Every one seems well and jolly at the thought of soon reaching home.

February 25th.—We had a delightfully quiet night. The weather is now simply perfect, with beautiful blue sky and water. We steam along as if on a lake, and the moonlight every evening has been glorious, so much so that one does not feel inclined to go below. Some of the Brazilians and Portuguese are very bad sailors, and sit without the slightest energy or inclination to

move for hours at a time. After dinner we are taken (a party of six) by the Captain, who is most kind and attentive, and the chief engineer, to visit all the machinery, which is indeed beautifully kept, and looks neat and clean. As we are steaming sixteen miles an hour, one can imagine with what force the machinery was going. There are twenty-four furnaces going, which were almost burning to white heat. It was not so unpleasant as one might imagine, as there is good ventilation, and the firemen really look quite happy and contented. They work four hours, and are off eight hours. The electric light all over the ship seems such an advantage compared with the lanterns which were formerly used. My visit down the hold reminded me very much of a similar one I made years ago on the s.s. *Servia*, going from Liverpool to New York, where thirty-two furnaces were going, and 140 to 160 tons of coal consumed in the twenty-four hours. On the *Clyde* about 100 tons are consumed in the twenty-four hours. We hope to reach Bahia to-morrow.

February 26th.—Bahia.

About 5 o'clock we reached Bahia, which looked very pretty with the sun shining upon it.

In this case it is quite true that 'distance lends enchantment.' We do not go ashore, but remain on board the good ship, and watch the new passengers coming on board. There are more children and more nurses, so we may hope for a lively time during the rest of the voyage.

February 27th.—The morning cool and breezy. We are much amused at the natives in small boats selling water melons, custard apples, pines, sapotes, mangoes, oranges, parrots, birds, cockatoos, &c. There is a great commotion with people coming on and going off the ship. The anchor is at last weighed at 2 o'clock, and I am thankful to say we are off. We were very pleased to have a telegram from home, and sent one in return. The weather is simply perfect, and P. and self feel very well.

February 28th.—Another month nearly gone. Somehow time does not seem to pass quickly enough, as I am getting most anxious to see my dear child, and am highly delighted we continue to have such good news. We reach Pernambuco at 2.45, having had a most delightful run from Bahia, with a clear blue sky, and most beautiful sunsets and moonlight.

We are surprised as long interesting letters

are handed us from our dear ones, and we devour their contents, and enjoy reading them immensely. We have all the home news, and our return is anxiously expected. We do not land at Pernambuco as the ship is only going to stop a few hours.

The weather continues delightful, not too warm, with a cool refreshing breeze. I finish another piece of work which I commenced in Buenos Ayres. I am so far an excellent sailor, and quite energetic, especially when the sea is smooth. We have still our small circle. The only new acquaintances I have made are two young ladies, one about 7, and the other about 8 months old. Dear babies they are. The grandfather sends us fruit, and says (as far as we can understand Portuguese) that it is sent by the babies. We have a number of Brazilians on board who are suffering very much from *mal du mer*, and look very miserable. They seem to have something to eat and drink about every half hour, and such things! Cheese and jam eaten without bread or biscuits, then cocoa nut, mango and pine, and at night most of them end up by eating raisins and nuts. We sail from Pernambuco at 7 o'clock, and will not again anchor until we

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reach St. Vincent, when we hope to have news from home.

March 1st, Sunday.—We steam along all night, but the noise made by the passengers and crying babies late at night and early in the morning prevents me from sleeping as I should like, so far I have had rather bad nights.

We had service this morning, the Captain officiating, and the first officer reading the lessons. Mr. J. played the organ. At about 2 o'clock we again sight the Island Fernando Noronha.

March 2nd.—Had rather a restless night; spend a quiet day chatting and reading. After dinner we are favoured with very good music. Mr. H. sings very well indeed, but the rest are all somewhat inferior. P. and I chat until bed-time. The Portuguese and Brazilian passengers still appear very miserable, some looking a pale shade of yellow and green, but they manage to keep up their appetites and feast on deck all day long. I feel rather miserable to-night, having cried a little over a very pretty book I have just finished reading called *Cleopatre*, by Henry Greville. I do so admire the character of Cleopatre.

