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LETTERS

FROM THE

BATTLE-FIELDS OF PARAGUAY.



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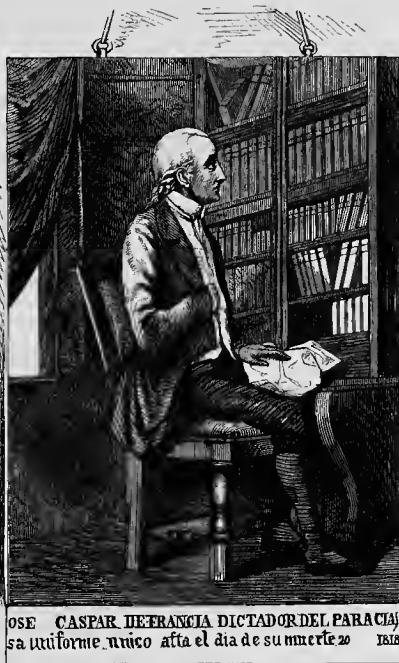
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PARAGUAYANS.

LETTERS
FROM THE
BATTLE-FIELDS OF PARAGUAY.



LONDON:
TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.
1870.

L E T T E R S

FROM THE

BATTLE-FIELDS OF PARAGUAY.

BY

CAPTAIN RICHARD F. BURTON,

F.R.G.S., ETC.

AUTHOR OF "EXPLORATIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF THE BRAZIL,"
ETC. ETC.

With a Map and Illustrations.

"Le vrai est le père qui engendre le bon, qui est le fils : d'où procède le beau, qui est le Saint-Esprit."—CHATEAUBRIAND.

LONDON :

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

1870.

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TO

HIS EXCELLENCY DON DOMINGO FAUSTINO SARMIENTO,

CITIZEN OF THE UNITED PROVINCES OF THE RIO DE LA PLATA,

ALIAS

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC,

BY

ONE WHO ADMIRES HIS HONESTY OF PURPOSE

AND

THE HOMAGE WHICH HE PAYS TO PROGRESS.

P R E F A C E.

THE principal object of these letters is to tell a new tale of modern Paraguay, to place before the public simple, unvarnished sketches and studies of what presented itself to one visiting the seat of a campaign which has, in this our day, brought death and desolation into the fair valleys of the Paraguay and the Uruguay Rivers. In no case, let me say, has distance better displayed its effects upon the European mind. Returned home, I found blankness of face whenever the word Paraguay (which they pronounced Parāgay) was named, and a general confession of utter ignorance and hopeless lack of interest.

Many in England have never heard of this Five Years' War which now appears to be an institution. Even upon the Paraná River I met an intelligent skipper who only suspected a something bellicose amongst the "nebulous republics" because his charter-party alluded to a blockade.

It speaks little for popular geography when we read year after year such headings as "Hostilities on the River Plate," whereas the campaign was never fought within 300 miles of the Rio de la Plata. The various conflicting accounts scattered abroad, with and without interest or obligation to scatter them, make the few home-stayers that care to peruse South American intelligence accept as authentic, and possibly act upon, such viridical information as that for instance supplied by the following clipping :—

Telegram received at the Brazilian Legation in London.

The war is over. (No!) Lopez has either fled to Bolivia, (No!) or is concealed at Corrientes. (Impossible!) The execution of his brothers (P) Burgos (P) the bishop (P) and prisoners (P) is confirmed. (No!) The Paraguayan population was returning to Assumption (Never!) which has been occupied by the Marquis de Caxias.

And lastly, M. Elisée Reclus, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," can term Paraguay with the impunity of impudence, "état pacifique par excellence," when her every citizen was a soldier, and when even during the rule of the Jesuit, the tiller of the ground was also a man-at-arms.

The war still raging upon its small theatre of action is a spectacle that should appeal to man's sympathy and imagination. Seldom has aught more impressive been presented to the gaze of the world than this tragedy; this unflinching struggle maintained for so long a period against overwhelming odds, and to the very verge of racial annihilation; the bulldog tenacity and semi-compulsory heroism of a Red-skin Sparta, whose only vulnerable point, the line of her river, which flows from north to south, and which forms her western frontier, has been defended with a stubbornness of purpose, a savage valour, and an enduring desperation rare in the annals of mankind.

Those who read, dwelling afar, see one of the necessary two phases. Some recognise a nation crushed by the mere weight of its enemies; drained of its population to support the bloody necessities of a hopeless war; cut off from all communication with the world outside, yet still as ever fired with a firm resolve to do and die before submitting to the yoke of the mighty power that is slowly but surely crushing it. Others again behold nothing but a barbarous race blotted out of the map, an obscure nationality eaten up, as the Kafirs say, by its neighbours; a rampant tyranny whose sole object is self-aggrandisement, a conflict of kites and crows, the slaves of a despot, of an "American Attila,"

fighting at the despot's nod, for the perpetuation of a policy of restraint which a more advanced state of society cannot tolerate, and of an obsolete despotism which the world would willingly abolish.

Those who write have in almost all instances allowed their imaginations and their prejudices to guide their judgment, and mostly they have frankly thrown overboard all impartiality. The few "Lopezguayos" or "Paraguayan sympathizers," the "thick and thin supporters" of the Marshal President, make him the "Liberator of South America;" the "Cincinnatus of America;" the "King Leopold of the Plate;" they quote the names applied to him by his subjects, Great White Man (Carai guazú) and "Big Father." Paraguay is to them another Poland in the martyrology of peoples, a weak, meek inland Republic to be strangled, after an "odious struggle of three to one," in the huge coils of the Imperial Anaconda. They accuse the Brazil of the most interested views, they charge her with boundless profligacy and the "most hideous vices," as if these had aught to do with the subject; they declare that no nation has a right to impose upon a neighbouring and independent people a government not of its own choice; they irrelevantly predict terrible crises when the Negro question and that of the great feudal domains shall demand to be settled, and they even abuse "l'Empire Esclavagiste" because she has not madly freed her slaves, or rather because she has freed them to enslave her free neighbours.* Many there are who term the Marshal President, *alias* the "Tyrant of Paraguay," the "Monster Lopez," a "Vandalic and treacherous aggressor," a Nero, a Theodore, "O barbaro do Paraguay:"

* "Revue des Deux Mondes," of February 15th, 1865, and August 15th, 1868, by M. Elisée Reclus: November 15th, 1865, by M. J. de Cazane, and September 15th, 1866, by M. Duchesne de Bellecourt. The ignorance of fact paraded in these papers is to be equalled only by the animus which pervades them.

they hold his military republico-despotism a hornets' nest, a thorn in the side of the progressive Brazil, and they look upon the long campaign as the battle of civilization, pure and simple, against the Japanese isolation and the Darfurian monocracy which are erroneously dated from the days of Dr. Francia.

It is hardly necessary for me to declare that

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur,

or to hope for immunity from the pains and penalties which attach to the purely neutral. My sympathies are with the Brazil, as far at least as her "mission" is literally, not liberally, to unlock the great Southern Mississippi; to "keep open and develop the magnificent water system of the Paraguay-Paraná-Plate," and to sweep away from the shores of its main arteries the Guardias and Piquetes, the batteries and the ridiculous little stockades which served to keep its waters comparatively desert, and to convert a highway belonging to the world into a mere monopoly of Paraguay. I have spoken somewhat harshly of the Brazilian army: here *hablar fuerte*, the *sermo brevis et durus* is the duty of a writer. Its personnel as a rule, admitting many brilliant exceptions, imperfectly represents the noble Brazilian people; its successes have been hailed with an enthusiasm run frantic, and its spare merits have been commended with an exaggeration whose consequences, operating upon public opinion, may do the country much real harm. The Brazilian freeman, as his history shows, may court comparison with the bravest of soldiers. The case is not the same with the freed man and the servile fresh from the hoe.

On the other hand, I cannot but admire the wonderful energy and the indomitable will of Marshal President Lopez and his small but sinewy power, which will never be forgotten nor want admirers as long as history shall endure. In many actions one-third of the number engaged

was placed *hors de combat*, and often of a battalion numbering 400 men only 100 returned.

The Paraguayans have indeed fought for their altars and their fires, fought for the green graves of their sires, their God, their native land, for the "vindication of their outraged honour, the guarantee of their threatened existence, and the stability of their wounded rights."

As regards the "atrocities of Lopez"—to quote another popular heading—his "unheard-of and fiendish cruelties," his extorting by torture the testimony required from foreign employés, his starving to death prisoners of war; flogging to death men, women, and children; his starving and killing the wounded, and his repeatedly shooting and bayoneting, amongst others, his brothers, his sisters, and the bishop, the reader will, I venture to assert, do well to exercise a certain reservation of judgment, like myself. Truth seems to be absolutely unknown upon the banks of the Plate. After the most positive assertions and the most life-like details concerning the execution of some malefactor (or victim) in high (or low) position have been paraded before the world, a few days will prove that the whole has been one solid circumstantial lie. The fact is that nothing about Paraguay is known outside the country, and of its government very little is known even inside its limits. The foreign employés themselves must generally speak from hearsay, and some of them have not failed to supplement their facts by fancies, theories, and fictions. The most trustworthy will own that in the case, for instance, of a whole corps being decimated, they remained, though almost upon the spot, in ignorance of the executions till two years afterwards.

The war in Paraguay, impartially viewed, is no less than the doom of a race which is to be relieved from a self-chosen tyranny by becoming *chair à canon* by the

process of annihilation. It is the Nemesis of Faith; the death-throe of a policy bequeathed by Jesuitism to South America; it shows the flood of Time surging over a relic of old world semi-barbarism, a palæozoic humanity. Nor is the semi-barbaric race itself without an especial interest of its own. The Guarani family appears to have had its especial habitat in Paraguay, and thence to have extended its dialects, from the Rio de la Plata to the roots of the Andes, and even to the peoples of the Antilles. The language is now being killed out at the heart, the limbs are being slowly but surely lopped off, and another century will witness its extirpation.

This Crimean Campaign,

Si licet in parvis exemplis grandibus uti,

abounds in instances of splendid futile devotion. It is a fatal war waged by hundreds against thousands; a battle of Brown Bess and poor old flint muskets against the Spencer and Enfield rifles; of honeycombed carronades, long and short, against Whitworths and Lahittes; of punts and canoes against ironclads. It brings before us an anthropological type which, like the English of a past generation, holds every Paraguayan boy-man equal, single-handed, to at least any half-dozen of his enemies. It is moreover an affair which, whilst testing so severely the gigantic powers of the Brazil and threatening momentous effects to its good genius—democratic imperialism, has yet been prosecuted with so many laches, with an incuriousness, an *inconséquence*, and in many cases with a venality which, common as are such malpractices in the non-combattant ranks of all semi-disciplined and many disciplined armies, here presents an ethnographical study.

Nor is the subject without its sensational side. These pages will offer details concerning places and persons whose names are more or less familiar to the public ear: Asuncion,

the capital of this "inland China;" Humaitá, the "Sebastopol of the South," that gigantic "hum" whose "grim ramparts" (wretched earthworks) appeared even in the *London Times* as "the Gibraltar, or more properly the Mantua, of South America;" the Amazonian corps raised by "Mrs. President Lopez," the mysterious Madame Lynch, *en personne*; the Marshal President, who though separated by half a world from our world, must ever command a sufficiency of interest; the conspiracy that has been so fiercely asserted and denied, the new Reign of Terror, called by some the Reign of Rigour, and the executions which, if they really took place, can be explained only by the dementia preceding destruction, or by the most fatal of necessities. In the purely military sketches the most interesting details are those concerning the much talked-of earthworks, a style of defence becoming in these days of breech-loading and couchant drill, more and more necessary as the means of offence shall improve, and calling for as much practical information as we can collect.

The Paraguayan campaign is essentially a war of entrenchments as opposed to the siege and the pitched battle, and entrenchments have now taken a high position in strategics.

I made two visits to the seat of war. The first, from August 15th to September 5th, 1868, led me to the mouth of the Tebicuary River, when the Paraguayan batteries of San Fernando were being stormed. The second began on April 4th, lasted till April 18th, 1869, and showed me the curtain rising upon the third act of the campaign—the Guerilla phase preceding the conclusion. During a residence of some three and a half years in the Brazil, the Paraguayan question was the theme of daily conversation around me, and where my personal experience failed it was not difficult to turn to account that of others.

In making up the map, the trustworthy and satisfactory labours of Captain Mouchez of the French Imperial navy, which have been adopted by the Allied Armies in the field, have of course been taken as a base. The northern part of the republic is borrowed from Colonel du Graty, whose geography, whatever may be his politics, is, in this portion, better than that of any other traveller. The whole has been corrected by the map illustrating the work on the Paraguayan War, by Lieut.-Col. George Thompson, of whom more presently.

I have not yet had leisure to reduce to writing the printed documents of the Brazilian War-office, obligingly supplied to me by the enlightened Minister H. E. the Burão de Muritiba. He, however, who would produce a detailed and connected study, a complete and satisfactory account of a four years' campaign, interesting even after Custozza, Sadowa, and Lissa, and certainly the most complicated, topographically and strategically, that has been fought since 1850, must have more time and better opportunities than I possess. He should have access to the private as well as to the published reports of Rio de Janeiro, of Buenos Aires, and of Monte Vidéo. Nor will his account be aught but incomplete unless he be enabled to collate with those of the Allies the official correspondence of the Paraguayan commandants, whilst a complete set of the *Semario*, the *Moniteur* of the republic, is becoming almost unattainable. Whatever victory the Brazil has claimed, Paraguay, as may be expected, has revindicated it, and *vice versâ*.

All accounts which have hitherto appeared are necessarily one-sided: the Allies — Brazilian, Argentine, and Oriental — have told and re-told their own tale, whilst the Paraguayans have mostly been dumb perforce.

Since these remarks were penned, I have had an

opportunity of reading, and I have read with the utmost interest, "The War in Paraguay, with an Historical Sketch of the Country and its People, by George Thompson, C.E., Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers in the Paraguayan Army, Aide-de-camp to President Lopez, &c." (Longmans, 1869). By the kindness of the author and of the publishers the proofs were sent to me before they were made public, and I delayed for some time my own pages in order that Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson should take the precedence to which his knowledge of the subject, and experience of eleven years spent in hard labour and in actual field-service, entitle him. The two books, however, are by no means likely to clash. The "War in Paraguay" is semi-historical, treating of what the author witnessed during the hostilities. "Letters from the Battle-fields" is a traveller's journal of much lighter cast, and necessarily more discursive.

I have attempted also to sketch the campaign, than which, rightly explained, nothing can be more easily understood. It is composed of three great acts, and the following is the skeleton :*—

Act No. 1. President Lopez raises a force of 80,000 men and resolves to brook no interference on the part of the Brazil in the affairs of the Platine States. He engages in hostilities and he determines to be crowned at Buenos Aires Emperor of the Argentines. For this purpose he marches (April, 1865) two corps d'armée of 25,000 men under General Robles, and 12,000 men under Lt.-Col. Estigarribia, down the rivers Paraná and Uruguay, intending that they should rendezvous at Concordia or some central point and jointly occupy Buenos Aires. He himself

* The reader will kindly remember, that these pages treat only of the Paraguayan war in the south. Nothing is said touching the campaign in Matto-Grosso, and on the northern waters of the Paraguayan river.

remains with a third corps d'armée of supports and reserves, behind his proper frontier, the Paraná River. Both the invading columns are defeated in detail, the survivors return by the end of October, 1865, and the central body retreats to Paso. Thus ends the offensive portion of the campaign, which lasted about five months.

Act No. 2. President Lopez, commanding his armies in person, vainly attempts to defend the frontiers of the Republic, and gradually retiring northwards, before vastly superior forces and a fleet of ironclads, he fights every inch of ground with a prodigious tenacity. This defensive phase concludes, after upwards of three years, with the affair of Loma Valentina, the "Waterloo of the war." This terrible blow was struck December 25th-27th, 1868.

Act No. 3, and as yet not "played out" (September, 1869). The Guerilla phase, when President Lopez, compelled to abandon his capital, Asuncion, falls back upon Cerro Leon, and makes "Paraguay"* provisionally his chief town. Whilst this state of things endured I left the Rio de la Plata.

Named by her Gracious Majesty, Consul at Damascus, I now bid, and not without the sincerest regret, a temporary adieu to the Brazil, that glorious land, the garden of South America, which has so long afforded me a home.

R. F. B.

August, 1869.

* Our periodicals mostly print the word Paraguay, thus confounding the little country town with the country.

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MAP OF PARAGUAY

with URUGUAY AND PART OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

English Miles.
0 20 40 60 80 100



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THE

BATTLE-FIELDS OF THE PARAGUAY AND URUGUAY RIVERS.

SECTION I.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY—PARAGUAY.

I HAD intended to spare my readers the mortification of reading, and myself of writing, this essay. Returning, however, to England, and once more restored to civilized society, my astonishment was great to find the extent of ignorance touching what has been called “La Chine Américaine”—both grow tea, but that is their chief point of resemblance. I was mortified to see the want of interest attached to perhaps the most remarkable campaign fought during the present century, and I applied myself during my six weeks of leave to find out the cause of the phenomenon.

It proved on inquiry, that after the interest of Dr. Francia faded away, Paraguay had dropped clean out of general vision. Many, indeed, were uncertain whether it formed part of North or of South America; and it is, I need hardly say, impossible to take any interest about the fortunes of a race whose habitat is unknown. Moreover, the periodicals of Europe, wanting, like their public, accurate topographical knowledge of the scene of action, managed to invest a campaign whose grand movements are simple in the extreme

however complicated by terrain may be its details, with a confusion that lacked even the interest of mystery. Hence most readers of journals have, during the last four years, studiously avoided leaders, articles, or intelligence headed "Hostilities in the River Plate," and in so doing they were justified.

This Essay proposes to itself an abstract of the geography and the history of Paraguay, compressed as much as possible without being reduced to a mere string of names and dates.

And first of the word "Paraguay," which must not be pronounced "Paragay." The Guarani languages, like the Turkish and other so-called "Oriental" tongues, have little accent, and that little generally influences the last syllable: a native would articulate the name Pa-ra-gua-ý.*

For this term are proposed no less than nine derivations.

"Paraguay," says Muratori (p. 92), "means 'River of feathers,' and was so called from the variety and brilliancy of its birds."

"Paraguay," says P. Charlevoix, "signifies 'fleuve couronné,' from Pará, river, and gua, circle or crown, in the language of the people around the Xarayes lake, which forms as it were its crown."

"Paraguay," says Mr. Davie (1805), "would signify 'variety of colours,' alluding to the flowers and birds. Pará, in fact, may mean 'spotted,' as in the name Petun Pará, the speckled tobacco familiar to all Paraguayan travellers." Mr. Wilcocke (1807), who borrows without acknowledgment from Davie and other authors, echoes "variety of colours."

* "Y" is written in the Tupi or Brazilian dialect, "ig," or "yg." The sound, somewhat like the French "eu" in "eût," for instance, was and is still, a shibboleth for foreigners. We find, by a curious coincidence, which of course has no serious etymological significance, the Celtic Gaul expressing water by the terminal "y," for instance in vich-y = vich (strength or virtue) and "y," water.

“Paraguay,” says D. Pedro de Angelis (1810), “must be translated, the River running out of the lake Xarayes, celebrated for its wild rice. The derivation would be Pará, sea, gua, of, and y, water.”

“Paraguay,” which in some old MSS. is written Paraquay, says Rengger, “is simply ‘sea-water hole,’ from Pará, the sea, and qua-y, water-hole.”

“Paraguay,” says popular opinion, “merely expresses water of the (celebrated) Payaguá or Canoe tribe of Indians, corrupted into Paragua by the first Spanish settlers.”

“Paraguay,” says Lieut.-Col. George Thompson, C.E., “is literally, ‘the river pertaining to the sea’ (Pará, the sea, gua, pertaining to, and y—pronounced ü—river or water).” Colonel Thompson, I may here remark, is spoken of as an excellent Guarani scholar, and he has prepared for publication a vocabulary of that interesting moribund tongue.

An eighth derivation, for which there exists no authority, is “Water of the Penelope bird” (the Ortalida Parraqua, still common on its banks).

Without attempting to decide a question so disputed by authorities so respectable and so discrepant, I would observe, that even as late as 1837, a tribe of Guaranis had for chief one Paragua; that such names have been handed down amongst them from extreme antiquity; and that, both in Portuguese and in Spanish America, the conquerors often called geographical features after the caciques whom they debelled or slew. Paraguay therefore, may mean the river of (the kinglet) “Paragua.”

It is not easy to treat of the topography and geography of Paraguay. Some portions,—for instance, the Paraguay river and the Paraná to the parallel of Villa Rica, and even to the rapids of La Guayra—have for three centuries been travelled over and surveyed. On the other hand, the most tropical division of the Cordillera, which, running north

from Villa Rica to the Apa River, traverses the Republic like a dorsal spine, may be pronounced to be in parts completely unknown.

The limits of the Republic are undetermined; upon this subject she has differences with all her neighbours,—with Brazil, with Bolivia, and with the Argentine Confederation. A detailed history of these disputes would fill many a volume. She claims to extend between S. lat. 22° 58' and 27° 50'; and she traces her frontier up the Paraná after its confluence with the Paraguay River to the Cordillera of the Misiones, thence to the line of the S. Antonio Mini till it falls into the River of Curitiba, then again bending westward up the Paraná, and more westward still up the Ivenheima affluent (so called by the Brazilians, the Igurey or Yaguarey of the Spaniards), and finally over the mountains to the valley of the Rio Blanco (S. lat. 21°). Westward the limitation remains for adjustment with Bolivia, and to the southwest the Rio Bermejo separates the Paraguayan from the Argentine Republic. This demarcation, including the disputed territory between the Rio Blanco and Rio Apa (the Crooked Stream alias Corrientes) and others, involves a trifle of square 860 leagues.

Under these circumstances, as may be imagined, the area of the Republic is a disputed point. I will briefly cite the extreme views of other authors.

Messrs. Rengger and Longchamps (1825) allow to her 10,000 square leagues.

Mr. Demersay's estimate is :

	Square Leagues.
Lands between the Paraná and Paraguay Rivers . . .	10,413
Ditto ditto in Grand Chain	16,537
Ditto the Paraná and Uruguay Rivers	1,820
Total square leagues	28,770*

* These are square Spanish leagues=26,759 French, or 26,935 of 25 to the degree.

Colonel du Graty conjectures the extent of the Republic to represent a total of square Spanish leagues 29,470—viz.,

Land east of the Paraguay River	11,123
Land west ditto	16,537 (purely fanciful).
The Misiones claim	1,820

Of these vast areas, only 2500 square leagues are supposed to be inhabited, cultivated, or used for cattle breeding.

We may concisely lay down the limits of Paraguay thus : the river of that name and the Gran Chaco limit the west, the Paraná bounds the east and south, separating her from the Argentine Confederation; and northwards begins the Brazilian Empire. The parallelogram admits of two great divisions : the northern is a mountainous mass averaging, as far as is known, 1200 metres above sea level; the southern is a delta or doab, in places lower than the two rivers which form it. Between the two is a middle part, called the “Cordilleritas,” rarely exceeding in height 120 metres; and here, the uplands fall into the lowlands. Such, for instance, are the “Campos Quebrados” (broken prairie), north of Asuncion; the “Altos” about Paraguay and Ascúrra, one of the places where Marshal President Lopez established his guerilla head quarters; and the “Lomada”—a continuity of “Lomas,” or land-waves, immediately south of Asuncion.

The northern mountain-masses are conjectured to be of trap formation, and to inosculate with the Highlands of the Brazil, especially with the Serra do Espinhaço, whose outlines extend to the Andine system. The trend is laid down as quasi-meridional; the Oriental slopes are the more abrupt, and the ridge divides the Republic into two planes. Thus there is a double watershed of about equal areas, E.S.-eastward to the Paraná, W.S.-westward to the Paraguay, and the streams are unimportant. The Cordillera is supposed to rise in Matto Grosso, about S. lat. 19°, under the names of Sierra de Amambay (the Tupi Samambaia, or poly-

podium), de S. José or de Maracajú (the Jesuits' Mbaracuyú, the Passion Flower). Running with southerly rhumb it fines off into a dos d'âne, under the names of Nabileque, Caa-guazu (large Yerba), and Cuchilla Grande, the divortium aquarum which throws off the Tebicuary River. It then sinks into low hills some six miles north of the line of railway; whilst the main ridge diverging to the east, forms, where traversed by the Paraná River, the Rapids south of La Guayra. Finally, entering the Brazilian provinces of Paraná and S. Paulo, it inosculates with the Eastern ghauts, the Serra do Mar; and in the south-east it joins the Cordillera of Misiones. This mountainous section of the Republic, deeply cut by streams and torrents, abounds in game, and is rich in primæval forests of valuable timber: the savage Redskins, however, still hold possession of the land, and exploration will be costly, if not perilous.

The remainder of the republic is an expanse of drowned Savannahs lying between the two mighty rivers, and it is believed that the western half, drained by the Paraguay, is on a lower plane than that discharging into the Paraná. The ground much resembles the Gran Chaco, an alluvial detritus from the Andes, filling up the great basin of Pampas formation. Here is supposed to grow the Abati Guaniba or wild maize,* and this is said to be the home of the Ombú Fig, as the mountains are of the Araucaria (Braziliensis) pine. I need not now describe the features of the land to which my diary will lead me.

As regards her political distribution, Paraguay consisted

* Old writers give four kinds of maize in these regions:—1. Abati nata, a very hard grain. 2. Abati moroti, in Tupi "Marity" (means shining), a soft and white grain. 3. Abati mini, a small grain which ripens after a month. 4. Bisingallo, an angular and pointed grain, which gives the sweetest flour.

in 1857 of twenty-five departments, including one in the Gran Chaco, and the other on the left bank of the Paraná River. Each of these divisions had one or more towns, villages, or chapels, with a military commandant, a *juge de paix*, and a curate. The capital is Asuncion, numbering some 12,000 souls, which authors raise to 15,000, to 21,000, and Colonel du Gratz to 48,000. Other places of name are El Pilar, which we shall visit, Villa Rica, a pauper central settlement in the richest lands, hence generally known as Villa Pobre, and differing little from the various Pueblos, Pueblitos, and Capillas, south of the Tebicuary. It lies in south latitude $25^{\circ} 47' 10''$, and west longitude $56^{\circ} 30' 20''$, some 323 feet above Asuncion, and 580 higher than Buenos Aires. Villa Real is built on the river eighty leagues above Asuncion. Twenty leagues further is Tevego, now Fort Bourbon or Olympo, the "Botany Bay" of Dr. Francia; and there are sundry minor places, as Encarnacion on the Paraná, and La Villeta, S. Pedro, and Concepcion on the Paraguay, rivers. These are dignified with the pompous titles of cities and towns. They are mere villages and hamlets.

Where the limits of a country are not accurately laid down we know what to think of its census. Moreover, the case of Paraguay is complicated by the admission or non-admission of the so-called "Indian" element. We must therefore not be astonished to find that, about the beginning of the war, the extremes of estimate varied between 350,000 and 1,500,000.

In 1795 the accurate Azara gives the official census as 97,480 souls, including 11,000 "mission Indians." In 1818 Messrs. Rodney and Graham* report 300,000. In

* Mr. (sometimes called Colonel) Graham, United States' Consul at Buenos Aires, was sent to Paraguay by Mr. Brent, American Chargé d'Affaires to the Argentine Confederation. He was received with great suspicion, and he was long delayed at El Pilar.

1825 Messrs. Rengger and Longchamps suggest 200,000, of whom 800 only were whites or Spaniards. The Brothers Robertson (Jan. 1st, 1838) increase the figure to 300,000 souls, with a regular force of 3000 but never 4000 men. In 1839-40, the census of Paraguay, ordered by Dr. Francia before his death, numbers 220,000 souls, and this estimate is probably the most reliable. In 1848 General Pacheco y Obes* suggests 600,000 to 700,000 souls. In 1857 Colonel du Graty, probably including the Indians, exaggerates it to 1,337,449, whereas the vast Argentine Confederation had at that time about one and a-half millions. Since 1856 all children of strangers born in Paraguay have become by law citizens, but they are too few to be of any importance. In 1860 M. Demersay allows 625,000 souls, and after the calculations of Azara, 18,041 female to 16,753 male births. The book officially published in the same year, under the direction of the Paraguayan Government, increases the sum to 1,337,439, which at the beginning of the war, in 1865, would give in round numbers, 400,000. The "Almanac de Gotha," in 1861, suggests 800,000, and this number is repeated by Captain Mouchez in 1862. On the other hand, the late Dr. Martin de Moussy unduly reduces it under official inspiration to 350,000. Mr. Gould (1868) places the total between 700,000 and 800,000, justly remarking that there are no reliable data for the computation. He estimates the loss during the war at 100,000 men (including 80,000 by disease), and this would exceed the whole number of

* "Le Paraguay, son Passé, son Présent et son Avenir; par un Etranger qui a vécu longtems dans le pays. Ouvrage publié à Rio Janeiro en 1848, et reproduit en France, par le Général Oriental Pacheco y Obes. Paris: Lacombe. 1851." The general prefixed a preface to the work of a resident of more than six years' standing, probably a medical man.

the army at first levied.* The *Times* newspaper adopts the figure 600,000, with a fighting force of 20,000. And it is understood that Dr. Stewart and other officers thoroughly conversant with the country, further diminish it to 400,000.

Colonel du Graty would make the population double in seventeen years; but this formula is also officially inspired, and is probably greatly exaggerated. The population of Buenos Aires has trebled in twenty-five years; but in her case there has been a most important influx of foreigners. Moreover, from the days of Azara, it has been believed that in Paraguay the births of the sexes are not equal. 'Un fait assez notable est la proportion plus forte des naissances du sexe féminin que celles du sexe masculin.' (Du Graty, 265.) This peculiarity would doubtless be the effect of the hot damp climate of the lowlands affecting the procreative powers of the male, and combined with the debauchery of the people, would, to a certain extent, tend to limit multiplication. We may, I believe, safely adopt the 220,000 souls of Dr. Francia's census in 1840, and double them for 1865, thus obtaining at most 450,000 inhabitants, of whom 110,000 would be fighters between the ages of fifteen and fifty-five, and perhaps 150,000 of twelve to sixty years old. It is evident that the male population must now be almost destroyed or deported. Since early 1865, marriages have been rare, and of late they have ceased to be contracted. Paraguay will presently be left with a population of some 200,000 women and children—our 1,500,000 of inutilized women are nothing to such proportions as these. Unless she establish polygamy her history is at an end.

The Paraguayan race may be divided into four dis-

* Colonel Thompson, C.E. (Chap. V.), computes the Paraguayan army in April, 1865, at about 80,000 men.

inct types. The few hundred "Whites" forming the aristocracy of the land, are descended from the blue blood of Spain and Biscay through Guarani and other red-skin women, and they have kept themselves tolerably pure by intermarriage, or by connexion with Europeans. The nobility, therefore, is Spanish; the mobility is not. The mulatto or "small ears" is a mixture of the white with the Indian or the Negro, the third and fourth breeds; as usual, he is held to be ignoble: an "Indian" might enter the priesthood; not so the mulatto. The same was the case in the United States, and in the Brazil—the instinct of mankind concerning such matters is everywhere the same. It is only the philanthropist who closes his ears to the voice of common sense.

It is a mistake to consider the Paraguayans as a homogeneous race. The Whites or Spaniards preponderated in and about Asuncion; whereas at Villa Rica the "Indian" element was strong. About 1600-1628, the "Mamelukes" of S. Paulo having seized and plundered the nearest Reduction of Jesus and Mary in the province of La Guayra, distant only 900 miles from their city, the people fled to Central Paraguay, and their descendants, the Villa Ricans, are still known as Guayrenos. In the southern and southeastern parts of the country the blood was much mixed with Itatins* or Itatinguays, a clan which also migrated from the banks of the Yi River to the seaboard of Brazilian S. Paulo. When independence was declared, the negroes who were household servants did not exceed 2000—others reduce them to 1000. The Consular Government decreed the womb to be free, and forbade further import. Until very lately, however, slaves were sold in Paraguay.

* They may be called so from their original settlements, Ita-tin, meaning a white stone.

The Paraguayo—not Paragueno, as some travellers write the word—is, then, a Hispano-Guarani, and he is, as a rule, far more “Indian” than Spanish. Most of the prisoners with whom I conversed were in fact pure redskins. The figure is somewhat short and stout, but well put together, with neat, shapely, and remarkably small extremities. The brachycephalic head is covered with a long straight curtain of blue-black hair, whilst the beard and mustachios are rare, except in the case of mixed breeds. The face is full, flat, and circular; the cheekbones are high, and laterally salient; the forehead is low, remarkably contrasting with the broad, long, heavy, and highly-developed chin; and the eyes are often oblique, being raised at the exterior canthi, with light or dark-brown pupils, well-marked eyebrows, and long, full, and curling lashes. The look is rather intelligent than otherwise, combined with an expression of reserve; it is soft in the women, but in both sexes it readily becomes that of the savage. The nose is neither heavy nor prominent, and in many cases besides being short and thin it is upturned. The masticatory apparatus is formidable, the mouth is large and wide, the jaws are strong, and the teeth are regular, white, and made for hard work. The coloration is a warm yellow lit up with red; the lips are also rosy. In the “Spaniards,” the complexion, seen near that of the pure European, appears of that bleached-white with a soupçon of yellow which may be remarked in the highest caste Brahmins of Guzerat and Western Hindostan. The only popular deformity is the goître, of which at Asuncion there is one in almost every family; the vulgar opinion is that all who suffer from it come from the uplands. Obesity is rare, yet the Paraguayan is ebrius as well as ebriosus, and his favourite “chicha” beer of maize or other grains, induces pinguefaction. Until the late war, he was usually in good health. The only medicines known

to the country were contained in various manuscripts of simple recipes, written by Sigismund Asperger, a Hungarian priest, who spent (says Azara) forty years amongst the missions of La Plata, and who, after the expulsion of his order, died, aged 112. The Paraguayan is eminently a vegetarian, for beef is rare within this oxless land, and the Republic is no longer, as described by Dobrizhoffer, the "devouring grave as well as the seminary of cattle." He sickens under a meat diet; hence, to some extent, the terrible losses of the army in the field. Moreover, he holds with the Guacho, that "Carnero no es carne"—mutton is not meat. Living to him is cheap. He delights in masamora (maize hominy), in manioc, in the batata, or "Spanish potato," grown in Southern Europe; in various preparations of cow's milk, and in fruit, especially oranges. Of course he loves sweetmeats, such as "mel," or boiled-down cane-juice, not the common drained treacle. His principal carbonaceous food is oil of "mani"—the *Arachis*, here the succedaneum for the olive—and the excellent fish of the Paraguay river: the latter aliment has of late years become an especial favourite, as the ready phosphorus-supplier to the brain, and "ohne phosphor keine gedenke."

Concerning the Paraguayan character, authors greatly differ, though mostly agreeing that in some points it is singular and even unique. "He is brave because he is good," said Mr. Mansfield, overjoyed to find a man and yet a vegetarian, free, moreover, from the "disgusting vice of shopkeeping." "Un peuple vertueux et vaillant," endorses General Pacheco. "Paraguayo," is now applied by the Brazilian to a stubborn mule, to a kicking horse, or to a drunken man: the women give the name to their naughty children. On the other hand, the Spanish Paraguayans call the Brazilians "Rabilongos," the long-tailed (monkeys); and the Guarani speakers "Cambahis," or niggers. In

Argentine land the Luso-American is always talked of as Macáco, the ape. Travellers have noticed the manifold contradictions of the national mind—such as its “Indian” reserve mixed with kindness and seeming frankness; its hospitality to, and dislike of, foreigners; the safety of the purse, not of the throat, throughout the Republic; and its excessive distrust, méfiance, and suspicion, concealed by apparent openness and candour. Some of our countrymen employ Paraguayan captives as shepherds and labourers; they are found to work well, but the man will, if possible, lie all day in his hammock or about the hut, and send his wife afield. Personally, I may state that in every transaction with Paraguayans—of course not the upper dozen—they invariably cheated or robbed me, and that in truthfulness they proved themselves to be about on a par with the Hindu. Even the awful Marshal President was not safe from their rascality.

It is pretended by his enemies that Dr. Francia, the better to sustain his despotism, brought about amongst a semi-Republican, semi-patriarchal race, a state of profound immorality, in the confined sense of the word, and that to the encouragement of low debauchery he added that of gambling. The fact is, he ruled the people by systematising the primitive laxity and the malpractices which he found amongst them; and in autocracies generally, the liberty conceded to society is in exact inverse ratio to the strictness with which political latitudinarianism is curbed. Dr. Francia rose to power over a nation of whom each member was profoundly satisfied with his family, his native valley, his country; with his government, which he adored, and with his religion, to him the only one upon earth. The contempt of mankind was the beginning of his wisdom. He asserted, as do his friends, that Paraguay has no other fault but that of being the strongest and the most prudent of

States, and that all who speak against her are actuated by mere envy and jealousy. A serf, the descendant of mere serfs—Yanaconas and Mitayos*—a fervent patriot moreover, the only freedom to which he aspired was that of morals. Everywhere the woman of Guacho-land takes a most matter-of-fact view of a subject into which most peoples of the world attempt to infuse a something of poetry and romance. Love is with her as eating and sleeping—a purely corporeal necessity. Like Rahel Varnhagen, she is constant: she always loves some one, but not the same. As everywhere in South America, marriage is not the rule, and under Dr. Francia it was forbidden, or rather it was conceded under exceptional circumstances only; this would tend to make of the whole race one great household, and to do away with our modern limited idea of the family. Of course the women were faithful to the men as long as they loved them, and when that phase passed away they chose for themselves anew. Like the Brazilians, both sexes are personally clean, and the Paraguayan camps were exceptionally so, but the people do not keep their houses in Dutch order.

The Paraguayan soldier has shown in this war qualities which were hardly expected of him. He has, in fact, destroyed himself by his own heroism. Most foreigners are of opinion that two Paraguayans are quite a match for three Brazilians. The enemies of the Marshal President assert that he forces his subjects to fight; that the first line has orders to win or fall, the second to shoot or bayonet all fugitives, and so forth till finally the threads are gathered together in one remorseless hand—this idea of

* In the Encomiendas that belonged to laymen, the Yanacona system made the "Indian" *de facto* a life-long slave. The Mitayo was a temporary Redskin serf who owed a "mita" or *corvée* of two months per annum to his feudal lord.

the triple line seems the invention of Ercilla's Lautaro. If a point be carried by the enemy, the Paraguayan officers are, it is said, "passed under arms," and their wives and children flogged, outraged, and put to death; the men are merely decimated. As will presently appear, the discipline of Marshal President Lopez allows no *mezzo termine*; with him it is fight or die, either bravely in the field, or if a coward, by the executioners' shot in the back.

The Paraguayan soldier has certainly fought, in his hatred of the sterile anarchy of the purer race, and in resisting the usurpations of his neighbours, with a tenacity of purpose, with a fierce intrepidity, and with an impassible contempt of death which do him the highest honour. On the other hand, he is a savage who willingly mutilates the corpse of his enemy, and hangs strings of ears to the shrouds of his ship. The secret of his success is, that he holds himself single-handed a match for any half-dozen of his enemies. The secret of his failure is, that his enemies have divined him. Thus, when he attacks in bodies of 7000, he is opposed by 20,000. In one notable point is the Paraguayan soldier deficient, and that is in intelligence. He wants initiative: his arm is better than his head. This is the inevitable result of the "Indian" being mixed with European blood; and the same may be seen in the Chilian and the Peruvian—good soldiers, but lacking brains. He despises pain, to which he is probably little sensitive, and he has not that peculiar ferocity which characterizes the people of the Pampas, as it does all the shepherd races of mankind. M. Alberdi said well, "Le désert est le grand ennemi de l'Amérique, et dans un désert, gouverner c'est peupler." Man who lives with beasts rapidly brutalizes himself. A single day in the Guacho's hut suffices to show how his cruelty is born and bred. The babies begin to "ball" and lasso the dogs, cats, and poultry, and the little boy saws at the lamb's neck with a blunt

knife, little sister the while looking on amused. From lambs to sheep, to black cattle, and to man the steps are easy.

Paraguay instances the truism, that you may learn reading, writing, and the four first rules of arithmetic, yet you may know nothing. The Commonwealth had, according to Colonel du Graty, 500 primary schools, and a total of 20,000 pupils. The census of 1845 registered 16,750 male pupils, which, according to the proportions calculated in the United States, represents $\frac{1}{9}$ th of male population—this remark was made by M. T. M. Lasturria (Chilian Minister to the Platine Republics and the Brazilian Empire). Assuming Azara's computation regarding the difference of sexes, 16,750 boys would be the equivalent of 18,041 girls who are not educated. Since 1861 the justices of the peace were ordered to send to school all children between nine and ten who had no excuse for staying away. Each district had its school, but only those of the principal places were subsidized by the State. The usual pay to the teacher was one riyal (sixty-five cents) per month irregularly paid by paterfamilias; consequently the schoolmaster was despised almost as much as amongst the gold diggers of Australia.

Instruction was made, as everywhere it should be,—another truism—elementary, compulsory, gratuitous, universal. Unfortunately, it was not made purely secular. As usual in South America, Paraguay indulged herself in the luxury of a State religion—namely, the Catholic, Apostolic, and Holy Roman, modified by the presence of a second and a stronger Pope, in the shape of a President. The amount of religious instruction was, however, confined to the “Christian doctrine,” an elementary catechism learned by heart; in fact, they acquired theology enough to hate a heretic neighbour, without knowing the reason why. No Paraguayan was allowed to be analphabetic—a curious contrast

with England and her two millions of uneducated children. The handwriting became so similar, that a stranger would have thought the Republic confined to a single writing-master. But the educational element was completely sterile. The only books allowed were silly lives of saints, a few volumes of travels, subsidized and authorized by the State, and hideous lithographs probably put on stone at Asuncion; the worst and ignoblest form of literature once popular in "Bookseller's Row." There was little secondary instruction, and only one institute in which superior teaching was at any time allowed. The newspaper, more potent than the steam engine, was there, but the organ of publicity was converted to Governmental purposes.

"Il n'y a pas de Journaux à l'Assomption," says the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, with customary and characteristic veracity. As early as April 26, 1845, a weekly paper was established to refute the calumnies of the Argentine press. *El Paraguayo Independiente* was issued on Saturdays, but irregularly, by the Printing office of the State, and it was purely official, no advertisements being admitted, whilst the price per number was one riyal (65 cents). Some years afterwards it was judged advisable to modify it after a civilized fashion, to vary the matter, and to admit feuilletons and announcements. It was still the official sheet, the *Moniteur* of the Republic, and it changed its name to *El Semanario*—the weekly—not as often written "*Seminario*"—"de Avisos y conocimientos utiles." It was published at the official capital, Asuncion, Luque, Paraguay, or wherever head-quarters might be; forming a single sheet, 2 spans long, by 1·30, printed upon Caraguatá fibre. This wild Bromelia makes a stiff whitey-brown paper, good for wrapping, but poorly fitted to receive type, especially when the ink is made from a species of black bean. The first two columns are the "seccion oficial" and the rest is "no

officiel ;" at times a little Guarani poetry appears at the end. The single number costs four riyals, or twelve = three dollars. August, 1868, saw its sixteenth anniversary. *El Semanario* is published purely under Governmental inspiration, hence the perpetual victories over the Brazil, and the superhuman valour of the Marshal President. It is said that the copies forwarded to the out stations are ordered, especially since paper became so scarce, to be read, and to be returned. A complete set of *Semanarios* will be necessary to the future historian of the war, and they will not be easily procured.

The Cabichui newspaper, translated Mosquito, or Mouche à Miel, is a kind of Guarani Punch or Charivari, established by Marshal President Lopez, to pay off in kind the satirists and caricaturists of Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires, and printed by the Army Press. I saw but one number, bearing date year 1 Paso Pucú. The paper was of Caraguatá, prepared by M. Treuenfeldt of the Telegraph Office, and the size $1\frac{1}{2}$ span long by 1 broad. The single sheet begins with a vignette of a Sylvan man surrounded by a swarm of brobdignag flies, like the Gobemouche sketched by French children. It has an almanac for the week, sundry articles, all political, and caricatures of the Emperor and Empress of the Brazil, the Triple Alliance, Marshal Caxias and his army, and Admiral Inhauma with his iron-clads. The illustrations, drawn by some amateur military Rapin, and cut in wood, are rude in the extreme, but they are not more unartistic than was the Anglo-Indian *Punch* in my day. The *Lambaré* is published only in Guarani for the benefit of those who cannot enjoy Spanish. The *Continela* was in Spanish, with an occasional Guarani article. Thus " il n'y a pas de journaux " means that there are four.

The commerce of Paraguay is nominally free, but the Government, that is to say, the President, owns more than

one-half of the surface of the republic, and is, like the old Imam of Muskat, the strongest and the most active of merchants. The country is, in fact, a great estancia of which the chief magistrate acts proprietor. The so-called public property supported about 300,000 head of cattle, and thus the army was easily rationed; it also bred poor horses for the cavalry, the Paraguayan being an equestrian race, but not so notably as the Guacho of the Pampas, the Centaur of the south. An absolute Government, a supreme authority, buys from its subjects at the price which best suits it; sells the produce, and employs means to maintain a certain level of fortunes; thus the Krumen of the West African coast temper riches ("too plenty sass"), which would give the individual power and influence unpleasant or injurious to his brother man. The rudimental agriculture, in which a wooden plough is used to turn up the loose soil, is limited to procuring subsistence, and even before the war began it was considered rather women's work than men's. The permanent military organization and the excessive armaments always carried off hands, whose absence, combined with drought and insects, rendered a surplus impossible. The following are the exports, and there is always a ready market for them down stream:—

In 1846, when the present tariff of import dues was settled, Yerba or Paraguay tea was made a monopoly of Government, who bought it from individuals for \$1 (f.) per arroba (25lbs.), and sold it to the exporting merchants for \$6 (f.)* The "herb" was in fact gold in the presidential pocket, its superior excellence made it in demand throughout South America, and it promised to be an inexhaustible mine of wealth. By means of it only, Paraguay,

* Lieut.-Colonel Thompson says that in his day Government purchased at one shilling per 25 lbs., and sold at 24-32s.

comparatively rich though positively poor, never had a public debt, and was not, like the adjoining States, whose revenues and expenses were unequal, dependent upon foreign loans. At one time she was rich enough to assist deserving citizens with small advances at 6 per cent.—economies effected by lessening her number of employés, quite the reverse of her neighbours' policy. The tobacco (petun)* has been compared with that of the Havannah, and the similarity of the red ferruginous soils of Paraguay with the celebrated *Vuelta de Abajo* has not escaped observation; about 3,000,000 pounds in bale and 6,000,000 cigars were the annual produce. The forests abound in admirable timber for building and bark for tanning—such are the *Cebil* and the *Curupay*. During the six months ending March, 1858, Paraguay planted 4,192,520 ridges of cotton seed, and 195,757 shrubs and fruit trees: and in 1863 some 16,600,000 Cotton plants were set and the yield was 4000 bales. The cotton, except only the *Samuhu* or *Nankeen*, whose fibre wants cohesion, has length, force, and fineness, in fact, all the requisite qualities. Rice and sugar, wool and fruits, can be supplied in any quantities. *Cochineal* appears spontaneously upon the *Cactus*; the woods abound in honey, and the wild indigo has been compared with that of *Guatemala*. Other rich dyes are the *Yriburetima* or “vulture's leg” which gives a blue metallic tint, and the *Acaugay* root which stains scarlet. Leeches have been found, but they

* As M. Demersay remarks, it is not a little singular that the Bretons have preserved for tobacco the Guarani name “*Pe-tun*,” which expresses the sound of the breath escaping from the lips. He quotes the couplet—

“*Quaut il en attrape quelqu'un
De leurs chair il fait du petun.*”

It is a far better name than “*tobacco*,” which means a pipe, or than the selfish “*Angoulmoisine*,” proposed by *Thevet* of *Angoulême*, who for thirty-six years “*navigua et pérégrina*.” The modern Bretons, I believe, pronounce the word “*butun*.”

are still sent from Hamburg to the Plate. The principal fibres are from the Piassaba palm now becoming so well known in England, the Caraguatá and the Ybira, fitted for ropes. The Caoutchouc of the Curuguati and the Cuarepoti mountains is called Atangaisi. The medical flora is rich in gums, resins, and drugs; for instance, the Orüssi, the Canafistula, the Copaiba, and the Aguaribay, popularly termed "Balm of the Missions." Some authors mention rhubarb, but I do not know to what plant they refer.

The imports comprised all things wanted by a poor and semi-civilized country: arms were in especial demand—the Paraguayans occupied Corrientes in 1849 solely in order to secure the free importation of warlike stores. Even lime was introduced, although there is abundance of it in the land. The other articles were mainly wet goods (wines and liqueurs); dry goods (silks, cottons, and broad cloths), and hardware. The Messrs. Ashworth, of Buenos Aires, supplied the stout baize for the use of the troops: since the beginning of the war that occupation has gone. The total value of the books imported in ten years hardly reached \$3299, and of these, few if any treated of the arts or sciences, mechanics or industry.

There were four taxes in Paraguay which, in ordinary times, sufficed to support the commonweal. The tithes abolished by Dr. Francia were re-established by President Lopez I., "Yllustre magistrat," who gave impulsion to the Code of Commerce, perfected the financial system, and established a mint to stamp coin with the arms of the Republic. He raised them in lieu of \$1 on head of cattle sold; of the "Alcabala," or 4 per cent. on yearly sales, and of the vexatious 6 per cent. on purchases from foreigners. The custom-house dues, as in the Brazil, were of all the most important items of income, and this evil is apparently unavoidable in young lands. The demi-annate or conceded

lands were made to pay 5 per cent. of their proper value, not one-half, as in its unwisdom the old Spanish law directed. Lastly was stamped paper, which brought in considerable sums: the highest class of \$7 (f.) was used for patents of administration. As a rule taxation was exceedingly light, and public works were paid for out of the treasury hoards or by the profits derived from Yerba.

A book published in Paraguay by "supreme" dictation, contains the following scale of imports and exports during the ten years of 1851-1860:—

Years.	EXPORTS.		IMPORTS.	
	Yerba, tobacco, hides, wool, fruits, &c.		Wet goods, dry goods, iron ware, &c.	
1851	\$341,616		\$230,907	
1852	470,010		715,886	
1853	690,480		406,688	
1854	777,861		595,823	
1855	1,005,900		431,835	
1856	1,143,131		631,234	
1857*	1,700,722		1,074,639	
1858	1,205,819		866,596	
1859†	2,199,678		1,539,648	
1860	1,693,904		885,841	
10 years.	Total \$11,229,121		\$7,379,107	

In 1861 the total revenue was estimated at 8 millions of francs, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions resulting from the profits on Yerba, and the residue from the sale of stamped paper, public lands, and other taxes.

In 1862 the commerce of Paraguay was represented by exports \$1,867,000, and imports \$1,136,000.

* Others estimate the revenue of 1857 at \$2,441,323.

† It has even been asserted that in 1859 the export and import dues rose to 3,500,000 patacoons.

In 1863 by exports \$1,700,000, and imports \$1,148,000.

Under the senior Lopez the country was well pierced with roads, despite the many difficulties of "Cienega" and swamp. Of these one, twelve leagues in length and fifty feet broad, was run over Mount Caio, and a second over Mount Palmares, thirteen leagues long. A third, numbering six leagues, and thirty-six feet broad, traversed the Coraguazu, whilst a cart-road was commenced from Villa Rica to the Paraná River, about parallel with the mouth of the Curitiba or Iguazú's affluent. A single pair of rails with sidings was proposed to run from Asuncion to Villa Rica, a distance of 108 miles. This line began in 1858, and was wholly the work of the Paraguayan Government: it had reached Paraguari, only a distance of seventy-two kilometres, when the allies captured Asuncion. The chief engineer was Mr. Paddison, C.E., now in Chili: that gentleman, fortunately for himself, left Paraguay before the troubles began, and he was succeeded by Messrs. Valpy and Burrell, who did not.

SECTION II.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

THE history of Paraguay—she never forgets that she is a province senior to her sister, the Argentine Confederation—naturally divides itself into four distinct epochs, namely, the

AGE OF CONQUEST (1528-1620); THE PERIOD OF COLONIAL AND JESUITIC RULE (1620-1754); THE GOVERNMENT OF THE VICEROYS (1754-1810); AND THE ERA OF INDEPENDENCE (1811).

Discovered by Sebastian Cabot, who in 1530, after a navigation of three years, returned to Europe, Paraguay

was granted by the Spanish monarchs to "Adelantados" or private adventurers, men mostly of patrician blood, "as good gentlemen as the king, but not so rich." This is the romantic period, the childhood of her annals, upon which the historian, like the autobiographer, loves to dwell: no new matter of any interest has, however, of late years, come to light. We still read, in all writers from Robertson to the latest pen, of the misfortunes that befel D. Pedro de Mendoza; of the exploits of his lieutenant, D. Juan de Ayolas, who on August 15th, 1537, founded Asuncion; of the wars, virtues, and fate of Alvar Nuñez (Cabeza de Vaca), against whom his contador, or second in command, the violent and turbulent Felipe Cáceres, rebelled; of the conquest of D. Domingo Martinez de Irala, who settled the colony; of the subjugation of the Guaranis by the Captain Francisco Ortiz de Vergara, for whom the audience of Lima substituted D. Juan Ortiz de Zarate; of the lieutenant-governorship of the double-dyed rebel Felipe Cáceres, who had again revolted against Vergara, and who expiated his offences by imprisonment and deportation to Spain; and lastly, of the chivalrous career of the valiant Biscayan, D. Juan de Garay, who after conquering and settling an extensive province perished miserably (1581) by the hands of the ignoble Minuano* savages. Thus by conquest and violence arose a state which was doomed to fall, in the fulness of time, bathed in its own blood.

As early as 1555 Asuncion became the seat of the first diocess: its juniors were Tucuman, originally established at Santiago-del-Estero, and transported to Córdoba in 1700; Buenos Aires, founded in 1620; and lastly Salta, in 1735. From the beginning, as in the days of Dr. Francia and

* The word is generally written "Minuane," but I am assured by Mr. R. Huxham, of the Rio Grande do Sul, a competent judge, that Minuano is the correct form.

the two Lopez, the spiritual was made subordinate to the temporal power. Ferdinand the Catholic obtained from Pope Alexander VI. the right of levying church tithes, upon the express condition of Christianizing his own hemisphere. Shortly afterwards (1508) Julius II. made over to him the entire patronage of ecclesiastical interests. Such concessions created the Spanish kings heads of the South American Church, and proprietors of her property; the Chief Pontiff confirmed all their appointments, and Papal Bulls had no power in their colonies unless sanctioned by the Consejo de Indias. The first oath of the Bishop elect was to recognise the spiritual superiority, and to swear that he would never oppose the prerogative (*patronato real*), of his sovereign. In other points the ecclesiastical hierarchy was placed on the same footing as in Spain: the prelates received a portion of the tithes, whilst the rest was devoted to propagandism, and to the building of churches.

The government of the Adelantazgo of private adventurers—the era of conquest and confusion—was succeeded by the norm of order, and by the despotism laical and clerical of the parent country. A royal decree in 1620 divided Paraguay into two governments, completely independent of each other. The first was Paraguay Proper: the other was the Rio de la Plata, which thus obtained her own capital, Buenos Aires, and the seat of her bishopric. To both colonies a king irresponsible by law gave laws and functionaries. Both Paraguay and the Argentine Provinces were governed for more than two centuries by the Vice-royalty of Peru, and the “Audience of Charcas,” whose only peer was then that of Nueva España.

It was at this period that the Society of Jesus obtained permission to catechize the indolent, passive, receptive child-men called Guaranis. They were rather barbarians than savages like the nomads of the Pampas; they culti-

vated maize and sweet potato, tobacco and cotton, and they had none of the headstrong independence that characterizes the Gaucho or mixed breed. Philip III. having, by his decree of 1606, approved of the project to propagate the faith, allowed two Italians, Simoni Mazeta and Giuseppe Cataldino to set out (December 8, 1609) *en route* for the colony of La Guayra, where some Spaniards had settled and had laid the foundations of future empire. The Jesuits began to form their rival government in the regions to the east and south-east of the actual republic, the fertile valleys of the Rivers Paraná and Uruguay; and between 1685 and 1760 they established the Misiones or Reductions of Paraguay. The whole Guarani Republic, for it might so be called, contained thirty-three Pueblos or towns. Of these, seven, now hopelessly ruined, lay on the left bank of the Uruguay River; fifteen, also destroyed, were in the modern provinces of Corrientes and Entre Rios; and eleven, of which remnants of church or chapel still exist, were in Paraguay Proper, that is to say, north of the Great River. These thirty-three Reductions numbered at one time 100,000 souls and 743,608 head of cattle.

It is a popular error to suppose that all Paraguay was occupied by the Jesuits; their theocracy extended over but a small portion of the modern Republic; on the other hand their influence flew far and wide. In the west and about Asuncion was the civil government, one of pure immobility as regards progress, and occupied only by contemptible wars, civil and foreign. The clergy was in the last stage of corruption and ignorance, except when its own interests were concerned. New Spain alone numbered 15,000 priests. About 1649 South America supported 840 monkeries with enormous estates: a will that left nothing to a religious house was held an irreligious act in those days, and even now the prejudice is not quite obsolete. Moreover, every

landed property was mulcted in impositions known as Capellanías. Its nunneries were equally wealthy, and most of them admitted only ladies of Spanish origin, thus fostering the spirit of aristocracy in the very bosom of religion.

It is interesting to see how, in the organization of those early times, we find adumbrated the system of Paraguay in the heart of the nineteenth century. Then, and not as vulgarly supposed with Dr. Francia, commenced the isolation which afterwards gave to Paraguay the titles of Japan and "Chine Américaine." Then began the sterile, extravagant theocratic despotism which made the race what it still is, an automaton that acts as peasantry and soldiery; not a people but a flock, a *servum pecus* knowing no rule but that of their superiors, and whose history may be summed up in absolute submission, fanaticism, blind obedience, heroic and barbarous devotion to the tyrant that rules it, combined with crass ignorance, hatred of, and contempt for, the foreigner. Then first arose the oligarchy, the slavery of the masses, the incessant *corvées* which still endure, the regimentation of labour, and even the storing of arms and ammunition. Bearing this fact in mind, we have the key that opens many a fact, so inexplicable to the world, in the events of the last five years' war.

The Jesuits appeared as Thaumaturgi, missionaries and martyrs: in those days they headed progress and they strove to advance science, until the latter outstripping them, they determined to trip her up. Their system justified hunting-expeditions to catch souls for the Church; and Azara has well described their ingenuity in peopling the Mission of San Joachim. By founding in every city churches and religious houses they monopolized education, beginning even with the babe, and by immense territorial property they rose to influence and power. The Guaranis, taught to hold themselves a saintly and chosen, a privileged and

God-elected race, and delighted to be so patriarchally and caciqually ruled, prostrated themselves before the Fathers in body and mind; looked up to them as dog does to man, and bound up in them their own physical as well as spiritual existence.

The Superior of the Missions being empowered by the Pope to confirm, bishops were not wanted. That high official usually resided at Candelaria, on the left bank of the upper Paraná River. In each of the reduced villages was a "College" for two Jesuits—*misite illos binos*, the practice of the earliest Christian Apostles, was with them a rule as in Japan and Dahome. One charged with temporals was the Rector, Misionero, Cureta or Curate; the other, called Doctrinero or Compañero, the Vice-Curate, managed spiritual matters. Each settlement also had its Cabildo or municipality, composed of a Corregidor, an Alcalde (magistrate) and his assessors; but as in the native corps of the Anglo-Indian army, these were native officers under command of the white strangers. The Fathers also decided, without appeal to the ordinary judges or to the Spanish tribunals, all cases civil and criminal; the only rule or law was the Jesuit's will, and the punishments were inflicted through the Cabildos over which they presided. Presently the royal tithes and taxes were replaced by a fixed levy in order to avoid communication with the agent at the head-quarters of civil power.

A system of complete uniformity was extended even to the plan of the settlement and of the houses. Travellers in the Missions have deemed themselves victims of delusion when after riding many leagues from one Reduction they found themselves in a *fac-simile* of that which they had left. All the settlements had, like the settlers, saints' names. The normal plan was a heap of pauper huts clustering about a church of the utmost procurable magnificence, and

the establishments of the Fathers were in the church, not in the hut. The Jesuits were forbidden to converse singly with women or to receive them in their home; but José Basilio da Gama and their other adversaries declare that most of them had concubines and families.

The community was a mere phalanstery. The Guaranis were taught by their Fathers to hear and to obey like schoolboys, and their lives were divided between the chapel and farm work. Their tasks were changed by Jesuit art into a kind of religious rejoicing, a childish opera. They marched afield to the sound of fiddles, following a procession that bore upon the Anda or platform a figure of the θεοτοκος; this was placed under an arbour, whilst the hoe was plied to the voice of psalmody, and the return to rest was as solemn and musical as the going forth to toil. This system is in fact that of the Central African Negro—I have described the merrymakings which accompany the tilling of Unyamwezi and the harvest-home of Galla-land. The crops of yerba and tobacco, dry pulse, and cotton, cut with the same ceremony, were stored with hides, timber, and coarse hand-woven stuffs, in public garneries under the direction of the Padres. After feeding and clothing his lieges, King Jesuit exported the remains of the common stock in his own boats, and exchanged it at Buenos Aires for the general wants—hardware, drugs, looms, agricultural implements, fine clothes to be given as prizes, and splendid stuffs and ornaments for the Church. No Guarani could buy or sell; he was, however, graciously permitted to change one kind of food for another. Feminine work was submitted to the same rule as masculine, and “*Dii laboribus omnia vendunt*” became strictly true, but only of the priestly purchasers.

In some Missions the toil was constant and severe, indeed so much so as to crush out the spirit of the

labourers. A curious report, alluded to at the time by most Jesuitical and anti-Jesuit writers, and ill-temperedly noticed by Southey, spread far and wide—namely, that the Fathers were compelled to arouse their flocks somewhat before the working hours, and to insist upon their not preferring Morpheus to Venus, and thus neglecting the duty of begetting souls to be saved. I have found the tradition still lingering amongst the modern Paraguayans. Everything, pleasures as well as labours, meals and prayers, was regulated and organized by the Fathers. The saint's day was duly celebrated with feasting, dancing, drinking, tournaments, bull-baiting, and cock-fighting; in the simple, childish Indian brain religion consisted of *fêtes* and processions. The ceremonies of worship and even the mode of entering church were made matters of etiquette. The Fathers wore their golden copes; the children, robed in white, swung their censers, and the faithful paced in complacent ranks with measured steps under the perfumed shade of their orange groves. The description reads like a scene of piping and fiddling in a play. Dress was regulated—the women wore petticoats and armless chemises girt at the waist, with hair plaited into one or two tails and adorned with a crimson flower; the men were clad in ponchos and drawers; both sexes looked like big babies, and they went barefoot, still the fashion of middle and lower class Paraguay.

Education in the Missions was, in the seventeenth century, what the Republic has preserved in the nineteenth. The Jesuits, whose university was at Córdoba in the modern province of Santa Fé, had their own printing-presses in the Reductions; they were diligent students of the barbarous native dialects, which they soon advanced by means of grammars and vocabularies to the rank of semi-civilized tongues; they did the thinking for their converts, but they

taught them to read, to recite the *Doctrina Christiana* in Guarani, and to study certain books of piety. The people were forbidden to learn Spanish; and when the Inquisition put "à l'Index" poor Robinson Crusoe (1790), doubtless because he managed to live so long without the aid of a ghostly father, we may imagine what must have been the Jesuitical *succedaneum* for education. To educate is to enfranchise, to enfranchise is to disestablish, or rather to disendow. We in England at least understand *that*, otherwise we should long ago have made education compulsory, gratuitous, secular, universal.

The Jesuits established their system by the means most efficacious amongst savages, the grasp of the velvet-gloved iron hand. Their prime object was complete isolation, to draw a cordon between the Missions and the outer world; even communication between the "Indians" of the several Reductions was rarely allowed. It succeeded, this deadening, brutalizing religious despotism, amongst the humble settled Guaranis who were eager to be tyrannized over, and the tree planted by the hand of St. Ignatius began to bear its legitimate fruit in 1864. I need hardly say that the fruit is the utter extinction of the race, which the progress of mankind is sweeping from the face of the earth. When tried amongst the fiercer and more warlike nomads of the Gran Chaco the system was an utter failure. The Guaranis themselves made, as might be expected, so little progress in civil life that after the expulsion of the Fathers they found self-government impossible, and "*Sint ut sunt aut non sint*" seems to have been the clerical axiom. It was deemed necessary to organize under the Dominicans an imitative Jesuitism. The converts speedily relapsed into their pristine barbarism, and many of them flying the settlements returned to their woods and swamps.

