



Pay & High. 1842 to the Queen.

A LADY of BUENOS AYRES in her WALKING DRESS.

London, Henry Colburn, 25 G. Mark Lane, St.

SOUTH AMERICA

AND

THE PACIFIC;

COMPRISING A

JOURNEY ACROSS THE PAMPAS AND
THE ANDES,

FROM BUENOS AYRES TO VALPARAISO, LIMA, AND PANAMA;

With Remarks upon the Isthmus.

BY

THE HON. P. CAMPBELL SCARLETT.

TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED

PLANS AND STATEMENTS

FOR ESTABLISHING

STEAM NAVIGATION ON THE PACIFIC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER;

SOLD ALSO BY

GABRIEL WARÉE, LIBRARIAN TO THE BRITISH EMBASSY,
QUAI VOLTAIRE, PARIS.

1838.

3003

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

DEDICATION

TO

HAMILTON HAMILTON, ESQ.,

HER

MAJESTY'S ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY
AT THE COURT OF BRAZIL, &c.

Abinger Hall, January, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE dedication of these pages to you is but a poor acknowledgment of the very great kindness and hospitality I received under your roof at Buenos Ayres. When I returned to England, I had no intention of publishing the notes which I made, occasionally, and irregularly, during my rambles, without any other design

than that of impressing more deeply upon my own mind the recollection of a short visit to a very interesting part of the world. Since that time, as a remedy against too much leisure at home, I resolved, at the persuasion of some friends, to arrange the materials I possessed, not for the purpose of appearing in print, but that the members of my family and a few other persons might be able to read them in a more convenient form. Whilst engaged in this work, I received communications from South America, which induced me to think that if I published the notes I had made there, a portion of which I had already thought it my duty to submit to the Foreign Office, the result might be attended with some practical utility.

In Chile, I had made acquaintance with Mr. Wheelwright, a gentleman from the United States, who was formerly North American consul at Guayaquil, and who had resided many years in South America. He was at that time endeavouring to procure decrees from

the governments of several states in favour of a plan for effecting steam navigation on the western coast of America. Having obtained these, he came to England to form a British company sanctioned by a royal charter, and I have reason to believe that his project will be crowned with success.

His plans appeared to me ably and accurately stated, and are consistent with the impressions I received myself in those countries. Feeling the advantages which must accrue to the commercial world from the establishment of steam communication along the whole western coast of the Americas, particularly if it could, hereafter, be combined with railroads or canals across Central America or the Isthmus to unite the two seas, I determined, with Mr. Wheelwright's assistance, to bring his observations as well as my own on the same subject, more under public notice. The promotion of these views is, I am convinced, calculated to produce inestimable

benefit to the general interests of trade, and will also have the effect, if adopted, of bringing remote regions of the globe full of natural resources, more under the influence of a better social and political atmosphere.

Mr. Wheelwright's long experience of those countries entitles his opinions to considerable weight, and I may add, that the respect entertained for his character by all the British merchants in South America with whom he has been in the habit of frequent intercourse, and their attachment to him personally, founded on a knowledge of his integrity and prudence, and of his character for indefatigable zeal in whatever he undertakes, seem to render this gentleman a most efficient person for carrying so important a design into execution.

If I have yielded to the solicitation of others in mixing up with more worthy topics my own personal narrative, it was not from the desire of reputation as an author, to which I have

not the vanity to pretend, but with a hope that objects of immeasurable value, which so many are anxious to see realized, may find their way more readily to the attention of the public through such persons as are induced to read my book because they happen to take an interest personally in the author; and I am satisfied that I should do injustice to your feelings, as well as to my own, if I did not place you among that number.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

P. CAMPBELL SCARLETT.

ILLUSTRATIONS, VOL. I.

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MAPS, VOL. I.

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ERRATA, VOL. I.

Page 23, last line, for "animalcula" read "animalculæ."
33, heading over pages, instead of "Rio and Voyage
to La Plata" read "Rio de Janeiro."
74, line 11, after word "excite" omit "a."
99, 10, for "Quattras" read "Catres."
156, 5, for "Pantano" read "Pantana"
177 and 178, for "Biscachas" read "Biscachos."
198, line 6, for "kancho" read "rancho."
202, 10, after word "friend" place a comma.
234, 3, remove asterisk from word "fact" and
place it at word "Aconcagua" in line 7.
258, line 1, for "Melchior" read "Melchor" (and
the same throughout).

ERRATA IN MAPS, VOL. I.

In map of route across the Pampas, for "Novorra" read
"Navarro."
For "Baranquitos" read "Baranquita."

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SOUTH AMERICA

AND

THE PACIFIC.

CHAPTER I.

Farewell to England—Lord Mount Edgumbe's gardens—Miseries of a sea-voyage—Sea-sickness and its cure—Gun-room—Moustafa—French vessel in sight—Heavy swell—Porto Santo—Its first discovery—Arrival at Madeira.

*August 2d, 1834, H. M. S. North Star,
on her passage to Madeira.*

BEING attached to H. M. mission at Rio de Janeiro, I took leave of England at Plymouth. I embarked, indeed, at Portsmouth, with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, who are

going out to Buenos Ayres; but we had occasion to put into the harbour at Plymouth, that Mr. Hamilton might receive there his final instructions from the Foreign Office, and I took this opportunity of once more bidding England farewell, in Lord Mount Edgecumbe's beautiful gardens on the opposite side of the river to the town.

These grounds are laid out with great taste, and the flourishing condition of a variety of foreign shrubs, which are seldom found in these latitudes, seems to indicate a resemblance in soil and climate with those parts of the globe which are more favoured by the sun. I may mention, particularly, the great number of cork-trees which flourish admirably there, and grow into large timber.

I lingered long on the green velvet turf, which is England's boast, above all other

countries; whilst a brilliant sunset gave this "gem of the sea" additional charms, and increased my regret at leaving so lovely a scene, to be conveyed in a wooden prison over the immeasurable waste of waters.

Are there not miseries enough at sea, cramped up in so narrow a space,—pitching, tossing, creaking, and lurching,—without adding sea-sickness to the list!

I am now, however, recovering a little from the first agonies of this grievous malady; but there are many other persons in the ship who are still in the height of their suffering. A cook-boy, especially, is so ill and exhausted, that the surgeons think his life in danger; and a great Newfoundland puppy is "as sick as a dog."

The North Star is a slow sailer, but by the good seamanship of her officers, and a crowd

of canvass, we hope to reach Madeira within ten days. The wind is fair, and the swell diminishes as we leave the bay of Biscay behind us.

One word more about sea-sickness. Half the world who are not sick, try to persuade the other half that eating is the best thing to cure it. This is an absurd fallacy. Sea-sickness produces a still weaker state of the stomach than that which causes it; for strong stomachs are never very sick; and to give double work to the digestive organs, when they are unfit to work at all, is only making matters worse. Two days restriction to tea and toast alone, will, I am confident, pave the way to convalescence. Further indulgence may be permitted when the appetite is quite restored; but not before.

MONDAY, 4th. — The weather continues

fine, with a favourable steady breeze from the N. E.

Yesterday, being Sunday, we all dined with the gun-room officers. The lieutenants always invite their captain on a Sunday. I was never in the society of naval officers without finding them well-informed and agreeable. I love their frank and generous hearts of British oak, and as for *Jack*, who can see him without admiration, especially when he dances a reel on the forecastle?

To-day, for the first time since I left the shore, my head has suffered me to read. I have begun Morier's novel, *Ayesha*. Old Moustafa, the renegade German, was a janissary of the palace at Pera. His character for goodnature, oddity, and cowardice, is faithfully represented. When Sir Stratford Canning left Constantinople, Moustafa's fears of being murdered, if

he remained behind, induced him to solicit, unsuccessfully, a place under my protection as valet. Often have I wandered over Istantoul with him. He had been in London, and was not a little proud of talking of *Piccadilly Street*, and *Westminster Street*. After the British embassy left Constantinople he entered the Dutch ambassador's service as a guard; but he is now restored to his former employment.

5th.—French vessel in sight—delightful weather—breeze freshening. I have been reading an account of Madeira, which is described as a sort of earthly paradise, and the land of hospitality.

6th.—Heavy swell all last night—worse today—puddings* and fiddles in great request, to keep the dishes from dancing—hope to arrive the day after to-morrow at Madeira. Began read-

* Names given at sea to small sand-bags and cords stretched across the tables.

ing a history of the settlement of the South-American colonies, and Columbus's first discovery of the Continent, which is very interesting.

7th.—Running by Porto Santo, a craggy picturesque little island, forty miles north of Madeira. It has a few fishermen's huts; and one solitary date-tree is all it boasts of wood.

Porto Santo is said to have been discovered by John Gonzales Zarco, and Tristan Vaz, two gentlemen of the household of Henry, Duke de Viseo, a nephew of Henry IV. of England. These two mariners were instructed to double Cape Bojador, and thence to steer southwards. A storm drove their vessels to the west, and when they expected every moment to perish, they were thrown on an unknown island, which, from their happy escape, they named Porto Santo.

The discovery of this rock was considered of such importance, that they immediately returned to Portugal with the news. Next year, Henry sent out a colony, and when they began to be established there, they observed towards the south, a fixed spot in the horizon, like a small black cloud. By degrees they were led to conjecture that it might be land, and steering towards it, they arrived at a considerable island, uninhabited, and covered with wood,—which, on that account, they called Madeira.*

8th.—This morning at four o'clock, the officer of the watch awoke me, to say we were close to Madeira. I jumped out of my cot, put on a cloak, and ran on deck. We were sailing by the island, with a fresh breeze, and in a smooth sea; but as we got in under the land, it fell

* Spanish word for wood.

calm, and we had a heavy swell, which was very disagreeable.

At mid-day we came to anchor opposite the fort of Funchal. The appearance of the island in the morning had disappointed me. It was then like a burnt up brown mountain, rising out of the sea, without any verdure; but, approaching Funchal, the white town, the villas, and the woods, are remarkably picturesque.

A Portuguese frigate, commanded by Captain Bertrand, alias Price (why he changed his name I know not), has brought out a Pedroite governor from Lisbon, to supersede Don Miguel's man, who has taken himself off to Terceira. We saluted Donna Maria's flag with fifteen guns, and were answered by the fort.

CHAPTER II.

MADEIRA.

Visit to the governor—A Portuguese garden—A Pedroite dinner-party—Madeira ladies—An attack and retreat—Unpleasant company—A Portuguese quinta or country-house—Dinner at Funchal—Masquerade—Portuguese beauties—A native dance—A convent and a beautiful nun—Departure from Madeira.

ON landing with Mr. Hamilton and the captain, we met the consul, Mr. Veitch, walking down to welcome us, and we went with him to call on the governor. His name is Al Buquerque, and I believe he was a minister in Palmella's government. He received our party

very courteously, but, from the unfurnished state of his residence, to which he had only come the day before, he was unable to offer the British minister and his friends any hospitality. The Hamiltons have been invited by Mr. Phelps, to live with him at Funchal, during our stay at Madeira; but the Captain and myself have accepted Mr. Veitch's invitation to the consulate. The consul's garden is full of tropical fruit-trees and flowers, and I am struck with the brilliancy of the Hibiscus, and the size of the Verbena shrub,—which latter has much broader leaves than I ever saw in England. The Papau-tree offers a curious contrast to the trees of our northern region. It resembles a little the cocoa-nut.

10th.—We were invited to dine to-day with a Portuguese gentleman, who had a large party of Pedroites, to meet Captain Bertrand. During

the interregnum of governors, Captain Bertrand acted as chief himself, and the dinner was expressly to him. Among the guests was a lieutenant on board the frigate, who is a natural son of Don Pedro, and very like him. There were about thirty persons assembled, and every body talked very loud, and drank a great deal of Madeira, which was accompanied by constant toasts, and roars of nine times nine, shouted out with a vehemence I never witnessed any where else. On endeavouring, after dinner, to effect our escape before the rest of the party had begun to move, we encountered, in a long room through which we had to pass, a whole bevy of dark-eyed Madeira ladies.

In spite of their attractions, we felt no desire to abandon our intention of retiring; but there was no choice, and we were obliged to remain for some time, waiting and watching some

decent occasion for retreating. There was to be a ball, and these belle brunettes were all ranged against a wall, on a long bench, expecting their Portuguese beaus from the room we had left. Presently they came in, brim full of Madeira and admiration; and whilst the greeting was going on, we took that opportunity to slip away.

11th.—Such a night as the last, I hope never to pass again. The consul not having expected company, and his house being under repair, he was unable to give me a better bedroom than one without any plaster to the ceiling. Soon after I had put out the candle, I felt certain indications that I was attacked by a numerous host of insects, which, though pigmy in size, seemed, like the giant to “smell the blood of an Englishman.” The sense of feeling was not the only sense they offended. Imagination, no doubt, added

to my torments. I conceived that they were descending from the uncovered ceiling in myriads, upon their unhappy prey. Resistance was vain—I could find no safety but in retreat. I determined to seek refuge upon a sofa in the drawing-room, and seizing one of the sheets, I first shook it with all my might, to dislodge the enemy, and then throwing it round me, fled from the field of blood, groping my way as softly as I could in the dark, to the drawing-room.

I had made sufficient noise, however, to disturb a servant in an adjoining apartment. Believing me to be a robber, he entered the drawing-room immediately after me, armed with a cudgel, a lighted candle, and accompanied by a huge dog. As the light was thrown upon a bloody spectre in a white sheet, his step was suddenly arrested, and he seemed

to be invoking the "angels and ministers of grace," whilst I explained to him, in the few unearthly sounds which I could utter in his language, from whence I came, and what was my mission. He appeared satisfied, and took his leave, but not without the precaution of placing his dog on guard, to watch my future movements. The suspicions of the dog were not so soon allayed as those of his master. He took his position near me, and, as I imagined at first, intended by an occasional growl only to give me notice that the sentry was on the alert. I soon found, however, that the poor animal was suffering the same sort of torture as that from which I had escaped, though probably from a minuter race of insects, which had gathered upon him from the floor. Against their incessant assaults, he made a vigorous and unremitting defence, by an interminable

succession of growling, whining, champing with his jaws, scratching, and, as he scratched, thumping the floor with his heavy hinder feet. I watched with sleepless and feverish impatience the approach of day, and hastened at the first dawn to rescue myself from my companions of the night. Peace be to the house of the consul! I shall never disturb it again at midnight.

12th.—To-day, the party from the North Star were invited to meet us, and proceed to Mr. Phelps's country-house, up the mountain. We rode upon little rough-shod horses, and spent the day at his *quinta*. The view from it is delightful. Situated in the midst of woods, vineyards, and gardens, it looks down on the blue bay beneath, which is studded with ships. Our descent was annoying, from the steepness, and the slippery stones with which the road is

in part paved. The guides, who followed our ponies, pricked them forward with the point of their sticks, and often forced us to gallop, at the risk of breaking our necks, whilst they roared out a drunken chorus all the way down, with perfect indifference to our fate.

It was dark and late when I reached the consul's house; and full of the recollection of the last night's horrors, I sent down my luggage to the shore, and found a boat to carry me to my cot in the North Star.

14th.—At sea. I dined at a Portuguese merchant's the day before we sailed from Funchal. He had included me among the officers of the ship, with whom he was personally acquainted, and I had no reason to repent having accepted the invitation. His Madeira wines were all excellent, the dinner sumptuous, and his manners, and reception of his guests, obliging and

in good taste; in addition to which, he speaks English perfectly.

After dinner we all went to a masquerade ball, given by the consul. The gardens were brilliantly lighted with coloured glass lamps, hung in festoons about the shrubs. The music was the worst feature of the evening, being an unskilful band from the Portuguese frigate. But though our ears were disappointed, ample amends were afforded to our eyes, by the sight of the Madeira beauties in their native costume, especially of one to whom a gallant officer in the room had evidently lost his heart.

There was a native dance performed by a party hired for the purpose. The dancers form a circle, and use handkerchiefs to connect the one with the other. It resembles in its slow movement and gestures the Romaic dance

of modern Greece. At last I became tired, and, as nobody else would accompany me, I groped my way alone to the sea-shore, along the narrow, unlighted streets; and after being roughly challenged several times, by a sentinel on guard near the beach, I stumbled over the sleepy boatmen, who, with my help, launched a boat, in which I was conveyed on board.

I visited a convent in the morning, with Captain Harcourt and the Hamiltons. Through the gratings we were permitted to see the face of a nun, called Clementina, who has long been celebrated as a beauty—too long indeed—as her charms are now rapidly fading away, before the quickening sun of her native island.

We sailed yesterday morning, but it was nearly dark before we lost sight of the white houses, scattered villas, and green woods of

Funchal. An East India ship weighed with us, having first sent on board the North Star to say she desired to be convoyed across the Line, where acts of piracy are very frequent.

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CHAPTER III.

VOYAGE TO RIO.

Flying-fish—Harpooning—Heat—Monotony of sea life—
Moonlight at sea—Liquid illumination—Phosphorescent animalculæ—Approach to the line—A suspicious craft—Crossing the line—Neptunian ceremonies—The trade-winds—Arrival at Rio—Unequalled beauty of the scene.

Saturday, August 6th.

LATITUDE $24^{\circ} 30'$, longitude $21^{\circ} 10'$. Rolling along with the wind aft, the very same breeze from the N. E. which brought us to Madeira, but now a steady trade-wind. East-Indiaman in sight, crowding all sail to keep up with us, in spite of our slow sailing.

The flying-fish have begun to appear. They

skim over the tops of the wave, to avoid the vessel, and the large fish in pursuit of them. These last frequently jump high out of the water, in the endeavour to spring upon their flying prey. At first I took these fish for swallows; as their skimming motion, and long fins, resemble that bird when on the wing. They are often half a minute suspended above the sea.

Officers harpooning at the end of the studing-sail boom, but without success. Fish called Albicore, not so large as sharks, are swimming all round the ship. One of them, which was struck several days ago, still keeps with us. We can identify him by an injury on his scales, inflicted by the point of the harpoon.

The glass is at 78° in the shade, and our rate not less than eight miles per hour. I had

a window cut in my cabin-door to-day, for ventilation.

Friday, 21st.—Latitude $13^{\circ} 45'$, longitude $26^{\circ} 11'$. Same wind, N. E. trade. Very little motion. Great monotony and want of excitement. Whist every night in the cabin. Reading, walking, and eating, employ the day. I sometimes walk part of the middle watch with the officer on duty. Then is the time to admire the moonlight streaming along the waves, which, breaking at their summit, appear all bespangled with liquid illumination; or if a cloud obscures the moon, how beautiful is the effect of the phosphorescent water, through which the ship is ploughing her "arrowy" way!

I fished out of the cabin-window with a towel, for some of these glowing flakes astern, and on straining through the towel the animalcula which cause them, and shaking it in the

dark, those which adhered to it still emitted a pale ray of light, like a spark not quite extinguished. They appeared in the towel to be little black specks, not so large as a pin's head.

We shall soon reach the line. We have already outstript the sun on his return to the southern hemisphere, and the climate begins to be insupportably hot. The glass in the shade is at 86° .

Sept. 1st.—For a week we had S.W. winds in our teeth, with a head sea; which last accompaniment, as usual, often sent me to my cot in the daytime. The East-Indiaman has disappeared for the last week. I conclude she thought we were going to cross the line too near the coast of Brazil; which is the modern man-of-war method of making a passage, to avoid the calms which prevail to the eastward. We met an American man-of-war schooner,

yesterday, and shortened sail at her signal, to speak with her. She was from Boston, called the *Enterprise*, and bound, like ourselves, to Rio. She looked very piratical, and had the Indiaman seen her where we met her, on the line, her appearance was calculated to have created much alarm to a merchant vessel, on the peace establishment; for piracy in these quarters is very common. I observed that most of the officers were without uniforms, and altogether, a more suspicious looking craft is rarely seen.

Sept. 3d.—We crossed the line yesterday, and to-day are undergoing Neptune's discipline of ducking. Although the officers and passengers generally escape the most painful part of the ordeal, to which the more humble uninitiated are subject, they are often drenched to the skin, as I have been for the last hour, on the deck, with buckets of water.

It was last night, on approaching the equator, that Neptune hailed the North Star, from under the bowsprit, and promised to pay his children a visit next day, to give them "a taste of the line." This communication was repeated in a dripping despatch, thrown from the chains by an unseen triton, over the side, and directed to the captain. A barrel of flaming pitch was next observed, floating down to leeward, whilst a bugle announced a farewell for the night from Neptune, whose fiery car was supposed to be bearing him away to his bed on the top of the waves.

This morning, after breakfast, a motley procession began, consisting of Neptune and all his family, cooks, apothecaries, &c. The god himself was seated in a car with Mrs. Neptune, whose red nose told a tale of grog; then followed innumerable tritons, and other odd and

boisterous fishes. The rough work then began, with such of Neptune's darlings as had not crossed the line. The having been subjected to a similar seasoning on crossing the tropic, in a passage to the West Indies, does not exempt those only half-initiated unfortunates who are for the first time crossing the equator into another hemisphere. All hands, old and young, great and small, must be blindfolded in turn, and led between two constables into Neptune's august presence, like a wild elephant between two tame ones. Here the apothecary feels the patient's pulse, and detecting at once his malady, in a twinkling administers a pill of no savoury stuff for his benefit. This calls of course for a remonstrance, upon which a paint brush of *tar* is crammed into the speaker's open mouth to settle his stomach, and his face is bedaubed all over besides. Finally,

after showing fight, or making a more sulky resistance, the victim is pushed into a large sail full of dirty water, under the main hatchway. "Down he falls" backwards, groaning revenge; but not to escape immediately from this new dilemma; for two animals in sheep skins, ycleped bears, seize him when fallen, and souse him over and over again, more or less, according to their love of fun, or their fancy. At last he struggles out on the main deck, covered with dirt, half drowned, and angry enough to murder half the ship's company.

I never heard the origin of this practice, which is universally adopted, I believe, by all nations. It opens too wide a field for the gratification of private pique or dislike among the men, and falls very hard sometimes upon the marines and other land-lubbers, as Jack is

pleased to call all those who are not quite so amphibious as himself.

Sept. 10.—South latitude $14^{\circ} 40'$. Our south-easter is blowing us fairly and rapidly towards Rio; though to-day we have frequently lowered the topgallant sails on account of squalls. We expect to make the coast of Brazil to-morrow, near Cape Frio, where the *Thetis*, in which I was first “borne upon the distant wave,” was wrecked.*

Our passage will have been excellent, if we reach the harbour of Rio to-morrow. A north-east wind blew us away to Madeira without a check. The N. E. trade-wind, a more regular breeze, took us up from Madeira, and carried us, without any change, nearly to the equator, where we encountered what are termed the variables, which prevail in the interval between

* I performed my *first* voyage in that luckless vessel in only thirteen days from Plymouth to Naples.

the N. E. and S. E. trade. For a week here we have had a foul wind from the S. W.; but before we crossed the line, we got into the S. E. trade, which is now carrying us along at eight or nine knots. The old practice was to cross the line nearer to the coast of Africa; but it has been found that calms are much less frequent in a more western longitude, and we crossed in 28° .

Last year a French ship was becalmed on the line, in 13° east longitude, for five weeks. Until within the last two days, the glass has varied but little from the day we passed the Cape de Verd islands; being usually at 80° in the shade. To-day it has fallen to 78° .

Rio Harbour, Sept. 14th.—We made Cape Frio the next day, the 11th, early in the morning, and at 10 o'clock at night we anchored close to the Spartiate, in the harbour of Rio.

It blew very fresh at daylight, and before 12 o'clock the wind increased. This is usually the case off Cape Frio. The temperature was then quite cool. The name of Frio was properly bestowed on this cape; the weather being usually colder here than on any other part of the adjacent coast.

We sailed rapidly along under reefed topsails, and soon distinguished the blue outline of the mountainous coast near Rio, and especially the remarkable and fantastic peak on our left, which terminates in a ridge representing Lord Hood's nose—by which appellation it is now known by all English sailors.

We passed several small green islands, outside the harbour, covered with wood, and apparently uninhabited, excepting one, which has a lighthouse and signal-post upon it. But the real beauty does not burst upon the view until you are within the harbour: then, when the

sun is shining, the miraculous beauty of this spot baffles description. It is quite impossible to imagine such a combination of the sublime and the beautiful. The verdure, not in patches, but spreading over the whole scene; the tropical woods; the grandeur of the spacious harbour; the variety of shape in the amphitheatre of mountains and winding bays;—then the white city of Rio itself, the villas and villages: all these together present a picture surpassing the power of the most poetical imagination to conceive. I have seen Constantinople, Naples, Smyrna, and many places which make an indelible impression by their beauty, on the mind of all admirers of the picturesque; but no one, nor all of these together, can bear comparison for an instant with the charms of the harbour of Rio Janeiro.

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CHAPTER IV.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

Mr. Gore Ouseley's villa—Ball at the Russian consul-general's—External aspect of Rio—State of the slave population—Chamber of deputies—A diplomatic dinner — Botanical garden — Visit to a sugar estate—Emigration to the Brazils—Night scenery—Fireflies—Bats à la Freischutz—Return to Rio.

Rio, Sept. 16th.—I am the guest of Mr. Gore Ouseley, secretary of legation to the British mission at Rio. The house is like an Italian villa, with a large flight of marble steps,

approached by a long avenue of mango-trees. The situation is on a hill above the outskirts of Rio, and close to Botafogo bay, a village surrounded by good residences, and much in fashion among the foreign residents. From the windows of the room in which I write, I can see every ship enter the harbour, and on applying the telescope to a signal-post on a hill, and referring afterwards to a printed account of the code of signals, I can learn the exact size and description of vessel.

I have been to a ball at the Russian consul-general's, where I was formally introduced to all the diplomatic corps. If the head had not been intolerable, the evening would have been agreeable enough, as the best people at Rio were collected there. Ices were served, being the first introduction of that luxury into the Brazils, in consequence of a cargo of ice from Boston.

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The Brazilian portion of the company were prodigiously eager to partake of them—few having tried the experiment before. They were evidently novices, from the way in which they set about the operation. One man, in particular I observed, first biting the ice with his teeth. The agony this caused induced him, on the second attempt, to thrust the spoon half-way down his throat, for fear of being frost-bitten again.

I have been once to walk about the city, The heat, together with the *mauvais odeur* of the crowded black population, render an excursion of this sort any thing but agreeable. In fact, in so hot a country as this, people should forget they have legs at all, and should either ride, or use a carriage, if they ever make up their minds to quit a sofa.

I was struck, as at Madeira, with the want

of windows in the shops. The light enters each shop by the door only, and the interior is kept cooler by presenting mere outside wall to the sun. There is, also, greater security from depredation or political disturbance; as, the moment the massive door with its iron bars is shut, each house is an impregnable fortress. But on this account, the whole line of street presents, below the upper stories, a sombre view to the eye; and there is nothing in the architecture of the roof and walls to make up for this defect: so that you have the appearance (if I may use the expression) of a city without eyes.

The town winds along the beach, following its sinuosities, and stretching back towards the hills. The Rua-direita is the largest and best street. It is full of European, and especially of French shops. A handsome aqueduct, in an

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elevated part of the city, forms one of the principal objects worth remarking; and between Rio and Botafogo is a straggling line of houses, interrupted by a picturesque woody hill, on which is built the church of Nostra Senora da Gloria. The palace of the emperor, with the chamber of the deputies, is in a square where boats land from the ships; and here, also, is a tolerable French coffee-house. These comprise all the sights worth speaking of in Rio. In fact, it is not within the city itself that its beauties are to be appreciated, but at the mysterious distance of two miles from the shore, where the eye cannot inspect the details. The houses then assume the aspect of palaces; the churches and high steeples have an imposing character; the dirty stone fronts look like elegant white marble; and the breeze—which seldom penetrates the town winding under the

hills, but is felt on the harbour on board the ships—gives one the power of contemplating, in comparative coolness, the most enchanting panorama in the world.