We are still sleeping badly, but steaming along

smoothly. Everybody seems to be better this morning and in excellent spirits, and the piano can be heard nearly all day. At our end of the table we are rather lively, as Mrs. S. C., a charming widow, talks a great deal and well too. Mr. M. is also most entertaining, but does not allow any one to ignore how much he has read, and makes some of those around him feel that they have been rather neglectful in that respect. There are some people on board who have such horribly long nails that they are simply repulsive, and I am inclined to advise some of the passengers to visit a dentist on their arrival in England, as toothpicks play a most prominent part at and away from the table, beginning with the soup until after the end of the dinner. It is anything but edifying to have to be in close contact with certain untidy people for several days without any opportunity of running away, but I suppose everybody cannot be alike, nor can we reform all that is disagreeable to us in this world. I have been much pleased and entertained with the flying fish, which are to be seen in great numbers. Anything is a refreshing change from the sight of some of the passengers. I read most of the day, and finish a pretty American book by John Burroughs. I

also finish reading *Tropical Africa*, by Henry Drummond, which gave me a better idea of Africa than anything I had read before, being short, simple, and most interesting. A book written by Jules Claréti, relating to the French Revolution, was also most enjoyable. I had my dinner on deck, and was not inclined to go below.

Later on I went to watch P. who was playing whist with Mr. J., Mr. D., and Mr. M. I read until 10.30, feeling rather weary and wishing I were at home, but it is cooler, and therefore more comfortable in the cabins.

March 4th.—Rather a quiet day. Nothing to record. Not many of those on board really interest me.

March 5th.—Another restless night. We sit on board but it becomes rather chilly. We watch the island St. Antonio coming quickly into sight as the good ship goes smoothly along, and see standing out beautifully, with white clouds here and there, the four large peaks, one 7400 ft., another 6305 ft., and the third 6528 ft., and the last 5276 ft. high. We drop anchor at 12 o'clock. The usual crowd of boys are at once alongside ready to dive for silver. We are

surprised that we are to be put in quarantine, and therefore not allowed to land at St. Vincent. We are surrounded by small boats, the boatmen selling all kinds of useless articles, which the steerage passengers purchase, and the goods are passed up in an old tin pail. There are people who think they must buy, no matter how useless the article may be to them or anybody else. We take in coal, so that the dust in some parts of the ship is anything but agreeable. We have no news from our dear ones, but hope to hear from them at Lisbon.

March 6th. — The weather continues perfect, and I have never seen such a sky or sunset. We are now fifteen days out from Buenos Ayres and have not had even a strong wind, and so far we have had perfect steaming. The sunset was grand, and with the lovely sky and clear, perfectly calm water, made a magnificent picture. This is Miss T.'s birthday, so a dance is arranged for the evening, and carpets are taken up and tables removed from the saloon, the piano brought down, and great preparations in every way are being made. I feel rather seedy, and sit up till late, so take little interest in anything going on below. At 9 o'clock the ball (?) com-

mences, and I am rather startled to see some of the young Englishmen come out in their evening dress suits, and many of the ladies appear in white. The Captain, who is always ready to give others pleasure, is most attentive, and helps the young people in every way. He is very merry himself and dances so well. The officers are also taking part, and the effect of a little gold braid and buttons is not at all disagreeable. P. dances also, and I am asked several times to dance, but say that being a mother-in-law I must give up dancing. The ball ends about 5 o'clock, and some of the mothers who could not get their babies asleep felt rather disappointed with the whole arrangements, but those taking part in the ball retire very well pleased with the entertainment. The Captain promises another dance for the following Monday, weather permitting.

March 7th.—Every one is, of course, late for breakfast. No scramble for baths this morning. Weather still perfect. We have slowed down, as there is no hurry, as Lisbon can only be reached on Tuesday. There is a great deal of talk about the dance of last night, as the Brazilian passengers felt rather slighted, and called it an English dance. Monday will be theirs. We pass

many ships during the day, and some are quite close.

March 8th, Sunday.—A most delightful morning, and a little cooler, which is indeed refreshing after the intense heat. We have service at 10 o'clock, the Captain and first officer officiating; music good, and singing general; a very large congregation. A service on board ship always seems impressive to me, especially as the tars all come in looking so neat and clean. The day is spent quietly, and I pass most of my time with the dear little girlie C.