The Missions of Paraguay have often been described—of

course in the two opposite ways. The Jesuit Charlevoix and the devout Muratori, undeterred by qualms of conscience touching pious frauds, have given the rosy side of the view. And considered from the clerical stand-point, these Missions were the true primitive Christian idea of communism, the society presided over by Saint Paul, and the establishment which Fourier, Robert Owen, Mr. Harris, and a host of others have attempted to revive in this our day. Severe taskmasters, and carrying out propagandism by the sweat of their scholars' brows, the Fathers made this world a preparatory school for a nobler future ; they crushed out the man that he might better become an angel, and they forced him to be a slave that he might wax fit for the kingdom of heaven. The learned and honest D. Felix de Azara (Vol. I. Chapter XIII.), who visited the Missions shortly after the expulsion of the Jesuits, and a host of less trustworthy and more hostile authors, show the reverse of the medal. The latest study upon the subject of the Jesuit Reductions is that of the late Dr. Martin de Moussy. Its geography must be studied with some reserve, but much of the historical matter was, I am assured, contributed by the literary ex-President of the Argentine Confederation, D. Bartholomé Mitre.

In most writings, especially those inspired by the Jesuits, two remarkable features of the Missions' system have either been ignored, or have been slurred over.

The first is the military organization which the preachers of a religion of peace and goodwill to man introduced amongst their neo-Christians. All the adult males were regimented ; the houses were defended by deep fosses and stout palisades ; leave was obtained from Spain to manufacture gunpowder and to use fire-arms, and when these were wanting the converts were armed with native weapons. The ostensible cause was the hostility of the " Mamelucos,"

the bold Brazilian Paulistas, the "sinful and miserable" Paulitians or Paulopolitans, whom Muratori attacks with the extreme of *odium theologicum*. I may here remark that no movement has been more systematically maligned and misrepresented, than the hostilities carried on between the years 1620 and 1640 by the people of S. Paulo. They had justly expelled from their young city the meddling and greedy Jesuits; and the employés of the society, Charlevoix, for instance, happened at this time to have the ear of Europe. The quarrel was purely political. The Spanish Crown, which had absorbed Portugal in 1580, was encroaching rapidly through its propagandists, as does Russia in High Asia, upon the territory claimed by and belonging to the Paulistas; and the latter, who in that matter were true patriots, determined to hold their country's own with the sword. I do not wonder to see half-read men like Wilcocke (p. 286) and Mansfield (p. 441) led wrong by the heroic assurance of the Jesuit historians; but the accurate Southey, a *helluo librorum*, ought certainly to have known better.* Working, however, the Mameluco invasion, the Company of Jesus managed to forgo under the sway of its General an *imperium in imperio*, which in 1750 could resist the several campaigns directed against it by the united arms of the Brazil, of Buenos Aires, and of Montevideo. We may still learn something from their military regulations; for instance, from the order of Father Michoni, "The children ought also to be drilled, and to undergo review."

It is interesting to see in the present year the same disposition—offensive and defensive, the individual superiority of the descendants of Sêpé and Cacámbo, and the leadership of one more terrible than the terrible Father Balda.

* I propose to reconsider this interesting subject in a forthcoming volume, "The Lowlands of the Brazil."

The second is the secret working by the Missioners of gold mines—a subject kept in the profoundest obscurity. A host of writers, the latest being M. Demersay, doubts their very existence, and makes the precious metals an extract of agriculture. But their opinions are of little value in the presence of earlier authors; for instance, of “Mr. R. M.” (“A Relation of a Voyage to Buenos Ayres, 1716”), who declares that the Misiones had gold diggings, and of Mr. Davie* (“Letters from Paraguay”), who, travelling in 1796-1798, asserts that the Fathers of the Reductions had 80,000 to 100,000 disciplined troops to defend their mines. The latter author saw pure gold collected from the banks of the Uruguay, upon which, we may remember, were seven of the thirty Missions. He imprudently travelled through the old Missions in a semi-clerical disguise, and he suddenly disappeared without leaving a trace. I have myself handled a lump of virgin silver from the Highlands of Corrientes, known as the Sierra de las Misiones; and a French painter at S. Paulo, who was also aware of its existence, proposed to exploit the diggings, setting out from Brazilian Rio Grande do Sul with an armed party strong enough to beat off hostile “Indians.”

The Jesuits, it may be remembered, were almost all foreigners—Italians and French, Germans and Portuguese, English and Irish. Their communistic system, their gold, and their troops at last seriously alarmed the Spanish monarchy. Men had heard of Nicholas Neengirú, “King Nicholas of Paraguay;” † and a proverb-loving race quoted the saying, “La mentira es hija de Algo.” By his decree of April 27, 1767, issued some 220 years after the Jesuits had landed upon the shores of South America,

* I do not know why this traveller has had the honour to be so severely abused by M. Alexandre Dumas (père).

† Concerning this personage, see Southey, vol. iii. 469.

Charles III. "estranged them from all his dominions." The peculiar secrecy, the sealed orders, and the other precautions with which they were deported show what Iberia believed to be their power of resistance.

The era of progress seemed to have dawned, but it was fraught with misery to the Misiones. Deprived of their Jesuits, a few lingered on to the present century, and now they are virtually extinct. About 1817, General Artigas raised the "Indians" against the Portuguese, who punished them by destroying their settlements, whilst their "Protector" finished wasting all those between the Rivers Paraná and Uruguay. In 1838 the cattle, which nearly two centuries before had numbered upwards of 700,000, were reduced to 8000; and in 1848 the 6000 souls of the eleven Paraguayan Missions were dispersed by the first President Lopez.

Whilst ecclesiastical Paraguay was thus rising to decline and to fall, laical Paraguay, subject as has been said to the Viceroyalty of Peru, was slowly advancing in the colonial scale. Her port, Buenos Aires, advantageously situated for the carrying trade between Europe and the Andine Regions, became the nucleus of important commerce, and demanded defence against the Portuguese. By royal rescript of August 8, 1776, the King of Spain created the Viceroyalty of Rio de la Plata, independent of Peru, and it presently embraced the Intendencies or Provinces of La Plata, Paraguay, Tucuman, Potosi, Santa Cruz de la Sierra, High Peru now Bolivia, and Cuyo *alias* Chile East of the Andes, now Mendoza, and S. Juan. These Intendencies all preserved certain privileges which gave them a manner of autonomy. The new division, with Buenos Aires as a capital, contained about 3,000,000 souls, and could expend upon government \$3,000,000, remitting the while \$1,000,000 per annum to the king. It was separated into two Presidencies—Paraguay and Buenos Aires, whose Royal

Audience was established in 1783, and thus it became independent of Charcas (Chuquivaca) where the high Court dated from 1559.

The first Viceroy of the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, appointed March 21, 1778, was Lieutenant-General D. Pedro de Zeballos. This officer was at once Captain-General with command of army, fleet, and church, and with civil as well as military powers. His successors kept up considerable state; they lived pompously upon gifts, unlawful to accept; and they cared little for the orders which forbade them to trade, to borrow, or to lend money; to marry without permission, to become sponsors, officially to attend marriages or funerals, to have intimate friends, or even to possess land. The Viceroys were removable at will; and, at the end of their term, each was expected before he went home, to justify his acts before a Tribunal de Residencia. The latter was held for sixty to ninety days by a doctor of laws, whom the King chose out of three nominees, proposed to him by the Council of the Indies. This was some check upon a bad man; otherwise, as a Viceroy himself said, the Viceroy could be "more sovereign than the Grand Turk." At first, the *locum tenens*, during the absence of the King's representative, was the Rejente, or senior Oidor, the Auditor-judge of the Supreme Court (Audiencia). In the latter days of colonial rule, the senior military authority claimed the place, and thus in the revolutionary times and to the present age, Spanish America, it may be remarked, has ever preferred the rule of generals.

Meanwhile, the province of Paraguay, here the cradle of Spanish colonization, that Mediterranean state, distant from the ocean and from the Platine ports affected by Europeans, isolated from the world, and deeply depressed by Jesuitic Socialism, owed all her advantages to the suavity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, and the easy simple life which,

however relaxed, favoured to some extent, population. The early Spaniards had attempted to make it a high road to Peru and to the Cobija port on the Pacific, but the inordinate difficulties which it presented diverted the current of trade to the western lines, *vid* Tucuman and Mendoza. It still preserved much of the ecclesiastical system, so adverse to moral dignity and mental independence, and so fatal to development and progress. In fact, at the date when the revolution broke out, the Paraguayans were the people least prepared for independence. They cared little whether of 170 Viceroys of the Rio de la Plata, only four were American born, or if the New World had given but fourteen out of 602 Captains-general; they had transferred to the Crown the allegiance which they once owed to the Church, and in their ignorance and apathy, they felt themselves happy.

We now approach the fourth epoch of Paraguayan history. It begins in 1811 with the birth of a Republic, which now numbers nearly two generations. The last of the sixty-five intendents or provincial governors was Lieutenant-Colonel D. Bernardo de Velasco, a brave but unintelligent soldier, whose patriarchal kindness pleased his subjects. Influenced by this popular ruler, the people heard with indifference the glad tidings brought by an emissary from the Buenos Airean Junta, who announced the deposition of the Viceroy and the revolution of May 25, 1810. A general assembly of the province, especially convoked, hesitated to accept the new régime, and pointedly refused to recognise the "hegemony" of Buenos Aires. Thereupon the Revolutionary Junta resolved to try the effect of a corps of 800 men, headed by one of their best soldiers, General D. Manuel Belgrano. He was allowed to advance nearly 300 miles, till his force was reduced from 800 to 600 men; he was beaten by the half-armed Paraguayans under Colonel Cabañas, at the Convent of Paraguay, in the heart of

Paraguay, and driven back to the Tacuari River, in the Misiones, and on March 10, 1811, he was disgracefully compelled to capitulate. The army was allowed to retire without molestation, and Belgrano, spending the end of the month with the Paraguayan officers, used his time in showing the advantages which their country would secure by throwing off the yoke of Spain. Shortly afterwards were heard in the mouths of the soldiery allusions to liberty, liberal ideas, independence and nationality, which a few days before would, if they could have understood them, have made them tremble.

After the "conferences of Tacuari" and a brief occupation of Corrientes, the Paraguayan army returned to Asuncion, leaving at Ytapúa, now Encarnacion, 200 men under D. Fulgencio Yegros. This officer, who had been second in command to Colonel Cabañas, still kept up communications with Buenos Aires, and he was ably assisted by a native of that city and a relative of General Belgrano, Dr. D. Pedro Somellera,* in arousing the spirit of the Paraguayans to adopt a change of Government. The Governor, Velasco, who was fonder of humming-birds than of public affairs, had lost his prestige during the campaign. Suddenly, on the night of April 3, 1811, a band of soldier conspirators, headed by their officers, occupied the barracks, and D. Bernardo, unable to resist, accepted a declaration of independence, unaccompanied by a single death and animated by an usually moderate patriotism.

The viceregal power thus overthrown, Dr. Somellera

* The two Swiss naturalists Rengger (known as Juan Rengo) and Longchamps lived in Paraguay between July, 1819, and May, 1825. They then returned to Europe, and produced in 1827, amongst other works, the "Essai Historique sur la Révolution du Paraguay." This naïve and highly interesting volume was translated into Spanish by D. Florencio Varela (Monte Video, 1846); and it was enriched with the curious notes of this Dr. Somellera, Assessor of the Intendency of Paraguay.

proposed a Junta, composed of three members — namely Generals D. Pedro Juan Caballero, and D. Fulgencio Yegros, with Dr. (D.C.L. — others say D.D.) José Gaspar Rodríguez de Francia. The two former were at once accepted, the latter, whose name was fated to sound sinister in the ears of men, owed his rise to the peculiar persistence of his character. Born about 1757, ten years before the expulsion of the Societas Jesu, he was at the time when this Revolution broke out, of mature age. He began life as a student of theology at the college of Cordoba, and for many years he was supposed to be half a Jesuit. Of an ascetic turn of mind, and fond of study and solitude, he acquired also the reputation of a Cabalist. Become by profession a lawyer, he secured by his talents, his experience, and his unusual integrity, the esteem of his fellow countrymen, who selected him for various important offices in the Province. For some years during middle age he had retired to his house in the suburbs of the capital, and to a farm not distant from Asuncion; there he devoted himself to the perusal of the few books on science and politics which were then procurable. He read greedily everything published about the French Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire, and evidently, as says M. Quentin (copying Rengger), he had mastered his Rollin, and dreamed in early days of becoming Consul, Dictator, and Imperator.

The portrait of this truly remarkable man has been preserved: I secured a photograph taken, of course, from a portrait, which showed him in about his sixtieth year. He sits opposite his library, deeply concentrated in the presence of his books, with a look of penetration and intelligence, and that painful, distrusting, care-worn expression which belongs to men whom hope deferred has made sick, and who have risen to the height of their ambition only when Siren life has lost many of her charms. Of a purely nervous-

bilious temperament, and "castey" aspect, he is spare and delicately made, and his brow is tall and broad, ending in thick eyebrows, which overshadow fine, black, deep-set piercing eyes; his lips are morose, thin and drawn, his cheeks are fleshless, his nose is high and aquiline, and his chin is powerfully yet symmetrically formed. He wears a tall white cravat and waistcoat, a square-cut coat, and black knee-breeches and silk stockings; whilst his hair is tied up in the then ceremonious pig-tail — a costume which, when out of uniform, he affected on all ceremonious occasions to the end of his life. Such physically was the man who was about to attract the attention of the civilized world. His portrait contrasts favourably with that of the "great American," as Dictator Rosas was called by his friends: the latter, who never looked straight at a man, had only regular beauty of feature, whilst the expression of his countenance denoted when at rest nothing but calm and stolid cruelty.

Dr. Somellera strove manfully to send an emissary, announcing that Paraguay would adhere to the policy of Buenos Aires. But Dr. Francia was like Mirabeau, one of the few capable of guiding a revolution to its logical end: he strenuously opposed the project, and with an iron will imposed his supremacy upon his colleagues. He simply imprisoned all who favoured Buenos Aires, including the ex-Governor Velasco and Dr. Somellera. The general idea of liberty in the new Republic was a something consisting of Faith, Hope, and Charity under a new name. By his influence the first Congress or General Assembly, meeting between June 17-20, 1811, despatched not an accredited agent, but a note dated July 20, 1811, and addressed to the Junta of Buenos Aires, defining the action taken by Paraguay, and decreeing amongst other points that the infant Republic—who now for the first time chose for herself a coat

of arms—categorically refused, except as a member of the Confederation, to unite herself with the Commonwealth about to be founded upon the ruins of the Spanish vice-royalty. He declared in the broadest terms that Paraguay, having reconquered her liberty, would not shift allegiance from Spain to a colony of Spain; and, it must be observed, that whilst the former had declared herself a free and sovereign state in 1811, Buenos Aires acted till 1816 in the King's name. The latter, then at war with the Spaniards of the Banda Oriental and High Peru (Bolivia), commissioned General Belgrano to sign in person a provisional treaty of amity. The instrument, dated October 12, 1811, was drawn up at Asuncion, upon the conditions imposed by Dr. Francia—namely, the independence of Paraguay, who was at liberty to become, or to refuse to become, a member of the Confederation whenever the latter might be organized.

On January 31, 1813, Buenos Aires installed a Constituent Assembly, and by the mouth of an Envoy Extraordinary invited Paraguay to contribute to it her deputies. But by this time Dr. Francia had pitilessly crushed all resistance. He feared nothing from the old capital of the vice-royalty, he probably foresaw the troubles and the anarchy which would spring from that Pandora's box, "Centralization," and he determined upon the foreign policy to which he adhered till the end. By his influence, on October 1, 1813, a second General Congress of all the representatives of the people, about a thousand in number, assembled at Asuncion. The deputies, who were the chiefs of the several districts, appeared more like criminals than legislators, and voted all that was required of them in order the sooner to return home—hence it was called a mere feint, and was compared with a horde of "Indians" choosing their cacique. This Congress not only refused point blank to send deputies to Buenos Aires, it also, in confirming the independence of the

Republic, annulled the treaty of 1811, alleging that its terms had been violated by its neighbours. From that time Paraguay remained definitely separated from the provinces forming the Argentine Confederation, and her citizens, indifferent as usual to politics, which concerned only their rulers, persisted in being absolutely quiet and contented.

The same Congress changed the Governmental Junta for a duumvirate. Two Curule chairs, one inscribed "Cesar" and the other "Pompey," were placed in the Assembly; Dr. Francia took Cesar, and Pompey was left to the Gaucho General, the Commandante Fulgencio Yegros. Here again it is easy to see the effects of Dr. Francia's studies under the Franciscans of Cordoba; in Classicism he imitated Robespierre, and in the fulness of time he copied Napoleon I. In fact he became a mixture of both, or rather of what his ideas concerning them were.

This ephemeral Consulate definitively broke off relations with Buenos Aires, and despatched an envoy, D. Nicholas Herrera, to declare that Paraguay would not take part in the proposed Assembly of the Platine provinces. A third Congress met at Asuncion, October 3, 1814, to nominate new magistrates, and these legislative bodies began to assume the type which they have ever since borne. The chief authority, Consul, Dictator, or President, chooses the members by his right to appoint the President of Congress, the latter chooses the commandants of districts, and these again choose their delegates for each "partido" or arrondissement: thus all the citizens vote, and Congress chooses the Consul, Dictator, or President, who virtually chooses himself. It is said that the third deliberative body at first preferred Yegros, but that Dr. Francia delayed the members at the capital till, fearing to offend him, and sorely wishing to return home, they voted for him on the third day with a large majority. In pre-

sence of the crisis produced by the internal disorders of the Hispano-American States, he persuaded them to choose after the fashion of the Roman Republic, a Dictator for three years, and to make him their Dictator. The troops under Yegros refused to acknowledge the civilian, but the storm was averted by the neglected triumvir Caballero, who went to the barracks and succeeded in appeasing the mutineers. Caballero, it is said, strangled himself in prison about 1821, and Yegros, according to the Robertsons, was afterwards shot or bayoneted by his successful rival.

Dictator Francia at once established himself in the palace of the ancient Spanish Governors, and began to govern in real earnest. The dark and mysterious figure, morally as well as physically, has excited abundant interest. Pen-and-ink portraits of him have been left by Rengger and Longchamps, by the Robertsons, and by D. Santiago Arcos (*La Plata, Etude Historique*, p. 295; Paris, 1865). He is alluded to by Sir Woodbine Parish, with whom he had an official correspondence touching some eighteen or nineteen British subjects; but he did not release them until 1826. The Pharoahnic practice of not letting the people go was found therefore, ready made in Paraguay by Marshal President Lopez, and in these days "circumstances" do not much encourage the type of British naval officer represented in 1815 by the very gallant Captain the Honourable Percy Jocelyn of H.M.'s ship *Hotspur*, commanding H.B.M.'s ships in the river Plate.

England unfortunately derived her knowledge of Dr. Francia from the works supplied to the book-trade in an age when Negro Emancipation, Constitutional Government, the rule of the "Anglo-Saxon" race, and the mercantile "Civis sum Romanus" were rampant. "Dr. Francia's Reign of Terror" and "Letters from Paraguay," by the brothers Robertson are still our staple. The brothers were well

treated at first, but they imprudently, and perhaps purposely disappointed the Dictator, who, in exchange for his produce, wanted arms and arms only. They fell into disfavour, they prudently left the country, and, arrived in England, they wrote popular books about Paragnay. Hatred made them photograph their foe and produce a manner of biography amusing as that of Boswell. The latter was a fautor of the great master of the English language, the "Majestic Teacher of Moral and Religious Wisdom;" whereas the brothers, while holding up Dr. Francia as a vulgar tyrant to the execration of a civilized and commercial world, invested him with more than usual nobility and grandeur, with the faults of his age and race, and with virtues and merits all his own. Mr. Carlyle (*Foreign Quarterly*, No. 62, July, 1843), guided only by the light of intelligent despotism, easily understood through the running shrieks of constitutionalisms and other humbugs, that Francia was a "true man in a bewildered Guacho (Gaucho) world."

Yet we must be grateful for the popular and respectable volumes of the unsage brothers. We see the Dictator pacing about his ground-floor verandah in a dressing-gown of flowered cotton, deeply pondering, whilst he daintily takes his pinch of "Princeza," or smokes his cigarette-like cigar, made for him by the sister who acts as his Ama de llaves (housekeeper). We hear him thunder forth the bruto, the barbaro, and the favourite "hribonazo" (blundering rascal). We behold him leading his cavalry charges with boyish glee, and we catch him handing out the three economical ball cartridges, with which, more Austriaco, criminals were shot. His outburst against the English importer—so naïvely quoted, and so telling against the quoter—and his proverb "pan pan y vino vino," light up many a dark page of hysterical Anglomania. He appears as a lawyer strictly honest, as a statesman single-minded, as a patriot

undefiled by lucre ; as a judge he spends the day over the smallest details of justice ; as a student he reads through the night. Convinced that his Dictatorship is a protest of the Spirit of Order against the Spirit of Anarchy, and believing that the independence of his beloved country and perhaps his own existence depend upon an imposing military force, he organizes the imitation of a regular army, and after perusing books he drills it himself. The unwise brothers find in this measure only a pretext to deride his uniform and his word of command. Wishing to improve his capital, he applies vigorously to his self-imposed task of town architect. The Robertsons caricature him using a level. Like Mahommed Ali Pasha of Egypt, he is assiduous in his endeavours to establish a system of industry, to add agriculture and cattle breeding to the miserable trade in yerba and tobacco that characterized the still and silent shores of the mighty Paraguay. He accepts only a third of the \$9000 voted to him by Congress, observing that the State wants more than he does—would the Messrs. Philistine Bull have done likewise ?

Dr. Francia had one pet, the army, and one pet aversion, the Church. He severely disciplined his troops, but only when they were under arms : at other times they were free. Foreseeing probably what wild work Generals and Colonels would do for the Argentine Republic, he raised no officer above the rank of Captain. This precaution has been one of the fatalities of the present war, where the Paraguayan private, essentially unintelligent, looked to his commander and found none. He established in fact a stratocracy which placed the military element above the civil ; every citizen was compelled to doff his hat to a sentinel. This was anciently the case in the Brazil, and perhaps in all the lands of the neo-Latin races, the soldier on guard being the symbol of his government. Duly weighing the unsatisfactory

state of his relations with the Conterminal States, especially with Buenos Aires, which could at any time have closed his only line of importation, he was eager to lay in that formidable store of arms and ammunition and military apparatus, which still accumulated by a second generation, have lasted through a five years' war. Finally he was steel-cased at all points, and ever ready to fight; hence, I presume, we even now read of the "peaceful little Republic, Paraguay."

With regard to the Church he evidently thought with the great Mirabeau, "Vous ne ferez jamais rien de la Révolution si vous ne la déchristianisez pas." He abolished the Inquisition; he did away with the onerous diezmo or tithes; he converted the idle monasteries into barracks, and he secularized the valuable gold and silver plate, the doubloons and the other property which lay useless in and around the religious houses and the Misiones. He shaved the heads of offending monks "in order to take the glory from their crowns." He wished to be a Catholic, not a Roman Catholic. One of his favourite sayings was—"You see what priests are good for; they make us believe more in the devil than in God." Again he would remark, probably imitating the greatest Corsican, "Be Christians, Jews, or Mussulmans, anything but Atheists." The saying was latitudinarian in his day, before Anti-Theism had taken the place of Atheism. Finding that the Bishop of Asuncion had fallen into a manner of aberration, the result of age and mental suffering, Dictator Francia, determined to be governor spiritual as well as temporal, made him depute his powers to Pai Montiel, "Provisor" or Vicar-General. Through the latter he ruled the diocese, and made the Church the handmaid, as she should be, not the mistress of the State; the moral Police, not the Sovereign. He suppressed night worship and processions, because they certainly led to dis-

orders, and they might lead to conspiracy. Finally, at the time of his death only fifty priests, all aged and mostly decrepit, survived in the land that had once been overrun by them.

“Por suas ideas religiosas,” says my learned friend Dr. D. Barros Arana, of Santiago de Chile, whose excellent school history of the New World deserves to be naturalized amongst us, “aqueel mandatario no parecia nascido e educado en una Colonia española.” It is not generally known that the Francia family is of Paulista origin, and that the França e Horta house still exists at S. Paulo. The Dictator’s father, Garcia Rodriguez França, was established by the Governor of Paraguay, D. Jaime Sanjust, as Majordomo in the Yaguaron plantation of black tobacco, with which the Spaniards attempted to rival the Brazilians. Renger declares that his father was born a Frenchman, yet owns that Paraguay believed him to be Portuguese. G. R. França Castilianized his name, and married in his adopted home. His son, however, never belied his Portuguese origin, or his descent from that noble city which has three times expelled the Jesuits—she will yet do it a fourth time—and which pushed her arms far as the Guarani language spread, from the Plate river to the Amazons, from the Atlantic to the foot of the Andes. Viewed by this light, the high-minded and self-reliant, the disinterested and far-seeing, the sombre, austere, and ascetic character of Dictator Francia, becomes at once intelligible.

On May 1, 1816, the fourth Congress met at Asuncion and elected Dr. Francia perpetual Dictator of the Republic: he was no longer “Usia” or “Vuestra Señoria;” he became “Excelentísimo” and “El Supremo”—in those times a recognised title. It is now quoted as if a little blasphemous. The Dictator had attained the ripe age of sixty, when the fixed habits of a life show only a tendency to

exaggerate themselves. The national mind had become torpid and paralysed under his reign of rigour, and thenceforward he became a kind of modern Dionysius. He established a "Chamber of Truth" in which men were questioned. He supported every Creole against any "old Spaniard," and he permitted the latter to marry only Negresses, China girls, or "Indians." His administration was remarkable for its eternal suspicion, even after he had slowly but relentlessly degraded all not sufficiently docile functionaries. Arrogating the right to nominate Cabildos, he had raised to power the blind instruments of his will. All his orders passed through an "Actuario," or *Préposé aux actes*. This subaltern, who alone had access to the Dictator, became a "tyran fantastique," who refused to receive a petition, even if the ink did not please him, and who kept the petitioners awaiting an answer for months. The bruit of a conspiracy at times enabled him to order a certain number of executions, and to fill with terror a people who, like the Egyptians, apparently love to be tyrannized over. He witnessed his own flogging-tortures and executions, and he became intolerably fierce when the east wind blew. He never left his palace save on horseback, followed by a guard that made the citizens range themselves in respectful files, and the boys were forced to wear *pour toute toilette* straw-hats, with which he was to be complimented. And at last his orders drove all from the streets whilst his *cortege* was passing; doors and windows were shut, and the Dictator traversed thoroughfares dreary and desert as those of Valparaiso on a dusty Sunday.

Yet he was wonderful in matters of detail: he knew exactly the cost of hoe or axe, and he used to count and measure the needles and thread necessary for a uniform. In 1829 he compelled, under heavy penalties, every householder to sow a certain quantity of maize, which con-

tributed 4 per cent. to the revenue of the Republic; and at all times, through the commandants of Partidos, he gave orders what to plant. His success bred a host of irreconcilable enemies, who could not forgive one that was more prosperous than themselves. In 1836 appeared myriads of Garrapatos, the Carrapato or Ixiodes of the Brazil, whence it probably came to Paraguay, and the bovine race suffered severely from the Epizootic complaint. The Dictator ordered all the infected to be shot by platoons, and was soundly abused for teaching the world our modern equivalent, the "Cattle Disease Prevention Act." With a similar rough vigour the King of Yemen resolved to extirpate the dreadful Helcôma by putting to death on a certain day all the sufferers; and even now the Gallas spear the first cases of small-pox, and burn the huts over the bodies. In 1843 he suppressed the College of Theology with the dictum, "Minerva duerme cuando vela Marte," for he was nothing, if not classical. The very fair and impartial book by Messrs. Rengger and Longchamps, "Reign of Dr. Joseph Gaspard Roderick de Rodriguez de Francia in Paraguay" (London, 1827), tells us how the Dictator would not allow an English ship to break bulk until he had mastered sufficient of the language to understand her charter. To ridicule such a man is evidently absurd; the attempt can only recoil upon those who make it.

Dictator Francia's system demanded complete isolation, and thus Paraguay, which had been temporarily thrown open by the Revolution of 1810, became a Darfur, a Waday. Commerce was prohibited, or rather was monopolized, and sequestration soon annihilated a trade which, during the thirty years ending the last century and ten years of the present, had risen to upwards of \$1,500,000 per annum, and employed several thousand hands in 150 ships of sizes, thirty of them exceeding 200 tons.

The Dictator, apparently impassive and phlegmatic, was most sensitive to anything like a claim of predominance, superiority, or influence of strangers; he poignantly felt every insult of the foreign press, and he was ever ready to attribute to contempt the most indifferent actions of the "*tagues*"—that is to say, all who are not Paraguayans. He therefore encouraged the prejudices of the people, who soon learnt to look upon itself as the first in the world, to whom all others would, if permitted, do homage.

Diplomatic relations with foreign powers were mercilessly cut off. In 1840 the Argentine Government again despatched to Paraguay an envoy directed to apply for deputies to attend the coming sessions of the General Congress. This agent wisely remained at Corrientes, and forwarded his credentials by an emissary, who was at once thrown into prison. The diplomatic representative of the Brazil also received his passports.

In order to complete the blockade it was necessary to prevent the ingress of traders and travellers who might bring with them pestilent books and doctrines. The town of El Pilar or Nembucú, 154 miles from Asuncion, was made the terminus of ship navigation and the *ne plus ultra* of the foreign voyager. As late as 1845, Colonel Graham, the United States' Consul, Buenos Aires, when on a special mission to Paraguay, was here delayed by Dr. Francia some twenty days. The strip of country between S. Borja and Ytapúa, now Encarnacion, was constituted the sole place accessible to land import, especially to Brazilian commerce, and no Paraguayan could repair thither without leave; thus the post became the "mutual factory of a second China."

All who entered the Republic without permission were straightway imprisoned. The explorers of the Rio Bermijo were not only placed in durance vile, they were also plundered of their journals. When M. Aimé Bonpland

(whose real name by-the-bye was the not euphonious Goujand), settling on land claimed by Paraguay, began imprudently to cultivate the monopolized yerba, he was seized by order of the Dictator, and was carried prisoner across the frontier. This act has been held to be a violation of territory—has been called gross as the capture and execution of the Duc d'Enghien. Francia, however, justified it, and detained the botanist ten years (1821-1831). For somewhat the same reason the Doctors Rengger and Longchamps enjoyed an obligatory residence of six years.

Yet the Dictator could at times do a generous deed. When (1820) his old and tried enemy, General Artigas, once Captain of Blandengues or horse-militia, and afterwards "Protector and Most Excellent Lord" of the Banda Oriental, was compelled by Ramirez to fly his country, he had recourse to Paraguay, where, by "supreme order," a small pension and a safe asylum at Caraguaté were assigned to him. The Uruguayan Robin Hood was allowed to end his days in peace (1850)—other petty despots would have sent him at once to the banquillo, the shooting-bench.

At last Paraguay became to the political, travelling, and commercial world a *terra incognita*, a place existing only in books and maps; it had been caused to disappear, as it were by a cataclysm, from the surface of the globe.

Dictator Francia excused himself by declaring that he had carefully proportioned liberty to civilization, and he defended his incommunicability by pointing in triumph to the disastrous revolutions and to the fratricidal wars with which federalism and a licence called liberty had dowered the conterminal republics. He could show to the world in the recluse kingdom of the Jesuits, the sole exception to republican anarchy, a tranquil and powerful, a contented if not a happy people; and he could declare *bond fide* this state of things to be the result of his

non-intercourse policy. Hostile writers aver that the unhappy land lived embruted under a death-like peace imposed by ignorance and terror, enduring a despotism of isolation and desolation more lethal and funest than all the civil wars and anarchy. But there are few men who have not political creeds prejudged and formulated in advance, with models, prototypes, and ideal predilections which falsify their judgment. Evidently the Republic of the Dictator was a reproduction, in somewhat a sterner mould, of the Jesuit Reduction system, and it thrived because the popular mind was prepared for it. Others, I have said, accuse Francia of having governed by encouraging a profound corruption of morals; but probably the ecclesiastical system of rule, which allows everything to those who believe, tremble, and confess, left very little of virtue for him to trample upon. And still he could say with Solon, "I have not given you the best possible laws, but those laws that suit you best." As has been proved by the logic of facts, the people were enthusiastic, both for the system and for its administration. They may be pitiable, but, like the needy knife-grinder, they will not be pitied. They were, doubtless, and they still are, in a state of semi-barbarism, but they have given their lives rather than abandon the customs of their ancestors and betray what must be called their political creed.

On Sept. 20, 1840, Dr. Francia, rushing to sabre his "cu-randero" or doctor, fell into a fit. The man of blood called in the sergeant of the guard, who refused to enter without orders.

"But he can't speak."

"No matter!" replied pipe-clay; "if he comes to, he will punish me for disobedience."

El Supremo died at 9 A.M., aged eighty-three years;*

* The date of his birth was uncertain; hence some make his age eighty, others eighty-four, and others eighty-five years. Dr. Martin de Moussy dates his death December 25.

and after a virtual reign of nearly thirty. He had appointed no successor, shrewdly remarking that he was not likely to want heirs. His last order was to direct the death of an enemy; he made no will, he kept no records, and he left about one million of dollars in the national treasury. Early he had adopted the excellent plan, for a tyrant, of destroying all his "bandos" or decrees returned to him with "executed" upon the margin. He was very much addicted to women—the greater the man, the warmer are his passions, doubtless the instinct which would multiply him. He left sundry illegitimate children whom he never adopted, and he prematurely carried out the saying "Neque nubent, neque nubentur." Many couples who had families took the advantage of his death and caused themselves to be married. He was buried in the Cathedral of Asuncion, but the exact spot is now forgotten. According to Mr. Mansfield and Lieut.-Colonel Thompson, the remains of "El Defunto"—his new title—were cast out by private enmity from a violated grave. This is hardly probable in a country where for years after his death men uncovered at the mention of his name.

Europeans often wonder how, after such a career, Dictator Francia was allowed to die in his bed. "Spain," said Gibbon, "was great as a province, but small as a kingdom;" and the same may be asserted of all the Spanish provinces and colonies in our time. The peculiar characteristic of the Spaniard—as the lengthened reign of D. Isabel II. proves—and of the Hispano-American, as opposed to the Luso-American, is a marvellous, Oriental, fatalistic patience under despotisms the least endurable. For years Rosas freely tyrannized over Buenos Aires, and he owed his overthrow only to the foreign idea, even as Marshal President Lopez is succumbing to the stranger bayonet. At the present day, D. Justo Urquiza, the Taboada family,

and Dr. Garcia Moreno rule with a sceptre which takes the form of sword and dagger, the Provinces of Entre Rios and Santiago del Estero and the Republic of Ecuador. To recover liberty is every man's business, and consequently, as the saying is, no man's business; it is therefore left to recover itself: a concentrated individuality takes the place of the noble and generous sentiment of nationality and of patriotism, the unselfish egotism of peoples.

Yet it is evident that Francia was not one of the herd of tyrants upon whom the world looks with a transient interest. He left his mark in history: he created a school; his ideas of "Americanismo" long antedate the "Know-nothings" and the "Spread-Eagleism" of the United States, and they are becoming predominant throughout Southern America.

In Paraguay the system of government depends rather upon persons than upon institutions. Strangers, therefore, generally believe that the repressive measures imposed upon society by the energetic will of "the Supreme," and kept up for a whole generation, would, after his death, bring on a reaction more or less violent. The contrary was the case, and with his decease commenced the ordering and organization of the Republic. The country was expected, said Francia's enemies, to "rise like Lazarus at the voice of the Redeemer." It remained docile as before.

A very brief acephalous interim followed the death of the dark Dictator. His "actuario" or secretary, who presently hanged himself in prison, persuaded the commandants of the four corps occupying the capital, to form a Junta Gubernativa. This ruling body was presided over by the Alcalde, Dr. C. L. Ortiz, and was soon driven from power by a military revolution. The Commandant General-at-Arms, D. Juan José Medina, placed himself at the head of affairs, but he was called a usurper because he had no administrative authority.

After about six months the people of the capital "pronounced," and consequently, on March 12, 1841, an Extraordinary Congress of 500 members, elected by the usual farce of general suffrage, met at Asuncion. This body, which is described as being more than usually ridiculous, restored the consular government, or rather a duumvirate, consisting of D. Antonio Carlos Lopez, and an old soldier, Colonel D. Mariano Roque Alonzo. It opened, also, Paraguayan ports to general commerce; it concluded a treaty of friendship and trade with the Province of Corrientes, then at war with Buenos Aires; and it convened an extraordinary session of itself—the deliberative body usually met for five days every five years—in order to consider the desideratum of re-establishing foreign connexions. At the same time most of the 600 political prisoners left in the dungeons of Dr. Francia were amnestied.

In November, 1842, the Complimentary Congress held its session. It ratified Paraguayan independence, determined the flag, and chose blue as the "color de la Patria." Approving of all the consular acts and plans, it offered commercial relations to Buenos Aires, but Dictator Rosas, insultingly refusing to acknowledge the Republic, closed to her the Rio de la Plata till such time as the Province of Corrientes should desist from its "rebellion." At this time an ecclesiastic long persecuted by Dr. Francia, Padre Marcos Antonio Maiz, the "terrible father" as he was called by the English, the "prêtre estimable à tous égards," according to M. Demersay, was made Professor of Latin and Philosophy at Asuncion, and took the first step towards becoming Coadjutor Bishop *in part. infid.*

A third National Congress, meeting on March 16, 1845, put an end to the consular government, and sanctioned by a Constitution the fundamental law of the Republic which entrusted executive powers to a President. The only obligation of

this magistrate is to preserve and defend the independence and integrity of the State. He cumulates a variety of important offices, he is at once Supreme Judge and Manager of Finances, he is Commander-in-Chief of the army, and Admiral of the fleet, and he appoints the President of Congress ; while the Vice-President of the Republic being named by him, and serving only to convoke the electoral meetings, is a mere tool that cannot even act for him when he is absent. Thus the President is an autocrat at once legislative, judicial, and executive. Paraguay was ever a repertory of old world ideas, cut off from civilization since the days of the Grand Monarque. But the year 1845 worked in her a true revolution—social, political, and commercial ; at this time arose the “law establishing the political administration of the Republic of Paraguay.” It gave extraordinary attributes to the President ; it reduced the ministers of state to simple heads of bureaus, and it was shortly followed by an edict which placed the Church in complete subjection to the Supreme National Government—forbidding the Bishop to use even a robe or a throne. Of this new Constitution pure and simple despotism was the essence, whereas before it had been only a republican accident.

Thus D. Antonio Carlos Lopez became President of Paraguay for ten years. “El Ciudadano,” as he loved to call himself, was then about forty-four years old. Educated at the College of Asuncion, he had lectured in theology and philosophy ; he had studied jurisprudence, and after making a few dollars by the law, he had retired to a country place some forty leagues from the capital. He rarely visited town, and spent most of his time in reading books and mastering agriculture. Although he had never left his native land, he was looked upon as an enlightened man, and he had acquired, in comparatively early life, a general

reputation for patriotism, special knowledge, and administrative aptitude.

The elder Lopez has been carefully portrayed by Dr. L. Alfred Demersay ("Histoire physique, économique, et politique du Paraguay." Paris, 1864. Vol. ii.) He is also known by the work of Colonel du Graty. English readers and writers mostly take their opinions from Captain J. Page, late United States Navy ("La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay"): upon the spot it is considered the best authority. Mr. Charles B. Mansfield, whose general crotchettiness merged into an absolute enthusiasm for Paraguay, has left sketches and descriptions of the Guardia, of the hide-hammock, and of the first of the Presidents. The woodcuts of Messrs. Page and Mansfield make him hideous, burly and, thick-set, as Dictator Francia was thin and lean. With chops flapping over his cravat, his face wears, like the later George IV., a porcine appearance, which, however, as in the case of Gibbon, is not incompatible with high intellect. On the other hand, Colonel du Graty presents a stout but respectable looking citizen. He generally received strangers sitting in an arm-chair, probably to conceal the fact that one leg was shorter than the other, and he wore, *honoris causa*, his hat, which was a little cocked on one side. At times he would astonish visitors by his courtesy in asking them to sit down in the presence.

President Lopez I. married in early life D. Juana Paula Carrillo, who was almost as fat as himself. The issue consisted of five children. Francisco Solano, the actual President, said to have been born at Asuncion in 1827,* was the eldest.

* In 1852, Mr. Mansfield calls him a "young lad of twenty or so, the General of the Army." This would make the date of his birth 1832, and his present age thirty-seven. But if born in 1832, he could hardly have commanded a *corps d'armée* in 1845. It is well known that his birthday was July 24th, and Augustus-like, he caused July to be styled "the month of Christiani Lopez."

The second, Venancio, was made a colonel in the army, and commanded the garrison of Asuncion. The youngest, Benigno, who was ever the father's favourite, became a major in the army, and admiral of the fleet; but he preferred idling and "woman-hunting" at home. The elder daughter, D. Ynocencia, was married to General Barrios, afterwards Minister of War, and the younger, D. Rafaela, became the wife of the treasurer, D. Saturnino Bedoya. The Presidentess and her daughters dressed in the usual imitation Parisian; they were fond of society, and they never neglected to make a little money. The Presidential salary was only \$4000 per annum.

President Lopez had no light task before him. The Dictatorship had left only ruins: he had to create; he was to be the organizer as Francia had been the founder of Paraguay; he was to assume the relation of Brigham Young to Joseph Smith. He wished to break the chains which his predecessor had forged, to draw Paraguay from her shell. Yet freedom was, he knew, dangerous after the slavery of ages, and an exaggerated liberalism might, it was feared, in due course of reaction take the place of conservative terrorism. He required to steer between the Scylla of isolation and popular lethargy, and the Charybdis of neology in religion and politics. And if he governed somewhat too much, assumed "Asiatic airs," and neglected the precepts "laissez faire" and "laissez passer," still his intentions were apparently good, and his success was as great as could be expected.

The difficulties of the new ruler were increased by the hostility of Buenos Aires, which required him to create and to provide for the maintenance of an army. He began with 3000 soldiers, enlisted for only three years, and presently he could muster a force of 8000 regulars, an effective militia of 30,000 men, and a *levée en masse* in their rear.

Again, early in 1845, when President Lopez had declared the country open to foreigners both for commerce and residence, Dictator Rosas refused transit to Paraguay, as long as the latter should keep aloof from the Argentine Provinces; and he presently decreed the prohibition of all her exports, even in neutral bottoms, thus hoping to cut her off from her principal customer, the Brazil. The stout-hearted President feeling insulted by this proceeding replied on December 4, with a formal declaration of war beginning,

“Long live the Republic of Paraguay! Independence or death,”* and threatened an invasion. He reinforced his vanguard, the Province of Corrientes, which had lately captured Argentine shipping, and at once sent against Oribe, the lieutenant of Rosas, his first corps d’armée under his eldest son Brigadier Francisco Solano Lopez, then a youth of eighteen. This force was attacked by the Buenos Airean army of operations in January, 1846, and was compelled to retreat “re infectâ,” behind the Paraná River, chiefly, it is said, by the treachery of the Correntino Governor, Madariaga. In September, 1846, President Lopez ended the affair with a declaration that Paraguay would definitively remain neutral, leaving the Argentine Republic to settle its own disputes.

Presently the mediation of the United States caused transit and commerce to be re-established between Paraguay and Buenos Aires. The arrangement, however, had no positive guarantee. At the battle of Vences, in 1847, General Urquiza conquered Corrientes, and new troubles arose about Border questions. Thereupon President Lopez

* This is part of the old Paraguayan motto, and very possibly Dom Pedro I. of Brazil, who was well versed in South American history, had heard of it before he raised the “grito de Yporanga.”

again looked to his army, and created there camps of instruction. The Juiz de Paz was ordered to register all the males between 18 and 30, and to forward to head-quarters so many per district. Within three months were thus collected twelve infantry battalions of 700 rank and file, six corps of cavalry, each 100 sabres, and one corps of artillery.

The elder Lopez, though charged with being an unscrupulous diplomatist, was an active organizer, and though his temper was hot, he was not wanting in cool vigour. One of his first acts was to propose as Bishop of Asuncion his brother, D. Basilio Lopez, a Franciscan Monk, not well spoken of, and the nomination was accepted by Pope Gregory XVI. He deported in 1846 the two Jesuits who had taken charge of the Chairs of Latinity and Philosophy in the so-called Literary Academy, or new College. He shot the sergeant Española for the crime of tearing up stamped paper, and he deported a Frenchman who had practised mesmerism without his permission. To the National Congress which met in 1849 he could announce the creation of an army and a naval force, the establishment of Guardias and forts against the Indians of the Gran Chaco; the foundation of an arsenal, of a manufactory of arms and gunpowder, and of the Ibicuy foundry (definitively worked in 1853); the organization of the clergy; the construction throughout the country of churches, cemeteries, and schools for primary instruction; the issue of an official newspaper; the building of quays and other public works; the opening of roads and canalizing of rivers; the encouragement of agriculture and exportable industry, especially of Yerba and Tobacco, and finally, the guarantee of patents, the protection, the free admission, and the favourable nationalization of strangers. The latter, however, were not allowed to travel, to enjoy any international rights, to hold real property in the Republic, or to marry Paraguayans without especial license;

moreover, no Paraguayan woman could leave "La Republica," except by express order—again China. The naturalized foreigner of course having no protection from his consul, and being sworn like one of the natives to the Constitution and to the Government, was not permitted to quit Paraguay except by particular order. Under these circumstances, President Lopez, who might truly have said, "auribus lupum teneo," was formally re-elected for a term of five years.

Presently, General Urquiza, Governor of Entre Rios, attacking Dictator Rosas with the view of restoring their rights to the Provinces and of re-organizing the Argentine Republic, crushed him at the battle of Monte Caseros on February 2, 1852. The fall of the "wretch Rosas," who had even forbidden the navigation of the Paraná, opened the rivers and ports, and brought about the recognition of Paraguayan independence by General Urquiza, who became the President Director of the Argentine Confederation; hence resulted the treaties of 1851 and 1852, which, however, were not ratified by the Federal Congress till 1856. The latter instrument attempted to determine the long debated question of limits, and to regulate the relations of commerce and navigation. But the Argentine Confederation suspended the Border convention, and in 1856 the frontier survey was adjourned *sine die*. The first British Envoy, Sir Charles Hotham, charged with a special mission, accompanied by Mr. Secretary Thornton, reached Asuncion in H.M.'s ship *Locust* at the end of 1852, and the late M. de Saint-Georges presently appeared in the *Flambard*, which had run aground. In March, 1853, when General Urquiza had formally recognised the independence of the Republic, the Plenipotentiaries of England and the United States, France and Sardinia, meeting at the capital, signed with Paraguay treaties of friendship, commerce, and navigation,

opening up the river to the flags of all nations. Thus, diplomatic relations with the European powers formally began, and Ministers and Consuls appeared on the field.

The internal administration of the Republic was distributed into four councils of government, each with its own bureau. These were the Secretariat of State for Foreign Affairs, and the Ministries of the Interior, of Finance, and of War and Marine, which also included the Commandership-in-Chief. The holders of these pompous titles were mere clerks, salaried by the President, and having no other style but "you." In criminal trials the judges were ordered to associate with themselves two adjuncts, drawn by lot from a prepared list. The President made himself "private judge of the causes reserved in the statute of the administration of justice—that is to say, all appeal lay to him only." A bi-weekly line of steamers to Buenos Aires was also established.

President Lopez then turned his attention to protecting his northern frontier. On the left or southern bank of the Rio Apa, he found only the fortlet of San Carlos, built in 1806 to control the fierce Mbaya Indians. These savages having depopulated the department and town of Divino Salvador, ravaged the river-sides as far south as Concepcion, almost on the tropic of Capricorn. He at once established a protective line of posts which began westward upon the left bank of the river Paraguay, and which, following the course of the Apa, extended sixty leagues over the mountain-chain to the east.

Mr. Charles A. Henderson, appointed British Consul to Asuncion, there drew up (March 4, 1853) a treaty of commerce. Similar instruments were also ratified with the Governments of France and Sardinia, but the modifications proposed by the United States were not accepted. In early 1854, the National Congress again meeting, re-elected

President Lopez for a term of ten years ; to this the nominee objected, refusing to rule or serve for more than three ; he consented, however, to the whole term in 1857. Ensued some trouble with Mr. E. Hopkins, United States Consul, and representative of an Industrial Company of Navigation. This officer was supposed to be hostile to Paraguay ; his exequatur was withdrawn, and the claims for compensation which he forwarded were ignored. Six months after this event (February 1, 1855), Captain Page, commanding U.S.S. *Waterwitch*, ignoring the fact that in October, 1854, foreign ships of war had been forbidden to navigate the inner rivers of the Republic, insisted upon quitting the main channel of the Paraná, and upon surveying the by-waters of the "Fuerte Itapirú." The cruiser was fired into by the Guardia Carracha battery, and the man at the helm was killed. No reprisals were found possible by Commodore W. D. Salter, and ensued a coolness between the great and the little Republic.

Relations with Brazil also became unsatisfactory, and the Empire sent as Envoy Plenipotentiary, charged to settle the right of way and territorial limits, Admiral Pedro Ferreira de Oliveira, with ten men of war and transports. President Lopez hastily threw up batteries at the old Guardia Humaitá, on the site of a Penitentiary founded 1777, against the Indians of the Gran Chaco by D. Pedro de Zeballos, and destined to be talked about throughout the world in 1867. He could now dictate his own conditions to the intrusive power ; in February, 1855, he halted all the squadron at "Tres Bocas," and the Envoy, after professing peaceful intentions, was, only when completely outgeneralled by Lopez, permitted with his staff to visit Asuncion in a single steamer. Salvos were duly exchanged, and on August 27 was ratified a treaty of commerce and navigation, together with a convention stipulating that the

delimitation question should be settled within the precise period of one year. When the Brazil rejected the latter, Paraguay sent to Rio de Janeiro a plenipotentiary, who concluded (April 6, 1856) the treaty of commerce and navigation, fixing the period of determining the boundaries at six years, during which neither people might occupy the disputed lands.* During January, 1858, took place the Convention of Asuncion between Paraguay and the Brazil, when the river was opened to the merchant shipping of all friendly peoples. Meanwhile, the Boundary question was complicated by the presence of the new batteries, whose strength was grossly exaggerated; the Brazil began to collect military stores in Matto-Grosso, and a war was evidently brewing.

About the middle of 1858, Asuncion was visited by Mr. Christie; he came as Plenipotentiary to renew the commercial treaty whose limits were 1853-1860. At first all ran smoothly, and the Minister, when presenting his credentials, addressed President Lopez in flattering terms. Presently difficulties arose; Mr. Christie insisted upon terminating the business in twenty days, and wished to transact personally with the President the negotiation business opened with the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The testy Lopez then showed his temper, and the Plenipotentiary having failed in his mission returned, no friend to the Government of Paraguay.

This regrettable incident was followed in 1859 by the "Canstatt affair." The President had thrown into prison some twelve, others say twenty, persons accused of having conspired to shoot him in the theatre. Amongst these was a certain Santiago Canstatt, who still lives, but without the

* To sum up the question of limits in the north, the Brazil claimed the Rio Apa as her boundary, Paraguay the Rio Blanco.

respect of his fellow-men. He was the son of a Belgian army surgeon long domiciliated in the Banda Oriental; he had established himself since 1852 as "subditus temporaneus" in Paraguay; he is described by his enemies as an "Uruguayan, son of a stranger of dubious English origin," and he was charged with being an active member of a revolutionary committee established at Buenos Aires. Mr. Henderson claimed the power of protecting this "British subject," and in return received his passports; the French Consul, M. Izarié—subsequently transferred to Bahia—being admitted to act in his stead. By way of reprisal, the British Admiral in the Plate ordered H.M. ships *Buzzard* and *Grappler* to detain the Paraguayan war-steamer *Tacuari*—a strong measure in a neutral port. On board the ship was Brigadier-General Lopez, who, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, had been acting mediator between the contending parties of the Argentine confederation, and who had been presented with hundredweights of sweetmeats by the Bonaerensan ladies. The Brigadier left the *Tacuari*, and travelling overland to Santa Fé, there found a ship for Asuncion. President Lopez, once more outraged by this proceeding, released M. Canstatt, shot the two brothers Decoud (Teodoro and Gregorio), and sent a diplomatic agent to London for explanations. The opinions of the most eminent lawyers were taken in the disputed matters of consular jurisdiction and the protective prerogative of neutral waters: the general voice was in favour of Paraguay, but it was long before redress came. The difficulty was finally settled by General William Doria in January, 1863, and a Paraguayan Legation was proposed to England.

In early 1859 the United States sent Mr. C. Johnson as Especial Envoy to Paraguay, with the view of arranging the Hopkins and *Waterwitch* affairs. That officer left at Buenos

Aires the squadron which had conveyed him : its presence in the port caused no little alarm till General Urquiza, then Provisional Director of the Republic, repaired to Asuncion and lent his influence in satisfactorily disposing of all differences. On February 4, 1859, another treaty, superseding that of 1853, was concluded between the United States and Paraguay, and soon afterwards it was decided that the claims of Mr. Hopkins were null and void.

Some annoyance was also caused in France by the treatment of her subjects settled in Paraguay. A contract, signed at Bordeaux, created a colony, hence called Nueva Burdeos, and the emigrants were located at "Gran Potrero del Cerro." This ill-selected ground is on the right bank of the Paraguay, exposed to malarious influences, to the attacks of the Gran Chaco "Indians," and, worse still, to the hostility of the Paraguayan people and authorities. The attempt proved an utter failure : some of the unfortunate Frenchmen fled, others were imprisoned, and others lost their lives. Those who have received inducements to panegyricize the policy of President Lopez I. throw the blame upon the "Armateurs," who sent out unfit emigrants. The impartial will remember that the "fournisseur" and Juge de paix appointed to Nueva Burdeos, was the opponent of Mr. Gould, the accuser of Mr. Washburn, and the Grouchy of the Paraguayan Waterloo, M. Luiz Caminos, a name carrying with it no pleasant associations.

Paraguay had now taken her place amongst civilized peoples. In 1859, she offered her mediation between the Argentine Confederation and the Province of Buenos Aires, a mother and daughter that had been separated seven years. The reunion was compassed by the Convention of S. José de Flores. In 1860, President Lopez undertook negotiations with the Holy See, presenting two priests for episcopal ordination, one as titular of the diocese, the other as

coadjutor. The consequence was the election of an old man, Mgr. J. Urbieta, Bishop of Corycium, *in partibus*.

On August 15, 1862, President Lopez I. named by a secret act (*pliego de reserva*) his eldest son Vice-President. He died aged sixty-nine, after a painful illness, on September 10, (Dr. Martin de Moussy says 7,) 1862; the body was embalmed; a splendid service was performed over it in the cathedral of Asuncion, and in the church of La Trinidad, built by himself; the first Paraguayan President was buried without monument.

Immediately after the death of the second "Supremo," who had virtually ruled seventeen years, D. Francisco Solano Lopez took the usual precautions. He possessed himself of all his father's papers, doubled the sentinels, supplied the streets with extra patrols, summoned the Ministry or Council of State, to whom he read the will appointing him Vice-President, and therefore acting Chief Magistrate, and ordered a national and electoral Congress to meet. His measures were so prudently laid that he was named, on October 16, 1862, without difficulty, President for ten years; and he could boast that he was the chosen of the people, not an inheritor, nor one appointed by will. In 1863 the new ruler was congratulated by eleven European Powers, and all, abroad and at home, believed that the enlightened General who had travelled in England and France would indulge Paraguay with a free Government.

There are idle tales that the elder Lopez preferred his Benjamin, Benigno, as less violent and ambitious than his eldest son: he is also reported to have predicted that if Francisco Solano ever became her ruler, Paraguay would rue the day. It is said that the preference of the old man for Benigno, whom he would gladly have seen, if he could, his successor to the Presidential chair, and heir to the bulk of his property, bred a fatal jealousy between the two brothers.

Their aversion, however, probably began as the result of mere incompatibility of character, and ended in absolute hatred. At the General Congress which elected his brother President, D. Benigno Lopez, it is said, openly joined those members who were opposed to the military government of the family becoming hereditary. It has also been asserted, and even official documents have been cited in proof, that the elder Lopez appointed a Triumvirate to direct the affairs of the nation, and that his first-born, aided by Padre Maiz, poisoned one of the three, and terrified the Congress into electing him their President. These are mere "bolas," and of a similar nature are reports that he was in 1853 an *élève extérieur* of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, that he was a fellow pupil of the Emperor of the Brazil, and that he served on the French staff before Sebastopol. He did, however, attend the naval school at Rio de Janeiro, and there are some doubts whether he did or did not aspire to the hand of the Princess Leopoldina of the Brazil.

From a very early age the actual President Lopez was entrusted by his father with high offices. As has been said, he was made General-in-Chief of the Army and Minister of War when quite a lad. In 1845* he began his career by commanding the Paraguayan Expeditionary Army that had been marched upon Corrientes, and in 1849 he pacified the lands between the Rivers Paraná and Uruguay as far as Cuais. In 1854 he was sent to Europe in order to make personal acquaintance and treaty of amity with the several Courts. Some say that he acted like a Peter the Great, who studied all things, and who made the best use of his time, whilst others make him live the life of a man of pleasure. He came away with a feeling of aversion towards

* Lieut.-Colonel Thompson says, in 1849 ("The War in Paraguay," Chap. I.).

“La boutiquière,” whose language he understands, but can speak little, and who treated him as it did Mr. Secretary Seward, with her usual trick of neglect. On the other hand, he was delighted with France, and he learned French well. He keeps up his practice at home.

President Lopez II. rose to power a young man. His appearance is not unfavourable, though of late he has become very corpulent, after having been a slim and active youth. He is about 5 feet 7 inches in height, of bilious-nervous temperament, and darker than Spaniards, or even than the generality of his sallow-faced subjects, a brunet, without however any admixture of inferior blood. His hands and feet are small, and his legs are bandy with early riding. His features are somewhat Indian, his hair is thick, and his beard, worn in the form which we once called “Newgate frill,” is by no means so full and thick as his portraits show. These are taken, in fact, from the equestrian picture for which he sat in Paris, and which does not err by under-flattering. He still affects the white charger, and the Napoleonic grenadier boots and spurs, the rest of the toilette being a kepi, a frock coat, and a scarlet poncho with gold fringe and collar; in fact, he has a passion for finery. Dignified in manner, he has a penetrating, impressive look, which shows the overweening pride and self-confidence that form the peculiar features of his character. He delights in curious intrigues, which may be called “dodges,” and which have been qualified by one of his employés as “inexplicable tantrums.” This is doubtless a result of “Indian” blood. The Marshal-President has not left pleasant reminiscences with diplomatists generally. On the other hand, English, French, and American naval officers agree in speaking highly of him. They repeatedly assert that he never asked them a question to which, as men of honour, they could

not reply, but that the same was not the case with all his entourage. He is a *bon vivant*, a *gourmand*, and a *gourmet*—fond of a song after dinner ; he rides well, and there is no reason why he should not conduct a guerilla war. Mr. Washburn made him drink, and supplied him with a diarrhoea—all fancy. He is fond of “chaffing.” An English second engineer sent him an impudent answer to a message, and when summoned to his presence pointed at some object with his forefinger. The hand was at once struck down by the President, with the remark, “In England it is not manners to point !” He addresses, *à la Napoleon*, jocular remarks in the Guarani tongue to his troops, who receive them with the greatest delight and enthusiasm ; and, like the King of Dahome, he scolds his officers.

The courage of the “unconquered Marshal,” as he styles himself, is at best questionable. His panegyrists, like M. Felix Aucaigne,* call him the “Premier soldat du Paraguay.” His official organ terms him the “Vencidor (Conqueror) of Coimbra, Albuquerque, and Corumbá.” On March 5, 1865, the National Congress created exclusively for him the rank of Field-Marshal ; the only General of Division being his brother-in-law Barrios, who succeeded him as Minister of War, whilst many of the third rank or brigadiers were appointed. He is said to have commanded in person at the great actions of May 2 and May 24, 1866. It is stated that during the seven days’ fighting in December, 1868, at Loma Valentina, he had two horses killed under him ; and that his son, Panchito (Frank), a youth about

* “Les Contemporains Célèbres” (by various authors. 1st series. Paris Librairie Internationale. 1867-9). The article in question gives Paraguay 1,500,000 of inhabitants ; compares it with a Poland struggling in the arms of the Russian colossus, Brazil ; makes the poor earthworks of the Tebicuary river a “second Humaitá ;” and affectingly reminds us of the little Helvetia *versus* Austria, on the field of Morgarten.

fourteen, had four, whilst Madame Lynch received three wounds. Of this, I believe, not a word is true.

On the other hand, foreigners in his service are almost if not quite unanimous in declaring him to be a *gallinæ filius albæ*; they say that he never once exposed himself in battle; that he is a *craint-plomb* that shudders at the whistle of a ball, and that he has repeatedly run away, deserting even his family in the hour of danger. Some of those who escaped are so furious that they threaten him with personal violence should they happen to meet him in a propitious place. He has certainly never headed a charge, and he has rarely been reported to have fallen a captive. But there is no need for the President to act soldier; *L'état c'est lui*. If he falls the cause of Paraguay—and she has a cause—is sheer lost; whilst he lives she has hope. He has always been able to escape; his enemies are ever ready to build for him a bridge of gold, and the best conditions are at his service; he has manfully rejected them all. He is charged with having plundered his country, and yet he is known not to have money; he is blamed for his want of patriotism, and for not ending the war by self-exile, yet it is not proved that his country will gain by his loss, and his countrymen fight for him like fiends—a sign that they still adhere to his cause. He is said to rule them by fear. On the other hand, the Paraguayan prisoners are rarely if ever known to utter a word against him.

And there is no doubt of the Marshal-President's ability. He is a remarkably good speaker. His letters, his decrees, and his State papers answer for themselves. Without being a practical soldier he is an excellent topographer, and he has fought the defensive part of the campaign, if not with ability, at any rate with fewer blunders than his assailants. Driven backwards by the combination of army and iron-clads, he shifted his base line to the north till he found some readily defensible position. He thus compelled the

invaders to cross over to the Gran Chaco, to drive a highway over swamps, to bridge sluggish streams, and to undergo all the hardships of a malarious land abounding in mosquitos and other pests. With an audacious tenacity of purpose, and a vast moral courage peculiarly his own, he will probably fight his last man in the hope that the Triple Alliance may collapse, or that the Brazil may become weary of her tremendous burden. His enemies declare him to be mad with obstinacy, and predict that he will end by shooting himself.

The reader will readily remember that there are races of men, the Hindu (Brahman) for instance, who fear to fight though they do not dread to die, and that history quotes many an instance of the most cruel of torturers, and the most audacious conspirators, who were unnerved and unmanned by the least physical danger. Robespierre and Brigham Young have both been described as men of this stamp—a stamp be it said hardly comprehensible to the strong-nerved Briton. Moreover, the tongue of slander has applied the word of disgrace to Wellington, to San Martin, and even to the hero of Lodi, the namesake of a certain Corsican Saint who suffered under Diocletian.