The slave-market no longer exists, since the convention with England for the suppression of that trade; but the negro is still degraded here to the appearance of a more loathsome object than any other animal. They drag bales of goods along the street, harnessed to a sort of low machine on wheels; or carrying them on poles, they keep time as they tread, and inspire one another to exertion by singing some incoherent monotonous song. Add to this their hideous ugliness and vacant countenances, and one is almost tempted to imagine that they are, morally as well as physically, beneath the rest of the human race. They lie about the streets by night and by day, on heaps of dirt, without

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showing more inclination for cleanly habits than if they were mere swine ; and in their yet abused and degraded state they are really little better.

I visited the chamber of deputies while it was sitting. The house is small, but well adapted for the voice. The speaker sits on a sort of throne, under a canopy, at a table, where he and two clerks seemed to be engrossed in taking notes. The benches for the members are arranged in a semicircle opposite to the throne. What they were about I was not sufficiently learned in Portuguese to understand.

Sept. 24th.—On Thursday we went from this house to dine with the French minister ; all the diplomatic corps, with one exception, being invited. The dinner was given in particular to Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton. It was good, considering the climate,—where, as an experienced

diplomatist has observed, fish generally stinks a little before it is caught. The heat was excessive; and it was increased by the position of the house, which is built under a sandy cliff, to the exclusion of the land breeze at night. I believe there were cards and music, in a richly carpeted room—(richly carpeted, I suppose, to prevent people from catching cold, and to keep them all warm and comfortable!)—but I fell asleep immediately after dinner, on a sofa, to the tune of the sea breaking on the shore, without a breath of air to give any spirit to its lazy splash.

Sept. 26th.—Made an excursion to the Botanical Garden, four miles beyond Botafogo. It is prettily situated under lofty wood-clothed mountains, and is laid out on the most extensive scale. It loses some of the interest to an European, by the attempt to introduce plants

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from our hemisphere, which do not flourish here in perfection. But there are the boast of these sunny regions—the palm, the coconut, mango, bread-fruit, cochineal, banana, and the tea-plant,—to which latter, by the way, the climate of Rio seems peculiarly favourable.

A large party sat down to a pic-nic dinner, amidst all these rarities of nature, tormented all the time by myriads of mosquitoes, produced by the low, marshy ground of the garden.

On Saturday we went with the Marquis de Barbacena to his son-in-law the Viscount of Santo Amaro's sugar estate. We had to cross the bay, and our party being large it was divided between two boats, one of which was occupied by the ladies. One boat was rowed by eight negroes. The sea was perfectly smooth, without a ripple, and the heat something too dreadful to be described; but the party being gay

and lively, I found it agreeable, in spite of the torrid zone. Our rowers were nearly naked, and with their backs exposed to the vertical rays of a tropical sun, in a dead calm, they worked at the oars for five hours, with scarcely any respite for breathing, or any abatement of speed. The other boat was in the service of the government, and rowed by eight sailors, two of whom were Indians, with long, straight hair, and Calmuck-looking countenances.

After pulling for four hours across the bay, we entered a narrow river, winding between sedgy muddy banks, and at last reached the landing-place, from which we started immediately for Santo Amaro's estate. A carriage was in waiting to convey the ladies, whilst we were supplied with horses and mules. All the rest had galloped out of sight of M. de Barbacena and myself, who rode very slowly. His

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conversation was chiefly on the future prospects of Brazil, and he particularly adverted to Wilmot Horton's emigration system, which, he said, might be of immense advantage, if it were to be encouraged, for the colonization of this country. He foresaw great reason to dread the overwhelming majority of the black population, the disproportion of which to the whites was a constant source of anxiety to the government. On this account in particular, he had often wished to encourage Mr. Horton in his scheme for relieving England of her superfluous population. Such were his opinions. But what reliance can be reposed in future upon the government of Rio de Janeiro, after the barbarous treatment experienced by those Irish emigrants, four thousand two hundred of whom were inveigled by false promises, to abandon their homes, in the hope of ameliorating their condition in Brazil. These unfortunate ad-

venturers were led to expect food, clothing, money, and land; instead of which, considerable numbers were half-starved to death, then goaded by their sufferings to rebellion, and after being exposed to the ferocity of a population of furious black slaves, armed on purpose to destroy them, the greater part of those who survived an indiscriminate slaughter, were shipped off again to Ireland, to learn that "charity begins at home."

Our road lay through a sandy lane, with impervious underwood growing on both sides. On the one hand was a narrow strip of green brushwood, bounded by the bay and its beautiful scenery; on the other, a large plain of wood was flanked by several soft-looking hills, also covered with timber to their summits. Over these again appeared the ragged and curiously-formed tops of the *Organ* mountains, which are so called, I conclude, from their perpendicular

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peaks, representing the pipes of that instrument. These are totally barren and naked, and contrast strongly with the soft and well-dressed scenes below. The universal verdure is very striking, and my attention was drawn to the variety of colours in the plumage of the birds, as well as to the singularity of some of their notes. That of the Ben-te-vi, in particular, is very remarkable. This bird pronounces plainly, and in a melancholy tone, the three syllables (*ben-te-vi*) from which it takes its name.

Before sunset we passed a very bright green field of young sugar-canes, which I then saw for the first time. It now became quite dark overhead, but another light seemed to start up from beneath; myriads of large fireflies were instantly in motion all around us; whilst the silence of the evening was disturbed by an infinite variety of nocturnal noises, unknown in our quiet region;—the croaking of frogs, resem-

bling the beating of a hammer in a blacksmith's forge ; the shrill chirpings of innumerable grasshoppers ; with other sorts of unknown screechings and chatterings, resembling in united sound nothing I ever heard before, except the accompaniment to the forging of bullets in the incantation scene of *Der Freischutz*. Bats of an enormous size, of the real vampire breed, ever and anon darted across our horses' heads, with their long black wings almost near enough to touch our faces.

The house of the Viscount has nothing remarkable about it. It has a long open piazza on one side, and has no upper story. It stands in the midst of what, in England, would be taken for a collection of barns ; but, on inspection, they turn out to be a mill for grinding canes, the sugar-baking house, and the negro huts or cottages.

We fared nobly in point of *cuisine* ; and even

ice was brought from Rio, to make ices and to cool the wine. But the heat was worse than in the city: as the woods prevented the access of the breeze by day, and the hills under which the house is built effectually shut out the land breeze at night: so there was no relief against being baked. It was too hot to stir out in the day, beyond the sugar-baking scene. At night we had quadrilles and music. The dress of the negro women on this estate is very picturesque. Madame de St. Amaro has, I am told, imitated the costume of those negroes who live at Bahia. It is *décolleté* off one shoulder, tight at the waist, and the head adorned by a white turban, which adds a brilliancy to the black eyes and shining skin underneath it. There were two little spoilt negro children running about the house in this costume, whose quality of dress was of a more expensive kind, though

preserving the same form; and, in spite of their black faces, they really looked handsome.

Thick woods, but containing no very high timber surround the estate, which is only partially cleared for agriculture. I did not venture to explore them in search of monkeys, parrots, and rattle-snakes, with which they are said to abound; and even if I had had that inclination, it would have been rendered a more perilous undertaking from the state of the weather than from any other cause. The glass stood always at 90° in the shade, and there was no wind; so that if one had escaped the bite of a rattle-snake in the woods, it would only have been because one was destined to be stifled to death before one arrived there.

On the following day I returned to Rio, in company with two or three of the guests, and the marquis kindly furnished me with an active

mule for the journey. Instead of returning to the bay, we rode along the coast at some distance from it, through the woods. One of the gentlemen knew the greater part of the road, and when he doubted, we were set right at an occupied hut in a cleared part of the country.

Before entering the town, we passed the country palace of the emperor, at a place called San Christovao. It has a gate like that of Sion House, the model I believe, if not the original, being a present from the Duke of Northumberland to the late emperor. *J. João VI.*

CHAPTER V.

VOYAGE TO BUENOS AYRES.

Departure from Rio—Speedy change of climate—Population of the Banda—Proverbially healthy climate—Dictatorship of Rosas—Universal anarchy—Extraordinary accuracy of nautical calculations—La Plata—Dangers of its navigation—Monte Video the rival of Buenos Ayres—General Rosas—Description of the town—Costume of the Gauchos—Arrival at Buenos Ayres.

BUENOS AYRES, Oct. 12.—For reasons which it is unnecessary to mention in this place, I was induced to leave Rio de Janeiro again in

the North Star, on a trip to Buenos Ayres. In three days our departure from the tropic towards the south pole was marked by a total change of climate. On the fourth day we all got into winter cloathing.

On the seventh day we entered the Plata. Of this we had notice, not from the appearance of land—for the distance from side to side at the entrance is upwards of a hundred miles—but from the change we soon perceived in the colour of the water. The blue ocean had disappeared entirely, and we found ourselves sailing through dirty white waves, with a bottom at from twelve to nine fathoms by the lead, which of course was continually heaved overboard.

The fog here became so thick that nothing but the colour of the water, and the accuracy of the chronometers, indicated our position. To

show the certainty with which navigation is carried on, I must mention that whilst Captain Harcourt pointed with his finger to the spot on the chart at which we had arrived according to nautical calculation, (being the only place at which nine fathoms was marked as the depth of the water), the man in the chains sung out "by the deep nine." A short time afterwards we were close upon the small island of Lobos, which is covered with seals and sea birds, and we soon anchored for the night at Maldonado, close to two French whalers. Here a pilot came on board, with a ruddy fresh-coloured face, indicating the difference between the climate of the Plata, and that of Rio, where the European race all look pale and sickly.

The fog almost prevented us from seeing the coast, but I occasionally caught a glimpse

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of a low flat green plain, without wood of any kind, and, as far as the eye could reach, quite level in appearance with the water. This was the territory of the Banda Oriental. We reached Monte Video, the capital, the next day at about two o'clock, just in time to escape a heavy gale from the south-west. This wind is called a Pampero, on account of its blowing over the Pampas, whence it comes with the suddenness and violence of a hurricane. Many vessels are lost every year by this wind; and by reason of the frequent shifting of the sandbanks, the navigation of the Plata, from its mouth to Buenos Ayres, a distance of about two hundred miles, is often extremely hazardous. I have been told that it is impossible for small vessels under sail to withstand the fury of these blasts, and that they are sometimes

dismasted or capsized even at anchor. The Spaniards have aptly termed the river Plata, the "hell of mariners." ("El infierno de los marineros.")

We were now riding at anchor in sight of the town, in a heavy swell, but with fine clear piercing weather, which always accompanies a Pampero,—rendering the atmosphere quite pure and refreshing.

The town is situated on one side of a bay, and on the opposite side there is a steep, green hill, the only one in sight for many miles. From this hill the city takes its name, of Monte Video, or as the English clip and translate it, "the mount." This hill is surmounted by a fort and signal staff for ships.

I landed with Captain Harcourt, to visit the consul, and we afterwards rambled through

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the streets, and round the suburbs, to inspect the principal city and capital of the Banda Oriental. This state separates Brazil from the river Plata, and is about as large as France, with a population, exclusive of Indians (who are migratory and uncertain), not exceeding 100,000 souls, counting the inhabitants both of town and country. By the last census there were only 30,000 returned, but the numbers have more than trebled since.

M. Isabel, a French traveller of some research, calculates the population of the Banda to be above 70,000; giving seven or eight inhabitants to every square league, and computing the superficies of the republic at 12,000 leagues. In this vast territory the humidity of the soil, which is watered by numerous rivers, is corrected by the Pampero, a remarkably dry wind. Its climate is proverbially

healthy, and it is evident that the thinness of the population must arise from political, and not from natural causes, in a country where health and nourishment never fail. M. Isabel divides this territory into nine departments, possessing three principal towns, Monte Video, La Colonia, and Maldonado. Fifteen small towns, and eight hamlets, without including estancias, or farms, and ranchos, or cottages. Monte Video having a better port, and not a worse government, bids fair to become a city of greater trade and wealth than its opposite rival, Buenos Ayres. The influence of Rosas is already supreme at Buenos Ayres. Under his controul the president and his ministers have but a nominal authority; and, as is usual in these cases, there is very little doubt of his assuming, shortly, the presidency himself; but from what I have heard, he is not

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likely to effect much improvement in the external relations of a country the majority of whose inhabitants entertain the greatest indifference to them. It is certain, however, that in a military point of view General Rosas has done great service to his country, in resisting the encroachments of the Indians, who, availing themselves of the civil war, had become more than usually troublesome. He drove the greater part of them to the south of the Rio Negro, on which he built a fort at the great pass of Choleechel, which, with other projected military stations, will not only extend the frontiers of the province, but be the best barrier against the marauding incursions of those dreaded enemies. There are some instances of forbearance and self denial in the history of Rosas's former conduct, and certain traits of nobleness and generosity in his character, that have won

the favourable opinion of several very respectable and intelligent persons who have known him, and who augur well of the principles and intentions which now govern him. At the same time it is supposed, that the disposition and prejudices of the principal persons amongst the party of which he is the leader, will not render him more alive than his predecessors to the mutual advantage of enacting measures in favour of trade between the Argentine republic and Europe, and that the British minister may meet with additional difficulty in the attempt to carry the views of his government into effect.*

* Soon after I left South America, Rosas accepted the presidency. The summary manner of executing seventy-five Indians taken in a skirmish at Bahia Blanca, is characteristic of republican ferocity at Buenos Ayres. These prisoners were brought in heavy irons to the city, were taken out the following morning to the Retiro, and

But these changes of rulers, without any reform in the system of government, have become now so frequent, that anarchy seems to have seized upon South America, from one end of it to the other. Since the emancipation from Old Spain, these pigmy brawlers after liberty, who arrogate to themselves the right to misgovern so vast a portion of the globe, are in reality quite incapable of illustrating those principles of independence the profession of which obtained for them too many hasty admirers in Europe, when they threw off their

shot by ten at a time! Their bodies were then thrown into a large fosse, dug for the purpose, and it is more than suspected that some were thrown in but half dead. One poor fellow got up and tried to run away, but he was pursued, caught, and his throat cut!

Rosas has built at the back of his present small residence a magnificent house with two high towers, from which he can command a view of every thing, and observe all that is passing in the town.

old allegiance. Like the rude conquerors of America, incapable of forming their establishments upon any general or extensive plan of policy, attentive only to private interests, and unwilling to forego present gain from the prospect of remote or public benefit,—each successive party, as it obtains a short-lived superiority in the different states, seems occupied only with the means of defending its own power, no matter how acquired, or how the country be governed, which is for a time submitted to its control.

At present, political, as well as other causes, give a superiority to the Banda Oriental, the trade of which country is increasing daily, whilst that of Buenos Ayres is on the decline. Under the mediation of England the territory of the Banda Oriental forms an integral state. Both Brazil and Buenos Ayres went to war, and exhausted their mutual

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resources, in the hope of rounding their territories by the addition of these plains. England, therefore, has in some measure made herself the guardian of the independence of Monte Video, and, under the same auspices, the respective limits of the two states remain to be adjusted, according to the terms of a convention made between them at the termination of the war. The town is still protected to the east by its fortifications; but by the Brazilian treaty these are to be destroyed.

Almost all Spanish American towns are built like a chess-board, the streets cutting each other at right angles; which plan, I believe, was copied from the ancient Indian towns of Mexico and Peru. There is also, in general, a large *plaza* in the centre of the city, in which are situated the cathedral, government offices, and official residences and bureaus. At Monte

Video few houses are above one story from the ground, and each has a flat roof, on which the inhabitants walk, smoke, and drink maté. The streets are moderately wide, with trottoirs at the sides for foot-passengers. They are paved in the middle, and have posts at every corner, as in London. The shops are without windows. Most of the houses are whitewashed. The number of new buildings, and the masses of brick and mortar which obstruct one's progress in the streets, are sure evidences of the progressive improvement and enlargement of the town; whereas the total stagnation of all works of this sort at Buenos Ayres presents a striking contrast, not favourable to the prospects of the latter city.

After a little while the small low brick houses of Monte Video will be supplanted by spacious and lofty buildings in the European taste, which

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are already spreading over the place. Perhaps the terraces or flat roofs, and *azoteas*, so well calculated to increase the enjoyment of the population, who regularly promenade and breathe the fine evening air upon the tops of their houses, will always distinguish the character of the Spanish American residences on the river Plata from those of Europe; though, in other respects, they are not likely to differ materially.

Very few people were walking in the streets. Almost all the customers engaged in shopping, were horsemen, dressed in red and many-coloured *ponchos*, who ambled along, now and then dismounting to purchase goods. They wear prodigiously heavy spurs, which clank on the ground as they tread, and, instead of boots, thrust their legs into the stretched skins of horses' legs, which meet a pair of wide breeches below the knee. This leaves the foot nearly

naked. Their stirrups are of wood or brass, of a triangular shape, and so small that, instead of receiving the whole foot, the stirrup is clasped between the toes;—a painful operation to any one but a gaucho. When they dismount they throw the rein over the neck of the horse, which never moves from the spot until the rider jumps again on his back.

We were escorted by the consul round the suburbs, and our attention was particularly pointed to the ruins of a wall, inside a gate, named the English gate, where a great many of our men perished, in effecting an entrance when storming the town in 1806.

It was no easy matter to get back to the North Star, against a stiff breeze from the sea. She was not more than a mile and a half from the shore, but we were two hours in buffetting with the waves before we got alongside. In such a head sea the shocks we received on the

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In about eighteen hours after leaving Monte Video, the wind having come fair, we dropped anchor in the Roads, nine miles from Buenos Ayres. This town we now saw stretching along the coast, with its domes and spires, which alone denoted the separation of land from water. They indeed appear to rise from the same plain with the sea, and nothing but the elevated buildings mark the beginning of the shore. Monte Video is on the left bank, a hundred miles from the mouth of the river, which is there more than sixty miles broad. At Buenos Ayres, which is on the opposite bank, a hundred miles higher up than Monte Video, the distance across is thirty miles. The river is navigable many leagues farther up, before it is divided into the Paraguay and Uruguay, also navigable, and which, by their junction, form the Plata.

Our pilot wished to cast anchor when night came on, though the wind was fair; but he was laughed out of his fears by the captain, and consented to carry us on through the night.

It blew very hard when we came to anchor among the shipping in the outer roads; so much so that it was not until the following day that we could effect a landing in the cutter; and then not without getting wet to the skin through a rough sea.

As we lay almost aground on the beach, a cart with two wild looking horses, and a wilder looking gaucho for a postilion, drove into the water along side of us, thinking that we should be obliged to make use of his vehicle for disembarking, and, by almost driving over the boat, he appeared determined to force us into compliance with his wishes. We managed, however, to be thrown up amidst the surf, high enough

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to reach the shore without being carted ; which is the common practice, when the decline of the river, after a cessation of wind, makes the approach over the shallows almost impracticable even for a small boat. The cold was so piercing that I was glad to take refuge in the house of my friend, Mr. Gore,* by his fire ; but, after a good warming, I sallied out again with Captain H., in search of apartments at Smith's hotel, where we succeeded in making ourselves comfortable. When the Hamiltons fix upon a house the captain and myself are to be their guests ; but that will not be for some days.

The change of climate, after the heat of Rio, is to me perfectly enchanting. The season is now reckoned more than usually cold.

* Then Secretary of Legation, now Earl of Arran.

CHAPTER VI.

BUENOS AYRES.

Description of a quinta—Scenery on the river—Horse-driving—Description of the town—Scene of English dishonour—Winter in Buenos Ayres—The green humming-bird—Fruits and plants of the climate—Game—Fishing on horseback—Equestrian order of beggars.

OCT. 23.—I am now established at a quinta, which I shall describe. It is the last house at the east end of the town, and is built at the edge of the cliff, above some low marshy ground, over which the river is some-

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times driven up by the wind in large waves, as far as the cliffs. The house stands in a garden of orange-trees, with a large field of grass beyond, where the boundary of this little domain terminates by a high wall. There are only two rooms above the ground floor, one of which I occupy. From the window I can descend to a platform for walking, formed by the flat roof of the lower rooms. Above my apartment is a small observatory. On the roof Captain Harcourt has fixed the Union Jack, and signals are made to the North Star in the day time, or rockets sent up at night for the purpose of communication. This tower commands a view of a great part of Buenos Ayres, with its rectangular streets, its churches, and low flat-roofed houses, all of which resemble those of Monte Video; but, as I observed before, the dirt, neglect, and dilapidation of Buenos Ayres give

one a more unfavourable opinion of it, than of its less pretending and more prosperous neighbour.

The river is always changing its aspect, with the direction and force of the wind. There is no regular tide, but the frequent gales of wind force the water up, in muddy waves, close to the low cliff on which the Quinta is built; and, within a few hours afterwards, I have been astonished to observe the river flowing tranquilly, at least half a mile off, in consequence of a cessation of the wind having suffered it to retire within its natural channel. The intermediate space lately occupied by the roaring waters is now found to consist of green lumps of marshy earth, overgrown with rank grass, and intersected by stagnant pools. At these pools washerwomen of all hues are to be seen, beating the linen with thick sticks,

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to the great discomfiture of shirt-buttons. Beyond this spot begin the sands, which are as good and as smooth as those at any of our English watering-places.

Here may be observed, all day long, a number of carts with very high wheels, drawn by six or eight oxen, two abreast, constantly passing and repassing from the city, to a river which enters the Plata two miles below Buenos Ayres, where small coasting-vessels, land timber and other merchandise, from the neighbouring states. Cattle also, and horses, are frequently seen on their way to pasture, driven along the sands by a single gaucho. This is a lively scene;—the boy's black hair falling over his shoulders—on his head a red cap, the top of which hangs down over his face—and his poncho flying about his ears,—he contrives, by the aid of a whip, to

drive before him, with wonderful skill, a whole regiment of half-broken horses at a gallop, without losing a single deserter from the ranks.

The inner roadstead separated from the outer by a sandbank is occupied by craft of less tonnage. On calm days goods and passengers are conveyed in carts, driven at an alarming pace through the water to these vessels. The horses all pull from the girth, to which is attached a rope a foot long, fastened at the other end to the pole. The gaucho stops the cart by pushing back the pole with his foot, when he checks his horses. There is no quay or harbour. The outer roads are not deep, and a large frigate would be frequently aground when at anchor; but as the bottom is very soft and muddy, hardly any injury is ever sustained from touching it.

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So violent are the gales in this hemisphere during the winter months, that boats are unable to communicate with the shore from the shipping for several days together, and are sometimes lost in the attempt to do so. In fact the river Plata at Buenos Ayres has all the commercial disadvantages of an open boisterous sea, without bay or port to protect shipping; whilst, from the flatness of the coast, and the usual muddy colour of the water, the scenery is any thing but interesting.

The town contains but few objects worthy of notice. It has an incipient museum; a tolerable library; several ill-constructed, half-finished churches; streets badly paved, and full of deep muddy holes, called *pantanas* in Spanish; shops numerous enough, and provided with European goods like those of Monte Video; no lamps at night in the streets; and a

trottoir of flags, so much out of repair and neglected that there is not a pin to choose between picking your way upon this or in the middle of the street, among the armed and mounted gauchos, who look with contempt upon vulgar pedestrians, and hardly condescend to turn their horses out of the way to give them room to pass.

The two most interesting places, to an Englishman, at Buenos Ayres, are also calculated to excite a lasting regret and shame. The first of these is an open square,* in which were passed two useless and unfortunate days by British troops, sent to retake Buenos Ayres. To those days succeeded one on which a treaty was signed, as unexpected as it was dishonourable to England. We abandoned this city, and were made

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to evacuate, not only Buenos Ayres, but even Monte Video, for which there was no pretence. This, too, happened at a time when the population were despairing of gaining any permanent advantage over our army, and a capitulation must have followed, if military skill and decision had been substituted for the weakness which led to a melancholy surrender of our national honour. The second is the church of St. Domingo, where a detachment of our soldiers defended themselves with their usual intrepidity, but receiving no support from the army, which General Whitelock would not allow to move to their assistance, they were obliged to capitulate.*

Had England been suffered to reap the ad-

* Vide proceedings of the court-martial.

vantages of a position which common prudence and generalship might have rendered perfectly secure, these naturally favoured countries would have been now a hundred years in advance of their present abject condition, both in good government and general prosperity.

Oct. 25.—On our way to the English church, in a sort of old-fashioned coach, we stuck fast in several places, and were at last obliged to get out and walk, to lighten the carriage. Constant rains and the neglected pavement render the streets in winter almost impassable.

I am now sitting by a comfortable fire, which I find an essential companion here at the beginning of October—the first month of spring in the southern hemisphere.

I caught a green humming-bird yesterday, that flew into the dining-room, whizzing and buzzing against the glass window, like a large

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bee. This species of humming bird is often to be seen in the gardens, putting its sharp bill into the yellow flower of the tobacco plant. The humming bird is found as far south as the Magellan straits; which seems to indicate a more hardy nature than is generally ascribed to it.* I should have supposed it cold enough at Buenos Ayres to preclude the existence of tropical birds or plants; but the fact is otherwise, especially with regard to plants and trees; for such as flourish in warmer regions do not refuse to grow almost as well in this. The fruits and

* A humming bird has been found in the south of Chili four times as large as the ordinary kind, and is called the Patagonian humming bird (or *Trochilus giganteus*). The colours are not brilliant.

Cold certainly does not affect them, as I have learnt that Sir Joseph Banks found them in North America; and in Mexico, they have been seen where the snow was lying on the ground.

flowers of Europe are not found to answer well here, although, if properly attended to, they grow better at Monte Video.

The ombu tree seems to be nearly the only large indigenous wood in this open country about Buenos Ayres, and it is only valuable for its shade in the summer. The fig and peach tree, now common every where, are said to have been first introduced by the Jesuits. There is a strawberry of an enormous size, but it has not much flavour. It was brought here from Chili, but whether it is originally from Europe I have not learned. Birds, animals, and fish, in different countries, have a strong resemblance to each other, in their separate and respective classes; but, at Buenos Ayres I have seen nothing except the swallow, which is like the species in England, in size and shape. Of partridges

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there are two kinds—a large bird, of the size of a common fowl, which is the most scarce; and another, more common, which resembles in size and shape a quail—being less than the grey partridge in England, though marked in the same manner. Ducks and water-fowl of all kinds abound in the marshy plain; and the fish in the river Plata is good; particularly the peccarey, which is very delicate.

The natives of Buenos Ayres do every thing on horseback. I can see from my window, which overlooks the sands, two mounted gauchos fishing with nets. They ride into the water together at a certain distance from each other, keeping the net, which is fixed to each saddle by a lasso, on their horses' backs, till sufficiently deep,—when they let it fall, and return, each dragging ashore his respective end. The sudden decline of the

water in the Plata, when the wind has ceased to force it out of its natural channel, leaves a dry space of land, on which are found numbers of large fish, left high and dry by the sudden retreat of the water. The whole shore after a gale of wind is often strewn with this finny tribe; and if the beggars who ask alms (always on horseback) would condescend to dismount for their dinners, they would not only find every day pieces of beef lying about the roads from the killing grounds, which have fallen out of the butcher's carts, but fish also on the shore, to be had for nothing but the trouble of picking it up.

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CHAPTER VII.

BUENOS AYRES.

An October spring — Museum of Natural History—
Chamber of Deputies—Public library—Spanish politeness—Gaucho character, and cruelty—A Buenos Ayres Smithfield—The lasso—Stars of the southern hemisphere—Spanish ladies.

MONDAY, Oct. 27.—I have some thoughts of going to an estancia or farm twenty-two leagues from hence to the S. W., to see how a gentleman gaucho farmer employs his time in the country. Captain Harcourt and a party from the North Star have volunteered to go

also. We are to take our guns, and make it a shooting excursion. A Spanish lawyer, with whom we have formed an acquaintance, has very politely written to his friend, Senor Don ———, the owner of the estancia, to say he intends to take us with him on a visit.