March 9th.—Great preparations begin early in the day for the Brazilian dance. Tables, &c., are all removed again. A bill is posted up in the passage or gangway by the Viscount and Viscountess, requesting the pleasure of all the passengers at the ball this evening at 9 o'clock, morning dress requested. Much talk and speculation takes place. The Viscount orders supper and wine to be served to all the passengers free of charge. A collection is made to present all the sailors with a purse. Some of the passengers do not approve, but nearly all give something. The sum collected is 65*l*. The Viscount makes up 100*l*. by giving the balance.

A lovely diamond ornament for the hair is to be presented to the Captain for his wife, also a testimonial for the Captain, with names of all passengers who will sign it. In these small but public affairs it is strange to note the different feelings, some agree and approve of it, others do not. Some want much explanation; why this, and why that? There is plenty of talk about it, at any rate, if nothing else. The steamer reminds me of a little town. I have just read and finished a book presented to me by Dr. Z. It is very nicely written, and gives one a good idea of what the Indians did in days gone by, when they were strong, numerous, and powerful. The ship is rolling a little more, and fear dancing may become a little difficult to-night. The time has at last arrived for the ball, and the ladies appear in their best, which is always a little out of place on board ship. The plainer and neater the better. The Captain, and as many of his officers as are off duty, attend the dance. One gentleman, who did not approve of the collection, of diamond ornaments, &c., makes the remark when passing, 'I suppose the ship is in charge of the Doctor to-night.' I said, 'Live and let live.' The dancing

begins, but the music is very poor. I am instantly asked by the Viscount if I will go up with the Viscountess and Mrs. B. to present the testimonial to the Captain and translate for them. Rather a shock, but perhaps it is better there was no warning. Up we go to the Captain, who is standing in the middle of the room surrounded by many, so I begin my speech, which is a case of 'short and sweet.'

The Captain seems pleased and flattered, and says he has not had many experiences of this sort. Every one seems happy, and I dance and forget for a time that I am a mother-in-law. The Captain dances so well, and does not seem to mind the rolling, and steers his partner as well as he does his ship. I then dance with Mr. D., who steers me somewhat wildly, and eventually falls into a group of four gentlemen who are standing by. Mr. S. always stops his music short when there is a page to turn over. It does not annoy me this time, as it gives me an opportunity to stop and not to go on again that night. The Viscount takes me up to supper, and P. takes the Viscountess. Speeches are made, to which P. has to respond for the Captain in Spanish. It is wonderful how thirsty some people can be

under certain circumstances, and you see to-night champagne did not cost them anything. At 1 o'clock the ball ends, every one being pleased with the evening's jollifications.

March 10th.—Another bright but colder morning. The Brazilians are wrapt up to the eyes, and are ready to land, although we are not expected to reach Lisbon until noon.

How happy they all seem to have reached their destination, and I sincerely wish we had also, as I am so anxious to see my dear child. We at last arrive and anchor opposite the quarantine station, which looks well, with the town of Lisbon on our left. As we are quarantined no one can land, but many small boats come out laden with oranges and birds of different kinds from Seville. There is such a rush of people backwards and forwards that all at once everything becomes generally uncomfortable, with babies crying, and others running about and making a general disturbance. It is really a sight to see the Brazilians, with their purple noses, who appear not to have enough wraps, and therefore are smothered in shawls with fringes of all colours dangling about their legs. We are handed letters and papers, the former containing good news in every

way. We are at last off after the usual scrimmage, but have great difficulty getting out to sea, and lost almost two hours, which is an agreeable topic of conversation for some people who seem to have a certain quantity of steam always ready, and only want a valve turned a little, and you can imagine the rest. It seems so easy to manage a large ship, but, as they say in France, *L'art est difficile mais la critique est facile*.

March 11th.—Am very cold and seedy, and most anxiously wondering how we shall find the children.

March 12th.—Here we are opposite Vigo, a little town built on a hill, and in a few moments we are surrounded by hundreds of boats with every sort and condition of people and things. A poor woman who has really come home to die is let down in a basket into one of the small boats, and looks too miserable for words. After a stop of three hours we steam off for Southampton.