In Paris the young General Lopez met his destiny in the shape of a woman. I have no hesitation in alluding to Madame Lynch, who has fought through the present campaign by the side of the Marshal-President, and whose name is now public property. For motives easily appreciated, Lieut.-Col. Thompson merely remarks, (Chap. III.,) “This was an Irish lady, educated in France, who had followed Lopez from Europe to Paraguay.” She prints herself Eliza A. (Alicia) Lynch—her brother, Mr. Lynch, is still with her in Paraguay—and in early life she married M. de Quatre-fages, a surgeon in, or Surgeon-General of, the Algerian army, and nephew of the distinguished littérateur who advocated

l'unité de l'espèce humaine. Having been left by her husband in the Rue Richer she accidentally met General Lopez, who then lodged hard by in the *Maison Meublée Américaine*, and was persuaded to follow him to South America. After eighteen months of European travel, he returned to his native continent in December, 1855, and his fellow passengers still speak of him as a somewhat reserved and silent man. The lady arrived by the next mail, and remained at Buenos Aires until the humour of Lopez Père should become known. Here "Panchito," the first child of her five or six, was born: one of the sponsors was M. Labastie, of the Hotel de Paz at Rozario, and he is supposed to have preserved some curious letters, which many however have failed to see. The widely-spread report that she lived for two years with M. Pujol, Governor of Corrientes, is a mere calumny. Presently she was allowed to reside at Asuncion, and was called upon by the old President and his family: she never, however, occupied the same house as the General. The reader can now appreciate the value of Mr. Hinchliff's information—"The honours of the Presidential throne are shared by an amiably disposed Englishwoman."

I failed to procure a photograph of Madame Lynch, although one was often promised to me. An English officer whom she had impressed most favourably described her as somewhat resembling Her Imperial Majesty of France, tall, "belle femme," handsome, with grey-blue eyes—once blue, and hair *châtain-clair* somewhat sprinkled with grey. These signs of age are easily to be accounted for; her nerve must have been terribly tried since the campaign began, by telegrams which were delivered even at dinner time, while every gun, fired in a new direction, caused a disturbance. She and her children have been hurried from place to place, and at times she must have been a prey to the most weary-

ing and wearing anxiety. Her figure threatens to be bulky, and to accompany a duplicity of chin: it is, however, as will be seen in the sequel, a silly rumour which reports that, like another La Vallière, she lost her influence over her "fickle lord" since she inclined to stoutness. Her manners are quiet, and she shows a perfect self-possession: only on one occasion did she betray to my informant some anxiety as to whether the British Minister would visit Paraguay.

All are agreed that during the war Madame Lynch has done her utmost to mitigate the miseries of the captives, and to make the so-called "détenus" comfortable. Before hostilities began she was ever civil to her bachelor fellow-countrymen, but the peculiarity of her position made her very jealous of wives who, in the middle classes at least, are apt to be curious about "marriage lines." She is said to be, when offended, very hard, and to display all the "férocité des blondes." Two young Frenchmen of family, who when dunned for money which they had borrowed, applied ugly words to Madame Lynch, were at her instigation arrested for debt, thrown into prison, and compelled to beg their bread in the streets. This was told to me by an English lady, who ought to know the truth. The French Consul, M. Cochelet, who would not visit Madame Lynch, was kept until the arrival of the French steamer in a room at Humaitá, where he and his family were exposed to the shells of the Brazilian fleet.

Madame Lynch must be somewhat ambitious. It is generally believed that she in company with the (late?) Dean of the Cathedral, subsequently Bishop D. Manuel Antonio Palacios, a country priest who succeeded Urbietta, and with a Hungarian refugee, Colonel Wisner de Morgenstern—his card so bears the name under his armorial device—worked upon President Lopez, and persuaded him

that he might easily become Master and Emperor of the Platine Regions. As early as 1854 an obsequious deputy had proposed in Congress to make the senior Lopez Emperor, and the crown to be hereditary in his family. But as Captain Page remarked, he was "*de facto* Emperor," and he did not want the odium of the name. Perhaps his son coveted it upon the principle which, amongst us, makes a peerage valuable to a man whose father refused it. Upon my return to Buenos Aires, I was shown the plaster model of a crown, apparently that of the first Napoleon, which, stuck to a board, had been forwarded for any alterations which the Marshal-President might suggest. Suspecting this to be a *ruse de guerre* in order to stir up popular odium, I consulted President Sarmiento. This statesman, in the presence of witnesses, declared to me that it had been sent out *bonâ fide* by a Parisian house, and that it had been embargo'd by the Argentine Government, together with furniture ordered by the Marshal-President. The furniture, destined for one room, and worth about 400*l.*, consisted of fine solid curtain hangings, showy chairs, white, red, and gold, and tinsel chandeliers, with common cut glass and white paint showing under the gilding. It bore the arms of the Republic, but it was evidently copied from the Tuileries. A hard fate caused it to be sold by auction at Buenos Aires.

Using the state of political parties in the Banda Oriental as a pretext, President Lopez, in early 1864, began actively to prepare for war. There is little doubt that he thought the proceeding one of self-preservation against his mortal enemies the Liberal party, which threatened incontinently to hem him in, and he is said to have declared, "If we have not a war with the Brazil now, we shall have it at a time less convenient for ourselves." Since then, in a manifesto, he stated, "Paraguay must no longer consent to be

lost sight of when the neighbouring states are agitating questions which have more or less a direct influence upon her dearest rights." Moreover he felt poignantly in his inmost soul the "ribald articles," those edged tools with which the press of Buenos Aires delighted to play, calling him for instance "cacique," and Asuncion his "wigwam."

The following is a simple abstract of the dates which render the five years' war remarkable. The précis may be useful to the reader, and I have given in the Preface the briefest possible sketch of the campaign in its two phases, offensive and defensive.

October 16, 1864.—The Brazilian army invades the Banda Oriental, despite the protestations of President Lopez, who declared that such invasion would be held a *casus belli*.

December 4, 1864.—President Lopez despatches an expeditionary column to invade the Brazilian province of Matto-Grosso.

April 13, 1865.—After vainly soliciting permission from the Argentine Republic to march his troops across Corrientes, in order to attack the Brazil, President Lopez seizes two Argentine ships of war in the port of Corrientes and occupies the city.

May 1, 1865.—The "Treaty of May 1" concludes a triple alliance, offensive and defensive, between the Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and the Banda Oriental against the government of Paraguay.

May, 1865.—Paraguay invades the Brazilian Province of Rio Grande do Sul, and her left *corps d'armée* marches down the valley of the Uruguay River.

June 11, 1865.—The Paraguayan fleet is defeated at the Battle of Riachuelo, and the right *corps d'armée*, marching down the Paraná, is compelled to retreat.

September 18, 1865.—The Paraguayan left *corps d'armée* surrenders in Uruguayana to the Emperor of the Brazil, commanding the allies.

November 1-3, 1865. — The Paraguayan right *corps d'armée* retreats behind its own proper frontier, the line of the Paraná River, and thus terminates the offensive phase of the campaign.

For nearly a year, between November 1865, and September 1866, the Allies having crossed the Paraná River, hold their ground despite the frantic efforts of the Paraguayans to dislodge them. Amongst the actions the most severe are the Battle of Estero Bellaco (May 2, 1866,) and the Battle of Tuyuty (May 24, 1866). The Commander-in-chief, Mitre, at last determines to force the line of the Paraguay River.

September 3, 1866.—The Paraguayan works at Curuzú, an outwork of Humaitá, are stormed by the Allies. This is followed by the Conference of Ytaïti-Cora, where Presidents Mitre and Lopez could not come to terms.

September 22, 1866.—The Allies attack Curupaity, another outwork of Humaitá, and are repulsed with terrible loss, especially of the Argentine army.

This *fait d'armes* is followed by nearly a year of comparative inaction ; Marshal Caxias assumes command of the Brazilian army, and Admiral Tamandaré retires from the fleet.

August 15, 1867.—The Brazilian iron-clad squadron steams past the batteries of Curupaity.

January 14, 1868.—General Mitre retires from the war, and is succeeded by Marshal Caxias as Generalissimo.

February 18, 1868.—The Brazilian iron-clads run past the batteries of Humaitá.

March 1, 1868.—The Paraguayan canoes attack the Brazilian ironclads. Marshal-President Lopez retires from his Head-Quarters at Paso Pucú to Timbó, and thence to the line of the Tebicuary River. A general movement in advance on the part of the Allies takes place (March 21), the result being that the batteries of Curupaity are evacuated (March 22).

June 18-20, 1868.—Marshal-President Lopez discovers, or suspects that he has discovered, a conspiracy with revolutionary intentions, headed by General Berges. Many executions are reported.

July 24, 1868.—The garrison of Humaitá, surrounded on all sides and starved out, evacuates the so-called stronghold, makes for the Gran Chaco, on the other side of the river, and on August 6th surrenders.

August 22, 1868.—The Paraguayans evacuate the batteries of Timbó, north of Humaitá.

August 28, 1868.—The Allies become masters of the deserted line of the Tebicuary River. Marshal-President Lopez retires to Villeta, up stream.

Oct. 1, 1868.—Four ironclads force the Angostura batteries.

November, 1868.—Marshal Caxias determines once more to turn the enemy's right flank, and directs Marshal Argolo to begin a military road through the Gran Chaco. Admiral Viscount de Inhauma forces the Pass of Angostura, November 15.

December 5, 1868.—The vanguard of the Brazilian army crosses the Paraguay River and lands unopposed on the left bank at San Antonio.

December 21-27, 1868.—The "Waterloo of the war." After four several actions, Marshal-President Lopez,

compelled to abandon Loma Valentina, and accompanied by a handful of horsemen, dashes through the enemy and reaches Cerro Leon.

December 30, 1868.—The celebrated Angóstura batteries, commanded by Lieut.-Col. George Thompson, C.E., and Colonel Carrillo, surrender.

January 2, 1869.—The Commander-in-Chief, Marshal Caxias, enters in triumph Asunción, finds it evacuated, and declares the war to be “ended.”

At this point finishes the second act of the war, and begins the third, which is not yet concluded. Marshal-President Lopez, safely sheltered by the mountains, determines upon a guerilla warfare, and collects for that purpose the last of the doomed Paraguayan race.

LETTER I.

FROM RIO DE JANEIRO TO MONTE VIDÉO.

Monte Vidéo, August 11, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

You directed me, remember, to proceed straight to the seat of war, in the "seld seen land," Paraguay, and there to constitute myself your "Military Correspondent." You were weary of reading for more than three years a succession of reliable details published by one newspaper and directly contradicted by another. You pitied the public when I was asked for articles upon that interesting if not important subject by a certain Editor who, knowing me to be at Santos, São Paulo, inferred that places and persons distant a thousand miles or so, were therefore necessarily familiar to me. You asked with P. Pilate "What is truth?" You were "dying" to know something about that unspoiled Arcadia which deaf Mr. Mansfield, after a ten-months' sojourn on the soil, pronounced to be the "most interesting, loveliest, pleasantest country in the world;" about the "Nestor of the war," Marshal Caxias; about Madame Lynch; about the battles and the massacres, and the rumours of massacres, and remembering the ladies of Sienna in the *Livre de Montluc*, about the Amazonian army whose "uniform was white, with white-fringed caps; their arms a lance with pennant, and their grades effeminized into Commandanta, Capitana, Alfereza, Sargenta."

To hear was to obey. I at once girded up my loins for the task. With a stoicism not less rare than commendable,

and an epicurean zest to leave those old familiar scenes and faces, whose many charms had begun to pall upon the traveller's palate, I descended for the last time the tremendous inclined planes of the Santos and Jundiaby railway, and still shuddering, bade farewell to a three years' home. We embarked for the last of so many times at Santos, that Weston-super-mud of the Far West, peculiarly fatal to the genus European, species Consul, and with æs triplex about the cardiac region, we affronted the risks of fire and water on board a Brazilian steamer, northward bound to the capital.

After a rapid fortnight amongst the hospitalities of Rio de Janeiro, which our countrymen will call "Rye-oh," you delivered me (August 6, 1868), duly labelled, "Monte Vidéo—this side up—fragile—with care," on board the R.M.S.S. *Arno*, Captain Bruce. You preferred for me the "Slow-coach line," as it was called by a testy editor who, holding himself aggrieved, planted his little sting in the tenderest part—when will English take example from Anglo-American Companies, and learn how much may be made, or how much may not be lost, by a little timely expenditure of "dead-heading?" The choice of steamers had for object, personal comfort and a zoological study of the passengers; upon which I cumulated observation of the manifold and manifest antediluvianisms of the Great Company. Why should the outward-bound public be delayed four or five days at Rio, awaiting the arrival of the "inter-colonial" *Arno*? Why treat "the River" to an "inter-colonial" at all, when the big steamer should make it her terminus? Why retain the *Arno* of 757 tons register, which daily consumes from thirty to thirty-two tons of coal, when the improved engines of the new Pacific steamer *Magellan* make twenty-five do the work of 3500 tons? Again, why should the Buenos Aires mails, and the homeward-bounds

be kept waiting two days at Monte Vidéo? Lastly, why should the mail-bags be shipped from Buenos Aires in a sailing-boat, often delaying *Arno* two hours, and demanding full speed with an increased expenditure of coal! Arrangements for embarking and disembarking upon the Platine shores are imperfect all, but the Royal Mail simply makes none. New and immense sources of profit, such as touching at Santos in S. Paulo, have been proposed even by myself. During the affair of Federals *versus* Confederates, when the Royal Mail had virtually a monopoly of transport, a noble service might have been organized had they not preferred distributing bonuses. My proposals were rejected, and the profits were made over to the French and to a rival line, the "Astronomicals," by the incapacity of certain superannuateds, who have done nothing but mangle the fair proportions of the company. Yet, when the last year's West Indian typhoon lost four steamers, the Royal Mail, which has on board every ship begging-boxes for widows and orphans, could not afford to pay pensions, and was compelled to pass round the ignoble hat. Beware O ex-Great Company, and bestir thyself! We will not be made to go backwards. There is a Lamport and Holt—although that coach is even slower—there is a Tait's London line, and, to say nothing of the French, Italians, and Belgians, there are fine brand-new Pacific steamers through Magellan Strait, which may presently claim a fat slice from the Mail contract.

You must not think that in making these remarks, my object is to grumble or to blame: it is rather to suggest the mode of preventing discontent. Personally I—let us say we—have ever met with the most kindly treatment on board the many vessels of the Royal Mail that conveyed us. It is still the line which will be preferred by families, and where the unprotected one is safe from the attentions

of *delirium tremens*, and I show my gratitude by pointing out what is required to perfect it.

Meanwhile the Royal Mail has made two moves in the right direction. Freights were frightful; they have now been reduced from 10*l.* to 3*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* per ton. The lowest first class between Buenos Aires and London, including five days at Rio, costs 35*l.*, decidedly cheap locomotion for thirty-six days. The highest fare is 80*l.*, which hires a single cabin upon the upper deck. It is a good principle to make the necessaries of travel as cheap as possible, and the luxuries dear to those who can afford them. The details, however, may be improved. For instance, 35*l.* is too little: it crowds the saloons with wild bipeds who should be shipped forwards. Nothing but first and second class should be allowed, and so forth. I would also advise the purser, when there are 300 passengers on board, to have breakfast on the table from 8 to 11 A.M., as is the custom of the English country house.

That Thursday when Blue Peter came down, was a grey day, and the beautiful face of Rio Bay gave me a parting scowl which I did not deserve. As we started at 8 A.M. no jollity was there. You should see the contrast at Buenos Aires when an old *habitué* leaves. Then Englishmen and Germans congregate: then is consumed an intolerable deal of pale sherry—four shillings on board and ten on shore: then national anthems are sung, and bravos and vivas, “hoorays” and hurrahs are howled, and then are prodigious kissings, embracings, and tear-sheddings, not unaccompanied by bonnetings.

Before us lay five dreary days to cover 1040 miles, which may, at this season, afford a rough passage. August 30 is the anniversary of Santa Rosa, a young person who, perhaps you do not know, patronizes South America, and the *fête* of the fair Limeña—she was not like St. Catherine of

Sienna—is expected to bring from the south-east a gale which tosses up mountains of sand, and which has thrown ships amongst and over the house-tops. Consulting the register for the last few years, I find the Saintess unpunctual as Saint Swithin: in fact the phenomenon must be reduced to a mere equinoctial disturbance. *Arno* is in luck as long as she keeps this cold, raw north-easter which holds up the rain. If the breeze falls, and the sea is lulled, she must look out for the Pampero or Prairie wind, a Harmattan, a Khamsin, whose very name makes the flesh of the timid chilly creep, and which whizzes, they say, through their bones.

You will accept a few words about this meteor, the only health officer of Platine cities, the maintainer of atmospheric circulation, and, according to M. Bravard, the great builder of the Pampas. The Pampero, which ranges from south-west to south-south-west, is as usual more felt in countries towards which it blows than in the regions where it rises. It is of two kinds—clean and dirty. The “*Limpio*,” after threatening rain, sweeps the sky bright and clear. The rheumatic gale is cutting as a Kent-coast black easter, and sailors complain that the Plate appears to them after the relaxing heat of Rio, the bitterest place they know. But it is a true relief in the seething summer; it forms a break of invigorating freshness: cold and consequently dry, it renders even Buenos Aires of the fetid airs inhabitable. The Pampero Sucio comes out from a horizontal line of sable cloud, like the arch of the West-African tornado down-flattened; and whilst the curtain creeps up to the zenith, the storm-wind with a rush and a roar swoops down upon the world of waters. It brings thunder closely following the flash, which is peculiarly tremulous and persistent, whilst ascending balls are common: such lightning is dangerous on the Pampas, as on the North American Prairies.

Azara calculates that "thunderbolts" fall about ten times more often in Paraguay than in Spain. I do not speak of the dust, being at sea; the rain begins by "spitting sixpences," and ends in emptying bucketsful: the gale sleeps at night, and raves sometimes for two and even for three days, making all wretchedly uncomfortable till it has blown itself dead.

It has been remarked that the wind ending in the Pampero should traverse from north to west, and thus from south-south-west to south-west. If it pass round eastward, or with the sun, it will not last. Sailors exaggerate its effects: blowing offshore, it is therefore not so bad as the "Northern" of Valparaiso, and the ill-famed "Norte" of the Mexican Gulf. But it is frigid with Andine snows, and dry as a Simoom after coursing over the naked south-temperate plains. It extends to Rio Grande, the southernmost province of the Brazil, but there it is comparatively innocuous, and the Temporal de Polvo shows to best advantage, speaking of it as a curiosity, on the Pampas and where the soil is poorest. The "spell" from Rio to Monte Vidéo is held by seamen the worst of the six acts which represent the total voyage-drama from England to Plate-land. Our wind veers during five days almost round the compass, and becomes notably rawer as we advance. Heavy showers — rain being here almost inevitable — drench the feet; and once cooled on board, feet do not wax warm throughout the day. The fogs, or rather the Scotch mists, of the calm nights are heavy, and as we are upon the beaten track of ships, our steam-whistle is not silent. At times the water is smooth as oil, a Pacific, not a moaning and misty Atlantic. The half-knot current sets at present to the south-west, the direction by which it doubles the Horn, but a southerly gale will drive it two knots per hour to the north. About

the Abrolhos Islands, *infames scopulos*, soundings even of fifty fathoms cannot be told by the colour. Here the tints shift from light blue, showing a sandy floor, to dark blue and sombre brown; this is the effect of a muddy bottom, the deposit of the Plata following the wind, now sweeping up, then floating down coast.

Happily for the traveller's repose, steam has given old science the go-by. At this rapid pace we are no longer bound in duty to catch gulf-weed and acalephs; to observe and register the temperature of the atmosphere and the oscillations of the ship; to speculate on the existence of phosphorus in our water, or narrowly to observe the flight of the flying-fish. We may, sound in conscience, eat, drink, and sleep, smoking between whiles pectoral cigarettes, playing "bull" or maritime quoits, sleepily watching the companionable gull, or recognising by the parrot-like thrill of their barred wings one's old world friends the Cape pigeons. And the style of the outward-bound companion is here better than that which lands in the Brazil. Our staple consists of "gentle shepherds," as the slang is; simple young fellows from the country, many of them Scotch, coming out to become Magyar Esterhazys and Cokes of Holkham, or rather going to the bad in the pursuit of sheep. Some are putting in a first appearance; others, older hands, are returning to their muttons. With us is a Plenipo., accompanied by Mrs. P.; there is a gentlemanly person in knickerbockers and poor health; there is the "Mail abroad," wending home to Argentine-land, with a remarkably pretty and pleasing "Mail-ess," who admirably "ryles up;" and there are some nondescripts, many Germans, and a few French, the latter a race that never feels thoroughly at home on board English steamers. Unfortunately, my *bête noire* is also there—a loud, brassy, bumptious, bellowing, blatant manner of being—the thing,

in fact, that begat our modern and English Anglophobia. This typical 10*l.* householder had waxed fat on River hide and tallow, and upon his mental toe I had unconsciously trodden by mistaking him for a gentleman's valet. He is characteristically servile to his superiors, pert, contradictory, and offensive to his peers, insolent to his inferiors. His *beau idéal* of a man is an anything married by the daughter of Lady Jones, and wedded to 180,000*l.*—of such, we are told, is the Kingdom of Heaven.

The return lot is not so pleasant. There are many Teutons, who form a distinct class. There are a few Brazilians, wild as Kafirs: the men argue, gesticulate, thump fists on table, take places that are not their own, and seem strange to the appliances of civilization as might have been the Tupis; the women are invariably sea-sick, wear calicos, wag the forefinger, and use *bottines* that never knew Paris. The Portuguese are Brazilians Europeanized, and personally not so clean: you easily know them, their talk is about nothing but dollars and the other sex. Dictator Rosas allowed them and them only to congregate in the streets. "For," said he, "when two Portuguese meet, the talk will always be about 'p*****a,' in fact—

"To chatter loose and ribald brothelery."

All nationalities *will* be first class. I should suggest the example of a certain Argentine railway, where the ticket-clerk, glancing at the customer, determines his class—the larger the spurs the lower goes the wearer. The Creole English muster strong; they speak Spanish amongst the English, English amongst the Spaniards; their voices are curiously harsh and metallic; they open the lips widely when pronouncing their English, as though it were Spanish, and the result nearly approaches to what we call the "Chichi boli," or Mulatto dialect of Bengal, with not a little of the New

England and the Australian nasalization. Here and there is a civilized Englishman; the staple, however, comes from the bush, haggard with toil and discomfort, dressed in home-made clothes, and bringing half-a-dozen cubs, who, fresh out of a cattle-breeding ground, want breaking like wild colts. Truly terrible is this small infantry warred on by nurses, it is worse than the juvenile Anglo-Indian. Misther T'him O'Brien, for instance, rising six years, is requested by a polite Mail officer not to thrash his sister. He raises eyes blazing fiery green out of a freckled face, and briefly ejaculates—

“You go to h——.” Ending with Spanish which even dashes will not make decent. If the officer add a word, his shins will feel the thickness of Mr. Tim's double-soled highlows; and his mother will express the profoundest astonishment—she has always found her T'him such a “dear good little boy.”

You will want to hear something about colonizing in the River Plate, emigration to those lands being still believed in by a benighted public.* At the present moment, whatever it may have been, sheep-farming is a snare and a delusion. The industry was introduced by foreigners, especially by Messrs. Sheridan and Harratt, in 1825; they greatly improved upon the Pampas breed, which in 1550 came with the goat from Peru. It was the third stage of progress, the first being the wild “Indian” that killed out the

* It is only fair for me to refer to the favourable side of the question as developed in “Letters Concerning the Country of the Argentine Republic (South America) being Suitable for Emigrants and Capitalists to Settle in.” (1869. Second issue. London: Waterlow and Sous.) The able and energetic author and compiler, Mr. William Perkins, Secretary National Commission of Immigration, kindly sent me a copy. For my part I agree with Messrs. Jessop and “Old Scotchman,” rather than with Mr. Purdie and Mr. Henly; and my opinion is not valueless, as I have seen three times more of the country than any of them.

Megatheroid; and the second, horses and black cattle, the former brought by Mendoza in 1536, and the latter introduced in 1553, by the Spaniards of Asuncion from the Brazil. The turnip must follow the mutton, and the fourth step will of course be agriculture: the latter should be combined with "pastoral pursuits" as soon as possible.

Twenty years ago sheep farmers thrived. They led for a few years jolly lives of savage exile, and then they went home rich "for good." Presently increased wages, and the higher prices of campo-land, once so cheap, combined with a more expensive style of establishment, with the insecurity of life and property, and with the perpetual "pronouncings" of the native population, changed the face of affairs. The United States, formerly the best customer, came into the wool market, and the Morrill tariff imposed a protective duty prohibitory to all but the cheapest articles, these paying only six cents per pound. The last straw was the export duty of 10 per cent. (Mr. Ross Johnson says 15) levied by the Argentine Government—5 in ready money, and 5 after four months. The Platines have reason to say, "The English are the only people who come here with money, and who go away without." Certainly, Spaniards and Italians, Portuguese and Basques, Brazilians and Germans do not. But they are mostly "hands" as opposed to capital.

The oldsters on board told many a popular tale that shows which way the wind sets. One professed himself ready to walk a mile in order to kick a sheep. Another related how an emigrant had cut the throats of all his flock, and lastly his own—the best way to get rid of the business. Apparently all were eager to sell, none to buy: they were ready to sell for \$1 what they had bought for \$4; and some have taken 1s. 10*d.*, and even 1s. 6*d.* They asserted roundly that give a man three leagues of land and 20,000 sheep,

he must be ruined in five or six years if not permitted to trade them off. Every tongue spoke harshly of those agents at home and abroad whose business it is to attract as many emigrants as possible. Mr. David Robertson, M.P., was accused of having deluded many a wretch to his doom, and of keeping up the lure. Dr. Juan M'Coll—Huan is more Spanish than John—a broker, especially of estates, *alias* a “Titan in Monte Videan progress,” was charged with having written the “Republic of Uruguay and Life in the River Plate,”* alliteratively characterized as “all rot and rubbish,” whilst his “sheep farmer’s paradise” was defined to be a limbo of fools. Mr. Wilfred Latham was soundly rated for his calculation of 75 per cent. profits: this may once have been the case, but the repetition of it calls for contradiction. As harsh-judged were all the handbooks, the guides, and other publications which Messrs. Drabble, Mauá, and others have cast broad-scattered upon the waters of emigration. Some, it is true, opined the present to be the crisis preceding the cure: they believed their own hopes, that the industry, like tobacco, cotton and sugar growing in the Southern States of the Union, where the great landlord has been “wiped out,” will gain a new term of life by spreading to the masses. Others would establish “Anonymous Companions” (Limited Liability) with capitals of at least 60,000*l.*, combining grease-melting with cattle-slaughtering, and with the latest improvements for utilizing everything, even the blood of the slain. All, however, agreed that in the actual status there are many poor to very few rich, and that those who send their “young friends”—and gentlemen with small capitals, to make fortunes on the Plate are cruelly unkind. I afterwards heard of a widow who, blessed with an overstocked quiver, including a son of six-

* Effingham Wilson. London: 1862.

teen, with an annual income of 30*l.* to cease after five years, had determined upon despatching him in quest of fortune to Buenos Aires. Such a step would entail ruination of body and mind. The unfortunate would not die of starvation, but—man cannot live upon mutton and hard bread alone—he could aspire to little beyond the situation of a puretero (shepherd), or a peon (wool-farmer's flock-tender) under the Capataz or Majordomo of the estate. His sole occupation would be to drive out the sheep every morning, and to drive in the sheep every evening. His food would be raw rum and the contents of a cutty pipe, tough meat and old biscuit. His home would be a hovel, garnished at best with a Chinita, or whitey-yellow girl: a hide would be his bed, and his raiment flannel shirt and overalls, the former generally worn till it falls off. He would have no time to do anything, yet he would have nothing to do: here the English settler learns to excel all others in the art and mystery of loafing and dawdling. It is not wonderful that after a few years of such ignoble discomfort—such fatal monotony—the man becomes brutalized, and that his fellows detect in his features and expression a shade of approach to those of his rams. I have myself seen the ovine countenance, and it is curious to trace the same degradation in the faces of Schwein Königs and pig-drivers, menagerie servants, and attendants upon the insane. Briefly to conclude, the end of our victim, commenced by the dreariest of isolation, would most probably be, unless he fled robbing the till, drunkenness—here the more drink the more honour—and debauchery, disease, and death.

Such are the present prospects for the gentleman-adventurer become a "multi pastor odoris" in these regions. But sheep-farming and cattle-breeding, low as the industry now is, may possibly improve. A Russian war would, after

a time, create a demand for tallow; the removal of the tariff and the export duties should make wool pay. "Those wonderful Chinese sheep which have six lambs yearly" might, as the guidebook says, be imported, instead of the ewe of six lambings which now satisfies the breeder. Still, however, would remain the necessity of leading a half-savage life; the depressing conviction of being at the mercy of a government which taxes everything exportable—wheat, for instance, even before there is any wheat to export—and the daily danger of revolution, of battle, of murder, and of sudden death. And if stabbed or shot upon your own threshold, under your own roof-tree, you die without feeling the poor satisfaction that justice will be done to you upon the cowardly assassin who, bloodthirsty as a Shoho Dankali, offers a bowl of milk with one hand and knifes you with the other. In these fair lands the slaughterer of a stranger, even if seized red-handed, is never punished. Moreover, where almost all "Gauchos" are murderers in *posse* if not in *esse*, detected or undetected, if the foreigner take a life in the extremity of absolute self-defence, he is visited with the severest penalty of the ridiculous law, or no law. Justice is in abeyance; there is neither the code of the Revolver, nor of Judge Lynch, nor of the Juiz de Paz. And so will the state be, until the afore-mentioned Judge comes to exercise the *jus fori* throughout the length and breadth of the Confederation.

We made our landfall at Cape Castillos Grande, where ships from Europe bend westward and prepare to enter "the River." We wondered at not finding a lighthouse upon the steep, round, black islet that outlies the low shore. Presently we steamed past the historic Cabo de Santa Maria—a strip, however, not a cape—where, in the days of Fernandez de Enciso, South America, like Africa in the Ptolemæan age, was shorn of its tail. According to some,

the next projection, the Punto del Este, is the true portal of that river,

“to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills.”

The fixed white light of Maldonado, dim as that of any coaler, has been compared with a sentinel placed to plunder the poor: here begin the perils which caused the old navigators to call its river “Boca,” “hell of pilots.” Evidently the Phare should be at the danger’s end, and this is certainly Gorriti of the “Indians,” *alias* Isla de Lobos, a rookery of seals and sea-lions. The Oriental Government having farmed out the hunting, on March 26, 1866, removed the light, because it injured a valuable trade. Mr. Buckley-Mathew, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Argentine Confederation, worked manfully to restore the “Lobos Light,” and failed. The saintly owner of the rocky islet, an Englishman well known from Monte Vidéo to Tucuman, will, let us not doubt, embrace in turn the opportunity of wrecking fewer ships and losing fewer lives at the risk of catching fewer seals.

As we run along the coast, I recognise the country to be geographically the Brazil; the hillocks, in fact, are the toe-tips of the gigantic Serra do Mar, eastern ghauts of the empire of the Southern Cross, whose stony wall has so long donjon’d us. Since 1806 it has been occupied alternately by English and Spanish, Portuguese and Brazilian troops. The latter have had it twice, and will have it again—as a Russian patriot, I would give my life for Stamboul; as a Persian for Herat; as a Brazilian, for the Banda Oriental. And we Englishmen do not forget that the incapacity of a general of the Great Georgian epoch lost to us a colony which now would have been the grand depôt of Eastern South America, and the brightest jewel of the British crown.

Uruguay, double the size of Ireland, would have been the best of termini for the Hibernian exodus; with all due allowance for head-breaking and hedge-shooting, the population would now have numbered 1,000,000, not 300,000 souls, mostly Celts, and assuredly there would not have been, as there is now, a Fenian club at Buenos Aires.

The next remarkable point is the Isla de las Flores, which Davie and other old travellers found bright with rainbow blossoms, and fragrant with wild vegetation. Backed by the usual terra firma of tawny and tree-scattered points, it is now single, then double, according to the height of the water; and whilst part of it supports rabbits and a revolving light, the rest is in its season a gull-fair. Bucéo, loved by bathers, with its bonny sands and outlying quintas nestling under the tree-clumps that speckle the raised and rolling grasslands of the northern bank, and the Plaza de Ramirez, that glistening patch whereon carriages from the town stand, both point the way to a pleasing view. A crystal-clear, diaphonous atmosphere sets forth every feature of the approach to Sea's End; over the ocean horizon of the river in front the sun-glow is tempered by the cool crisp wind before which race up the white dots of sails, and the broad lights and shades of the shore and of the smokeless city are distributed with a charming picturesqueness.

At 2:30 P.M. we sight to the north-west a forest of masts lying under the "Town of the Mount," backed by its Cerro, a splay-backed and high-shouldered hill, which, only 465 feet high, towers like a giant above the ridgy and peakless coast line. We know that we have reached our destination, and a classical person exclaims with the classical look-out man of yore,—

Montem Video !

Adieu.

LETTER II.

MONTE VIDÉO—THE MURDER OF GENERAL FLORES.

Monte Vidéo, August 11, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

You ordered me to report to you in these letters more about men and modernisms than concerning cities and antiquities. I will therefore sketch the capital of this wee Republic, a South American Monaco, a dwarfish abortion amongst the Giants, with the very broadest touches.

Monte Vidéo (not Vídeo) has little of history, but “en revanche” an awful name, “Cidade de San Filipe y Santiago de Monte Vidéo.” The Spaniards and Portuguese, whilst fighting for the Colonia and the Islet rock of Martin Garcia, mere wards, wholly neglected this, the true key of the vast Platine valley, and allowed the hide huts of pauper fishermen to occupy the only good port at the mouth of the Southern Mississippi. Presently it was fixed upon by the Brazilo-Portuguese as a smuggling station, a fibre connected with the heart of the great Viceroyalty further inland. As late as 1726 the Governor of Buenos Aires, D. Bruno Mauricio de Zabála, described as a man of “bizarra y arrogante presencia,” received the orders to crush the contraband, then worth to the Portuguese two annual millions of dollars; to drive the interlopers from their forts into the pauper land, now called the Province of São Pedro do Rio Grande do Sul, and with money supplied by the Viceroy of Potosí (not Potósi), and by the corvée of enslaved aborigines, to found, in 1726, the settlements of

Monte Vidéo and Maldonado. The colonists were mostly Canarians and Andalusians, a tall and handsome, brave and adventurous race, hard-working and not readily conquered. The Montevidians, as opposed to the Orientals, are still called "Canarios," and their pretty women, I regret to say, "Sapatos rastrados"—slipshods. There is much small but malignant jealousy between them and their rivals the Porteños, more classically termed Bonaerenses, and qualified by the smaller city as "Zarazíras," or wearers of striped clothes—once servile gear. In 1751 a Lieutenant-Governor was appointed to Monte Vidéo, which, till then, had obeyed the commands of Buenos Aires, and from that date the progress of the place has been rapid and regular.

The protoplasm, the original expression of all these new Iberian settlements from Monte Vidéo to Asuncion is a cell, the Plaza, a central hollow square. It dwarfed by its vastness the surrounding of mean dwellings, amongst which were the Communal, such as the church or chapel, in those times also Cemetery; the Cabildo, a town-house above and common jail below, replaced in 1825 by the "Municipality;" the barracks or police-office, and perhaps the theatre. Presently cool shady trees were planted round it, and brick or stone-paved bands of walk were run along and athwart it, the rest remaining weedy or muddy. After the "glorious days," a solitary pillar—a built-up obelisk or some other such unarchitectural, unornamental monument, with or without railing, was erected about the middle region, in memory of something or somebody, more or less memorial. Often the centrepiece is capped by Liberty, a lass of Amazonian semblance and proportions, in foolscap or Phrygian bonnet, and bathing-house drapery, armed with shield and spear, or as at Monte Vidéo, directing at your breast—O Gringo!—a sword, with the gesture of a knife thrust. At the corners of the pedestal, around the column base, will stand busts in

kitcat, of white plaster, blue ribbons (Argentine colours) and gamboge epaulets. These caricature the revolutionary generals and heroes, such as S. Martin, Bolívar (not Bolívar), Belgrano, Alvear, Lavallot, and others. The inscriptions embody some eventful date, of course differing in the several Republics; and the pleiad of South American Commonwealths "makes epochs" of almost every day in the year. Thus, "25 de Maio" (1810), is the local 4th of July commemorating Argentine independence; whereas, "18 de Julio," (1829), establishes the Constitution of Uruguay, *alias* the Banda Oriental. This "Eastern Side" of the Uruguay river—popularly the "Banda"—is often erroneously called Monte Vidéo, even as Utah Territory has been merged into Salt Lake City.

Upon the Plaza debouch the long streets, whose bisections suggest to every traveller a chessboard; they change names at the square, and thus each has two, a useless luxury of nomenclature serving only to confuse. The settlement is further divided into *cuadras* (solid) squares or cubes, whose dimensions everywhere vary. As a rule, however, the further inland they are, the larger they grow. Here we have the *cuadra* of 100 varas (each 34, or to be more exact 33·750 inches), and at Buenos Ayres the more normal 150 "yards." The distance is counted from the mid-street, which, at the latter city is 16 feet wide, whereas, as President Sarmiento informs us (p. 114), in old Monte Vidéo it is only 14. The "*Cuadra cuadrada*," or squared square, is also called a "*Manzana*," or block. You would think it easy to find your way through streets perfectly straight and "distractingly regular thoroughfares," as the Britisher grumbles, liking irregularity, except in his home or his ledger. Such is, however, by no means the case, especially at night, when strangers cannot thread the maze except by aid of some remarkable building in each street.

Plans, however, are everywhere published, and these may be printed even on the backs of Almanacks and Ayers Sarsaparilla.

There are two views of the little capital where she best shows her peculiarities. The first is that seen as you skirt the southern end of the eastern or new town. The thoroughfares facing west-south-west, and abutting upon the water, open as you run by them : after the gorgeous growth of Rio de Janeiro, they look bald and stony, treeless and barren as lanes in a burrow. The sky-line is fretted with miradores, gazebos, steeples, and here and there towers a gaunt factory chimney. Successively rise high into the air a huge-flanked religious house ; a Dutch-tiled cupola, over whose ochred walls peep cypresses and black rows of empty niches declaring it to be a cemetery ; the English " temple " resembling a shed to stable bathing machines, or a reformed powder magazine sulkily turning back upon the bay ; the new hospital (de Caridad), three storied, yellow tinted, and dwarfing as it should the churches ; the big brick barn—also seen in reverse—known as the Solis Theatre, and the Hotel Oriental, which, like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies. Then comes the substantial stone Matriz of SS. Philip and James, the " womb " whence have issued other places of worship. The whole affair is a mistake ; the dome springing from the flat roof suggests a pepper castor upon a thick book : it is too small and too distant from the towers, and these are absurdly far apart : fantastic as to terminals, the minaret-shaped belfries are evidently crooked, diverging like asses' ears. All three protuberances are capped with azulejos, blue and white Dutch tiles, fancifully disposed, which glisten like the gilt cupolas of Moscow, and whose eye-pleasing power suggests that you might imitate it to advantage at home. This is everywhere the practice of Argentine land, and whenever the dome is

dingy we know that money has run out, and that the "cura" waits to collect more from his little flock of "beatas" and pious seniors.

Round the heel of the boot, the eastern Punto de S. José projecting into the bay, we find the old Spanish castle "S. Joseph," whose fifteen saluting guns are supposed to command us. The once considerable outwork has now been levelled, and the "fort" is reduced to a small stone affair with two artless bastions on the land side, and seawards a double curtain fancifully whitewashed. Beyond it is the Mercado del Puerto, a new market-place, with a fine zinc dome of engineer architecture, built in Manchester, to shelter the stalls of butchers and fruiterers; in the centre is a fountain which at present, curious to say, plays.

We now enter the bay or port, and the first glance at the semicircular inlet forcibly suggests the extinct crater punch-bowl of S. Vicente, whilst the dashes, sheets, and dunelets of yellow sand in the centre of the bight confirm the likeness. The larger ships of war lie in the outer roads, two or three miles distant; they want to up sail, and be off readily in case of a sudden and damaging Pampero. The half square-mile of watery surface in the basin, crowded as it is with ships in utter disorder, not aligned as at Valparaiso, urgently requires a breakwater; this has been proposed, and if it be soon thrown up, Monte Video will take the wind out of her big neighbour's sails, and will reign, for a time at least, the Queen City of the River Plate.

The Bay is lively enough on a fine day, when steam-tugs puff up and down amongst the swarm of boats, not civilized gigs, "yoles," or wherries, but heavy old tubs shaped like calabashes elongated fore and aft. They mostly bear the Uruguayan national flag, a washed-out, changed-coloured copy of the Stars and Stripes. The only star,

however, is a broad, good-humoured yellow face, with hair apostolically parted in the centre, and subtended by a huge glory: this is Dan Sol, and it has some mystical allusion to "Oriental." It contrasts strongly with the Brazilian colours, which wash badly, and which when old, look like a cross between the Irish flag and a Bandanna pocket-handkerchief. The arms of the Orientals are quaint as their flag, quarterings of ox and horse, a hill-like loaf of sugar, and a balance in which the Republic has been weighed, but has ever been found sadly wanting.

Flanking the port ride the gunboats of various nations. Amongst them is the Lima Barros, a well-dented Brazilian ironclad fresh from the Paraguayan war: properly handled, she would blow all our "united squadrons," as they are pompously called, out of the water, and she contrasts even with the *Kansas* and the *Pawnee* unfavourably for the "citizens." The English cruisers are known by their cleanliness, and by their being the worst of the lot; floating coffins equally vile for living in as for fighting. Detached upon river-work they carry Armstrongs which throw three miles, and which drill mere holelets at 300 yards, whilst their pivot guns heel them over 4° to 5° , the angle of the deck being apparently intended to warn the enemy whence to expect and how to avoid the broadside. It is a shame to call such trash ships of war.

The other and by far the prettier view of Monte Vidéo, is to be had by crossing the bay and ascending the Cerro. On the way is a granatoid patch, properly the "Isle of Rats," and now baptized "Island of Liberty," because, I presume, men are in this jail imprisoned to do quarantine on pickles and sweetmeats. The surface of the Cerro is in spring bright green below and grey stone above, whilst its base lines of horizontal white houses, and its volcanic shape, an irregular flattened cone, remind you of a section of Ve-

suvius. The top is a new lighthouse, represented by a perpendicular knob, and a red nipple rising from the straight walls of an old fort, and giving at a distance an imposing semblance to what is called by picnickers "the Mountain." We shall presently end with the systematic series of misnomers which begins in the Brazil. The "Orientals" are not Easterns. The Argentines are, if aught of silver, German silver. The Plate River has nothing Platine, and for Buenos Aires the local Joe Miller reads Malos Aires. The Cerro is no more a mountain than is "Roseberry Topping," the "highest hill in all Yorkshire."

The rocks of the Cerro, like the rest of the Banda, are mostly volcanic and secondary; thus the country boasts to excel her rival in the phosphates and alkaline silicates which develop meat and corn. Turning to the left of the dwarf pier men have found columnar basalt, the last sign of igneous action so strikingly displayed in the grand Brazilian Mantiqueira. Amongst the granites, gneisses, and sandstones are scatters of quartz which still give gold; and the rusty waters trickling down the hillside, and clothing it with grass and blossoms, red, white, and blue, betray the presence of iron.

From the summit, looking east, you have a bird's-eye view of the city, which, set after a fashion upon a hill, cannot be hid. The site is a boot-shaped ridge, admirable for drainage, and everywhere commanding a broad view. This hog's back of stone forms, on the eastern part of the bay, a peninsula about one mile and a quarter long from south-west to north-east, with half a mile of average breadth. The regular outline of the narrow chine is broken by the towers of the Matriz and of the Vascos and Cordon churches. As New York is bounded by the East and Hudson rivers, so Monte Vidéo has water on both sides, here the bay, there the sea-like stream, which you can hardly call river, a Yangtse-kiang, a yellow flood, a muddy Mediterranean. For-

merly a wall crossed the neck of the ridge, running about one mile from the sea outside to the port inside. This was in due time knocked down, the old citadel being converted into a market; whilst the new town, which bends to a due east and west direction, stretches far out into the country over a clay soil resting upon stone. The houses seem battlemented even to the turrets, which are of every shape; they are mostly coloured, especially with all the yellows from drab-yellow to gamboge; many are white, a few are red with sloping tiled roofs, and dark chocolate tints are not unknown.

We may not land until duly permitted by the health officer and the captain of the port. The latter, a normal Iberian pest, is a King Stork, a personage of great and arbitrary power. His duty is to settle disputes, to point out anchorage ground, to prevent smuggling, to make ships pay their debts, and to ascertain that dues are not shirked. Harbour-master *must* show his importance, *will* obtrude his personality, no matter what may result to the public service; he can forward little but he can obstruct much, and he certainly will obstruct until he has recalled to the suitor's common sense the words addressed to Zaccheus. The doctor is as usual an elderly King Log, in white hair and black clothes, serious as a mute, grave as an undertaker, possibly toothless. His boat wants paint, his flagstaff is evidently a curtain-rod—the wee Republic shows signs of impecuniosity.

Knowing nothing of the land I follow a young leader, whose two sheep-dogs engross all his thoughts, and are voted by his friends precious bores. He asks me to visit his estancia or cattle estate, distant a few leagues. After due inquiry, I determine not. In this liberty-land the honoured guest may bear a hand at shearing sheep, or in tiling the galpon-shed, but it is not pleasant when he is

expected to clean out the offices. The single boatman who plies sculls and sail, charges us a "lira esterlina"—not lira Toscana, the pund Scots—for a few minutes' row, when he should land us from the outer Road for a dollar, and for half a dollar from the Bay. We now begin to realize the extortions of Monte Vidéo, and to learn something about the currency: why do travellers so persistently neglect to lecture their readers upon this important subject?

The safest plan here, as in most parts of South America, is to carry sovs.—British or Brazilian, the latter popularly known as "Pedrinhos." If you take the utterly unredeemable local paper into the next-door Republic, you lose an arbitrary sum. Gold and silver are never coined by "Orientals;" at times the government sends to France for a ton or so of one-cent, two-cent, and four-cent pieces, copper blended with zinc. The money is paper, following, not to speak of the United States and the Brazil, the example of Russia, Austria, and Italy, which has, or had, about two thousand banks of emission. The material is made by Messrs. Bradbury or by the American Bank-note Paper Company, and the notes are distinguished by different tints and sizes: as a rule, the larger the format the higher the value. After a certain percentage has been surely falsified, the whole issue is called in; and the banks, to save trouble, will always pay the first forgeries presented to them.

The unit of value at Monte Vidéo is the Patacon, Peso, Piastre, or old Piece of Eight, formerly worth 4s. 6d., and now somewhat less. This is decimally divided into 100 centesimos or centimes. The "Peso" is, however, a doubtful word, meaning either silver or paper—that representing 4s. 2d.; the latter the pence minus the shillings. The former is denoted in Buenos Aires by "f" (*i.e.* fuertes); the latter by "m/c" (moneda corriente); and both by \$.

New arrivals gasp when asked seventy dollars for what is worth, perhaps, the same number of pence.

Now we run at a flight of steps between two dwarf unimposing wooden piers—what can the guidebook mean by “commanding quays?” Of these incipient moles, one is attached to each warehouse, and they are mostly garnished with puffing steam-cranes—a whole generation ahead of Folkestone. Similarly I have seen a steam stone-crusher under the shade of the Brazilian virgin-forest, and four lumbering dray-horses dragging an obsolete roller up and down Baker Street, London, W. We are received by a crowd of porters, white, black, and brown, who run and push to garnish the steps; the villain faces are, it is evident, mostly from Italy. These emigrants utterly reject peasant labour; they remind us of hungry Leghorn’s rascaldom, the *facchini* in *cacciatoras* and cotton velvets, reeking with sweat and garlic, rude in look, word, and gest; savages fresh from the Old World, and not yet tamed by the ease and comfort of the New World—this Paradise of Labour, this Purgatory of Capital. Of late the police has been obliged to regulate portage amongst the foreign gentry; the charge has been fixed at \$0 50c. (2s. 1d.) per package. In old times the Austrian Conqueror at once acknowledged the Argentine Republic, and used it as a healthy outlet for his disaffected Lombardo-Venetians. Then came the Genoese, and lastly, worst of all, the Neapolitan, a word insulting to the northern races and despised by the owners of the land, because their country has been made a Botany Bay for the *lazzaroni*, now almost extinct at home. Of late years, the Kingdom of Italy has naturally enough opposed the exodus of its sturdy limbs and hands fit to pull a trigger.

The other remarkable element is the Basque or Biscayan, who in 1717 began emigrating to Potosí. He is known at once by his *alpargatas* (*spartelles*), and by his pancake

bonnet of blue or scarlet wool ; by his fleshy nose, his thin compressed lips, his well-made bust, and his thin wiry legs, to say nothing of his harsh antediluvian tongue. He is, however, a favourite in the country ; he adopts the native costume and he spends his coin freely, which his rival does not. Foreigners mostly complain that he is ignorant of cattle breeding, and, moreover, that compared with an Argentine, he is exceedingly dunderheaded.

A goods tramway leads us through an open shed to the Custom-house, a big three-storied building, tinted slightly drab-yellow, with the inner windows of the upper-floor offices broken, like an Irish railway station after a Fenian row. The officers are mostly civil, they do not take *douceurs*, at least upon small matters—so far a great improvement upon the Brazil ; but they always insist upon opening your boxes, possibly from curiosity, and they sometimes rob. A companion and I here imprudently deposited a keg of Mendoza brandy which we had brought over the Andes and round by Magellan ; when Mr. Cecil A. Edey obligingly bottled it for us, he found that thirty-six had dwindled to sixteen.

After the Custom-house comes the Hotel, the lodging-house of Buenos Aires being here unknown. Hotels swarm as at Boulogne ; practically, however, there are, or rather there were, three—the Blin, the Oriental, and the Gran Hotel Americano. The first is a kind of restaurant famed for feeding ; the closeness of its box-like rooms is frightful. The Oriental is kept by Ramon and Thomaz Fernandez, Spaniards and quondam cooks or valets to a certain Hebræo-Teutonic-Iberian capitalist, here well known. Being the best, it is always crowded when money is not dear. I would not lodge there, as during the cholera days it made the mistake of refusing to admit the wife of the British Minister, although a surgeon of the United States squadron

certified that she was not attacked by the epidemic. This barbarity cost the house much and should cost it more. The United States officers at once deserted the Oriental, despite its ready baths and marble courts. I regret to say that English gentlemen did not: with a little more *esprit de corps* and public spirit we should do much good to our travelling fellows and to our travelling selves.

Remained for me the Gran Hotel Americano, built in 1865 for a company. It is imposing outside, with its four brand-new Caryatides, and fronted in prints by crowds of equipages. Inside all is white and black marble brought from Italy or Marseille: the hall columns and pavement equal those of the Grand Opera, and heavy slabs form the staircase even to the highest floor. For this grandeur we shall suffer in purse and flesh: we shall find it the regular French hotel of the bad old stamp—all show and no comfort. The bedroom is a stone jug, a tall square hole, with a light-hole in the ceiling. On both floors “baths” appear in huge type, but you cannot have one before 6 P.M., and a tub is represented by a pie-dish full of lukewarm fluid. Your washerwoman will take your linen, but not return it—mine at least all disappeared, nor could any extent of energy recover it. The eating-room is a coffin with one end knocked out, a long, low-ceilinged box; dingy, frowsy, and ill-ventilated, with a single street-window perpetually kept under *persiannes*, and with mirrors craped against the flies. The waiters attempt to serve twenty-seven people scattered at different tables: no wonder that the former are late risers, and that milk and butter cannot be had before 9 A.M. The feeding is atrocious; the soup is ever lukewarm. You must dine at 4 P.M. or the fish is finished. The flesh is fatless—all the adipose tissue having been removed for tallow. The fowls have each three wing-bones and as many necks and drumsticks. There is no ice to

make the champagne drinkable: the only really cold thing is your plate. As in the English inn, there is no saloon—no public apartment; you must turn, on wet days, your bedroom into a drawing-room. The offices, abominably foul, reminded me of Abbeville during the days when the waiter exclaimed, “Mais, monsieur, vous avez des bottes.” The Oriental is certainly more airy and less unpleasant. Why did the owners turn from their doors that charming woman?

After some difficulty in finding room even to stow away a few trunks, we will walk “up town” and prospect. The lower part is Thames Bank, a succession of doggeries and groggeries yecept “Free and Easy,” “Café de la Alcanze,” “First and Last Wine and Spirit Store,” with the usual aspect of a seaport, and swarming with pertinacious flies. Drainage is everywhere unknown, and the pavement is especially vile: in the rain muddy, under the sun dusty, and the thoroughfares are less like streets than “channels worn by the after currents of the deluge.” This may be said of all the city, except a single dwarf bit subtending the cathedral front. The place is large, but practically it is bounded for foreigners by the Bay west, east by the main square and the Calle del Rincon—the neighbour of “25 de Mayo,” its Regent Street. The northern limit is the Calle de Misiones, where is the Gran Hotel Americano, and to the south Solis Street contains the Hotel Oriental. Within these limits is the Calle de Zabala, where, in 1854, was opened the new Bolsa or Exchange, and its adjoining American saloon for drinks. Thus are epitomized long drawn out ways of abominable weariness.

Some of the old Spanish houses still remain, especially in the Calle Misiones and the “25 de Augusto.” Near and parallel with the water most of the hovels have been pulled down to make place for huge stores, and others have

sunk into low taverns. They are mostly cottages, humble as the beginnings of Imperial Rome, with one door and one window, the "porta e janella" of the Brazil, or with two doors and without a window. The sloping roof of tiles is well grown with tropical vegetation. The smallest represent a door, a room on both sides of it, and a little patio or court behind. The better sort are low and long tenements, with tall solid entrances, which remind you of private chapels. Now a superior style has been introduced by the Italian masons, and we shall presently see it better developed at Buenos Aires. The tenements have mostly a headless impoverished look, as if awaiting another story, which in fact they do. The azoteas (corrupted from the Arabic El Sat'h) are flat terraces, which not only collect rain, they also form good lounging places, and they supply, as we know to our cost, means of defence, every house becoming a castle. You stare at the number of banks and barbers; the former are accounted for by the curso forçoso, the forced paper currency; the latter, by every man requiring his own Truefitt, hired by the year. The population in 1865 was 50,000, it is now 75,000, which we may reduce to 60,000. And it will presently rise to 100,000.

The first glance at Monte Video sets it down as a town rather than a city, what would be called over the water a "one-horse" place, a single-barrelled affair. You can hardly believe that it has or ever had as much behind it as Buenos Aires. The streets appear narrow, the squares are small and mean, whilst the public buildings are utterly undeserving of description. Moreover, they are all carefully photo'd by the enterprising Messrs. Mulhall's (M. G. and E. T.) "New Handbook of the River Plate," called in County Dublin jocose way "Handbook," because the two volumes are about as handy as a Post-office Directory. The work, in which the veteran sojourner of exact turn of mind detects a variety

of small blemishes, is invaluable to the tourist, and is owed principally to the energy and industry of Mr. M. Mulhall, who has, I trust, escaped the ruin with which his brother declared it threatened them. It has already enabled a certain traveller, who came out by one mail and went home by the next, to produce a book about Argentine-cum-Oriental land. The third edition* will doubtless justify authors in writing without the trouble of leaving their firesides. Finally, the work amply deserves from the native Government that patronage which as yet they have not dealt to it. I shall often cite it with a view of "differing in opinion." Such, in fact, is the main use of guide-books.

A single walk through the place suffices: one palazzo at Rome or Naples contains, I believe, far more of art than the combined treasures of South America. The cathedral, dedicated to the Purisima, and to the two patron saints, is grotesque outside and inside, plain to ugliness. It fronts the main square, a poor small place of recreation, at times crowded; in a street behind it, a house of moderate size combines Post-office with National Library and Museum; and in face, a tall flagstaff and a quaint sentry-box, like an office tent in wood, denote the Representacion Nacional—the Chambers. Further on to the right rises the Solis Theatre, a heavy, sturdy mass of masonry, in which Mr. M. M. detects an "aerial appearance." Below it lies the grand new market, ready to be opened, and far too grand for the place; lower still the British "templum," very aggressive, hideous, and Protestant. At the top of the Calle Sarandi, and soon to be swept away, stands the solid Spanish citadel, lately a market, and till 1840 the

* The first edition, in 1863, was of one volume and 300 pages; the second is in two, 1200?; and the third will be in four—say 3500 pages.

limit of the town. Its entrance reminded me of the old main gate of Tilbury Fort. Beyond it is the new town, turning to the east and spreading up the ridge. The "Calle 18 de Julio" has a graceful vista, with its two rows of trees flanking a civilized thoroughfare, ninety feet broad, and ending in a column and statue. Here is laid a single line of tramway running out to La Union, where the bull-fights are held, about one league and a half distant. On the way can be seen the Plaza de Cagancha with its murderous-looking statue of Liberty, the Cementerio Inglez—called de los Protestantes, to distinguish it from the Cementerio Cristiano of the Catholics—and mistaken by me for a humbler sort of Jardin des Plantes. Beyond it the Capilla del Cordon shows where General Oribe, a Lieutenant of the Dictator Rosas, established his vanguard, subjected Monte Vidéo to a Trojan siege of nine years, and like a modern Hindu Rajah investing his enemy's hill fort, built a rival capital, La Union. Here a scaffolding lately fell, with a mass of masonry, injuring sundry of the workmen. Mr. Adams, the Protestant minister, passing at the time, rushed, with a British energy, regardless where he trod, to assist the hurt. Whereupon came forth the sturdy old genius loci, the Padre, and in peremptory accents warned his heretic brother against harming the bricks. On the right of the Tramway is to be seen the Catholic Cemetery, near the large new Chapel and Convent Nuestra Senora del Huerto, where Sisters of Charity distort the young idea, and go forth to heal or to console the sick. To the left is the unfinished Capilla de los Vascos, a Chapel built by and for the Basque population.

You were curious to know about the Revolution of 1868, and where, how, and why ex-President Flores was murdered, an event which raised so much excitement in the Brazil. We must, then, turn back and place ourselves in the street

leading from his house to the Government House. The shops and the names have been altered. Men, however, still show the spot where the gallant old man lay foully butchered, with his head to the wall and his feet projecting over the trottoir.

The how is easily explained. General Flores hearing that the normal revolution had broken out, or according to others, being summoned by a forged signature of D. Pedro Varela, President of the Senate, drove to the Government House accompanied by three friends—M. Flangini, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Marquez, Minister of Finance; and Mr. Secretary Errecart. Some desperate act was known to be intended: the shopkeepers began to close their doors as the carriage approached the Plaza Principal. Presently it reached the north-east corner of the Calle Juncal, where it meets the Calle del Rincon. A house was then building here; heaps of rubbish cumbered the ground, and, according to some, carts had been thrown down in order to stop the vehicle. Suddenly a body of men, variously stated to be twelve, eight, or four, rushed out of the neighbouring houses, and evidently acting in concert, began firing their pistols. The coachman and one horse were shot, which had the effect of overturning the carriage. General Flores drew his revolver as he struggled out, but he was killed before he could use it, by a ball in the mouth, and with eleven stabs by the long knives of the assassins. His friends were slightly wounded; twenty or thirty shots were fired, and the murderers escaped. One of them is said to have been taken and put to death after the usual drum-head court-martial. But of this, as of many other details, nothing certain is known; the man may have made off, or he may have been murdered by his employers.

The crime which made the fate of the gallant Flores curiously resemble that of Abraham Lincoln, took place

on February 19, 1868, when the Brazilian ironclads were triumphantly steaming past the batteries of Humaitá.

The why is not so readily answered. It necessitates a certain explanation of parties and politics in "the Banda." This I will make as curt as possible: for none but a professional can the subject have an atom of interest.

The Republic of Uruguay—double the size of Ireland—represents three distinct and hostile parties—Blancos, Colorados, Conservadores.

The Blancos are the "outs." They represent our Tories and the old Democrats of the United States: they are locally known as "Gauchos"—backwoodsmen—and when rising to the importance of an Artigas, as "Caudillos," or guerilla leaders. They are Conservative, retrograde, and "know-nothing." Yet they are preferred by strangers as being men of honour, education, and property, and they greatly outnumber, some say four or five to one, their rivals. Their name comes from wearing round their caps a white ribbon, bearing the inscription, "Defend the Law;" others say it was originally blue, but washed out.

The Colorados, Colora'os, or reds, are still the "ins." They correspond with our Liberals and the former Republicans of the Union: they wear around their caps the red ribbon of Federalism, and their motto was, and is, "Constitution."

"Outs" also are the Conservadores. These men must not be confounded with our Conservatives; they are advanced Colorados—in fact, Radicals. It is a small, but turbulent and violent party, ever aspiring to power—furiously hating both their rivals—crying for European civilization, and yet obstructing it by extra taxation and various difficulties. It is chiefly recruited from the Doctores—pronounce Dotores—*mathematici sine mathesi*: men who love to discuss Liberty, Congress, Education, Constitution. These professional politicians have, as a rule, no principle

but personality. With them the question narrows itself to—"Is Jack or is Jim to be or not to be?" When their party is in office, all are of the party and in; *vice versa* being of course also the rule.

The storm that ended in the murder of Flores began to growl about the middle of 1867. On Sunday, June 30, of that year, the Chief of Police, D. José Candido Bustamente, discovered a mine which, passing under the Calle de Maio, had nearly reached the cellars of the Forte or Government House. "Blowings-up" appear to be growing into fashion. Here had been placed an infernal machine—a Ruhmkorff's "electric multiplier"—ready to explode two barrels (250 lbs.) of gunpowder. This plot purposing to blow up Flores and his Ministry is said to have been organized, doubtless under higher inspiration, by one Eduardo Beltan the ringleader, who bought the houses through which the mine was to pass: under him were Paul Nieumayer, a land surveyor, and Jules Gassen, an Austrian engineer. It is reported that all these men were allowed to escape punishment.

After the meeting of the Chambers on February 15, 1858, the Provisional President of the Republic, General D. Venancio Flores, would cease to hold office. D. Pedro Varela, to the great discontent of the many, would thus become *ex-officio*, as President of the Senate, acting President of the Republic; and D. Hector Varela was expected to be his Minister of Government and for foreign affairs. Meanwhile, on February 6, D. Fortunato Flores, the eldest of the ex-President's three sons, a man *très repandu* at Buenos Aires, and who vastly enjoyed a little murder, had a violent altercation with his father, insisting upon the latter re-offering himself for the chief magistracy. Instigated by his mother, D. Maria G. de Flores, who has been mildly described as a "tigress," and who, if truth be told about her,

must be steeped to her lips in blood, D. Fortunato slapped the paternal face, and running to the barracks called out the corps of which he was colonel. Having made all safe with the officers, he seized Colonel Batlle (pronounce Baille), then Minister of War, and by threatening to shoot him obtained an order upon the officer on guard to surrender the Fort of S. José. D. Fortunato then tried a *ruse de guerre*, hoping to get possession of his father's person, but the brave "General-in-Chief of the Vanguard" had disappeared from La Union, where he had been compelled to fly. The "Pronunciamento" was presently crushed, and a decree of February 8 banished D. Fortunato and fourteen officers of his corps, with four other partisans. It also dismissed for revolting against his father, but did not banish, the cadet D. Eduardo Flores—a man who can thoroughly well lose his money at billiards, but who is not equally fond of paying his losses. Both these officers embarked on the same day (February 8) under promise to quit the country, and landed again after a few hours.

Meanwhile, another complication declared itself. The Blancos who had lost power after the invasion of the Banda Oriental by General Flores in 1863, and who were hopelessly reduced by the storming of Paysandú in 1864, rose in arms against the Colorados. The former were headed by ex-President D. Bernardo P. Berro, a favourite with foreigners and highly respected by all classes. The tragical affair had its comic side. Berro, a fine tall figure with flowing white hair, is described as rushing about in a black hammer-claw coat and starched evening tie, spear and revolver in hand, shouting "Liberty."

At this conjuncture General Flores was foully assassinated.

Meanwhile ex-President Berro, accompanied by Sr Barbot and some forty-five friends, seized the Government

House, and called upon the people to put down the existing Executive. But no one was moved by the revolutionary proclamation, and soon D. Hector Varela, D. Segundo Flores, the third son, and other Colorados, broke into the house, seized D. Bernardo Berro, and his friends, and hurrying them to the Cabildo, put them to death. Some say that the ex-President was shot, others that he was run through with a sword; some that his throat was cut, others that he was thrown out of the window.

Thus the attempt at a revolution had proved futile, and fatal to the leaders of both the contending parties. During five days military and mob law struggled for supremacy. Flags were hoisted half-mast high. A body of a hundred men found in arms were cut down. Citizens were compelled to prove themselves Floristas by wearing red ribbons, and the lives of strangers were in serious danger. Captain Mariette, a retired officer of our Rifles, was arrested in the streets by black fellows, calling themselves soldiers, upon the charge of having jostled one of their number, and he luckily escaped with unsplit weazand.