The weather is become drier with the advance of spring, and we shall soon be able to travel on the plains, which in the wet season are quite inundated, and impassable for a carriage. The grass and leaves are beginning to grow, the birds to build their nests, and showers (like April showers in England), to bring forth the seed in November. How strange it appears to an European, to reverse the seasons—to cheat a cold winter as I have done by crossing the equator, and arrive in the southern hemisphere at the beginning of an October spring!

Dr. L——, who has long practised here as an English physician, has kindly become my cicerone at Buenos Ayres. We went first to the museum, which is indeed a poor affair. It contains very little beyond an imperfect set of electrical instruments, "an alligator stuffed, and other skins of illshaped fishes," and a few birds. Government contributes nothing to its support, and the public do not care a farthing about it; so it must soon go to ruin.

We went after this to the chamber of deputies, or sala, where there was a sitting at the time. The building is small, in the form of a theatre, with boxes round it for those who are not members. The deputies sit round an elevated stage, in a semicircle, and the president sits at a table on the stage. They were discussing how to pay off the national debt by *raising a loan!* A long prospectus of the mea-

sure was read by the secretary, and at the end a member, sitting lolling in his chair, delivered a short speech against it.

After this we went to the public library—the best thing to be seen at Buenos Ayres. The foundation of this library was formed from the books belonging to the Jesuits, and taken possession of on their expulsion; these were arranged by Moreno, who is also celebrated for being one of the first among the Buenos Ayreans who stood up for the independence of his country. There is a great proportion of theology, law, and physic; but there are also some expensive books on ancient and modern history, as well as prints and travels. This library is open to the public between the hours of ten and four; and persons are appointed to hand down the books that are required.

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We went afterwards to visit a family in the town, friends of the doctor. The lady of the house, a widow, with two pretty daughters, received me as strangers are always received—by a long speech of professions of hospitality, in which, as usual, every thing in the house was put at my “disposicion.” The Spanish manners and professions are calculated to mislead, without a previous knowledge that they are but the forms of good breeding. These handsome offers occur at every instant. If a stranger happens to admire any thing that may be shown to him on the premises where he is visiting, he is immediately pressed to accept the article as a gift; which offer, however, is only meant to call forth as gracious a compliment in return, with as little meaning. Donna Innocencia sang and played on the harp to us. I was not sufficiently learned to

carry on a conversation in Spanish ; so a little music chimed in well during the visit, and rendered it less formal. I was much pleased, however, with this first introduction to a Spanish house. The Spanish creoles are as celebrated for their good breeding and politeness as their ancestors in Old Spain, and are not reckoned inferior in personal charms ; and they show the latter to advantage by their graceful manners.

Oct. 30.— In company with Mrs. Hamilton and the captain, I attempted to cross the green lumps of earth to day, which separate the cliff from the sands ; but it was a vain experiment. We were surrounded with puddles, and washing pools, and finally gave it up in despair. A black woman, who had seen our embarrassments, offered to show us a path, *muy mejor* (much better) ; but as we were preparing to follow her,

she sunk up to her ankles in a pantana; so we declined proceeding any further, and returned to the only place where walking is practicable—the garden of the quinta. After this Captain H. and myself mounted on two hired horses, and galloped on the sands till dinner-time.

November 2.—I went to-day with several of the officers to see the most disgusting of all sights—the slaughtering of oxen for the market. Hogarth's picture of the last stages of cruelty does not surpass this spectacle. When I rode to the ground, the intended victims were all collected in a large *corral*. This is a circular inclosure of tall, thick stakes, driven into the ground. The cattle had been brought in from the plains; and we observed many gaucho butchers from the town, as wild looking as their brethren from the country, all mounted and assembled in a knot, in the heat

of bargaining for the purchase of the cattle. An English butcher of Buenos Ayres took us under his escort, being known to the officers of the North Star, which he supplies with fresh meat; and he cautioned us not to interfere, or get into the way of the natives, who are thought to be less inclined towards the English, since our late occupation of the Falkland Islands. He said we had better not go too near them, for they might either insult us, or lasso our horses, half in joke, half in earnest, so as to produce a quarrel,—in which, as they were all armed with long knives, we should come off second best.

Previous to any further particulars, it may be as well to give here a sketch of the character and habits of this semi-barbarous race of creole ruffians. The gauchos, or farmers, of the distant plain, are in general more peaceably in-

clined than their brethren near the city, though capable of any atrocity, if once their tempers are fired, and their blood is kindled by any cause, domestic or political. But speaking of the rural population generally, they are a silent, ignorant, superstitious, and harmless people, not ill-disposed towards strangers. But about the environs of the cities, especially those of Buenos Ayres,—where their naturally fierce tempers are perhaps inflamed by the supposed injury we have inflicted upon the nation, in appropriating to ourselves the Falkland Islands, which they claim as their property,—the gaucho is become more irritable, vindictive, sulky, and insolent. The whole nation love gambling, horseracing, bull-fighting, and even cock-fighting; and their only elegant amusement is playing on the guitar,—of which they seem to be fond, though they are not proficient in the art.

Their riding, though less wonderful, I am told, than the Indian horsemanship, is exceedingly beautiful. Their activity in getting free from the horse when he falls is quite astonishing. They always contrive to alight on their legs, and consider it quite a disgrace to come to the ground in any other way, whatever may be the pace of the horse or the nature of the accident. They will play all sorts of schoolboy antics on horseback, though on foot they are always dull and indolent.

Two gaucho boys will gallop over the plain as fast as their horses can go, the one holding the tail of the other's horse with both hands, turning his companion to the right or left, as if he were steering a boat with a rudder—both clinging, like monkeys, to their saddles.

Not at any time of an over-mild disposition,

the gaucho is particularly hard-hearted to the brute creation, and really in ferocity he is not much removed from the worst description of brute himself. Being too proud or too lazy to walk on foot, he will keep his horse saddled all day long, standing under a burning sun. On the least pretence he will dash the long rowels of his heavy spurs into its sides, and not seldom aggravate the blow by keeping this cumbrous weapon for a while imbedded in the flank of the poor writhing beast; a practice which these rough riders frequently adopt, by way of adding to the firmness of their seats on the back of a young unbroken colt.

The bit is an instrument of torture, than which the Spanish Inquisition could not have invented a greater. The least touch will throw the horse on his haunches, and the animal

becomes so alarmed and sensitive when the rein is handled, that I have seen him literally tremble from the fear of being suddenly pulled up; and the mouth often bleeds immediately, if any violence is used. Without any compunction a gaucho will ride his beast to death, and then catch another with his lasso from the troop which generally accompanies him in his gallop across the plain, if he has to travel far from home.

But let us return to the cattle-market. The purchases being completed, the cattle were let out by twos and threes at a time, from the coral. They rushed forth at a gallop, their heads down, and their tails stretched out or curled over their backs, in token of rejoicing at having regained a short liberty. In an instant the skilful lasso-men darted after them, on their well-trained horses, the wide noose flying

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round their heads, and directed with such unerring aim that it seldom failed to catch their victims by the horns or legs, and sometimes by the tail alone. The struggle is soon over, for the horse is made to wheel round and drag his captive to the earth. A man on foot then steps up and severs the ham-strings, so as effectually to prevent him from rising again. The wind-pipe is then cut and the beast quickly bleeds to death. A repetition of similar scenes is going on at the same moment with the rest of the cattle, which have been let out rapidly in succession, several at a time. They are then skinned, and cut up on the spot, in an incredibly small space of time. The pieces of meat are heaped up in confusion, in large carts brought to the killing-ground for the purpose, and taken at once to the residences of the different purchasers,—many choice

bits falling from the carts unheeded by the way.

A boy, who was lassoing a post to amuse himself, begged to know if I would permit him to lasso me. Upon my expressing my gratitude, but declining the favour, he performed this act of kindness upon his next neighbour, a fierce-looking young gaucho; but it was not taken so goodnaturedly as he had hoped. Out came the knife from his girdle; and after threatening his playful companion with it, he began in real earnest to cut in two the lasso, until he was entreated to desist, and an apology made for the offence.

We had an excellent view last night from the roof of the house, through a telescope which Mr. Hamilton has brought with him. We observed an emersion of one of Jupiter's satellites, by which Captain H. endeavoured to determine the longitude of Buenos Ayres.

The constellation of the cross looked bright and beautiful, but it requires some effort of the imagination to believe that the four stars so called, bear an exact resemblance to a cross. If the intermediate lines were regularly filled by other stars, the likeness would be striking, and Dante, and Camöens, and other authors might have indulged in rapture without exaggeration in describing them.*

Once a year only, on the 26th of March, at midnight, the cross is perpendicular to the plane of the horizon, and at any time a line drawn from the head to the foot star of the cross, if produced, would pass nearly over the south pole, with sufficient accuracy to determine the position of it. These two stars there-

* " Pmi volsi a man destra, e posi mente
 All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle,
 Non viste mai fuor ch' alla prima gente :
 Goder pareva l'ciel di lor fiammelle.
 O settentrional vedovo sito
 Poiché privato se di mirar quelle !"

PURGA. Canto I. Dante must have heard of these four stars from Marco Paulo, who returned before he published the poem.

fore may justly be called the Antarctic pointers, bearing the same relative position in the southern hemisphere that the Arctic pointers do in the north. The Magellan clouds are seen below the cross, and I recollect after we had arrived in the latitude for observing them, I tried in vain to convince a midshipman, that these two celebrated appearances were not really clouds, which they resemble completely. One is larger than the other, and their hue is darker than that of the milky way, which may also be likened in some degree to fleecy clouds.

Nov. 5.—I went to-day into the cathedral, and saw the *Porteñas** at their devotions. They wear immense tortoiseshell combs,† not less than a foot in height, and half a foot in breadth, and a veil over this in the streets when walking. On these occasions their pretty feet are what the French call *très bien chaussées*, and no-

* Name given to the ladies of Buenos Ayres.

† Since I left Buenos Ayres, this singular costume has been going out of fashion, owing to Mrs. Hamilton's example of a low head-dress, which the natives have adopted.

thing, too, can surpass a Spanish lady in grace of manner and carriage. This advantage is also shared by those of a humbler class, to a degree quite remarkable. Their climate is so favourable to complexions, that red and white are mingled together as in our own country, and I have seldom seen, in any city, a finer race of women than those of Buenos Ayres.

To-morrow we go to Navarro, where Don _____ lives in his estancia. I have hired a galera, a sort of high omnibus with hide-bound springs, in which Captain H., the purser, another officer, Don Castellote (our friend the lawyer), and myself, are to make this journey. We have hired twenty-five horses, four of which at a time are to go in this machine, and the others will serve us to ride when we please.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUENOS AYRES.

Primitive country—Journey across the plain—Dangers from the Indians—Boundless view—A solitary farm—Horse-breaking on the Pampas—Rough riding—Marking the wild cattle—Return to Buenos Ayres—Peruvian jealousy—American naval officers—Yankee yarns—a pleasant ride!

Nov. 20.—We have visited and returned from Navarro, and have become quite convinced at last by this visit, that a more primitive state of country is seldom to be met with. We made very little progress in our rough carriage the

first day, owing to the inundated state of the plain ; we sunk up to the sides of the machine in pantanas, and our four little active horses were all but smothered in the mud.* The track, for it could hardly be called a road, was so bad that it was necessary to make long detours to avoid the marshes. After a whole day's jolting we were obliged to halt at sunset at a lonely hut, twenty miles from our destination. Here some of us slept on quattras (four posts with a cow hide stretched over), and others on the ground, in company with fowls, dogs, and children.

Two leagues from Buenos Ayres the open and boundless plain commences. The first part is covered for many miles with high thistles, thick enough, Captain Head thinks, to impede the march of an army. We found these thistles

* The horses drew from the girth, which was continually slipping, with the saddle, back to the tail.

blooming, with a bright blue flower. The joints of their stems, if cut at this time, produce a quantity of juice like milk, which is reckoned a wholesome beverage. After the thistles we traversed an extended plain, covered with long green grass, and bounded only by the horizon,—nothing intercepting the view but an occasional hut, with one or two stunted peach-trees; and sometimes the back of a horse or cow is the only object rising above this ocean of grass.

The thistle is a native of the south of Europe and north of Africa, whence the seed is supposed to have been brought to Buenos Ayres, and to have escaped to these plains nearest the city. Botanists call it Cardoon (*Cynara cardunculus*).

We met with no trees on the plains we travelled over, except a few solitary *ombus*, which surround the houses and ranchos on the road. This wood is known among botanists as the

phytolaca dioica, and is so very soft and spongy that the natives used it in the last war as wadding for their artillery.

The miserable hut we slept at had a ditch surrounding it, and a plank laid across, which was removed at night for fear of an invasion of the Indians. These gentlemen, without any warning, come riding up to the solitary farms in the dead of night; but their horses not being taught to leap, they pull up on the outside of the fosse. Near at hand is the coral, into which the horses of the owner of the farm are driven at night; but this being outside the ditch, is at the mercy of the Indians,—who are in the habit of stealing the cattle from these places. This latter is, in fact, the chief object of their marauding excursions; though they attack and kill the gauchos wherever they meet with them.

The Indians of the Pampas, as a nation, appear never to have coalesced with the creole gauchos since the conquest of South America. Some, indeed, have been tamed into soldiers, and form part of the army of Rosas ; but, speaking generally, these tribes have remained irreclaimable, and in a state of frequent and deadly hostility with the Spanish inhabitants of the republic. Whoever encounters them in these wilds must expect death in its most dreadful form, as his immediate lot ; and travellers who meet each other inquire with the greatest anxiety whether any Indians have been seen or heard of on the route. The uncertainty on this point adds considerably to the excitement of a gallop over the Pampas.

We set out again at daybreak, travelling over the flat plain, which was here inundated with the late rains, sometimes up to the horses' girths.

For a long time neither wood nor bush was visible, until, after great exertion and fatigue to the horses, we reached a small lake, and saw, on the opposite side, some trees, sheltering a low flat-roofed house, which we were informed belonged to Don ——. Before we arrived we had to dash up to the horses' necks through this piece of water, struggling over a bottom so rough that every instant the galera was in danger of being upset.

We were soon kindly received by our host, who stood at his door waiting our approach; and glad we were to get safe within the house.

Partly from ill health, and partly from dissatisfaction with the existing government, Don —— has buried himself at a distance from the world in this solitary spot, where he has become a very extensive breeder of cattle. He

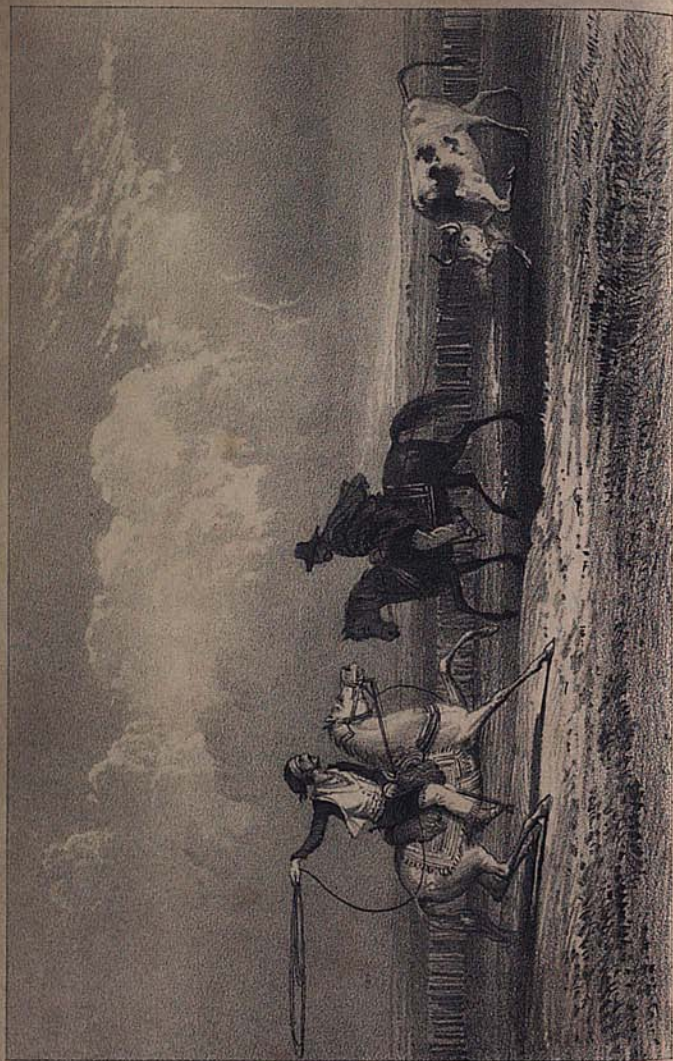
is, however, not without other resources to occupy his mind and vary his pursuits; for he is much better educated than the greater part of his compatriots, and would be reckoned any where a very intelligent and well informed man. Not far off is the village of Navarro, or the "Fort," as it is called, because a few soldiers from Buenos Ayres are stationed there as a protection to the neighbourhood, against the Indians. A married sister of Don—— lives in this village, with her family, and she came daily, whilst we remained at her brother's house, to assist him in doing the honours; returning at night, on horseback, across the lake, which it is often necessary to swim. She was, on many occasions, followed by a gaucho, bearing her child before him on the saddle. The little creature was generally fast asleep all the time. This slight sketch of an existence on the Pampas

might much edify the fine ladies of London and Paris.

We passed three days with our host, during which I had an opportunity of seeing several young horses broken in by the gauchos, as well as the operation of marking the young cattle. The breaking of horses has been well described by Captain Head, and the practice is the same at every farm; but I think that writer has not mentioned, that it is usual to tie up the horse to a post many times, both before and after the lessons he receives, where he is left to stand in the sun, without food; a process which renders him so stupid that he becomes much less inclined to resist the violence which finally subdues him. The horses are much smaller than the English breed, and naturally more docile; but still the fury of a young colt, mounted for the first time, is always an interesting sight; and the seat of

the rough-riding gauchos, without stirrups, on one of these animals, hitherto unbacked, might excite the admiration and envy of Ducrow himself.

We saw as many as three thousand head of cattle driven every evening from the plain into the corals about the farm, where they pass the night; and one morning we were invited to witness the marking of the young steers and heifers with the private marks of the owner. For this purpose the untamed herd was shut into the coral, and horsemen with lassoes were admitted to noose them. To avoid being caught they frequently made a rush at the barrier, and breaking it down, two or three effected an escape and galloped over the plain. Then was seen the wildest chase imaginable. A gaucho was despatched after the fugitives at full speed, whirling the lasso round his head,



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and soon skilfully noosing the object of his pursuit by the horns. Upon this the horse was suddenly wheeled short round, and down came the poor captive, with a shock apparently rude enough to break all his bones. When he rose again, the gaucho did not give him an instant to think, but dragged him at a quick pace back to the coral;* the horse straining every nerve to pull along his prisoner. Arriving in a breathless state of rage and fear, the animal was again thrown down, his legs secured, and a man with a hot iron branded him on the flank. Being thus stamped as his master's property, he was suffered to join the herd on the plain.

Horses are so cheap in this country, that I was informed by our Spanish friend, Castellote, that it would be taken ill if I refused a pressing

* Vide plate.

offer made to me by the doctor, of the one he had lent me to ride,—as if he was anxious to prove to me that Spanish professions were sometimes sincere. After some importunity I at last consented, and on returning to Buenos Ayres, I rode this animal, and another which I bought of a gaucho for four pounds, nearly the whole distance; thus avoiding the jolting of the galera, the delays occasioned by the swampy road, as well as the misery of an ill-packed carriage, full of loose gun-cases, a very fat purser, and a large Newfoundland dog.*

Dec. 11.—In a few days we embark again

* My friend Neptune has now returned safely to England, after two years absence on foreign service in H. M. S. North Star; during which period he conducted himself on all occasions in a way to become a general favourite. "Every dog has his day," and Neptune had several which deserve to be recorded.

for Monte Video, where Mr. Hamilton is ordered to propose a treaty of commerce, and he

On one occasion, his captain with two midshipmen were shooting on the banks of a river in Central America, when a duck was wounded, which fell in the stream. "Nothing doubting," the eager Neptune plunged in after it, but in an instant he uttered a howl of despair, and was perceived rushing out of the water followed by an enormous alligator. The monster retreated backwards into the river on espying the sportsmen who were reloading their guns. The dog's eyelid was torn and his mouth bled profusely, but he had sustained no further damage from this singular encounter. The alligator was probably, at first, asleep, and had no time to prepare a more serious attack before Neptune had secured a retreat.

One evening on the passage home, when the ship was sailing at the rate of eight or nine knots, Captain Harcourt, who was in his stern cabin, heard the orders given on deck to lower a boat and bring-to the vessel, and from the window he beheld poor Neptune, who had fallen overboard from the chains, struggling in the waves and floating to leeward. Before the North Star's way was stopped, he was full a mile distant, and the evening did not afford light enough to enable the boat to steer to his

has kindly asked me to be his guest during his residence in that city.

The summer, as it advances, is becoming prodigiously hot, and the mosquitoes are the pest of one's life, by day and by night.

I am learning Spanish, by attending to the conversation of an intelligent little dwarf master who is teaching Mrs. Hamilton. He is married to a jealous Peruvian wife, and is so afraid of her tyrannical temper that he says he has not dared to inform her that he is teaching a lady ;

rescue with any certainty. It was a little curious that, on this occasion, Neptune was indebted as much to his worst enemies as to his best friends, for his ultimate safety. A band of desperate gulls were observed to haunt and fly around a particular spot in the ocean, as if watching for their prey, and the boat's crew ingeniously conjectured that the unhappy Newfoundland was the devoted object of their attention. To this beacon they steered, and delivered our friend, who had not prayed to "all the watery gods" in vain.

and she is made to believe that the minister and his gentlemen are the only pupils to whom he gives lessons at the quinta. Her suspicions have lately been manifested by an ugly-looking black mark round one of the little man's eyes. He admitted that the day he got that mark was a *mal dia* for him; leaving us to infer "*furens quid foemina possit*"—what the lady was capable of in a real fit of jealousy.

The North American squadron which was stationed here, has just left Buenos Ayres on a cruise. The Yankee officers as some of them "guessed," "harmonized considerably" with those of the North Star. One who lately joined me accidentally in my ride, used pretty freely the privilege of those travellers, who have sailed round Cape Horn, of spinning a *yarn* to astonish the inexperienced part of mankind. Talking of great distances performed by the gauchos

on horseback, he declared they were nothing to the feats of the officers of the United States' navy at Valparaiso. "Why, sir, what I tell you is a *ge-nu-ine* fact: *our* officers would often ride ninety-five miles to Santiago, drink a cup of coffee, smoke a cigar, and then ride *slick* back again the same night to sleep."

CHAPTER IX.

MONTE VIDEO.

Return to Monte Video—Dr. Maclean—Projected journey across the Pampas—Singular adventure of a boat's crew—The Falkland Islands—Necessaries of a journey across the Pampas—Environs of Monte Video—Horses killed for their hides—Results of republicanism—South-American statesmen—Government of Monte Video—Vegetable productions—Female grace—An eccentric despot—A favoured country Policy of Dr. Francia—Curious anecdotes of him.

H. M. Ship North Star, Monte Video, December 25.—We had a good run of one night and half the next day, to our anchorage in the Bay of Monte Video.

We have been a week living on board, as no house could at first be got for the minister; but a rich baker, who has built a fine palace, has consented to lend it to the mission during their stay at Monte Video, and we disembark to-morrow in order to occupy it.

I have been on shore every day to walk and ramble about the town or country; returning on board to dine and sleep. We have visited several quintas in the neighbourhood, and found the roads better, and more practicable than those near Buenos Ayres; for one is sooner on the plains, without encountering muddy lanes, and surly gauchos.

I have made acquaintance with Dr. Maclean, the principal English physician at Monte Video. He is going to leave it in order to practice his profession at Lima, where there is an opening for him; and we have been dis-

cussing together the practicability of bearing each other company so far, by crossing the Pampas to Valparaiso, instead of going round the Horn, which the doctor has been invited to do in a French frigate. I have long desired to perform this journey, of which I first became enamoured by reading Captain Head's clever and agreeable book; and the temptation is rendered stronger now, by the prospect of travelling with a gentlemanly, well-informed companion, who has resided in the country for the last ten years, and acquired a perfect knowledge of the language and people. He came out with Lady Cochrane, to join the Brazilian service under Lord Cochrane, and quitted it on the termination of the war between Buenos Ayres and the Brazilians, to practise surgery at Monte Video.

January 2.—It is now all arranged, and

I am bound for a gallop across the Pampas to Mendoza with Dr. Maclean. We shall then cross the Andes into Chile, and embark at Valparaiso for Lima; and from thence I shall find my way to Panama, and across the isthmus to the West Indies, or North America.

The Sparrowhawk has relieved the North Star, which has sailed for Rio, much to my regret; for I had got so accustomed to the ship, and her excellent and amiable officers, that I felt on her departure as if I was severed from almost the only link which bound me to civilization and my own country. I am on the eve too of making this separation still more complete, by deserting my good friends here, whose guest I have so long been; and it is a serious change for the worse, to give up the luxury and ease of their hospitable roof,

for a wild life in a savage country, and all the uncertainties attending a very long and unusual journey.

The Sparrowhawk is commanded by Captain Pearson. During last winter she was stationed at the Falkland Islands, to protect and explore our lately-acquired possession in that region. From the first-lieutenant, Mr. Harmer, I have had a very interesting account of the appalling sufferings and narrow escape he underwent with a midshipman and boat's crew, whilst endeavouring to make a journey round one of these islands. It appears that they left the Sparrowhawk in the cutter, well provided with winter clothing to withstand the rigours of the climate, and with a fortnight's provisions on board. They anchored every night, made a fire on shore, where they ate and slept; and all things went on at first

very prosperously. They had, I believe, turned the extreme point of their voyage, and were on their way back, when an accident occurred, which nearly cost them their lives, and from the dreadful effects of which many are not yet recovered. They landed one day to ascend a hill; all left the boat but one man, who remained in charge of her and of the stores, consisting, not only of their provisions, but of their boat-cloaks, blankets, and in short, every thing but the mere jackets and trousers they had on their persons. As they were ascending the hill, their attention was called to the boat, which they observed had drifted from its moorings, and was going out further into the bay.

They halloed to the man who was engaged in cleaning her, and who did not at first seem to be aware of what had taken place.

Upon discovering his situation, however, and seeing that it would take some time to beat back under sail, in order to adjust the rigging at his ease, he hoisted up one sail, and made for a small island in the bay, running down before the wind. Here he accomplished his object, and began his little voyage back, when a heavy gust of wind, to which this latitude is very subject, upset the boat before he could lower the sail. This was a calamitous prospect. The boat turned keel upwards, and the stores were lost; whilst the poor fellow, who had scrambled on to the keel, was seen to float helplessly away, at the mercy of wind and waves, until lost to sight, and gone for ever.

The eyes of all the party had been anxiously riveted upon this fearful spectacle, and they now found themselves at least three or four days'

journey from the anchorage at Berkley Sound, without the slightest knowledge of the way back overland—except that a gaucho, who accompanied the expedition, professed to know something about it, which, in the end, proved a vain reliance.