March 13th.—A terrible evening and night have just ended. Waves were going over and over the deck, and it is bitterly cold. As there is a very thick fog, the Captain is unable to enter the Channel. At last we are opposite the Isle of Wight, which is one mass of snow, and the sky so

different to what I have gazed upon for four months, and something strikes cold to the heart. We were to be anchored at daybreak. Luncheon time come, and yet not anchored. At last we near our destination, having been delayed by missing the tide. We are anchored far out, and are looking most anxiously for the tugs and tender which are to take us off. We strain our eyes in vain, and are disappointed more than once as tug after tug passes in disdain. Do you know the feeling of impatience mixed with joy at seeing those loved and long left behind, and then to think all at once that perhaps all may not be well. Perhaps some loved one ill, and a hundred and one things all flash across one's mind, to say nothing of the flutter of one's heart. The tug comes up at last with dear H. and Mr. P. on board. They are good enough to give us news as soon as they are in speaking distance. The doctor passes the ship, and at once friends and relatives come on board. We are off after the excitement. The officers and sailors have, I fear, taken something to keep them warm, and are rather demonstrative. The three cheers go off with a good heart. We reach Waterloo Station about 7.30, having left S. to attend to the luggage, and come by a later

train. We meet our darling, and find her looking rosy, bonnie, and strong. We dine at the dear children's house, and on going home I find that everything had been put in order by my dear child. P. is delighted. We find lovely flowers, telegrams, and letters awaiting us, and go to our rooms after having had a long chat with the dear ones about our journey.

I look back and thank the Almighty most fervently that we have been spared all illnesses and accidents, and have been permitted to meet our dear ones well and happy.

My journey already seems like a long and pleasant dream, of which I shall often think with much pleasure.

ALINE TODD.

VOYAGE OF THE S.S. 'CLYDE' TO BUENOS AYRES.
DAYS' RUNS :

1890	
Oct. 23.	Sailed from Southampton 4 p.m.
„ 24.	272 miles.
„ 25.	330 „
„ 26.	Lisbon, arrived 7 a.m.
„ 27.	„ sailed 9.30 p.m.
„ 28.	216 miles.
„ 29.	360 „
„ 30.	360 „
„ 31.	366 „
Nov. 1.	St. Vincent, arrived 6 a.m., sailed 5 p.m.
„ 2.	330 miles.
„ 3.	350 „
„ 4.	344 „
„ 5.	328 „
„ 6.	265 „ Pernambuco, arr. 6 a.m., sail 5 p.m.
„ 7.	311 „
„ 8.	77 „ Bahia, arrived 5 p.m.
„ 9.	Left Bahia at 11 a.m.
„ 10.	373 miles. From Bahia (15 hours).
„ 11.	361 „ Arrived at Rio 11 a.m.
„ 12.	Left Rio 11 a.m.
„ 13.	343 miles.
„ 14.	368 „
„ 15.	283 „ Arrived at Monte Video, in quarantine 9 a.m.
„ 16.	120 „ Arrive Buenos Ayres Roads 9.30 a.m. Landed at docks 1 p.m.



RETURN VOYAGE OF THE S.S. 'CLYDE.'
DAYS' RUNS:

1891

Feb.	18.		Sailed from Buenos Ayres Roads at 9.30 p.m.
"	19.		Arrived at Monte Video 8 a.m., sailed 5.50 p.m.
"	20.	280 miles.	33.2 South, 51.35 West.
"	21.	384 "	27.57 South, 47.5 West.
"	22.	366 "	Arrived at Rio at 12 noon.
"	24.		Sailed from Rio at 4 p.m.
"	25.	307 miles.	20.2 South, 39.30 West.
"	26.	362 "	14.15 South, 38.36 West.
		78 "	Arrived at Bahia 5 p.m.
"	27.		Sailed from Bahia 1.30 p.m.
"	28.	340 miles.	8.50 South, 35.01 West.
		47 "	Arrive at Pernambuco 3.10 p.m., sailed 7 p.m.
March	1.	242 "	4.33 South, 32.49 West.
"	2.	338 "	0.45 North, 31.5 West.
"	3.	331 "	5.58 North, 29.17 West.
"	4.	362 "	11.39 North, 27.16 West.
"	5.	343 "	St. Vincent, arrived 11.50 a.m. sailed 6 p.m.
"	6.	255 "	20.38 North, 22.56 West.
"	7.	399 "	25.36 North, 19.56 West.
"	8.	345 "	30.30 North, 16.35 West.
"	9.	345 "	35.11 North, 12.36 West.
"	10.	263 "	Lisbon, arrived 8 a.m., sailed 4 p.m.
"	11.		Vigo, arrived 9.30 a.m., sailed 11.30 a.m.
"	12.	363 miles.	47.39 North, 6.12 West.
"	13.	279 "	Arrived Southampton at 4 p.m.

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