Meanwhile, D. Pedro Varela becoming acting President, proceeded to appoint D. Hector Varela, associating with him D. José C. Bustamente, as Minister of War and Marine, and D. Eureterio Rigunaga, Minister of Finance. The National Guard was mustered, and ordered to take charge of the city. The territory of the Republic was divided into three military departments, with the view of suppressing any intended movements of the "whites," and all the Blanco officers were cashiered. M. Varela applied to the British Admiral for a force of marines to guard the Custom House; the gunboats of other foreign powers also joined them, while all prepared to protect their respective fellow-subjects.

On February 21, Adjutant-Major D. Segundo Flores, a

youth of sixteen, assisted it is suspected by his brother, D. Eduardo, and accompanied by a small party, went to the house of two Spanish subjects, the Maurigons, father and son, gargottiers, who kept a guingette, where his father's assassins had been drinking before the murder, and whom he suspected to have been in the plot. Under pretence of requiring their depositions, D. Segundo led them to the river side, and there directed Sergeant Laprecute to cut their throats. The Spanish Minister indignantly demanded an investigation, but the Oriental Government, after using all decent expressions of horror, not only neglected to arrest the persons inculpated, it even promoted to the rank of colonel the dismissed Major D. Eduardo, and as he had proved himself a man of action, employed him upon a confidential mission. Colorados are not yet so cheap that they can be sacrificed for the peccadillo of cutting a "Gringo's" throat.

Ensued new complications. D. Manuel Flores, brother of the murdered General, and some twenty of his friends and relations, died suddenly on Feb. 22; and a report that they had been poisoned by the Blancos drove the people to fury. Others explained the accident by the exhalations of a cistern, others by the fact that all had been present at the embalming of General Flores' corpse. A regular practitioner having demanded 100*l.*, the body, which had become decomposed, was given over to an Italian bird-stuffer; and this artist did his work by sewing the collar of a uniform around the neck, the face being still in a tolerable state of preservation.

General D. Lorenzo Batlle, a moderate Colorado, was constitutionally elected on April 1, and thus the Floristas kept their ascendancy. He was opposed by General D. Gregorio (vulgo Gojo) Suarez, a violent Radical (Conservador), personally hostile to Flores: this officer's conduct,

after the capture of Paysandú, rendered him the hatred and horror of the Blancos. He was soon persuaded to be Minister of War—a fine post for making money, as indeed all connected with the portfolio here are. The three sons of General Flores were banished to Rio de Janeiro, and presently had to leave it in consequence of an after-dinner “row” at the “Cas” or Alcazar. Returning home they found their own party in power, and thus all their little peccadilloes were forgiven and forgotten.

The Flores murder you will agree with me is one of the most remarkable. Every one knows that it originated from the temporary combination of the Blancos and Conservadores for the purpose of expelling the successful Colorados. Every one knows the instigator of the murder, and all who care for so doing can know who are the actual murderers. Yet with the exception of a little innocent blood and a few lives remotely accessory to the fact, no one has been punished, Justice has been cheated, and Nemesis frowns at her victims in vain.

Since February, 1868, there has been no movement, strange to say, in this home of revolutions. It was, however, expected every time I visited Monte Vidéo, and once it was opportunely stopped by a shower of rain.

Ever yours.

P.S.—The “pronunciamento” did break out almost immediately after I reached England, June 1, 1869: the ex-Minister of War, Gojo Suarez, and the General Manduca Carbajal had combined *versus* General Batlle.

LETTER III.

MONTEVIDÉANS—NATIVES AND FOREIGNERS.

Monte Vidéo, August 14, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

The aspect of a Montevidean street is not displeasing. Building and repairing are almost as active as in Paris and London. The centre, however, instead of being *bombé*, is a gutter, towards which the sides shelve; the trottoirs are narrow and high above the sole, as opposite Whitehall Place. There is no excuse for such barbarism here, although the older towns of Europe still abound in it. The fact is, many of these New World settlements are in point of comfort and civilization far nearer London and Paris than many an Old World city within five hours by rail. Their only fault is the absolute distance, and in this age of the world it is not to be remedied.

Shops, mostly French, and full of glitter and attractions, everywhere catch the eye. In days gone by I avoided them, but Free Trade has done away with the sturdy, homely, lasting, and expensive, yet economical English article; so I go to France for something just as durable as, and far more sightly than, the work you do over the water. Strangers remark that all the house doors are open, here no churl dares to sport his oak. A lady, hearing that European entrances are kept closed, justly remarked that it must be "*my triste*." For the first time since some years, I saw at the doorsteps the servant gal, pure and simple; there will be none further East, and in the Great Empire all women in white skins are ladies. The unmarried Monte-

vidéana is allowed to walk the town alone, a civilized sight as yet impossible in the Brazil. All understand the word "pretty," but from unwelcome lips it will sometimes elicit a "Que bestia!" These ladies are extreme politicians. I was shown near the Matriz a Confiteria y Café, underneath whose balcony the Brazilian officers used to congregate, and whence they were once driven, ejaculating "Diabo do Diabo!" by some "Blanco" girls, who maltreated them more than ever New Orleans did the hated "Yank."

The upper class here is the best looking that I have seen in South America, excepting only the Limeña and her sister of Guayaquil; we shall not fare better in the Argentine Republic as we go further from the sea. The cause is partly that which operates in the familiar capitals of Europe—the handsomest of both sexes meet, and thus there is selection of species. Partly it is the effect of climate. The Creole or country-born daughters of British parents—Lancashire carpenters or Cheshire farmers—remind me of what I remarked at Salt Lake City, and was duly derided for recording my remark. This pure, clean, hot, "Oriental" air, burning away adipose tissue, refines form and feature, and fines down hands and feet. The outlines become more regular and the colours wax tenderer. Here for the mechanic's family—unless it be murdered—there is physical and moral improvement: it suffers from none of the penury which chilled the parents' blood, it is not frozen by the cold shade of its own bourgeois aristocracy; the produce, therefore, already born more delicate, *gracieuses*, and "ladylike," because of a more nervous temperament, have their tempers better in hand and become more susceptible of civilization.

You easily learn after a few days the peculiar aspect of the "camp" man. He is not military, but from the country; "camp" being one of the many curious Anglicisms for campo, the pampa or prairie, opposed to the city. Similarly

cuesta, a hill slope, becomes a "coast," and the orange "mount" of Mr. Mulhall is "monte," a grove, a bush, a low forest. Of course, many Spanish words are pulled in by the ears—thus to "sinch up" is to tighten the sincha or girth, and to "sinch out" is to tow out a beast stuck in the mud by throwing over it a lasso which is made fast to the surcingle.

"Camp" and City agree like Town and Gown, cat and dog. Camp is, or was, often, let me say generally, a man of family, education, and refinement, pastoral, landed, and aristocratic. City is commercial, monied, democratic, and in a society that ignores the gentleman by profession capital becomes a manner of rank, and *la fortune* claims to be *la mesure de l'intelligence*. This alto Comercio-Britanico—why cannot we expunge our double consonants as these neo-Spaniards do?—will gain empire as it courses westwards. At Valparaiso it will become an oligarchy, which, despite all Aristotle, claims nobility, and meditates a speedy and decided reform in the small matter of a national precedence-table.

City and Camp here mix, but not, unless connected, with a will. City is neat, prim, clean, respectable, his manners are staid, and his costume is the work of a London tailor, possibly Mr. Poole. Camp is readily recognised by hair preternaturally long or marvellously short; by skin bronzed or freckled; by "biled-rag" shirt; by nails still in a state of slight but apparently perpetual mourning; by attire splendid but creased, crumpled, and camphory, and by French boots, where English cannot be procured. He is jolly, and perhaps at first somewhat loud, the effect of excitement at seeing once more his kind; he is, however, a general favourite; he flirts like a naval officer at Malta, he waltzes, he plays, and he runs up a bill like a man. Fearful is the growling when the quart d'heure de Rabelais brings

the "addition;" still the pay is safe, and the hotel-keeper is sure to keep a good room ready for Camp.

Here and there you see, as they lean against a wall because too lazy to stand upright, a few creechurs in long hair and the ridiculous chiripá or poncho—don't say "puncho"—turned into a kilt. Local colour, however, is on the wane, and the costume is not so barbarous as that of the milkwoman or the billycock hat and smockfrock wearer in the streets of London. Some Englishmen, doomed to the outer districts, affect it because good for riding; they are looked upon by the true Gaucho as "Compadritos," or proselytes of the gate. The wild native shows far better lounging on horseback than on foot. Here the equine is the only comfortable locomotion, and strangers wonder how the animals keep their footing as they gallop down the slippery hill-pavement. The beasts, hobbled with "manecas," as the law, under pain of fine, directs, stand champing before the doors, or hop on and off the pavement, or attempt to gambade down the street; they are said not to kick, and if you believe it you will be kicked. The advanced native looks forward to the day when never a saddled quadruped will be seen in the streets, even as the Brazilian sighs for the disappearance of the slave and the "burro." Meanwhile, the baker's boy, known by his leather-covered pannier, rides, so do the milk and the waterman with his tin cans, so does the washerwoman with her bundles.

At each corner of the Montevideán street there is usually a post, formerly represented by a gun, whose open mouth was full of rain, cigar-ends, and pebbles. These weapons have been mostly sold to Marshal-President Lopez. Here porters gather, lottery boys tempt you, and Basques jabber guttural discordance. Of the few native gentry met in the streets, most have some anecdote appended to them. An Arab poet sings:—

“The tale of the world is nought but this,
In such a year died such a one, another and another.”

At Monte Vidéo the refrain is, “in 18— such a body shot or stabbed such a body.” Higher up stream it will be such a body (feminine) lives with such a body (masculine), or *M. un tel* is master to *Mdme. une telle*. Everywhere, however, bloodthirstiness is the rule. Even Creole children, all except the usual good boy who talks theology or philosophy, revel in chat about wounds and death ; and these sons of Europe are said to be worse, to degenerate better even than the Gaucho. An acquaintance pointed out to me an officer of rank, who, during the last affair, meeting a friend on the other side of politics, answered the outstretched hand by a sword through the body, and wiped the blade upon his victim’s coat-tails. Another tall personage walks about with impunity, although he directed the murder of Colonel Leandro Gomez at Paysandú, and he is more than suspected of having aided to assassinate General Flores. These things are told to me by Englishmen, in a painful whisper, as if they were talking politics in Rome or in Paraguay. It makes me blush to see them so cowed, but the fact is man’s life is never safe, at the best of times, and in troublous times it is eminently unsafe.

Another imminent danger is from the soldier. You know him by his dark-blue kepi, tunic, and pants, the whole with red facings. He is almost always a negro ; the Orientals and Argentines got rid of the “irrepressible” by enlisting him to fight their civil wars, and the Brazil is being driven by philanthropists to adopt a similar system of extirpation. Approaching barracks, even by day, you must stand and ask leave to advance, or the anthropoid will charge bayonet blindly as a mad bull. And on all occasions it is his great delight to shoot or stab a white man, especially a foreigner, whom he calls “Gringo animal.” The Brazil, you will

remember, has no such term; there we were simply "forastieros."

The policemen are like their brethren in certain other lands, offenders rather by omission than commission. Not so the vigilantes, nicknamed "Serenos," the Charleys or watchmen that remind us of the old German song,

"Hört, ihr Herrn, läst euch sagen," etc.

As the policeman is the chief do-nothing, and the soldier is the head bandit, so is the Sereno head-thief, an accomplice in almost every robbery. The combined result is, that five stabbings in three days distinguish as an average the 90,000 souls of Buenos Aires—the sum would represent 10,000 murders per annum in London. The Sereno uses his weapon freely, and is "death upon" the stranger. If you happen to bump him as you turn the corner, your case will be that of a certain Marquis of Waterford and the morning-star. During my first week at Monte Vidéo, an Englishman was carried to the Police Hospital with his head laid open by one of these vicious fathers of the "Bobbies."

Monte Vidéo amuses herself much more heartily than does her big rival; the former cultivates, the latter neglects her theatre and amusements. The pianist, M. Gottschalk, prefers the smaller city. La Codazzi, the diva, receives 400% per mensem, and others in proportion. Ristori would not disdain such inducements. Besides the Solis Theatre for the opera, there is the San Felipe, generally taken by the Compañía de Zarzuela, a Spanish buffo, as yet little known to the world. I greatly admire this purely Iberian style, which will come over to England when the national ear shall be refined into enjoying simplicity. Much of the music is in the minor key, and from the beginning to the end there is a recurrence of motive, of dominant expression, and

an echo of half-forgotten melody, which gently caress the senses. There is also a Bouffes Company, which oscillates between Monte Vidéo and Buenos Aires. Other theatres are the Teatro de Titens, the Teatro Franco-Oriental, and the Great American Circus.

The bull-ring, I told you, is outside the city, and the fights are always on fêtes and Sundays. The sport is provided by the Sociedad de la Plata, and the beef is from Pando, near Maldonado. The toreros are two first swords, including El Tuerto, two picadors and four capas, chulos, or bandilleros. The aspect of these bulldogs is peculiar as that of the English fighting-man ; they are known even in mufti by the little pigtail springing lank from the close-cut blue-black hair behind, the thin thighs, and the short, trim, compact figure, with the bullet-head and square jowl, which show that they are bred, like the English jockey, to their work. The fair sex of Monte Vidéo begin to like bull-fighting. On November 9, one of the fullest houses collected \$11,000 from 7600 spectators. Men are frequently killed, and the sacrifice of horseflesh is excessive. Here, as in Spain, garrons are supplied by contract to be gored. The lower, that is to say, the uneducated classes, everywhere brutal rather than cruel, enjoy the spectacle of a tortured animal rushing about the ring, and this is the only unpleasant part of the noble sport. It is thoroughly enjoyable at Lima, where the most valuable animals are lent, for the purpose of being displayed, to the best and safest riders. Everywhere it would be possible to defend the horse's belly with a padded jerkin of stiff leather.

The Cockpit is still a favourite with some classes, especially with the gentleman of the old school, the army man, and the priest. All go armed with a knife at least—more often with a revolver. The building is here called Riñadero de Gallos, at Corrientes Circo de los Gallos, at Lima Coliseo,

and at other places Arañadal de Gallos. It is usually a loosely made wooden circus, with three or four tiers of benches, rising from a sawdusted arena. The latter is shaped like a bath, fifteen feet in diameter, with walls sixteen inches high, made sloping or perpendicular, of tin, wood, or matting. The two lower tiers are mostly ticketed, showing that they are private. Those on the ground floor are boxes, each containing its trained bird, the cocks not wanted at the time are tied by the leg and dispersed about the building, which resounds with their pugnacious crowings. They are small compared with our English blood; the usual food is wheat and cooked meat, and they are trained by shampooing and occasional sparring. The Argentines in this matter are far behind the Spaniards, and the Moslems of India are a century in advance of both, being able to train a cock to fly at man or dog. The spur is not so artificial as ours or as that of Hindustan; it is of metal, and made hollow to fit over the natural weapon, whose slope it imitates. There is scant art shown in choosing the angle, and the birds instead of being lifted are simply thrown into the pit. The pastime is very slow, hours being often wasted till a good bargain is secured. As a rule to strangers, "back the Colorado" or red bird, and if there be two reds back the redder.

Prize-fighting, expelled from the old, seems likely to find a home in the New World. Lately a "set-to" for \$2000 a side took place on the Cerro between a Manchester man and a so-called American. Many natives witnessed it with great engouement; they were prepared by hearsay to find the spectacle more brutal than it is, and they were charmed by its fair play. Before I left the Plate another fight was talked of between Professor Cox and Mr. Jack Turner, terms 200*l.*, and place "between 'ome and 'ome." Perhaps prizefighting is prettier sport than the "pronunciamiento."

Curious to say, with all this public spirit Monte Vidéo owns no English club. The last attempt at this first sign of civilization came to grief—"Camp" was allowed to run up bills for breakfasts and dinners. At present there is only a Sala di lectura in the Calle del Cerrito, where a slow senior fumbles over the newspapers—at the Commercial Rooms of Lima a Yankee rowdy is kept for the purpose. There is a native Circle in the Regent-street, "25 de Maio," and Argentines, a clubbable people, have the sense to keep up such places even in the country towns. Foreigners must meet in drinking-houses, hence about Christmas time or Midsummer there is a portentous diffusion of stimulants. In fact Camp at that season mostly comes to town for cocktails and billiards. Everywhere you see Café y Helados, and billiard-rooms are the rage, all allowing high play.

Amongst other institutions Monte Vidéo rejoiced in a "Gormandizing Club," as did Rio Grande do Sul in her "Gluttons:" both resemble our "Sublime Society of Beefsteaks," which the vulgar would call a Beefsteak Club. This and sundry kindred institutions were killed by slackness of business. The forced currency, and the failure of the banks are subjects well known. The Fomentos Montevideano, a Crédit Mobilier to buy up lands for sale, proved to be here as elsewhere mere moonshine. The tramway running to La Union is or might be a success: the Central Uruguayan Railway is not. The first sod was turned by General Flores on April 25, 1867; it has reached Las Piedras, some nine miles off, and no one now living expects to hear the whistle at Durazno. Stone, brick, lime, and splendid timber, all are forthcoming save money alone; no company has confidence in it, and we cannot wonder that such should be the case where revolutions are not the exceptions but the rule.

I paid two short visits to Monte Vidéo. During my first, on August 13, 1868, at about 10 P.M., burst a terrific storm of thunder and lightning, wind and rain, till the sluice-gates above seemed to run dry. The inhabitants compared it with the great S. Joseph hurricane of March, 1866, and at Buenos Aires some thirty people were drowned. In due time the post brought us the intelligence of that earthquake, perhaps the most terrible recorded in history, which, beginning at 5 to 6 P.M., laid waste the west coast of South America, and the interior of Peru and Ecuador. As always happens, the effects of the atmospheric wave outran the water wave, even more than this did the earth wave. The remnant of the year, and part of 1869, both at Buenos Aires and at Monte Vidéo — to mention no other places—were unusually cold, hot and rainy, the citizens did not remember such captiousness of climate for ten years. Similarly, in August, 1868, the earthquake of Hawaii was followed by a storm, the air felt like steam, and white streams of lightning ran along the ground. During the same year deluges of summer rain, with thunder and lightning, extending from April to September, accompanied throughout Naples the eruption of Vesuvius.

My second was in 1869, at the end of the Holy Week, a "Great Juju," wherein the "cold intellectuality of the advanced Protestant" finds the death and resurrection of Adonai, the sun-god. The crossed yards of ships showed Good Friday; during Long Gospel and the Adoration of the Cross, the cathedral was crowded, and the Negro sentinels and policemen were as troublesome as they are wont to be when they can. On Holy Saturday, bells, squibs, and all kinds of noises accompanied the "toca da gloria." The four piers of the cathedral, generally white and blue, with gilt capitals, were hung with red silk, the gilt pulpit sent forth muffled thunder, crowds worshipped before the

Lady Chapel to the right of the entrance, and a well-dressed mob pressed towards an especially vile daub representing the Resurrection. At the entrance stood an avenue of male humanity to admire the small puffy clouds of pink, green, and sulphur-yellow which formed the *Sortie de Messe*: we awarded the palm of beauty to the daughters of an old *compagnon de voyage*, M. Cibil, a wealthy Spanish landowner. The rainy south-easter prevented the bull-fight of Easter Sunday, and there were no signs of ball or feast.

Wishing to hear his impressions of Paraguay, I called upon Admiral C. N. Davis, an old and experienced officer commanding the United States squadron, and not likely to be imposed upon by mere "amiability and plausibility." Marshal-President Lopez had affected him favourably, as, indeed seems to be his fate with naval men—for instance, Captains Kirkland, Mitchell, and Parsons. He believed that the "atrocities of Lopez"—another popular heading—had been grossly exaggerated, and he remarked that the Marshal-President had killed one brother nine times in three or four different ways. The Honourable Mr. Washburn had assured me that Marshal-President Lopez was too fat to ride, and could not engage in guerilla warfare. Admiral Davis saw him mount a fiery horse and dash away through a violent storm.

The history of the Admiral's mission is curious. Mr. G. F. Masterman, an English apothecary, with local rank as lieutenant, became doctor to the United States Legation, and the secretaryship was given to Mr. Porter C. Bliss. The latter, the son of a Reverend in the State of New York, was aged about thirty-two, a linguist, especially a student of "Indian" dialects, and a man of some education, but mostly superficial. He had been tutor in the family of General Webb, United States Minister at Rio de Janeiro,

and after editing the *River Plate Magazine*, he had drifted up, like other ne'er-do-weels, into Paraguay. When Mr. Washburn, demanding his passports in high dudgeon, left Asuncion, these two employés were violently and illegally arrested in the streets, put in irons, sent to the army for judgment, and otherwise maltreated, upon the "not proven" charge of having conspired, in company with Colonel Benigno Lopez, Vice-President Sanchez, and others, against the Marshal-President's life.

Mr. Bliss, presently after his detention, published against his employer a pamphlet entitled, "Historia Secreta de la Mision del Ciudadano Norte-Americano, Charles Amos Washburne, cerca del Gobierno de la Republica del Paraguay, por el Ciudadano Americano, Traductor Titular (in partibus) de la Mesma Mision, Porter Cornelio Bliss, B.A.;" and bearing for motto the venerable "Quousque tandem Catalina abutere patientiâ nostrâ?" (Cicero). The unfinished volume, which is vilely printed, extends over 168 pages. It is a mass of undigested nonsense, dragging in Mesdames Harris and Partington, quoting all the languages of Europe, and citing evry poet from Gray to Tennyson; its sole object is to abuse Mr. Washburn, describing his "blind spite against the Marshal-President," his "deep libations of cocktails of sherry," and of "sudden deaths" (matados à cinco pasos); and finally it crushes him with—

"Man being reasonable must get drunk."

This "Anti-Washburnianism" was duly forwarded to all the powers of Europe—I saw a list of them in the Marshal-President's own writing. Nothing could be more simple, more ostrich-like, than thus to accuse oneself by a document bearing upon its face the signs of compulsion. But the Paraguayans are, like all Indians, an eminently childish race; when they could not shake their enemies' nerves with

gunpowder they made them miserable by concerts of tutúrútús, or cowhorns pierced with blowholes at the sides. It will remind you of the Chinese, who frightened us by holding up and shaking their shields painted with tigers.

The arrest of the two employés caused some excitement at Washington; at Rio de Janeiro General Webb would have had an armed demonstration against everybody, even against the Brazilians, if they had refused passage to the squadron, and he evidently did not believe that Imperial iron-clads could resist Republican wooden-walls. General M'Mahon, an officer who had distinguished himself in the Secession wars, was sent to Paraguay as new Minister, and Admiral Davis was directed to escort him with the squadron, and to demand the unconditional release of Messrs. Bliss and Masterman.

About the end of November, 1868, the squadron* steamed up stream, leaving at Monte Vidéo only the *Guerrière*, flagship, that drew too much water. Happily things passed without trouble. The Brazilians and Allies, who had questioned the Admiral's right to break the blockade, were startled at the aspect of the squadron, which practised as it advanced, and they knew that torpedos level differences. The *Kansas* grounded near Angostura and was got off, but not without delay and difficulty. It is fortunate that our home authorities did not send up what is called magniloquently the South-Eastern Coast of South America Squadron. Such things as *Spider*, *Doterel*, and *Beacon* are not a national

* The squadron consisted of—

The U.S.S.	<i>Pawnee</i> , Captain Urben,	900 tons,	11 guns.
„	<i>Quineberg</i> , Captain Burritt,	750 tons,	7 guns.
„	<i>Kansas</i> , Captain Wheeler,	600 tons,	5 guns.
„	<i>Wasp</i> , Captain Kirkland,	550 tons,	3 guns.

The first mentioned was the most effective vessel; the *Wasp* acted flag ship.

honour, and a single battery of Paraguayans would easily have sunk the "British fleet." This would have been more amusing than even the adventure of the cruiser which was nearly captured by negroes on the west coast of Africa.

After some pourparlers, Messrs. Bliss and Masterman were given up, not unconditionally as had been demanded, but as political prisoners to be tried in the United States; they were not allowed to communicate with any one on board, and accusations in sealed envelopes accompanied them. The captives embarked at 11 P.M.; they complained of torture, whereas the surgeon who examined them found no marks, and calling for supper they showed a healthy appetite. This is from high authority; an equally high authority declares that Dr. Duval did find scars on Mr. Masterman. General M'Mahon was landed on December 12, 1868, and on the next day the *Wasp* left.

The Government of the United States was still more aggrieved. Mr. Washburn's brother had become Chief Secretary to the new President Grant, and it was determined to support him. Admiral Davis was greatly blamed for taking on board an American ship of war the political prisoners of Marshal-President Lopez, for placing them under a guard of marines, and for allowing them to land and pass three days at Rio de Janeiro before they left for the United States. The charge is rather specious than real. M. Libertat, Chancellier of the Consulat de France, was sent as a prisoner on board a French cruiser despatched to bring him down; and he also had been accused only of conspiracy. Doubtless, Admiral Davis, as would any other brave man, stretched a point in favour of the hapless little Republic which is fighting single-handed against three, and avoided everything that might have driven him to the disgrace of firing a shot. But public opinion most wrongfully condemned General M'Mahon for taking the place of the

Honourable Mr. Washburn. Men said that he should have awaited fresh orders from home, as Marshal-President Lopez, being a fugitive, had no regular capital. This was an error. The transfers from Asuncion to Luque, and from Luque to Paraguay, were officially announced in the *Semanario* gazette, and they were effected with all due formalities.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bliss, returning to New York, retracted in the *New York Tribune* (February 27, 1869) all that he had written, and declared that he had done so under penalty of the *Cepo Uruguayana*. There are sundry kinds of *Cepos* or stocks in Paraguay. The *Cepo de laso* is when a cord fastened to two stakes is rove round the patient's ankles. The *Uruguayana*, a slang name, is the "bucking" of Negro overseers: the arms are tied round the knees, under which a stick is thrust, and the man is thus made into a bundle—it is the position in which children play at cock-fighting. The *Cepo Columbia* is the worst of all: it is "bundling," with the addition of heavy weights, muskets, and other things placed upon the back of the neck, and producing dangerous wounds. We read of such things in a Carmelite convent near Cracow, where the penitents must carry crosses weighing eighty kilogs. Mr. Masterman also lost no time in publishing an "interesting narrative," which sounds like the dropping of tears—a true "pleurnicherie bourgeoise."

After this you will wonder why the foreigners who, when much less numerous, prevented the "savage Oribe" from bombarding Monte Vidéo, do not combine to put down the revolutionary native politician—why, in fact, they do not take the government into their own hands.

* Mr. Masterman has since that time published a book which reads far better than his letter.

At present, however, they are like Hindus, divided into a score of castes which cannot co-operate. But a time shall come when the Gauchada, the Jacquerie, will die an unnatural death, after the fashion of Kilkenny cats. In parts of the country there are four women to one man, and yet, marvellous to record, polygamy—or, if you prefer the term, patriarchal marriage, has not been made the law of the land. Presently this little Uruguay—this true key of the vast and wealthy Platine valley—which belongs geographically, if not politically, to the Brazil; which has twice been held by the Empire, and which has indirectly caused the present war, must come to its manifest destiny. It is rich in metals. Petroleum and coal suitable for gas-making have lately been found about Maldonado and the Department of Minas, thus prolonging the coal-field and completing the maritime system from the mouth of the La Plata to that of the Amazons—amazing wealth stored up for those to be. Finally, it is the only spot where the vast Empire of the Southern Cross—one-third of the whole Columbian continent—is easily vulnerable. At present the people of the Brazil, though generally credited with the far-seeing Machiavellian policy which the last generation of Europe attributed to the purely egotistical and commercial views of England, does not pay much attention to the Banda Oriental. But in time it must, and the sensible foreigner will, if not his own master, prefer Imperial to Republican rule.

You have doubtless gathered from these pages that I do not think highly of present Uruguay as an emigration ground for Englishmen—for emigrants who somewhat respect life and property, whose laws are more or less executed, and whose faith in the stability of their constitution is a creed. It is, however, very difficult to give you anything like a clear idea of the state of things in the Banda.

The mixed population, Spanish and Portuguese, Brazilian and Italian, French and English, with a dash of Yankee in political matters, retains all the vices and few of the virtues that characterized its ancestors. Here nobody expects justice—nobody has any confidence in the honour of the Government, or in the honesty of the individual. The miserable administration of justice in the outstations secures impunity to the murderer, and executions, frightfully common in revenge for political misdemeanours, are unknown when the offence is taking life. The ridiculous authorities object strongly to any measure of self-defence. No one forgets the case of Mr. Flowers, who, to save himself, shot a ruffian and thereby secured nine months of public gaol. I saw the wife of an English colonist, who, being remarkably handsome, requires as much protection as a twenty-carat diamond. Sundry Gauchos have sworn to carry her off à l'*Irlandaise*, and if they can they will.

Nor do foreigners, especially Englishmen of the better class, thrive physically or morally, in the present state of society. They come out full of life and energy, ready to work hard, fond of riding, travelling, and field sports. By degrees they drop all energy; they cease to take exercise; they cling to hut and hammock—more poetically, "pensile bed;" then they give up reading anything but newspapers, and presently even these. Letters are far too much for them, and they can do nothing but drink, smoke, and eat. I purposely put the first before the last, where-with adieu.

LETTER IV.

TO THE COLONIA AND BUENOS AIRES.

Buenos Aires, August 15, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

Happily for me a passenger steamer had been told off to run between Monte Vidéo and Humaitá—you will remember a word so frequently repeated till it nauseated us. The ship was the *Yí* (pronounce Ji, so-called after an affluent of the Rio Negro), 1300 tons, said to average ten to twelve knots an hour, and costing 30,000*l.*, here a marvel, but in the United States some ten years behind the age. Built like her consort the *America*, by Messrs. M'Kay and Alders, of Boston, E.U., she is—rather she was—the usual two, or properly three-storied floating hotel, with the normal walking-beam engine. Poor *Yí*! the last time I saw her the walking-beam barely projected above the muddy brown river off Buenos Aires. She was burnt for over-success to the water's edge, and the suspected foul play might have been brought home, but was not.

I paid \$70 (say 14*l.*) for the "go" to Humaitá, \$120 being the price of the "go and come"—heavy price, but cheap. We embarked on Saturday, August 15, at nightfall, and were received by Mr. Crawford, New Englander and engineer. I say "we," my fellow passenger was D. Carlos M'Kinnon, F.R.G.S., an old resident on the river, full of information, and right ready to "rip himself up." There was confusion on board; the cook had bolted in fear of enlistment; the steward had also fled, having locked up the pantry; in fact, the party of pleasure began, as usual, pain-

fully. On board also came Mr. William C. Maxwell, in whose pleasant society I was fated afterwards to see the glories of the Andes, the Pacific Coast, and Magellan. Finally, we carried with us the three political creeds, and especially a party of Blancos hastening to gloat over the messes of their rival Colorados. Amongst these gentlemen were some whose professions were to be millionaires, and whatever one of them told me for my "carnet," to that another whispered the flattest contradiction—*audi alteram partem* therefore became a necessity.

We were fortunate in travelling by day, so as to see what is to be seen; usually the Holyhead-Kingston trip of 150 miles is done by night. My business, I repeat, is now rather with men and manners, with events and politics, than with geography or topography; yet, without a sketch of the route, you will barely be able to follow me.

The confusion of starting over, we cast a friendly look upon the dwindling scene—those big Montevideán warehouses yellow and stone-tinted, the tall Concordia hospital near the San José Point, the forest of masts crowding the punchbowl bay, the houses a mixture of Spanish and Portuguese with a dash of Italian, and the bleached spars of wrecks protruding lightless from the silty wave. As we turn the Punta del Rodéo, slow sinks into the "Sweet Sea" the Guarded Mount, here the Grand Vision, and our glances dwell lovingly upon the little crooked cone, the last that we shall see for nearly a thousand miles.

The *Yí*, being new and badly loaded, makes a kind of circular progress, and we have little to prospect save the river; that, however, is suggestive enough. The northern steeple of the great gate is the Cape St. Mary, which we passed in the *Arno*, and the southern is Cape St. Anthony, a trifle of 155 miles to the south-west, thus making the *embouchure* one of the broadest in the world. Some swell

the size to 170 miles, and travellers dispute whether it be sea or river. Equally respectable is its length, 2150 miles, 3368 being the stature of the Amazons; and some day both will be connected by canals with the mouth of the Orinoco. What we enter now is the first of four distinct sections—namely, the Grand Estuary, between the true mouth whose lips are Monte Vidéo and the Punto de las Pideas (seventy-five miles), and Buenos Aires, distant only thirty miles to La Colonia. In succession we shall ascend the Minor Estuary, the Riverine Delta, and lastly, the River Proper.

The Guarani name dating from prehistoric ages was Paraná, or sea-like.* You must pronounce this word “Paraná,” and not with Southey,

“Thou too, Parána, thy sad witness bear.”

Par parenthèse it is curious that that walking encyclopædia never took the trouble to learn the pronunciation of words which he wrote and pronounced a hundred times. For instance, for “Guarani” we read in the tale of Quiara and Mõnnema—

“A feeble native of Guarani race,”

which is hideous.

D. Juan Diaz de Solis, the discoverer of the Paraná in 1515, truly and picturesquely called it “Mar Dulce;” after his murder it became Rio de Solis. The magnificent misnomer Rio de la Plata, where no such metal exists, was given they say by Cabot, who higher up stream found silver ornaments worn by the savages. Of course the term is disputed. M. C. Beck Bernard opines that it was so called by the crew of De Solis, who saw spangles of mica floating

* Pará, the sea, and ná, for ana, comparative affix, “like.” Some wrongly translate it “powerful as the sea;” and others “Paraanamá, pariente del mar.” Pará is one of those general Guarani words that extend throughout the eastern moiety of the Columbian continent.

on the waters; perhaps he means the crystals of selenite that are washed out from the clay banks of the river Paraguay.

To-day, rarely enough, the distant hue of this grand reservoir of a thousand streams looks tenderly blue, somewhat like the Mediterranean in cloudy weather. The colour is generally that of grey mud, and our paddles churn up yellow and thick brown water, which reminds us of the Brazilian streams. Full of vegetable matter, it never strains clear and colourless; some say it is good to drink, others, myself included, that it causes trouble. On board we drink the produce of Monte Vidéo tapped by Norton's American system of tube-pumps, published to the world by the Abyssinian campaign. Here men are not slow to import improvements; the invention was at once tried, it succeeded in the Banda Oriental, but it failed in the province of Buenos Aires—where blessed with all the gifts of Plutus shall be the wight that invents water.

The proportion of silt in the estuary has never been accurately measured, but the element we can see is heavily charged. We may, then, assume the discharge of the Indus, whose proportions vary from 17 to 43·60 per cent. in time of flood. The average would be 217,250,000 of cubic feet per annum, or seventy square miles of surface one foot thick. The stream is felt at an offing of ninety miles, but its great specific gravity prevents the Plate from being a tidal river. In Maldonado Bay the water is so fresh that it makes a difference of three inches in a ship's draught. Off Monte Vidéo there is said to be an under-current of salt water, as at Gibraltar Gut and Bab el Mandab; the limit of the ebb and flow is laid down at the mouth of the little Sta. Lucia River, some nine to ten miles to westward of the city. Like the Mediterranean and the Caspian, it is subject to wind tides; thus also the Suez Gulf being depressed by northerly winds for nine

months, whilst during the rest of the year southerly gales raise it to three and sometimes to five feet, caused the world since 1798 to believe that the Red Sea is $32\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the Mediterranean. Here we shall find the same phenomenon regularly repeated. The Plate heaped up by eastern and south-eastern winds, gains even when not at flood an elevation of four to eight feet: the western and northern gales depress it by driving the current. When the Pampero, that Euroclydon of the Austral hemisphere, ceases to course over the Pampas, the accumulated discharge rushes out like a sluice, especially round the Point S. José. And everywhere on the Lower Plate the weather, like the water, depends not upon seasons, but upon the force and direction of the wind.

Thus much "de Argenteo flumine quod vulgò Rio de la Plata nuncupatur." Wars, it has been said, teach the nations their geography. Lord Palmerston, when reproached about the Affghan affair, told the House of Commons that it had introduced to public knowledge Central Asia. "Admiralty seamanship," it is true, still telegrams to iron-clads that they must run for refuge into Dover Harbour, whose poor ten feet of water are fit only for the fishing-smack. But we, the instructed public, no longer recognise the old facetiæ of a fleet being sent up to Frankfort on the Maine, or of a frigate being moored, as Sir Charles Napier was reprovèd for not doing, off Sindian Hyderabad, in the Indus five feet deep.

And the British Admiral—who shall teach him? What shall modify his omniscient ignorance? The last specimen (let us hope) of the "Commodore Trunnions," a fossilized remnant of the days of grog and double damns, one who heartily hates the civilian, and who thinks the blue blood of Europe to run through veins descended from a Scotch cattle-lifter, hearing that one of his squadron had lost an

anchor some 500 miles up the Paraná head-waters of the Plate, sent solemn peremptory orders to steam, with slack cable, round the missing mud-hook, "water and tide serving." Impossible! you will exclaim. Yet it is textually true, although methinks I hear Rear-Admiral Jock Truncheon exclaiming, as he often has exclaimed upon his quarter-deck, that it is a "dom' lee."

Midway we pass the huge Ortiz Bank, which occupies more than half the river's breadth, and which is separated from the northern shore by a string of deep pools. In the excellent map of Captain Mouchez', it projects an angle to the south-east; the Hydrographical survey makes it a long oval disposed north-west to south-east. The formation is sand upon "tosca," in Spanish a generic term meaning any imperfect stone. Here it is a rotten friable sandstone, with nodules of hardened and compacted clay. Sometimes it is applied to these nodules only; at others it is a layer of tufa, or sand mixed with comminuted shells, and effervescing kindly under acids. The latter is useful as a compost to correct the humic and ulmic "sourness" of a virgin soil in a subtropical climate. Presently we shall see the "Plano toscoso" below the Meseta or table-land upon which the city of Buenos Aires is built.

As the even shadow lengthens, a small white patch on a promontory pushing out to starboard proves to be the Nova Colonia do Sacramento, where the Major Estuary ends, and whence the Minor section stretches to the mouths of the rivers Paraná and Uruguay. When mirage upraises it, and Fata Morgana upturns it, Colonia is visible from Buenos Aires; but the big port must look out for squalls.

A strange, eventful history has that tiny white sheet, again and again stained with streams of man's life blood, tepid and impure. The "endless question" of the Colonia was pretty familiar to Englishmen between the days of Swift and Southey; now it is utterly forgotten. Very

valuable too was the now pauper village in times when Spain limited her three vast inland viceroyalties to three ships per annum, and when Portugal and England—such then was the precedence—did all the contraband trade of half a New World. Even in 1729 the port of S. Gabriel Island sheltered a score of English, Portuguese, and French interlopers.

Muratori ("A Relation of the Missions of Paraguay," now done into English from the French translation. London: 1759. 8vo, pp. 166-7) tells in quaint language how the Portuguese, under D. Emanuel de Lobos, seized (1679) the port where Colonia afterwards arose, and building a fort, duped D. Joseph de Barro (José de Barros) Governor of Buenos Aires. The latter receiving orders to dislodge the enemy, summoned from the Reductions, 600 miles distant, the Corregidores of Indians, and the latter in eleven days mustered 3300 men, 4000 horses, 4000 mules, and 200 oxen for dragging the guns. The Spanish General D. José de Vera, with 300 regulars, invested the land side, and proposed when the enemy showed fight to trample them under foot by a stampede of riderless horses: the farcical project was deprecated probably by some savage with common sense, possibly by some one who remembered the Carthaginians and their elephants. The walls, however, were scaled, and the place was captured by dint of numbers, the Spaniards losing only six men and thirty Indians. Lobos was made prisoner, and 200 of the Mamelukes were slain by the Redskins, who did not understand prayers for quarter. D. Emilio Galban (Galvão), the Portuguese Commander, fell, and men "saw with wonder and surprise his lady fighting sword in hand by his side:" she also refused to surrender, and was duly killed.

This only began the history of Colonia. In 1681 it again hoisted the Quinas, and it was evacuated in 1705. Again it was secured to Portugal by the Treaty of Utrecht (March 26, 1713), the same which gave peace to Europe, and

to England the Asiento or slave importing contract, and thus built Liverpool and Bristol. In 1720 the Governor and Captain-General of Buenos Aires, D. Bruno Mauricio de Zabala, was ordered by his crown to keep the Portuguese within certain limits, which were exceedingly uncertain. His successor Salcedo also threw himself heart and soul into the cause; and the result was the stubborn investment of 1736. It was ceded to Spain by the Treaty of Limits (January 13, 1750), a convention so upright as to be an era in the annals of diplomacy, and to cause an un contemplated amount of misery. The melancholy result, the Guarantic or Jesuit war, is admirably described in the Brazilian epic poem par excellence, "O Uruguay" of José Basilio da Gama. To the great joy of the Portuguese the treaty was annulled by Charles III. in 1761, enabling them to keep "The Colony." Then came the desperate siege (Oct. 30, 1762) by the Viceroy Lieut.-General D. Pedro de Zeballos, when the Portuguese squadron was destroyed despite the efforts of Captain Macnamara, of the *Lord Clive*, and of Penrose the poet, who went forth, *not*

"To sail triumphant o'er La Plata's tide."

The capitulation of the place, and the razing of the fortifications, caused the death of the purest and the most patriotic of Portugal's many patriots, Gomes Freyre de Andrade, first Viceroy of Rio de Janeiro. The hero, however, broke his heart prematurely, for the new colony was in 1763 restored, by the Treaty of Paris, to Portugal. She yielded it up by the Second Treaty of Limits (S. Ildefonso, 1777), and she then finally retired from the Banda Oriental.

The "endless question" of La Colonia still has significance. Like the present war it was a chronic struggle between the two great branches of the Ibero-American family. With your permission, therefore, I will throw overboard the

chronology of my journey, and will here introduce a short description of the most modern Colonia, which I visited later, in 1868.

The Department of La Colonia, rich in pastoral Englishmen, has generally a steamer from Buenos Aires, which makes her passage in three to four hours. I went in the *Beauty*, a little red and black yacht-built thing, commanded by a rough and ready German. The Colony, like Monte Vidéo, occupies a long narrow-necked land-tongue, with a fine slope for drainage, and forming the port which is emphatically not, as Southey states, a "very commodious harbour." The point, composed mostly of gneiss, trends from north-east to south-west, and therefore the roads, for such they are, lie open to the Pampero, that intolerably heaps up the sand. Westward of the point is a scatter of islets: the old Hydrographic chart* names them, beginning from the south-west, I. Farallon, S. Gabriel, del Inglez, and de Hornos. The native pilots divide del Inglez into two—viz., "Lopez East" and "Lopez West," with its outliers. They also assign three islets to the group of Hornos, the smallest of the little Archipelago, lying opposite the Arroyo de S. Pedro. Here, in some twenty-one feet of water, I saw a single hulk: it lay north of S. Gabriel, the largest feature, where Sacedo mounted his batteries; here also a ship was wrecked carrying a certain missionary—

"And Dobrizhoffer was the good man's honoured name."

We land at the little mole, leaving to the right a dwarf dock and a slip for schooner building. Our destination is the Hotel Oriental, the best, but bad and therefore dear, with prices rivalling Paris and New York. The houses, whitewashed against cholera, and rising abrupt from the

* The names are correctly given by the new Hydrographic Office map, by C. H. Dillon, Master R.N., 1847, with additions by Lieut. Sidney, 1856.

unpaved thoroughfare, are better than you would expect; the material is quarried from the old fortifications, which in their day cost \$10,000 to level. The church, with the white belfries and burnt roof, is a conspicuous object, and the old lines of defence are still in places visible.

The Colony was once walled on all sides except the north: it mounted eighty pieces of artillery, and was garrisoned by 935 men. Beyond the south-eastern end of the Plaza are the remains of two bastions, one for a single gun, the other for three bouches à feu: near them the tall pharol, white-bodied and red-headed, towers over the solidly built, time-shattered bulwark wall. Further south is the sea; dyked in by lines of gneiss stained with yellow lichen, and often snowy with the washerwoman's work. The land approach was once imperfectly defended by thirty-two guns, in a curtain with four bastions, of which two were at the angles—they are now supplanted by a hedge of cactus and aloes. North-west of the main square are the remains of a bastion and its old "Aljibe," or rain cistern: ground has waxed valuable, much of the relic has been broken up for building materials during the last three years, and in a few more it will completely disappear. It was in this place that Galvão and his gallant wife fought to the death.

Even during the present century there have been troubles at the Colonia, and there will be more—men wish that they had a gold ounce for every throat that has been cut in the place. Outside the village they show on the road to the muddy river a cottage and its Ombú tree, where Moreno, a pet ruffian of General Urquiza, when sent to kill off the men seized a wretch, and by way of "renowning it," cut out sundry of his ribs and made them into an Asado or rôti—a côtelette funeste, as the French play says of Eve. The sons of the Colonia are reported to be lazy and

roguish: you certainly here will hear, in an hour, more scurrility and cursing with "omne quod exit in—ajo," than in a whole day elsewhere.

The land is truly Uruguayan, and one of the most charming known to me. The rolling surface of green turf, varied here and there with outcrops of grey stone, dips in gentle undulations which become horizontal as they near the soft hazy horizon; and your only guides are an occasional Estancia house topping its prim lines of artificial "monte," or a thick-headed, gouty-footed Ombú, under which the cattle find rest and shade. Nothing can be more amene or gracious than this modified Pampa form in fine weather. Our modern poets have been charged with too exclusive a homage of colour. We travellers must bow even more lowly to the great differentiator between beauty and deformity.

There is, however, with all its loveliness, a serious disadvantage in living along this coast of the wee Republic. It is the flooding of the streams which rise at the least pretext, and which may keep you and your friends prisoners for a week, unless you prefer risking life by spurring your horse into the broad muddy torrents. The visitor who wishes thoroughly to enjoy the country about the Colonia has only to secure a letter of introduction for my most hospitable and agreeable host, Mr. William White, of Estanzuela. He will then see a most civilized style of shooting out of a four-in-hand waggonette, with a boy or two by way of retriever to bag the lesser partridge and the Cholo-plotter. I wonder if my friend remembers how we sat in committee over the nettletalk salad, and the salmi of prairie owls, which we pronounced to be well cooked and thoroughly detestable?

Nearly opposite the Colonia is "Quilmes" of the Redskins, driven down in 1618 from the valleys of Santiago

del Estero. Its two steeples of warm colour stand out from a goodly company of white houses and green trees. Distant three leagues south of the capital, it will, when the railroad reaches it, become a charming place for villeggiatura. The site is good, being the raised bank of the riverine valley, whose main drain is the Riachuelo or rivulet. Do not write with old travellers R. or Rio Chuelo, a funny form, re-appearing even in modern maps; nor translate as does the gallant Sir Home Popham, "River Chuelo."

Looms ahead a forest of masts, with here and there a spread sail inland, overshadowing the scrubby vegetation of greyish metallic green. Then we sight the white houses of the Boca (de Riachuelo,) the mouth of the said rivulet. This is a dredge-demanding Styx, some 160 feet wide, a sluggish drain of black mud, that often runs red with the produce of a dozen Saladeros. The air is then heavy with meat, tainted as well as fresh; you turn pale, you feel at sea, you call for a "nip," and all around you declare the atmosphere to be exceptionally health-breeding. Perhaps on the same principle Frenchmen used to take, and perhaps still take, their baths in an abattoir. The salting-houses are not salting now. December, when the animals are fat from grass, will open the season. The Boca is a hard-working suburb of Italians, occupying themselves, as we see, with stores and shipbuilding. Piles of North American pine line the quays. The native growths, especially the Quebracho (or Quebrahacho, the axe-breaker), and the Urunday Mimosa, whose short and crooked, but exceedingly hard gnarlings fit them for wheel-tires and boat-knees, are not so common but more valuable. Around the Boca is a swampy flat where the lumber-houses must perch high upon piers and stilts; a few of yesterday's build are of brick, but the walls sag and split. The Boca is connected with Buenos Aires by a branch railway in the good old style, chair and sleepers,

here perhaps the best. Its rails are looted Paraguayan, found in the Custom-house, and duly confiscated.

Inland of the Boca is Las Barracas, the "stores" (for goods-housing), northern and southern; a settlement about double the size of its neighbour; and a congeries of sheds and courts, commanded by a two-steepled church. This dead flat, a prolongation of the estuary bay is the spot where "Que buenos Ayres se respiran en esta tierra!" exclaimed stout Captain Sancho Garcia, and where D. Pedro de Mendoza, the Grandee, laid the foundation-stone of nuestra Señora de Buenos Aires. The date, (February 2, 1535), was only three years after the establishment of San Vicente, the Portuguese proto-colony in the Brazil, and two years and a half before the building of Paraguayan Asuncion (August 15, 1537). The once charming stream is now foul with mud and offal, and there is a dreadful perfume of tallow and liquid meat, mixed with the essence of calcined bones. The population is evidently Basque, and iron wirings are required, as in Egypt, to keep out the flies, which haunt the streets by myriads. There is trade in Las Barracas, we see an inn with a Russian inscription, and the beggars do not, as in the city, confine themselves to Saturdays. Here the Saladero may be studied to advantage by the amateur butcher, and described by those who would add another description to the scores published. I will only say that the salting-houses at Buenos Aires will presently run short of work if they continue slaughtering 390,000 head of cattle, as happened between October 1, 1868, and April 1, 1869.

And here, for your benefit, I shall shortly dispose of the normal stock subjects in Argentine-land: "Let all such history," says the old Styrian, "be consigned to the spice shop to wrap paper, yea, to a meaner office." Such is the Gaucho, who has been hopelessly vulgarized by the last

Great Exhibition. Such are the fierce dogs, the breaking of horses and mules, the poncho, the cart being placed before the horse, the "terrible dust storm," the Pordiosero or beggar on horseback, the big aerolite, and the Quemazon or prairie fire. Of such themes it is easy to say what others have said, but it is exceedingly difficult to say something more, something new. Of the bolas, the "bowls" of old English travellers, I have only to tell you that it was an improvement upon the simple sling of the natives, a stone tied to a cord. The Recado, pronounced Reça'o (not Ricow), is the country saddle, the bed on horseback borrowed from Asia. The lasso (lazo, in Portuguese laço, a slip-knot) was originally used in Italy to catch wild cattle. A good man is sure of his cast with twenty to thirty yards of open ground before him; in underwood he must approach within twenty to thirty feet. If a noose be thrown at you, lie down before it reaches the mark, with legs and arms flat on the ground, so that the rope may find no purchase. Do not trust a knife, except the sharpest, to cut the lasso, and remember that anything is better than being bumped to death behind a galloping horse. Do not pronounce the written Maté "Maté," but "Máté," nor confound Maté, the tea-gourd in the Incan or Quíchua tongue, with Yerba or Yerba Maté, the Paraguayan tea, which will some day reach England. And if you would know the last news concerning the "Cáa," consult Mr. John Miers, F.R.S., &c., "On the different species of ilex employed in the preparation of the 'Yerba de Maté' or Paraguay tea" ("The Technologist," vol. iv. 1864).

Before landing, I may warn you that much has been written about Monte Vidéo and the adjoining Republics. The "South American Pilot" tells all it knows about the river. The new handbook has already been quoted. By far the best account of the small Republic—her sons are

called by the Brazilians "Republiquitás"—is the "Descripción Geographica del Territorio Oriental del Uruguay, &c. Por el General de Ingenieros D. José Maria Reyes" (2 vols. 8vo. Monte Vidéo. 1859). This sound geographical work, reduced to a single volume, deserves translation into English.

Of the older authors you have Alderic Schmidel (1534); Ruy Diaz de Guzman; Centinera; Fernandez; Herrera; Techo; Mr. R. M.;* Charlevoix; Muratori; Aguirre (1788); Lozano; Guevara; Helms;† Azara; and the Jesuit F. Thomas Faulkner. In the present century are Davie;‡ Wilcocke;§ Dean Funes; Pedro de Angelis; the Brothers Robertson (two sets); Sir Francis Head; Colonel Arenales (1833); Rengger and Longchamps (1835); Charles Empson (1836); Parish; Darwin; D'Orbigny (1845); Castelnau (1850); Weddell (1851); Mansfield (1852); President Sarmiento (1853); Captain Page; Arsène Isabelle; Amedée Jacques;|| Demersay (1860-64); Hinchcliff; Hadfield (two publications); Colonel du Graty (1862); Dr. Martin de Moussy; M. Charles Beck Bernard;¶ Mr. Consul Hutchinson; and Mr. Ross Johnson.** Those best known in England are Head and Parish, Page, Mansfield, and Hutchinson. I have perused all my list,†† and it will be my care to avoid vain repetitions.

* "A Relation of Mr. R. M.'s Voyage to Buenos Ayres." London: John Darby. MDCCXVI.

† "Travels from Buenos Ayres by Potosi to Lima (1789-93)." By Anthony Z. Helms (Mining Engineer). London: Richard Phillips. 1806.

‡ "Letters from Paraguay." By J. Constance Davie, Esq. London: Robinson. 1805.

§ "History of the Viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres," &c. By Samuel Hull Wilcocke. London: Symonds and Co. 1807.

|| "Excursions au Rio Salado." Par Amedée Jacques. Paris: Pillet. 1857.

¶ "La République Argentine." Lausanne. 1865.

** "A Long Vacation in the Argentine Alps." 1868.

†† Pamphlets are not mentioned; of these each house, I have said, seems to publish one for itself.

Las Barracas has its curio, an artesian well which, despite the predictions of the learned Dr. Burmeister, succeeded, the water rising four metres above the soil, which it ought not to have done. Another attempt made in Calle Piedade of the city obligingly failed; the boring tool had reached the granite gneiss, or whatever the floor rock may be, when the funds gave out.* From Las Barracas, Mr. William Wheelwright, of whom more presently, is laying down rails to Ensenada, the "Bay," heir apparent to Buenos Aires, and distant thirty-eight miles. The present line begins perilously near the washing, splashing river, through

* Section of the Barracas artesian well (June 1, 1862), sunk by MM. Sordeaux and Lyons:—

	Metres.
1. Sand	4·33
2. Clay (very sandy)	8·02
3. Clay (muddy)	1·05
4. Clay (plastic dark blue)	2·90
5. Tosca (with calcareous nodules)	2·30
6. Yellow sand fine and fluid, quartz, pebbles, and fluviatile shells.	28·60
7. Green clay, more or less plastic and calcareous, iron pyrites, sea shells, nodules of lithographic limestone, part of glyptodon's shell	20·30
8. Greensand, shells, and quartz	0·80
9. Calcareous shell stratum	0·45
10. Calcareous argile	2·00
11. Shelly grit	0·25
12. Green clay (sandy)	2·00
13. Shelly grit	0·30
14. White sandy grit	0·70
15. Very compact sandy clay	2·25
16. Common grit	1·40
17. Green clay, fine and fluid, shells, and quartz	2·35
Total	80 metres.

Section of the artesian well in Buenos Aires:—

1. Humus.	6. Fluid sand.
2. Argillaceous sand.	7. Plastic clay.
3. Compact sand.	8. A mixture of several rocks.
4. Plastic clay.	9. Red clay to 180 metres.
5. "Tosca."	

swampy land, willow-clothed and provided with seats for those aspiring to rheumatism. It will presently run to and from the Custom-house.

The proper left "barranca" or raised river-bank of the Riachuelo Valley, is twenty feet high, and forms a verdant slope crowned by the Alto or Southern City. The roads which run down it must have metalling, consequently here, as in the Brazil, the railway will be the first step, and men perforce run before they walk. Yon large building is the British Hospital, under the charge of the amiable and benevolent Dr. Reid. Close in front of it is the establishment of M. Lezica (of the Commissariat), with steeple-like Belvidere and tall dead wall surrounding French gardens of various trees. Beyond it swells to a flattened dome the two mile long and well frilled ridge-line of the city, which looks better in nature than in counterfeit. The white belfries, the clock tower of the Cabildo, and the pottery-clad cupolas flash back the sun, and the colours are mostly Argentine—silver and azure. The site is evidently the old "barranca" of the Plate River, which bends away at the northern extremity, and the water-line is a long plantation of green willows, whose foreground is a mile and a half of white, brown, and black Nausicaas.

Here we are in fine at the grand commercial centre of the Platine basin; the port and outpost of a rapidly developing and enormously improveable country;* it was succinctly named the "very noble and very loyal city, the Puerto de Santa Maria, Ciudad de la Santisima Trinidad"—this new town built by the gallant de Garay on the Day of the Holy Trinity (June 11) 1580.

* According to M. Thiers the Brazilian trade has doubled in ten years (30,000,000 francs having become 60,000,000); whilst in twelve years that of La Plata has risen from 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 to 40,000,000.

LETTER V.

A DAY AT BUENOS AIRES—THE OLD ENGAGEMENT KEPT.

Buenos Aires, Sunday, August 16, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

We prepare to land, and of all self-styled civilized landing-places this at the "Athens of South America" is perhaps the worst. Vile in fine weather—what must be the abomination when Pampero the storm-blast is out! The wind seems always to blow inwards, and summer shows a worse river than winter; while with rare intervals the air is ever wet, damp, and depressing.

From the "Canal" or outer roads, distant four or five miles, where the larger steamers, including the mails, ride in summer, and whence disembarking is at times almost impossible for a week, you must, as a rule, touch ground at your own expense. There are "Vaporcitos" or little steamers, the *Jacaré* and the *Baby*, which come, or which come not, as they list. They are never, as they should be, under the control of any great foreign company. The usual landing process is at present composed of three several steps. First you drop with bag and baggage from the ship ladder into a lighter, or into one of the sailing craft which—manned by foreigners, Italians, or worst of all, English—await to devour you. Here, as at Monte Vidéo, the water is far too dangerous for gigs or wherries. After an involuntary douche caused by the least capful of wind, you are transferred, as the boat grounds, to a cart painted blood-red, whose pitiful team of half-drowned

and rheumatic horses sticks and dips, rises and struggles painfully along, urged by the screams of the European, who has now ousted the Gaucho. The last transfer is to the northernmost of the two moles, the shallow water utterly disqualifying for use the southern one fronting the large Custom-house. Men and women, loungers and promenaders, gather in groups at the mole-head, adding ridicule to your difficulties as if you were in the tidal boat entering Boulogne. Lads and boys playfully wreath their bodies in, out, and through the timbers of the main jetty, or bathe and fish in the troubled waters below, or foully bewray the dirty steps. Some thirty or forty excited changadores (porters) and peons (labourers) make a dash at your baggage, and the unsuccessful salute the successful with a volley of foul abuse. These men are the common carriers of the country: it is actionable (with the knife) to call a decent man "peon" (our pawn from the Persian "piyadah"), and the Frenchman will, when wishing to say his worst, emphatically declare of the hated rival, "C'est un pé-on!"

After enduring this savage robbery, you step probably upon an iron bar, and climb up broken steps to landing-places which are also of the filthiest. The new "Muelle," built in 1855 for the local Government by the late Mr. Taylor, C.E., is a wretched affair, some 440 yards long, by 20 wide and 7 to 8 high, composed of soft pine timbers disposed crosswise. There is ever, despite the daily abuse of the daily papers, a hole in the mole, or rather a series of holes, while a system of mighty cracks, crannies, and crevices makes the whole affair a man-trap—but, until lately, anything was "good enough for the Plate." The rain-welled surface is slippery as the clay of Fernando Po or the Puy de Dôme, and I have seen a man badly hurt by it, his legs coming from under him as if on ice.

Lastly, your luggage is deposited at the northernmost half of the "Resguardia," here represented by two little summer-houses, kiosks, or China tea-rooms, wooden curiosities striped blue and white, queerly attached to the root of the long projection. The kiosk mania has migrated from the banks of the Seine to far Father Plate; at Buenos Aires you see them even in the main square. They sell newspapers and cheap books, Erotic lyrics, and half-naughty photos; none ever knew a body who had ever entered into one of them. The Custom-house officers are very civil, and slow in proportion; "nada mas que ropa" will generally do the douanier. They open, however, carefully every box and bag, although they probably consider rummaging not the work of a "cavalier." For this "pitch and toss treatment" you pay your part of boat \$50, landing-cart \$20, and say four changadores, \$90 = \$140 (paper) = 1*l.* 3*s.*, and you at once discover that the sovereign here is the crown in Europe.

The site of Buenos Aires is commercially bad; the "old men" could hardly have looked forward to the present state of trade. Even for them, either San Fernando to the north or Ensenada to the south-east would have been better. Strangers explain the peculiar choice by the frequency and daring of those days buccaneers, when shallows, as we shall see up-stream, formed defences. Probably the roads were a long while ago deeper, and have silted up during the course of ages. Yet Dobrizhoffer in 1784 found the port of Buenos Aires shoal water. The internal action of the earth has, however, certainly caused a gradual upheaval of this, the shelf-edge of the Pampas, as well as of the great Prairies themselves. On the Paraná River we shall everywhere see successive marks of former water-levels many yards higher than the highest modern floods. Others have made dust, the incremental material

swept up like the silt of the Nile by the storm-wind from the arid sub-Andine wastes to the south-west.

Actual Buenos Aires will soon see a better future when its water-front shall be built up like Californian San Francisco or the levees of New Orleans. Somebody will find her brick, and will, Augustus-like, leave her marble. Evidently, present amelioration is loudly called for. The barques and brigs, brigantines and polaccos, schooners and luggers in port now generally average upwards of 200, and soon they will be 500. The injury to merchandize is enormous; therefore every engineer proposes his nostrum, and naturally enough the authorities, stunned by so much counsel, are deaf to the voice of specific. Similarly the owner of the Great Dragon Tree at Teneriffe—you remember—over-advised by the host of travellers, allowed it one fine day to fall. The foreigner accuses the native of being a dog in the manger, which perhaps the native is; whilst assuredly the foreigner is mostly anxious about the bone purely for the bone's sake.

The difficulties in the way of constructing a port are certainly enormous. The characteristic feature of the south-eastern or Buenos Airean shore is deep water in lines and patches—the Outer and Inner Roads, the Pozo, the Catalinas, and others. These are broken and divided by long narrow banks and shallows, incipient islands, whose length is of course disposed down stream. From the mouth of the Corpus Christi, also called the Lujan River—the nearest stream independent of the Paraná delta—a fringing shelf of mud and soft stone, the “Residencia bank,” so called from an old Hospital, subtends the land. The “tosca,” in places twenty feet thick and thinning off to three, is a whitish-yellow skin, an upright and raised crust standing out from the mud, like tables of lava. In places it is hard, in others it is so soft that the boring-iron slips

through it. Where the bank, cut away by currents, narrows to a mere strip, are the "Balizas" or inner roads, safe for ships drawing less than eleven feet. Northwards is the Catalinas patch, so called being opposite the old nunnery of St. Catherine in the Calle Templo, *alias* Tacuari, still blessed by a Chapel of Ease. Distant about 2000 yards from the Balizas is the Banco de la Ciudad, a sudden broadening which begins below the northern part of the settlement; this "City Bank" is very shallow, and beyond it is the "Canal" or Outer Roads. The whole place is paved with wrecks, and the anchors and ironwork would repay dredging, if the main-d'œuvre were at all reasonable.

Some would clean remove the port to Ensenada, or even to Bahia Blanca; others propose a breakwater eight miles long, one broad, raised on arches above the highest flood, with a "Tosca" foundation supporting concrete in galvanized iron coffers; upon this they would build piers, steam-cranes, a Custom-house, docks, marine markets, and so forth. Others would form an enclosed harbour—the favourite idea, because it would cause money to be spent. Others advise a semicircular pier from Gasworks Point, convex to the present Mole, with slip and graving dock, and room for two or three streets. This plan is tempting from its proximity to deep water. Others, again, would extend the actual piers; whilst others would build the "Catalinas (tidal) Docks," and warehouses at the point called Bajo de Catalinas.