At a temperature below freezing, without cloaks, or means of making a fire, without provisions or guns, the mere thought of three days' suffering was sufficiently dreadful; but worse was to come. They had a compass, on which they naturally depended for showing the direction they were to pursue; but the extraordinary shape of the island rendered this of no assistance to them. It is best described by likening it to a star-fish, with its numerous pointed prongs,

* Vide map of the Falklands.

which here represent the tongues of land radiating from the common centre of the island. These are separated by deep bays, over which it is impossible to cross on foot; and they soon discovered, to their consternation and despair, that after pursuing their direction by compass, they always arrived at one of these impassable bays, the shore of which they traced up, only to fall upon another tongue of the same sort, where they met with water, and were again obliged to retrace their steps. After suffering from starvation for several days, half frozen when asleep, at night; with no covering but their scanty apparel, and the long grass in which they sought shelter, they at last found, on the shore, a dead whale, which they began ravenously to devour. The consequence of this indulgence was a general dysentery which lasted a week, and they were hardly

able, during that time, to crawl from the spot; subsisting wholly on shell fish and sea-weed. By means of a dog of Harmer's, they caught a young calf, on which they lived some time, and recovered their strength a little. Next they found a dead penguin, which was esteemed a great luxury, though raw, and, of course, not over fresh. Often, in the morning, they found themselves so frozen, being then huddled close together for warmth, that they could not separate without pain and effort.

Barefooted, lame, and worn out with these privations, all, but the gaucho and midshipman, expressed themselves unable to bear up any longer, and actually laid down to die. The two who still held out, accompanied by the dog, crawled on for another day in search of the settlement, when, overcome with hunger, they enticed him to come within their reach, and,

after some feeble and fruitless attempts, they at last succeeded in killing this faithful friend, and made a meal of him. Their hunger so far overcame the horror of the repast, that one of them expressed the pleasure he felt at feeding on the brains of this poor dog. On the following day the midshipman was completely knocked up; but the gaucho ascended a hill, and happily discovered the brig close at hand. He contrived to give notice of the deplorable situation of his fellow-sufferers. A boat was speedily sent on shore from the brig, in search of the rest of them. The officer in command landed with his crew, and drew the boat on shore. All hands then set out in search of their unfortunate companions; but their search was fruitless, and they returned in despair; when they discovered these poor fellows fast asleep under shelter of the boat, to which,

having happily discerned it, they had summoned energy enough to crawl.

Mr. Harmer assured me that his messmates hardly knew him, his appearance was so altered. He still suffers considerably from the consequences of this disaster, and doubts if he shall ever regain his former health and strength.

The sufferings endured by these men were so intense, in the performance of their duty in his majesty's service, that they surely deserve some mark of consideration from the Admiralty.

The irritable feeling produced against Great Britain in Buenos Ayres, by her recent occupation of the Falkland Islands, had so little subsided on the arrival of the *North Star* in the *Plata*, that the members of government actually were divided in opinion, as to the propriety of receiving Mr. Hamilton in the character of the king's representative. Luckily for

the reputation of the Republic, this indiscreet folly evaporated, but the indignation which caused it has not been removed. The mode in which we reclaimed these possessions to which we have an undoubted right, though we discontinued the establishment we had made there after they were first ceded to us, is singular enough. Spain, after dispossessing us of Port Egmont by force, was obliged, by our menaces of war, to restore that settlement to us in 1770. But it appears that we did not then insist upon her evacuating the eastern and principal island.

We replaced the British garrison at Port Egmont, where it continued some years, but was afterwards withdrawn, the object not seeming to justify the expense. Signals were left, however, to record our right of sovereignty which we claimed to the whole, by the title of original discovery and first occupation.

Ten years after the revolution had separated South America from the mother country, the government of Buenos Ayres still continued to maintain the settlement of Berkley Sound, at a considerable expense; and grants of land were made by that government to individuals, who were induced to settle there by the hope of taking the wild cattle, which had greatly increased since their first introduction into the islands.

This proceeding had not attracted the notice of Great Britain till 1829, when General Lavalle, who then possessed the government of Buenos Ayres, issued a manifesto, asserting the right of Buenos Ayres to the sovereignty of the Falklands, and appointing a governor, with orders to prevent all foreign vessels from fishing on their coasts.

The British government, by its minister at Buenos Ayres, protested against this claim,

and insisted upon the right of Great Britain. In the mean time, Vernet, the governor, acting upon his orders, seized three North American ships for fishing against the laws, and sent them to Buenos Ayres for adjudication. This roused the resentment of the North Americans, who took a summary revenge, by sending a frigate to Berkley Sound, breaking up the whole establishment, and carrying off the people. This led to a suspension of the functions of the United States consul, after which a minister was despatched from the United States, expressly to claim redress for the seizure of the ships. He was met by loud remonstrances from the government of Buenos Ayres, against the violation of the law of nations by the United States frigate, and a claim for compensation for the injured colony.

The minister, in an able memorial,* proved,

* Vide Appendix.

that if the North Americans had no right to fish at the Falklands, the people of Buenos Ayres had as little; and that if any nation had an exclusive right to fish there, the British were that nation, not only by original discovery, but by the result of the controversy with Spain, when the rights of the respective nations were brought into question. His arguments, however, were not listened to, and he quitted Buenos Ayres without terminating the difference, which is still depending, and is not likely to be abandoned without some adjustment satisfactory to the United States.

The discussion with the United States induced our government to take some step following up their assertion of our rights. The admiral was ordered to send a vessel to hoist the British flag at Berkley Sound. No notification of this intention had been previously received by the people of Buenos Ayres; and

the news that the captain of the *Clio* had pulled down the flag of Buenos Ayres, and taken formal possession of the islands in the king's name, came upon them quite unexpectedly, and when Mr. Gore, our chargé d'affaires at that time, was called upon for an explanation, but alleged he could give no information, and had in fact received none from home on this subject, the people were angry, and the government took no pains to soften their feelings.

Until the first dispute with England about the Falklands, in the year 1770, the Spaniards never thought of the country south of the Rio Negro. From that time they attempted to make settlements at various points beyond that river, all of which they afterwards abandoned. The people of the Plata can only have inherited from Spain, at most, the limits which the parent country really possessed previous to the

revolution. Have not then any other people a right to form a settlement upon the remainder of this vast Atlantic region? The territory of the Argentine states is already too extensive for their scattered population and limited means. From the contiguity of neighbours of a more civilized hemisphere they would, probably, learn the sooner, that their government is only weakened by an immeasurable line of undefended frontier, and that their power and prosperity, depend upon a vigorous concentration of force, and an honest and liberal policy.

As for the Tierra del Fuego, *that* has never been claimed by any government. The vast region beyond the Magellan Straits is uninhabited, except by the savage and migratory aborigines, and has never been required to acknowledge even the titular sovereignty of any other nation.

My purchases are nearly complete for the gal-

lop. We take a small tent, two hammocks, tea, sugar, coffee, and chocolate, besides tin mugs and teapot, and a tin box of salt; all of which will bear shaking without injury. We are to ride in ponchos, like the gauchos, with knives in our belts behind, and pistols before.

I am tired of riding about Monte Video, having exhausted all the sights worth seeing. The country is picturesque by comparison with the environs of Buenos Ayres. When we first arrived here from Rio, it looked detestably flat and barren. Here, as at Buenos Ayres, tainted pieces of beef assail the nose and eye at every turning. Horses are rather dearer, and not so good, at least such as I have seen. I brought one with me, nearly sixteen hands high, in the North Star from Buenos Ayres, which I purchased there for forty shillings, and for which I was offered, almost immediately on my

arrival, more than it cost me. Horses, however, ought to be cheaper here, for the originally imported breed has increased out of all proportion to the wants of a small population. In the interior of the Banda Oriental horses are found completely wild, and literally belong to any body who can catch them. The great export trade, in return for our Manchester and Glasgow goods, is in hides. An instance was mentioned to me of an English merchant having obtained a licence from the government to kill 3000 horses, for their skins.

The mode of hunting them, as I have been informed, is extremely cruel. The hunters pursue them with sharp cutlasses, and hamstring them the instant they are lassoed. Without stopping to put them out of misery by a speedy death-blow, they continue their abominable sport for several days, and afterwards

return to skin the victims which have suffered a painful existence, or bled slowly to death on the spot where they fell.

As the inhabitants of the Banda have no manufactures or agriculture to attend to, nothing can be more indolent than those who are not engaged in shipping hides and tallow at Monte Video.

Excepting coasters of small burden, the commerce on this river is invariably carried on in foreign bottoms.

In this republic one ambitious party rapidly succeeds another at the helm of public affairs; and, as in all the states in this part of the new world, conspiracy and revolt are everlasting attributes of republicanism. Thus the development of any permanently good measure is checked at the outset, and the only consequence of a fresh party attaining power is that the

people are insulted with fresh abuses of it, as long as they will bear them.

At Monte Video they have a president, who is the mere tool of the popular general who lately assisted in expelling the last government, and who, like General Rosas at Buenos Ayres, will probably become president himself whenever he has a mind. As for a commercial treaty with England, they object to enter into a binding compact, from a petty dislike of any obligation to fulfil its conditions, however advantageous to themselves, with a country that has the power to enforce the execution of them;—preferring, apparently, the liberty of cheating us with impunity to any other commercial advantage. In fact the acquisition of what is called liberty in these emancipated states, offers an example of the very worst species of popular misrule, and tends to the subversion of all freedom.

In some parts of the republic of Uruguay the plains of grass cease to predominate, and a richer vegetation presents itself. Excellent timber abounds for building houses and ships, and dye-wood is found, producing a great variety of colours. Hemp, sugar-cane, and those plants which require a warmer climate than that of the Plata, are also susceptible of cultivation in certain latitudes of this extensive country; the cotton plant flourishes, and in general all the varieties of nature suited to the rich and productive soil of the southern parts of Brazil. But the scarcity of population, and the stagnation of all enterprise, render these natural advantages at present of little value. All these productions are generally abandoned, and the breeding of cattle substituted for agriculture.

In a south or south-east wind the anchorage is bad, on account of the heavy swell. The

bay is better protected from the pamperos, by the "Mount," under which it is the ambition of the republic to construct a new city, where they pretend that foreigners will be invited to settle and multiply, for the future benefit of this infant state.

The society at Monte Video is much upon a par with that of Buenos Ayres, though they each claim precedence of distinction, and profess for one another considerable contempt. However, the same habits and customs prevail in both cities. Perhaps there is rather less elegance and taste displayed at Monte Video; because, until lately, they have not been rising into such importance, nor acquiring wealth so rapidly as they are at this moment. The capital and country of the Banda Oriental may be considered "*un pays d'avenir*," full of resources which only demand a more regular system of

government, aided by foreign industry and capital, to make them available for the general advantage of mankind. And it is to be hoped that Europe will soon reap, by an intercourse with this state, still more important results; for there is not a better and more productive soil, nor a finer and healthier climate, in the world, to tempt the superabundant and adventurous population from the shores of the northern hemisphere.

The women are not so handsome here as at Buenos Ayres, but have the same grace and good manners. The French minister at Rio observed, in speaking of the fair sex at Buenos Ayres, after dealing unsparingly with the male part of the population, "*quant aux femmes, vous n'en trouverez pas de mauvaises mœurs;*" and so it is, even to the lowest ranks; which induced one of the sailors of the North Star, who was asked how he and his com-

rades had amused themselves, to reply, "Why not at all, sir; for them women are too fine for we."

There was a report at Buenos Ayres that Doctor Francia, the chief of Paraguay, was dead; but this turns out to be untrue. He is very old, but still alive, and well. I heard many amusing anecdotes about him, from the dwarf master who taught Mrs. Hamilton Spanish. Zapata had been taken prisoner, and detained on parole three years, before he was allowed to escape; during which time he became very intimate with the doctor.

After the emancipation it was found necessary to establish a provisional government in Paraguay, as that country was not republican in feeling, like the new separate state of Buenos Ayres. First, a triumvirate government was established; but afterwards it was resolved to establish a dictatorship, for life. The choice

fell first upon Francia, whose extraordinary power thus commenced, and still continues in all its vigour.

He, in fact, represents in his single person the concentrated essence of Jesuitism, without the mildness of character and admirable policy which distinguished that remarkable government. He rigidly adheres to a determination of never having any commercial or political intercourse with other nations. The population, which is chiefly Indian, was formerly well supplied with all its wants, from home manufactures: but the system of cultivation, as well as every thing introduced by the Jesuits, had long fallen into disuse. The people now are wretchedly poor, and their veneration for Francia is entirely the result of fear, acting strongly upon a people naturally timid and simple. This fertile territory, therefore, no

longer offers the unusual spectacle of a numerous people without poverty, without ambition, and full of veneration for those in authority over them! If any foreigner presumes to enter Paraguay, he is either detained a prisoner, like Bonpland, who remained there eleven years, or he is immediately shown the way out again. In the latter treatment he may consider himself very fortunate, as experiencing an act of Francia's most gracious lenity.

When Mr. Woodbine Parish arrived at Buenos Ayres, in 1824, he learnt that twenty or thirty of our countrymen had been detained in Paraguay (some of them with property of considerable amount), for several years, varying from six or seven to thirteen or fourteen. He lost no time in immediately informing Dr. Francia of his appointment as consul-general, and of the policy of the British government

with respect to the new states of America; and he offered to send a vice-consul to Paraguay, with a view of establishing a better intercourse; but requiring *in limine* the release of all Englishmen and their property. He replied by excusing the fact of their detention, on the ground of their having entered Paraguay with a full knowledge of the prohibitory system he had found himself obliged to establish; but stating that he had, on Mr. Parish's application, at once given them their passports and sent them off; and they all obtained, as did many other foreigners at the same time, their release in consequence. Of Bonpland, however, he made a special exception.

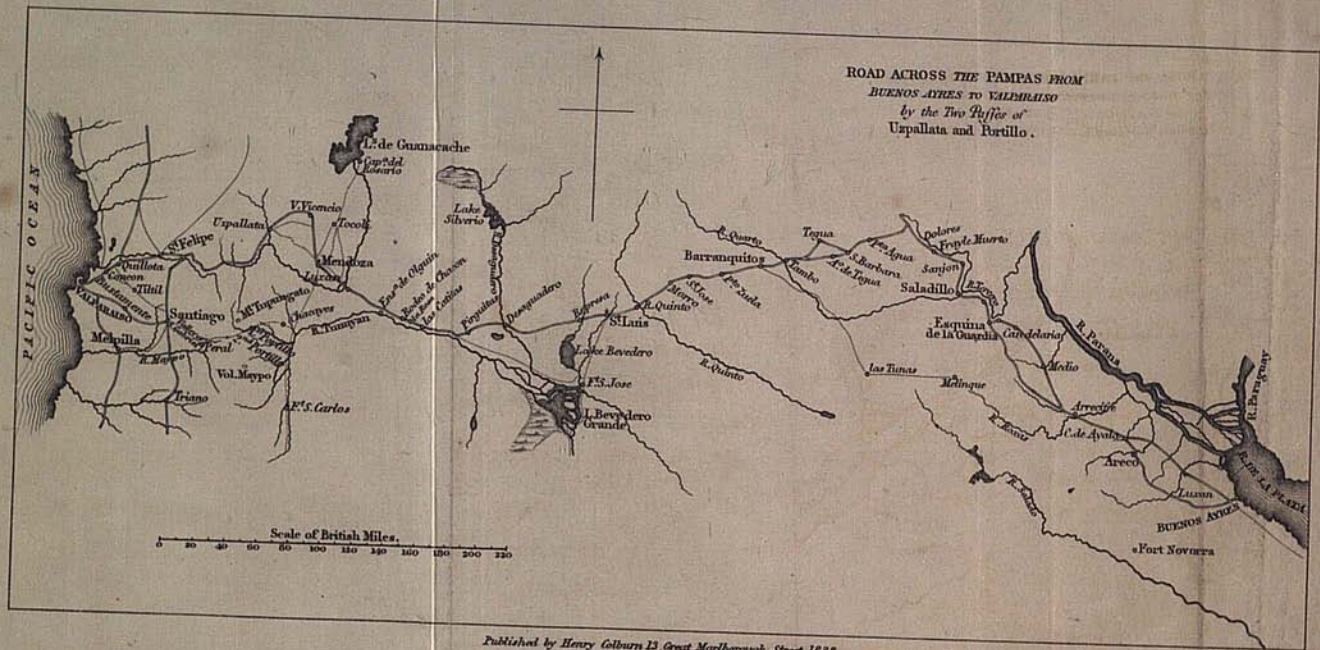
With regard to improving his intercourse with England, he answered the consul-general on that point, by declaring his readiness to open a friendly correspondence with him, but

that it was absolutely necessary that Great Britain should insist upon the free navigation of the Parana, and that he, Francia, should be allowed to send his ships, if he chose, direct to Europe, without the interference of his enemies—as he called the people of Buenos Ayres, and the United Provinces. It was evident that he flattered himself we should settle this point for him; and when Mr. Parish wrote to him that it must be a matter of arrangement with the intermediate parties, he flew into a passion, and under pretence of an application sent to him in favour of Bonpland, returned his letter, and refused peremptorily to hold any further intercourse with the chargé d'affaires from Great Britain: and I believe from that time to this, no official communication has taken place between England and the dictator of Paraguay.

It is said that a Frenchman once landed on the shores of the river Parana, and found his way to the capital (Assumption) where he obtained an interview with Francia, in the hope of being permitted to dispose of his ship's cargo in Paraguay. To predispose the dictator in his favour, he brought him a present of a fine carriage. Francia received him courteously enough, and the carriage was taken round to the back of the house. The Frenchman, charmed with his success, and imagining that the famous Yerba of Paraguay would soon be on the way to France, was led by Francia to a back window, from which he beheld the carriage surrounded with burning faggots, and consuming before his eyes.

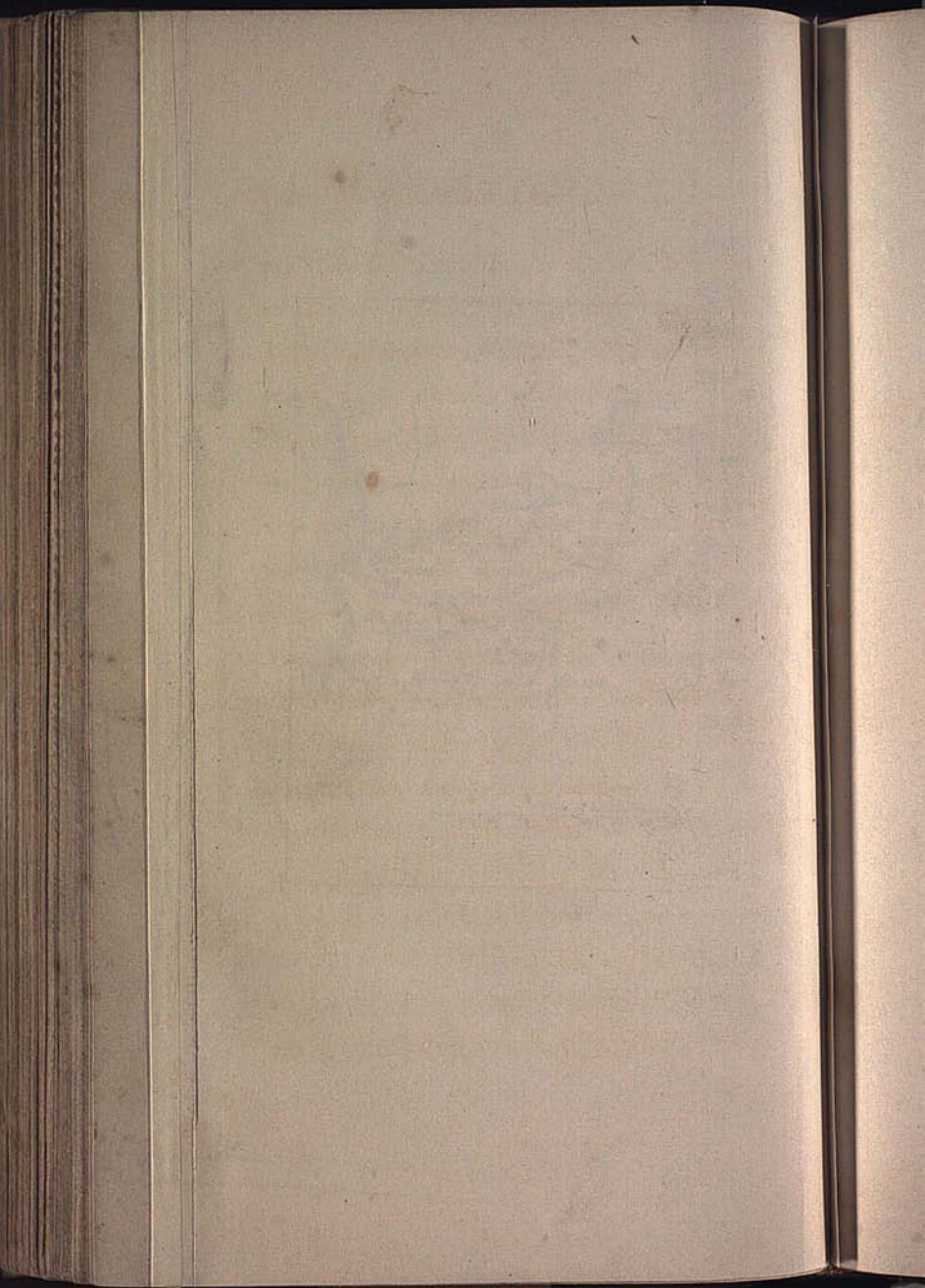
Zapata, in describing his policy, related facts which strongly illustrate the complete despotism with which Francia rules Paraguay.

He had, he said, on several occasions, known a useful and intelligent officer in his army, degraded from his rank and appointment, solely because he showed a degree of intelligence beyond the rest of his corps. The man was removed from the station he held, that he might not exercise his wits, either in such a way as to attract attention and produce admiration among his subordinates, or be enabled to acquire what Francia conceived to be too thorough a knowledge of the art of governing his inferiors, so as to enable his subjects to draw invidious comparisons between the dictator and any other individual in the state.



Published by Henry Colburn 23 Great Marlborough Street 1833.

J. Gardner Sculp.



CHAPTER X.

Return to Buenos Ayres—A giant guide—Preparations for starting—A singular cortège—First day's adventures—A post-house on the Pampas—A favourite tune—An ill-conditioned postmaster—Delays and disasters—A civil landlady, but nothing to eat—An awkward encounter—An infant equestrian—A night scene—The troubles of too many conveniences—Society on the Pampas—More expeditious travelling—Friends in need.

JAN. 20. Buenos Ayres Quinta.—Captain Pearson has been so kind as to bring Dr. M. and myself here in the Sparrowhawk. We

embarked the day before yesterday, and after sixteen hours' run in very rough water, we anchored in the roads, and I came on shore immediately, to Mr. Hamilton's quinta. This looks dismal enough, without the cheerful faces that lately occupied it.

The motion of the brig, and a sleepless night, sent me at once to bed, with a racking headache, but to-day I am well again. The doctor has gone into the town to prepare for our journey. Our guide, who has been well recommended to me, is a Patagonian in size, measuring full six feet five. He is said to be of the breed between an Indian and Spaniard. He will break the backs of half the horses he rides, but his open and determined countenance has prepossessed me in his favour.

Puente de Marquez, twenty-one miles from Buenos Ayres.—We started after an early din-

ner, yesterday, on our galloping expedition to Mendoza. Although the excitement of making the necessary preparations left one little time to think of aught else, still I felt an uneasy sensation, and something more than an approach to regret, at having undertaken this journey,—especially when I first threw my leg over a sorry white nag, without shoes, and greatly inclined to fall on his-nose all the way out of Buenos Ayres. I had fairly turned my back upon the only persons in the new world on whom I could depend for undeviating kindness, to try the hospitality and the faith of strangers, in quest of new adventures, and new acquaintances; and I fully persuaded myself how much more pleasant it would have been to return to England in the packet.

When, however, I perceived that my horse went better as he got excited, I yielded to the

same influence myself, and ceased to moralize and repent.

All the servants in the quinta, and some strangers besides, had assembled in the yard, to see us start; and no doubt the scene was lively and grotesque enough. Three baggage-horses, very difficult to be loaded, from the length of the tent-poles, which could not be set right; my servant, the Patagonian guide, the postilion, Dr. M——, and myself; these were the sum-total of the travelling party; and for a mile or two we were accompanied by Dr. L——, and another gentleman, who both enjoyed exceedingly our getting under way, and our fanciful rigging. Great straw hats, lashed on with white handkerchiefs, to keep the sun off; white ponchos; pistols, a small double short-barrel gun, and a sword; great white leather boots, and prodigious spurs; a long moustache, and

unshaven beard;—such were the principal features of our costume. I have an English saddle; but the doctor and my servant have chosen the recado, with its numerous cloths, bandages, and the trouble to take it off and put it on. We shall soon see who has made the best selection. They think a soft seat best; I prefer a smooth, hard, and cool one, and expect to arrive at Mendoza in a better plight than they.

When we parted with our escort at the outside of the city, we cantered on briskly, to make the best use of the light whilst it remained. We had determined to sleep at the post-house from which I write, the first night, instead of fatiguing ourselves too much at the commencement of our gallop. We thought as sailors do when they first go to sea, that it must take some time to shake every thing into

proper order for a long voyage, and our wants would not be all felt, and the remedies suggested, until we were fairly off; so that the first day's cruise was a sort of trial, to know how we were to trim for the rest of the trip. One thing we had determined on,—not to shave until we got to Mendoza; first as a protection against the sun and wind, and secondly that we might look all the fiercer in the event of meeting with any enemies on the road.

The sun had nearly set when we left the last trace of garden cultivation, which extends several miles from Buenos Ayres, and we at last found ourselves galloping at a good pace on the turfy plain. The baggage-horses were collected and driven in front of us, by our gigantic guide, and a little gaucho postboy. Presently one of the loaded horses fell under his burden, consisting of two flexible hide

trunks; and when he scrambled up he kicked them both off, and bolted away out of the track. Luckily there was light enough to lasso him, which the postilion immediately succeeded in doing, and he was repacked. We then resumed our twilight journey at a steadier pace. It was evident that, with our three baggage-horses, we should certainly meet with long delays, as well in changing at every post as from accidents on the road; and we began to consider how we might realize our boasted intention of riding, in ten or twelve days, nine hundred and thirty-six miles across the Pampas.

It was now quite dark, and the post-hut was still some miles off. Our postilion soon lost his way, and we should have come to a standstill, had not a gaucho, who chanced to be walking near, arrived in time to point out

where we could regain the road. After stumbling and groping about in the dark for another hour, and riding a mile beyond our destination, among bogs and thistles, the barking of dogs informed us that we were near the post-hut; and thus ended our first day's journey.

Here we are lodged in what is called the traveller's hut, a miserable mud hovel apart from the *rancho* of the postmaster and his family, and dedicated to poultry and travellers. For the better accommodation of the former there are numerous holes in the side walls, through which they creep in and out *ad libitum*. Under the hide *catre* on which I am writing, and where I slept, a duck is now smiling at me, "like patience," not "upon a monument," but upon a great nest of eggs. I have got blankets and sheets with me, of the ordinary kind; but my companion has quite adopted a gaucho

life, and instead of a pillow and blankets, has a saddle for one, and his horse-rugs for the other ; carrying the sheets between the saddle and the rugs, when he rides,—according to the custom of the country.

We were to have started early this morning, but during a sleepless night in this fowl-bitten, flea-biting place, I had time to reflect how heavy the short double-barrel gun was with which I had set out; and the result was that I determined to send my servant back to Buenos Ayres, to change the weapon for a lighter one. For this object my servant, and a gaucho, galloped off at daylight; and when they reappear we shall proceed to the next post, which is said to be a better place to pass the night at.

The sun has been all day extremely hot, and we have been unwilling to leave the shelter

and shade of our miserable hut. The post-master seems a surly, ill-tempered brute, and our guide, who occupies a broken chair under the roof of our doorway, has entreated us not to enter his house, or appear desirous of making acquaintance with any part of his family; as he is evidently inclined to quarrel with us. We have therefore had nothing to do but to eat and drink, and listen all the day long to a poor cracked guitar, on which one of the ladies of our grumbling landlord has been constantly strumming the same air. This tune, if tune it can be called, has very little variety in its composition, but seems to be the only one known to the simple inhabitants of these regions; as it is played every where, and on all occasions.

There is something political in the bad feeling of the gauchos of Buenos Ayres towards Europeans; for since the Federalists have beat

the party called Unitarians, (which last were aided by all the foreigners except the English, who escaped the interference with great difficulty), their natural repugnance to strangers has considerably augmented, and has given more than their usual share of ferocity to these rude and lawless beings.

Our *cuisine* has not been very contemptible. We had eggs and coffee for breakfast, and a woman has boiled a fowl for us, besides supplying us with a mess of mutton mixed with maize and rice; which latter are luxuries easily obtained so near the city. Bread and milk we have in abundance; so that to-day, at any rate, we shall not starve.

26th. Post-hut.—The servant returned from his errand to Buenos Ayres earlier than I expected, and we instantly began to load the horses, which were standing outside the hut, in

the sun, waiting for us. We could only reach the next post to sleep, for we met with many delays and embarrassments on the road. On one occasion a baggage-horse fell into a pantano, and before he could extricate himself, it was necessary to take off all his load. On replacing it, we found that he was too weak to carry it, and we were obliged to shift the portmanteaus on to our peon's horse. But neither party gained much by the exchange; for the poor brute that was not able to carry the baggage, could only be prevented by constant spurring from falling with the giant gaucho who took its place.

Luckily we had dined; for it was too late to get any thing to eat from the sleepy postmaster. No sooner, therefore, had we arrived, than we spread out our blankets and rugs, in a better kind of hut than the last, and made as much

haste as possible to go to sleep. The guide and servant, in defiance of the cold, chose to lie outside the house on their saddles.

We slept tolerably well. At daylight I was up, and scolding a faithless woman for not bringing some milk, which she had promised to the peon for our use the first thing in the morning. At last she milked a cow, made a fire under a shed, and we breakfasted on our coffee and bread; which last we had brought with us; for in general, it is a scarce article on these plains.

It was nine o'clock before we could get the horses ready for a start. The gauchos are so slow when not on horseback that it is quite wearisome to look at their snail-like movements. "Ahora vamos, Senor! estamos pronto" (Now we go, sir, we are ready), is the answer you get to an entreaty to make haste; whilst

the vagabonds thrust their hands in their pockets, and take another whiff at a cigaro de papel,—never caring for your disposition to break their heads for their want of despatch.

Before we were out of sight of the post-house, one of the horses commenced kicking off his load, after lying down twice to roll on it; and we narrowly escaped a worse disaster; for, after the portmanteaus had fallen to the ground, the spiteful brute kicked at them until I expected every moment to hear his hoof rattling among our silver dollars and rials, which were inside. We have stowed them away for the present, as paper money only is in use in the state of Buenos Ayres. For this the silver is to be afterwards substituted; each note in paper being worth seven pence. We pay a rial per league, or sixpence for every horse we ride, and two rials for the baggage-

horse. There will be some, but no great variation in the expense, in the different provinces through which we have to pass.

Soon after the abovenamed adventure, a severe thunderstorm wetted us to the skin. During the continuance of it we passed through a straggling village, called Luxan,—which includes a church, and some pulperias, or eating and drinking shops. These places were full of half-drunken gauchos, who amused themselves as we went by, in hooting at us, and quizzing our appearance. I was not surprised at their merriment; for the truth is that our costume was somewhat ridiculous, and made us appear more like “half horse, half alligator,” than like gauchos.

Here we are at a post-hut, waiting for the horses which some gauchos are in the act of lassoing for us in the coral. The sun has quite

dried our wet skins; and our hunger has been reasonably appeased, by some smoked beef, roasted on a stick by our peon. Several wild-looking guests assisted at our repast.

The postmaster of this solitary spot is a fat portly man, with a goodnatured face, and I have given him some cigars in return for his promises that I shall be provided with a horse "che tiene buen galope." The horses, in general, are tolerably easy, but the last I had was lame, and horribly rough.

27th. Post-hut.—Instead of flying like the wind across the plains, we are yet only ninety miles from Buenos Ayres. After sunset, yesterday, we reached a little post-hut where our peon begged that we would sleep, as otherwise we should be benighted on our way to the next resting-place, over a very swampy bad road. We thought it much better to travel over this

by daylight, and, of course, acquiesced. The postmaster was out, but a very dirty, civil wife was all attention. She said we were very welcome, but she had nothing to give us. On hearing this I quickly took my gun out of its case, and descended to a swampy pond near the hut, where I had observed a select company of teal; and I had the good fortune to slay two of these at the first shot. I thereupon hastened back to have them dressed. Returning, I had to pass through a large herd of cattle, whose admiration had been very much excited by a thing so unusual as the report of a gun, and the appearance of a strange-looking man on foot. They collected round me in a circle, regarding me in a way that I did not quite approve. One bull in particular took the lead, and by an ugly roll of his eye, whilst he pawed the ground, seemed to inform me he had made up his mind not merely

to resent my invasion, but to oppose my retreat. Upon this I halted for an instant, to consider what was best to be done; and the enemy all stopped too. By this time the circle was become disagreeably contracted; and, seeing no other means left me for escape, I valiantly charged the bull, gun in hand. The herd, one and all, slowly turned from me for a moment, but only to rally again; and I found that I had gained nothing by the movement. Whereupon, whether animated by courage proportioned to the dilemma, or rendered rash by fear, I pretend not to decide; but, without loss of time, I made a more desperate charge than the first, accompanied by a lusty shout. Happily, the result was a complete rout of the enemy. Away they all fled, their heads down, their tails stiffened out; and such was the effect of my prowess—such the panic—that they had not ceased

galloping over the plain when I arrived in safety at the hut.

M'Lean and I were impatiently awaiting our dinner, when we perceived a large horse galloping up to the post-hut, with something white on his back, so small that, until it almost reached us, we could not distinguish it to be, what in fact it was—a little urchin, four years old, with nothing on but a white shirt. This was the postmaster's son; and, on seeing him, his mother went out to tell him to drive a cow into the coral. Off he darted again, apparently as much at ease on horseback as a gaucho of four-and-twenty.

The teal were at last roasted and served up; but the mosquitoes, and other insects, worried us so much, that we put out the lights, which attracted them, and dined quite in the dark.

Before I turned into a ship's hammock which

I had brought with me, and fastened to the beams of our dirty shed, I thought I would just go and reconnoitre the kitchen and its company. On one side of a large crackling fire, made in the open air outside the post-hut, sat our large peon, and several gauchos, all with long drawn knives. They were cutting beef off a stick, on which it was still spitted and roasting in the flames. Their swarthy faces, shown at intervals by gleams of light from the smoky fire, looked wonderfully wild. On the side of the fire, close to where I stood, the little horseman I had before seen, with his white shirt, was lying asleep on a poncho, locked in the embraces of a still smaller brother, who was quite naked. And here, all "*sub Jove frigido,*" they no doubt slept soundly until morning; whilst I, who had never tried a hammock before, by the novelty of the proceeding, and the mos-

quitos together, was kept awake till nearly half-past three. We then rose in the dark. Our horses were caught and loaded, whilst we breakfasted on bread, coffee, eggs, and milk; and as the sun peeped out we mounted some excellent beasts, and M'Lean and I galloped on to this post, to order fresh horses for the baggage. Our guide was in despair, yesterday, at the delays we met with, and the difficulty of carrying and strapping on so much luggage. One horse in particular, when we loaded him this morning, began his journey by rearing and falling back on the portmanteaus. Strange to say, he got up again without injuring them or himself. If there were no danger of breaking down, a galera would be the easiest mode of travelling across the Pampas; but the apprehension of having to repair some serious injury in a desolate country, wanting both workmen

and materials, added to the increased risk of being caught by the Indians (who are known to be at this moment within reach of us, and from whom we could not possibly escape in a carriage), are considerations which, upon the whole, render our present mode of travelling the most secure.

29th. Post-hut. Arcifé.—We went at a good gallop from post to post, full of spirits, and enchanted with the wild plain of grass, the herds of cattle, and the fine buoyant air which prevented us from feeling the burning heat of the sun.

We ordered horses to be lassoed for a fresh start, the moment we reached each post-house, and with our own hands saddled those we rode. The gauchos will never do more than bridle your horse for you when caught; the saddle you must yourself put on. This was a necessity which gave me no trouble, with my English

saddle; but my companion, with his rugs, circingles, &c., finds it a tedious business. We thought, as we rode in advanc of the baggage, how much more agreeable it would be if nothing could impede the rapidity of our movements; and as we approached a post about four in the afternoon, having left our people several hours behind us, we began seriously to talk over the practicability of separating ourselves from the greater part of our baggage,—which we felt assured would be quite safe under the care of our guide, who could follow us leisurely with the servant to Mendoza.

As soon as they appeared we communicated to them our wishes, and finally determined to adopt this plan. We first made the peon, who knew the road, instruct us as to the posts we were to halt at each night. Some places, he said,

we ought to avoid on account of the bad character of the people: the names of these we put down on paper. After this conversation, overcome by the heat, we went to sleep on the floor of the travellers' hut. It was too hot to close the door, and our "siesta" was interrupted by visitors. First entered a hen and all her brood; then a duck and family; and when these had satisfied their curiosity and departed, in strutted a large tame ostrich, followed by a young one. Such is society on the Pampas!

As the sun was setting we got up, and accompanied a young gaucho down to the Arcifé, which we had that morning crossed with difficulty by ourselves, not being able to find the ford. In this river we now bathed, and two dirty travellers never enjoyed a more delicious purification. The gaucho boy turned his horse loose (for he rode

down to the river-side, it never entering his conception to walk on foot even a hundred yards), and undressed to bathe with us. After getting out of the water, I threw myself, half dressed, under a broad-leafed shrub, and fell into a sort of waking dream, about the home I had left in a distant land, and the prospect of all that might happen before I could look upon it again, until my reveries were routed by a man from the post-hut, who appeared before me, saying, "Senor sta pronta la mesa" (Sir, dinner is ready).

At sunrise the next day we began our journey in light marching trim. Our cortège was reduced to the postilion, and one baggage-horse, carrying two small portmanteaus, a bag, and a gun-case; over which were my blankets and sheets, and a tarpauling. We divided our cash with the servants and guide, who were to

follow with the rest of the baggage; and at a small village through which we passed early in the day, changed some dollars into rials, for paying on the road more conveniently.

Delighted at our independence, we galloped on merrily, the gauchó postilion leading the baggage-horse by a long rein, and showing us the way. We stopped once only after leaving the village, before we reached the next post; and this was occasioned by observing that the baggage-horse was bleeding at the nose, from being over girthed. We remedied this by slackening the bandages and our pace, to allow the horse to recover.

Nothing particular occurred for several posts of twelve or fifteen miles each; excepting, what may be deemed an important event in these regions—that of meeting a calèche at full gallop, jumping rather than rolling over the rough

plain, here cut up into roads and horse-tracks. It was entirely covered with white linen, and we could see nobody inside. A number of horses for changing, were driven near the carriage, by a gaucho who had no sinecure on so hot a day, in driving so many together without assistance.

We had now proceeded beyond the region of thistles, and beheld around us, during the whole of the day's ride, the same level plain of grass. This was a good deal burnt up with the sun, and often cut up into dusty paths by the frequent traffic across it; but occasionally, to save a distance, or avoid some swampy part, we deviated from the beaten track, and found ourselves galloping over a boundless plain, without any perceivable mark to direct our course, and as if guided by the mere instinct of the gaucho. Presently a black dot in the

horizon of this calm sea-like view, this "Nil nisi pontus et aer," would gradually increase in size, and as a ship seen at a great distance in the ocean becomes at last an object to arrest the eye, would open upon the view as it was approached, and we could soon discern, one, two, or three low ranchos, a few solitary peach-trees, and the high enclosure for collecting the horses, called the coral. The sameness of this scenery will sufficiently account for the little there is for the pen to dilate upon. The Sahara is an endless sandy plain, and the Pampas is a great interminable field of grass.

At noon we reached a post, which, from its outhouses, whitewashed walls, and glass windows, evidently belonged to a richer and better sort of farmer. A dragoon officer in uniform, with a servant in the same dress, were mounting their horses at the door; also another

man who seemed to be travelling with them. On accosting this party, the officer, an active well-looking man, shook hands with us, and offered to order our horses at the next post, to which he was going immediately; being, as he said, on his way from *Buenos Ayres* to *St. Luis*, to join his regiment. After thanking him, and interchanging civil speeches, he rode off, and we entered the house, where we found a decently dressed, and well-mannered postmistress, surrounded by her daughters, who were tolerably good-looking. They received us with great kindness, begged us to prolong our stay over the night, and would take nothing in return for an excellent dinner, with which they provided us, excepting a prescription from the doctor, for a son of the postmaster, who was apparently in the last stage of consumption.

As we were determined to go, in spite of the charms of these ladies, they sent out their servant to lasso the best horses they had; one of which, as I mounted him, I was informed, had always the honour of carrying one of the *Senoritas* when she was disposed to ride. "*Vayan ustedes con dios,*" they all cried out, shaking hands with us as we mounted.

We started at a canter, and did not halt until we reached the next post-hut. Here we overtook the officer and his party, who, on seeing us approach, waited our arrival, though they were in the act of starting.

This was a filthy and miserable post-hut, which our guide had cautioned us not to sleep at, as he knew the master of it to be an arrant rogue. We immediately demanded horses for ourselves; but the man refused them peremp-

torily, under pretence that the sun had set, after which he was not bound to accommodate us. Hereupon our friend the officer drew his sword, and gave him a blow with the back of it on his neck, that frightened him out of his objections. The horses were caught without delay, and the only difficulty was where to find a man to lead our baggage-horse, all the gauchos being out. From this embarrassment our dragoon friend released us, by proposing that his postilion should lead both our horse and his own to the next post. And finally, seeing that we were strangers and Englishmen, he put the seal to this well-timed civility and kindness, by declaring that if we would join his party, he would escort and protect us all the way to St. Luis, and, moreover, furnish us there with every facility in his power for continuing the journey to Mendoza. To all these

proposals we gladly assented ; his agreeable countenance, good manners, and military character, and our solitary condition, all combined to render this arrangement the more acceptable. Accordingly, we all rode away together.

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNEY ACROSS THE PAMPAS, CONTINUED.

Improved travelling—Biscachas and owls—A supper on the Pampas—Maté—Paroquets, ostriches, and deer—The Indians—Military expedition against them—A waggon train—A solitary shopkeeper—A foray of the Indians—Female wonder—Mosquitoes—Quick travelling—Wire spectacles—Rivers of the plain—Algaroba—Guenbé—Bread not a necessary of life.

WE had capital horses from this post, and rode at a hand gallop, without any order, till it became quite dark, when we were obliged to follow each other in a line,—the postilion and

baggage-horses leading the way, along so dusty a road that we were scarcely able to open our mouths or eyes. The biscachas, which burrow like rabbits, though they resemble badgers in appearance, had dug their holes in the very middle of our path; and my horse fell three times into them, on his nose, but recovered himself with singular felicity, without giving me a tumble. In the daytime we should have been reminded of the vicinity of these traps, by the owls, which generally stand sentinel over the holes which have ceased to be inhabited by these animals. These birds seldom move from the spot, and, if the traveller rides close to them, they make no other movement than to raise themselves as high as they can upon their feet, and stare at him with their goggle eyes, in a very curious and comical way.

We saw a great many of the horned plovers

as we rode to-day. They are called by the natives the tira-tira bird; and I recollect, on our expedition to Navarro, we found them very disagreeable. Their nests being near our path, they frequently flew almost into our faces, with rage at our supposed invasion of their possessions, and accompanied this manœuvre with a screeching that was most tormenting and grating to the ear.

We reached the post-house by eleven at night, after a journey of ninety-three miles: and glad enough we were of food and repose. For the former we had to wait a long time, as nobody was awake when we arrived. M'Lean and I made our beds on the two hide catres in the hut. Don Joachim Rodriguez (for that is the name of our military friend) and the servant, preferred the piazza outside, and had begun already to sleep on their recados, when a woman appeared with

a dish of mutton broth, mixed with maize and pumkin; after which came an assado or roasted lump of beef on a stick, which we all charged with our knives. Hungry as I was, I could hardly help being sickened at the sight of a number of hands, begrimed with dirt, all helping themselves from the same piece of meat; and all eating soup out of the same dish. This last arrangement I could not stomach, so I restricted myself to a large slice of the beef, with which, like a sulky dog over his bone, I retired into a corner—washing it down afterwards with some of my own tea.

We have brought a good deal of the famous *yerba* or *maté* with us, and I begin almost to prefer it to tea, when made by the natives, who seem alone perfectly to understand the mode of mixing this beverage.

The leaf of the *maté* (*Ilex paraguensis*) is of

the holly tribe. It grows wild in all the woods near the rivers and streams of Paraguay. It is an evergreen, with elliptical leaves, and the stem will grow to the size of a man's thigh. To bring this Paraguay tea into use, the leaves are slightly scorched by drawing the branch itself through the fire. Then the leaves are roasted, broken up, and pressed for packing. The Spaniards derived the custom of taking this tea from the Indians. A calabash serves for a teacup, into which, after a pinch of the leaves is put, boiling water is poured, and the infusion is then sucked into the mouth through a hollow silver, tin, or cane tube, which is called a *bombillio*. The common joke of the country is, to induce a stranger to apply the metal instrument to his mouth unthinkingly; for if the operation is not cautiously managed, the novice is sure to repent his rashness. Not only is the

water boiling, but the tube itself has become heated to a most painful degree when the tea is first made. If immoderately used this tea is said to produce diseases similar to those occasioned by indulging in strong liquors; though it does not affect the head. But I should imagine, from the simplicity of the taste, that the idea must be a prejudice.

The mosquitoes and fleas were abominable here; and I got only a very short sleep during the night. It is now just light enough to write, which I am doing whilst our breakfast and horses are getting ready.

Post-hut, three o'clock. Started before sunrise—no delays now—fine fresh air—good spirits. Passed a coral with a number of screaming paroquets perched on the stakes which enclosed it. As we galloped over one part of the plain this morning, we put up a number of wild

ostriches from the long grass. They crossed our path with extended wings, making long strides, and, when at a distance, had the appearance of men running. Several deer also jumped up, quite close to us. They were of a moderate size, without horns, and of a dark fawn colour.

About twelve o'clock it was excessively hot; even the breeze became fiery. We arrived at a post-house occupied by a detachment of cavalry, which had been sent from the neighbouring province of Santa Fé into the territory of Buenos Ayres, in consequence of the Indians having invaded this part of the country. The Indians had been seen the day before, in the direction in which we were going; but I was too tired and thirsty to listen to what was said; and after getting a little girl to fill me a tin mug with water to drink, I accepted the offer of the

officer commanding the detachment, to sleep for a little while on his bed in the travellers' hut. On awaking I found the captain still talking of the Indians, and our friend Don Joachim eating sour peaches, some of which he offered me. The captain of the troop said the Indians could not be far off, having been so recently seen on the road. This was not pleasant news; but it was vain to endeavour to avoid them, as we knew nothing certain of their movements. They are here, there, and every where, on their fleet horses, in an incredibly short space of time; so believing the only means of safety were to be found in a good pair of spurs and a kind Providence, we saddled our horses and galloped away. The next post was more than twelve miles distant. We rode it within the hour, under a burning sun; but the breeze kept us alive. The plain here was undulating,

and covered with long grass. As we ascended each knoll, our eyes were anxiously cast all round the horizon; for we thought it more than possible that the Indians might be within sight. There was nothing, however, to be seen to alarm us. The view was only now and then interrupted by a solitary hut, surrounded by a high prickly-pear fence, over which the Indians cannot leap their horses, nor can they penetrate it if the entrance is properly barricadoed.

We met, during this ride, some covered waggons, going to Buenos Ayres from Mendoza. They were dragged by oxen, three or four pair in each, and they moved slowly along, without any grease to the axles, with a creaking noise, that might be heard a mile off. Men nearly naked, with long beards, black hair, and complexions, bronzed with dirt and sun, were sitting on the top of the

loads smoking, whilst they goaded the cattle, with an immense long pole pointed at one end, which reached to the quarters of the furthest pair of beasts, and traversed from side to side of the waggon by means of a rope, by which it was suspended from the roof. The whole spectacle was very wild and uncouth.

We *tally-hoed* a gray fox from a tuft of grass. What a run we should have had with a pack of hounds !

At this post there are no reports of Indians.

30th.—Before we reached the post-house where we slept last night, we came to one called *Esquina de la Guardia*. We found this to be a collection of huts, one of which was a shop full of French goods and was kept by a Frenchman, who had a fancy for living in such wild places,—where, at least, he meets with no competitors. We learnt here, that only two days before, the

Indians, about fifty in number, had made an attack upon the corals close to the huts, at three o'clock in the daytime. The terrified inhabitants shut themselves up in their houses, not without fear that they would be burnt over their heads. But the Indians, as they supposed, either suspecting that there were troops at hand, or satisfied with their plunder, abandoned all pursuit of the inhabitants, drove the horses out of the corals, and seized those that were saddled and bridled at the doors of the houses, —where some are always standing in readiness for mounting. After this exploit, which was witnessed by the despoiled from the chinks of their mud dwellings, the Indians galloped off with their booty, and are probably now at an immense distance, committing some other robbery. Great excitement still prevailed among the poor gauchos and their families, who had

sent off for some of the Santa Fé troops, fearing another visit from the enemy.

We were not sorry to leave this ill-fated spot, and the miserable faces about it, and so galloped on till quite dark. It was then necessary to ride more cautiously, and we were obliged to grope our way through marshy lands, trusting to the knowledge of the peon, and the sagacity of our steeds. At eleven o'clock, we reached a post-hut built on an elevation, our approach to which was announced some time before our arrival, by the loud barking of several dogs: nevertheless we found the postmistress and her family fast asleep in the traveller's hut, which they had to evacuate forthwith, in order to let us in. They were soon busily employed in making a fire, cooking up the usual mess of mutton broth, and roasting some beef on a stick. These poor people were particularly

attentive, and willing to make us comfortable. The old lady was lost in admiration at the clean and fine sheets I had brought with me, and uttered exclamations of wonder at the *goodliness* and *costliness* of our apparel—a proof of the simplicity and ignorance of these people, and of how totally cut off they are from all approaches to luxury, and even to comfort. The mosquitoes annoyed us here more than usual, and we could hardly take up a spoonful of broth without suffering from their attacks; nor, indeed, could our hands be safely engaged in any other labour but that of flapping them away. As Don Joachim rolled himself up in his cloak, and laid down for the night on his saddle-cloths outside the hut, I heard him muttering to himself—“*Quien sabe se no vendran los Indios antes la manana?*” (Who knows if the Indians will not come down

upon us before to-morrow?) I was frequently awoke during the night by the barking of the dogs: but the alarms were all false. Before daylight we were up and had breakfasted; and as the sun rose, we mounted to resume our journey.

At the last post the doctor and myself got such excellent horses, that we soon rode out of sight of the rest of our party; and following the track, we reached the Tercero, which we forded immediately, having met a courier from Cordova to Buenos Ayres, who showed us the right place. The post-hut was on the opposite bank, to which we immediately rode; and we have employed our time in eating, and talking to a respectably-dressed gaucho. To dine without the rest of our party is a luxury to me; for the officer's friend never washes his hands, and it really makes one sick to see him

tear the meat with his filthy paws, holding all the time his long knife between his black teeth.

31st. — We went three twelve-mile posts, after the one mentioned above, each within the hour. If a delay of at least half an hour did not take place at every change, we might more easily accomplish one hundred and twenty miles a day than we do now ninety.

When we started from the last post, a Pampero gale was blowing, and the dust soon made us look like millers. It rose in such clouds that we could hardly open our eyes. I endeavoured to use some wire spectacles, but these made the heat too oppressive to the eye, and I could not bear this so well as the evil I wanted to remedy.

Part of the day's journey was by the banks of the Tercero, which is deep enough for boats at this station. The banks were overgrown with the stunted algaroba-tree; ugly enough in

itself, but, after so much flat monotonous plain, any new object becomes delightful.

From the river Plata to the territory of Mendoza, trees are rarely seen in any numbers, except on the banks of the rivers, and even there they seldom grow to any height. The algaroba, seen occasionally on the Pampas, is a species of acacia, bearing a pod containing seeds that are said to be, when peeled, as good as nutgalls, for making ink. There is also another sort, common I believe in Upper Peru or Bolivia, which bears a berry eaten by the natives, and of which chicha is made; an inebriating drink invented by the Indians. The fermentation of this detestable beverage is produced by adding to the water in which it is steeped a quantity of human saliva. The women chew the berry first, and then pour water upon it.

The air plants common in Buenos Ayres

are a singular variety of nature. I have seen them growing round the iron balcony of a window without any root, a peculiarity which entitles them to the name of air plants. Some of them have a fragrant smell.

In Paraguay there is a species of creeper called Guenbé, growing from the hollow trunks of decayed trees. This class is long, straight, and flexible, without any knots, and when the bark is peeled off the roots it can be twisted into ropes and cables for ships. The fibres of the aloe at Buenos Ayres have also been used for making ropes.

During one stage my horse fell, from fatigue and want of wind, and would have rolled upon me; but as I lay on my back, I luckily pushed him hard with my foot, which turned the balance, and over he went on the other side; whilst I got up quietly, unhurt, and remounted him. This is the first fall I have had. Maclean got

one this evening as he endeavoured to mount a young and timid horse. Before his leg was well thrown across the saddle the animal plunged violently, and gave his rider so severe a fall that he has not yet recovered from the effects of it.

We reached a place called Fraile Muerto, to sleep—a village with about twenty houses in it, on the banks of the Tercero. Here I tried to bathe, but was disappointed. The water was deep and rapid, and the banks were so slippery, that however easy to slip in, “*revocare gradum,*” to get out again, would have been an insurmountable difficulty. We found here a shop with cotton goods, and plenty of bread. Of the latter we bought enough for that evening and two more days. At only one place before have we met with bread in any quantity. Generally, to our demand for it, the answer has been, “No hay, Senor, no hay,” in a tone expressive of surprise and contempt, for any

body who could be so unreasonable as to ask, or even wish, for any other food but beef. To-morrow at daylight we start again.

CHAPTER XII.

JOURNEY ACROSS THE PAMPAS, CONTINUED.

Iguana and Vultures—Approach to the Andes—The plague of mosquitoes—Dread of Indians—Politeness on the Pampas—A false alarm—A pleasant night's rest—Improved climate and renewed health—Results of an Indian visitation—Another false alarm—A hard bed—Arrival at St. Luis.

POST-HUT, Feb. 1.—The wind was so cold and piercing when we left Fraile Muerto, that I was glad of two ponchos, aided by hard riding, to keep the blood warm. It is only from twelve

to three, in summer, that this climate is exceedingly hot, and even then the breeze blows continually. In spite of guayaquil hats, moustaches, and beards, our faces resemble, in colour, the complexion of the natives. The want of a good washing, too, has not a little contributed to the darkness of our skins, and transformed us both into swarthy gauchos.

The long grass we found, to-day, burnt white by the heat, and intersected by deep rutty paths, troublesome to ride in. We started an iguana or great lizard out of one of these, which ran before us very quickly. It was about a yard long, and had, to me, all the appearance of a young crocodile. We also saw some scissor birds. Their long tails open and shut as they are flying, just like a pair of scissors; in other respects they resemble a swallow. Vultures abound, especially in the

neighbourhood of a dead carcass. We found, to-day, the half-picked skeleton of a horse, on the road, surrounded by them.