The most sensible project for improving the channel is that proposed by my good friend John Coghlan, C.E. His plan shows a great leg-of-mutton-shaped patch of reclaimed ground, beginning at the gasworks and ending at the mouth of the Riachuelo. At an expense of 787,860*l.*—not one-sixth of what is thrown into many European harbours—he would convert the City Bank into an island, thus forming a

deep channel and securing anchorage near the shore. He would, moreover, trace a suitable land-line by throwing out to double the length of the Moles (880 yards) embankments, with quays and wharfs, reclaiming ground to the extent of 230 cuadras cuadradas (the square of 150 varas, each of 34 inches = 22,500 varas). This emblement would give room for docks larger than any save those of Liverpool, for a Grand Central Station where all the railways would meet, for Custom-house buildings, platforms, and other necessaries. Moreover, it could spare 120 cuadras for a promenade, here so much wanted, and to be sold as building ground at prices which would to a great extent pay off the cost of the proposed works. But he is persuaded that such changes should be made in a tentative way. The causes that formed the delta-islands of the Paraná are still active, and in the natural order of events banks must be growing up between the mouth of the Uruguay and the Paraná de las Palmas. Finally, no company would do justice to such works; they can hardly be entrusted to a Government which rarely outlasts three years and ends in a smash—in fact, my friend comes to the wise conclusion that the scheme is too vast for the young country in its present backward state.

Meanwhile, in April, 1868, the Government of President Sarmiento signed a contract with the Impresarios, Messrs. Madero and Proudfoot, to carry out the plans of Messrs. Miller and Bell, C.E. The sum is fixed at \$7,000,000, which appears large, but which will not be sufficient. The work is mainly a huge tidal dock, with a narrow entrance, which will make it a mere silt-trap. It is, moreover, to be finished in five years, an imprudent and hasty period. The scour from the north-west and south-east would be checked by such an obstacle; the diminished flow would render dredging useless; the fringing bank of the river would

creep towards the eastward, diverting deep water further from the shore; and in this case, as in many others, unless engineering science can bring the rivers of the future close to existing harbours, Bahia Blanca will become the port of the Buenos Aires that is to be.

As we land we remark a great change from the City of the Past to that of the Present. Instead of the sturdy, rock-like historic fort, "Santa Trinidad de Buenos Ayres," which still appears in Sir Woodbine Parish's second edition, there is a new Custom-house of two stories, white-washed, semicircular, and arched like casemates. Behind it, separated by a kind of stone-revetted moat, is a square, yellow, two-storied box—not "very handsome and commodious"—with a broad verandah, denoting the Government House. Wilcocke (1807) shows in his plan "the Fort" and the Parade or Paseo. Parish also sketches the increase of growth in his day, and now it is—for South America—enormous, and ever-progressing. The population is generally set down at 200,000. Mr. Coghlan, however, easily reduced it to about half that total, and even to less.* He adopted a simple process which may be found useful in lands where the census can hardly be reliable. After counting the cuadras, say 500, he ascertained the area—three and a-half square miles—and compared it, by way of maximum, with that of the most crowded part of London—about 30,000 per square mile—from which of course, subtraction must be made. He was, however, astonished at the general expenditure, at the consumption of the inhabitants, and at the

* Mr. Coghlan's computation is as follows:—

Part of the city of which the census has been completed	73,000
Remaining part estimated at	14,000
Barracas	6,000
Boca	3,000
	<hr/>
	96,000

number of rooms suiting a city with treble the population which he allows to it.*

We step upon the Paseo de Julio, a mixture of Marine Parade and Wapping, badly paved and poorly lighted; this is the city front, now backed by a couple of handsome houses, but mostly by low inns, foundries, cafés, and estaminets, shops, stores, and sailors' haunts, where those amiable beings love to growl, grumble, and knag one another, as only the uneducated classes of England can do; to drink, curse, and fight, occasionally sallying out with foot or fist—foreign Jack prefers the knife—upon the sober, whose sobriety outrages their sensitive feelings. At one time here was an Alameda, which Dictator Rosas proposed prolonging as far as his country palace Palermo; the break-water and railing, however, were swept away by a gale in 1861, and unfortunately there is now no Rosas to rebuild them.

Sunday is here a crowded day, and the length of your purse determines which of three ways you choose for passing it. Lack-coin discontentedly lounges about the Paseo and the Muelle. Little-money rides the tailor's ride on a hack horse to Palermo or Belgrano. Dives sleeps the Saturday night at his Quinta out of town, or runs down by the Northern Railway to S. Fernando, S. Isidro (summer quarters), or the Tigre. He then idles away the day, visits, perhaps boats, and returns home plenus Bacchi.

* In 1717 Buenos Aires had only 400 houses, the same as Córdoba, the capital of Tucuman, and the old Jesuit novitiate and university. The census of 1858 gave 55,000 natives. The following is the statistic census of the city taken till 1869:—

Cuadras, 658 (447 corresponding to 329 manzanas or blocks); houses, 13,116; rooms, 64,670; inhabitants, 72,972; annual rental, 1,333,517*l*. Results: each cuadra averages 40 houses, 197 rooms, 222 souls; the annual rent is 4000*l*.; it must, however, be observed that in making this calculation houses occupied by their owners, and forming a large proportion of the city, are not included.

We enter by the Calle Cangallo, here pronounced Cajje Cangajjo, "oppidum seu pagus de Rio de la Plata"—still the title of the Archbishopric. A steep short pitch leads to the longitudinal Calle 25 de Maio, the summit of the true "barranca," glacis, or old river bank, which is everywhere traceable between the Tigre and the Riachuelo. It has a similar talus, but of greater slope inland, which is rather puzzling to drainage, and though formerly set down at 70 feet, nowhere does its height exceed 64·2 feet above the water; some reckon 50 feet, but the mean of the barometer is 29·66.

The streets are long, narrow, and ill ventilated; and the tramway of modern progress is as yet unknown to them. The pavement, even after Monte Vidéo, strikes us as truly detestable. It is like a fiumara-bed, bestrewn with accidentally disposed boulders, gapped with dreadful chasms and man-holes, bounded on both sides by the trottoirs, narrow ledges of flattish stone, like natural rock "benches," flood-levelled on each side of the torrent. In many parts the side walks are raised three and even five feet above the modern street plane, and flush with the doors, which are high up as that of the Kaabah. These trottoirs covered, like the pavement after rain, with a viscid mud, sliding as a ship's deck, dangerous as a freshly waxed parquet for the noble savage, often end at the corners with three or four rude steps, rounded slabs, greasy and slippery by the tread, as though spread with orange peel, and ascended and descended with the aid of an opeu-mouthed carronade, or a filthy post blacked by the hand of toil. There is a legend of a naval captain who cracked his pate by a header down one of these laderas, these corniches, these precipices, and certainly few places can be more perilous than they are for gentlemen in the state decently termed "convivial." Like the trottoirs they want handrails.

More than one street—for instance, Calles Paraguay and Defensa—must be crossed by a drawbridge after rains which drown men, and which carry off carts and horses. Before the days of pavements, when the pantanos or muds were filled up with corn or jerked beef, the earth was converted by showers into slush, and swept down into the general reservoir, the river bed—hence the sunken ways. The crossings are nowhere swept: being slightly raised above the general level they soon dry and cut up the line into deep puddles which lie long, or into segments and parallelograms of mire. The thoroughfares are macadamized with the soil of the suburbs, which cakes under the sun, and crumbles before the wind, dirtying the hands like London smoke. Drainage is left to those Brazilian engineers, Messrs. Sun and Wind. The only washing is by rain rushing down the cross streets. There is absolutely no sewerage; a pit in the patio is dug by way of cesspool, and is filled up with soil, a fair anticipation of the deodorizing earth closet. The “basura” or sweepings are placed at an early hour in boxes by the doorways to be carried off by the breeze, or to be kicked over by horses driven to water: these offals are used to fill up holes in the road outside the city, and yet the citizens expect “good airs.” Beyond the town, the unpaved lines thus become quagmires, impasses, and quaking bogs where horses and black cattle are hopelessly fixed.

Street walking becomes at Buenos Aires a study, an art. People prepare for it their toe-nails—excuse the subject—I have a duty to perform—like most duties it is “unpleasant.” The centre of the nail is scraped thin, so as to weaken the keystone of the arch: the middle edge is cut into a demilune concave, and the corners, generally removed by the vulgar mind, are encouraged to grow square, so as not to penetrate the flesh. Inattention to this general

practice may lame you for a month (*experto crede!*) and all your friends will certainly wag the head, and vote you a "martyr to the gout." Another inconvenience is the custom of placing the petticoat on the wall side: the bump-tious *soutane* also claims the honour, so you must perpetually be hopping on and off the lofty trottoir. To escape wind and rain you avoid the side whither the paper-slips are whirled: the thoroughfares of the city, roughly speaking, face the cardinal points, whilst the wet and high winds strike them diagonally, and the houses act screens. Had the lines been fronted more obliquely, one-half of each thoroughfare would not have been in the sun, and the other half in the shade: moreover all the houses facing southwards would not have been mildewed. The prevailing directions are the north-easter especially—like the norther, fine and cool—the wet souther and south-easter and the gusty south-south-wester and south-wester. Thus one side of the street is dry in wet and is windless in windy weather, and as the height of the houses increases, those at the corners should be rounded off to insure ventilation.

The street scandal is inexcusable in so wealthy a place. The municipality can afford \$600,000 (f.) = 120,000*l.* of income, but the city fathers, those posts that point the way to progress without ever progressing, though eternally "pitched into" give no sign, and fresh blood is still wanted. Buenos Aires sadly requires the Baron de Campy, who is supposed to have paved the Imperial capital further north. The new Custom House, the Moles, the Western Railway, the Gas Works, the Colon Theatre, and the Water Works, with other undertakings carried out by provincial resources, show how much may be done if money be not frittered away. A little macadam, compacted by water and a steam roller, would cheaply remedy the worst evils, and a better material would be the admirable Pedregulho or gravel from Salto of

the Uruguay, River of the Missions. Broken brick would be better than nothing in streets which are not much visited by wheeled vehicles, and these could at present be limited. Sufficient care is not taken in naming the thoroughfares: France is the great mistress of that art. As at Rio de Janeiro, the black forefinger points the direction of transit in carriage or cart: this plan, so necessary in narrow streets, might be adopted even in London.

Buenos Aires is evidently a city; it has a civic hurry and excitement; there is a polished manner of citizen in it; the first glance tells us that it is not, like Monte Vidéo, a town. The houses, especially externally, are palazzi, built by Italians, who partly follow the Spanish taste; they appear remarkably fine and solid after the poorer architecture of the Brazil. It is wonderful, at least for these regions, how readily and speedily the tenements are run up, especially the outer shell. The streets give vistas of great length: practically, however, the City is bounded to the stranger north by the Calle del Parque, south by the Calle Belgrano, east by the river and west by Florida, the Regent Street. Thus here again we epitomize long thoroughfares of intense weariness. This is in fact our club-land—our Pall Mall, and within these narrow limits are contained the consulate, the clubs, the cathedral, the museum, the libraries, the chief hotels, the favourite streets, and the offices of the principal periodicals.

My arrival day was lovely—it was the weather of Italy and Algiers in spring. The cool, pure, crisp air made the mere sense of life absolutely enjoyable: one would be sorry in such weather to be dead. These rarities have methinks given to the climate an undeserved good name, and once won, a good name in such matters is not readily lost.

The raging of cholera in 1867-8 shows that Buenos Aires is now by no means free, as it used to boast itself, from the

epidemic disorders of other lands, and without some sanitary measures it may look forward to a plague or yellow jack. The whole city, I have said, is built upon and undermined by the foulest impurities, and as at Zanzibar, the loose soil permits percolation into the wells and rain cisterns.

August the 16th* finally announced as President-elect Citizen D. Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, surnamed Carapachay (of the Cara tree), from the islands of the Paraná, which he and others have celebrated as the Tempe Argentina. A biographical sketch of Don Yo (Mr. I.), as this statesman is called in recognition of a somewhat tough and determined will, has been prefixed by Mrs. Horace Mann (New York, Hurd, 1868) to her translation of his well-known work, "Civilization and Barbarism." Rockets were being fired, vivas rang, and bells pealed; changed hands in the "camp" sheep and cows, and in the city hats and boxes of cigars, and the public expressed its general joy at the defeat of D. Rufino Elizalde, the chosen candidate and nominee of ex-President Mitre. This lawyer, justly enough disliked in the provinces because he is known to be an unscrupulous partisan, supposed to favour the "triple alliance" in the interest of the Brazil, with which he is connected by marriage and other ways, numbered only twenty-two votes to seventy-nine.

D. Domingo has a stiff task before him. He has campaigned, but he is rather a civilian than a soldier. The later rule of Spain has familiarized, I have said, generations to the sway of Generals, not Doctores, and his only bourgeois predecessor, Dr. Derqui, lasted about a year. He is pledged by the promise of all his career to make sacrifices in the cause of extended popular education, and in this he

* Preliminary elections, April 12; final, August 16. President assumes power October 12; 1 P.M. begins the constitutional period.

will be ably assisted by the Vice-president, citizen Dr. Adolfo Alsina. He must honourably terminate the present state of things, and devote to European immigration the energies and expenditure lavished upon a disastrous war. He must reform his fleet, create an army, and repress the wild Indians, who now ride up within a few leagues of the capital, and who, during the last presidential period, have made some 200 unpunished raids. He must reform expenditure—without, however, truckling to those economists who would make every servant of the State—even the chief magistrate—suck maté, eat “asado” and “puchero,” and sit upon a horse-skull or the ox-skeleton used by ancients as architectural ornament.

I was afterwards introduced to this distinguished man, who, presenting to me a copy of his book, pleasantly inscribed it, “Au Capitaine Burton, voyageur en route, D. F. Sarmiento, voyageur en repos,” and who allowed me in gratitude for his kindness to address to him these pages. As yet he has gallantly held his own, despite the ridicule of men who, unable to understand his advanced views, honour him with the epithet “el loco Sarmiento,” and think to dishonour him by dubbing him “schoolmaster.” Soon after his election appeared certain “writings on the wall,” abusive and indecent, daubed with nitrate of silver over the white marble steps and slabs of the city. On November 22, 1868, nails were planted between the rails to throw off the train which carried the President to a picnic on board the new steamer *America*, and but for the care of Mr. Crabtree serious national troubles might have occurred. Here a revolution usually begins by a dozen ruffians or so rushing into the chief magistrate’s house and stabbing or shooting him. The principal then appears at the window and screams “Liberty.” His friends cheer him lustily, his enemies, after firing a few shots, make themselves scarce,

and he and his turn their steps towards the National Treasury. Next morning a new Governor and a new Government appear in order, and that is all. With President Sarmiento my sincere wishes are that he may pass gloriously through all the perils of his pre-eminence.

At Buenos Aires I met an old acquaintance, Mr. Gould. In 1856 we had agreed to dine together in 1860, but fate deferred that dinner till 1868. He had just returned from his visit to the camp of Marshal-President Lopez; he was wholly Brazilian in sympathy, and he confidently predicted the speedy conclusion of the war. Thus he was completely in unison with Mr. Buckley-Mathew, whilst Mr. Lettsom, Mr. Consul Hutchinson, and others lent a willing ear to the other part. Mr. Gould showed me a map by Count Lucien de Brayer (1863), and allowed me to compare it with the most modern plans in his possession. He gave me an introductory letter to the officer commanding H.M.S. *Linnet*, and watching British interests in Paraguayan waters. The cruiser had been sent up "because the presence of one of H.M.'s ships would greatly strengthen an appeal for the liberation of our fellow-countrymen." He introduced me to the Brazilian Envoy Extraordinary, the highly distinguished M. de Amaral, who resigned, it is said, his post because he could not honestly advance the cause. I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Gould, but this must not prevent my differing with him upon the subject of Paraguay.

I was also then and there presented to one of the most prominent personages in South America, President D. Bartholomé Mitre. He had lately escaped an impeachment for having plunged the country into a war, but the acquittal of President Johnson also acquitted him. Beginning life as an artillery cadet, he became successively a military teacher, a newspaper editor, a local deputy, and in due course of time an exile. He was an Artillery Commandant at the

battle of Monte Caséros, and in the same year (1852) he appeared as the biographer of Belgrano. Like Echevarria, he is a poet, inspired, as were the Magyar Potœfi, the Russian Gogol, and the North American Cooper, by the glory and grandeur of the Pampas, the Steppes, the Prairies. His Muse has been the magnificent uniformity extending from horizon to horizon, with its rim-line level as the ocean, a sea on land, whose waves of ground represent the billows, whilst grass bowing before the wind is the water, and the foam-flakes are simulated by scatters of blossom. Man feels comparatively helpless in the tropical forest and in the sub-tropical valley, on the jungly mountain, and on the stony or icy hill. Mounted on his Pampa horse, however, he is master of space; Nature may be less superb, still he is her lord; she is perhaps a poor thing, yet she is his own; and his song, like his gait or the expression of his countenance, conveys the one idea of proud exultation.

As a soldier, at the head of his National Guard, General Mitre snatched from the Confederates under President Derqui and General Urquiza—who called him General de Papel—victory at Pavon (Sept. 17, 1861). He has been Provisional Governor, Provisional President, and since 1862 actual President and Commander-in-chief, yet his friends lately subscribed to buy for him a house—surely this is high praise, here and elsewhere. He is, moreover, a statician, a geographer, a linguist, and an orator—flowery, but of no mean merit; in sharpness of memory he reminded me of H.I.M. of the Brazil; as a bibliophile he astonished me by his knowledge of books, not only of the inside but of the outside; and he has a collection of rare and classical works, especially geographical, perhaps unequalled on this continent; and all this at the age of forty-seven—truly life circulates fast in these young lands. He had heard something of my travels, he received me like an old acquaintance,

and he gave me the three lately published volumes of Dr. Martin de Moussy, in whose labours, as a basis for a future superstructure, he had taken a lively interest.

My admiration of General Mitre does not blind me to the fact that his later career bears upon it the stain of a profound political immorality, in having caused for party, nay, for personal and for egotistic purposes, a military alliance, whose result is the present disastrous and by no means honourable war. Possibly he did not expect such energetic action on the part of Paraguay, which at Buenos Aires was looked down upon as a petty semi-barbarous, almost "Indian" power. But the statesman and the biographer of Belgrano should have known better. Had he not aided and abetted with money, with thousands of muskets, and with moral support, ex-President Flores in attacking the Banda Oriental, the Brazil would have found no opportunity of interfering in the politics of the Plate; and Paraguay, the "equilibrista," would not have deemed it her interest or her duty to break the peace. The assistance rendered by General Mitre to Flores was under the rose, even as Garibaldi was provided with the Anglo-Italian Legion, whose victories, attributed to the Picciotti, so mystified the public. But he is charged by the general voice with having brought about a war which has made Buenos Aires, like Monte Vidéo, a simple prefecture of the Cabinet of S. Christováo; he has placed his native land in the ignoble position which Lord Palmerston chose for us in the Crimea, that of a second-rate fighting under a first-rate power; a weak republic by the side of an immense empire. And he is bound, if he can, to defend his character, under pain of contumacious silence being charged to him.

Compare the photographs of these two celebrated men, Sarmiento and Mitre, who are both excellent illustrations of phrenology and physiognomy. The former is short,

thickset, bilioso-nervous, with beetle brows and high narrowing forehead, evidently the man of observation; the latter, nervous-bilious, thin, delicate, and highly developed in the coronal region, is the man of reflection. This will often think without facts: that will not reflect upon what he perceives and learns. President Sarmiento is essentially matter-of-fact, studious, and prosaic; he is the male temperament pure and simple. President Mitre is imaginative, instinctive, and of markedly poetic nature—in fact, the feminine blended with the masculine type. The former is a heaven-born Democrat *par excellence*, a sturdy popular magistrate, fond of work, careless of enjoyment, whose enemies deride him as a “Gaucho;” the latter, fond of pleasure, play, and women, is by nature an aristocrat whom Fate has made a republican, and whose foes declare him to be an intriguer. Both speak with tolerable fluency, as all the neo-Spaniards do, but their oratory is at once known by their physique.

We dined the dinner of 1860 at the Café de Paris, Calle San Martin, where the “best people” feed. Such establishments are more or less common in the Argentine Confederation* and on the Pacific coast, but this is the only one which has the least claim to respect. It has upper story “particular cabinets” for private dinners; the public eating-room, with its eight looking-glasses and never a window, is cleaner than any of the clubs. It produces some dishes which might please in Europe: the Peje-rey fish, boiled for breakfast, is more delicate than the Goujon, and enjoyable as whitebait at a later hour. On the other hand, the prices are treble those of the Parisian Café Anglais, the

* Addressing President Sarmiento I call it the Argentine Republic, to others the Argentine Confederation. The latter word has a grim and dolorous sound in the ears of the Unitarian party, who yet are thorough votaries of States' rights.

wines are poor, and the proprietor, coining gold, does not care a fig for public opinion. The waiter, who in Chile and Peru waits at full gallop, here creeps the snail's pace. To secure attention you must give the *garçon* five times the old sou per franc, the fee of Paris; with less than 25 per cent. he will be negligent, and, unless you check him, he will wax insolent.

In the evening we went to the Italian Opera in the Colon Theatre, a huge pile whose red-painted roof gives a fine view of the city and suburbs, whose double row of balconies is much admired, and whose fretted ironwork shelters a masonic hall, where the brother is safe from the "Cowan." Its exterior is much praised with little reason; its shape is claret chest, its order is of the railway station style of art, and the most we can say of it is that its ugliness is not so ugly as that of many such buildings. Do you not wonder why the moderns always make their theatres like the palaces of Baghdad, "mean and hideous without?" The inside is dingy and badly lighted, and sundry *vigilantes* are on guard to keep the passages clear. For real and imminent risk in case of fire or panic the audience can hardly be worse lodged in any public building yet made. Will no one take a hint from the vomitories of the ancients?

The first aspect of Porteña beauty, of whose face and figure I had heard so much, did not dazzle these eyes. The most admired belles pointed out to me were the clear, dark little crumpled faces, the *nez à la Roxalane*; the low narrow brow, beloved of Horace; the well-opened velvety black eyes—which they know perfectly how to use—and the piquant expression, which the real Spaniard prefers to the signs of the bluest blood. These small physiognomies were powdered over like apple-pies, lit up with rouge at the cheeks like *pommes d'apis*, and buried in vast masses, with terminal manes of "frightful hair" like the mane and tail

of the barb horse, or the trophy-skulls of the Jivaros. Those who wore the skin nude wore it dark, and after a certain age the moustache was distinct and curly as in the majority of cornets. Probably the fame of the Porteña's charms arose in old days when, as Wilcocke informs us, her shoes had silver heels; when lace below the knees exposed the gold fringe of her tasselled garters, and when her bosom was veiled with trinkets, jewels, and crosses—the latter a toilette of which the late Mr. Gibson of Rome, statuary and man of taste, would greatly have approved.

The performance was not bad—considering that we are 2500 leagues from the two great head-quarters of the musical muse. The prima, Mad. Pasi, and the tenor Sr. Leruli, were the last days of Grisi and Mario. Mad. Josephine danced well, but the ballet is here utterly exotic—admired by neither man nor woman. The corps was of local growth—decidedly Gaucho, rigid as gutta percha, awkward as Tartars on foot; wearing dresses made for others, and stockings of the brightest, liveliest rose, which “fleshings” made every leg look as if it had lately been flayed.

We retired to rest that night on board the *Yi*, with the pleasing sensation of having passed an agreeable as well as a profitable day.

LETTER VI.

A GLANCE AT BUENOS AIRES.

Buenos Aires, August 17, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

Buenos Aires, I have said, is pre-eminently the city of the future, and the mind's eye sees her seated *en reine* upon her subject flood, with a tiara of towers and a fair broad skirt of noble buildings, docks, and promenades where mud shallows and the tosca eruptions now sadden the sight. At present, however, our business is with actualities. And the first thing is to lodge ourselves.

A host of hotels offer themselves, the great new comfortable Argentine; the ministerial La Paix, and its succursale the San Martin; the expensive and so-called "fashionable" Louvre—what a misnomer!—the cheap and second-rate Globo, and the rascally Provence, where the French ruffian that owns it never attempts to be commonly civil. All are abominably bad, and dear in proportion. They show discomfort at its acme, and service, food, and care of rooms are inferior to third-rate inns in a second-rate European city. Surely in a place where gold ounces are so very cheap, it would be possible to set up a good new American hotel, like the Grand in the Boulevard des Italiens. Perhaps the least abominable is the Hotel Universal, in the Calle San Martin; it enters, like the Ancla Dourada, into the category of "cazas ameubladas," allowing you to dine at the Café de Paris, at your club, or at your friend's house—and in this most hospitable of cities you will be asked to dine at some three places every evening. The Universal has the

advantage of being a bath establishment, where, for the use of an old tin pot pulled out at both ends and full of muddy Platine water, you pay as much as for a first-class *bain complet* at Nice. On the other hand it has a serious disadvantage, namely, rooms are never procurable there.

Turned from the doors you may try the "lodging-house," whose main crime is its name. Of these there are numbers in the Calle "25 de Maio"; they are quite in old world style; ground-floors, where ground-floors are an abomination; small dark rooms, where man wants them large, light, and airy. As a rule they are kept by veteran Englishwomen, "old soldiers," mostly wives or widows of diplomatic butlers or valets, here settled for life, and generally provided with daughters more or less pretty, who speak bad Creole English and good Argentine Spanish, and who go out broadly into "society." The wary, however, will be careful how they trust themselves under any particular roof. One landlady has a pronounced taste for "brandy-pawnee;" another is painfully familiar with her clientèle; whilst a third is so open-eared to the charms of the lottery voice, that she will invest in an impossible speculation the sovereigns entrusted by you to her strong box, and she will probably address to you a begging letter, representing that she is a lone wife or a poor widow.

We will now proceed up the Calles Cangallo and San Martin, to the Plaza de la Victoria, "the only centre of attraction," says the handbook, as if a centre could be plural. On the left is the Methodist Chapel, with a sunken cross over the door; it is recessed, band-boxey, American, hideous; and so is the music which periodically electrifies those passing down the street. It contrasts most unfavourably with the convent on the other side of the way, the Merced, although this is *per se* anything but admirable. The Church of England "temple" is hard by in the "25

de Maio," also recessed, of the melancholy Doric type to which Protestant Christianity is reduced in these "idolatrous lands." There is a chaplain, but the sheep are mostly in a state of blood-feud with their shepherd. If he be ungenial, they pay him and hate him; if he be fond of mild pleasures, say of a social glass, a cigar, and a game of whist, they vote him unclerical and propose to pay some other person.

We study the Buenos Airean house as we advance. Here all trades are monopolized by some nation, and the Italians have made themselves the master masons and the masons, even as the Irish are the hod-carriers of the United States. Their building is an improved and Romanized Spanish, tinted for the most part outside. Every stranger coming from Rio de Janeiro remarks the beauty and solidity of the houses, and much more does he admire who comes from that drab-coloured wooden abomination, Valparaiso, where fire or ruin by earthquake is purely a question of time. In the old establishment all is coarse and heavy; the brick-paved patio, with its rude horseshoe arches, the flat roof draining into the Aljibe, rain-tank, or cistern—I have advised you to beware of the fluid—and the badly laid out plan in which the bedrooms, for instance, conduct to the saloons, speak of a time when wealth was general and refinement rare. This under the artistic Ausonian touch has become a fairy garden of creepers and orchids, flowers and air plants, in half-Moorish style, decorating light colonnades, fretwork in stone, or arabesques in ironwork, lit up with gilding, and painted with tender green or white and blue—Argentine colours which here blend well. The frontage is mostly narrow and reduced to a door and two windows; on the other hand, the depth is half a square, or 225 feet. Large establishments therefore have generally two or more patios, forming a pleasant vanishing vista of shady cor-

ridors paved with white marble, and ending in a garden, or at least in a shrubbery. On sunny days a velum stretched across secures coolness. The system is pleasant for the individual, bad for the community, as the waste of space is prodigious. All the older tenements are ground floors; the "Alto," or many-storied house, the "Sobrado," or "Caza noble" of the Brazil, does not belong to these latitudes, but it is becoming common; and the difficulty of finding building ground is also gradually interfering with the ventilation. The taste for tall houses has exaggerated the mirador, or look-out; it is often provided with extensive balconies, and with well railed exterior staircases; when three stories tall it makes, as in the Limagne, the house appear like a box standing on one end. On both sides of the entrance-hall are the saloons and dining rooms, whose windows looking upon the street are barred like the jails; the inmates therefore can be seen, as in a French bathing place, by every passer by—and naughty boys delight to pull up the persiannes, or green blinds. This is contrary to the custom of Lima, where the sitting rooms in the best tenements are always at the bottom of the court.

The main square, Plaza de la Victoria, the heart of circulation, the business part where men in fine weather seem to live, and where you meet all your acquaintances half a dozen times a day, is small and mean, fitted for a country town, utterly unworthy of a metropolis, the Provincial and Confederate capital, the seat of the local and general legislature, a New York and Washington in one. It suggests the days of that old foundation-stone laid down by D. Pedro de Mendoza at the corner of the present Calles Rivadavia and San Martin, which when nearly crushed by carts was put, by the piety of a local antiquary, into splints, a flat cross of iron bands. The Plaza is one quarter of what such a city requires, and

one half of what it easily could command. To eastward, behind the casemated ex-fort and Custom-house, and the Governmental "bungalow," is a slovenly, foul, unpaved, dusty or muddy space, trodden only by high trotting horses and by country carts painted the colour of pig's blood. This is separated from the Victory Square by the Recoba Vieja, or "old Arcade," a thin line of cheap shops, with two long walls of jaundice-coloured brickwork, towering above the tenements in a fanciful profile, open over head; intended to represent a triumphal arch, but surprisingly like a building that expects to be roofed in. If this hideous "relique of antiquity," which looks painfully new, really belong to a wealthy family that refuses to remove it, the nuisance should be abated by the local M. Haussmann and the Provincial Government, and thus the Plaza would extend itself to the river side.

The Plaza is surrounded and crossed from north to south by avenues of the ubiquitous Paraiso (Paradise) tree, the English "Persian lilac," the American "Pride of India," the Latin Margosa (Amargosa), the Nim of Hindostan, the Calendar tree of the Levant, and the Melia Azedarachta (Persian Azad-darakht, or "free tree") of botanists. It is universally a favourite from Monte Vidéo to the far interior, but the reason why we cannot explain. The shrub-like trees are always stunted; they are mere sticks in August, with little of leafage, hardly shading, even in March, the little kiosks that sell newspapers; the boles are dark and dingy, and the bundles of brown berries are, out of chaplets, disagreeably prominent. The general aspect of the square is bald and poor, especially when seen after Santiago and Lima; there are no diagonal pathways across the terreplein of yellow clayey earth, which every shower converts into a swamp of slippery slush. Here reviews are held; I have heard of 6000 or 7000 bayonets on

parade, but I never saw more than two companies at a time. Here also "pronouncements" are prepared. On Sunday, March 28, 1869, it was proposed at an indignation meeting to pull down the office of the *Tribuna*, the Thunderer of Argentine land having taken, or having been supposed to take, undue license in the matter of Provincial elections. The guard was called away from the police-office, all the prisoners at once broke jail, and thus the affair terminated to general satisfaction.

The centre of the square sustains an obelisk some forty feet high, of plastered brick, waiting to be made marble. On the top, in Masaniello cap, stands Republican Liberty, spear in hand, the point of attraction for a system of gas-cocks, whose tubes running up the angles become useful when the National Anniversary calls for illumination. At that epoch also the monument is whitewashed till glaring as a bride-cake; but the coating does not endure for a year; many a rent discloses the petticoat, and the aspect is distinctly shabby. The inscription is "25 de Mayo, 1810 :'" this, I have said, is the date of the Revolution, and the birthday of Argentine independence. Each face bears the blazon of the Republic, two bare arms shaking hands as if before a prize-fight, under the shadow of a (red) foolscap which takes a pole to carry it, the sun looking on complacently from above as though he were bottleholder. Around the monument are mustered four statues strongly suggestive of New Road art. This obelisk is the most ridiculous of obelisks save one, I mean that in the Phaynix Park, Dublin, concerning which a malignant wrote,—

"'Tis a polyolithic obelisk that monolith should be,
 A needle insignificant of silly masonry :
 You upclimb its steps with toil, you descend them with a will,
 With a *facilis descensus* that men briefly call a ' spill :'
 Scatter'd o'er its faces four Arthur's victories you view,
 And the only one omitted from the list is Waterloo."

It was proposed to abolish this mean and semi-barbarous monument in favour of a handsome modern fountain; the authorities and the people rejected the idea, as though it had been a studied insult—a profanity.

On the northern side of the Plaza is the reformed cathedral, which comprises in itself a dozen absurdities, wanting only its former belfries. The façade is classical, with pediment, alt-reliefs, and portico distinguished by peculiar vileness of intercolumniation. The dome over the high altar is mediæval, pepper-castor, and Dutch-tiled like a dairy turned inside out. The highly finished front is at best “un faux temple antique;” and the general aspect is rather that of a Bourse, of a home of Mammon than of a place of prayer. The rear is unfinished and bald, with bricks which await the plasterer. Inside there is nothing to admire save the size, 270 feet by 70, and the stern republican plainness of the sepulchral white walls. From the dome base, if you do not object to ladders with iron rungs, there is a good bird’s-eye view of the city, not equal however to that seen from the summit of the Colon Theatre, or from the steeple of S. Miguel. As at Monte Vidéo, a bit of decent pavement, cut stone from Martin Garcia, fronts the cathedral; it was proposed as a model for the rest of the streets, but the tremendous effort exhausted the projectors.

On the east of the tall pile is a neat palazzo of Palladian pretensions, the Archiepiscopal. Instead of leaving such matters to private selection, the Federal Governments of 1853 and 1861 unhappily adopted a national religion, the Catholic, Apostolic, and Holy Roman. Hence the Reverendissimo, an evil shoot from the Old World grafted upon a New World tree. By the palace side is the eyesore usual in this country, and many others, the ugly contrast of a hovel with a mean, weed-grown, dingy-tiled roof. This specimen, perhaps the oldest of the last century’s ground-

floor habitations, contains the office of the *Revista* Journal, and is not to be removed.

The Recoba Nueva, another row of uninteresting alcoves supporting dwelling-houses, faces the cathedral, and forms a right angle with the Recoba Vieja. Here is one of the few stands for hackney coaches, which have room for six when wanted for one. Tilburys, cabs, and above all things Hansoms, are an ever-increasing want; at present the only light vehicles are private. The fares are not exorbitant, but it is as well to make your bargain, and never to trust in the matter of calling for you at night. Finding scanty pleasure in driving over vile pavements and viler roads, most people here prefer riding; and the livery stables, though dear and mostly kept by foreigners, are tolerable. Some years hence a pair of tramways will cross the city to the four quarters of the compass, and will make a fortune for somebody. Buenos Aires, take example from Rio de Janeiro!

The western side of the Plaza is devoted in the main to the culte of Justice, such as she is. The Cabildo, or Municipality, dating from 1711, is a useful public servant; its tall white tower, its clock illuminated at night, are the best of landmarks, and regulate all appointments. The Cabildo front is a portico, under whose shade officers in Magenta caps and bags, riding chairs, eye the passers by; where liver-coloured and black-coated men, evidently "doctores" from the law courts below, and the notaries' offices hard by, carry on eager and gesticulatory conversations; and where European and Negro sentinels pace in heavy marching order before the entrance of the filthy jail.

Here and there we see and avoid the policeman in his briquet, leather-pointed casquette, and dark uniform. Almost incredible in a city otherwise so highly civilized is the impunity of crime; you feel as if living in an *affreuse tuerie*,

amidst a community of assassins—bandits in the country and murderers in the city. An “accident” takes place every day, it is no man’s business ; the policeman, smoking his cigarette, calmly surveys the corpse, and hardly turns his head to see the fugitive felon’s back. In this matter of life-taking the foreigners are bad, the natives are worse ; you must not think it always positive bloodthirstiness, it is rather an utter disregard for human existence. A popular story is told of a friendly Gaucho who cut a friend’s throat in order to cure the “pobrecito” of headache. Accustomed from babyhood to wear and to use his knife, he draws it when he pleases, and not unfrequently for the fun of a little murder. The only life religiously respected is that of the non-political criminal ; to hang him would be bad taste, brutality, barbarism, and it would be worse taste still to flog him. His proper punishment, no matter how brutal his crime, is ten months of prison, after which common decency allows him to escape. Perhaps he is sent to some distant Presidio or frontier garrison ; here his residence is *ad libitum*, and he can always join the Montonera or Gaucho bandits (the Kaum, قومه, of the Arabs), or ride with the wild “Indian” raiders. A permanent gallows in the outskirts of the city would do a power of good to Buenos Aires. And yet, you know, I would abolish in civilized countries capital punishment.

The fact is, since Dictator Rosas, then the only murderer, fell before the foreign idea which he had outraged, every man has been his own Rosas. Therefore would many, especially foreigners, hail with pleasure his return ; this reversion to the “good old times” is, however, of course impossible. But of that peculiar personage, who disappointed Mr. Darwin, some good is to be said. True he had his “saladero,” his human shambles ; he put to death a priest and a nun for incontinence ; he murdered an English

family; he had an English envoy horsewhipped in the streets; he made a laughing-stock of another; he had horse-hobbles made of an enemy's skin; he forbade men to wear beards that represented the letter U of Unitario; and he forced even the free-born Briton to don the red waistcoat. But also, in his early career he saved from the pollution of the filthy "Indians" some 1500 Argentine women and children, left by his predecessors in helpless, hopeless captivity. He discouraged priestcraft, and he turned out the Jesuits—they say for refusing to place his portrait upon the high altar. He gave to his native province a civil marriage; he permitted all ecclesiastics of all denominations to perform the rite; and when he fled on board the English ship after the defeat of Monte Caseros (February 3, 1852), he carried with him so little, that his friends were compelled to supply him against want. Since that time he has been known chiefly for selling fresh milk at twopence per quart, in the neighbourhood of South'ton.

We have now finished with the square, the typical part of Buenos Aires. A few lines concerning the remainder will suffice. Rivadávia-street issues from the north-west corner of the Plaza, and running some three miles in an east to west direction, cuts the city into a northern and a southern half. Here we can find a pick-me-up at Mr. Cranwell's, or "something short" within the next door, the "American Mineral Water Establishment." A turn to the south leads to the Calle Victoria, in which are the Alcazar and the Progreso Club, of which more presently.

The street to the south-east of the square is the Calle Defensa, so called because in the days when the English were "hereges y tenian cola," General Whitelocke here marched up his doomed men, every house—especially the houses of God—being a redoubt. We find a wonderful

specimen of a British library, and we glance at two huge piles, S. Francisco and Santo Domingo, which look somewhat perilous to those passing by. This thoroughfare, containing Mr. Morton's deodorizing apparatus, leads to a mass of hospitals, the British, the French Joint-Stock, the Italian, and the Convalescencia, all clustering upon the northern bank that bounds the riverine valley of the Riachuelo. I have pleasant reminiscences of Calle Defensa, Esquina Garay; of enjoyable evenings spent in the hospitable house of Mr. and Mrs. Russell.

Returning to the Plaza, and issuing by the south-west angle, we enter Bolivar-street. Here is the College or San Ignacio Church, formerly Jesuit property, and externally at least the best in the city. The whole block is taken up for Government purposes. The educational portion is presided over by the highly distinguished Dr. Juan Maria Gutierrez, a name well known to European art and science. Part of the building has been made over to Dr. Hermann Burmeister, naturalist, physiologist, anthropologist, and Brazilian, as well as Argentine traveller: the visitor will find this collection very different from what it was in the days when Rosas reigned. Then the roof was in holes, and then a few dusty birds and beasts stuck awry upon wires nodded to their fall. The inlaid picture and the fossil horse of the Pampas, a zebra, are especially worthy of inspection, and the collection of megatheroids is too well known to require more than mention. On the west side of the block is the Public Library, together with the Land Office and other establishments. At the junction of Belgrano you look to the left, and see the office of the *Standard*, the only English daily published south of the equator, say the editors. May their supply of the paddles with which the Paraguayan canoes attacked the Brazilian ironclads never be less! Beyond it is the Post-office, and further on the city straggles out into suburbs.

Again you go back to the main square and continue Bolivar-street, to the north-west known as San Martin. This is perhaps the most familiar to foreigners: No. 44 is the Club de los Estrangeros Residentes, and the liberality with which the traveller is temporarily admitted free to all the privileges of members, imposes upon us a debt of gratitude. Beyond it is Mr. Mackern's stationery store—it is wonderful that some enterprising London publisher does not use this and similar establishments to make a clientèle in South America. English books are extensively read both by natives and foreigners, but few will take the trouble of sending for them to England. Beyond lies the Bourse of Buenos Aires, a contemptible affair, ruinous inside, and outside unworthy of a country town.

A turn to the left up Cangallo-street takes you into Calle Florida (not Flórida), the Regent Street. Here are the best shops in the place, barbers and jewellers, mercers and modistes, hatters and bootmakers, tobacconists and lollipop vendors. The prices are double those of Europe, the quality is very inferior, but the farther up country you go, the worse you fare. Here girls walk alone by day; giving the place a gay look, and "shopping" becomes once more possible. Crossing the Calle Paraguay—after rain a torrent—we enter the Plaza de Marte, alias the Retiro, celebrated for the barracks of Dictator Rosas. We stare and wag the head at the equestrian statue of General San Martin, and we remember that General Beresford held this place in 1807, since which time many a wretched political offender has gazed at it with hot and weary eyes before being blindfolded, and seated upon the fatal banquillo.

Passing the Church of San Miguel, and some old domiciles which look like fortresses, you may visit if you like the Recoleta or Metropolitan Cemetery. Here formerly was

the Bethlehemite Convent, which after the extinction of its community was turned, in 1827, to some use. Being far too crowded, plans for enlarging it start up in crops, the Protestants would willingly have a "finger in the pie," but the Reformed house is divided against itself, English and Anglo-Americans, and in short too many interests are involved in the matter. The ground is crushed by heavy tasteless masses of masonry, tents, sentry boxes, naval columns, truncated pillars, crosses, crucifixes, groups of statuary, and the normal paraphernalia of Christian piety. The poorly cleaned surface abounds in hemlock (*cicuta*) and rank grasses: after a few years the bones are exhumed and thrown into a corner hole. These young peoples should be innovators—why do they not try first of all things "cremation?" A Committee of the House of Commons pronounced it, I believe, too expensive for England, but here surely a large blast furnace constructed on the most modern scientific principles would be economical enough. During the present war attempts were made to burn the dead in piles from 50 to 100, disposed in layers alternately with wood. The burly Brazilian Negro complained that the Paraguayan enemy was too lean to catch fire.

We have now done the city: we have dined at the Café de Paris, we have seen the Grand Opera, remain only the Alcazar, and the humours of a Progreso Ball.

The former is the great resource for bachelors who do not admire the private concert, the tertulia, the tea-fight, the quiet rubber. There are neither lecture rooms nor literary meetings in the self-styled "Athens of South America." Let us remember that we have at home a city which, with equal impudence, claims a title which none should dare to bear. At the same time the proportion of libraries to billiard-rooms is 1 to 100, and of libraries to

pulperias or esquinas* (drinking houses) 1 to 150. The Club reading-rooms, lit up with gas, spoil the eyesight: the cafés, with itinerant bands, make the head ache, so men go to the "Cas."

"Music Hall," writ large, arrests us. We pay \$10 (paper) for pit or gallery, and \$20 for stalls; there is no Cazuela or family tier set apart, and the few feminines present are the loudest of the loud. "Swells" do not patronize the place, except when something new is expected—a singer or a squabble. So far, all is inferior to Rio de Janeiro, where the Aimée certainly excels the Schneider, and where anybody is as good as M. Dupuis.

The room is a small oval with a few open boxes near the stage, which is fronted by a trumpery orchestra. Ventilation is wanting, and it is no wonder that the pale reds and yellows of the house wear a dingy, bilious, jaundiced hue. The audience, sitting at marble tables, smoking rank tobacco, and drinking beer and liqueurs, both equally vile, but not cheap as the aspect suggests, delights in French Vaudevilles, and songs à la Thérèse, in which the most violent action is admitted, and admired. M. and Mme. Chéri Labouchère preside over the revels—the lady was once pretty—and the revels sometimes end roughly. An actress of prodigious girth once nearly caused a "pronouncement," because she would remain faithful to the tenor. Every night saw its disturbance, men rushing wildly about the galleries, and jumping over tables and benches, to escape a charge *en masse* by the police, who pursued, "sabre au poing," those that dared indulge in hiss or catcall. After witnessing the actions and postures with which Mme. Gooz illustrated her song I was not surprised

* The pulperia is the establishment of the pulpero—grocer, spirit-dealer, and vendor of dry goods. It is the *venda* further north which I have described in the "Highlands of the Brazil."

to hear that the married women of Buenos Aires had in a memorial to the Archbishop, prayed him to close the Alcazar, or at least to keep their husbands away from it. Silly married women—as if the remedy were not in their own hands!

Far different, though situated in Alcazar-street, are the humours of the “Progreso Balls,” which are frequented by all the celebrities and somebodies in the city. The Club is most hospitable in sending out its invitations, and Mr. Constant Santa Maria never lets his countrymen lack the hint to attend. Socially considered, the Club Progreso is of the highest order, the members are the best men, and though its object is of course political, its opinions are not extreme. Physically it is a handsome house, laid out more in French than in English style; and having been built by a Spaniard, the basement floor is let to shops and stores.

The ball hardly opens before 1 A.M., though the local dinner hour is 5 to 6 P.M.—why not make it at once 2 A.M., and snatch the “beauty-sleep” before going? A few, very few, heavily bearded old ladies represent the dowager and the chaperon, so perhaps the hours are not merely fashionable and absurd. Unmarried girls accompany their married sisters, which savours of innocence. The toilettes greatly vary, these resemble peignoirs—those might be seen at the Tuileries. I cannot wax enthusiastic about the beauty: an Englishwoman there suggested the lines—

“So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.”

The men are extensively “got up;” every cheek displays the handiwork of the *artiste*; every head has been subjected to the curling-irons; the dressing-room is crowded throughout the night, and at times a youth in a sly corner of the ball-room draws through his wiry locks the furtive comb. Yet, with the exception of a foreigner or two, there

are no figures worthy of attention. The distinction of ranks is here not very perceptible, and even the emigrants become as a rule exceedingly Republican. Girls of the best families may be seen in stores, shaking hands over the counter and chaffing with the shopboys, whilst these may be the sons of ex-Ministers, and perhaps may become Ministers themselves. A peculiar familiarity of conversation is customary; you soon address D. Maria A. B. C. de Tal as D. Maria, and presently D. Maria as "Mariquita," whilst she honours Mr. Smith by interpellating him O Smith!

The fine reading-room of the club is turned into an appropriate dancing saloon. The white and yellow hangings, and the three ormolu chandeliers are not at all like our stout leather-lined seats, solid mahogany tables, and ponderous gas-stars. The ceiling is low, and insufficiently pierced with ventilating holes; the carpet is too soft for anything but languid dancing, and silk-covered ottomans disposed, as sailors say, "athwart ship," cut the long room into three small compartments, and absolutely forbid rushing or whisking. The thing is to lead out some small dark person, to hold her moderately close, to twist mincingly round upon yourself some half a dozen times, to stop with a jerk, and then to stand amongst the lookers-on. Young Buenos Aires is not given to affecting manliness. He has still to learn the value of athletic sports, and to attend the school of arms.

In the red satin room are refreshments, tea and coffee—"no mas." A little before dawn is a succulent supper, to which the sexes in couples sit down and are served; the single man must wait till he can serve himself. We look round in vain for flirtation even over the tea, or after the great event of the evening. This form of *salut* before the real *assaut d'armes* apparently awaits introduction. A *grand sérieux* is the humour, except when the normal French

attaché shows his inevitable liveliness, or when some model Britisher shuffles off his usually inevitable phlegm.

* * * * *

If I have written in this letter anything to offend Buenos Aires or the Buenos Aireans, you will, I am sure, allow me to withdraw it and to beg pardon. Amongst the thousand places which store my cabinet of memory there is none that stands more favourably than the Platine capital. The peculiar heartiness with which all, Argentines as well as foreigners, receive the traveller ; the friendliness with which he is admitted to their homes and made free of their institutions ; and their anxiety to gratify his wishes ; to cicerone him ; to forward his pursuits ; in fact, to make him happy as well as comfortable, are not to be equalled in any city that I have yet visited. We are apt to take these things at the time as matters of course. Perhaps we are often vain enough to assume them the tribute paid to our remarkable merits. But all this falls away when we have leisure to reflect—to look back—and modestly to recognise the real benevolence and politeness which prompt the gratifying reception. The weeks that I passed at Buenos Aires will ever be remembered by me with that pleasure with which on a wintry day we recall to mind the sweet savour of perfumed spring. *Con que—Adios.*

LETTER VII.

UP THE URUGUAY RIVER, AND VISIT TO GENERAL URQUIZA.

Buenos Aires, October 17, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

It will be better, in telling my tale of Paraguay, to sacrifice the unity of place to that of time; and instead of proceeding straight to the seat of war, as I did in August, 1868, to inspect at once the sites where the war began. The line of the Uruguay River will show us that "terrible worthy" General Urquiza, in his Pampa Palace; Paysandú still seared with the scars of siege, and other "places with names."

So one breezy, blowy morning (Tuesday, October 6) when the north wind was out, and the Garúa or Scotch mist was down on the world, we boarded, plunging, rolling, and dashing, the Campaña Salteña's steamer, *Rio Uruguay*, Captain Panasco, of Tenerife, a civil man and a good sailor—happily not Benito Magnasco, an Italian, bilious and surly, who is the reverse of both. The party consisted of Dr. Gibbings, an estanciero or landowner settled in the province of Buenos Aires, and his son, who had preferred being Postmaster in Entre Rios to the disagreeable alternative of becoming a "personero," un conscrit. Messrs. Maxwell and Johnston—names mentioned before—were to accompany us halfway, and then to regain the Banda Oriental. Finally, Mr. Power, from the South of Ireland, kept us in fun till the day of parting, when he went off sky-rocketing to prepare for a sail up the Paraguay River.

We steam towards the Outer Roads, and the low stretch

of city waxes lower as we go, laughing at the beard of the casemated Custom-house. The white steeples of La Colonia glitter in the sun, and presently a pie-shaped domelet rises ahead. This, we are told, is historic "Martin Garcia." It reminds us of the Piloto de Altura—the practical pilot who made observations—the sailor *rei nauticæ peritus* who guided thus far up Mar Dulce, the Piloto Mayor (Admiral) D. Juan de Solís.

"They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea ;"

and they met the fate of Magellan and Cook. Most authors have related that D. Juan Diaz de Solís was (in 1516) slaughtered, roasted, and eaten by the Charruas savages on the bank of a rivulet west of Maldonado, hence the long sandy reach is still known as Playa de Solís. Popular report places the scene of the murder on the Banda Oriental coast, nearly opposite Martin Garcia.

The islet, quasi-circular and averaging about one mile each way, is the outlier of a long oval of shoals and shallows. To east of it, and nearer the shore, is Martin Chico, rather peninsula than island, and the pair are parted from the mainland by a channel which has been prettily baptized "Canal del Infierno." This passage was rehabilitated in 1847 by Captain Sullivan, R.N., and presently Captain Page, U.S.N., gave it two more feet of depth. Here the minor estuary of La Plata narrows from thirty to seven miles, and with a fathom and a half of water close to its east, "Martin Garcia" must be looked upon as Perim Island, a shameless pretender: it has been entitled "Pearl of the Plate" and "Key of the Rivers of the Interior," when La Colonia and Monte Vidéo deserve all the honours.

This lumpy dome of gneiss and granite, with a low alluvial spit to the north—much like a flattish spoon and

handle—has its own history. Here the War of Independence began in 1810, and the islet was carried from a force of seventy Spaniards and three guns by Lieut. Caparroza and eighteen Patricio dragoons. A novel and interesting use for the “equine” is that of storming fortified and insulated posts. In “Argentine Gleanings” we read of “*horses making brick!*”—of “*horses thrashing corn!*”—of “*horses churning butter!*” I may add, horses defending coasts and leading forlorn hopes (see Muratori)—horses attacking frigates (witness the Spanish *Mercurio*, grounded in 1810)—horses clearing earthworks (so did the gallant Osorio’s cavalry at Humaitá)—and horses assaulting steam-engines, as happened to the “railway battery,” of which we shall presently hear more.

In 1814, the Irishman, Admiral Brown, successfully ran past the batteries—a feat in which he was often rivalled by Garibaldi—yet the French squadron was subsequently checked by half a company of wounded men under command of Colonel Cortanes. The gallant Argentine was taken in the war, made prisoner, and sent to Dictator Rosas by the French admiral, with the Gallican epigram “Glory to the Conquered.” Two other Argentine soldiers, Mayer and Villanueva, who subsequently became well known in Prussia and Mexico, here began their careers: the people still show a quarry into which a Neapolitan Sappho, who lived in the island, threw herself after the departure of Phaon Mayer. In 1859, the brothers Cordero again ran their squadrons in safety past the four batteries, and proved how trifling an obstacle would be “Martin Garcia” against ironclads. Finally, here stands, in books, the Argyropolis of President Sarmiento; and if the Argentine Confederation wants a distinct Columbia and a City Washington, by all means place it in this pocket Botany Bay.

Martin Garcia once belonged to Banda Oriental, now she

is attached to Buenos Aires. The block of desirable building material is forbidden by treaty to be fortified. Therefore we find the water-line girt round with ruined batteries. To the south-east and behind the point, we see what may easily be reconverted into a redoubt. The next is a strong post at the point with embrasures for five guns. The third may be called the Flagstaff Battery; it is on a scarped bank thirty feet above the water, with yellow battlements, accommodating nine or ten guns, and space for more. Lastly, below the Commandante's quarters there is a fourth redoubt without guns. The rest of the scene consists of three flag-staves, barracks, and white houses, gardens, fields, and a few patches of shady-looking vegetation, thin grass pricking up amongst the rocks and stones.

We enter the barless mouth of the Rio Uruguay at Las Vacas, an artless name which has been vulgarized to Carmelo: even so Higuieritas, "Figlets," has Howardized itself to "Nueva Palmira"—and what a Palmyra! Presently we shall have New Romes, Memphises, Thebeses, and so forth. We halt at Fray Bento's, a little place on the eastern bank, facing the stream which haughtily calls itself Gualeguaichu. Some philologists render the euphonious term, also written Gualeyuay-chu, "Little River," others "Little Devil." My learned friend Dr. J. M. Gutierrez translates Guâ line, stripe, or blot; Guai, diminutive of painted, and Chué, a land tortoise. Thus the name would mean "stream of the striped terrapin." He casts out the second syllable ("le,") remarking that, according to P. Montoya, the Jesuit author of the best Guarani Dictionary, the language had no "l."

The Fray, after a long hot youth of very dubious propriety, has of late years cut his wise teeth, and is now greasy and redolent of the *rôti*, as becomes his cloth. He has taken up "Extractum Carnis," the great invention of the great

Professor Baron Justus von Liebig. It is a kind of liquid sirloin, which makes a manner of beef-tea "much improved," says the advertisement, "by the addition of a little fresh butter, a slice of hot or cold ham, beef, or mutton, with spices according to taste." This recipe, which makes it an assistant to itself, reminds me of the Irish recipe for making "stone soup"—boiling water, with meat and vegetables *ad libitum*. I tried *Extractum Carnis*, and found it detestable, gluey, empyreumatic, with an indescribable unzeit like that of over-toasted bread. In large doses it poisons, as does nicotine, and at best it is fit only for thickening. But "simple processes for the preservation of meat" seem almost as simple as making diamonds, or as permuting base metal to gold. So all fortune to ye who would supply fresh meat for the roast beef of Old England. Steam your stuff into cakes, D. Carlos Lix! Compress hydraulically Messrs. Muñoz and Company! Inject Chloride of Sodium into the aorta, Messrs. Morgan and Oleden, *versus* Messrs. Medlock and Bayly, *cum* Dr. Kernot with bisulphide of calcium! Deal mysteriously with charqui by dark processes Messrs. de Maria and Ariza, Messrs. Lermite and Biraben! Smoke dry, Mr. Wilhelm Müller, your "moot'n 'awms!" Though results be as yet next door to "nil," I will suggest *nil desperandum*. When you shall feed your cattle with oil-cake and pressed *alfalfa*, instead of killing it when fresh from poor grass, fibreless and overheated by long driving, man shall in the length of time achieve conserves of beef. As yet, however, I prefer to "Ext. Car." a glass of the smallest beer.

Before turning in we studied for a while the fair features of the River Uruguay, also known as the River of the Missions. The name is translated by some stream of the Cachuelas or Rapids, by others water of the Uru bird—the Charrua name of an aquatic. Every river, like every

mountain—M. Michelet answers for the latter, I for the former—has his or her distinct physiognomy. Let us compare masculine Uruguay with the Paraná, which, at least between the Paraguay junction and the Delta, is palpably and distinctly feminine. The former is raw-boned with rock-rib, muscular with rolling green “loma”—swelling ground and hillock—which shall presently become hill and mountain; sinewy with high sandstone banks, rough-skinned with white grit, and hirsute with thin willow, giant grasses, and grand forest growth. The latter, Paraná, is of the “long and lazy” order of feminine loveliness; a kind of sleepy Venus like a certain Dudu; a broad-bosomed daughter of Amphitrite reposing in the softest of osier beds; a placid smiling Princess, who has never heard of revolution, or of kings and queens retired from business.

Geographically and politically, Uruguay is Brazilian, fed by the copious rains of the “Empire of the Southern Cross:” therefore is he tolerably sweet and wholesome, not to say clear and clean—at any rate the dirt is clean dirt. Paraná, three-quarters rain to one-quarter snow, contains dirty dirt, salts washed from the saleratus deserts, and the mineralized soils of the lower Andes: in parts therefore the waters are not drunk. Both are equally pesculent, both are barless, both will supply timber-rafts more valuable than any on the Rhine, both average in flood two and a half knots per hour, and both have water power enough to give an engineer dynamical dreams. In both, as the slope flattens the curves become sharper, or what is equivalent, the greater the volume of water, the straighter are the reaches. But the accurate observation of instruments must determine this question, and here I stop, otherwise Messrs. Fergusson and Tremenheere, who have lately done deadly battle in the *Journal of the R. G. Society*, will deal with me as did the rival editors with a certain old friend,—

will battle over me as Dr. E. Gray and Professor Owen battled over Paul du Chaillu.

At 4 A.M. a puffing steam-tender runs alongside the "Rio Uruguay:" her object is to carry off the live freight destined for "Concepcion," capital of Uruguay. We must run down to the south-west; we must work up to the north-east, and thus we must cover some two leagues of creek. A riverine islet, a swamp and a branch stream thus trouble us, whilst the few houses and the pepper-castor dome of the Matriz towering above the tree avenues of the right bank, are apparently distant about a mile. It is grey-dark, we have amongst us some twenty "colis," and the stewards are sleepy-headed as ourselves—even fees fail to rouse them. We shift to the cuddy or cabin of the *Baby*, whose air (which can be cut) is mainly composed of garlic and onions, tobacco, strong waters, and Basques in equal parts. We take maté scientifically compounded by Mr. Postmaster Willy Gibbings, and with steady nose-melody we join the assembly, jolly as a funeral.

Our destination is a "Puerto" consisting, as in the Brazil, of a clearing in the river-bank, and nothing else. We land upon quartz, rock-crystal, agate, amethyst-gangue, chalcedony, jasper, and other forms of siliceous, which Uruguay sweeps down from his highland cradle, and wherewith he bestrews Entre Rios as well as Banda Oriental. You are duly warned not again to sink capital in Oberstein cameos, and pay for them the prices of Italian gems: they are most probably the produce of remote Uruguay.

A cart carries up our belongings and the carter touches his hat to us. We observe generally that the stolid equality of dead-level Buenos Aires is here in abeyance. Scant care is required for our baggage—are we not under the protecting wing of H. E. General D. Justo Urquiza, Governor and Laird of Entre Rios? Perhaps the absence of

independence, robbery, and murder has somewhat depressed the spirit of the capital. Concepcion del Uruguay has a church of normal size and shape, visited every Sunday by the Laird, the Laird's lady, and the Laird's family, but it cannot be described as finished. There is the usual square, with the inevitable obelisk, surrounded by stunted "Paradise trees," and furnished with brick walks, somewhat rare in these country places. A kind of Pompey's Pillar in stucco composite is set in a field of the rankest weeds and grasses. The streets, where not overgrown with poisonous cicuta and other wild vegetation, are lines of black mud, like those that span the amene suburbs of "young Athens;" and they are ever deadly-lively as the thoroughfares of New York on a hot "Sabbath" afternoon. The distances are truly magnificent—the mile may average three tenements, and the connexion is by rough posts and wires or bands, like those that secure cotton-bales. Amongst a few good houses are lumpy detached boxes of the worst bricks, which are piled up without breaking the joint, whilst the surface is rarely whitewashed. The cottages are mere handboxes, a long stiff rush (*Junco*) being used for the walls and a short soft grass for thatch. Such is Concepcion. Throw in a building where big balls have been given, a *Hôtel du Commerce*, kept by a civil Frenchwoman, who has spent twenty-four years in this lively corner of the world, and a *Café de Paris*, whose charges are half those of exorbitant Buenos Aires, whilst the reception is at least thrice as civil—*et v'lá*, as exclaims the *garçon* bringing in the breakfast *carte*.

The staple solid here is a blanket piece of beef-rib, written *Asado* and pronounced *Asa'o*. Not having had my teeth case-hardened and steel-tipped before visiting Argentine-land, I have found it pleasant to masticate as indiarubber might be. Perhaps its very toughness and the meaty flavour

of the meat—even as freshly caught salmon is exceptionally fishy and new-laid eggs are remarkably eggy—form the main of its merits. The eupeptic African chooses for you, when hospitably disposed, the veteran rooster of the poultry yard, the venerablest patriarch of the goats: that takes long to masticate; this has the highest *haut goût*. The Asado is the nearest approach to the raw beef of Abyssinia, and you may eat it in the self-same style with your snick-and-snee shaving your nose tip. It should be washed down with a cow's horn full of muddy water. I know only one thing worse than the Asado, and that is the Matambre, whose relation is that of garlic to onion. But it is the fashion to speak succulently of the Asá'o. "St. Antonio himself could not have resisted the temptation of an Asá'o," says a traveller who makes his attendant address him—"Oh! Don Enriquez, query el Caffé?" (Proh pudor!) Sir Francis Head tells us that Asá'o and Yerba, the most "lasting" of diet, enabled him to ride 110 miles a day, and readily to recover from heavy falls; also that the Gauchos can select tender bits from meat that no Englishman could manage. It is the fashion to eat game that taints and cheese that walks: it is now the fashion to carry the "polisson" outside, to wear Hessians, and to display the tassels. Basta!

We bargain down, or rather Dr. Gibbings bargains down, a carriage to three dollars Bolivian (each 3s. 3d.), say half a sovereign per head. Coachman, a berry-brown boy about twelve years old, who answers to "Amiguito," sturdily handles the ribbons of the quadriga, the four mules or horses being all abreast. Galloping over the springy turf, not the mud called a road, we change nags at the frontier of D. Justo's little estate. We visit a Gaucho's ranch to take maté and notes; and we shake hands with his wife, a middle-aged body whose prehensile member feels—the comparison belongs to the lively Mr. Power—like a half-alive

trout ; this style of manuquassation is here, they say, the thing. We find the prairie gallop interesting. This Mesopotamian Campo appears picturesque after the dull, dead flats, the treeless plains south of Buenos Aires, where high winds and low rainfall produce a modification of the Arabian desert. The ground is disposed in long billows, gently rolling down from the highlands of the Brazil ; "Monte" clothes the bottoms, and on the uplands solitary ombús (*Ficus ombú*) shed their dense cool shade, suggesting from afar English oaks. The sun sucks the earth, but the clear, bright air shows distances well defined as those of Salisbury Downs on a fine October day. The one bad bañado or swamp does not let or injure us, although the corrals or paddocks, and the rodéos or gathering grounds for cattle, are knee-deep in bone-dirt and mire. Thin cattle and thinner sheep browse upon the grass, which is coarse and luxuriant, and the ground is scattered with domes, barrow-shaped ant-hills large and small. Puffing up their wings and tail plumes, male ostriches troop leisurely away from us, fearing no "bolas"—the hens are mostly laying in the bush, also under the protecting wing of D. Justo. Even the "tero-tero," or horned plover, appears exceptionally secure as he hovers overhead, screaming abuse at the intruders.