Whilst the baggage was being adjusted on the pack-horse, we had galloped quite out of sight, and lost our way. We made for a lonely ^{ran-} rancho, and on reaching it discovered that we were at least a league out of our course. This, with tired horses, was provoking. A young gaucho mounted a horse, to go to the post-hut with us; but he rode at such a pace that our sinking beasts could scarcely follow him. This would have been an excellent opportunity for the peon and the dragoon's servant to make off with our portmanteaus; and I was not quite comfortable on this point, till I saw that all had arrived safe at the post-hut, and that a fresh baggage-horse was in readiness to proceed with us.

In the course of the day, to our great joy,

we discovered some hills in the horizon. After the ocean of land we had been traversing, this sight was indeed delightful. Though they were, in reality, but a low range of hills, they appeared, to our enchanted eyes, like lofty mountains, worthy of being the footstools of the giant Andes. We were, indeed, nearly four hundred miles from the base of the Andes; but we had already reached them in imagination, and were climbing up their steep sides. The chain which we beheld is called the Sierra of Cordova, by which name the province passes; and though very far from the Andes, they seem to be the last effort of those mighty masses, to disturb the surface of a plain which rivals in flatness the ocean, to which it extends over vast regions of the new world: for, though here and there we had met with gentle elevations, these are only to be distinguished on a near approach,

and are too inconsiderable to interrupt the uniform character of the Pampas.

We soon gained a prospect of the post-hut in which we were destined to pass the night. It was situated in a low marshy place, surrounded by what we magnified into a forest, but which, in fact, was nothing but a wood of short algarobas, ten or fifteen feet high, casting scarcely more shade, in the evening sun, than our guayaquil hats. We had pictured to ourselves this place, when at a distance from it, as a sort of paradise, with purling streams, arcadian bowers, shepherds and shepherdesses—a sort of Utopian hotel—in which we should enjoy, for at least one night, that happiness and repose which our miserable lodgings had hitherto denied us. Clouds of mosquitoes awoke us from this dream; and, not content with biting us, they began to attack the horses. On remark-

ing the exceedingly low condition of those we saw driven into the coral for the night, we were told that this arose from the frantic state in which they galloped over the plain to escape the mosquitoes, and that it had become necessary to drive the greater part of them, at sunset, into the corals, to prevent their being lost during the night. Here they were confined, therefore, within an enclosure, to be bitten to death or not, as the case might be, and to bear their fate as well as they could. Their staring coats and flat sides gave evident proofs of the misery they had long endured.

To stand still outside the hut when the sun had disappeared, was next to impossible, as these winged harpies continued to buzz about our ears and eyes, piercing hands, face, and every uncovered part, in the most tormenting manner. Tired of fanning them away with a

handkerchief, I was obliged, as a choice of evils, to sit (the glass at 70°) within a shed where a fire was blazing to dress our supper; and this, too, in an atmosphere of smoke that almost put my eyes out. Here, seated on a stool, I watched the process of cookery, until I was nearly as completely roasted as the beef itself. The group about the fire would have suited the pencil of a Teniers or Wilkie. The officer in his dusty uniform, his filthy friend the dragoon servant, the post-master, ourselves, a cat, a dog, and a company of fowls with their heads under their wings, and three naked children, had all collected round the old witch and her fire. The men were talking of the Indians—an all absorbing topic with the unfortunate gauchos. They had been seen the day before, on the road we were to pursue next morning, and the alarm had spread far and wide over the country. This

was interesting intelligence ; and the conversation was rendered more so by the excited manner of the gaucho who was speaking. His eyes turned wistfully, every now and then, in the direction in which some dogs were barking ; and he stopped occasionally to look out of the shed. Once we all got up at hearing the trampling of horses galloping towards the hut ; but it proved to be some gauchos returning home.

A hasty meal in our sleeping hut was almost prevented by the mosquitoes, which we tried in vain to smoke out, by burning dried horse dung on the floor. We passed a restless night without undressing. Every hoarse growl seemed to startle us from sleep, and altogether we felt not a little uncomfortable. Like Richard from his dream, we, too, might have started up with "give me another horse!" and a fleet one it

must have been, to have escaped from the dexterous and savage pursuit of the Pampas Indians. We rose however at three, breakfasted, and galloped off before sunrise, without molestation.

As we rode through an algaroba wood we found some handsome *gauchitas* milking, who were very pressing in offering us milk—making, all the time, pretty Spanish speeches, and placing every thing they had at our command. Unfortunately we were in too much haste to profit by their politeness.

As we emerged from among the trees, the Sierra of Cordova opened to view on the right, and we continued to approach it in an oblique S. westerly direction all day. The ground here was more undulating than usual, and my little horse got so tired that I was left behind by the rest of the party, and out of their sight. Whilst

jogging along upon the jaded animal, half-asleep with the heat, I suddenly perceived some horse-men rising up on one side of me, from over the summit of one of those slight elevations by which the plain was now occasionally varied. One followed another at a quick pace; and the sun was so much in my eyes that I could not distinguish their dresses. "So!" thought I, "here are the Indians at last!" It was utterly impossible to escape, if they really were the enemy; so I had no resource but to sell my life at the price of a couple of pistol shots. I cannot say I was resigned to a fate that I certainly considered as inevitable. Presently, however, to my inexpressible satisfaction, I found, as the riders came near me, that they were very friendly-disposed gauchos, who were riding together to visit their herds on the plain.

This point being so happily settled, I re-

lapsed into my jog trot, and into a more settled doze—from which I am not sure that I am now altogether roused, whilst writing at the post-hut, after having travelled thirty miles on the same horse, under a burning sun. I must prepare, however, for fresh exertion; for we have resolved to make the most of our time; as the sooner we reach St. Luis, the sooner we shall leave behind us all apprehensions of meeting with these Indians.

Feb. 2.—At four in the afternoon of yesterday we arrived at a village called Rio Cuarto, by the river of the same name. We had made a rapid journey in a scorching atmosphere; but feeling the necessity, as we thought, of advancing several leagues further before night, we rode to the post-hut, with a full determination to order our horses and be off as soon as possible. Our intentions, however, were speedily changed;

for we heard there that the Indians were certainly in the direction we were going; that in consequence some cavalry had marched out of Rio Quarto, to protect a distant village which lay in our route; and that if we arrived safely at the next post-hut, probably the inhabitants would have abandoned it, and we should be unable to proceed further. The commandant of the troops in Rio Quarto advised Don Joachim to wait until the following day, when the road would be more safe, from the Indians having gone further from its neighbourhood. We were, of course, easily persuaded to remain under such circumstances, and had no cause to regret the delay. We were better lodged and better fed than we had yet been on our journey, and our sleep, for the first time, was undisturbed by mosquitoes. The fact is that we have been gradually, though imperceptibly,

ascending for the last two days, and have, we hope, taken leave of these nuisances for a long time; as they confine themselves chiefly to the low wet plains which we have left behind us.

We started at sunrise this morning, with a fine fresh keen air in our faces. Our route was over a still more undulating surface than that of yesterday, with the Sierra of Cordova right before us, and the grass looking quite green and luxuriant. The climate now has become excellent—better, I think, than that of Italy. The air, both in the morning and the evening, is quite dry and bracing, and the never failing breeze, which prevails during the day, renders the sun less intolerable. The little horses here must be indebted to the climate for their surprising vigour; for though they are ridden under every disadvantage,

being full of grass, over-weighted, and out of condition, they, nevertheless, do wonders. I have, myself, reason to be most grateful for the health which the climate, and the ride together, have restored to me. I left Buenos Ayres out of spirits, and not recovered entirely from illness; but I am now so well, and so full of energy, that I would not relapse into my old habit of feeling for a kingdom.

The Indians have not been heard of at the post which we are now going to leave. The troops halted here yesterday on their march.

3d.—The day did not end yesterday without adventures. The smoothness of the plain was changed for a ride over a more broken and irregular surface than usual, and our minds underwent a corresponding agitation. We rode very fast to a post called Baranquita,* at the

* Mr. Caldcleugh and another gentleman, when travelling across the Pampas, fell in with the Indians at this

foot of a hill. On reaching it I was struck with the absence of all the men; all the animals too had disappeared, except one calf which was tied to a stake. This desolation extended to the inside of a farm yard, surrounded by mud walls, which we entered by a wooden door. A great umbú-tree stood in the middle, casting a broad shade over the place; but nowhere was any living creature to be seen. Presently up started from an inner nook on the premises, first a half-naked boy and an old man, and then another person.

We were informed that the report of the approach of the Indians had induced these poor people to send their women into a village close to the next post among the hills; and post. Their horses were tired and unbridled, which gave the travellers time to distance their pursuers, who soon followed them with the most horrible yells and threats, for thirty miles, but without overtaking the fugitives.

that, expecting a visit from these unwelcome guests, and hearing the sound of our horses' hoofs, they never stopped to ascertain the fact, but fled from their supposed enemies without casting a look behind. So great was their alarm that it was not without some menaces of coercion on our part, that these unfortunate wretches were induced to go out and lasso fresh horses, to enable us to proceed. They could think of nothing but the Indians whom they expected to encounter at every turn :

“ Still as they run they look behind,
And hear a voice in every wind.”

What a life of misery the poor gauchos lead in their lonely homes !

Since their emancipation from old Spain, the Argentine states have never had a sufficient

military force to protect them from the invasions of marauding Indians, who harass the country in all directions for plunder; always making for the least defended points, and moving with incredible celerity. A savage yell at the dead of night at once arouses the sleeping gaucho, and informs him of his danger. The house is surrounded; the daughters dragged into bondage; and the corpses of fathers, brothers, and sons, mangled and hewn barbarously into pieces, are left amidst the smoking embers of their dwellings, to inform the next traveller of the cruelties of the Indian.

At Achiras, a village through which we passed on our way to the next post, a great number of women had assembled together from all parts of the country, to be protected within the limits of a low mud wall, defended by a ditch. The two together were such as

an ordinary English sportsman might have charged without any scruple; but it appears that the Indians are unacquainted with the art of leaping; although in their flat plains they cannot be excelled in other feats of horsemanship. We found a body of lancers here; but they were ill equipped, and looked half-starved. I should not have felt much more secure for their presence in the village, and I doubt if they had the least intention of risking a conflict with the Indians outside the walls.

The post-hut was further on, and close to a wood of fig-trees. When we galloped up to it nobody was to be seen; but by the time we had dismounted, several people, including the postmaster, emerged from the recesses of the wood, after having assured themselves that we were not Indians, by sundry peeps at us through the thickets where they had sought refuge on

hearing our approach. Here we feasted on the finest figs I ever tasted. They form a most delicious repast in the present sultry days.

On leaving this post we travelled over a wide plain to Portezuela, a post-hut situated under some red cliffs. As the evening was advancing, and objects became more indistinct, the appearance of the plain, undulating up to this elevation, seemed like an approach from the sea to the shore; and it is not improbable that at some period, when the waters were differently distributed over the earth, the waves really washed these sandy rocks, which here form a barrier across the country for a considerable distance.

We had met with nothing, hitherto, like rocks, or even stones. The paving stones of the streets are brought to Buenos Ayres from the island of Martin Garcia, at the mouth

of the Uruguay. Salt lakes are found to the south of Buenos Ayres, and in some districts of Upper Peru the incrustations of salt are said to present the appearance of fields of snow.

Before we reached this place my horse, while galloping, fell with me from fatigue, and rolled over; but I got clear away, and was not even shaken by the fall. I insisted upon changing with the grumbling postilion, whose horse, indeed, was not much better than my own, though he carried me to the post in safety.

It was nearly dark when we left Portezuela. I was mounted on a spirited little horse, and we all galloped along through deep tracks, overgrown with grass, lighted only by the moon, and trusting to the sagacity of our beasts, who seemed to know every inch of the way. In jumping down from a high bank into a broader

track, the jerk threw my pistol out of its belt. I stopt to pick it up; but the next day I missed a small powder horn, a cigar-case, and a silver pencil-case, all of which had taken leave of my pocket at the same time, for the benefit of some future traveller.

We were not far from Morro, where we were to take up our quarters for the night, and had got into a smoother road, in which we were able to quicken our pace,—when I perceived some twenty or thirty men on horseback, charging down the slope of a hill on our left, as if to intercept our party. Don Joachim was in advance about twenty yards, but instantly halted. The horsemen halted also, and hailed. There was light enough to observe that they carried long lances, but it was too dark to distinguish their dresses or complexions. I hardly knew whether to gallop on, or to return,

apprize the rest of their danger, and then endeavour to escape myself by a retreat. There was no time for deliberation: I cocked both my pistols, and prepared to have, at least, one shot for my life,—when I heard Don Joachim's sword ring against the saddle of his horse, indicating that he had galloped on. I followed instantly at speed, my rein on my horse's neck, and a pistol held in each hand, expecting every moment a cold lance through my body. But the party of supposed Indians only shouted as I passed, without following, and I soon learnt that they were a picket from Morro, on the look out for Indians, for whom we had been at first taken by these lancers themselves.

Instead of riding to the post-hut, we made our way, after much noise and challenging from the sentries, to the quarters of the troops at

Morro. The postmaster of Morro had sought refuge here also from the Indians; not liking to remain in his lonely hut, outside the walls of the town. We were welcomed by the few officers belonging to this detachment, who knew Don Joachim, and invited us to occupy their quarters; but the dirt and fleas were too much for me, under the roof where Don Joachim and the doctor had the courage to spread their recados. The night was beautiful, so I determined upon having the dark blue sky, bespangled with stars, for a ceiling to my bedroom. On an old wooden door lying out in the barrack-yard, I spread my blankets, pulled off my spurs, and wrapped myself up, boots and all, for the night. The wind was very keen, and I was soon roused from my slumbers by the cold. As I lay on my back on the hard wood, wishing it a feather bed, I could see the Magellan clouds over my head, and

I was reminded rather painfully of the immense distance I had to travel before I could obtain a much better couch than a broken door. On each side of me some troopers were snoring on the ground, wrapped up in dirty white ponchos, their lances resting against the barrack-wall; and I could not but amuse myself by imagining the singular figure I should make, if the whole scene could be transported over the water, and placed before the eyes of some of my well-lodged and luxurious friends in the old world.

I slept ill, got up out of humour, and vented my spleen upon an old woman, who very reasonably refused me some milk from a cow that was in the act of suckling three calves at once. She yielded the point, however, at last, so far as to give us a little for our coffee. The postmaster was out of the way, and we had to wait for horses until twelve o'clock. At last,

when our patience and good temper were exhausted, they came; and as miseries never arrive singly, I was mounted on a wretched old horse, to ride thirty miles over a fiery plain without shade, to the post-hut where I am now writing, and inhaling the savoury steam of a piece of goat's flesh which is roasting for our dinner.

We proceed on to St. Luis, where we hope to arrive to-night. We saw two guanacos on the plain, which had come down from the sides of the mountains to browse. They are of a dun colour, with skins like deer. The head is like that of a lama, and, with their thin short tails, they might, at a little distance, be taken for rat-tailed horses, with ewe necks. We see our day's journey before us—an undulating plain of thirty miles, with some hills in the distance, beyond which is St. Luis. The algaroba is now

very common. It grows and looks something like the stunted oak in Epping forest.

We have passed the river Quinto. The original settlers from Peru gave to the rivers of these plains, as they succeed each other, the names of Primero, Segundo, Tercero, Quarto, and Quinto.

Post-hut, Feb. 4.—We were more tired of spurring our horses over this long stage to St. Luis, than alarmed about the Indians. St. Luis is full of troops, and there is little to fear so near a garrison. From St. Luis to Mendoza, we are told, there is scarcely any thing to be apprehended from them; for the country is too woody all the way to tempt them within that province, where their quick movements would be interrupted by the trees.

The approach to St. Luis is through a thick algaroba wood. The road is deeply rutted and

worn into holes, and is also full of pointed stumps of broken trees; so that we found it necessary to ride with great caution. In consequence, our fatiguing march was prolonged until ten o'clock. We were then hardly conscious of our arrival, though we had been some time in the town; for the low mud houses of which it is built, are enclosed within a high wall of the same material, and are so hidden by the leaves of the algaroba and fig trees, that we still imagined ourselves in the wilderness which we had left some time behind us. Before I had made up my mind on the subject, "estamos circa,"* our military friend cried, and in another minute we entered the court-yard of his own

* This expression is often used in a most provoking manner, in answer to an inquiry of "how near?" for though it literally means "close at hand," a gaucho will tell you this an hour or two before the time of arrival.

quarters. He insisted upon offering us the hospitality of his house; and although four mud walls, without any furniture but a broken table, and banks of hard earth for seats, promised but little comfort, yet the kindness of Don Joachim, and the great assistance he had been to us, made me feel too grateful to reject his invitation, had the accommodation been ten times more homely.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNEY ACROSS THE PAMPAS, CON-
TINUED.

St. Luis—Inopportune curiosity—Spanish credulity—
Ill-timed severity—Represa—An agreeable disappoint-
ment—A restive horse—A grumbling postmistress—
A horse-hunt—Distant view of the Andes—Crossing
a river—Foxes and hares.

It was too late to visit the Governor of St. Luis; but I confided our passports to the colonel of Don Joachim's regiment, who, with many others, came to congratulate their comrade on his safe arrival, and to hear the news

from Buenos Ayres. Next followed all the authorities and principal inhabitants of the town, whose curiosity to see an arrival from Buenos Ayres overcame all scruples about interrupting the repose of three worn-out travellers ; and it was past midnight before we had supped, upon very ordinary fare, and were permitted to spread our blankets on the mud floor, and enjoy a short sleep.

Early in the morning the colonel, with whom we had ingratiated ourselves, offered us a dragoon to escort us to Mendoza ; the distance now being two hundred and forty-six miles. By a further act of kindness, he obtained for us from the governor, a passport which would oblige the postmasters every where on the road to furnish us with horses, on presenting them with a written order for payment on the treasury of St. Luis.

All these arrangements delayed us until past twelve, when we at last set out in company with our dragoon, a tall, moustachoed, determined, weather-beaten soldier, in uniform, armed with a long sword, horse pistols, and a gaucho knife stuck in his girdle behind. We began our journey at too fast a pace to keep it up without accident, and the usual one occurred to the portmanteaus, which were soon galloped quite under the belly of the baggage-horse, till he was constrained to come to a standstill. As the dragoon was not over clever at fastening on the load, we were often delayed on our way to Represa, the next post of fifteen miles. On one occasion the man of war lost his temper by these repeated and vexatious stoppages, and began to beat the young gaucho postilion with the flat of his sword, asserting that the mischief was occa-

sioned by his mode of leading the baggage-horse. The boy was mounted on a horse that had been saddled for me; but as I did not like the look of the beast, before starting from St. Luis, I took my saddle off, and put it on the horse he had intended for himself. I omitted to take off the bridle in the exchange, and when we were starting I gave my sword to the boy to carry, having run the point of it through the end of the scabbard, by using it for poking on the loaded horses when they were tired; in which duty it had been more serviceable, than it would have been as a defence against the Indians. I was not a little annoyed, therefore, to see the beaten boy drop the leading rein, turn his horse's head towards St. Luis and gallop off at once, carrying with him my sword and bridle, and leaving the party to find their way to the post as they best could, without his

assistance. We had no difficulty in effecting this, the dragoon immediately turning position; and we soon arrived at Represa.

After a long delay at this post for fresh horses, having given up all hopes of recovering the stolen goods, I perceived the swarthy countenance of the young gaucho cantering out of a wood, and making directly for the post-hut, to which he had followed us at a respectful distance. I instantly darted up to him and seized my bridle and sword, which as he readily restored, I could not help coupling the transfer of property with the expression of an opinion that unless he wished to receive a severe drubbing, if not a more serious punishment for his pranks, from our hasty-tempered dragoon (who had sworn to be revenged upon him), he had better canter back into the wood; a hint which he took without loss of time.

Feb. 5.—We had a stage of forty-five miles to perform before bedtime, and the sun had already set before we got on our horses. I mounted here, for the first time, a restive horse. He kicked violently, and refused to start until he felt the length of my heavy spurs in his sides; upon which he gave up the contest, and proceeded with a tolerably good grace. I thought the brute entirely subdued, and had made up my mind that he intended to go quietly the rest of the way; but having several times occasion to dismount and adjust the saddle, his ill-humour as often returned, and I had each time to conquer his rebellion. I mention this incident only from its being a remarkable exception to the general character of the horses; for it certainly afforded me no amusement, though it did to every body else.

This stage was so long, that in spite of the

grumbling of the postmistress, who was not at all pleased at receiving bits of paper instead of rials for her horses, I insisted upon having two more than usual, for changing on the road when the others were fatigued. We gained this point only after much debate, and a faint endeavour on my part to conciliate the angry lady by a compliment to her good looks,—which was not very graciously received. After we had made some progress, the boy who rode one and led the other horse, either would not, or could not, ride fast enough to keep up with us; and I suspected that he was treacherously lagging behind in order to make off and save himself the trouble of a long ride. I therefore began flogging on the horse before me; a measure of which I repented much; for the leading rein slipped from his hands by accident, or on purpose, and away darted the loose horse, like

the wind. There was a general chase for some time on open ground; but at last the fugitive entered a wood, disappeared altogether, and the hunt was over. He escaped entirely, and I conclude found his way back to the post by a route only known to himself; for we saw no more of him.

There was no water to be met with in this long stage. We carried two large horns full from the post-hut, which the peon and the dragoon together soon drained to the bottom, and we had none left for ourselves.

At midnight we were about three leagues from the post-hut, groping our way through the paths of a thick algaroba wood, without any moon. I could hardly keep on my horse for sleepiness, and the peons were so overcome that they pretended they had lost their way—suggesting that it would be better to halt for

the remainder of the night in the wood. I was the only dissentient from this proposal, for Maclean could hardly speak for drowsiness. Therefore, being determined to have my own way, and having learnt to be angry in Spanish, my earnestness of manner produced the desired effect, and the peon soon found the road again. After this I kept myself and the rest of the party awake, by whistling, shouting, and singing, until I heard the joyful bark of the dogs, at the post-hut, which we reached at three in the morning.

Here we slept on a mud floor, in a very small hut, with all the family snoring about us. I was too tired to look at, or speak to, any of them; but at day-light I was awoke by a dirty woman who trod on me by mistake. On rising I saw another woman lying on a bed in a corner, and a man, who turned out to be her husband,

sitting at one end of it nursing a child. It had been born only just before our arrival. The good man was giving it milk out of a wooden spoon. As soon as I had buckled on my spurs (for I slept in every other article of dress) I went out, and saw an old woman boiling milk for us over a fire. I gave the lady in the straw some tea, for which she seemed exceedingly thankful, and I then sat down upon the ground to breakfast.

Yesterday, while at the distance of two hundred and forty miles from Mendoza, we had perceived the distant snowy heights of the Andes against the deep blue sky; and now they appeared more distinctly. These mountains have been seen, without a telescope, from a position near the Punta de St. Luis, above three hundred miles distant. The day of my arrival at St. Luis I had observed, in the distant horizon, what I conceived to be

masses of white clouds, but I have little doubt that I actually beheld the Andes at that time, without being conscious of the fact;* but now not a cloud was to be seen, the Andes rose before us in all their grandeur and majesty, whilst Tupungato and, I believe, Aconcagua lifted their heads above the rest, proudly pre-eminent.

* Captains Fitzroy and Beechy have since measured the peak of Aconcagua, from which a volcano formerly issued, and have established the fact of its being nearly 23,500 feet above the sea; which is considerably higher than Chimborazo. I certainly saw a range of mountains to the north of Tupungato, of as great an apparent elevation to the eye as that mountain; but the guides only drew my attention to Tupungato. I rather think I must have seen Aconcagua, after turning out of the valley of the Maypo, towards the city of Santiago, in a north easterly direction from our position at that time. We saw snow mountains, but I was not aware then of the possibility of seeing Aconcagua so soon after our descent into Chili.

We had now galloped out of all danger from Indians, and were, at last, gratified by the sight of the giant hills we had heard and read so much of: a prospect which seemed to offer a termination, on the next day, to that part of our journey, which, though interesting, was the most dangerous.

Soon after starting we came to the river Desaguadero, which was more rapid and deep than any we had yet crossed. We dismounted, to make the trajet on a sort of rude raft, with our luggage, and were soon hauled over by a rope; but the horses were driven down the bank into the river, and swam across without bridles or saddles, the peons standing on the opposite shore to lasso them as they arrived. They plunged in altogether, stemming the current, with their heads up the stream, and snorting loudly at every stroke.

We had double the number of horses with us now, because the stage was forty miles. My first fell with me in galloping, and I got on two others successively before I was mounted to my satisfaction. Maclean and the baggage galloped on ahead, whilst the dragoon and the peon remained far behind, driving on the loose herd of horses; so I was left to perform the stage quite alone, being separated several miles from either party. I had sufficient occupation for my attention, however, to relieve the tedium of a solitary ride; for notwithstanding my having a stumbling horse to take care of, I could hardly take my eyes off the mountains of snow which were now in full view, sublimely towering above the woody plain before me.

As I rode along, several foxes stole away from the long grass into the cover. I also saw two dark-coloured hares, at least twice the size of our

English breed, with very long hind legs, which, with their jumping movements, made them resemble kangaroos.

It was very hot towards noon, and as my horse was growing weaker and weaker, I passed several ominous looking skeletons, which showed pretty clearly that every traveller had not ridden the same horse quite to the end of this long stage. To save my own, therefore, from the vultures, I pulled up, and walked him slowly several miles. I lost my way before I reached the post-hut, and scrambled through the thicket to the top of a little knoll, to see from thence where I was. I beheld an endless wood on every side, and the only indication of any spot being inhabited was some tall poplars, which are always planted here in the neighbourhood of houses. I directed my steps thither accordingly, and soon, to my great delight,

reached the post-hut, and found Maclean drinking Mendoza wine; for we had now crossed the frontiers of that province.

CHAPTER XIV.

MENDOZA.

A loss and recovery—An overthrow—La Rosa—Improving aspect of the country and the people—Handsome treatment—First sight of Mendoza—Arrival there—Quick travelling—Mendoza—Its architecture—Public promenade—The Andes—Equestrian habits of the people—Mendoza wine—Products of the soil—Superiority of Mendoza to Buenos Ayres—An agreeable arrival—Silver mines of these regions.

MENDOZA.—Here we are safe across the Pampas. On quitting the place last referred to, we proceeded on to a post-hut, thirty miles from a place called La Rosa, where we were

to sleep. The sun was setting as we mounted good fresh horses for this stage. After riding about a mile, I found that I had lost my watch, and we despatched the dragoon in search of it, to the post-house we had left. He soon brought it back, having found it upon the spot where I had mounted. Notwithstanding this delay we galloped to La Rosa in less than three hours.

For the first ten miles we saw nothing of the baggage-horse and postilion. We had observed them before, upon starting, becoming "small by degrees," but the pace was increased, and they had entirely vanished from our view. At last we espied before us, at a turn of the road, two unladen horses, with their heads turned towards each other. The gaucho, who had dismounted, was quietly smoking a cigaro de papel, whilst he contemplated our baggage

strewed in every direction on the ground; where, with the utmost philosophy and resignation, he determined it should remain until further orders. At La Rosa we were better lodged than usual. Every thing, indeed, on the road, since we entered the Mendoza limits, has worn a better aspect, and given us a very favourable impression of that province. Instead of the wild flat Pampas, with no trees or shrubs to relieve the eye, we have now ridden through woods, orchards, enclosed fields of grass, and among white farm-houses, barns, and granaries. The lands are every where intersected with streams for irrigation; and the people too, whom we met on the road, were more polite and civilized in manner than those we had hitherto seen. They condescended to take off their hats as we passed them, and appeared both willing, and even

anxious, to give us information whenever they were spoken to.

We started early the next day, in high good-humour at finding ourselves only sixty miles from Mendoza, where we might repose from our fatigues, and make arrangements for continuing our journey over a more interesting country, and without interruption from the Indians.

In the course of the day we crossed a swollen torrent which I take to be a section of the river Mendoza. The main body of this river flows more to the south, but, before getting fairly clear of the Andes, it has, by its mountainous impetuosity, torn several meandering channels in this neighbourhood, which must greatly facilitate the irrigation of the land lying between them.

About twelve o'clock we reached a post-

house, at which we were very much gratified by the amiable politeness of the mistress, and a pretty daughter. They showed us into a large garden, abounding with figs, plums, peaches, and nectarines, insisting upon our eating as much as we desired, and giving us afterwards a good dinner indoors; peremptorily refusing any remuneration for this courteous display of hospitality.

From this post to Mendoza was only ten miles. The road lay over the dry bed of a torrent. Heaps of small sharp stones cut and lamed our horses' feet, which were as usual unshod; our attempts, therefore, to quicken their pace for the purpose of keeping time with our impatience, were quite abortive. We were riding now between mud walls, enclosing meadow lands. Farm-houses met our view as we advanced, some of them whitewashed. Soon,

under the dark mountains which form the base of the great range of the Andes, we perceived before us the spires, and domes, and poplar groves of Mendoza. We hailed the sight with unfeigned joy, regarding it, after so rough a journey, as a land of promise, overflowing with milk and honey. Kind fate had steered us clear of all disasters on the plain of the Pampas, and no sailors ever entered port more merrily than we urged our lame cattle into Mendoza.

There was no room at the inn to which we had been directed; so we stood under the burning sun in the middle of the street, considering what was best to be done. Presently a goodnatured dame stepped forth from an opposite *patio*, and requested us to put up at her house. I felt, at the time, as if in one minute more I should take fire; so to save a

spontaneous combustion we at once entered the house of La Senora Villa Nueva, and though we should not be said, in London or Paris, to fare sumptuously in her decent establishment, yet if the greatest possible kindness and anxiety to extend our comforts as much as her means will allow, are any compensation for the absence of a good table, we have no right to complain of our sojourn here. Besides, what can be deemed homely, after thirteen days' discomfort on the Pampas?

Feb. 12.—Although seven days have elapsed since our arrival, the guide and servant are still missing. I fear the Indians have surprised them; and if they do not appear very soon I shall begin to despair of them. They ought to have been here five days ago. The sum of our delays upon the road amounted to about three days; and having reached Mendoza on the thirteenth

day, we reckon upon having performed the 936 miles in ten days—not riding less, on an average, than ninety miles a day. But the baggage has been already nine days longer on the road than we were. In the mean time, I am by no means sorry to rest at Mendoza, which is an agreeable place. There is nothing very remarkable in the architecture of its churches or its houses. They are all built of sun-baked bricks or *adobes*—the materials most in use in Chili and Mendoza; although in Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, the common red brick is now generally substituted. Many of the streets are not whitewashed, and the bare brown walls have a most dingy and unfinished effect.

The alameda is between double rows of tall shady poplars, affording a delightful promenade. It borders a rapid stream, supplied by the melting snow of the mountains, which is conducted

through the alameda to add to the freshness and salubrity of the place. Here it was that Captain Head expressed some astonishment at the promiscuous nature of a Mendoza bathing-scene.

Here we enjoy, in a delicious climate, the cool breezes from the Andes, which seem much nearer to us than they really are. A Grecian temple, supported by pillars, is built at one end of the public walk, within which, as well as along the avenue, seats are placed. At a house adjoining the walk ices are to be had, not over well made to be sure, and flavoured with cinnamon—which is too medicinal for my taste;—but ice of any flavour is a luxury in the heat of a Mendoza summer. On one occasion we encountered the governor, cooling himself at a table, at mid-day, placed out among the trees; and he was not only pleased to order ices for us, but insisted upon defraying

the charge, which amounted to nearly a shilling.

The mountains rise up on one side, a mile or two off, between which and the town are vineyards, meadows, and tobacco-fields, in abundance. Beyond the mountains are to be seen the snowy ridges of the Andes, of which Tupungato forms the principal feature. The houses have flat roofs, and never more than one story above the ground floor; generally only a ground floor. Every house has a patio, or courtyard within, where horses may be seen standing ready saddled, with their bridles hanging over their heads, waiting patiently, as they do at Buenos Ayres, for their masters, who rarely condescend to walk.

The lady of the house in which we live has a numerous connexion of brothers, sisters, and cousins; and the men have been very obliging

in lending us their horses, and volunteering an escort as cicerones. Several of them have large farms and vineyards in the neighbourhood, and at one of these I have purchased some Mendoza wine, twelve years in cask, which resembles fine old sherry. I intend to send it over the Pampas, and to England,* from Buenos Ayres. In this splendid climate and luxuriant soil, every European fruit grows to the highest perfection. Figs, peaches, greengages, nectarines, apples, pears, damsons, strawberries—all excel, both in size and in flavour.

In the streets, as well as lanes leading out of the town, in every direction, are channels of very cold water, conducted from the mountains; and all the roads leading out of Mendoza, to a

* I am happy to say that this wine has at length arrived "per varios casus."

certain distance, pass through avenues of the favourite poplar ; which make the ride through them shady and agreeable even in the heat of day. The province of Mendoza is considerably in advance of Buenos Ayres in agriculture. The export of hides is not so great as in the states further removed from the mountains ; but they manufacture soap, and grow wine, tobacco, maize, and wheat, in abundance ; for which last they have lately begun to use the water-mill. A great deal of their produce finds its way to the Plata, in carts and on the backs of mules.

The inhabitants are more simple in their manners, from being less in communication with the Old World, but are not less intelligent than those of Buenos Ayres, and the gauchos certainly are better bred. They possess a great deal of natural shrewdness. I never observed any where, in the same class of life, so much interest

and curiosity about other countries, or so great an anxiety manifested, both to give and receive information, as among the members of the Villa Nueva family.

The other provinces of the Argentine republic are supplied with a great deal of wine from Mendoza, which is carried over the plains in skins. But hitherto the duty imposed on the transport of wines from hence across the mountains has acted as a total prohibition of any trade in that article with Chili. The government of Mendoza have proposed a treaty of commerce with Chili, which, if it should be accepted, will lead to an interchange of commodities between the two states, equally advantageous to both. At present the Chilians use a wine of their own, which is very inferior in quality to that made on this side the Andes.

Although in the middle of summer the heat is excessive, yet the climate of Mendoza even then is not oppressive. There is a buoyancy in the air, and a brilliant cheerfulness in the sky, which are quite refreshing, after the swampy mosquito-regions of the Pampas. The autumn, winter, and spring, are delicious, and indeed the faces of the inhabitants indicate the health which generally prevails in this province. The absence of damp is peculiar to the whole district; and in cases of consumption and rheumatism a residence here is reported to be uncommonly efficacious. There are some natural warm baths near the Uspallata road, which are so much esteemed as to have tempted people from Buenos Ayres to use them. An English bricklayer, who worked at Buenos Ayres for Mr. Hamilton, has brought his wife from thence, for the express purpose of bathing at Villa Vicenza.

Feb. 15.—At last we have had intelligence of the servant and guide. To our great joy the latter rode into the patio of our house, his horse all white with foam. He brought a note from my servant, whom he had left at La Rosa. It appears that for a long time, as I predicted, he had suffered severely, from riding on the Spanish saddle, which he preferred at starting to an English one; and though they escaped the Indians, his inability to travel quickly delayed the arrival of the baggage. All the money we gave him being expended, he sent forward the guide from La Rosa, to announce his safety, and request a further supply. I lost no time in despatching the peon with the needful, and we expect all our forces to-morrow, when we shall immediately march upon Santiago.

A brother of our hostess has offered to pilot

us across the Andes, by a pass called the Portillo, said to be more picturesque than the usual route, but only open to travellers during the summer. The Uspallata pass, which is the post route, is practicable the greater part of the year; but the scenery, I am told, is less interesting than that of the Portillo, and the route quite as difficult. The only objection to the latter is that it is somewhat longer, and there are two mountains to ascend instead of one. For three days we shall meet with no hut or habitation; which is not the case by the Uspallata pass, where there are several huts, built at different places for the use of travellers.

I had intended to visit a silver-mine in this province; but the lateness of the season makes it prudent to lose no time in recrossing the

tropics before the rains set in. Besides which, the assurance I have frequently received, that to one unskilled in geology and mining affairs, the inspection of a mine offers little interest, has determined me to avoid any further delay.

Few of the rich mines which were used in the time of the old Spaniards, east of the Andes, are now at work; want of money, of science, and of good roads, has induced the natives to abandon them. But there is no doubt of their containing the metal, in as great abundance as ever. The successive revolutions to which these republics are so liable, have deprived foreigners of all hope of embarking their capital in mining adventures with any chance of success. The practical knowledge, alone, of the native Indian workmen, now much reduced in number, has hitherto

been found efficacious in discovering fresh veins of metal, and in performing many other operations of mining. It is, indeed, asserted here, that the underground attainments of our Cornish miners were of little avail in working the silver-mines.

CHAPTER XV.

LUXAN.

Preparations for leaving Mendoza—Provisions for the journey—Curiosity—Departure—Halt for the night—Learned ladies—Ercilla's poetry, and the aborigines of the Pampas—Retrospective glance at the plains and their inhabitants—Sketch of the Patagonians.

LUXAN, Feb. 17.—The servant and guide having arrived in the morning, we discharged the latter—not without reluctance, for an honest creature never breathed—and soon after sunset we took leave of our kind hostess, and mounted

the horses of our friend Don Melchior, her brother, in order to sleep the first night at his country house, which is on the road to our place of destination, and about seven miles from Mendoza. For several days La Senora Villa Nueva had been diligently making bread, and buying chickens, beef, and mutton, for our provisions on the journey; to which we added a small cask of Mendoza wine. We had enough for a fortnight in case we should be snowed up, or lose our way in the mountains. All the shopkeepers in the street were peeping out of their doors, with *cigarros de papel* in their mouths, watching our preparations, and the commencement of our journey; it being an event of some interest to them, in the monotonous history of their lives. At last, booted, spurred, and loaded, we sallied forth from the town. We were accompanied by two unmarried sisters of the family,

who were returning on horseback to their brother's house. This is at a village called Luxan, which we did not reach till after dark; for we rode very slowly. The house is like a large English farm-building, with a yard walled all round, which we entered by a large, strong wooden gate. The family consists of an old mother, her sons, and three daughters. We supped and passed the night with them. They made us clean beds, on the dry earthen embankments raised against the walls of the room, all round, like broad benches.

We had a good deal of conversation on the politics of Mendoza, and the prosperous state of its agriculture; and some long stories were told about the Indians. The old lady said she recollected a family of her acquaintance, of fifteen in number, all of whom escaped from

the pursuit of the Indians on three horses only. It is long since they have ceased to enter the cultivated part of the province of Mendoza ; though formerly they used to ride up to the very walls of the city. Some of the ladies here had read a great deal, and were perfectly well informed about the history of the New World since its conquest. Don Melchior produced Ercilla's epic poem, which describes in beautiful language, and with much imagination, the numerous battles between the early Spaniards, and the Araucanian Indians, who gave so much trouble to the successors of Pizarro, and who are still unsubdued on the southern frontier of Chili, beyond the limits of the river Biobio, as are likewise most of the tribes on the Pampas. The Araucanians are still endowed with a courage and a capacity of enduring fatigue almost incredible. They are a

superior race, having a regularly established form of government, and a code of laws of their own, which they observe with the utmost strictness. Their qualities, both moral and physical, are said to be above those of other tribes of the New World; and I am assured that it is no uncommon thing for their lives to last above a hundred years, without any loss of corporeal or mental energy.

Having attempted to describe the cities of Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, and Mendoza, it may be well if I here take a brief review of the extensive plains on the borders of which these towns are situated, and add some observations upon the inhabitants, character, and climate, belonging to them.

The greater part of the Banda Oriental has been very accurately surveyed, in consequence of the old disputes between Portugal and

Spain, respecting the sovereignty. There are no Indians in it except those in the missions, who are reduced to a state of comparative civilization. This territory, which is *as large as France*, is very thinly peopled, and is chiefly laid out in vast estancias or cattle-farms, for which it is particularly suited, from the abundance of pasturage, and the never-failing supply of water from the countless streams and streamlets which intersect it in every direction. With every advantage nature can give it, an industrious European colony would soon render this a flourishing state. It is, however, more particularly of the Pampas over which I have just accomplished my rapid gallop, as well as of the gaucho and Indian who have so long disputed the possession of it, that I am desirous of speaking.

The Andes run north and south through

South America, dividing the continent into two unequal parts, and always within a hundred miles of the Pacific Ocean. From Buenos Ayres to Mendoza there are three distinct regions, which contain the provinces of Buenos Ayres, Santa Fé, Cordova, and Mendoza, through parts of which the present post-road passes. A shorter road to the Cordilleras, more to the south, and strengthened by a line of forts, was formerly contemplated as a means of connecting the Plata with the Pacific, and with the hope of civilizing the Indians, through the centre of whose territory it was to be carried, or at all events to keep them in check with greater certainty; but after our war with Buenos Ayres, the Spanish government abandoned the scheme. The first part of the plain in the route to Mendoza is covered with thistles; the second produces chiefly trefoil grass, called alfalfa, which is

green and luxuriant in the spring and autumn, but is burnt up and quite brown in the summer. The last district, which extends from the town of St. Luis through the province of Mendoza to the Andes, is altogether overgrown with low brushwood, of which the algaroba, and espina, or American evergreen thorn, form the principal part. There are other indigenous productions,—such as the ombú, which is seen at Buenos Ayres, the aloe, and the prickly pear; which last often surrounds the hut of the gauchos, being cultivated for a defence against the Indians. The fig and peach are common now every where, though transplanted originally from Europe. In the towns and villages they are very numerous, but I have also observed single trees, or perhaps one of each sort, near the rancho or hut on the Pampas, and have often, by this signal, been guided to a habitation.

Nearly the whole of this enormous district is composed of a rich alluvial soil, in which not a stone is to be found. The thistles grow so rapidly in the spring, that before the summer is over, they are ten feet high, and with such thick stems that Captain Head thought an army would be stopped by them in its march, at that time of year. Their decay is quite as rapid, and the clover is then to be seen bursting over the dried up and fallen thistle, until the whole face of the country is changed.

Numerous rivers, some of which I have mentioned, gently pursue their silent course along these flat plains, having lost all the character of the torrents which gave them birth in the Andes. The Rio Tercero, and Quinto, and the Desaguadero and Tunuyan, are the principal.

The Tercero is the only river which, taking

a course towards the east, finds its way to the Parana. In the dry season it loses itself in a marsh, but emerging again takes the name of Carcaranna, and finally discharges its waters into the mighty Parana, eighteen leagues from Santa Fé. When the waters are high it is fit for the navigation of boats. During part of its course it becomes salt; a property which is common to nearly all the rivers flowing languidly through the plains, and ending in swamps or lakes. Gigantic bones were found by Falkner in the bed of the Carcaranna, which, like those mentioned by Garcillaso, were for a time supposed to be human, but which are now known to have belonged to the Megatherium and Mastodon, of which specimens have been brought to this country. The natives boast of the waters of several of these rivers. The Quinto, when very much swollen, communicates with a river called

the Salado, flowing in a parallel direction with the Plata; but at other times it loses itself in a marsh, like the Segundo, Quarto, and other smaller streams. There are, however, two other rivers of much more importance, which reach the Atlantic by a more southerly course. The first, the Desaguadero, or drain, rises in the province of San Juan. It takes, for a time, a direct course from north to south, absorbing, in its passage, all the rivers flowing from the eastern side of the Andes, besides a great quantity of melted snow. I crossed it within forty leagues of Mendoza. To the south of San Luis it is lost in large lakes; but its waters are supposed afterwards to find their way to the Colorado, which falls into the Atlantic, in about 40° south latitude.

According to Falkner, the crew of a Spanish vessel, wrecked at the mouth of the Colorado,

ascended it in boats, and found their way to Mendoza. Below the Colorado, the Rio Negro falls into the sea. This is the largest of all the rivers of Patagonia, and the recipient of numerous streams which issue from the Andes to the south of the province of Mendoza. In its course is a great island called Choleechel, where the Indians cross to make their incursions into the territory of the Buenos Ayreans. In 1782, Villarino was sent by the Spanish government, to explore the Rio Negro. He pursued his voyage, and found it navigable to the foot of the Cordilleras, within fifty miles of Valdivia, on the Pacific; but he did not proceed further. General Rosas has built a fort at Choleechel, in order to keep the Indians in check. The importance of a navigable river across the continent, induced the Spaniards to form a settlement upon its banks, which still exists at some distance from

its mouth. The river, however, has never been ascended since Villarino's voyage.

Doubtless some of these rivers are destined, at a future period, to facilitate the commerce of these regions with civilized nations; but at present they only offer obstructions to the advance of the traveller and the loaded mule, across the plain.

The climate of the Pampas in winter is said to be like our month of November, which corresponds with their April. Hard frosts are then frequent at night; and in their spring (which is our autumn) I often found a fire very acceptable at Buenos Ayres. But the climate in the same latitudes is found to vary, in proportion to the distance from the Atlantic, and the greater altitude above the sea. The damp mosquito-haunted region, extending for the first five hundred miles from Buenos Ayres,

has quite a different atmosphere from the buoyant air of the province of Mendoza,—where I have slept in the open air, on the ground, and found no symptoms of damp on the poncho, under which I had taken shelter; and I have often observed dead animals by the wayside, dried up in their skins, indicating that the temperature did not tend to dissolution.

The Pampas are quite free from that malaria so prevalent in Greece and Italy. I saw only one sick person all the way from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza. The Pampero, which blows with the violence of a hurricane, and which scarcely any thing can withstand, greatly contributes to the salubrity of the country.

The gaucho habitations are thatched huts, composed of wicker-work and mud, or only mud, thatched so imperfectly as to afford little defence against the storm. Frequently they

are found separated from each other by a whole day's journey. Under these circumstances, what can the lonely gaucho know of the great world in which he passes his dreary life, cut off from all communication with the haunts of civilized man? Often the man who acted as our postilion, seemed puzzled to find his way to the next station; and when questioning many of these gauchos, their knowledge of places was limited to the mere neighbourhood of the dwellings, where they had passed their lives. However, when they hunt ostriches, or are obliged to fly from the Indians, they make journeys of a length almost incredible. They will try to climb up a colt of three years old by the tail, when they are not older themselves, and are accustomed to the exercise of throwing the lasso from the time they can scramble out from the door of their hut—

practising with a string and a noose, on a chicken or a puppy, until of strength to pursue, on horseback, the bull and the ostrich. In short, their feats of horsemanship, and the activity and strength they display with the lasso, when mounted, can hardly be surpassed.

Home has, for them, few pleasures. It is on the plain, when armed with his knife and his *bolos** for catching ostriches, that the indolence of the gaucho is thrown aside, and his physical energies developed. The wars which the provinces carry on with the Indians, as well as with each other, make him always a soldier. His spirit is now excited by civil contests, as well as by a never-ending war with the common foe.

But it is only those inhabitants of the plain in

* Three balls attached to as many separate thongs united near the hand.

the more immediate neighbourhood of the towns and villages, and their direct communications, that can take any part in the particular transactions of the province in which they happen to live. The rest are so remote from the seat of authority, that they scarcely consider themselves bound by allegiance to any superior control. They are lords of their own families and feeding-grounds, like the patriarchs of old; and they may go on gaming, eating beef, playing the guitar at home, and hunting ostriches abroad, from generation to generation without interruption, unless accident or design brings a party of Indians within sight of their isolated dwellings.

Except of those tribes that have been civilized and converted by the Jesuits in Paraguay, and brought under subjection in Peru, I have never met with any satisfactory account of the Indian

population of South America. Respecting those nations inhabiting the Pampas and Patagonia, Falkner, I believe, is the best authority, who was forty years in the country. He divides them first into Moluches and Puelches, and subdivides these into many other tribes. The superior physical powers of some of the Indians of South America are attested by the old Spanish writers, who speak of their labours in the mines with surprise and admiration, though they sunk under them at last. The contrast which they must then have presented, to the enervated and indolent colonist from Spain, may have given rise to exaggeration. The Indians of the more southern latitudes are a very powerful and muscular race. There is, no doubt, good reason for asserting that a finer race of men does not exist than the Pampas Indians; and it would be curious to

trace up the origin, and discover more accurately the customs and particular habits, of a people so little known, and so entirely unsubdued, in defiance of the pains bestowed before and since the emancipation of South America by the mother country, for extirpating them. Lately, indeed, some of the Indians who occupied those parts of the Pampas that were taken possession of in the military campaigns in which General Rosas has become celebrated, have abandoned their wandering habits, and have become settlers, under the protection of the government of Buenos Ayres, and are said to make excellent peons for the service of the Estancias. The wilder and more remote tribes, who leave their distant regions to plunder the provinces, and return with the spoil, use a lance of eighteen feet long, pointed with bone, and are so dexterous that, without fire-

arms, the Spanish cavalry could not resist their attack. Their superstitious horror of fire-arms, has, however, of late years, been removed; and they will now, I am told, charge cavalry and infantry, under fire, with the most astonishing recklessness. They are always on horseback, often naked, without even a hat; and though they inhabit huts of ox-hide when encamped on their own plains, they will lie out on the bare ground all night, when at war, or in pursuit of their enemies, without any covering, and in all weather. Their wars with the Spaniards have made them more cruel than they would naturally have been; for they expect no quarter, and their hatred and fury are raised to such a pitch against the gauchos, that they seldom are content to put them to death, without the additional vengeance of mangling

and cutting their bodies in pieces. The young women and children whom they find are then taken up behind, on their horses, and galloped into slavery; and it is said that some of the women have, at last, preferred the new ties formed among their wild captors, and refused to abandon them when retaken. They live under a cacique, and have no fixed abode, but are determined in their migratory movements by the fineness and quantity of pasture for their horses, or by some scheme for robbing the huts of the gauchos, and stealing the contents of their corals. They eat mare's flesh,—keeping their horses only for riding; and they consider it a great luxury (and it is their only one that approaches to cleanliness) to bathe their hair in mare's blood.

They believe in good and evil spirits, and if an Indian dies before his time by any natural

cause, the blame is often attached to some individual of another tribe, who is presumed to have been influenced by an evil spirit to kill him, and wars are said to be not unfrequently the result of this suspicion.

They have some notion of another world, in which they will be always drunk or galloping, and they believe that the stars are their deceased ancestry hunting in the heavens. I may venture to repeat, from Captain Head's authority, two other customs which betoken the simplicity of this singular people. The first is, that when they bury their dead, they kill some of their best horses, that their departed friends may have them to ride in another world. The second is, that when they marry, the bride and bridegroom lie down with their heads to the west, and when the sun rises at their feet the ceremony is complete.

Their numbers, compared to the vast regions which they wander over, are very trifling. Indeed, I have heard it asserted that there are not five thousand, from Tierra del Fuego to the Plata. But of this there can be no certainty. Insignificant, however, though they be, the political perfidy and folly which continue to weaken the force of all these federal states,—who, instead of combining against the common foe, are for ever engaged in civil broils with each other,—may possibly pave the way for the Indian to wreak his vengeance upon the usurper of his natural soil, and, in their turn, the Creole nations may be exposed to a war of extermination, waged by the aboriginal inhabitants of South America.

The giants of Patagonia, who have so long excited the curiosity of Europeans, are not quite

so fabulous a race as many persons have supposed. An ancient Peruvian tradition first pointed out a nation of gigantic height, towards the south. Magellan, the first discoverer of the straits which bear his name, saw some of this race. He stated them to average six feet and a half. One in particular was much taller; the Spaniards only reaching up to his waist. Six Patagonians, he affirmed, ate as much meat as twenty Spaniards: almost the reverse of what the Indians of Hispaniola said of the Spaniards; for that puny race declared one Spaniard to consume as much as four Indians. At that time they were not horsemen, but rode upon animals that resembled asses: which may have been the *guemuls* mentioned by Molina. But they then, as now, were without any fixed habitation.

In the year 1592, Cavendish visited the

Magellan straits. He brought away with him an account of two Patagonian bodies which he saw on the American coast, of one of which he measured the foot, and found it to be four times the size of his own. Little reliance can be placed on this account; for the navigators in that expedition related as a fact, that three sailors were nearly killed by rocks torn up and thrown at them by one of these giants;— a relation which bears rather too much affinity to the far-famed Polyphemus of Homer's *Odyssey*, not to endanger the credibility of the whole story.

The English navigator, Hawkins, speaks of them with less exaggeration. He says, "It is necessary to beware of the inhabitants of the Magellan coast. They are called Patagonians; they are cruel, perfidious, and so tall in stature, that many travellers give them the name of giants."

One navigator, a Dutchman, makes this race out to be from ten to eleven feet high. Others have met with men of ordinary height on this coast, and appear to have doubted altogether the previous accounts of earlier discoverers. But it is quite possible to deem these to have been sincere disbelievers, without impugning the veracity of Hawkins or Cavendish. The Laplanders are said to be the dwarfs of the human race; but a traveller might encounter in Lapland, Swedes, Norwegians, and Russians; would it then be right to treat as visionary those persons who assure us that the Laplanders are all a diminutive race?

The eighteenth century furnished new and more incontestable proofs of the colossal stature of the Patagonians. Frézier, in his voyage to the South Sea in 1712, admits the existence

of a nation on this coast, very superior in height and bulk to the natives of our hemisphere.

The celebrated Admiral Byron met with these people, and the following relation is given by one of his officers :

“The admiral went ashore, made the savages sit down, and distributed toys among them. Their size was extraordinary, for when sitting, they were almost as tall as the admiral when standing up. Their average height appeared eight English feet, and the highest were nine feet and more.”

In 1766 a very particular account is given of the Patagonians, by Duclos Guyot, in his voyage to that country. The French were received by the natives with songs and solemn speeches, in the manner of the South Sea Islanders. After this manifestation of hospitality peculiar to savages, they led their guests

to their firesides. Some were above seven feet high, and the least were five feet seven inches (French measure). Their bulk was still greater in proportion; which prevented them from appearing so tall as they otherwise would have done. Their limbs were large and sinewy; they had large faces, flat noses, dark complexions, black hair, and were more robust than Europeans of the same height. They were clad in guanaco and vicunha skins, sewed together, and reaching from the neck to the instep. These were painted with blue and red figures, resembling the Chinese characters, but all alike, and separated by straight lines, which formed a sort of square, or diamond pattern. The women were less dark, but of a stature in proportion to the men. The account goes on further to state, that they introduced their wives and daughters to the Frenchmen, and showed no signs of jealousy at the

gallantry displayed by that nation. Recent accounts, by Spanish navigators, confirm these details. Maltbrun, who mentions many of these facts, concludes by remarking, that it appears now beyond a doubt, that the Patagonians, for three centuries, have preserved a stature considerably above that of any other human race; since the smallest of them was seen to be above five feet and a half, French measure, and the mean size was seven, or at least six feet and a half, and that there is no improbability in the accounts which represent some of these individuals to be as much as eight feet high.