After a four hours' drive, now down, then along an avenue of young ombús, we sight the twin towers of a Pampa palace, whose architect is D. Justo himself. "San José" will startle those who have not seen Mr. Hutchinson's description, or the sketch of Colonel du Graty. In due time the tall façade rises in view ; then appear the garden and the aviaries, which contain even African lorries and rosy-crested Leadbeater cockatoos. On the right are the hut lines occupied by the single battalion of gunners—ruffians kept in prime order by throat-cutting. Turkeys and other poultry strut about, the Laird being the only person that

can keep them. Near the entrance are kennelled "tigers," that is to say spotted ounces opposed to the concolor puma or lion. We send in our names with due ceremony, and we are at once invited to enter the main gate. On the right is the chapel, with Italian font, poor European pictures, gold and silver ornaments, rich Barcelona dresses, and "Cortado" embroidery exceptionally fine. The left steeple is the Proveduria, storehouse, grocery, groggery, and body-guard house.

I shall say little about the palace, upon which a dozen pens have exercised themselves. Dr. Victorica, a connexion of D. Justo, who had kindly preceded the party, placed us under the charge of the Sargento Mor, D. Carlos Calvo; state rooms in the inner court were found for us, and, after a few minutes, we were summoned to an interview. This was an unusual attention, some visitors having been kept waiting for a week. The owner met us at the entrance of a long narrow saloon, garnished with the usual sofas and chairs; the only remarkable part was the ceiling, divided by woodwork into compartments of mirrors, below which hung a Saint Andrew's Cross of tinted fly-paper. I made my compliments, expressing in all sincerity my pleasure at seeing a name so well known throughout the civilized world: D. Justo received this little tribute with a bow and a smile, welcomed and shook hands with the whole party, and seated us near him upon the settee, opposite his full-length portrait, which painters persist in making too grim.

I was curious to see and narrowly observed this latest specimen of the feudal chief, a man whose history is that of the Argentine Confederation, when he was Protector of the Provinces—that is to say, Provisional Director of the Commonwealth; and who as early as 1853 (July 10) had in the name of his country signed with England and France

a treaty opening up the Rio Paraná to all flags—then a great desideratum.

General Urquiza is a short, thickset man about sixty, of bilious-nervous complexion, rather dark, with light brown and very vivacious eyes, a closely fitting mouth, and broad strong jaws and chin. He wears his whisker à l'Anglaise, which is in fact the Portuguese, Spanish, and old French style still found in country parts: his side hair, which is dyed, covers the deficiencies of the centre, and his dress is that of the Latin races, black from head to foot. I wondered at his excitable gesticulations, and glances flashing on every occasion, a something so far from Castilian repose. But presently I called to mind that he was a Basque, whose father had emigrated to South America, and had long kept a small store at Corrientes. His life is simple in the extreme. He rises with the light, and holds a "durbar" to settle the causes of his Entre Rianos, who, though excellent fighting men, and after the Porteños, the best looking of Argentines, require riding on the tightest of curbs. He dines or rather breaks his fast at noon, and he sups at dark, rarely with his family except to honour a guest. Soup and puchero (houilli), poultry, and sweetmeats compose the meals, he never smokes, and he drinks water, which is here muddy. At one time he was a vegetarian, and Mr. Mansfield approved of him for the all-sufficient reason that besides not being one of his "poor carnivorous creatures," he was a teetotaller.

Of late years General Urquiza has devoted himself to the improvement of an estate which, containing 50 + 10 leagues or 3,600,000 acres, is larger than many an English county. He is said to own 200,000 sheep and 800,000 head of cattle, whose annual increase must be at least 10 per cent.: he slaughters 80,000 head at \$8 each, which represents an income of 125,000%. Grease and wool,

salt meat, hair and hides, raise this to 225,000*l.*, and the value of the property is supposed to double every five years. Public report makes him worth 1,000,000*l.* to 1,200,000*l.*, but it knows about him, I presume, more than he knows himself. He is not a good paymaster, his peons are often six months in arrears, and his agents, like the publishers of *M. de Balzac*, court ruination. The greater part of his wealth was made by supplying cattle and horses to the Allies, a profit of which his Entre Riano subjects were allowed to partake. It is no wonder that he withdrew his contingent from the war.

It is curious to hear this "despot," who can still raise his 10,000 men, talking quietly like a respectable country squire of his land improvements, of the wine made upon his estate, and of his model dairy. Encouraged by the Gualeguay Railway, the cheapest in South America, and laid down by Mr. J. Coghlan, C.E., under 3000*l.* per mile, he proposes to connect his palace with the port of Concepcion. Depending upon opinion from without, he wishes to stand well with all foreigners, and he proposes to establish twin colonies on two and a half square leagues to the north and south, in sight of San José. Can this be the man who once ordered the English in Entre Rios to shave their beards lest the hair should form the offensive letter U? Can we be chatting with the "Gaucho" who staked down an enemy for some nine years, who sat his horse sucking maté whilst hundreds of human throats were being cut before his eyes, who ranked at one time highest of the four great "Caudillos"—viz., Lopez of Santa Fé (1820-33,

* The motto of General Rosas was—

"Murien los selvajes Unitarios."

That of General Urquiza—

"Defendemos la ley Federal jurada,
Son traidores los que la combaten."

poisoned), Ibarra of Santiago (1822-43), Quiroga of La Rioja (1825-37, assassinated), and Rosas of Buenos Aires (1830-52, banished)? I remembered with some amusement the comparison of the tenacious, energetic, impetuous, unscrupulous Basque with the stiff, cold, ungenial, and highly moral old man of Mount Vernon.

The preliminary interview over, General Urquiza showed us, under the arcades of the first or eastern court, fresco representations of his battles, done by an Italian of more pluck than skill. Here at Caséros fight, distinguished by a white overcloth and chimney-pot hat, he leads his thick red line of ponchoed men to victory. There at Vences he lands his cavalry across the river in compact bodies: under his rule there were no "dispersos" or "pasados"—stragglers or deserters—upon the principle that made Marshal Narvaez leave no enemies. He then conducted us to the garden west of his palace, and showed us araucarias and cypresses, oranges straw-swathed to keep out the cold, and pears and fruit-trees close shaved that the sap might have the less way to travel. We then visited the two large tanks, one a bathing-place for the family, deep enough in the centre for pisciculture, and provided with a sailing boat and a hand-paddle gig. The second was dry, and served as a corral to contain half-wild cattle when a branding festival is to be given. Between the two is a neat pavilion, whose summit shows the line of the Gualaguaichu River, and the thick dark grove of Acacia and Mimosa "Monte," which extends to Montiel.

D. Justo having wisely ascertained from our introducer that I was not a "traidor," here sat down and chatted *en tête-à-tête* in Spanish, the only language which he speaks. Part of the conversation may be repeated. The General openly declared, that had not Marshal-President Lopez invaded Corrientes, which he looked upon as a portion of his

Mesopotamia, he would have aided him with 15,000 men against the Macacos, or Monkeys. The latter is here the popular term for the Brazilians, even as their own Tupys knew the Negros as "Macacos da terra," ground (not tree) monkeys. This was the truth, but not the whole truth. General Urquiza, who was Captain-General of the Argentine army, had been named to an inferior command, "Superior Officer of the Entre Rios cavalry," by President Mitre, who proposed to be himself Commander-in-Chief of the Allies. Moreover, General Lopez had disappointed him by promising men, ships, and money, to aid him in besieging Buenos Aires; furthermore, as an arbitrator after the battle of Pavon, the former had not been a friend to Urquiza. The latter must have known that any rival assisting to forward the ambitious views of the Marshal-President of Paraguay would have been used and shot. I hardly liked to ask why in dispersing his long-promised contingent that was marching upon Uruguayana, he had trodden so perilously near the brink of high treason—a position which he had generally avoided since his overthrow in 1853. He was at that time probably undecided as to his part. The sole reason why the Brazil instead of wasting gold on the Platine Provinces, did not make Rio Grande do Sul their base of operations, was the reasonable fear, that in case of a check by Paraguay, the latter would command the assistance of one that never wished her well. D. Justo spoke sensibly and in a soldier-like way about the campaign. He declared the Conde de Porto-Alegre (Joaquim Marques de Souza), ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Army, to be its best general; unfortunately he is a Liberal, and a Conservative Government must have its own Giulai. He gave the Brazilians 24,000 men in the field, and the Paraguayans 20,000, or nearly double the vulgar estimate; finally, he predicted that if the empire failed in this

campaign, her southern provinces would become republican.

Never leaving home, and being visited by strangers from all quarters, General Urquiza has a right to hold himself a man of note; his family naturally think him the first in the world; and his flatterers declare that but for the fault of Marshal-President Lopez, he would have lassoed at Uruguayana the Imperial leader of the Brazilian army. When speechifying, they will opine that the crown of the Empire of the Southern Cross should be transferred from the brow of D. Pedro II. to that of General Urquiza, and the latter sits listening the while in a cold, abstracted silence, deep and impressive.

We played billiards—the old French pin game—till dinner was announced at 8 P.M. Then appeared Madame Urquiza, the daughter of an Italian, still in early middle age, black haired, broad browed, straight featured, strong framed, and looking fit to be the mother of men. Two girls compose the last family, the elder being about seventeen, and very handsome. They have a French governess; they know a little English, but will not speak it; and a German professor teaches them music. Here the sex preserves the old uncourteous custom noticed by Sir Francis Head, of not rising from their chairs to strangers. In the evening a dance was evidently wanted, but no one would propose it.

Next morning saw us betimes in carriages, Dr. Gibbings tooling as only an old Irishman can do. We visited the Escuela Pastoral de la Republica Argentina, a model dairy under the direction of an Italian. The general has given him a hundred cows for experiments, and a few boys lounging about in uniform represented the scholars. The two rooms suggested a curiosity shop, old and new, for D. Pablo (Signor Paolo) Cataldi is everything between a poet, writing

the "Liras de la Pampa," and a pump-maker. He greatly prides himself upon his cutting and stamping machine, which engraves buttons, prize medals, and portraits of his patron, in blue ink. He showed us his system—borrowed from Sicily and Roumania—of preserving for two years butter fresh, or nearly so, in a coat of cheese somewhat like ricotta, and he kindly gave me specimens to send home. His Parmesan was remarkably good.

After breakfast we bade adieu, with many thanks for his hospitality, to D. Justo. Knowing my intention to cross the Pampas, then in a somewhat troubled state, he favoured me with his likeness and with a letter of safe conduct, addressed in peremptory terms to the "Indian" chiefs and to their Gaucho companions, who still consider him their feudal chief. Armed with this instrument, I felt more secure than if protected by the flags of England and France; moreover, I well knew that a hecatomb would have revenged my death. The main, perhaps the only charm of the personal and aristocratic government appears to be that it is a rule of honour that begets loyalty. The red ponchos would, had I been killed, have taken the field as if bound on a battue, and the Argentine Mesopotamia would not have grumbled, even had she been called upon to pay twopence in the pound. Madame Urquiza courteously sent to my wife, by way of "recuerdo," a pretty silver-mounted maté, with its bombilla or pipette. We all left San José under the impression of having paid a somewhat peculiar but very pleasant visit.

I should augur well for Entre Rios if D. Justo were thirty instead of sixty years old. He will leave no hand strong and cunning enough to hold the provincial reins, and to guide the wild team that now hardly dares to chafe at the bit. The many foreign estancieros who at present enjoy his rule of "honey on velvet," hardly conceal their fear that it will be followed by a reaction, when the semi-

barbarians of the land will make it a Pandemonium broken loose, and lay low all the labours of peace with fire and steel. It must, however, be remembered that the same horrors were expected to accompany the expulsion of Dictator Rosas, and that the prophecy was notably falsified by what happened. Meanwhile, in gratitude for kindnesses received, and in the interest of my fellow countrymen, I will conclude this letter with "Viva D. Justo!"

And now till the next—as they say here.

LETTER VIII.

UP THE URUGUAY RIVER—THE SIEGE OF PAYSANDÚ,
SALTO, CONCORDIA, URUGUAYANA.

Buenos Aires, October 20, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

A stormy night delayed the up-steamer till 7.15 A.M. (October 9), at which time we began the short trip "aguas arriba." Nearly opposite Concepcion is the Saladero-Estancia of M. de la Morvonnais, a Breton gentleman who knew this country when an officer in the French navy. I deeply regretted not being able to accept his hospitable invitation. The river here showed little of interest. It was in unusual flood, but the traveller is used to the "unusual." For instance, Buenos Aires declares her present year's climate to be the worst of the last decade. Tree-trunks grew out of the water; snags pricked us with their points; floating islands attempted to choke us; sawyers bobbed up and down, and the huts on the lower bank—as usual, one was higher than the other—facing the taller re-entering angle of the stream, were half-submerged. Estancias were scattered about the uplands—a sure sign of good ground; and the various craft that we met and passed made the Uruguay anything but a silent highway of the nations.

Presently remnants of batteries on the right bank showed the place where Urquiza had prepared to receive Garibaldi and his fighting "cooks." Paysandú town is on the opposite bank; the buildings, massed in amphitheatre-shape, crowned by the Dutch-tiled dome, are picturesque, and

withal present a perfect target to a bombarding squadron. The river here runs north and south; the long streets are therefore disposed east to west so as the better to be enfiladed. Around it the country rises to the Cuchilla de los Palmares, which completely commands the landward side. These heights afford a glorious view, especially at sunset, of the noble river—here somewhat broader than the Paraguay. It is a stream of gold flowing through the liveliest green that spring can give; and the beauty, the variety, and the softness of the tints above can only be equalled by the picturesque diversity and amenity of the scene below. About one league to the north the uplands sink into the valley of the Arroyo Grande (de San Francisco), famous for fight and skirmish, and the Arroyo Sacra bounds the Egido or municipality about three quarters of a mile to the south.*

The name of the settlement is under dispute—pardon me if you are troubled with it; but for the last three years I have worked at the Tupy-Guarani language, and it is evident to me that unless some one record them, all these interesting proper names will presently express nothing, and the traveller will vainly inquire the “unde derivatur.” Generally the people translate Pay-Sandú by Father Sandú, Sawney or Alexander, and call themselves Sanduséros. General Urquiza, however, explained it to me as a corruption of Pay Zaingo, Padre forcado, or the father (that was) hanged. Thus Ituzaingo *alias* the Battle of Rozario, where the Marquis of Barbacena was defeated by the Orientals, and saved only by the valour of the Paulistas, signifies

* Paysandú is in S. lat. $32^{\circ} 19' 3''$, and long. W. (G.) $58^{\circ} 1' 16''$. The difference of London time is $3^h 52^m 15.3^s$; and the variation made by Mr. Alec. Mackinnon is 11° east. The Egido, or municipal lands, to be laid out in garden lots and chacras represent a total of $9\frac{1}{2}$ square leagues + 400 manzanas = 346,000,000 superficial varas (short Argentine yards). Here the cuadra contains 100 varas, in Entre Rios 80.

“Itú (Frank) who was hanged.” I will also remark that in the Guarani tongue “pai” also means to hang.

Having landed at the unfinished pier of wood and masonry, whose poor funds were diverted to other purposes by D. Leandro Gomez, we proceeded to the normal adjunct, a big custom-house, in which our luggage was perfunctorily examined. Near the water the tenements are huts and boxes of brick, stone, and lime, connected by posts and wire. The old buildings are inland, and date before the days of steamers. I suppose Paysandú must be called a city. It contains 9000 souls, whereas the chief places in Eutre Rios, Concepcion, Gualaguachu, and Concordia average about 6000.

We walked up the long street “18 de Julio.” Last night’s rain had washed the fine bracing air sweet and clean; at the same time it had made the rivulets impassable, and had filled the thoroughfares with a black mud, which, however, being based on sand, readily dries. After Concepcion the place had a remarkable look of business, of bustle, of go-ahead. We found the Hôtel de France (M. Bertrandé) full, and luckily for me an old acquaintance, Mr. Good, chief manager of the Mauá Bank, gave me hospitality and introduced me to the resident strangers.

The first walk of inspection led us eastward to the main or Matriz Square. All the line is up-hill, excellent for drainage, and to the north there is a hollow, beyond which the land rises again. The streets are strewed with agate and broken glass; as in the Brazil, they are banded with ribs of rough stone to prevent the washing away of the rain, and the trottoirs are tall narrow ledges of brick. The Matriz, with a single tower like that of Humaitá, was then under repairs, and the only peculiarities in it were a black saint and saintess, SS. Benito and Rosa. Having been connected with a gun battery it had been severely treated

by the Brazilian Whitworths. The brick walls, however, allowed the bolts to pass through without doing much damage. The sacristan, who was a Swiss, complained that the Oriental Government owed to the Junta a sum of \$25,000, borrowed to put down the Blanco chief, Maximo Piris, at Mercedes, and yet that funds for repairing the fane were not to be had.

In front of the church four companies were drilling, and the men appeared all to be Italians. The "Oriental" Government, like that of Imperial Rome, begins, without reflecting upon what must be the result, to arm foreigners because these are more disciplinable. The last native mutiny took place but a few months ago (July 20, 1868). The "Guardia Urbana," or constabulary, offended by the "curzo forzoso," and by being kept in arrears for two months "pronounced," armed themselves, and shouted "Liberty." About twenty men out of a total of sixty carried off a gun, and having murdered a "Serenio" for undue interference, took refuge in Entre Rios. They forgot to plunder the treasure chest, which contained \$6000, and although they proposed to loot the banks, the measure was not effected.

The square is planted round with the usual ragged "Paraiso" trees. Its south side shows an old ranch of a chapel. At the north-east corner a single-storied house, left in *statu quo*; represents the head quarters of D. Leandro Gomez. When it was bespat by balls, and torn to shreds by bolts, the commandant transferred himself to the west side of the square. In the centre is an unfurnished pedestal; "Liberty" has been knocked down, and has not yet been replaced. The chief battery of the defence, a round tower to the south-east of the square, between the Liberty column and the Matriz, has clean disappeared. This "Malakoff," a poor brick affair, was mounted with

only four 8-pounders, and a few discharges brought it about the gunners' ears. The other posts were mere street barricades, and the chief buildings hastily strengthened. The Mauá bank was almost knocked to pieces, and required complete rebuilding. The plaster pilasters of the Gefatura or Police and Magistrates' offices on the "Calle 8 de Octubre" had been smashed, and the façade had been much injured. The barricades were of the weakest, mostly composed of wool-bales and overturned carts, behind which the defenders fought every foot.

Paysandú has ever been a battle ground between Blancos and Colorados; and the "very heroic city" is as accustomed to bombardments as though it had been in Belgium. The first was on December 6, 1846. D. Fructuoso Rivera, Gaucho, soldier, and first President of the Oriental Republic, was succeeded in 1834 by General D. Manoel Oribe. The latter having thrown himself into the arms of Dictator Rosas, executed a revolution headed by Rivera in 1836: Oribe however held out till 1838, when despairing of success he resigned. Rosas refused to let him take this step, and thus began a campaign, a siege, and a civil war which lasted nine years. The Blancos fought under the banner of Oribe, the Colorados were led by Rivera, and the latter was assisted by the Republican riff-raff of Europe. On this occasion Garibaldi organized his legion of 400, afterwards 800 "cooks," whose immense losses show how desperately they were handled. Rivera having collected some 5000 to 6000 men harried the country, and cannonaded his enemies out of Paysandú in about a week. He afterwards lost the decisive battle of India Muerta, and fled to the Brazil: he died in 1852 *en route* to Monte Vidéo.

Standing in front of the Matriz we can see the hopeless attitude of the defenders of Paysandú, when it was last

attacked (December 5, 1864). On the river to the west lay the squadron of Admiral Tamandaré, and its fire did the most damage. Men say that only the strongest, even threatening, remonstrances made by the foreign gun-boats anchored off the Puerte de los Aguaderos, the French (senior), English, Italian, and Spanish, induced that officer to allow time for the women and children to escape. I hope to see this officially contradicted, for though Admiral Tamandaré proved himself at first a mere fainéant in the war, and afterwards a jealous opponent of the Commander-in-Chief Mitre, such a flétrissure should not be attached without ample reason to his name. On the northern heights were the "rebel" batteries, commanded by General Flores and Colonels Caraballo (Carabajjo) and Goyo Suarez: the works were 400 metres long, and the flying artillery could change position about the ridge-crest. The Brazilian General, Menna Barreto, occupied the southern flank of the doomed town, commanding the fords and passages, and completing the investment of the place: his head quarters were near the cemetery at San Solano, an underground saladero built by an old Jesuit of that name. General Netto had also joined Flores with 1400 men: the total of the allied forces is estimated at 12,000 men, and the site of Paysandú is, as I have said, a perfect ball-trap.

The Commandante General al Norte del Rio Negro, Colonel D. Leandro Gomez, had charge of the defence. He was a noted Blanco, and brother of the Minister of War, Andres A. Gomez. Having been compelled by a council, of whom eighteen voted against twelve, to evacuate Salto, he was instructed by his party to hold Paysandú till the last, and daily to expect reinforcements. The notorious D. Juan Sáa, an old lieutenant of Urquiza, and popularly known as "Lanza Seca," was directed to march with 2500 men upon the beleaguered town. After crossing the

Rio Negro he contented himself with observing the outposts of Colonel Caraballo, and he retired whenever General Flores went out to meet him. D. Leandro Gomez, nothing daunted, threw up battery and barricade, loopholed houses, placed arms in the hands of all the adults, and more than once thought of compelling the foreigners to fight. And he kept his 1900 men at work till only 500 or 600 of them were left alive. D. Lucas Piris, a sturdy, broad-faced old man also fell, and a similar fate awaited the third in command.

The twenty-eight days' siege ended with fifty-two hours of tremendous fire, and Paysandú fell at 7 A.M. on Jan. 2, 1865. Lieut.-Colonel Thompson asserts (Chap. II.) that the Brazilians treacherously entered the town under a flag of truce, and it is generally understood that all was not fair and above board. But the author of the "War in Paraguay" is not justified in throwing the blame of Leandro Gomez's murder upon the Brazilian officers; he has been misinformed about the "indiscriminate massacre of the women and children of the place;" and he cannot correctly assert that "the taking of Paysandú, with the atrocities committed there, form a revolting page in the history of Brazil." On the other hand the Brazil had as little reason to boast about having conquered a place "so strongly garrisoned and guarded by secure trenches." (Relatório of the Minister of War, p. 3, 1865.)

The truth is this. D. Leandro Gomez and his surviving officers were being marched down the street by Brazilian soldiers, who were taking him to their Chief. Admiral Tamandaré had been waited upon by an English resident, Mr. Richard Hughes, and that officer in reply to a request that the gallant defender's life might be spared, replied that he had orders from his government so to do. Meanwhile Gomez was demanded by the Colorados, his

enemies, and was still retained by his captors; at the second time of asking he exclaimed, "I go with my countrymen" (*mis paisanos*), and he insisted upon passing over to the Orientals. Thereupon his only companion, the plucky little Commandante Braga also cried out, "E yo con mi jente." They were placed for an hour or so in a ground-floor room of No. 55, Calle Orientales, at whose corner is the Mauá Bank, not, as is generally supposed, in the blue shattered house opposite the Gefatura. It is said that during this nervous interval Gomez showed some sign of fear—not so Braga. At length both were taken out and shot against the eastern wall of the compound. Their corpses were thrown into the general ditch, whence they are supposed to have been rescued for the purposes of a monument.

This cold-blooded murder, for such it is, was generally attributed to D. Gregorio (Goyo) Suarez, third in command of the Oriental forces, and subsequently Minister of War and rebel. The vendetta is, moreover, said to have been the result of an old private feud, Gomez having once struck the mother of Suarez: if the tale be true, such brutality considerably dims the lustrous gallantry and devotion that fought against such overwhelming odds. Of course there are two opinions about Leandro Gomez: his party holds him a martyr, his enemies a scélérat. He appears to have been a "Caudillo" of a better sort; he read Humboldt and he had a taste for books and natural history. His medallion makes him a good-looking man, with a somewhat pensive cast of countenance, and chiefly distinguished by an enormous "goatee" and mustachios. His death caused great excitement among his friends at Monte Vidéo, who threatened to kill the President D. Atanacio Aguirre. And popular feeling was outraged by the treatment of the prisoners, who were forcibly enlisted into the Colorado or rebel army.

Hardly had Paysandú recovered from the horrors of war when it was attacked by cholera (1867), and such was the panic that sundry patients were buried alive. It is now, despite "pronunciamentos" and internal feuds, a thriving little city, the seat of an Alcalde Ordinario, who can decide causes to the extent of \$3000, and who will soon make way for a Juez letrado. It has its photographer, its college, and its two banks, the Mauá and the Italian. The former has just built the best house in the place, and the ground, sold for \$15 only twenty-two years ago, now fetches \$7000 per half lot. The resident foreign mechanics make good furniture, even door-springs, which cannot be manufactured at Monte Vidéo. The imports are dry and wet goods. The exports are the produce of cattle bred in the neighbourhood, and supplying each saladero with about 40,000 head per annum. Sheep are still rare, the pasture has not yet been fitted for them.

I spent a few pleasant days amongst the resident foreigners of Paysandú. Messrs. Tippet and Serra, engaged on the town-survey, supplied me with all details required by a traveller. M. Serra is a civilized Brazilian, brought up in Europe and speaking six languages fluently; he has lost all that unpleasant look and that aggressive manner of the home bred, which seem to say "Não hai como nosotros," and which rouse the bile of every stranger. To his brother, an employé in the Mauá Bank, I am indebted for much information and for sundry photographs of Paysandú. Mr. Kennedy, the son of an Englishman here settled as librarian, and M. Legar, the French pharmacien, had witnessed the siege, and enabled me to compile an account of it. Mr. Thomas O'Connor and his two brothers showed me their salting-house, and as it works only between December and July, they put a bullock through the machinery to illustrate what 400 or 500 head undergo per diem. I was astonished

to find that here and elsewhere the blood is allowed to waste. Passed through a sieve, dried in vacuum pans, powdered and bottled, it would supply the red globules, which in ten-grain doses have been found so beneficial in Germany and elsewhere.

I saw but little of native society at Paysandú, and common report did not induce me to see more. The Girl of the Period at home would marvel at the life which her sister is contented to lead in these latitudes of the "doldrums." The Sanduséra, who perhaps is pretty, rises and dons her morning wrapper at 8 A.M., when she indulges in a little ablution, but no toilette. She drinks maté, puffs a secret cigarette, and bestares the street till breakfast time—11 A.M. or noon. The siesta relieves her of her *ennui* till 3 P.M., after which maté again acts as an eye-opener. Then commences the serious business of the toilette; its object is to stroll about the streets and to pay long visits, where more maté is consumed. The only talk is of dress, flowers, and the private affairs of friends, acquaintances, and the town. A man who does not deliver himself of a compliment like a pistol shot *à brûle pourpoint* at every second sentence is not a "Caballero," at any rate he is a bore. Dinner at dark, more ridiculous conversation, perhaps tobacco with a diffusible stimulant, and bed about midnight.

I also visited some of the estancias south of Paysandú—first, the Rincon del Cangué, belonging to the late Mr. Plowes, and managed by Dr. Gibbings. The house is comfortable, but bald of wood, wanting the garden-ground and the monte that surround the country houses of the Buenos Aires province. Thence we rode over to La Paz, the estate of D. Ricardo Hughes: the tenement is far more picturesque than usual, the Eucalyptus gum flourishes, and the Passion-flower creeper clothes the walls. The host had resided for some years in Paraguay before the war, and had sketched

the country in a useful map. He believed devoutly, as indeed does my excellent friend, Mr. G. Lennon Hunt, H.B.M.'s Consul, Rio de Janeiro, in Bahia Blanca as the future port of Buenos Aires. The population there will be white, ignoring the mixed breeds, that curse of the older settlements. The climate is excellent, and the "Indian" tribes, more like Germans than Patagonians, hospitably harboured our unfortunate Welsh colonists, and gave them cattle to save them from starvation.

From La Paz I went to see Mr. Henley's flax, and found the owner drinking cold maté, which is generally held to be an emetic. The agriculturist never can forget what he has learned at home; the richest soil with the sunniest exposure had been chosen, and the seed which had become hot here produced poorly, there refused to grow, and where the yield was good it had fed the ants. The people say there is poison in these grounds, which have lain fallow since the days of their creation. The fact is, that its over-luxuriance, its "sourness" or superabundance of humic and ulmic acid, require previous correction. The readiest way is to sow a few crops of maize and to burn down the stubbles, spreading the ashes over the surface. Also it might be advisable to treat the soil with "tosca," which is here highly calcareous, as the presence of shells proves. There is little doubt that Mr. Henley will succeed, as far as flax-growing, but whether he prospers or not is questionable. I saw the remnants of the English colony which he had brought out. The unhappies had been for some time crowded together eighteen in one room. They had been fed daily with beef, which in England they saw perhaps on Sundays. Consequently, out of forty-one, eighteen died, mostly of dysentery, and others, especially the women, sought their fortunes elsewhere. I rode past a few of them employed in field labour, and their surly hang-dog looks,

and sickly, pallid, ague-stricken faces told me how little the climate suited them.

Having time to spare, and my feet "itching for a journey," I resolved to visit Salto, the terminus of Uruguay navigation. The river in this section becomes exceedingly picturesque. After passing a neat, clean Swiss colony which shows signs of roads, we find on the left bank those sandstone bluffs that have made travellers compare Father Uruguay with Father Rhine. A flat table, surrounded by rock precipices, falling into an earthslope, and brought up by thick dwarf forest below, is pointed to us as the "Mesa de Artigas." Tradition declares that the wild potentate, D. Pepe, who is described by all the travellers of the day, used here to cut his prisoners' throats and toss them from the plateau into the water. On both shores now begins a wealth of limestone; it is, however, hard as marble and expensive to burn. Frequent arroyos divide the fine grazing grounds, and the lomas or uplands are tasselled with the Coquito palm.

Presently we sight on both sides of the river the normal white sheet that argues a settlement. The right bank supports Concordia of Entre Rios; opposite it, in the Banda Oriental, lies Salto, "the Cascade," whose site is similar to that of Paysandú. Nor will the town require description. It has a pier, a Custom-house, three long parallel streets extending up the ridge, a main square, a Matriz, poor and yellow—the Salteños appear more busy in temporal than in spiritual matters. The Hotel de la Concordia, kept by one Diogo Zavála; an upper square; a Mauá's bank, presided over by the courteous M. Queque; and an office of the Morgan Company, Limited (sample-rooms of salted beef, 48, Oldhall Street, London), where D. Ricardo Williams is the ruler.

Salto was blockaded by the Brazilian Commodore, Joa-

quim José Pinto, with four gunboats, besides the steamer *Gualeguay* carrying the Oriental flag. The garrison burnt the steamer *Villa del Salto* in order to prevent her falling into the hands of the invaders; and accuses the latter—I know not with what truth—of firing into the utterly defenceless town large guns and congreve rockets. The foreign residents severely blame Lieut.-Commander Notts, H.M.'s gunboat *Sheldrake*, for going to coal at Paysandú during their hour of difficulty, and headed by Mr. Williams, formed a deputation and prayed D. Leandro Gomez to retire from a place which he could not protect. In early December, 1864, he yielded Salto without a blow to General Flores, and marching south to Paysandú, he presently found a grave.

After inspecting Salto I did the same service to Concordia of Entre Rios. The town is neat and pretty, the gardens are well kept, and the Campo is fertile and picturesque. I bore a letter for the Brazilian Consul, a Portuguese, who had forgotten his mother tongue: he was perforce circumspect; he spoke under breath, and when he talked of anything that might be construed politically he looked around shuddering as though a bogie had been in the room. Even the boatmen on the river trembled at the name of General Urquiza, and doubtless by his order arbitrarily made the dollar worth eight instead of ten rials.

A comparison between the settlements places Salto at least fifty years in advance of her neighbour. The former has besides the usual public buildings, its own Steam Navigation Company—the *Compañía Salteña*—it has made its pier, it is finishing its Custom-house, and it proposes to run as far as Sta. Rosa a railway around the rapids which disconnect it, as the name denotes, with the upper Uruguay. Concordia is lively, morally and physically, as Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Here we see the cause of republicanism, of democracy, practically pleaded against that of despotism, of alien rule. The former, in this home of six-monthly revolutions, in this theatre of battle, murder, and sudden death, in a society afflicted by a chronic acephalous disorder, and by exasperations of the most savage anarchy, and where the citizen is unprepared either by education, by civilization, by tradition, or by civic virtues for self-rule and for the choice of his rulers, Salto, I beg to say, prospers, progresses, goes ahead. On the other hand Concordia, governed according to ancient principles, schooled to order, and disciplined into propriety, falls out of the race of life: the hand of a self-imposed ruler weighs heavy upon it; it sleeps, it swoons, it dies. We are encouraged by the experience of these two rival villages to believe in that future which is now mainly in the hands of poets, in the universal Republic, in the Federation of peoples, and in the absolute self-rule which a progressive race will presently demand as its birthright.

The rapids above Salto are hardly passable during the dries. About mid-October cruisers cross them, but they must presently return, under pain of confinement to the upper river till the next year's flood. Admiral Tamandaré was fortunate in passing over his four gunboats in August, 1865. Here the best agates of commerce (chalcedonies) are found, and about 200 tons are yearly exported to Havre and Antwerp: they occur detached or embedded in the amygdaloid, adhering to the hard sandstone like butter to bread. The noble quartzes appear in water-rolled pebbles, large and small; there is the amethyst, the true agate, jasper, cornelian, onyx, sardonyx, and jet: sign of diamonds is also not wanting. All these come from the highlands of the Brazil, and are identical with the formations of the great Rio de São Francisco. Amongst them are perfect petrifications of tree trunk, bark, and heart, wood silicified

by infiltration : similarly petrified cowhorns are said to be found on the upper Paraná. Much of the sandstone grit is blackened and polished by the force of the rapids, iron-revetted like the rocks in many of the West African and east South American rivers. In the great Platine valley, I found the crust only here.

My desire to see Uruguayana and the upper Uruguay was thwarted by circumstances. The roads were knee deep in mud, and the weather was detestable, now seething with sun and mist, then raw and damp with the south wind and Garúa, the river fog. The river was falling rapidly, the wretched little steamer *Chata* or raft which was detached to make the passage, had been forced back to repair an injury done by the nearest rapid, and no one expected her to make her destination, whilst M. Rivas, the owner, crowded her with passengers, and demanded unconscionable fares. I therefore took heart of grace, and merrily returned to Buenos Aires.

Uruguayana, a fourth-rate Brazilian town in the Upper Uruguay, won a name for itself during the last Paraguayan war. Here fell to pieces the Corps d'Armée of the east, which Marshal-President Lopez had despatched under Colonel Estigarribia, to sweep the riverine valley, and to effect a junction with the western column. The Paraguayan leader had made the fatal mistake of leaving one-third of his forces on the right bank of the stream, which nowhere allows communication without boats ; and this second division of 2500 men, under Colonel Duarto, was annihilated with the exception of 300 prisoners by the 13,000 allies, on 17th August, 1865, at the Battle of Yatay (the Brazilian Jatahy). On June 11, the Paraguayan cause had been greatly shaken by the defeat of her navy at Riachuelo, and Colonel Estigarribia found it advisable to fall back upon Uruguayana. This town was presently invested by the

Allies, and in due time, at 4 P.M. on September 18, the Paraguayan garrison, numbering without the sick 5103 officers and men, or a total of 6000, surrendered to His Imperial Majesty of the Brazil, who was accompanied by his sons-in-law their R.R.HH. the Comte d'Eu and the Duc de Saxe. The spoils of victory included 7 standards, 6 bouches à feu, 5000 stand of arms, 231,000 cartridges, and an altar with its furniture.

Thus in defeat and disgrace ended the corps of the Uruguay, and the first phase of the Paraguayan campaign, the aggressive. Adieu.

LETTER IX.

UP THE PARANÁ RIVER TO ROZARIO.

August 20, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

At Buenos Aires the *Yí* received on board the wife and daughter of General D. Juan A. Gelly y Obes, Commander-in-Chief of the Argentine Contingent—I can hardly call it “forces” or “army.” We had also M. Arturo de Marcoartú, C.E., a Spaniard, who proposes the railway from Salto on the Lower, to Santa Rosa on the Upper Uruguay. Among the tripsters was D. Hector F. Varela, notable amongst the numerous and highly distinguished family of that name: after playing a prominent and pugnacious part at a certain Peace Congress, he was compelled by a duel to quit France hurriedly, and now after holding a variety of high offices he writes in the *Tribuna* of Buenos Aires. I have to thank him for assisting me in my studies of Paraguay. We also carried D. Segundo Flores, the third son of the murdered President, going, it was reported, to obtain a contract for clothing the Brazilian troops. Good-looking and much resembling the portraits of his father, he was an intelligent youth, speaking good English and French, in manner rather shy, and little showing what a tiger he can be when his blood is up. We often met afterwards, and I enjoyed his society—“c’était une nature,” as Goethe used to ask in his old age. Many other notabilities had promised to assist at the steamer “funcion,” but they failed when it came to the point: a loose-

ness in keeping engagements seems hereabouts to be a chronic disorder.

The delta proper, or to speak more correctly, the parallelogram of the Paraná river, has a base line of thirty miles subtending the embouchure of the Uruguay, and forming the minor estuary of the Plate, which connects itself with the ocean by means of the larger fluvial estuary and the sea-gulf. The apex, Diamante, below which offsets the Rio Paranancito, lies 178 direct miles from the mouth, and thus the true delta would contain some 5350 square geographical miles. There are several false deltas, especially that formed by the Ibicuy or upper waters of the Paraná Guazú, which leaves the Paraná de las Palmas at Villa Constitucion. A smaller division still is bounded by the Paraná Guazú and the Paraná de las Palmas with the little town of S. Pedro for its apex.

There are two chief lines of navigation up the delta of the Paraná. The course that lies straight ahead from the outer roads, and best fitted for small steamers and sailers drawing five to six feet, is the Paraná de las Palmas, classic waters so called in 1526 by their first navigator, Cabot, of Bristol, who explored them with a caravel and three little ships. In these days its palms are too rare to give it a name; at least, we shall not see them till some way up. You run down the northern railway, twenty-one miles long, to the Tiger's foul stream, where certain wealthy citizens have built handsome country houses, and where dwarf docks, shipbuilding yards, a railway station, workhouses and offices are beginning to procreate a town. The Tiger's river is about ten years old—the English boat-club has known it for seven or eight years. A sudden freshet made it take the place of its south-western neighbour, the Rio de las Conchas mentioned by all old travellers; and like the latter, it feeds the Rio de Lujan, *alias* Corpus Christi. After a

few yards you strike this Lujan—a stream rising independently of, but falling into, the Paraná.* Here we are

* Itinerary by South American Pilot (Part I., taken from Captain Mouchez):—

	Miles.
Buenos Aires to Boca del Guazú	52
„ S. Pedro (First Delta)	150
„ S. Nicolas	185
„ Rozario	218
„ Paraná (Guazú to Paraná, 256, Sullivan)	310
„ La Paz	392
„ Goya	517
„ Bella Vista	566
„ Corrientes (Guazú to Corrientes, 322, Sullivan)	635
„ Mouth of Paraguay River (18 miles from Corrientes)	653
„ Humaitá	676
„ Neembucú	702
„ Asuncion (77 metres, 252-3 feet, above sea level)	865

By Captain Page of *Waterwitch*, 1860:—

	Statute miles.
Buenos Aires to M. Garcia	45
„ the Guazú	24
„ S. Pedro	88
„ S. Nicholas	40
„ Obligado	10
„ Rozario	54
„ San Lorenzo	14½
„ Mouth of the Carcaraña	22
„ Diamante	67
„ Paraná	36
„ La Paz	102
„ Goya	145
„ Bella Vista	53
„ Corrientes	87
„ Cerrito	18

Salto del Apípe, terminus of Paraná navigation, 780 miles. To the Salto de Paraguay, 1070.

Table by Thomas Aylen, Master H.M.S. *Ardent*, 1861:—

	Miles.
Buenos Aires to Martin Garcia	45
„ Boca del Guazú	14
„ S. Pedro	103
„ Obligado	11
„ S. Nicholas	40
„ Las Piedras	11
„ Rozario	40
„ S. Lorenzo	23
„ Diamante (Second Delta)	70
„ Paraná	46

amongst the "Isleria," or Islandry proper, and the caracols or windings of the mouths: scenery which owes to President Sarmiento what Laura did to Petrarch. The proprietorship—a more material matter—is still a moot point between the National and Provincial Governments. I afterwards visited these waters in company with the President, and I can well understand why the "Archipelago of Carapachay" was called "Tempe Argentina."

From the Lujan, whose bar is shallow, we sight the ships lying off S. Fernando, and the white houses on the green "barranca" here at its highest, thirty-five metres. Thence we run up the wonderfully tortuous Arroyo del Capitan, a vein some 100 yards wide, with occasional openings and outlets to starboard, which show the main stream, a muddy Mediterranean. It reminds me of the Whydah Lagos Lagoon subtending the Slave Coast in all the terrible beauty of Africa. Here and there the resemblance is increased by a wretched road, fronted and backed by swamp, with canoes, the horses of the country, ready to aid in escaping from hostile floods. After nearly four hours amongst the islands of the Paraná, a garland of emeralds like "Insulind" formed by cross cuts passing between main lines of discharges, our steamer debouches from the Capitan vein into the main artery, Paraná of the Palms, here three to four miles broad with the jump of a sea. At the mouth it is 4.50 metres deep, but it shallows rapidly at Praya Honda, where it is fit only for ships of light draughts, and that only in the best state of water and weather. Another four hours' spell shows on the right bank La Campana, "the bell." Below the high talus is a big shed, a saladero, buried in a wealth of willows, and above it rise the large and handsome white house and Estancia of the ex-Minister D. Eduardo Costa. Higher up is Zárate, a mead fringed with the salix, and a half-finished dwarf pier for landing a few passengers, the

houses being concealed behind the water-slope. After this point comes S. Pedro, where the Paraná de las Palmas anastomoses with the Paraná Guazú.

The *Yí* will run up this "Guazú," as it is familiarly called. I will first attempt to explain something of the delta formation. The general opinion of the older travellers makes this ring of the Pampas the easternmost limit of a southern Gulf of Mexico. The limits of this great estuary, a rough quadrilateral, would be Cape S. Antonio to the south-east, Patagonia to the south (limit unknown), westward the line of the Andes, and northwards the Chiquitos country, and the water-sheds which divide the basins of the Amazons and the Plate. Thence the outline would pass eastward of the Xarayes swamps and follow the great spinal cordillera of Paraguay. South of Villa Rica it would trend eastward, embracing the valley of the Paraná proper as far as the Salto de la Guayra, and to the south south-east the valley of the Uruguay would complete the circuit. Thus the length would be 1920 geographical miles (between south latitudes 17° and 49°), and the breadth 600 miles (from 58° to 68° longitude) west of Paris. The total area is 1,152,000 square miles—nearly half of South America. This vast estuary is supposed to have been an inland sea with rocky islands, such as the Sierras of Córdoba and S. Luis, gradually warped up by the washings of the Andes and the other highlands, while the ground grew under the influence of secular elevation and deposition. But M. A. Bravard ("Geologie des Pampas," a work unhappily incomplete) explains the so-called Pampasian alluvium by atmospheric and terrestrial causes. Secular upheaval produced a shallower sea—upon which sand dunes formed a floor, and subsequently the dust and volcanic ashes were transported by the Pampero builder from the Andes and the arid regions to the west,

and were consolidated by the torrential lowland and sea-board rains. Lest dust be considered an inadequate cause, he quotes the instance of a single storm at Buenos Aires which, after a few hours, covered the verdure with a cloak one inch thick.

South of the Paraná de las Palmas is the Paraná Mini (the Minor Paraná)—a middle line very little used. It is represented in maps to be a mere branch of the third great southernmost arm, the Paraná-Guazú.

On Monday (August 17) the *Yí*, not yet in light marching order, zigzagged and staggered across the north-western edge of the outer roads, avoiding the city bank; turned slowly to the north-east, and lastly made northing for Martin Garcia, the historic islet. Drawing six to seven feet when at anchor and nine when driven, she ploughed up waves of liquid mud, and rollers, breakers, and billows of mire followed in her wake till she was obliged to anchor. Mr. Crawford, her engineer, swore that one should travel up such a river upon a pair of stilts. This water, heavily charged with detrital matter and arrested by the action of the sea stroke, forms the land-banks and islets of dark mud, fringing the once mighty estuary now a prairie. When we reach the true river, we shall find on both sides a glacis defining the bed, and above Corrientes the absence of a marked riverine valley will strike us as something new.

We run too far west to distinguish anything but the rolling outlines of the Banda Oriental or eastern shore, along which we coasted when ascending the Uruguay river. These "lomas" will presently reproduce themselves behind Angostura, and form the slopes where the last great battles were fought. We are compelled to steam close by the western or fortified side of Martin Garcia. After running ten miles more we are right opposite Las Bocas, the mouths of the Paraná; but we do not relish entering them at night,

especially with a bad norther. In front is the gigantic Uruguay, an "aber," showing almost a sea horizon, and its capes and distances are dots based apparently upon the wave. We therefore anchor off the Boca del Guazú some 170 miles from the sea.

On the next morning, a Niebla or Cerrazon, a warm fog, kept us fast to our mud-hook. In autumn—April and thereabouts—it usually lifts at 8 A.M.; in the cold season, as at present, it lasts till 11 A.M., and longer still on the upper stream. We presently make play and enter the Boca, which is half a mile wide, presently bulging out to 3000 yards—thirty cuabras, the passengers say, for here distance is counted by squares; and lastly, settling down to 500 yards. The soundings at the entrance show 7.50 metres; this, therefore, is evidently the main line. We cast curious looks over the smooth, currentless expanse at the far-famed Islands of the Paraná. Still flooded at high tides, it is a riverine Archipelago, formed by Arroyos and Arroyitos, Riachos and Cañadas or hollows, as harsh a view at this moment as any on the coast of Essex. The typical growths are the poplar and the weeping willow (*Sauce de Lloron*), both transplanted from the Old World, and right curiously they contrast. The former, here as elsewhere announcing a settlement, stands up in the stiffest and thinnest of perpendicular lines, gaunt, pruned out of all semblance to the trees of Touraine, and dark with sombre metallic green. The willow bends and droops by the tall tree's side, every line is curved and prone, every motion is soft and languid, the very music of the leaves is a whisper, not a rustle, and all are now drawing on their spring coats of light and feathery green. The "Sauce," which forms one quarter of the woody vegetation of the Arctic zone, extends from this latitude to Patagonia, where it occupies about the same rank; further north it will make way for tropical growth. There are several

kinds—the useless Lloron, introduced, it is said, by the Jesuits ; the Colorado or red, which gives good timber ; the Mimbre or osier, useful for withies ; and the white or indigenous species, which has congeners on the Amazons and the S. Francisco (*Salix Humboldtiana*). Their exposed roots caused the South American Pilot (i. 5, 180) to discover “impenetrable mangroves” in the delta of the Paraná ; but here the salt water does not, despite Commodore Jack Trunnion, extend ; consequently there are no “forests of the sea.” The largest growth—not very tall, for the wind, the great leveller, cuts them down—is that leguminous and papilionaceous erythrina, the Ceibo, which foreigners, mistaking for Cebo, mistranslated “tallow-tree.” At present it is a mere system of woody spikes, forming gigantic brooms ; in October or November it will be aflame with bright embers of bloom, and then it will be dressed in the burnished leaves that suggest the North American “fall.” The Lianas, here called “Loconte,” and in Chile “Boqui,” appear like climbers upon hop-poles ; presently these creepers and air-plants will beautify old age and skeletons, and will turn death into life.

At another season we shall find all the brown grown green. Orchard follows orchard of apple, pear, quince, and the wild durazno or peach, which wants only grafting and training ; its tender pink blossoms contrast well with the black-green poplars, with the grey-green of the young white willows, with the darker foliage of the older salix, with the leek green of the weeping willow, and with the metallic greens and burnished tints of the less known growths. There is the orange, fast returning to its original type ; despite the fade and somewhat bitter taste, the fruit is made into cooling drinks, and was at one time gathered like the peach for the Buenos Aires market. As the clearings in the higher levels and the smoke rising from the

far inland show, the present is the time for the charcoal burner. He must lead a wild kind of campaigning life, ever in heavy marching order, carrying with him all his belongings, exposed to every manner of insect plague, worse than the "tiger" or the aboriginal "Indian," and perpetually battling with chills and fevers: yet these squatters must represent a fair item in an islanders population laid down at 2000.

On the edges of streams appear various aquatic plants, suggesting that the country could grow rice for a continent. The "eunco," with papyrus-like head, is of two kinds, large and small, the Piri and the Piripiri of the Brazil. The "Camalote" or *pistia stratiotes*; called the Agnapé further north, veils the water with fat, liliaceous leaves, supporting the flower stalks. Hence the "Camalotes," or floating islets, at times scattered over the river; there are legends of "tigers" and wild beasts being floated down by them into civilization—I never saw any that could compare with those of the Benin river. Along the lower reach are fields of rush and flag, inundated every year, and determined by the extent of the flood. Higher levels produce the Flechilla or arrow-grass, whose stems and seed-sheaths, matting the fleece, are odious to the sheep farmer. There is the "Paja Colorada" or red grass, with floss-like panicles, the Paja Cartadera or cutting grass, which is the true grass of the Pampa, and the Paja Brava or Totóra, terms applied to many different species. The white plumes of the stiff cane, whose tasselled head rises ten feet high, and the green leaves that gracefully droop about its base, recommend this "Pampas grass" to the ornamental grounds of England, where, however, it is useless. Here strange cattle refuse the rank growth, whilst those accustomed to such fodder thrive upon it. Captain Page says that it is common in eastern Virginia. Throughout these latitudes it belts the streams

and extends deep into the Pampas, always following, I believe, the watercourses; and we shall find it high up on the Paraná and the Paraguay.

The channel winds wonderfully, to the east, to the south, and to the north-west. Rival channels abound, and we often see far beyond the monte-bush, to our right and left, ships' sails passing up over land like the sailing waggons of the Seres. When the waters are out, temporary cross-cuts, as on the great Rio de São Francisco, enable boats to cruise across country. The riverine edges wax higher as we advance, and whilst one side grows grass the other becomes tree-clad; higher up, this formation will assume larger and more distinct proportions.

From this lower bed the larger animals, so common up stream, have of late been frightened away; the fish to breed in the tributaries and the less disturbed parts; and little life save aerial remains. At rare times a bullet head protruded from the water and at once withdrawn denotes the "Nutria," indifferently described as an otter, a seal, or a sea-wolf. The shag, *plotus*, or diver, is of two kinds, one dingy brown, the other black with white-tipped wings and a plume that commends itself to what wears bonnets. They gaze at us with extended necks and "bob" down stream, in remarkable contrast with the hunchbacked, motionless Mirasol or white crane, standing one-legged and meditative on the bank, and with the Socoboi, the large ash-coloured heron, roaring like a bull because we dare to disturb him. Ducks are rare, and yet August is the height of the shooting season. Wild pigeons are common before this month; the Paloma torcaza (properly torquaz or torquated) is large as a blue rock, and the torcassita equals the ringdove. There are swallows, red orioles (*sangre de boi*); "Calandrias" or singing thrushes, the Sabiás of the Brazil; black thrushes; pajaritos de las animas, and two red-crested "Cardinals,"

large and small. Amongst the hawks appears the "Carancha," the Brazilian "Caracará," an ignoble but clever and versatile bird, ranking with the eagle, but feeding like the carrion crow; ready to fish, to combine in hunting away the black vulture, in pulling down a crane, and in carrying off a chicken; it will dig its dying talons so deeply into the offending hand that the shank must be cut off before it loosens hold. And everywhere the skeleton trees are whitened by the roosting of "Cuervo," the turkey-buzzard.

No eastern limits has the delta nor occidental either till 4.15 P.M., when looking to the west we descry sign of a true coast, low but rising above the trees, and rolling far away to the south. This "barranca" or bank, which, hemming in the stream, controls its floods, is straight-lined, with level summit, here green, there bare, and its wall-like surface is in places broken by blue clumps of trees. The water-cut talus or slope seems formed of sand or clay, with here and there patches of bush: it appears in the form of cliffs and headlands, scarps and slopes, double and compound distances, which refresh the eye wearied by the flatness of the rushy grassy sea stretching in all other directions. As we pass the "Cancha" or Reach of S. Pedro, at the head of the first or smallest delta, we see from the hurricane-deck the glittering steeple, and the tall whitewashed ridge-roofed church of Baradero; the name "place, where ships go aground (barar), or are careened," suggests the Varadouro of the Brazil. The hamlet has its bit of history. In 1580 D. Juan de Garay, the founder or restorer of Buenos Aires, divided amongst his followers, after killing the Chief Tabobá, the lands taken from the warlike Querandís. It now owns a Swiss colony, concerning which I may refer you to Mr. Hutchinson.

After this came Obligado, memorable for the chain or rather for the three chains. Here Dictator Rosas opposed the English and French squadrons by a resilient structure

composed of a one and a quarter inch chain amidships, flanked by two one-inch chains on each side, and floated across the channel upon thirteen pontoons formed of small dismasted vessels. Commodores Hotham and Trehouart sent, on Nov. 20, 1845, Lieutenants Hope (now Admiral Sir James Hope) and de la Morvonnais* (whose estancia we passed upon the Uruguay river), and after the fleet had suffered severely by being detained under batteries which could not be turned, the cold chisel soon opened a way. This "beau fait d'armes" is at this moment especially interesting; we are bound for Paraguay, and we become curious about chains and booms.

Now we approach S. Nicolas de los Arroyos, 185 miles from Buenos Aires, and famed as the prettiest part of the stream. The bottom is here sandy not muddy, and there are few snags or sawyers, the rare driftwood being generally carried towards the western shore into which the stream is now biting. The vegetation begins to change, the "ceibo" is finer though less common, and generally the leafage is larger. The left bank is low and flat: the right, tall and well raised, supports the townlet, which is limited by a creek on the north. All visible from the river is a string of new houses, mostly of brick and nearly finished: the lower town of S. Nicolas, in April, 1869, will be under water. Apparently all the traffic goes "aquas arriba," none down; big ships lie at anchor, other ships run up before the "soldier's wind," and a steam-tug tows her three anchors, proud as a hen with chickens. The craft is of every kind, good, bad, and indifferent, all being equally fish to the war-makers, who prefer quantity to quality. At night the ships have an old habit of making fast to the trees, hence hoar and reverend jests put into the

* I regret to see that English writers have chosen entirely to ignore the part taken by our French allies in this gallant enterprise.

native mouth concerning the nightly repose on the Atlantic. The lights, yellow, red, and green, are almost as good an illumination as that of Buenos Aires. It is suggestive to see the mighty river so populous, thus illustrating what it will be two centuries hence, when the sounds of war shall have died away from its banks, and the sights from its memory.

Above S. Nicolas the stream spreads out some six miles : its peculiarity is that the deeper water lies near the two sides. Ships therefore brush the bush to avoid grounding, and to save the curves. We passed unconscious the Vuelta de Montiel, that great bend whose delays are so much feared by sailors. Again the river narrowed, whilst the bank rose to eighty feet, tunnelled and pierced like salt licks, by the Viscacha—where it exists—by the martin, and by the parroquet. Below the side-slopes animals gather to get shelter from the wind, and to chew the cud in the presence of water. The approach to the city is a big unfinished brick house, bald all about, a small Saladero, that kills its 150 beasts per diem.

At 2 A.M. we halted off Rozario in the swiftly rushing stream of two and a half to three knots. Here the river, about one mile wide, is very deep, and the ships often lose anchors : friction and other obstacles make the under-flow faster than the surface current in proportion of eight (or eight and a half) to four and three-quarters, or five. The fall of the Paraná from Rozario to the Puerto de las Piedras (thirty-three miles) is seven feet four inches duly measured, and giving a declivity of two and three-quarter inches per mile. Similarly the Mississippi River, from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of 1200 miles, gives 275 feet, or two and a quarter inches per mile.

We must, I suppose, land at Rozario, if it only be to pay a visit to the Consul. His jurisdiction we are told extends no higher up. A tantôt.

LETTER X.

ACTUALITIES OF ROZARIO (SANTA FÉ).

August 19, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

The Spaniard writes Rozario and pronounces Rosario; the Portuguese writes Rosario and pronounces Rozario.

After this etymological caution we may remark that the approach to the town is a shelf of hardened silt, varying from 60 to nearly 100 feet high, which is in fact the edge of the Pampasian formation. The outline viewed in perspective is diversified by headlands and double distances, escarpments and undercliffs, here grass-clad, forming comparatively level downs like those of Dover; there dotted with tree clumps and single trees. The barranca or bluff-face is tunnelled by the parrot, and monte somewhat resembling our oak coppices clothes the sloping base that rests upon the wave. The left bank, low, flooded, and peculiarly dull-looking, is still Entre Rios, the Mesopotamia of Argentine-land.

The history and topography of Rozario have been so well and so frequently described, that I may without the imputation of idleness shirk the task. The main interest of the settlement is its prodigious growth. In 1850 it was a miserable hamlet of mud-huts sheltering 600 souls; in 1852 it numbered 1500 to 2000; in 1855 it had 6000; in 1857, 12,000. The census of 1858 gave it 13,826, and now its population cannot fall short of 25,000. Its importance arises from its position as a river port for the vast pro-

vinces of the interior. It is also connected by a coach-line with Mendoza, which lies nearly in the same parallel; and during the last four years it has thriven by the Paraguayan war, and by the railway being run towards Córdoba—a Central Illinois, which will presently make Rozario another Chicago.

And now, from being the commercial capital of the Argentine Confederation, it aspires to become the political. A *bond fide* Federal Washington or Rio de Janeiro is much wanted, and Rozario is a central site far superior in every way to Buenos Aires. Its promotion is ardently desired by the provinces, and the Deputy Quintana highly gratified them by introducing into Congress the following project:—

“Art. 1. The City of Rozario is declared Capital of the Republic, comprising the territory between the Arroyos Saladillo and Ludueña, on the River Paraná, with a league of inland depth.

“Art. 2. All public properties and establishments within the federalized territory become national property.

“Art. 3. The Executive shall have two years to prepare the necessary buildings for the national authorities, the latter meanwhile residing in the City of Buenos Aires.

“Art. 4. This law shall be submitted for acceptance of the Provincial Legislature of Santa Fé.”

The bill was passed on September 18, 1868, by a majority of one—20 to 19. Had there been a tie, President Mitre would have vetoed it. But Sor Tijedo, though opposed to the measure, left the Chambers without voting. President Sarmiento will doubtless stave off the measure during his term of office—six years. After that time Rozario will have the best of chances. Meanwhile, the value of land has at least trebled, and the Central Argentine Railway will presently make it independent of its big neighbour,

and enable it to ship produce direct to Europe. Buenos Aires must bestir herself, and nothing less than a direct railway to the Andes can enable her to retain her supremacy.

The landward-sloping talus of these tall riverine banks makes all the settlements seen from the stream appear small, ragged, and scattered: viewed from the ridge they are large, and regularly laid out. The shape of Rozario is square, except where the river bed cuts off an angle. To the west there is a bad undrained swamp, which must have been a boon to the cholera: here the city thins out into scattered buildings, brick-kilns, and enclosures recently cultivated. The official plan gives seventeen streets parallel with, and fourteen perpendicular to, the stream. Of these many are still on paper, and all the interest of the town is concentrated in the eight "cuadras," bounded north by the Playa or river side; south, by Calle Córdoba, the Regent Street; east by the Matriz, and west by the Calle del Puerto. Within this space is the theatre, lately burnt down; the usual bull-baiting yard, the chief tennis court, the Club, the Post-office, the two Consulates, English and "American" (U.S.), the cafés de Paris and Orispe, acting local exchange, not to speak of "London's café and restaurant;" the new house of Messrs. Dugued and Co., and the banks—London and River Plate, the Argentine, the Cabal and Co.'s, and the Mauá and Co.'s.

The main square, "25 de Maio," gay with promenades on Sunday and Thursday evenings only, is that of the Argentine country-town generally. The usual scaly and shabby Paraiso trees shelter new seats of cast-iron cleanly painted, and surround a column, upon whose summit stands Liberty like St. Simeon Stylites. But the deity, unlike the saint, wants an arm, and is otherwise much bruised and knocked about. The colours are wonderful; the pe-

destal is indigo blue, the cornice is dirty gamboge yellow, the basement is chocolate-coloured, and the four steps that lead up to it are mottled with chipping. Around it stands a small family of four young columns a quarter grown and headless: the busts which surmounted them have been injured and removed. A seedy iron railing and tipsy-looking lamps complete the monument, which reads a lesson in high art to the Rosarinos.

Facing the north of the main square is the new Gefatura, a tall and handsome building: it lacks, however, the useful clock of the Buenos Aires Cabildo. The Matriz, whose two round white steeples of the pepper-castor order can be seen from the river, and make us compliment Rozario upon not having too much church, is on the eastern side. Fronting west, and adjoining it to the north, is a low yellow building that acts as priests' quarters and police office. Nothing can be more hideous than this attempt at classical art, its plaster Ionic pillars, with intervals unknown to the gods or Vitruvius. At 9:10 A.M. mass on Sundays and fêtes the church is crammed. Men in the blackest of black suits stand bareheaded under that dreadful portico. The women—endimanchées—overwhelming society with superfluous dry goods, and dressed not to please the other sex so much as to displease their own, squat upon the floor. The first glance justified me in quoting

“ Ugly church, ugly steeple,
Ugly square, and ugly people.”

The latter are mostly Chinos—don't mistake this for Chinese—uninteresting half-breeds, white-red, with here and there a flavour of Ham. China girls, tall and cleanly made, with fine long black hair, eyes like the llama's, luscious lips, and skins of bronze that show only one single tone, are admirable in their early teens. Marriageable at thirteen, after the third lustre they devote themselves somewhat fanatically

to the dulia of the jolly god, now San Martin, and the loving goddess of late called Mai dos Homens. They are "passed" at twenty, faded at twenty-five, and horribly old and hideous at thirty-five.

The "Sabbath" evening at Rozario passes somewhat less respectably than the morning. There is generally some ambulant company that hires a baiting-yard in the Calle de Córdoba, and the citizens delight in fighting animals. Entering the circus-tent, which was dimly lit with a dozen tallow candles, we were obliged to take a box—chimney-pot hats may not sit in "vulgar" places. The entertainment began with the tumbling of a clown in white night-shirt, spotted with black wafers. Then came the man with the dancing bear, the supping bear, and the wrestling bear, that pretended to lose temper—all were of the small brown species. The bull-baiting was announced by prodigious excitement of the caninery that was fastened by staples and chains to heavy timbers in the yard behind the scenes: they were restless and noisy as boys on board a steamer. The baitee was evidently an old soldier, a neatly made little bull, that sensibly kept its nose guarded by brass-tipped horns close to the ground, and cleverly tossed a succession of assailants. At length the clown shouted with effusion "Aqui el perro Ingles," and straightway bolted in, direct as a bee line, a vicious little brute with broad flat snaky head, somewhat bulkier than the rest of its person, mere screws of ears, a well scarred yellow-white coat that would have gained by scouring, and a villanous sidelong scowl, in which was visibly written ruffian's dog. Its friend the bull received the rush in full front, and chucked it some yards away, when it was caught in an attendant's arms, and nondum satiatum was carried to bed, kicking for more fight. All this was painfully dull. More amusing and of course more barbarous were the next two acts, when the dogs were loosed at

various animals, especially at a pony and afterwards at a donkey. The latter was ridden by a pink-dressed monkey that at first sat well home in the saddle; but as assailant after assailant came on, the hapless anthropoid rose higher and higher till the curtness of its coat became distinctly visible. Some of the dogs preferred the rider and received tolerably severe scratches, others flew at the monture, and that maligned animal the ass was in all duels the cleverer by half; skilfully avoiding exposure of the throat, which was protected by a broad leather band, it bit, it trampled, it kicked, it struck out with the forehand, all with the agility of the original zebra. The evening ended at the Café de Paris, Calle del Puerto; it is the best in the place, but bad ventilation gives it the climate of the Gold Coast, and makes the stale tobacco-smoke hang heavy and lurid as a thundercloud.

Literature does not flourish at Rozario—witness the “Aviso” of M. Vincent Verge, beginning—

“The undersigned (Phlebotomist approved), who lives in Port-street, No. 165, near the market, prevent the public that he hast just received a part of Hamburg’s leeches,” &c.