Other countries of the world have perhaps contained tribes, of a stature not less than the above mentioned. Effeminate habits and commerce with other nations may have caused them to degenerate, whilst the Patagonians, in the most isolated part of the globe, have pre-

served with the simplicity of their customs, and the coarseness of their food, a height and bulk beyond that of the generality of mankind.*

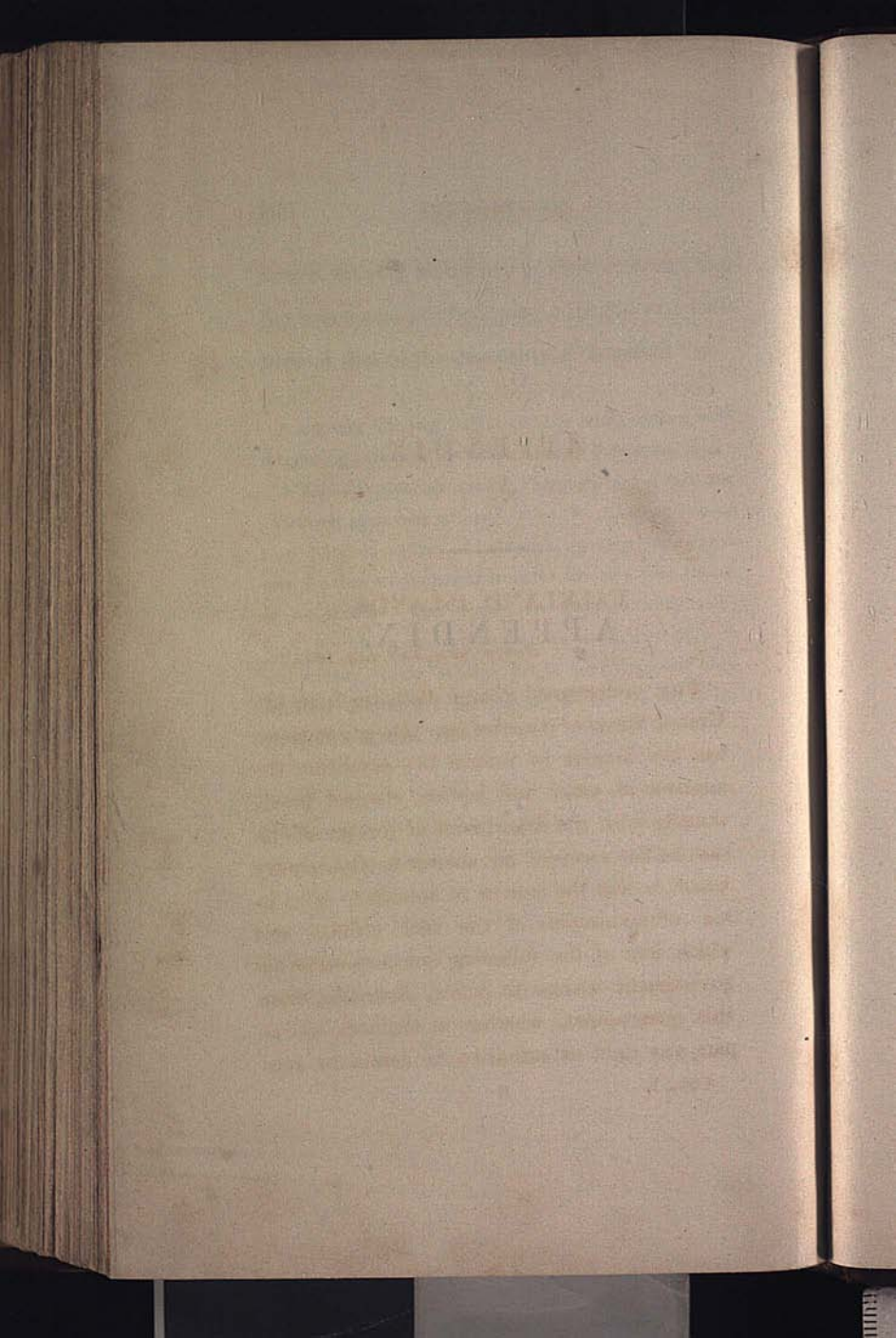
* Captain Fitzroy, R.N., who has lately made a most interesting survey of the whole coast of Patagonia, says,

“The aboriginal natives of Patagonia are a tall and extremely stout race of men.” * * * “Among two or three hundred natives of Patagonia, scarcely half a dozen men are seen whose height is under five feet nine inches or ten inches. The women are proportionably tall.”

* * * “I have nowhere seen an assemblage of men and women whose average height and apparent bulk equalled that of the Patagonians.”—*See Journal of the R. G. S.*, vol. vi., p. 315.

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A P P E N D I X .



APPENDIX.

No. 1.

FALKLAND ISLANDS.

Buenos Ayres, 10th July, 1832.

THE undersigned chargé d'affaires from the United States of America near this government, has the honour to inform his excellency the minister of grace and justice, charged provisionally with the department of foreign affairs, that he has received no answer to the inquiry which he had the honour to submit to him, in his communication of the 26th ultimo, and which was of the following purport—that his government wished to know, distinctly, from this government, whether it claimed, on its part, any right or authority, to detain or cap-

ture, or in any way to molest, interrupt or impede, the vessels or the citizens of the United States of America, while engaged in fishing in the waters or on the shores of the Falkland Islands, and the other places included in the decree of June 10, 1829.

It appeared to the undersigned that no deliberation was necessary to enable the government of this republic to answer this plain question; and, therefore, he expressed the hope that the reply might be speedy. But, inasmuch, as several days have elapsed since it was made, he must take it for granted that the inquiry was considered futile by his excellency—as the fact inquired of was of common notoriety; inasmuch as the rights claimed by the Argentine republic had been asserted in the decree of June 10, 1829, and in the correspondence between D. Tomas Manuel de Anchorena, formerly minister of foreign affairs, and George W. Slacum, Esq., consul of the United States; that minister having, in his communication to Mr. Slacum, of date December 3, 1831, denied the right of the United States to the fisheries in question; while he asserted

the rights claimed by this republic to be "unquestionable," and also having in a communication to the consul subsequently made (viz. on the 9th of the same December), expressed the wish of his government, that the consul would refrain "from persisting in the protest which he had made against rights which had been, and were, in possession of this government, and which (said the minister), until this time, nobody has questioned. And inasmuch as, in a proclamation issued by the delegate government on the 14th of February last, the Falkland Islands are claimed as a "colony" of this province, and in a circular issued by the same delegate government to the provinces, Don Luis Vernet is styled the political and military governor of the Falkland Islands, &c.; and inasmuch as this government now detains the American schooner, *Harriet*, captured by virtue of this assumed power.

The decree of June 10, 1829, the proclamation of February 14, 1832, and the circular to the provinces, and the process against the schooner, *Harriet*, have never been communicated officially to the American government

or to their representative here; and although the same right was asserted, in behalf of this government, by their minister of foreign affairs, in the correspondence with Mr. Slacum, the American consul, yet, as the diplomatic character of that gentleman was positively denied, and as he was subsequently suspended from his office by this government, whatever was asserted in that correspondence, is not, perhaps, to be considered of a character as solemn as that of direct assertions of this right, made to an accredited representative of the American government here.

Therefore, the undersigned felt some solicitude to obtain an avowal of this claim, from a minister of this government, made distinctly to himself, as the accredited representative of the United States.

But, as his excellency has not, as yet condescended to reply to the inquiry, the undersigned thinks himself justified in the presumption that the power and authority described in his application are assumed by this government. And acting on this presumption, he will proceed to lay before his excellency the

views which his government have taken of this question, and to present some facts, having relation to the question in issue, for the consideration of his excellency, which he sincerely hopes may produce a happy termination of this unpleasant controversy.

To simplify the investigation upon which the undersigned proposes to enter, he will, in the commencement, take the liberty to state the question in this manner.

The Argentine republic claims sovereignty and jurisdiction over the Falkland Islands, Tierra del Fuego, Cape Horn, and the islands adjacent in the Atlantic Ocean, by virtue of having succeeded to the sovereign rights of Spain over those regions.

As these sovereign rights, thus claimed, are altogether derivative from Spain, the first inquiry naturally divides itself into two branches.

1. Had Spain any sovereign rights over the above-mentioned places ?
2. Did the Argentine republic succeed to those rights ?

If it can be shown that Spain had no such rights, the question is terminated, unless the

Argentine republic should abandon all title under Spain, and claim an absolute vested sovereignty, original in itself.

If it be shown affirmatively, that Spain had such rights, then it must be as clearly shown that the Argentine republic succeeded to them; and if that can be shown, then it must also be shown that the Argentine republic had authority to capture and detain American vessels and American citizens engaged in the fisheries at those places, without notifying the American government, or its representative here, officially of such assumptions and such claims.

It must be premised, that the United States of America claim no sovereign jurisdiction or exclusive privileges over the water or the soil of these realms. They only claim such privileges as they have been accustomed to exercise in common with other maritime nations.

Civilized nations have claimed title to countries uninhabited, or inhabited only by savage aboriginals, in three modes :

1. By prior discovery.
2. By taking formal possession of such countries.

3. By prior occupation.

It has sometimes been contended that the first sight of countries never before seen by civilized and Christian people, give to the nation by whose subjects such discovery was made, a preferable title; but it does not seem altogether reasonable that the discovery of a new region by ignorant marines, in consequence, perhaps, of a casual storm, or a trifling accident, should give to their nations a solid title to valuable territories. But when skill and science are put in requisition, and expensive expeditions prepared for the purpose of discovery, it would seem just that discoveries consequent on such enterprises should be followed by some benefits to the persons by whom they were made, and to the nations by whom they were patronised.

It has also been contended that no title can accrue from mere discovery, unless such discovery be accompanied by certain formal acts, which generally are styled acts of possession.

Formal possession of uninhabited and wild countries has generally been taken by naval officers, and has always been attended with many ceremonies and solemnities; amongst

which are—landing in state, under salutes—raising flags—making inscriptions, and proclaiming formally that possession is taken in behalf of their sovereign or nation. If Catholics, crosses are sometimes reared, and sometimes coins are buried.

Some nations have admitted rights in the savage aboriginals of such countries, and have claimed subsequently, on occupation, what may be called a pre-emptive right, that is, the right to extinguish the aboriginal title, by voluntary agreement, to the exclusion of all other nations.

Other nations have denied the existence of any right or title to territory amongst uncivilized tribes.

On this point no question can arise when the regions claimed are uninhabited.

In the discussion which took place in the British parliament, with respect to the proceedings of the Spaniards at Nootka Sound, Mr. Fox, who is justly ranked amongst the most illustrious of British statesmen, denied that discovery furnished any ground of title whatever; and rested the British title to Nootka on occupation alone.

Prior occupation, according to the more liberal and rational usages of modern times, is certainly the least impeachable title to regions uninhabited, or inhabited only by savages.

The title founded on occupation may be strengthened, however, by the collateral circumstances of prior discovery and the formal act of taking possession, especially when there has been an occupation nearly simultaneously by two nations. A mere temporary occupation, without the intention of remaining, neither gives title nor furnishes presumptive evidence of title; there is scarcely a desolate island in this hemisphere that has not had its temporary occupants; but the occupation must be such as to furnish strong presumptive evidence of an intention to abide—and the evidence of the intention can hardly be controverted, if the occupation be effected in pursuance of the orders of the constituted authorities of a nation, and if actual possession be taken by a military force.

Such being the general principles which the wisest statesmen have adopted, with respect to countries uninhabited, or inhabited only by savages; it is proper, for the elucidation of the

questions which have arisen between the United States of America and the Argentine republic, touching the Falkland Islands, Cape Horn, Tierra del Fuego, and the adjacent islands in the Atlantic ocean, to ascertain from historical facts how these principles will apply.

The undersigned does not pretend to say that Ferdinand Magellan, a subject of the King of Portugal, in the service of Charles V., Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, commenced the first voyage of circumnavigation on the 20th of September, 1519, about twenty-seven years after the discovery of America by Columbus. Unfortunately he did not live to complete it—having been killed at the Ladrões, in 1521. In October, 1520, he entered the straits which divide Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. He was unquestionably the first discoverer of the northern coast of the latter region. More fortunate than Columbus, he not only left an enduring name to the strait which he traversed, but he has fixed it eternally in the celestial regions of the southern hemisphere.

In 1527 Groca de Loaisa, a knight of Malta, in the service of Spain, undertook, with a

squadron of seven ships, to follow the route of Magellan, and actually passed the straits; but all his vessels were lost on the voyage, and he, with the remnant of his followers, perished in the East Indies.

Sebastian Cabot and Americo Vespucci, names of note in American history, made abortive attempts to pursue the same route—as did Simon de Alcazara, whose crew, having mutinied before he reached the straits, compelled him to return. But the failure of Cabot, a name equally to be venerated by North and South America, can scarcely be regretted; inasmuch as it enabled him to complete the discovery of the fine country of the Rio de la Plata, and to explore, in several directions, those mighty waters, which flow through regions of matchless beauty and fertility.

These repeated failures, disheartened the Spaniards, and they gave over all attempts at discovery in this quarter for many years.

On the 20th August, 1578, Sir Francis Drake, an Englishman, and the first naval commander who circumnavigated the world, entered the straits of Magellan, and named an island which

he discovered there, Isabel, in honour of his queen. After leaving the straits he was driven south, by a succession of storms, as far as latitude 55° , where he discovered a cluster of islands—anchored, and spent some days on shore. Leaving these islands, he was assailed by another violent storm, and was driven further south, even beyond the 57th degree, “where,” says the writer of his voyage, “we beheld the extremities of the American coast, and the confluence of the Atlantic and Southern oceans.” This was on the 28th of October, 1578.

From these notices it would appear that the northern coast of Tierra del Fuego was first discovered by Magellan, when in the service of Spain; and the south-western coast and some islands in that direction by Sir Francis Drake, in the service of England, who probably discovered the southern extremity of the American continent, now called Cape Horn.

So little was known of the southern and eastern coast of Tierra del Fuego as late as the year 1774, that Cook, the greatest of English navigators, while on his second voyage, when actually in sight of Cape Horn, could not as-

certain whether it formed a part of that great island, or whether it was a part of a smaller detached island. Cook, however, by exploring the eastern and southern coasts of Tierra del Fuego, and laying down with mathematical and geographical accuracy their several headlands, bays, and harbours, deserves the credit of an original discoverer; as he unquestionably brought many things to light which were not known before.

The undersigned cannot discover from any evidence within his command, that any nation has ever taken formal possession of Tierra del Fuego or any of the islands adjacent, or attempted to establish any settlements within their territories, or occupied them in any way. The savage aboriginals of those inhabited, have always remained without interruption or molestation; and without having been required to yield even a nominal obedience or allegiance to any sovereign or nation whatever.

Although it is highly probable that Sir Francis Drake was the original discoverer of Cape Horn and the island of which it forms the extremity, yet that discovery has generally

been assigned to Jacob le Maire, a Dutchman, in the service of the states of Holland, who, in 1616, rediscovered that which Drake had discovered before perhaps, and left the name of Hoorn (now corrupted to Horn), attached to the cape, in honour of the town of that name in Holland. Le Maire was the first European navigator who, by finding a passage into the Pacific Ocean round this terminus of South America, thereby enabling navigators to avoid the difficult and dangerous passage through the strait of Magellan, has almost rivalled De Gama, who converted the Cape of Storms into the Cape of Good Hope, when the way was opened to those magnificent oriental regions which, for so long a period, have poured their riches into the lap of Europe. It is immaterial, so far as respects rights resulting from original discovery, whether this cape, or the island of which it is a part, was first seen by Sir Francis Drake, the Englishman, or Jacob le Maire, the Dutchman; the honour of the discovery was never claimed by Spain. The discovery was followed neither by possession nor occupation, and the natives still retain

undisputed dominion over this wintry and storm-beaten region.

To the strait between Tierra del Fuego and Staten Land, Le Maire has attached his name; but Staten Land—still desolate and uninhabited—serves only to remind us of the ancient enterprise of ill-fated Holland.

It has been asserted with confidence that the first European who placed his eyes on the Falkland Islands, was Davies an Englishman, and an associate of Cavendish, in his voyage to the South Seas, in 1592, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Driven by storms within view of them, so imperfect was the discovery that he left not even the frail memory of a name.

In 1594 Sir Richard Hawkins, an English admiral in the service of Queen Elizabeth, saw these islands, and in honour of his mistress and himself, called them Hawkins's Maidenland.

In 1598 the states of Holland despatched a squadron to the South Seas, under the command of Admiral Verhagen and Sabald de Weet. These islands were seen by the squa-

dron and named Sabald Islands, under which appellation they appear in many ancient charts; and this, or a name so similar as to identify them, was retained until the year 1683; for William Dampier, a celebrated English seaman, in the fourth edition of the relation of his voyages published in London, in 1699, says, "that on the 28th of January, 1683, we made the Sibbel de Wards, which are three islands lying in the latitude of 51 deg. 35 min. south, and longitude west from the Lizard in England, by my account 57 deg. 28 min. These islands of Sibbel de Wards were so named by the Dutch." In the map prefixed to this edition of his voyages, these islands, which from their position must be the Falkands, are called Sibbel de Wards.

The name of Falkland, it is said, was first bestowed on these islands by an English navigator, Captain Strong, in 1689.

This name was subsequently adopted by all the English geographers and men of science, particularly by Dr. Halley. The journal of Strong yet exists, unprinted, in the British Museum.

Between the years 1700 and 1708 many French ships from St. Maloes, sailed in the South Seas. By some of them these islands were discovered, and the French name of Malouines was attached to them, which name the Spaniards have adopted.

The French claimed the honour of having made the original discovery; but Frezier, a French author, whose relation of a voyage to the South Sea was published at Paris, in 1716, admits that "Ces isles sont sans doute les mêmes que celles que le chevalier Richard Hawkins découvrit en 1593;" and his admission has been adopted by Malte Brun, his countryman, the inimitable geographer of modern times.

There is not, on the part of Spain, the slightest pretence of having made the original discovery of these islands. Spain, indeed, does not pretend to have made it; but has adopted even the French name.

In the year 1764 a squadron was ordered to the South Seas, by the King of Great Britain, George III., which squadron was placed under the command of Commodore the Honourable

John Byron, an illustrious name in the naval annals of Great Britain. What follows is extracted from his instructions, dated June 17, 1764. "And whereas his majesty's islands, called Pepy's Island, Falkland Islands, lying within the said track (i. e. the track between the Cape of Good Hope and the streights of Magellan) notwithstanding their having been first discovered and visited by British navigators, have never yet been so sufficiently surveyed as that an accurate judgment may be formed of their coasts and product. His majesty taking the premises into consideration, and conceiving no juncture so proper for enterprises of this nature as a time of profound peace, which his kingdoms at present happily enjoy, has thought fit that it should now be undertaken."

On the 23d of January, 1765, Commodore Byron went on shore at these islands, with the captains and principal officers of his squadron, "where the Union Jack being erected on a high staff, and spread, the commodore took possession of the harbour and all the neighbouring islands, for his Majesty King George III., his heirs and successors, by the name of Falkland's

Islands. When the colours were spread, a salute was fired from the ship.

Possession was thus taken, with all the usual formalities, in the name of the King of Great Britain.

On the 8th of January, 1766, Captain Macbride arrived at Port Egmont, with a military force, erected a block-house and stationed a garrison. No traces of former habitations, cultivation, or people, were perceived; but the English made some attempts to cultivate; and as there was no native wood, several thousand young trees, with the mould about their roots, were transported from Port Famine Bay, in one of the ships of Commodore Wallis's squadron, for the purpose of being reset at the Falklands.

All this was done by the command of the King of Great Britain, and as to all consequent rights the occupation was complete.

It is true, that it is said some Frenchmen had made a temporary establishment on one of the Falkland Islands, about this period, and that in consequence of a remonstrance made by Spain, the King of France ceded all his right to those islands to his Catholic majesty. If the doctrine

assumed by Spain was correct, that France had not even a colourable title, the cession was a nullity; and it is a fact that Spain so regarded it, and relied on her prior rights alone, in her subsequent controversy with Great Britain.

On the 10th June, 1770, a large Spanish force, under the command of Admiral Madariaga, dispossessed the British of their establishment at Port Egmont, by force. The expedition by which this was achieved, was put in motion by Buscarelli, the Viceroy of Buenos Ayres.

At the time of the forcible dispossession, the title of Great Britain was certainly placed on very strong foundations; she had prior discovery, formal possession, and actual occupation to urge; and there was no aboriginal rights to be extinguished.

The act of dispossession was disavowed by Spain, and the territory restored by solemn convention: she, however, reserved her prior rights. The reservation was a nullity; inasmuch as she had no claim either by prior discovery, prior possession, prior occupation, or even the shadow of a name.

The restoration of Port Egmont, and the dis-

avowal of the act by which she was temporarily dispossessed, after discussion, negotiation, and solemn agreement, gave to the title of Great Britain more stability and strength; for it is a virtual acknowledgment, on the part of Spain, of its validity. Great Britain might then have occupied and settled all the islands, and fortified every harbour, without giving to Spain any just cause of umbrage.

With her rights again acknowledged, the emblems of sovereignty again reared, and possession resumed by a military and naval force, Great Britain voluntarily abandoned these distant dominions, taking every possible precaution, when she did so, to give evidence to the world that though she abandoned she did not relinquish them.

It is true that many years have elapsed since, under these circumstances, she ceased to occupy the Falkland Islands. But the lapse of time cannot prevent her from resuming possession, if her own maxim of law be well founded—*Nulum tempus occurrit regi*—and that she persists in her claim is evident, from the following protest communicated to the undersigned, officially,

by His Excellency Henry S. Fox, now his Britannic majesty's minister plenipotentiary, and envoy extraordinary, near this government, and which is in the following words :

“ The British Chargé d' Affaires to the Buenos Ayres Ministers.

“ *Buenos Ayres, 19th November, 1829.*

“ The undersigned, his Britannic majesty's Chargé d' Affaires, has the honor to inform His Excellency General Guido, the minister in charge of the Department of Foreign Affairs, that he has communicated to his court the official document signed by General Rodriguez and Don Sylvador Maria del Carrie, in the name of the government of Buenos Ayres, and published on the 10th of June last, containing certain provisions for the government of the Falkland Islands.

“ The undersigned has received the orders of his court to represent to His Excellency General Guido, that, in issuing this decree, an authority has been assumed incompatible with his Britannic majesty's rights of sovereignty over the Falkland Islands.

“These rights, founded upon the original discovery, and subsequent occupation of the said islands, acquired an additional sanction from the restoration by his Catholic majesty of the British settlement, in the year 1771, which, in the preceding year, had been attacked and occupied by a Spanish force, and which act of violence had led to much angry discussion between the governments of the two countries.

“The withdrawal of his majesty’s forces from these islands in the year 1774, cannot be considered as invalidating his majesty’s just rights. That measure took place in pursuance of a system of retrenchment, adopted, at that time, by his Britannic majesty’s government; but the marks and signals of possession and property were left upon the islands: when the governor took his departure, the British flag remained flying, and all those formalities were observed which indicated the rights of ownership, as well as an intention to resume the occupation of the territory, at a more convenient season.

“The undersigned, therefore, in execution of the instructions of his court, formally protests in the name of his Britannic majesty, against

the pretensions set up on the part of the Argentine republic, in the decree of 10th June above referred to, and against all acts which have been, or may hereafter be done to the prejudice of the just rights of sovereignty which have heretofore been exercised by the crown of Great Britain.

“The undersigned, &c.,

“WOODBINE PARISH.

“His Excellency Don Tomas Guido.”

APPENDIX.

No. 2.

According to information obtained from Hassouna d'Ghies, who was formerly prime minister in Tripoli, a race of men, not inferior to the Patagonians in bulk and stature exists in the northern part of Africa, bordering upon the Sahara or great desert.

They ride upon dromedaries of great swiftness, and are capable of enduring prodigious extremes of abstinence and fatigue. They live chiefly on barley paste, moistened with camel's milk, and use no fermented liquor. Their strength is in proportion to their size. Like several of the South American indigenes, they retain all their vigour at a period when men in

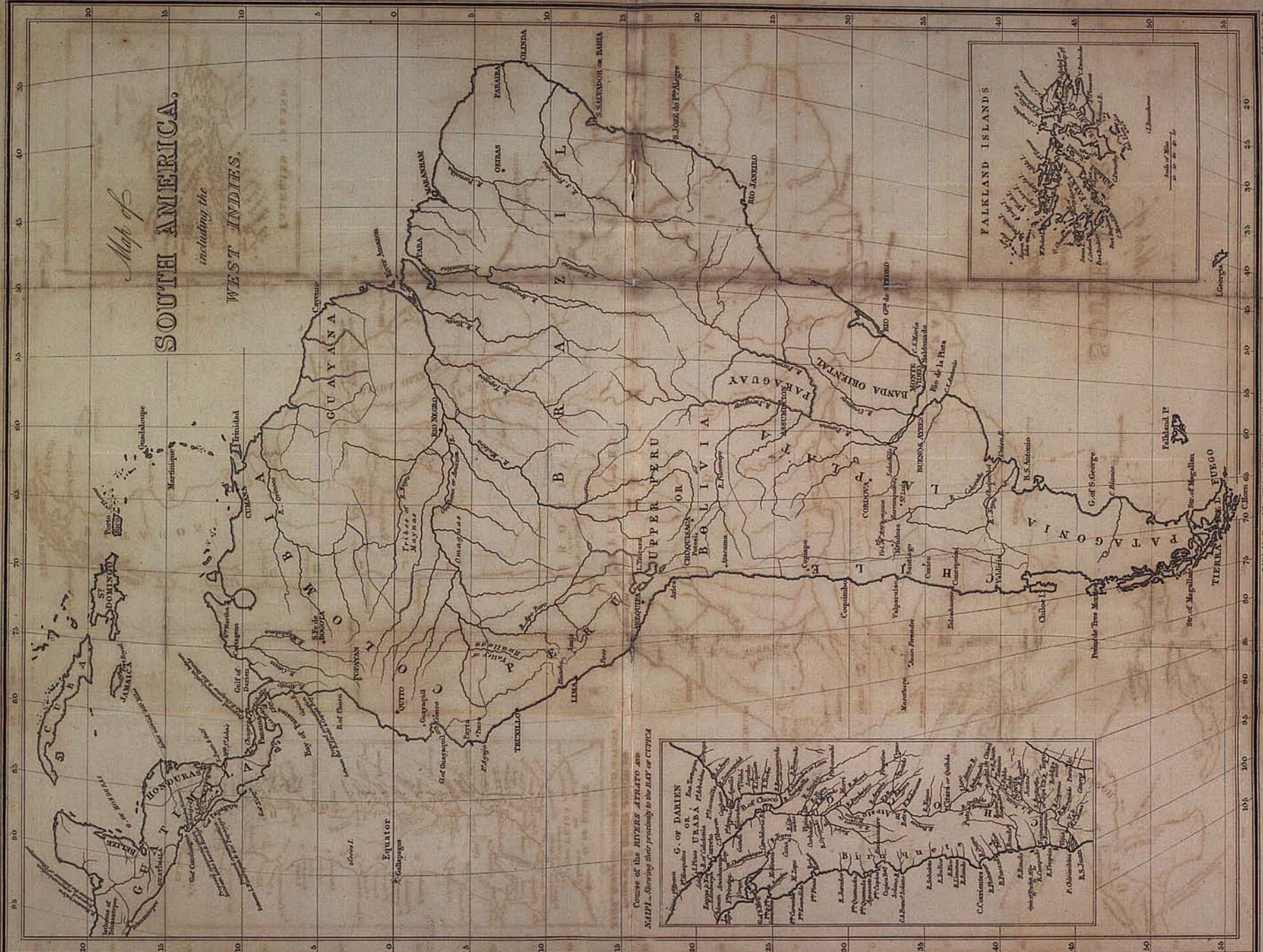
general are on the verge of life, and attain a very advanced age.

They have a great antipathy to strangers, their colour is swarthy, and language peculiar.

Hassouna d'Ghies stated, that he had himself seen one of this tribe whose dimensions confirmed the account he had received from others.

END OF VOL. I.

Map of
SOUTH AMERICA,
including the
WEST INDIES.



Course of the RIVERS ATLANTIC AND NAUPEL, showing their proximity to the BAY OF CUYCHA

Published by Henry Colburn 23 Great Marlborough Street LONDON