Yet even in the balneal Etablissement of civilized Vichy we read—

“Sir Hirschler, Corn-Cutter and Pedicure to Her Majesty the Emperor.”

There are two local dailies. *El Federalista* is politically affiliated to the *Nacion Argentina* of Buenos Aires in opposition to President Sarmiento, the Editor, Sor Emilio Gomez, being a negroid. The other is *La Capital*, whose redactor and editor, Sor Ovideo Lagos, was described to me as an Urquizaista, and something worse. Rev. Mr. Carter, an American Missionary, emits the *South American Monthly*, a magazine suited to the most limited capacity, full of goody-goody

talk, victorious polemique, and a few apocryphal conversions. Finally, there is a truly civilized *Prego Corriente* published fortnightly by Carlos F. Gorsse in English and French, Spanish and Italian. *El Cosmopolitano* and *El Ferro Carril* are in abeyance, owing to the absence on a colonizing crusade of the sanguine and enterprising Canadian "D. Guillermo." Mr. Perkins, F.R.G.S., whom I have before mentioned, published at Rozario in 1867, the "Expedicion à El Rey en el Chaco," giving an account of the settlements proposed by him. He has lately been writing in the *Field*.

We will now follow the example of Rozario, which is being rapidly drawn by the railway out of town to the north-west. We skirt the river, turning off at the place where presently will be the new Hôtel de la Paix, and where now is a mere "jumpery." All the characteristic sounds of the American-Spanish town are here—bugles *ad libitum*, and eternal bells, which good taste should abolish, should banish to the Kingdom of Heaven. As the Brazilian settlement may be known by the Araponga, or bell bird, so the Platine is at once betrayed by the shrill scream of the Gallo calling out all his brother cocks. In places you will hear three grind-organs playing at once, and apparently the more they come the more are wanted. With great theoretical respect for the subject's liberty, I practically would seize all such sturdy vagabonds and put them to honest labour. The hairless dog, whose parent stock came from the Sandwich Islands, is here common, though still rare further north. They somewhat resemble ugly, clumsy Italian greyhounds, and their leaden-grey skins are bald, except where a few bristles sprout, and the topknot and tail-tuft, which are sometimes white. These "Pelados" look unnatural among the canines, and the albinos are loathsome as white Negros. The people call them "Remedios" because they cure the rheumatics by sleeping

upon the affected limb, and having no shelter for vermin they are applied to the feet in bed as warming pans or hot-water bottles. In out-of-the-way parts of the country women prefer them "para extrahirlas la leche." The Gauchos of Rozario are peculiarly ugly and wild-looking; instead of boots and calzoncillos, the short Turkish drawers, they wear dirty-white ill-fitting stockings sandalled to the knee with the ribbons of the Spartelle or Basque sandal. Their montures are small, poor and ill-bred, heavy-barrelled and light-limbed, more like cows than horses; they want a leavening of Arab or of English thorough-bred. The best by far are the Mendozinos, despite their exceedingly coarse crests, ponderous forehands, and the kind of circus training which they undergo. All pull tolerably well; and are very quiet, or rather spiritless, being poorly fed and severely punished.

Passing through the straggling suburb to the outskirts, where land will soon command its breadth in silver, we come to a garden labelled *Château des Fleurs*. It is the familiar Devil's Acre, cut up into long straight walks and dwarf flower-beds, fronted by seats and tables under dark arbours and trellised vines. We graced the opening night, Saturday, November 28, and paid at the door \$1 Bolivian (3s. 2d.—4d.) A little lumber theatre had been hastily thrown up. The stalls were crowded with decent women, whilst the men drank beer and brandy on the back seats, which gave it the genuine look of a penny gaff. Madame Angel and Mademoiselle Talleyrand, who had travelled with us from Buenos Aires, sang, danced, and did Theresa and Rigolboche (poor girl!) to abundant applause, "mas arriba" being the only objection where the foot was not raised sufficiently *à la Almah*. Though sadly disappointed by the absence of a cancan, that gracious gift of friendly France to these young lands, the audience was in excellent humour.

An unhappy tenor, beginning to mangle his song without ruth or stint, was literally cheered off the stage—a great improvement upon the barbarous European howls, hisses, and cat-calls. We ended the evening at the house of D. Carlos Hurtado, who, over some first-rate port, supplied us with an abundance of the most interesting local information.

During our first visit, my good colleague, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, H.B.M.'s consul, was absent on sick leave to England. The second found him preparing to quit his little quinta in the suburbs. He had done heroic service during the terrible cholera plagues which desolated Rozario in March to May 1867, and in December to February, 1867-8. A single month (April) saw 492 victims buried in the churchyard. The people mostly fled from the sick, even from those suffering cholericine—an epidemic that visits them almost yearly during the great heats and autumnal rains. My colleague was ably aided by the Sisters of Charity, with their customary devotion to the cause of suffering humanity, and by Mrs. Hutchinson, who like himself did not escape unscathed. He was then subjected to a cowardly attack in the shape of a caricature. The native doctors, who, by the depletive treatment had sent their scores to the grave, were too glad to throw dirt at a medical man who cured many a patient with chloroform, chlorodyne, and shampoings with brandy and spirits of turpentine. He was, however, gratified by the present of a medal, inscribed, "In Memoria de los Tavajos Practicados por la Log. Cap. Union, durante el Cólera de 1867. Rosario, 1867." And there I believe ended his reward. It almost proves a future state, *et cetera*.

Mr. Hutchinson of course had troubles with the bad section of his constituents, some of whom circulated a complaint against him. "Society" at and about Rozario is

even more divided than in Monte Vidéo: the "Camp" is first; the City comes in a poor second. Amongst the citizen-foreigners are also two divisions—gentilhommes and bourgeois, nobs and snobs—who dwell wide apart as the original owners of the Burra-Burra mine. You may imagine the effect of such complications in the most limited of circles, especially when further subdivided by separation of saint from sinner, Liberal from Conservative, Creole English and home-bred English. The consequence is, that practically your "set" is reduced to a quarter dozen at the most. This is much less the case amongst the Germans, Italians, French, and few Basque. A week at Rozario was long enough for me to hear of these troubles, and not long enough to involve me in them. We spent, even in the town, some very pleasant evenings, especially with Mr. Weldon and Mr. George W. Bollaert, a son of the well-known littérateur. I cannot commend too strongly their habit of dining *sub divo* in the patio backed by the fragrant garden.

From Mr. Hutchinson's Quinta we walked over to the terminal station of the Central Argentine Railway, of which Mr. William Wheelwright is contractor. This gentleman was then building for himself another large house, thereby notably stultifying a certain proverb. Now past seventy-one, he began life by trading notions in a little Yankee schooner on the western coast of South America, and whilst he was treated as a mere visionary and speculator, his energy and perseverance enabled him to conquer difficulty after difficulty, and at last victoriously to establish the steam navigation of the Pacific. Since that time his name has been connected, more or less, with every great act of progress effected by the Hispano-American republics. I afterwards made acquaintance with Mr. Wheelwright at Buenos Aires, and found him, as he had been described to me, in appearance

the typical John Bull, and in character an excellent combination of what is most valuable in the two races, English and Anglo-American. I only hope that he may live to see his various projects crowned with success.

Mr. Wheelwright obligingly gave me letters to his officials, Mr. Ben. Lea, agent for the contractors, and Mr. George Cooper, Mechanical Engineer. It is mortifying to find how ungenial and even offensive, after the perfect courtesy of Argentine and Brazilian, are not a few of one's countrymen. Perhaps it is often merely the roughness of ignorance that never saw society beyond shop or engine-house, but common sense should teach a man how to receive a visit without, for instance, turning the visitor from his door. The only exception to the rule of Central Argentine Railway incivility was Mr. Woods, Chief Resident Engineer. He led us about the spacious station which is now being built; we found all in active progress—passenger-rooms, engine-houses, offices, repairing shops, wood sheds, houses for mechanics, and machinery of every description required. This is doing things on a large scale: half the terminal "Gares" in the Brazil would fit into a station 1000 metres long by 120 broad. The site is an old cemetery, from which skulls and other valuables were taken; these have unfortunately all been dispersed. For making the bricks of the enclosure, which requires millions, pugging-machines were brought out—the English shape, not the flat Argentine, is preferred, and straw and manure are rendered inadmissible by the cutting-wires. Under the upper black humus, one foot thick and preferred by the natives, our engineers found a subsoil of yellow clay, while sand of superior quality than that supplied by the river was discovered up the line, and is delivered for \$4 per cubic yard. At first the proportions were three parts of black and yellow earth to one of arenaceous matter; this was afterwards changed to five

yellow, one black, and one sand, and careful drying produced a serviceable article.

The first sod of the Central Argentine Railway (see the "Paraná and Cordoba R. R.," a paper read at the meeting of the R. Geog. Society, Jan. 23, 1860, by Allan Campbell, Esq., C.E.) was turned by President General Mitre in April, 1863. It is the first great link of interoceanic communication, and it will affect, when finished, one half of Argentine-land, an area exceeding the total of Great Britain and Ireland, France and Spain, and fitted to support a hundred millions of inhabitants. The initial section will probably reach Córdoba some time this year, thanks to President Sarmiento, who there decreed an Industrial Exhibition, with a view of pushing on the works. From Rozario to Córdoba the direct distance is $73\frac{1}{2}$ leagues (232 English miles), and the line adopted measures 247 miles, of which 240 are straight, seven are curved, and only four run over broken surfaces. The profile of the country is one vast plain, an ocean of land, till it approaches the Sierra, where the higher levels are well wooded. Thus, while the railway mile in the Brazil costs 20,000*l.*, and proves the folly of expensive works in young countries with sparse populations, here it can be completed for 6400*l.* This is the sum upon which the Government guarantees 7 per cent., and the total of 247 miles will not attain 1,500,000*l.* The law of 1857 increased the previous concession to one square league (3.25 miles) on each side of the line from Rozario to Córdoba, except the four leagues near these two great termini, and breaks of one league about Frayte Muerto and Villa Nueva. Thus, when the works touch the foot of the Andes, the company will own a little kingdom of 3600 square leagues—fine arable and grazing ground, to be held in plenary possession on the condition of its being colonized. They should have military settlements échelonnés at every

ten milés, and send out emigrants who must be prepared at any moment to exchange the plough for the sword. Properly managed, this place would afford a Hegira to the paupers of Europe, and in its turn this splendid and luxuriant waste will begin the life of civilized regions.

An error of detail made in this line at one time threatened serious trouble. I quote it as a warning to future speculators. The Government ought, immediately after passing the bill, to have purchased the six and a half square miles which cross the railway longiter, and a very small sum might have made them its proprietors. Every month saw active men pressing in to exploit the land, the public funds could not afford \$25,000 (5000*l.*), sometimes demanded for a single square league, and for years the only ground given over in the Córdoba Province was the "Indian country" about Tortugas. It was once expected that the authorities would be compelled to offer to the Company, in lieu of the land conceded, a round sum say of \$500,000, that this would be refused, that the question would become international, and that the railway would not reach its terminus in 1870. All these difficulties, however, have, I am informed, been satisfactorily arranged.

We will now return to the *Yí*. A "tormenta" or dust-storm threatens, and we must hurry on board whilst we may. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

FROM ROZARIO TO CORRIENTES.

August 20, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

“Above Rozario,” says the South American Pilot, “there is nothing in the river to interest the stranger.” A turn of the world has changed all that.

Before we go further let us cast a geographical glance at this Paraná River, which has been compared with the Ohio of the United States. The total length is laid down at 2040 miles—namely 500 of the Brazilian Rios Grande and Parahyba, 1000 of the upper stream to its junction with the Paraguay, and 540 before it becomes the Rio de la Plata. We crossed in Minas Geraes, you may remember, its upper waters, known as the Rio das Mortes Pequeno. The stream between the mouth and the Misiones district is calculated to flow at $2\frac{3}{4}$ knots an hour; but this rate appears to be exaggerated. It is by no means easy to average the current: it is rapid where high converging banks form narrows, and, of course, slowest between inundated shores. The annual difference of its level is supposed to be twelve feet, but evidently this will not be the same in all places. Its low water is caused by the spring and winter of the southern hemisphere; high water is in its summer and autumn. From this time to September it shrinks, and in October it sometimes falls one to four inches in twenty-four hours. It will wax lower till December, and about January; when the thermometer shows its maximum (60° to 95° Fahr.) it will begin to flood. The stream is high and steady from January

to June (the minimum of temperature being in June and July 30° to 56° Fahr.); during this semestre the Paraná first drains the torrential rains of the Brazilian highlands, discharged through the great affluents, and next the Paraguay is fed by the Xarayes marshes; while somewhat later the Bermejo and the Pilcomayo bring down the melted snows of the Bolivian Andes. At this season the inundations are frequently severe, the Paraná acting upon the Paraguay by damming it up, and the floods of 1868-9 materially affected the war operations of the Allies. Modern travellers know little of the upper bed of the Paraná: navigation is arrested by the Salto del Apipé, 780 miles from Buenos Aires, and few living Europeans have visited La Guayra (1070 miles), described by old authors as an awful cataract, but really a succession of rapids some twelve leagues long.

Adieu to Rozario of the Rats: the last we see of it is the little red-tiled Methody chapel, the brickwork of the big station, and the wooden shoot leading to Mr. Wheelwright's wharf, where ships bringing material for the railway are discharged. There has been a terrible "seca" or drought hereabouts, lasting from April to August. It accounts for the prairie fire by night and, by day, for the smoke forming in all directions lurid dust-clouds; these, solid to sight as a wall, sweep up from the right of the river and linger in our rear. The warm, unpleasant, nerve-trying Viento Norte, the norther which causes murders from Buenos Aires to Pernambuco, has gradually changed to a steady Pampero, and sends flying up under a press of canvas the mob of palhabotes and goletas (schooners) which are often delayed grumbling for weeks. Here square-rigged craft are the fashion—the wind regular as a trade, blowing up or down stream, and mostly up, as the palms bending to the north prove. However good for navigation, a strong south-wester about Rozario makes the Paraná very dangerous. The gale

meeting at an angle the swift, deep current raises an angry sea; at night the breeze bites, and the cold high wind makes the cloudy sky feel as if there were "snow in the air." And so there is, the snow of the distant Patagonian Andes to the south-west: the nearest place where that meteor can be seen is the Sierra de Córdoba, called the "Argentine Alps," and not "Alps" at all.

The Convent of San Carlos, at San Lorenzo, appeared to us as a white façade and tympanum facing the river, flanked by four-storied white steeples, and backed by dark dwarf dome and brown adjuncts, huts and trees. This building has of late years been sketched and described: it will be classic ground where in 1810 General San Martín fought his first fight against the Spaniards, and defeated them with a handful of cavalry. San Carlos is now occupied by about a dozen old Franciscans, whom foreigners charge with admitting women, and other irregularities. It caused, in combination with the *Odium Theologicum*, the Santa Fé Revolution of December 1867—March 1868. Between 1864-7 the Provincial Governor was D. Nicasio Oroño, lawyer, merchant, landed proprietor, and man of progressive ideas. He extended the limits of his little state over thirty-eight leagues of the Gran Chaco, and annexed some 500 square leagues of the most fertile soil; he persuaded the Congress to sanction, on September 26, 1867, a civil marriage; and then he attempted to disestablish the Convent of San Carlos, to provide elsewhere for the monks, and to convert the building into an agricultural establishment and college for poor boys. The good Franciscans said no, and discoursed about the sin which shall not be forgiven. The banker, D. Mariano Cabal, saw his opportunity: at his instigation 1000 to 1500 gauchos, headed by Sor José Fidel, Colonel Patricio Rodríguez, and Lieut.-Colonel Nelson—what a name for such a miseria!—occupied the town, and

“pronouncement” was carried out in the most orthodox and approved modern fashion.

A little above the monastery is the spot where, in 1527, Cabot built the Antigo Fortin del Espirito Santo (Sancti Spiritus), which was thus senior to Asuncion and Buenos Aires. It was abandoned when the great explorer returned to Europe, and the Tapiales or mud walls must long ago have melted away. We read in Wilcocke and older writers the pathetic tale of Lucia Miranda and Sebastian Hurtado : how Mangora, Cacique of the Timbuez (Timbú tribe), attacked for love of her Fort Holy Ghost, and how his brother Siripó, equally bewitched, burnt her alive in a wild fit of jealousy, and caused her husband to be shot to death with arrows. Buenos Aires has also its romantic tale, of which one Maldonata was the heroine : she had made herself useful to a lioness, and the grateful beast supported her during a terrible famine, and saved her life from the savagery.

Beyond the Antigo Fortin lay that of Corpus Christi, built by Ayolas, to control the Timbú “Indians” of the Carcaraña or Rio Tercero, a western affluent of the Paraná. Here the river settles into its normal aspect. One shore is a barranca or tall bank, which now appears to the east, and sometimes clean disappears : the other shore is a low, grassy, and often-flooded point. The wavy outline of the barranca is scattered with copse and trees, and spread with a carpet of gramma, plissé as it were, and often divided into two webs ; one green, smooth, and low ; the other yellow and long-piled. Its height is sometimes eighty feet, and the profile is a perpendicular silt-scarp, cut as if with a knife above, sloping below, and fissured laterally in all directions by rain and rivulet. This regularity of outline we shall trace far up into the Paraguay, and by it we shall presently explain the one unvarying style of Paraguayan defence, and the similar monotony of the Allied attack.

The cliff section is lined with long horizontal bands of stratified mud, like courses of masonry; here whitish, there yellowish, and there ruddy: these denote the process of deposition raised by secular upheaval. The fine dark humus varies in depth from one to three feet. You may imagine its antiquity when Humboldt makes seven lines of humus the work of a century in the temperates. It rests upon sandy silt, the latter is supported by red or white tosca, calcareous clay, sandstone, or marl, and the base is strewn with boulders, arenaceous heaps, and tree-trunks, the spoils of the mighty river-god. The oyster cliffs at Paraná on the eastern side contain *gryphæa*, *O. acuminata*, *O. deltoïdia*, and *O. exogyna*: below the line lie ochreish clays, and sands green and yellow, whose principal fossils are *Astarte elegans*, *Pecten*, and *Plagiostomus*. On the western shore the succession is vegetable mould, Pampas earth, and conchylian limestone.

As a rule, upward-bound craft hereabouts hug the left bank. On board the *Yi*, however, cautiousness prefers the torrential mid-stream to the slack water on both sides, and self-sufficiency disdains to take a hint. Our commander declares, although the stations are printed upon the card, that being ordered to return on the 27th instant, he will halt only when he wants beef. A curious party of pleasure! about as free as yonder red-shirted Paraguayan prisoners who pass us in the steamer dashing down stream, and who affect us with immense excitement. M. Varela and a ridiculous being called Canstatt make after-dinner speeches.

Presently we sight a narrow in front. The left bank is Punta Gorda, called Diamante by General Urquiza, when (February 3, 1852) he here reviewed his cavalry, 12,000 strong, before crossing the river and going to glory at the battle of Monte Caséros. The troops were ferried over in boats and rafts. On the Entre Riano side a tall and

regular cliff of reddish clay shows three distinct distances of parallel bluff in long perspective—the nearest fines to a point which projects far out to meet the lowland on the other side. North and south of it are swampy grounds, and it forms the apex of the larger delta, beyond which the stream is one. A sail to starboard apparently going across country shows us the eastern branch, the Rio Paranancito, upper waters of the Ibicuy. Where the brown silt scarp is disposed in a gentler talus, there is thick, furze-like monte, leafless now, but dark green in the right season, whilst a rich fringe of ever-verdant willow bends over the water. A Puerto for canoes is connected with a ribbon of path which winds round the bulge of mud precipice, often double and parted by wild vegetation, and which slopes up the grassy dorsum leading to the line of white houses and plantations that comprise the little settlement. It is by far the best building site that we have seen yet—higher and more open than that of Rozario. The sole disadvantage is its one league distance from the river. The choice of place dates from the days of the Payaguá water-thieves, and suggests a valley on the Upper Congo River. Houses mostly with sloping roofs, “tejos” opposed to “azoteas,” and with walls of tapia—the taipá of the Brazil and the pisé of Brittany, not unknown to the country parts of England—are crowded about the white chapel. The cemetery is about a league from the settlement, a good plan here generally adopted. About the village are corrals or cattle pens, and “ramadas,” poles supporting shady roofs of thatch, which must be renewed every year. The peach plantations already showing pink, and patches of dark-leaved oranges set in rows, from afar resemble coffee. Black cattle wander amongst the *tailis*, and the *bouquets de bois rabougris*, chiefly the Nandubay, the tala, and the mimosa. Animals breed here better than in the Brazil north of the Paraná province, where artificial

salt licks must be made, and where the uncaponized bulls drive the cows. The horses of Entre Rios are said to be large and good. Their habits and soft hoofs, however, render them useless on stony ground.

We passed Paraná city at night, but I afterwards frequently revisited it. The approach from Diamante is picturesque; the barranca in places is high on both sides; the inlets of wooded ground, and the open slopes of grassy downs, like velvet with frayed nap, are a repose to the eye. Islands and sandbanks now become numerous; the former are of brown earth, supporting luxuriant grass and thick shrubbery; there is little driftwood upon them, and hereabouts no forest supplies snags. The extraneous matter is brought down from the upper stream, and forms many a "bank of patience." These features will become very common above Bella Vista.

The Bajada, or landing-place of Paraná city, is the usual gap in the tall cliff fronting a willow-grown islet, off which the current is at times a four-knot. The bush-crowned barranca shows lines of semi-fossilized strata, not the muddy alluvium of Pampasia. Near the water calcareous marls and clays alternate with hard shell-limestone, and higher up the cliff-face are two "calheiras"—holes which supply white nodular calcaire. From these shells the Paraguayans extracted the "nacar" or mother-of-pearl with which they made their once celebrated inlaid work. This is an "Indian" art, apparently now lost.

Off the port lie a little steamer and four ships, awaiting cargo. There are about a dozen whitewashed houses, the rest being mere "jhomprís" or hovels. Here lives Mr. Myers, formerly Montague, once in the Royal Navy, but since 1816, Independence year, an Argentine with a decided turn for Rosista politics; wherefore he is a steamer-agent, and full of old local knowledge. Carts and carriages com-

municate with the town, which is a good league inland, and about 200 feet higher than the river. From above and below the Bajada we see its church, San Miguel, domineering the rabble of low buildings. For eight years Paraná was the Federal capital—very well placed for General Urquiza's interests, very badly for those of the Confederation, being at least 390 miles from Buenos Aires. The national "Caravan Government" abandoned it in September 1861.

From Paraná a little steamer runs up to Santa Fé, crossing the stream and threading a network of lagoons. Here begin, on the west bank, the long lines of riverine islets formed by the true Paraná and its western channel, or rather the lateral loop, making a stream six leagues broad known as the Rio de San Javier. To the north of it is that geographical puzzle, the Saladillo Dulce, which, according to the rise and fall of the Paraná, flows either to the east or the west, now becoming an influent, then an affluent.

West of the Saladillo stream runs the Salado, representing the Red River of the Mississippi valley; it separates the province of Santa Fé from El Gran Chaco or Chaco Gualamba—a wild Guarani word, from which we are supposed to guess the aspect of the place. The name of this "hell of Spaniards and Paradise and Elysium of savages" is translated *ἦθος*, a lair, a great wild chase: it means a herd of Vicuñas and Guanacos. According to Guevara, the term was originally applied to the doab formed by the Bermejo and the Pilcomayo. It was then extended to the area of 216,000 square miles—big enough for an empire, or for four South American republics—stretching 10° north of Santa Fé, and 6° west from the Paraguay River. Helms (1806) asserts that Chaco, the ancient name of the land about Chuquisaca or Sucre city, gradually extended to the southern lowlands. An abundance of old Spanish and Jesuitic literature describes this unoccupied paradise, which is still as it was,

a rancheria of wild "Indians." Colonel Arenales, afterwards to be alluded to, wrote a dull, but circumstantial book about it in 1833. Part of the luxuriant waste was visited by Dr. Weddell, the companion of the Count de Castelnau, and it was skirted by Messrs. Mansfield and Hutchinson. It still awaits a serious exploration, which ought not in these days to present any great difficulties. Externally, the mysterious land at which travellers gaze with wonder and curiosity as the yet empty cradle of a mighty people, is a low and thickety jungle, with here and there a swelling "lomaria" or ridge, bulging above the dark fringe of impenetrable forest. The general aspect of the interior as far as visited, is said to be that of western Texas, except that it has more rivers and lakes, and that its Selvas (forests) are far richer and fairer. It is spoken of as an Eden flowing with milk and wild honey, where people fatten upon game and popped corn, toasted and spread. But I have ever found milk among pastoral tribes rare during the greater part of the year, as is fresh fish on board ship. The Chaco is politically claimed by the Argentines to nearly 22° south latitude, above which Bolivia asserts her rights. The eastern and riverine part is bespoken for Paraguay, and in a short time, but for the present war, the grand proportions of the Great Wild Chase would have been sadly curtailed.

On the morning of August 20 we were off Santa Elena Point, where is the white estancia* of D. Mariano Cabal,

* The estancia is a planter's (estanciero's) farmhouse, farm, and cattle grazing ground. The tenement, the sheds (galpones), and all the offices are called poblacion. The hacienda (in Bolivia hata, and in the Brazil fazenda) is an estate for cattle breeding and grazing exclusively, unless otherwise specified, as hacienda detrigo (wheat), de mineral or de beneficio (mining). The quinta is a suburban villa, a small farm, or a country house. The chacra is a grain or vegetable-growing farm. The puesto is a shepherd's (puestero's) hut, generally with its rodeo (from rodear, to round up stock), a bare piece of ground for mustering cattle.

the intrusive President of Santa Fé. The next place of importance was La Paz, distant 270 miles from Corrientes. It is a hamlet prettily situated upon a promontory forming placid bays in places almost land-locked from the river, whose flow here increases. About the Puerto canoes were drawn high up the golden sands: the upper part is the usual sprinkle of whitewashed houses and adobe huts. It is known in old books as Cavallo Cutiá, the white horse—cutiá meaning in Guarani, primarily white; secondarily, paper and silver. In front are three distances of woodland, and presently the river opens a sea horizon. The land opposite La Paz will be laid out in colonies to connect with those of Santa Fé, on the very edge of the dangerous Chaco. Its nearest neighbour would be the Swiss colony La Esperanza, the most northerly of the three; the others being San Carlos and San Geronimo, échelonnés to the west. These agriculto-military colonies will be found most useful against the raids of Chaco Indians. All, I repeat, should be fighting men, and they should be assisted in extending the frontier and in freeing the land, without sentimentality, from the wolfish savages that infest it. The Argentine Confederation will presently extend the benefit to their vast Pampasian limits.

Here the vegetation palpably changes. We notice for the first time bamboo-clumps (tacuaras) near the water, giving to the scene a tropical aspect. Large palms are scattered over the higher bank. The species is here called coquito—in the Brazil coqueiro (*C. butyracea*). There is a greater luxuriance of growth: we have now trees not brushwood, towering above the tall Pampas grass. Flowers begin to form a feature, and brilliant Brazilian epiphytes, dwarf copies of those further north, adorn the boughs; not only on the dead trunks live columns of convolvulus, even the willows are tapestried with creepers from branch to root. Here the drift wood is heaped up on the Chaco or right

bank—a sign that the stream swings towards it: Captain Alvim observed the same opposite Humaitá, and probably there are local differences of action. Mr. Crawford, our engineer, believes that the stream encroaches eastward, thrown by the motion of the globe. Captain Page (p. 153) agrees with him, and attributes the islets invariably formed in the Chaco to the agency of the earth's revolution. M. Elisée Reclus opines that the Paraná, like almost all the meridional rivers of the southern hemisphere, cuts into the left bank. When treating of the Rio de S. Francisco, I have alluded to this subject, which is highly important when treating of engineering works.

About noon we passed on the east bank the Rio de la Punta Brava, a river which has made its name in history. When Garibaldi was expelled by General Oribo from Montevideo, together with his patron the Caudillo General, Fructuoso Ribera, President of the Banda Oriental, he proceeded upon sundry "Corsair" expeditions. The Liberator of the Farrapos had only three vessels—the barque *Constitucion*, the brigantine *Pereira*, and another. Hotly pursued by Admiral Brown, a lieutenant of Rosas', he ran up this stream, burned his ships, and marched inland to Montevideo; thence he travelled overland to Rio Grande do Sul. This province proclaimed its autonomy as the Republic or Free State of Piratinim, which lasted through nine years, and afterwards made a complete *fiasco*. This admiral was an Irishman of the good old fighting stamp, and he now lies under a splendid monument in the Recoleta of Buenos Aires. The Argentines do not deny his gallantry, but they are not disposed to like or to laud the foreign employé. Concerning Garibaldi, then an obscure adventurer, local accounts differ: many say that he plundered hard to support his forces; almost all agree that he took nothing for himself. But the question is, "What business had he to fight at all?" Better

was candle-moulding in New York, and then poetical justice would not have been done upon him in the shape of a dramatic biography by M. Alexandre Dumas père.

The next place of importance was La Esquina—the “corner”—which must not be confounded with La Esquina del Dourado further south. At this point the southern Rio Corrientes, draining, they say, the Yberá Lake, joins the Espinilla or Guayquiraro, the “home of the fat boy,” which separates the Entre Rios province from its northern neighbour Corrientes. The settlement lies on the left bank, about three miles distant in a true line; the site is a loma or ridge, and the shape is a long scatter of white houses with dark patches of orange-grove. A falua boat, flying the Argentine flag, suddenly came out of the creek, showing that water-way is not wanting. The masts of a ship rose from the river. We were told that she was the *Prince Albert*, a Nova Scotia collier, which struck upon a snag, or had a hole cut in her. Opposite La Esquina is Pajaro Blanco, a place of savages and montaraces, where Mr. Perkins would plant another colony to lead the “vida fronteriza.”

Early on the next morning we passed the Costa Tala, where the river widens to an enormous girth; and at 7 A.M. we reached Goya. Here both banks are very flat, the bright green vegetation is very tall, and the stream is three and a half leagues wide—a long riverine island, one of a mighty many, splitting it into an eastern and a western channel. Large ships ascend the latter; the former is comparatively shallow. Many craft go up the Bocas de Abajo or lower mouth to the port, and descend again, losing six to seven leagues, rather than encounter the Boca de Arriba. The name Goya is a corruption of Gregoria, the wife of a Portuguese settler, and must not be made with Mr. Mansfield “Goyaz,” a province of the Brazil. Dating from 1820, it is one of the most thriving places in the upper Paraná, and

the Correntinos look upon it as a small Buenos Aires. I afterwards visited the Puerto, on a sandy spit, close north to the Arroyo de Goya. Here are the large white capitania and flagstaff, and six or seven brick houses; the rest are sheds, including a large graseria (where fat is boiled down), and a kind of châlet, which receives steamer-passengers. Carts and horses transport them to the Pueblo, a mile or so up stream, where an obelisk and white towers rise above the green orchards. It is an industrious commercial little hive of 3000 souls, who export their hides and wool, oranges and cheeses: the latter are famed through the land, and so are the "china" girls, who are said to press them by the simple process of supersession. The climate is feverish, and the place is too near the lowlands of the Sta. Luzia River.

Goya has been named of late, being the most southerly point reached by the Paraguayan invader, and it readily submitted to 200 men. Both here and at La Esquina the soldiery, it is said, behaved roughly, and did not leave a good name. On the opposite bank is the Rio del Rey, where an old settlement was founded in 1748 and abandoned in 1813. This stream, even in our most modern maps, is confounded with a western branch, the Rio de San Geronimo.

Six leagues above Goya, near a long point, the Rincon de Soto, also called de los Sotos (of the Fools), is the large Saladero, formerly belonging to Mr. Samuel Lafone, of Montevideo, and afterwards to a Buenos Aires Company. We know it by its tall chimneys; the better houses are whitewashed, the huts are of wattle and dab with dull sloping thatches, and the place of business has a zinc roof. A gaily dressed party of both sexes stands upon the water-edge marvelling at our size. The Paraguayans here billeted themselves, when it was managed by D. Emilio Quevedo and Mr. Thomas O'Connor, now of Paysandú. The latter had a narrow escape; the Paraguayan officer

repeatedly declaring a *vélléité* for shooting him, as he was evidently a malignant and an ill-wisher to the holy cause of Marshal-President Lopez.

Beyond the Rincon is an historic site, the Bateria de Cueva, the name of a fighting old Portuguese estanciero, sometimes erroneously written Cuevas, Cuevo, and Cuevos.* As will afterwards appear, it is the typical Paraguayan position of defence. Here the Chaco shore is low, while the high left or eastern bank is a little sloped; a well-wooded gap or dwarf glen cuts the barranca, and up it winds a green path. Evidently the guns should here have been placed *à fleur d'eau*, and they would have done great execution, as the river unusually narrows to about 150 yards. But routine carried the day against common sense; the Paraguayans placed their artillery upon the high ground, where their plunging fire did the least damage.

The lively little episode is as follows. After their victory at Riachuelo (June 11, 1865) the Brazilian squadron again proceeded up stream and attempted to pass Corrientes, then in the hands of the enemy. General Bruguez, the Paraguayan leader, made the usual plan to capture or destroy it. Marching suddenly from Bella Vista with several thousand men and guns, variously stated to be thirty-five or fifty, he commanded the enemy's fleet off Bella Vista. The invader ran the gauntlet about six miles down stream, when Bruguez, by another forced march, again placed his flying batteries on the lower river. On August 12, five days before their decisive victory of Yatay on the Uruguay, the Brazilians rushed out of the trap down-stream with closed hatches. The Paraguayan infantry lying on their bellies delivered from the bank volleys of musketry, whilst the gunners poured fire upon the Vice-Admiral Barrozo.

* Lt.-Col. Thompson (chap. vii.) calls the site Cuevas.

The *Amazonas* received forty-one cannon balls, the *Ivatry* twenty-two, and the *Guardia Nacional* (the flag-ship of the Argentine Admiral Muratori) twenty-seven. Presently, when Leonidas Estigarribia had surrendered Uruguayana (September 18, 1865), the Brazilian army marched upon Corrientes, and General Resquin with his Paraguayans retired (November 4) towards the Paso la Patria. It is said that here he left some quaker guns, which succeeded in keeping the enemy at bay; for five days the latter knew nothing of the evacuation till informed of it by an Italian schooner going down from Corrientes. In the point of pushing their successes the Brazilians have ever failed; they are like the losing order of gambler, who will back his ill-luck but who fears to run his good-luck.

Presently we passed the chain of scarped and detached bluffs, supporting the upsloping green bank. Amongst them is the Barranca de Bella Vista; it well deserves its name, but it must not be compared, as a late writer has done, with Genoa the Superb, nor with famed Palermo, nor with sweet Messina and hoary Etna in the background; nor even with the oft-sung and little-deserving Bay of Dublin. Over the lines of riverine trees we see the hamlet, a streak of white houses crowning the ridge, and sprinkled over the hill side amidst clumps of tropical forest and black blocks of orange trees, dotted like a tall tea plantation. This "Norfolk Island of Corrientes" began its career in 1826 as a settlement of convicts, sent by General Ferre. Here the Brazilian fleet running down the river suffered severely from the flying batteries of the Paraguayan General Bruguez; they had placed their infantry on the decks and in the tops, where they could be swept away by grape and rifle bullets. Similarly situated is "Empedrado," another small Correntino town, commanding a glorious view of the Gran Chaco, and distant thirty-six miles from Corrientes, the

capital. At this place General Robles, who with 3000 men had occupied Corrientes (April 18), and had taken Goya (3rd June), retired immediately after the battle of Riachuelo, and (23rd July) was arrested by General Barrios, the minister of war, and sent up to Humaitá in close confinement. The Paraguayan army was taught to believe that he had made an agreement to deliver them up; others asserted that his offence was wasting time at Goya and Bella Vista, instead of attacking the Argentine General Paunero, who was only sixteen to twenty leagues to the south; others that he doubted the success of the cause, and blamed the measures of Marshal-President Lopez. He was shot by the sentence of a secret court martial, at Paso Pucú, after the sentence had been read to the army formed in three sides of a square. He must not be confounded—as some newspapers have done—with his brother (?), Commandante Robles of the *Tacuari* steamer, who, after the battle of Riachuelo, tore the dressings from his wounds and died a hero, saying he preferred loss of life to loss of liberty.

We hurriedly rose from the mess-table as the *Yí* steamed up the eastern channel of the Paraná, two to three miles below Corrientes. Here the scheme which was to place upon the brow of Marshal-President Lopez an Argentine crown of his own device was shattered by the incapacity of his officers and the rashness of his men. At this place the Paraná, running north-south, and some nine miles wide, is studded with sundry islands, of which two are large and well wooded. The eastern bank, about the southern end of the longest holme, is broken by the Boca del Riachuelo, which is masked by another islet. Here the channel is some 500 yards broad, widening above and below, and the low sandy and bushy ground south of the Riachuelo, and called the Rincon de Lagraña, is backed

by fine trees and broken by bays and projections. North of the "Streamlet," where the quinta of Santiago Derqui fronts the Rincon de Santa Catalina, rises a tall ruddy barranca, striped and patched with yellow and bistre-coloured clay, irregular in outline, and topped by a slope of dull-tinted grass and clumps of monte. All the ground described forms the Paraguayan position.

In April, 1865, the first Brazilian naval division steamed up towards Corrientes; at that season the water was so low that an attack upon Paraguay was deemed impracticable. Admiral Tamandaré was wasting his time at Buenos Aires and Montevideo, imitating the only part of Nelson's career which caused his friends to blush. The fleet was entrusted to the Commandante Gomensoro, and afterwards to Vice-Admiral Barroso, and it anchored almost in sight of Corrientes, and close to the Chaco or western bank of the river. It consisted of nine fine river steamers, fully manned; these were the flagship *Amazonas*, the only paddle (6 guns); the *Jequitinhonha*, the *Belmonte*, the *Mearim* and *Beberibe* (each 8 guns); the *Paranahyba* (6), the *Ipiranga* (7), the *Iguatemi* (5), and the *Araguay* (3 guns)—the total of artillery being 59, which report exaggerated to upwards of 100.

Thereupon Marshal-President Lopez, nothing doubtful of success, resolved to tackle and carry off the prey. He could muster an equal number of ships, but only 34 *bouches à feu*, and his vessels were mere river craft, roughly fitted to carry guns, and with boilers exposed above the water-line to every shot. Of the paddles were the *Tacuari*, flagship, and the only war ship (6 guns), the *Ygurei* (5 guns), the *Paraguari*, *Ypora*, *Marquez de Olinda* (4 each), and the *Jejuy* (2); the screws were the *Salto Oriental* (4 guns), the *Pirabebé* (1 gun), and the *Yberá* (4 guns)—the latter prevented from entering action by an accident. The weak squadron was, however, reinforced by

six "chatas," or "chalanas," barges or flat-bottomed boats, which the Paraguayans used throughout the campaign to great effect. I know not who claims the honour of having suggested the idea. The "chata" was a kind of double-prowed punt, strengthened with sundry layers of two-inch planking, undecked, drawing a few inches water, and standing hardly half a foot above the surface, with just room enough for men to serve a single gun, either mortar, 68-pounder, or 8-inch. Thus the chata could not only thread, by poling or by being towed, the shallow streams; it could also inflict considerable damage upon an ironclad; and it was hard to hit, as only the gun-muzzle appeared above the surface. These gunboats often singly engaged the whole fleet. It is a feature of considerable naval interest, and well adapted to defend or to attack the inner water communications of a country like Paraguay. The Paraguayan fleet was placed upon command of Captain Mesa, with Captain Cabral as second. Consciousness of inferiority suggested to General Bruguez an accompaniment of flying batteries to ply along the beach below the barranca to the north of the Riachuelo, and boarding parties, consisting of 500 picked men, were sent on board the ships.

Captain Mesa had been ordered to run past the Brazilians at daybreak; to turn short round; to lay each of his ships alongside one of the enemy; to pour in a broadside, and to take the prizes in tow. Amongst other things, grappling-irons were forgotten. It reminds me of a certain Anglo-Indian attack upon Sikh batteries, when the engineers neglected to bring spikes. The action was unjustifiably delayed till 9.30 A.M. (June 11), and the Paraguayans, after exposing themselves to a vastly superior artillery, actually ran down to the mouth of the Riachuelo before turning up stream. Thus they gave the Brazilians time to make ready and to go down to meet them. The fight began well for

the Paraguayans. The *Jequitinhonha*, with two 68-pounders and a Whitworth, grounded on a bank in front of the shore, and, peppered by the land batteries, was abandoned. The *Paranahyba* had her wheel cut away, and was boarded and seized. The *Belmonte*, riddled with balls, was obliged to be run ashore to prevent her sinking.

At that moment the chief pilot of the Brazilian fleet, one Bernardino Gastavino, a Correntino, the son of an Italian, who had probably never heard of the Athenians and Peloponnesians at Naupactus, or the *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg, but possibly of Admiral Tegethoff at Lissa, bethought himself of a manœuvre which changed the fortunes of the day. Guiding the *Amazonas* towards the *Paranahyba*, he cleared her decks with grape, and striking the Paraguan in the middle ran her down. The *Salto* and the *Marquez de Olinda* had their boilers shot through, and the *Jejuy* was sunk by gunnery. The battle lasted eight hours, and the assailant lost half his ships—the *Tacuari*, the *Ygurei*, the *Yporá*, and the *Pirabebé* being obliged by the injuries they had received to escape and take refuge under the guns of Humaitá. They must inevitably have been captured had they been pursued by Vice-Admiral Barroso; but, though boasting that he went to “seek for danger,” he neglected, as usual, in his terror of the destructive flying batteries, to push his victory. For very equivocal conduct he was made Barão de Amazonas; whilst the pilot, who did all the work, became, I believe, a lieutenant. Such is mostly the gratitude that the Brazilians show to foreign employés. Captain Mesa was mortally wounded by a single bullet from one of the enemy’s tops, otherwise he probably would have been shot, as he deserved. Both sides claimed a victory, as usual; struck medals, and sang *Te Deums*. The Paraguayans own to 200 men *hors de combat*, while the Brazilians swell to 1500 and even 3000. The Brazilians assert a loss of 300, which the enemy

exaggerates to 800. On both sides there were instances of heroism, and it is pleasant to remember the name of the Brazilian midshipman—Enrique Martins—shot by the Paraguayans when he refused to give up his flag.

The defeat at Riachuelo was, I repeat, fatal to the success of the offensive portion of the Paraguayan plans. The Brazilian squadron could now blockade the river above as well as below Corrientes, and by threatening to cut off its rear it could compel the corps of the Paraná to retreat from want of food, instead of communicating with the *corps d'armée* of the Uruguay. Then it directly brought about the fall of Uruguayana, surrendered by Leonidas Estigarribia (September 18, 1865). The affair of Cueva (12th August) was intended by the Paraguayans to retrieve their fallen fortunes; but that attack, as has been seen, also failed.

Steaming above the long island we saw the trucks of the *Jequitinhonha* still topping the water. The tall cliffs gradually sank, and the stream became an archipelago of charming green isletry; these disappearing, and leaving an open bank as we approached Corrientes. To the west the Rio Negro winds up a great gap in the majestic flood here—at 900 miles from Buenos Aires—some 2500 metres wide. On the left bank are yellow cliffs, partly of argile, partly arenaceous, with sand plants at their foot, and crowned with the richest verdure; whilst, far over a clearing for cultivation, we sight spires, domes, and a memorial column. On a cliff projecting into the stream is the pretty quinta of Dr. Vidal, with its thatched roof, and white walls, and orange avenue leading to the door. Beyond it is the Brazilian military hospital, occupying the saladero formerly owned by Messrs. Stock and Hughes, of Buenos Aires. Turning the broken point, exposing a tanning establishment and a timber-yard, we pass towards the little bay fronting the north. The water is here forty-five fathoms deep, and

the anchor of our floating hotel is liable to drag. We therefore go well in, fronting the Custom House and arsenal, the Colegio, or Government House, the tall towered Cabildo, and other big buildings that emerge from a mass of vile huts parted by foul streets, and nestling under glorious trees, palms and oranges. The general appearance is more like a Hindu town, say Calicut, than a Christian city.

On my return I spent a week with a couple of acquaintances at Corrientes, and perhaps you will like to hear something of life in a country capital of an Argentine Province.

LETTER XII.

A WEEK AT CORRIENTES.

September 5-12, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

Corrientes rests upon the margin of her noble river, here bending eastward, and showing to the north a lake-like expanse. As usual, the landward slope of the bank, a talus leading to a plateau 60 feet above the Paraná, makes her appear from the water poor and scattered, showing only Cabildo and church towers, tree-tops and dingy brown tiles and thatches now outnumbering the Southern "azotéa." Inside, "Taraqui" the "green lizard," as the Guaranis call the place, is, like Rozario, large and compact. Held to be the fourth or fifth city of the Republic, it claims for its population 16,000 to 20,000 souls, which I should take the liberty of reducing to 10,000. It is a parallelogram of at least a mile each way, numbering 60 to 70 cuadras. In 1863 it was represented by "about 1500 palm-thatched ranchos, 200 tiled roofs, 100 azotéas of one to two stories, 3 miradores, 24 pianos, 20 carriages, 6 flagstaves, and 6 schools." Now double all; the schools alone excepted.

We land upon a pier of two planks, about midway in the northern front, at a dwarf sandy inlet, studded with boulders of porous oxidized sandstone, coarse and honey-combed, abundantly weather-worked and water-washed. On the bank above is the Capitania del Puerto, at once theatre and promenade; the idlers gather to see passengers' luggage opened, and to grin at the overcharges of the ras-

cally boatmen. After the usual examination, whose results pronounced me to be an "agrimensor," we entered the Calle Rioja, going south; it corresponds with the Rivadavia or Regent Street of Buenos Aires. There is a painful regularity in the names. The fourteen that open upon the northern face are called after the Argentine provinces; but that on the north-eastern corner is "Paraguay"—by anticipation. Those running east-west have been baptized after local heroes—*e.g.*, Vera and Bolivar, Belgrano and San Martin; after battles, as Junin and Ayacucho; or after patriotic subjects, for instance, Sud-America, Confederacion, and Independencia. The names are carefully painted upon boards, but no one knows them; you must ask, after the old fashion, for the street of Don A. B., which is ridiculous.

The usual little bit of thoroughfare is paved; the rest have a surface of country soil overlying loose sand. They are about fifty feet wide, and here and there wooden scantling shores up scraps of brick trottoir, so narrow that you must walk in Indian file. At intervals cross-bands of stone or tree-trunks act as bridges, and prevent the street being washed bodily away. After heavy rains some thoroughfares are cascades and others are pools: both gradually pass from a stiff viscid mud to a state of "hardbake," and lastly to a mobile black dust, which dirties the hands like the atmosphere of a railway. Carts cannot progress without the tallest of wheels, and three horses in a kind of unicorn. There is no gas above Rozario, nor are the streets bombées. As in the older French towns, they decline towards a central gutter, and only the happy water-slope of the town prevents the horrors of Lima and Mexico. Beyond the centre of population, these thoroughfares fine off into alleys of scattered ranchos, rough as newly-ploughed fields.

The house is of the normal headless Arab type; a long

box, unplastered as the streets are unpaved, parapetted and embrasured at the top. The best are mostly supplied with a tile cornice breaking the stuccoed "dickeys," and with façades rising high and proud towards the firmament. They affect the Argentine silver and azure. The walls are either of brick or of the small unbaked adobe, and the latter are often set in a framework of timber, as you see in the Brazil and in old English farmhouses. The numbers are, as usual, odd on one side of the street, even on the other: all are apparently parts of an immense whole, 620, for instance, or 490—the lower ciphers being omitted by request. The blocks are supposed to measure 150 varas (yards) each way; but they are very irregular. None are complete, and even in the heart of the settlement thatched hovels and gardens cover the greater part of the surface.

The older houses of "Taraqui" are quaint and picturesque; recessed ground-floors, fronted by verandahs on posts with carved capitals. The outside windows look heavily barred as any gaol; and from the street you see the occupants of the sitting-room, whose sofa and two perpendicularly-disposed parallels of chairs are correct Iberian style. The inner portion is prettily disposed in dwarf gardens and grass plots, with seats among the red and white roses, shaded by orange trees and tall cypresses; often there is a vinery, and in one I saw a hydrant. The best buildings are flat-faced, altos or sobrados, double-storied, with miradores; very few have verandahs projecting over the trottoir, and affording shelter from sun and rain. Mostly they are "half-sobrados," that is to say, raised on masonry foundations above the damp ground. The architecture, as well as the vegetation, here inclines more to the tropical, to the Brazilian. The ranchos have sloping tile roofs to pour off the rain, and the poorer tenements prefer the hollow trunks of the "palma de tejo" (tile-palm) split, cut into pieces six

feet long, placed, like the tiles, side by side, one line convex, the other concave, but not fixed with mortar at the edges; indeed, apparently not fastened at all.

The outskirts show mere "ramadas," sheds and flying roofs, tenanted mostly during the daytime by big mastiffs, savage as the dogs of Petropolis. We find in the choking monte a luxuriance of castor-shrub; a tangle of sarsaparilla; yellow datura with gigantic trumpets; the cylindrical cactus, here, as at Buenos Aires, a gnarled tree; the monster aloes; the tuna, and the edible tunita (the Mexican tenoch), which awaits an improved breed of the indigenous cochineal. A few cotton plants linger about the bush. Messrs. Robertson found the Corrientes province well fitted for the shrub; but the industry has never been exploited. Of the larger trees are the "carandai" and the palms, used for roofing and paling; various acacias and mimosas, especially the algarroba, carob, locust, or St. John's bread. It is in this region an indigenous species, and the people do not ferment it to chicha. Oranges, here valuable, because apparently the staple produce and export of the land, are plentiful, sweet, and good without a "hand's turn" being done to them. The tree takes about eight years to grow, after which it is worth, now that everything is exceptionally expensive, one silver dollar per annum. The Paraguayans make orange wine, but it is too sweet and luscious for human nature's daily drink. And neither Correntinos nor Paraguayans have learned to preserve the fruit, which at once decays. Some of the naranjales farms or orchards are of great size, containing thousands of trees, which produce half a million to 800,000 fruits per annum.

From Rioja Street we turned left down the second best, the Calle de Julio (9th July, 1816, National Independence proclaimed at Tucuman), and visited M. Carlos Candido Prytz, who is living between two boot signs, black and yellow.

These symbols abound. A Grand Turk, painfully transmogrified, here and there occupies a corner shop, and in these towns the "esquina" pays twenty-five per cent. more than its neighbours. "Peluqueria" is everywhere the rule, and, since the Brazilians and their gold have left, "liquidacion" (selling off) is by no means rare. The only posters are those of a "Silforama," which promises views of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, Fort Sumpter, Vicksburg, and so forth.

M. Prytz is the son of a Danish Baron who settled in the Brazil and became an admiral. Born at Pernambuco, and physically a thorough-bred Scandinavian, he is a furious and ferocious "Brazileiro." He is ready to quarrel about the obsolete Abrantes-Christie affair; and as for the Argentines, he would be down upon them in arms at once. To call him a countryman of Hamlet would be grossly to insult him. It is remarkable that whereas in Europe most men born abroad—for instance, English boys in France, and *vice versa*—tenaciously cling to the nationality of their parents, the reverse is the case throughout the western hemisphere. I presume the reason is that to Youth a world with a Future is far more sympathetic than one with a Past. M. Prytz has been Brazilian Consul at Corrientes for the last three years; he is, however, a rabid Conservador, and this may promote him. I found his nationality too irritable for comfort; you instinctively feel that all aggressive claims to superiority—one of the characteristics of un-English England—are virtual confessions of inferiority. Far more companionable was M. Edouard Peterkin, a Belgian of Scotch descent. There is no material reason why he should be here; but "quitter son pays," says the great traveller Confucius, "pour visiter l'extérieur c'est accomplir sa destinée." He contracted to supply the Brazilian army with Belgian copies of that "venerable gas-pipe," the Enfield; and with Whitworths. Of these the average size

was bought at 35,000 francs, including 15 per cent. to the agent. M. Peterkin has been made Inspector of Arms, with the rank of Captain of Infantry.

We sallied out to see the sights, and first of all the market-place. I asked for the bath. *Point!* Yet I hear simultaneously four grind-organs that are actually paid to play. The Plaza del Mercado, at which the Calles Rioja and Julio meet, is by far the most interesting, and, indeed, the only lively spot at Corrientes. The bazar is now "hot," and when not so the place is terribly dull. In the centre stands a "galpon," a tiled shed, some fifty yards long, where flesh, which here means beef, is sold—"Carneiro no es carne," mutton is not meat, says the gaucho. The butchering is slovenly, and the badly-cut joints, if they can so be called, are mere hunks of animal matter. There is no milk, the country being pastoral; butter is very rare, and all things are dear; even eggs command four sous apiece. The square is surrounded by pulperias, an Italian panaderia (bakery), and stores of wet and dry goods—especially blankets and saddlery. Of course the Circo de los Gallos is not forgotten.

"That man's throat should be cut," said to M. Peterkin an old woman, recognising in me a Paraguayan officer-prisoner. Many of her sisterhood sat at squat before benches or napkins upon which were spread their wares, cane and tobacco, gourds and melons, potatoes and maize-heaps, with fruits, vegetables, and sweetmeats of sorts. Far more "Indian" than Christian—say three-fourths coloured—they are remarkable for personal cleanliness, and there is a merry smile upon many a wheat-coloured face. The skin is well lit up, the eyes large and dark, and the forehead lies low under volumes of blue-black hair, coarse as a horse's mane, and looking as if once wet it would never dry till the day of death. The full mouths and the

heavy chins reveal the savage type. Amongst them hobbled an old "Minas" negro, probably of Moslem origin, carrying a grimy little San Balthazar in plaster. Each she-devotee took the doll, crossed herself with it, kissed its feet, and rewarded it with a few oranges, cigars, or corn cobs; those who would not lend to the saint were treated by the old beggar to a sharp word and a vicious sneer. The hard-staring foreigners, French and English, Yaukees and Germans, and the ruffian Italians, only laughed at the place where his negro beard should have been.

In the open day turbulent boys and half-"china" children roll with the dogs about the sand under a sun that peels your nose. Black soldiers will loaf about till some fine day the market will be closed, the pulperias will be shut to insure sobriety, and four or five hundred of them will be marched off to put down the "rebelde i malvado Cáceres" (the rebel and villain Cáceres) "i su complice i automata Evaristo Lopez." I found out that a revolution was going on only by asking about a picquet of cavalry stationed in the church porch. The Most Excellent Señor Governor had called out the National Guard at the instance of D. Nicolas Ocampo and D. Raymundo F. Reguera. Corrientes Province became a prey to civil war when crusading against Rosas, and apparently has never recovered tranquillity. The latter of the two worthies above mentioned is the ex-President who defended Goya against the Paraguayans: he can sign his name, but he signs it "Baristo." The first, D. Nicanor Cáceres, also made a name when retiring from the invader; his literary attainments rival those of his accomplice; and resembling a certain king,

"He quite scorned the fetters of four-and-twenty letters,
And it saved him a vast deal of trouble."

President Sarmiento says of Tucuman, "it is well to mention that the Assembly of Representatives was composed of

men who did not know how to read." What, however, can be expected here when in Spain, the mother country, out of 15,673,000, some 12,000,000 are unalphabetic? D. Nicanor, an exalted "Federal," appears in photographs like a thick-set little Cardiganshire peasant by the side of a Patagonian spouse. When I returned to Corrientes in April, 1869, both these rebels were clean forgotten. You are beginning to understand in England why the King of Naples was expelled, why Otho I. fled from Greece, and why Queen Isabel found herself at Pau. But these South American "pronunciamento" movements are beyond even the traveller. Read, for instance, the history of Columbia, or even of New Granada.

The Gaucho and Gauchito are also here, lounging about on animals in correct native costume—flowers stuck behind the ears, ponchos, and chiripá-kilts, their short, stiffly-starched calzonzillos of white or scarlet stuff—hideous degeneracy from the broad flowing Turkish Shalwár—show the tops of civilized Wellingtons. All the montures are poor and many are hammer-headed—the horsemanship is better than the horse. The felt or straw head-covering alone distinguishes these people from the wild Indians of the Gran Chaco, who are paddled over every morning by their squaws in canoes, which they easily manage despite the current. They bring fruits, manioc, and billets of the wood ñandubay, used for fuel. The staple of trade, however, is the "Chaco grass," coarse and thick as a wheat stalk, which, in the absence of alfalfa, serves to fatten cattle. The men disdain to do anything beyond loafing, drinking, and strolling about to sell bunches of ostrich feathers, for which they ask a dollar when the value is twenty cents. The Great Chaco swarms with rascals, and these are not ^{*}exceptions. The pretty squaws are left behind, and the old women attain a pitch of ugliness unknown to civilization, which repairs the damages

of time. The wavy hair argues that some of them are mixed breeds: they wear rugs and blankets, earrings and necklaces of beads; many are ornamented with the real tattoo, which cannot be effaced. A few affect black patches round the eyes; these "dos ochitos" are signs of mourning. Christianity is evidenced by the crosses which the missionaries teach them to prick along and across their noses.

The rest of the city we may easily see. The Liberty Square (Plaza 25 de Maio), which has altered little during the last two centuries, is a grassy manzana, whose blighted palms and short posts surround a sixty-foot column. This supports a diminutive female armed with a lance and blackened as to the eyes, with a suite of plaster heroes in yellow epaulettes and broad blue ribbons across their breasts. The old cathedral is a savage caricature of the leaning monster at Tuscan Pisa. A bell-tower, seventy feet high, rises by the side of a low little barn; it is evidently senior to the fane, and was built to call the people nowhere, because conspicuous and likely to collect subscriptions. There is nought to interest you in the Cabildo, municipality, law court, and prison: the substantial building, once plastered white, now peeled and scaly, dates from 1812, when Deputy-Governor Lazuriaga ruled. A fine view of the river may be had from the Belvidere that tops the tall solid square turret: this structure, not of "Moorish build," is provided with balcony, machicolis, and finials at the corners, which suggest pepper-casters or donkeys' ears. Perhaps they are emblematical—"burro" (ass) "as a Correntine alcalde" is a saying fathered upon General Artigas—no fool, but a great knave. Further to the west is an old Jesuit convent, now the Casas de Gobierno, the offices for the usual three great departments of State, of Treasury, and of War. Here are the Governor and Ministers, the Gefe Politico (Chief Magis-

trate or Lord Mayor), the Judges, civil, criminal, and commercial; together with the Bank and the Custom-house.

We have not yet "done" the churches, which in this country-capital are many, whilst none are wholly mass-less and the canoe-hat abounds in the streets. Fronting the Cabildo are the church and cloistered convent of La Merced, a domeless brick building with Doric portico, and towers as much too low as the cathedral belfry is too tall. The regular orders are the Mercedarios and the Franciscan friars; the latter have two houses in a "city" which has not yet dreamed of a book-store. Both are sent to bepreach the Indians, and the payers complain that they prefer the comforts of town to the Christianization of the Gran Chaco. By the side of La Merced is a gloomy prison-like old house, dated 1698, with the tall ornamental gateway—here rare, but common at Santiago and Lima—the property of a priest some ninety-eight years old: it lately lodged Dr. Santiago Derqui, first civilian President of the Argentine Republic and failure. Two squares to the north-east is San Francisco Solano, whose two steeples, bran-new but still unfinished, are not set square to the front, and are ridiculously thin compared with the old barrel-roof farcically broad. The Azulejos, or blue-glazed tiles, are being slowly applied: they come from Portugal, and they cost money. The simple inside consists of nave and aisles, formed by five substantial whitewashed piers: the high altar is painfully flat, and there is a sacristy but no transept. The earlier shell, some twenty feet high, is evidently old; the superstructure dates from the days when the Brazilian Pedrinho—cant name for the local Napoleon—represented a crown, and when the pretty Correntinas made money by means that no one would guess. Finally, the new cathedral of San Juan Bautista, ex-chapel of the Rozario, fronts an open space, known as El Piso, grand in size, but bare except of mud or dust, and being gradually

invested by low tenements. Here huge-wheeled carts, drawn by restive cattle, offer for sale grass and firewood. Begun by President D. Juan Puyol in 1854-56, and abandoned in 1858, this promoted fane had cost in 1863 some \$130,000. With heavy Doric portico, single double-storied tower, and dome bristling with scaffold, it would readily fall but for the strength of the bricks, which are set with lime outside, and inside with mud. And it runs other dangers: a cannon ball has cracked the belfry. Evidence of a foreign hand appears in the clerestory and in an embryo transept rounded off at both ends; all, however, is unfinished, except the temporary wooden chapel, where collections are made.

We must visit the cemetery, which, as usual, commands a charming view. As at Venice the defunct are the best lodged, so in South America the Cities of the Dead usurp the finest sites. We make it by a road through a dried-up marsh that becomes a slimy "pantano" after a day's rain, despite the ardent sun; and presently we reach the Plaza de la Cruz del Milagro. The auspicious site is like the square of a Brazilian village, a common of gramilla or pasto tierno, with here and there a wretched rancho, or a half-roofed hut, growing up around it. Evidently the burial-ground is much too near the homes of the living; meanwhile we greatly enjoy the distant prospect of the city and the graceful inland slope of the grassy and well-wooded river-bank. Before the turreted chapel stands a wooden dial, inscribed "F. Johannes Nepumecinus Alegre, 1857." The graveyard is badly kept as the Recoleta of Buenos Aires, and João de Barros the thrush impudently sits upon the Emblem of Man's Salvation. The tombs are heavy, tasteless masses, which topple over as soon as possible; some are oven-shaped; a family vault resembles a Californian steam-bath sunk in the ground; there is a quaint monument with its iron railing mighty like a bottomless camp bedstead,

and upon another a neat woman mourns in Italian marble.

Three squares to the south lies the Alameda, sometimes used as a race-course, but being a sheet of water ankle-deep in rainy weather, it is not a favourite promenade. Here is a built-up obelisk, the effect of El Pueblo Correntino's piety in 1828. The base shows a cross surrounded by flames, with the date April 3, 1588; on one side is inscribed "Dextera Domini facit virtutem" (Psalm cxvii. 16); the other face bears a long legend alluding to an event of the Conquistadores days. The city was founded in 1587-88 by D. Alonzo de Vera, distinguished as "El Tupi" from his ugly namesake, whose cognomen was Cara de Perro—dog's face. He called it after his uncle the Gobernador, "Ciudad de San Juan (Torres) de Vera de las Siete Corrientes," either from the seven points of rock jutting out into the Paraná, or because the mighty river there formed seven great currents. Others say that Alonzo and Juan were brothers. The first settlement, which numbered only twenty-eight fighting men, was attacked in force by the Guaycurús; the Spaniards covered themselves with a palisade and a mud bastion about half a mile from the barranca under whose shelter lay their ship. Outside the fort was a tall cross of hard green wood, to which the besieged addressed their prayers; this the Indians, believing it to be a charm, carried away and tried in vain to burn. They then attacked the stockade, and were dispersed by a terrible storm, whereupon the Cacique and his six thousand followers begged to be baptized. Excavations made in 1856 found remnants of the old clay entrenchment and an Indian arrow-head, which, says a pious Catholic traveller, "seems to confirm the tradition." Moreover, a bit of the said miraculous cross is preserved in a neighbouring chapel; and if this cannot convince you, nothing will.

Beyond the Alameda is the Brazilian military hospital of San Francisco, which caused so much excitement throughout the empire when the evil-minded report was spread that the Correntinos were plotting to burn it. Its commanding position upon the tall bank was admirably chosen. It is, however, now being dismantled. Much of the timber has been plundered, but the energetic Peterkin stops such proceedings with a strong hand. A Brazilian officer involved in this ugly affair was duly punished.

The climate of Corrientes is subject to brutal variations of temperature. Sometimes for days together the mercury will stand at 106° to 108° (F.) in the shade; then it will suddenly fall to 82°. The people declare that their city is not unhealthy, yet they suffer from languor, *chuchu** (ague, the Brazial *sezão*), heart disease, and "pasma real" or tetanus—here common as in Paraguay. I often see the hearse decorated with besoms of ostrich feathers. The nights are cool and always dewy: in early mornings the land smokes with damp, whilst the sky of noon-day is perfectly pure. Mid-winter (July to August) has a few hardly-perceptible frosts, always when the sun is down; so in São Paulo the people count in the year two freezing nights. On August 13, the date of the great Peruvian and Ecuadorian earthquake, there was a hurricane violent as those of Buenos Aires and Montevideo. September 8 honoured us with a bad storm of thunder and rain from the east, that swamped the land, and made the street-mud slippery as oil: the next day was hot and sultry weather, the *mormaço* of the Brazil. On September 10 the sky cleared, and the people expected some twenty days of charming spring. In November there are often torrents of rain; and the citizens, having no fire-

* Not *chuchu*, which is a kind of poisonous grass, found upon the Pampas. Much less *chucha*. Some write the word *chu-chu*, and translate it "cold-heat," *i.e.*, ague and fever.

places, must bury themselves up to their noses in the folds of their ponchos.

A day at Corrientes, when the novelty wears off, is not lively. The people rise early, eat oranges, and suck maté. They breakfast or dine at 11 to 12 A.M., as in Egypt, Syria, and the Andine provinces generally; and they dine or sup at 8 to 9 P.M. Office hours are between 5 to 10 A.M. and 4 to 7 P.M. The siesta is of course universal. Half the day is spent in sleep, and the "balance" in eating, drinking, and smoking home-made cigars, which the fair ones roll up, preferring the femoral muscles to the unelastic wood-slab. We also rise betimes, but when it is fine we walk. We feed at the Café Restaurant de la Paz, Calle de la Independencia, where an itinerant band also refreshes itself. The Carte du Jour, lithographed in Buenos Aires, a reminder of the days when money was coined at Corrientes, offers the usual allowance of potages, entrées rôtis, legumes, and desserts.

After breakfast we say, Flanons! On Sundays there is the sortie de l'Eglise, where youth and beauty runs the gauntlet between two rows of men. The "lady" walks to church leading, in sign of dignity, an Indian-file of half a dozen servants, or rather slave girls. They carry her prayer-book and the rug which is to be spread upon the nave floor. Poorly treated, and purposely kept in profound ignorance, they must stand before their owners in the abject position of crossed arms. A redskin boy may still be here bought for \$80 or \$100; and the many foreigners, especially the Basques, set in this point the worst example.

Pretty faces are not rare. At a large ball lately given the amount of beauty which cropped out from the far interior surprised all the strangers. The "upper ten" appeared in a variety of Parisian toilette; hence one remarked that "even Buenos Aires looms out in the distance as a beacon

of civilization compared with Corrientes." The poorer classes affect white or coloured petticoats, and blue or red shawls, thrown, like the "rebozo" of ancient days, over the head. They are cunning at making shirts, drawers, and neatly-embroidered counterpanes, while they excel in pillow lace. Their cut-work and drawn-work were formerly familiar to us; but Honiton and Valenciennes have rendered them obsolete as passement, crown lace, bone lace, Spanish chain, byas, parchment, billament, diamond chain, and point tresse. Here, however, they are expensive and valueless, as in the Brazil. Formerly Corrientes was a great cotton field, and every plantation had its wooden gin. Now, despite the great efforts made in 1863, the industry has fallen low. Egyptian and Sea Island failed, as might be expected, for want of sea air; and little is now cultivated save the arboreal cotton, which averages per annum about 1 lb. of tree-wool.

A positive aversion to marriage extends from Panamá to Buenos Aires,—I have noticed it when writing about the Brazil. "Concupinage," as the Teuton calls it, is the rule; and the piscoeiro or cicisbeo is an institution when wanted. Most men prefer the "china" girl, who is easily witched by *τίς*, or by "qui que ce soit," and who disdains the regular approaches of hesitant, priant, ecouté, and drutz, or ami. "Tutior at quanto merx est in classe secundâ" is the ruling idea. Colour prejudice appears rare, and the people have forgotten the old distinctions of mestizo (white and red skin); of cuarteron (mestizo and white); of octeron and of puchuelo, or one-sixteenth of "Indian" blood, which can hardly be distinguished, except by a yellowish whiteness, from the pure breed.

Before the siesta we pay our visits, beginning with D. Victorio Torrent, ex-Deputy and actual Governor. His house is a modest "terrea," guarded by four or five "In-

diaticos," with gun on shoulder and big knife in belt. The Brazilians declare that they are "bugres," or savages trapped in the chase. We are made welcome by M. Bossut, a Belgian watchmaker, who, having filled his purse, is now going home. For a very simple operation he charged me 11., frankly declaring it his lowest charge. M. Dumanet, the photographer, determines that we shall sit, and supplies us bountifully with copies of his "Indians," and other local subjects. After a time we stimulate at the store of Mr. T. H. Mangels, Calle Rioja, a collector of botanical curiosities: he kindly gave me sundry duplicates, which proved useful at home. To him Marshal-President Lopez paid \$10,000 by way of indemnity for his losses during the Paraguayan occupation. We are introduced to the Town Major, Commandante Piquet, relative to the La Mothe family. He fought under the Generalissimo Caxias against the Liberals at St. Lusía, in the Brazil; and now he is *en route* to Humaitá. We call upon D. Juan Decoud, editor of *El Liberal*, the most advanced paper; he has fled his country (Paraguay), where he owes a long tale of vengeance. Of this distinguished family one was put to death by the elder Lopez, and another commands a Paraguayan brigade in the Allied service—D. Juan may look forward to becoming Minister and even President. The other periodical is the *Voz de la Patria*, far too moderate to be popular.

Politics run high here, as in other parts of the Confederation. Difference of private interests and personal ambitions engender fierce feuds, that become old ingrained hates. "To be deemed a man of worth is enough to be one of them" (your party); and the less scrupulous you are in their service, the more you are valued. Imagine a combination of the ready kniveing of the Highlander in the sixteenth century combined with the political feeling of the Englishman in the early portion of the nineteenth. There

are perpetual troubles between the two great parties. The Blancos or Gauchos of Monte Vidéo here become the Cocidos or Federals who, in the days of Rosas, were known as Degolladores (cut-throats) and Mashorqueros, from *mas horca*, "more gibbet," expressing the animus of the party; or *mazorca*, the corn-cob with which they abominably tortured their victims. They would make the Republic a confederation or union of the old provinces, forming independent states — a system of Government which may have succeeded amongst the Anglo-Americans, but which has ever failed in Iberia. Chile owes the greater part of her success to having steered clear of this rock. Opposed to them are the Crudos,* Liberals or Unitarios, the Colorados of Uruguay, who wish a consolidated central government, with a district Columbia—not Buenos Aires, if possible—for headquarters. This sterile dualism surprises us by its power to make men cut throats and torture one another; till we remember that reasoning beings can worship the snake and the iguana. Meanwhile all interests and dearest desires are wrapped up in creeds, political and religious: the cosmopolitan, with his "sublime indifference," has not yet appeared. Hence, distance from the centres of civilization, chronic misrule and stupid superstitions, are effectual obstacles to all immigration, except that *à main armée*. This is evidently the sole way to protect the frontier, and if duly carried out it might succeed in repressing revolutions.

* Crudos and cocidos (raw and cooked, or mature) are words now six years old and growing obsolete. The principal divisions known are the Nationals, who look to consolidation and a capital at Buenos Aires; the Provincials, or pure localists, who desire conciliation and a district Columbia; and the Federals, or Rosas men, malcontents opposed to the two others, and agreeing with the Blancos of Monte Vidéo. The old feud between pastoral province and city is well nigh extinct. President Sarmiento has well described it in his "Civilization and Barbarism," and has illustrated it by an admirable sketch of the "gaucho malo," General D. Juan Facundo Quiroga.

From 1 to 3 P.M. all Corrientes sleeps. After rising we sip our maté at the house of D. Carmen and D. Pepa, friends of Peterkin. The gourds are handed round by the girls of the family; and in houses where this tea is much drunk, the "cebador," as the maté-brewer is called, finds his time fully taken up. They chaff us, teach us Guarani as spoken in Corrientes, laugh at our errors, and hand us cigars, which they roll up in the usual way. We greatly prefer the Correntine tobacco, coarsely prepared as it is, to the wretched "Havannas," which cost \$40 the thousand. The "weed" is full of nicotine, although it appears at first to be weak, and the good flavour is much improved by long keeping. It is imported in various shapes; from Paraguay in loose "pricks," and from Tucuman in sausage-shaped rolls of "bird's-eye," with a coarse stalk and full of saltpetre as the Syrian Jebayli. The citizens complain that Paraguayan tobacco and maté, the best of their kind, are no longer to be had.

Towards sunset we repair to the river side and watch the fishermen; here they can always throw in a line and find it weighted with at least 2 lbs. After dinner we visit our "tertuliano," Dr. Charles F. Newkirk, who owns the only wooden châlet in Corrientes—without him the soirée would have been unpassable. A Canadian-born Briton, he had been fined for practising without licence; now, however, he is *en règle*, and he makes money despite all the rival matabanos or carabins. I was glad afterwards to meet him at Asuncion.

The return home at night, though only down three squares, was never safe. The Correntinos, unless you interfere unduly in the matter of the chubby-faced Correntinas, are a peaceful race. Not so the villain camp-followers—the Basque and the Neapolitan jackals which follow the track of the Brazilian lion. There is such a thing as a Gefatura or Police Office,

at whose door loll men in fancy uniforms, and the Gefé Politico is, as everywhere in Argentine-land, more arbitrary than the Préfet of the Seine. Yet a revolver at night is as necessary as shoes; and if an unknown ask you for a light, you stick your cigar in the barrel and politely offer it to him without offence being given or taken. Dr. Newkirk, during my stay, was set to work upon a cut frontal artery and a stab in the belly. Peterkin having once been stopped by two men, took the hint, and upon a second trial let fly and winged the bird. He easily got away before the drowsy sereno was aroused by the report.

This province has long been connected with the name of Bonpland, who died aged eighty-four at his estancia in the Misiones, near Mercedes, 50 leagues from this city. Four square leagues had been made over to him by the Provincial Government when President Puyol ruled. The latter also appointed him Director to the Agricultural Colony of Sta. Ana, and "Chief of the Museum of Natural Products, Corrientes Province." He lived his last years, died, and was buried, at La Restauracion; and his herbarium of 3000 plants, collected between 1816 and 1854, was left to the public, and disappeared. The old Republican seems to have been a poor-spirited soul, who would voluntarily have returned to his prison quarters. The Messrs. Robertson, who must have known the truth, tell a romantic tale of the devoted wife and her desperate adventures to procure the liberation of a fond husband. "Madame Bonpland" is a "china" woman with a large family, and she never left her native province.

In 1811, the young Republic, after defeating General Belgrano, occupied Corrientes, the "vanguard of Paraguay." She repeated the process in 1849, with the view of securing a free transit for her arms and ammunition. Corrientes city was also the theatre of action in the early part of the present war. On 17th April, 1865, five Paraguayan steamers ran

into port, surprised, fired into, boarded, and took two old merchant vessels belonging to the Argentines, the *Gualeguay* and the *25 de Maio*. The prizes thus piratically made were repaired, and were made to figure in the Marshal-President's flotilla. The outrage was hailed as a triumph by the outrager, and the indignation caused in Buenos Aires by the "vandalic and treacherous aggression" was of the fiercest. War was at once resolved upon, and both combatants, Paraguayans and Argentines, be it noted, were firmly persuaded that the campaign would be a mere military promenade. The same was the case with us in the Crimea, despite the Napoleonic precept and the world-wide axiom touching the estimation due to an enemy.

On the day following the capture, the Paraguayan General Robles, a veteran who, in 1863, received the epaulette of Brigadier, occupied, as has been said, Corrientes with 3000 infantry, and was presently reinforced by 800 cavalry, men from the Paso la Patria. Thereupon Robles marched southwards, committing the usual error of weakening his force by leaving under Major Martinez three steamers, two small guns, and two battalions. The people were not unfriendly to the invaders, and the city was well treated. Some assert that white men were forced to kneel in the streets before the invader's sentinels, and that the women escaped insult and outrage with some difficulty; others declare that the Paraguayans abused their power only at Bella Vista, and in the country parts.

After this move, D. José Berges, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was sent by Marshal-President Lopez to govern Corrientes with the assistance of a triumvirate. That officer's name is still remembered with gratitude. He succeeded in curbing military licence, and passports were freely given to those who desired to expatriate themselves. Governor Lagraña of Corrientes, also retiring south, called out a landsturm; and

on the 3rd April the Brazilian squadron, under the Comandante Gomensoro, left Buenos Aires to attack the invader. They occupied forty-two days in making 600 miles. Gomensoro and Lagraña met with the view of combining operations; meanwhile General Cáceres, a resident triumvir, brought into the field 600 soldiers, and thus General Wencesláo Paunero, the Argentine who commanded the land forces, found himself at the head of 1600 men.

On 25th May, 1865, took place the "Battle of Corrientes," under cover of the Brazilian artillery, which fired at friend as well as foe. General Paunero landed his men at the mouth of the Arroyo del Poncho Verde, also called the Manancial: it is the northern one of the two nullahs which traverse the town. The Paraguayans defended the old stone causeway, or bridge with one round arch, which leads over the fumara to the settlement, till, losing about 400 men and seeing the cause hopeless, they fell back during the night about a mile to the south. For this offence the Paraguayan Colonel Martinez was subsequently shot at Paso la Patria. Paunero occupied the Plaza 25 de Maio, and busied himself in embarking the wounded and those partisans who wished to leave the country. It is said that a stampede of horses in the dark caused the assailants to make for the squadron, and that in so doing many of the Allies were drowned. After a single day's occupation Paunero and his expedition returned to the main army, and Berges with his triumvirate once more occupied the city.

The loss of the Argentines in this action about equalled that of the Paraguayans. The latter fought with a rare ferocity. "No tengo orden," replied a solitary soldier resolved to die, when summoned to surrender. Another swarmed up an orange-tree, and had to be shot down like a bird. "Quero morir!" cried a disabled man, cutting at those who would save him. I was shown a boy ten years

old who had been wounded, and who was taken prisoner by the Allies when they entered Curupaity in force; he had drawn his knife and defended himself with it till it was struck from his hand.

We may visit the site of the action, which is about one mile beyond the town. Under the old bridge the Paraguayan dead were buried; and beyond it, to the left, are the Correntino barracks, still pitted with shot and fronted by an orange grove. Here was an old battery, afterwards turned into a caserne and drill-ground; and guns had been planted on the fiumara bank before 1863. Strongly made of brick, the building was easily to be defended by one battalion 300 strong. The ground then forms a charming slope, swelling high above the rocky bank, and dotted with bombax and with oranges planted in straight lines. The soft green turf is bright with flowering plants, which seem to prefer the tent-ruts; and this season—early September—is the collector's opportunity. Our walk is limited to the Brazilian Marine Hospital, which was rapidly being dismantled, and which had entirely disappeared before April, 1869. The frontage was adapted to the wind, not to the sun as Europe requires; the wards were independent pavilions for better isolation, and the material was whitewashed American pine-lumber, raised on piles, and roofed with wood and painted tarpaulin. It could admit 3000 men; and each patient had usually 1200 cubic feet of space. Here, as in other hospitals, the French system was carried out, and ours found no favour. There were curious tales of malversation and embezzlement of stores, especially in the matter of "fios" or "charpy," at which the ladies of the Brazil worked so patriotically.

For the moment, adieu! More of interest in the next.

LETTER XIII.

FROM CORRIENTES TO HUMAITÁ.

Humaitá, August 22, 1868.

MY DEAR Z—,

We now enter upon the proper scenes of the Paraguayan war. I will tantalize your impatience for a while by recounting our life on board the good ship *Yí*.

The *Yí*, I have told you, is a bran new "floating hotel," with her plated silver dazzling, her napkins stiff-starched, and her gilt mouldings upon the untarnished white panels clean as a new sovereign. A common English passenger steamer would have been far plainer, but proportionally much more comfortable. The splendid saloon all along the second deck will presently wax dingy, and there is no possible walking in the open air. The tables draw out and collapse cleverly, but with trouble. The three stewards are expected to do the work of one man; they are exceedingly civil, and they do nothing. Of course, this is the fault of the comisario, or purser, a small Spanish bantam, or rather "hen-harrier," who spends all his time in trifling with the feminine heart. The captain, Don Pedro Lorenzo Flores,—do not forget the Don, and if you want anything say Señor Don—was an ex-item of that infinitesimal body, the national navy of the Banda Oriental. He brought out *Yí* for its Company from the United States, and he avenges himself upon Northern and Anglo-American coarseness by calling all Yankees "rascals." His chief duty is to bale out the soup, to pass cigars, and to send round sherry after dinner. This must be done to everybody at table,

or the excluded will take offence and sulk like small boys.

Pleasantly enough passes the se'nnight—perhaps I should call it a fortnight. Every twenty-four hours contains two distinct days and two several nights. First day begins at dawn with coffee and biscuits, by way of breakfast, and a bath, patronized chiefly by the “yaller” Brazilian passengers. A mighty rush follows the dinner-bell, which sounds with peculiar unpunctuality, between 9 and 10 A.M. (mind). Upon the table are scattered *hors d'œuvres*, olives, ham and sausage, together with the gratis wines, sour French “piquette” called claret, and the rough, ready Catalonian Carlò, here corrupted to Carlon. Port, and similar superior articles, are ridiculously dear; for instance, \$8 (32s.) per bottle, and of course for a bad bottle. Like the Chilian, the Argentine often calls not for the best, but for the most expensive drink, and makes the call last out the week. We have no soup, but, *en revanche*, we have that eternal puchero, bouilli, ragmeat, which, combined with vegetables—potatoes, cabbages, and courges (zavallos)—composes the antiquated olla podrida. It is the national dish, the feijoada of the Brazils, here held to be heavy and indigestible. The rest is hotel fare. The coffee must be made “coffee royal” if you would drink it; and the tea is the pot-house (“pulperia”) style, facetiously termed by foreigners “cowslip” and “orange Pekoe:” those who want the real Chinese must bring it for themselves.

Tobacco and a small bout of gambling bring in the first night, which lasts from noon to 3 P.M. During this period all the world of men dressed in faded black is dead and gone. Here the siesta is the universal custom, to the severe injury of picnics. At the mystic hour you see every eye waxing smaller and smaller, till closed by a doze with a suspicion of nasal music. At home, people regularly

“turn in;” and if you have a visit to pay or a favour to ask, do not interrupt the day-night. Strangers soon fall into the habit, and it is evidently required by those climates in which men sit up late and rise early. I have found it an excellent plan in hot countries when hard mental labour was required, and, as every policeman knows, it is a mere matter of habit. In the Brazil the siesta is not the rule, but the Brazilians rarely begin the day at Bengal hours. On this parallel, the further we go westward, and the more backward becomes the land, the longer will last the siesta; the cause being simply that the population, having nothing to do, very wisely allows its arteries to contract.

The second day opens with a breakfast of maté. It is drunk *en cachette*; if not, it must be handed all round. Lunch is absolutely unknown; the unsophisticated English stomach therefore clamours for an insult to breakfast and an injury to dinner, in the shape of sherry and biscuits. The second full feed is at 4 P.M., and exactly resembles the first: it lasts an hour and a half. Candles and cigars are then lighted, and preparations are made for the *soirée* according to tastes. Some watch the night upon the poop; others converse or mope alone; others play and sing, or listen to music. By far the favourite amusement, however, is hearty, thorough, whole-souled gambling, which makes the fore saloon a standing hell. One passenger is said to have lost during the excursion \$8000. The Brazilians are the hottest players, pushing on far into the small hours. Politely admitting the fact that we, thereabouts lodged, may be asleep, or may wish to sleep, they open conversation in a half whisper. This loudens under excitement to an average tone, and the latter speedily gamuts up to a shout and a howl, stintless and remorseless. My only resource was letting a cold draught through the skylight at their

feet and ankles, and thus only the roaring, bawling gamblers, who sat lengthening out the night, were cleared away.

We are now about to leave the main branch of the riverine system, and to enter the Paraguay proper, concerning which you may wish to have a few geographical details. The same authority that announces the topographical homology of the Paraná and the Ohio compares the Paraguay with the Missouri, and its great western influents, the Salado, the Bermejo, and the Pilcomayo, with the Red River, the Arkansas, and the Platte. It rises—according to a late explorer, the Cavagliere Bossi, who kindly sent me a copy of his work—two leagues from the Arinos of the Amazonian valley, and the source may be reached without passing through the wild and plundering Guarani tribes. It floods properly in March to June, when the supersaturated lands along the upper course discharge their surplus. The inundation of December-January, 1868-9, which precipitated the operations of the Brazilians against La Villeta, was caused by the Paraná, which, forcing back and heaping up the waters of the Paraguay, poured them over both banks, whereas that to the east generally suffers. As a rule, the discharge of the upper bed is clear and that of the lower is muddy. At the junction, ships prefer to fill with the Paraná, and higher up the crews drink of the springs and fountains. The free navigation of the Paraguay is a political necessity for the Brazilian Empire, which has had a line of steamers upon it since 1857. In six weeks they make Matto Grosso, some 2000 to 2200 miles from Buenos Aires; and in case of necessity they can easily effect the passage in twelve days and nights, at the rate of eight miles an hour. For sailing craft at least six months must be allowed, and some have occupied seven in reaching Humaitá; whereas the round trip from Buenos Aires to

Asuncion and back has lately been done in ten days. I had once formed the project of riding from São Paulo to Cuyabá, and I found that, with fast mules, the journey would have occupied me two and a half months.

Even during peaceful days the Paraguayans prepared for an attack along the line of their river, and the general idea is that the Allies fell into the trap prepared for them, thrust their heads into the lion's jaws, and entered the den at a point where the approach had long been prepared to receive them. The public has persistently asserted that the attack should have been *viâ* Candelaria and Itapúa, at the south-eastern angle of the Lower Paraná, some 250 miles above the confluence, and within a few marches of the Brazilian frontier. From this point the invader could easily have made Villa Rica, and, having struck at the heart of the country, he would have been master of Asuncion. We may quote the high authority of Lieut.-Col. Thompson (Chap. XIV.) for believing that had General Porto Alegre or Osorio entered Paraguay *viâ* Encarnacion, "the war must have been ended." On the other hand, I heard a very different account from President Mitre, the biographer of D. Manuel Belgrano, who was possibly somewhat biassed by the defeat which his hero sustained on the Itapúa line (January 18, 1811). He observed that the direct route to Villa Rica lay through a swamp and desert, where even provisions must have been transported by land; and that to give up the advantage of a double attack by land and water, especially with ironclads, which had not been dreamed of when Humaitá and other works were thrown up, would have been the merest folly. My present belief is that the Allies knew far too well the strength of the Paraguayan army and the valour of its soldiers to have attacked the small Republic without the aid of a fleet; and moreover, that had they done so their raw levies would have been annihilated.

At 9.30 A.M. yesterday, leaving Corrientes, where some twenty ships lay, we steamed past the arched causeway under which sleep the dead. The river banks were faced with dwarf cliffs, detached blocks, and fallen masses of friable sandstone, showing lines of stratification and deposit. The colours were those of São Paulo—yellow, red, brick-red, and blood-red (Sangre de boi). Some parts were crumbling as “horse-bone” limestone, others were hard as granite, and all were more or less porous. Bits of mica appeared in it, but we vainly sought for fossils, the great want of these lands. The rock makes good building material, which cuts well and hardens readily.

Presently we were shown the site of that failure of failures, the French colony of S. Juan, and the spot where the Siete Corrientes gave a name to the city. Though the day was before fine, rain and lightning put in an appearance—it is said that here they are rarely absent. Six leagues, traversed in two hours, placed us at the glorious confluence of the Paraná and Paraguay, which here equal, says Azara, a hundred of the biggest rivers of Europe, and yet are 250 leagues from the mouth. Compared with these majestic proportions, and this mighty sweep of waters, the meeting of the Rios de São Francisco and das Veluas seemed to my memory insignificant. The doab or water-peninsula, which has been compared with Illinois, is a vast plain of wet and dry mud, such as a drained harbour bottom would represent. It is mostly below the mean level of both streams, which are here contained between those natural dykes their elevated banks, and these, being of friable earth, allow full freedom of percolation. In fact, the whole country, from the Paraná south to the Tebicuary north is a “no man’s land,” or an “any man’s land,” where the “Carrisales” of earth and water are “pretty much mixed.” In 1620 this confluence formed the limit between the old Governments of Paraguay and of the

Rio de la Plata; this, however, claimed the whole country up to the Tebicuary.

The curves approaching the place where the two rivers meet in their might are divided by a long narrow spit of land frequently flooded. The surface of the country is composed of swamps—not “salt-swamps,” as some have written—rejoicing in a variety of names, whose use, however, differs in the several places. The “laguna” is a real pool or lakelet, replenished by floods, and retained by a hard clay floor. The “bañado” is a field of deep adhesive mud and stagnant water, somewhat wetter than the “pantano,” or morass. The “estero,” erroneously said to be a Quichua* word, but derived from the piri or South American papyrus, and the esteros (rushes), which line it, is a stream sluggishly flowing through a big swamp. Thus our maps show the northern and the southern Estero bellaco—not “Terovellaco,” as Mr. Mansfield has it (p. 310)—to be the meridional strip of the great Neembucú bog, which extends from east to west parallel with the right bank of the Paraguay river. These waters are divided by “lomas,” or “lomadas,” waves of ground rising a few feet above the flood level of the quagmires. They support an almost impassable jungle, composed of monte, or thorn thicket; “isletas,” or bosques of trees; “macegales,” small shrubberies; “pajonales” and “canaverales,” beds of reedy grass six feet tall, and “palmares,” or “palmazales,” where rise “alamedas,” or avenues of lofty whispering palms. And a mixture of all these pleasant features is termed a “carrisal,” as opposed to tierra firma.

The only settlements in the carrisal are “capillas,” or wretched huts surrounding churches of noble elevation, and decorated with carved pulpits, fancy roofs, frescos, ornamental

* “It is called estero, which in the Quichua tongue signifies a lake.”—*Guidebook*.

doors, and marble altars, which are now all destroyed. The "fighting men" are upon the war-path, and the "campesinos" or country folks have been driven northwards by the retreating Paraguayans. Everywhere the land is wild of man; you will presently see that such has been the system from the confluence to the capital. The same tactic was adopted in 1811 by Colonel D. Bernardo Velasco when opposing the advance of Belgrano. All the "chapels," remnants of Jesuit rule now reduced to mud-walled hamlets, were connected by threads of path, and he who stepped off these sunk waist-deep in unhealthy morass and boggy pool. A glance at any map upon a large scale will explain to you how it was that two years were spent in battling over nine square miles of ground. This swamp fighting was an essential part of "Indian" warfare. The Spaniards, under Mendoza, their Adelantado, suffered severely on February 2, 1535, from being entangled, by the wild Querandis, in a marsh near Buenos Aires.

This reach of the Paraná is called in old maps Quatro Bocas. Looking up the sea-like mouth we see about the centre of the stream, where it narrows, a dark dot, the Isleta de Abril, *alias* do Coronel Carvalho. Here the Brazilians had erected an 8-gun battery, the better to destroy Guardia Carracha, also known as "Fort Itapirú." It was attacked on April 10, 1866, by the Paraguayans under Lieut.-Colonel, afterwards General, Diaz, a noted lance, who was at last killed by the shell fired by an ironclad whilst he was reconnoitering for a canoe attack. The fight was fierce; fifteen out of twenty-six canoes were sunk, and of 1200 Paraguayans only 400 wounded men returned. It was the first of the many reckless actions in which Marshal-President Lopez frittered away his devoted forces. Opposite it, and hidden by a long point of yellow sand, on the northern river-bank, were the ruins of Fort Itapirú — the weak or rotten

stone*—which in 1855 fired upon the U.S. steamship *Waterwitch*, Captain Page. Before the war it was a neat little semi-circular brick fort mounting two to three guns *en barbette*, and built at the root of a promontory backed by a sandy beach. The Paraguayans armed it with two 8-inch guns, and for some forty days kept at bay the Allied army and the Brazilian fleet—eighteen steam gunboats and four ironclads. It was the key of the position, yet it was carelessly abandoned by Marshal-President Lopez, who had here cornered his enemy. A photograph of the place now shows a broken tower, in whose shade placidly reposes a cow.

Opposite Itapirú the Paraná narrows to $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile; and then flaring out into a bay, it is divided into two channels by sundry banks and islets. Of these the most important are the Banco de Toledo, the Isla Carayá, or Howling Monkeys' Island, and the Isla de Santa Ana. Almost due south of it on the Correntine shore is the village Corrales, *alias* the Campamiento del Paso, built in 1849. It is also called the Correntine Paso la Patria, that is to say Public Pass, where homeward travellers were ferried over in canoes. At this place the Brazilians raised heavy batteries to bombard Fort Itapirú. Under the tall barranca, or falaise, we descry a few ranchos, and a little flotilla embarking cattle. The pueblo, or village, is hidden from sight. On the northern bank, about two miles higher up, was the Paraguayan chapel-village—Paso la Patria—some five hours' steam from Corrientes, and seventy leagues, or eight days' journey from Asuncion. Here Marshal-President Lopez had thrown up a fine work, with redans and curtains, resting on two lagoons and impassable carrisal, and mounting thirty field guns.

* The Brazilians translate the name "pedra fraca;" and similarly Cunhapirú, a shan-van-vogh, or "weak old woman." Lt.-Col. Thompson says "Itapirú: itá, stone; pirú, dry; dry stone." According to that officer the rock is volcanic.

Yet he abandoned it precipitately the moment his enemy landed upon Paraguayan ground. The invaders established in this place their hospitals and bazars, of which no traces now remain, and it became the base of operations for two years.

The landing was effected on the 16th of April (1866), by Generals Osorio and Flores. They chose the mouth of the Paraguay river, a few hundred yards above the confluence, and they immediately entrenched some 10,000 men. Learning this, and finding himself outflanked, Marshal-President Lopez hastened to abandon Itapirú and Paso la Patria, whose trenches he might have held for months, if not for years. Upon this subject both Paraguayans and Argentines agree.

We now dash amongst floating trees and rippling isles of grass and reed up the Paraguay river, which suddenly narrows from a mile and a half to 400 yards, and appears to be a small affluent. The cause is the Isla del Atajo, the "stopper" (of the current), a long thin island to our left, disposed, as usual, with its length down stream. It is a flat steep covered with lush verdure, light green and dark green, and the trees of good hard wood are colligated by bush-ropes. A gentle grassy slope, some sixty to seventy feet high in the centre of its eastern side, leads to a cottage with posts and verandah, the old Guardia Cerrito, and its watch-tower.

A little beyond the mound, and situated upon a barren muddy bank, which was flooded in November, 1868, is the Cerrito Station, where the Brazilians built hospitals, store-houses, coalsheds, and workshops for repairing engines. Of old it was claimed by the Argentine Confederation, but the Paraguayans seized it and made it a guardia. The clearing shows a scattered village of huts and long lines of thatched wattle and dab; the best are of boarding, roofed with zinc or straw. There is a whitewashed chapel, and the Hotel

Brazil, whose dwarf frontage is pierced for a door and two windows. Cranes and piers break the bank, which is here four feet high, and in the deep water alongside appear flotillas of bazar boats, and an ironclad acting sentinel.

Leaving Cerrito we sweep round to the north-west, and pass the Tres Bocas. The name has been erroneously transferred by some to the confluence, by others to a place below it, where the Paraná and the Paraná Mi (the northern channel) meet the Paraguay. Properly speaking, Tres Bocas is in the latter river, where it is split into two by the Atajo islet, and receives in its left bank the Laguna Piris, which drains the western part of the Northern Estero bellaco. In old days the name sounded joyful to those flying from the "reign of terror." Lieutenant Day's chart (1858) shows five armed ships watching the Tres Bocas; and opposite the Boca del Atajo was the Primera Guardia, or first guard-house. Captain Page here found the Admiral of the Navy of the Republic of Paraguay, and a squadron of five small vessels.

We run rapidly past ground whose every mile cost a month of fighting. To our right is the Laguna Piris, flowing from the north-east. The river-like lagoon is not remarkable, and there are many similar on the eastern bank, treacherously lurking under papyrus and water-lilies. It proved, however, most useful to the Allies by admitting their gunboats and stores.

Further east are the sites of the great actions fought on the 2nd and the 24th of May, 1866. A graceful line of rising surface, clothed in the ñapindú grass, which is used as "tie-tie," and scattered with fan-palms, shows the loma of Tuyu-ti.—barro duro, or dry mud.* A single

* "White mud," says Lt.-Col. Thompson. The word Tuyu, pronounced Tuju, is found in Tijuca, or Tyjuca, near Rio de Janeiro, and is usually translated "dry mud."

tree denotes the spot where the Brazilian batteries stood. This site, the first solid ground seen after the Confluence, smells of death; here lie some 10,000 men, victims of cholera and small-pox, fever, and Crimean diarrhoea. Hereabouts were fought the battles of Yataity-Corá and Potreiro-Sauce, with the great actions, or rather surprises, of July 10-18, 1866, and of November 3, 1867.

Nearly opposite, but a little above the Piris opening, is the Atajo River—in fact, the eastern arm of the Paraguay. The bank is low, and the vegetation, after thinning out, becomes more luxuriant, large trees looming in the distance. The palm-groves of the Gran Chaco are now bare of monkeys, its oldest inhabitants.

Three hours' steaming from Corrientes placed us off the historical site of Curuzú—the Cross. It is a new outpost of Humaitá, a short trench, whose right rested upon the Paraguay, and its left upon a water which communicates with the great Laguna Chichi. The river-bank is here broken, and four to five feet high. The current varies from two to three miles, and a little below it is a small nameless island: the right shore, as usual in such places, is low and clear, except of willow scrub. We saw the wreck of *La Porteña*, an American ship taken up as an hospital: she was here burnt with some eighty sick on board. Yellow mounds show where the now dismantled batteries once were, and cattle feed amongst the *débris* of earthworks. A wooden cross near the water marks the Brazilian Campo Santo; and to the north of it are tree-clumps and an enclosure where General Argolo, Commanding 2nd Corps d'Armée, built his star-shaped redoubt.

Here, again, the fighting was fierce. The allied fleet began September 1, 1866, to bombard Curuzú, the southernmost outwork proper of Humaitá. The defenders replied with spirit. The ironclad *Rio de Janeiro* was blown up by

a torpedo, and lost her captain and crew. The *Ivahy* and other Brazilian ships were sorely injured. On the 3rd of September General Porto Alegre, having landed 8300 men amongst the corn-fields about three-fourths of a mile below, gallantly stormed it by rounding, through four feet of water exposed to enfilade fire, the flank that rested upon the lagoon. The losses were about equal on both sides. Unhappily the victor did not follow up his advantage; after a short pursuit he returned to his lines; whereas all are agreed in believing that a single rush would have carried Curupaity and even Humaitá.

Another quarter of an hour showed us the lines of Curupaity. Lieutenant Day gives the Isla da Palma near the right bank, and on the left the Guardia "Cuvu Paip," or "Curipeiti." The word means the place of the curupai tree (acacia adstringens, the sebil of Tucuman). Its site is like that of Curuzú, a hollow curve on the eastern bank, bounded south by a projecting angle; the right of the works resting upon the river, the left upon the Laguna Lopez, which communicates with the Laguna Chichi. The bank slopes towards the inner estero, and from the river we see only the profile of half-levelled earthworks extending ten or twelve squares down stream. Along the bank were moored cutters and schooners, tugs, steam-launches, and a variety of more dignified craft, which had been freighted down stream. We shall afterwards visit the comercio, or bazar. At present I will only remark that those winged fiends, the mosquitoes, despite of oil, raise wounds upon our foreheads, and that the jejens, or sand-flies, bite like furies. Even in the keen north-east wind Curupaity was a hard nut for the Allies to crack, and it broke certain of their teeth.

After the capture of Curuzú, the Paraguayans had retreated to the second outwork of Humaitá, and on September 8 they began to dig the trench, which was about two thousand

yards long. But, despite the energy of the troops, matters looked desperate till Marshal-President Lopez, two days afterwards, hit upon the notable expedient of proposing an interview with the Allied Generals. The Commander-in-Chief, President Mitre, fell into the trap—not so General Polidoro, the Brazilian, who had succeeded General Osorio. Letters passed under flags of truce; the two Presidents and General Flores had a long palaver, drank some brandy-pawnee, exchanged riding-whips, and parted without agreeing upon the conditions of a peace. The “Conference of Yataity-Corá” has, however, the merit of gaining two days for the works at Curupaity; and by 20th September the strongest position of the whole campaign was ready to be fought.

The assault was given at noon on September 22, and Curupaity proved itself, under General Diaz, and afterwards Colonel Alén, a *Pei-ho*. Instead of attacking by night, *en chemise*, the Allies pushed recklessly across an open plain under a terrible fire of grape and canister, delivered by eight-inch guns at point-blank range. The Brazilians suffered the least, as they attacked and carried a small outwork on the right which was partially concealed by bush. The Argentines gallantly struggled up to the trenches despite mud knee-deep, and then found that they had forgotten their scaling-ladders. Nothing remained to the assaulter but a disastrous retreat, leaving behind him 5000 killed and wounded, whilst the Paraguayans had but fifty-four *hors de combat*. The mishap filled the Argentine Confederation with rage and grief, and the Allies declined further operations during the ten months between September 22, 1866, and July, 1867. Finally, Curupaity was, like many other posts, evacuated by the defenders, who left quaker guns to deceive the assailants.

We have now seen two of the four river positions—Curuzú, Curupaity, Humaitá, and Angostura—which did the Para-

guayans good service. From Cueva to Asuncion, from 1865 to 1868, we shall find that they had but one plan for defence. They chose for their stand-point some place where the stream was narrowest and flowed the swiftest, also where the deepest water was from 45 to 150 yards off their guns, and where a passing ship must expose her prow, broadside, and hull. They placed their guns at the toe of a horse-shoe-shaped cliff, a re-entering angle generally in the left, or eastern bank, whose high and regular wall shows the flood-mark. The cliff, a natural earthwork, varied from twenty to fifty feet; the upper half was usually perpendicular, and composed of stiff clay and sand, assuming the natural angle below, and offering no facility for scaling. It was generally bounded north and south by carrisal and impassable jungle. The open-gorged batteries extended all along the bank so as to sweep the stream up and down; they often affected a crossing or converging fire, and sometimes, as at Asuncion, where the current hugs the side, the guns could not be depressed, and the defenders had to depend upon musketry. On the Gran Chaco, or western side, they chose, if possible, a low marshy spit subject to inundation, and they felled the trees, so that the enemy was compelled to act upon open ground. Thus they obviated the danger of rifle-pits and artillery duels.

None of the works could be called permanent fortifications. The Paraguayans ignored the bastion, or Italian system (of Turin, 1461) afterwards perfected by Vauban, and only in one place did they attempt the casemates of Albert Dürer (sixteenth century); hence the polygonal, or German system, which afterwards became popular throughout Europe, was unknown. A redan, or a ravelin, to sweep the face of the curtain, was the height of their art in field fortification, and the heaviest gun was generally placed upon the apex.

“ I want,” said Napoleon, “ men behind walls, but soldiers in the field.” The Paraguayans could hardly be called soldiers, but they stood manfully to their guns, and proved themselves behind cover better artillerists than their invaders. They avoided the “ necessary evil ” of embrasures by the rough and ready expedient of placing all their guns *en barbette*. Thus they secured freedom of lateral range ; but the gunners had no cover ; every third shell ought to have swept them away. The casemates of the protected system would have been to them, as has been proved in modern warfare, mere slaughterhouses.

The great strategical error committed by the Paraguayans was that of the Confederate States—an attempt to fight long extended lines. Instead of holding along the stream a succession of outposts, which were all lost by direct attack or by evacuation, they should have concentrated themselves at fewer places, and should have rendered them doubly and trebly strong. To defend only a few points, and to defend them well, is the recognised general principle in these days of short sharp wars.

The Brazilian attack was necessarily as monotonous as the Paraguayan defence. The assailants, after occupying the enemy’s front in force, also ensconced themselves behind lines of earthwork. The next step was to run the ironclad squadron past the position, and to land a *corps d’armée* in the Gran Chaco. A “ picada,” or rough path, was cut with immense trouble and loss of life, through the tangled vegetation of the low marshy soil, and thus the flank was turned both by land and water. Seeing this, the Paraguayans, fearing to be surrounded, retreated leisurely northwards, and, after a few miles, they readily found another line of defence, fronted perhaps by a bog or a stream, and resting upon the river and a swamp.

This is a brief history of the second part of the campaign.

At Curupaity we took on board the Commander-in-Chief of the Argentine army, who came to meet his daughter. General Don Juan A. Gelly i Obes, said to be of Paraguayan descent, began life as an auctioneer. He fought in the Moutevidéan affairs, and after a long banishment to the Brazil in the days of Rosas, he became Minister of War and Marine at Buenos Aires; and since he replaced the Comandante Amadeo, he has been the life and soul of his motley force, ever in the saddle, and ever au grand galop. But this active and energetic soldier has not been fortunate, and his enemies have soundly abused him for failing to do some great deed. In appearance he is an Aymerican Sir Charles Napier (of Sind), the eagle type, with hooked nose, black eyes, long white beard and waveless grey hair. A spare and lithe veteran in magenta-coloured kepi with gold braiding, blue frock, and long riding-boots, he was an effective, soldier-like figure. I feel grateful to him for the courtesy with which he answered all my questions, and for his readiness in assisting me to inspect the environs of Humaitá.

In my next you will hear about the "Sebastopol of the South." Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

TO HUMAITÁ.

Humaitá, August 23, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

From Curupaity we have still two leagues, which others lengthen to nine miles, between us and the now historical Humaitá. The dark sandstone which supports the crumbling bank, and which we first remarked one day below Corrientes, explains the name "black stone."* On the proper right bank is Port Elizario, once a camp of 10,000 men. This was the terminus of the railway, which ran some three and a half miles, through swamp and lagoon, to the northern side of the Albardon fronting Humaitá. Thus it became easy to provision the ironclads, instead of exposing the squadron to severe damage by passing and re-passing the batteries. The contractor was Sr Sabino Reyes, and the Opposition was severe upon the so-called "job;" yet it was even more useful than the Balaklava Railway.

At the Riacho (*alias* Boca) de Oro, the Paraguay begins its great sweep to the south-east, forming the approach to Humaitá. Off the mouth are islets, which vary in number according to the flood. At present we find one large and two small. The former, unnamed in our chart, is known as the Isla de Humaitá. It forms a tolerably regular triangle, with the apex pointing southward; and,

* Huma (with the aspirated h), black; in the Tupi dialect una, *e.g.* Rio Una (Blackwater River); and itá, a stone. Lt.-Col. Thompson gives "Hu (nasal), black; ma, now; itá, stone. The stone is now black."

curious to say, it was not occupied by either combatant. The Paraguayan telegraph-posts, of fine hard wood, still linger on the bank, each having its lightning-conductor protruding from the top—a “wrinkle” offered to the Brazilian lines. Both combatants adopted in this point the practice of Napoleon III., as we did during the Indian Mutiny, when telegraphic lines accompanied the Commander-in-Chief. Marshal-President Lopez passed the greater part of his days, like Lord Panmure, sending and receiving messages about the most trivial matters. On the western side remain a pleasure-house and a garden, built for the Brazilian officers in June, 1868, as a relief to the grimness of their occupations. Here also was the usual watch-tower—a signalling system well known to Paraguay, as in China and Japan. It is the guérite of the Cossacks, the Portuguese mangrulho, and the Spanish mangrullo, locally pronounced “mangrujo.” The rough contrivance, varying from forty to sixty feet in height, is composed of four or more thin tree-trunks, planted perpendicularly, and supplied with platforms or stages of cross-pieces, mostly palms, the whole being bound together with the inevitable raw hide. The look-outs are ascended by notched palm-trunks, or ladders, which, after a little neglect, become dangerous. A few are solidly made of squared timbers, roofed over. In so flat a country the mangrullo acts well. Before the war it formed a part of the national espionage, and, like the dauk of Hindostan, long before telegrams were invented, it could transmit, in a few hours, a message from the frontier to the capital. The President being alone entitled to buy and sell without permission, it was necessary to keep a sharp watch upon exports and imports. The mangrullo—like the andrumara, or elevated four-poster, sometimes horizontal at other times sloping, as in Unyamuezi—was also used to sleep above the mean level of

mosquitoes, and for that purpose one was attached to every guardia.

The guardias, or guard-houses, were regularly established in 1849, and in 1853 eight of them lay along the eastern bank of the Paraguay, besides those on the southern side of the Apa River, or northern frontier. They formed a complete *cordon militaire*, equally useful as resguardo, or coast-guard, and as obstacles to Indian raids from the Gran Chaco. In 1853 the western frontier numbered eight, but since the war they have multiplied exceedingly. The Guardia was a strong stockade surrounding a patch of maize, manioc, oranges, and other useful vegetation; there was also a rancho for an officer and his guard, some thirty "quarteleros." Between every two were "piquetes," or smaller establishments of a sergeant and fifteen men. Both were expected to patrol by water and land, and to communicate daily with one another in canoes, so as to watch Paraguayans and strangers. Most of the strong points fought during the war were, of old, guardias and piquetes.

On the right bank lay remnants of the canoes which had the audacity to assault the *Lima Barros* and the *Cabral* ironclads on the night of March 2, 1868. These desperate attempts, showing a heroic and barbarous devotion, were often repeated, but never successfully. After the canoe attack upon the ironclad *Barroso* and the Monitor *Rio Grande*, off Tayi (July 9, 1868), the Brazilians thought it safer to throw a boom across the stream. The peculiar shape is derived from the old Payaguás, and even foreign ships of war seemed to take to them kindly. Two planks, twenty or thirty feet long, form the gunwales, and are fitted with a flooring, which is strengthened by lines and cross-pieces. The stem and stern, blunt-muzzled as a punt, describe the arc of a circle, and thus only a small central section touches the water, gliding and skimming the surface, and easily

propelled by the puny paddle—a shallow, round wooden spoon. Some of these flat-bottomed and wall-sided craft, fitted with a troja, or hide house, could carry 200 tons.

An expedition of about 1200 men, armed with swords and hand-grenades, was told off under Captain Xenes, and after much fun and merriment they were dismissed with presents of cigars by Madame Lynch, who told them to “go and bring me back my ironclads.” They paddled off on a very dark night in some forty-eight canoes, lashed in pairs by ropes about eighteen to twenty yards long, and each carrying twenty-five men.* By this contrivance they hoped to make sure of boarding, but the swiftness of the current carried many of them past the objects of attack into the very middle of the fleet. About half the number hit the mark and sprang on board almost unperceived. The crews rushed below hatches and into their turrets—not, however, before some fifty of them were killed. The Paraguayans attempted to throw hand-grenades into the port-holes, and ran about seeking ingress, like a cat attacking a trapped mouse. The *Lima Barros* and the *Cabral* were thus virtually taken. Presently two other ironclads steamed up alongside their consorts, and cleared the decks with volleys of grape and canister. Nothing remained for the Paraguayan survivors but to swim for life.

It is surprising that no attempts were made to blow up the ironclads. A heavy shell swung between two beams projecting like antennæ from the bow of a canoe would have had every chance of success. But the object of the Paraguayans was not so much to destroy as to appropriate; and it was the general opinion that with a single captured ironclad at their disposal they would have cleared the river.

* Lt.-Col. Thompson says “there were twenty-four canoes, each carrying twelve men.” But in the next page (254) he informs us that “the Paraguayans lost more than two hundred men.”

The war, indeed, was altogether premature : had the cuirassed ships and the Whitworths ordered by the Marshal-President begun the campaign, he might now have supplied the place of Mexico with a third great Latin empire.

We pass to the west of the islet below Humaitá. Lieut. Day (1858) shows eleven feet the minimum depth near the left bank. Then sweeping eastward we sight the noble curve called the "Vuelta de Humaitá," some 1500 metres long, with a stream 200 metres broad ; the current is 2·8 and in places 3 knots an hour, difficult to stem and dangerous to torpedoes. From afar appears the white church-tower which suggests the earliest stage of the Malakoff. We lumbered through a fleet of merchant steamers and sailing craft ; here and there lay an ironclad, and everywhere the steam-launches, lately introduced amongst us, flew buzzing about like flies. In the heart of South America all is modern and civilized. Who shall say that war is not one of the great improvers of mankind ? Farewell.

LETTER XV.

HUMAITÁ.

Humaitá, August 24, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

After a stare of blank amazement, my first question was—where is Humaitá? Where are the “regular polygons of the Humaitá citadel?” Where is “the great stronghold which was looked upon as the keystone of Paraguay?” I had seen it compared with Silistria and Kars, where even Turks fought; with Sebastopol in her strength, not in the weakness attributed to her by General Todleben and Mr. Kinglake; with the Quadrilateral which awed Italy; with Luxembourg, dear to France; with Richmond, that so long held the Northerners at bay; and with the armour-plated batteries of Vicksburg and the shielded defences of Gibraltar. Can these poor barbettes, this entrenched camp sans citadel—which the Brazilian papers had reported to have been blown up—be the same that resisted 40,000 men, not to speak of ironclads and gunboats, and that endured a siege of two years and a half? I came to the conclusion that Humaitá was a monstrous “hum,” and that, with the rest of the public, I had been led into believing the weakest point of the Paraguayan campaign to be the strongest.

As so much that is erroneous has been written about Humaitá, you will not object to a somewhat prolix true description.

The site of the “Blackstone” batteries is the normal re-entering angle of the eastern bank, but the sweep is more

than usually concave, to the benefit of gunnery and the detriment of shipping. Nothing more dangerous than this great bend, where vessels were almost sure to get confused under fire, as happened at Port Hudson to the fleet commanded by Admiral D. G. Farragut. The level bank, twenty to thirty feet above the river, and dipping in places, is bounded by swamps up-stream and down-stream. Earthworks, consisting of trenches, curtains, and redans, disposed at intervals where wanted, and suggesting the lines of Torres Vedras, rest both their extremities upon the river, whose shape here is that of the letter U, and extend in gibbous shape inland to the south. The outline measures nearly eight miles and a half, and it encloses meadow land to the extent of 8,000,000 square yards—a glorious battle-field. This exaggerated enceinte, which required a garrison of at least 10,000 men, was laid out by a certain Hungarian Colonel of Engineers, Wisner de Morgenstern, whom we shall see at Asuncion. He was not so skilful as Mr. Boyle with the billiard-room of Arrah.

Humaitá, in 1854, was a mere Guardia in the Department de los Desmochados (hornless cattle), a river plain, wooded over like the heights of Hampstead and Highgate in the olden time. When Asuncion was threatened in 1855 by the Brazilian fleet, and troubles were expected from the United States, the elder Lopez felled the virgin forest, leaving only a few scattered trees, grubbed up the roots, and laid out the first batteries, to whose completion some two years were devoted. The place does not appear in Mr. Charles Mansfield's map of 1852-53. In 1863, Mr. M. Mulhall describes "a succession of formidable batteries which frowned on us as we passed under their range; they are placed on a slight eminence, and seem guns of large calibre. First, four batteries *à la barbette*, covered with straw shed, which can be removed at a moment's notice;

then a long casemate (the Londres), mounting sixteen guns, with bomb-proof roof; and finally, two more *barbette* batteries, making up a total of seventy-eight batteries. As the canal runs close to the bank, any vessel, unless iron-plated, attempting to force a passage must be sunk by the raking and concentrated fire of this fortification, which is the key to Paraguay and the upper rivers." (p. 84). At the beginning of the war it had only ninety guns in seven batteries. An exaggerated importance was always attached to it by the Paraguayan Government; it became a great mystery, and strangers were not allowed to visit a settlement which was considered purely military. Mr. William Thompson, of Buenos Aires, narrowly escaped some trouble by strolling about to admire the pretty park-like scenery and the soft beauty of Humaitá, a site then so amene and tranquil.

We will now land and inspect the river-side works, beginning up stream or at the easterly end.

We passed through the merchant fleet, then numbering some 270 hulls, supplying the 3000 booth-tents on shore; this number includes the pontoons of the proveduria or commissariat. There is a line of shop-boats, whose masts support green waterproof awnings; each carries a woman and an anchor, and they sell all small wants and notions—thread, mirrors, and so forth. Two chatas, or barge gun-boats, lie alongside the land, one carries a 10-inch mortar, the other an 8-inch iron gun.* It was a hard scramble up the stiff bank, which ignored steps or even a ramp.

At the eastern end we found the corral of commissariat cattle occupying the place where stood the coalsheds and the iron-foundry. Here had been cast the gun "Cristiano," lately sent as a trophy to the Brazil, weighing twelve tons,

* The calibres of the 8-inch gun and the English 68-pounder are the same, but the former weighs 65 cwt., the latter 95.

and made of bell-metal taken from the churches; it fired a round shot of 150 lbs. One trunnion was inscribed "Arsenal Asuncion" (where it was rifled), 1867; on the other appeared the patriotic legend "La Religion à el Estado"—Church giving to State, somewhat a reversal of the usual rule. Next to the Fundicion de Nierro, a ragged orange-grove showed where the Paraguayan barracks had been; those of the infantry lay further to the south-west. The sheds called barracks which lodged the escort of the Marshal-President were a little north of the church of San Carlos (Borromeo), a namesake of the elder Lopez: on January 1, 1861, it had been consecrated, amidst general rejoicings, by the Bishop. Originally it resembled the Cathedral of Asuncion, as represented by Captain Page (p. 224); the colours are blue and white, whilst the cornices and pilasters evidence some taste. We read in 1863—"The church is a splendid edifice with three towers, the middle one being 120 or 150 feet high; the interior is neat, and a colonnade runs round the exterior; there are four large bells, hung from a wooden scaffolding, one bearing the inscription, Sancte Carole, ora pro nobis." It is now a mere heap of picturesque ruins, with hardwood timber barely supported by cracked walls of brick; the latter is unusually well baked, and the proportions are those of the old Romans—twelve or fourteen inches long, eight broad, and two thick. One belfry, with the roof and façade, has been reduced to heaps; the south-eastern tower still rises above the ruins, but in a sadly shaky condition. The Brazilians banged at the fane persistently as an Anglo-Indian gunner at a flagstaff; and the Paraguayans at times amused themselves with repairing it. The church of S. Carlos lies in Lat. S. 27° 2', Long. W. (G.), 61° 30', and here the variation is 7° 50' E.

Near it is the Presidential "palace," a ground-floor shed

of brick, with tiled roof, three doors, four windows, and a tall whitewashed entrance in token of dignity, leading to a pretty quinta, above whose brick walls peep oranges and a stunted "curii" (*Araucaria Brasiliensis*). The "three enormous tigers," which each ate a calf for breakfast, are gone; the front is bespattered and pierced with shot, and I see no signs of the bomb-proof "tanière" in which, they say, the Marshal-President used to lurk. The quarters occupied by Madame Lynch are far to the rear, in the "women's encampment." The main sala, whence he drove away with kicks and cuffs the officers who announced to him the destruction of his hopes by the fall of Uruguayana, was shown to us: here the Argentines found unpacked boxes containing furniture from Paris. This was their only civilized "loot;" the rest was represented by rusty guns, by lean mules, by 100 cases of bottles containing palm oil, and by some fifty tercios or sacks of maté, each holding eight arrobas, and here worth \$4.

Westward of the "palace" lie the quarters of the staff, the arsenal, the Almojarifado (Custom-house, &c.), and the soap manufacture. These are the "magnificent barracks" for 12,000 men of which we read in the newspapers, long, low, ground-floor ranchos, with mud walls, and roofed with a mixture of thatch, tile, and corrugated iron. Never even loopholed, they had been much knocked about and torn by shot. The arsenal has now been turned into commissariat and ammunition stores. It is fronted by a guérite or raised sentry-box, and by a huge flagstaff bearing the Brazilian flag.

The batteries are eight in number, and again we will begin with them up-stream. After a scatter of detached guns, some in the open, others slightly parapeted, we find the Bateria Cadenas, or chain-battery of thirteen guns, backed by the Artillery Barracks. The chain, which con-

sisted of seven twisted together, passed diagonally through a kind of brick tunnel. On this side it was made fast to a windlass supported by a house about 100 yards from the bank. Nearer the battery stood a still larger capstan: the latter, however, wanted force to haul taut the chain.

Crossing by one of three dwarf bridges the little nullah Arroyo Humaitá somewhat below the Presidential "palace," we come upon the Bateria Londres, that Prince of Humbugs. M. Elisée Reclus, whose papers in the *Deux Mondes* (October 15, 1866, and August 15, 1868) are somewhat imaginative, makes the London battery deliver fire, even as he carries in his pen the railroad to Villa Rica. It was built for the elder Lopez by a European engineer. The walls were twenty-seven feet thick, of brick (not stone and lime). It was supposed to be rendered bomb-proof by layers of earth heaped upon brick arches, and there were embrasures for sixteen (not twenty-five) guns. Of these ports eight were walled up and converted into workshops, because the artillerymen were in hourly dread of their caving in and crumbling down.

The third battery is the Tacuary of three guns. Then comes the Coimbra mounting eight *bouches à feu*, and directed by the Commandante Hermosa. The three next are the Octava or Madame Lynch, with three guns *en barbette*; the Pesada, five guns, and the Itapirú, seven guns—all partly revetted with brick. Being the westernmost and the least exposed to fire they have suffered but little. Lastly, at the Punta de las Piedars stands the Humaitá redoubt, armed with a single eight-inch gun.

Beyond this point begins the entrenched line running south-south-west along the Laguna Concha, *alias* Ambericaia, and then sweeping round to the east with a gap where the water rendered an attack impossible. The profile is good simply because defended by impenetrable bush. The guns

stand in pairs, with a Paiol or magazine to every two, and they had been provided with 200 round of grape, shell, and case. The wet ditch is still black with English gunpowder; some fine, mostly coarse.

The batteries were being rapidly dismantled; the cadenas and its two neighbours had been to a certain extent spared. The guns were all *en barbette*, an obsolete system, showing the usual wilful recklessness of human life. Redoubts and redans, glacis and covered ways, caponnières and traverses, gorge works and épaulements, citadel and entrenchment, were equally unknown, whilst embrasures were rare, although sods for the cheeks might have been cut within a few yards. Where the ramósia or abatis was used, the branches were thrown loosely upon the ground, and no one dreamed of wooden pickets. Though the stockade was employed, the palisade at the bottom of the cunette or ditch was ignored. Thus the works were utterly unfit to resist the developed powers of rifled artillery, the concentrated discharge from shipping, and even the accurate and searching fire of the Spencer carbine. The Londres work, besides being in a state of decay, was an exposed mass of masonry which ought to have shared the fate of the forts from Sumpter to Pulaski, and when granite fails bricks cannot hope to succeed. Had the guns been mounted in Monitor towers, or even protected by sand-bags, the ironclads would have suffered much more than they did in running past them.

Lieutenant Day (1858) gave to the eight batteries on his chart 45 guns; to the casemate (Londres) 15; and to the east battery 50; making a total of 110. In 1868 the river and batteries had 58 cannons, 11 magazines, and 17 brick tanks (*depositos de agua*). The whole lines of Humaitá mounted 36 brass and 144 iron guns: these 180 were increased to 195 by including the one eight-inch gun and

the fourteen 32-pounders found in the Gran Chaco. The serviceable weapons did not however exceed sixty. Many of them had been thrown into deep water, and will be recovered when the level shall fall. Five lay half buried at the foot of the bank, and ten remained in position: of these, three were eight-inch, four were short 32 or 36 pounders, and two were long 32-pounder carronades.

The guns barely deserve the name; some of them were so honeycombed that they must have been used as street posts. They varied generally from 4-pounders to 32-pounders, with intermediate calibres of 6, 9, 12, 18, and 24. Not the worst of them were made at Asuncion and Ybicuy, whose furnaces and air chimneys could melt four tons per diem. Some had been converted, but it was a mere patchwork. A few rifled 12-pounders had been cast at Asuncion. There were sundry quaint old tubes bearing the arms of Spain; two hailed from Seville, the *San Gabriel* (A.D. 1671) and the *San Juan de Dios* (1684). The much talked-of "breech-loading Armstrong" was an English 95 cwt. gun, carrying a 68-lb. ball, and rifled and fitted at Asuncion with a strengthening ring of wrought-iron. The breeching lay like a large mass of pie-crust behind it: the bursting had probably been designed, as the shot remained jammed inside.* The captured guns are now being divided into three several parts, each one of the Allies taking about forty, which may be useful for melting up into trophies and memorials. I was told that the Oriental share was twenty-eight guns, of which seven were brass.

I landed with my Blanco friends, who, charmed by my disappointment, despite the natural joy of once more seeing

* This is possibly the "Acá verá," the 56-pounder, bored and rifled to throw 150-pound shots, described by Lt.-Col. Thompson (chap. xiv.) It was called "shining head," from the soft expanding rings of brass, which were fitted with square-headed bolts.

camp life, chaffed me bitterly about this "chef d'œuvre of an encampment," this Sebastopol. They were hardly civil to a courteous Brazilian officer of rank—it proved to be General Argolo—who, riding past with his staff, invited us, though perfect strangers, to drink beer at his quarters. They would not even inspect the lines of the Macácos, as they called their Imperial Allies. Again and again they boasted the prowess of their own party, stating how 500 of them had defended Paysandú against a host.

In front of the Marshal-President's "palace" we found a dozen Whitworth muzzle-loaders, whose shapely lines and highly-finished sights made them look, by the side of other weapons, like racers among cab-horses. Without engaging in the "battle of the guns," I may merely state that a few Armstrongs had been tried by the Brazilians, but were not found to succeed; the Krupp, like the Lahitte, was approved of, and the Woolwich gun was unknown to the Allies. The motley armature of the Paraguayans was a curious spectacle. By the side of some Blakely's self-rifling shells and balls, hand-grenades, which were found useful in the triumphant Abyssinian campaign, and the Hall's rotating rockets, without the sticks which merely steer them into the eye of the wind, lay huge Guarani wads, circles of twisted palm, like those which Egyptian peasant-women place between the head and the water-pot; case-shot in leather buckets so quaintly made that it could hardly be efficient at the usual 300 to 400 yards; canister composed of screws and bar-iron chopped up, and grape of old locks and bits of broken muskets, rudely bound in hide with lianas or bush ropes. To be killed by such barbaric appliances would add another sting to that of death. Here were large piles of live shells, some of them lightly loaded with ten to eleven ounces of powder, for the purpose of firing tents and levelling defences. The conquerors had not taken the

trouble to wet them, and an old gentleman of the party distinguished himself by scraping the spilt gunpowder with his boot-toes. I ran from him as I never ran before. During the last three days several explosions took place; these extemporized soldiers were careless as Zanzibar blacks.

During the day I saw a review of a Brazilian cavalry corps numbering six full troops; and shortly afterwards all the Argentine army, or rather contingent, marched past. The first at once took my eye; they were mostly Brazilians, Rio Grandenses, not liberated negroes. These Provincials, riders from their babyhood, are reputed as the best cavaliers throughout the Empire, where the "man on horseback" is universal. Some were lancers; their heavy wooden weapons, not nearly so handy as the bamboo of Hindostan, were decorated with white stars on red pennons; they carried regulation sabres and coarse horse-pistols, and the European trappings made them look much more soldier-like than the infantry. The lance, so worthless in the hands of raw levies, may be used to great effect by practised troopers: the Poles at Albuera proved it upon Colborne's brigade of British infantry. The dragoons had swords, Spencer (8-round) carbines, and in some cases pistols. As Confederate General Lee, however, truly remarked, "The sabre is timid before a good revolver," and the carbine is not to be recommended on horseback. General Beatson foresaw, when commanding the much-abused Bashi Buzéuks in the Crimean campaign, that the revolver is the real arm for cavalry, and it should be accompanied by the yataghan, to be used when ranks lock. In due course of time it will be supplanted by the single or double-barrelled breechloader. I have lately tried the Albini or Belgian rifle, cut short, and provided with a short and heavy saw-handle, and I have had every reason to be pleased with it.

The cattle was in excellent condition; you could play cards or count money, as the Spaniards say, upon their backs. The animals, however, like the men, were light; they would be efficient opposed to Cossacks, but used against heavy cavalry they would dash up, recoil and shatter, as a wave is shivered by a rock.

As a rule the Brazilian cavalry has not seen much service in this war of earthworks. Their principal use has been in raids, reconnaissances, and attacks of outposts. With few exceptions they have behaved remarkably well, and have been ably and gallantly handled by their officers, who acted upon the well-known axiom, that cavalry should never surrender. They are now somewhat in the position of the Crimean cavalry after the Charge of Balaklava. The Argentines, as a rule, were poorly mounted, and being mostly foreigners, were inferior riders. The Paraguayans at the beginning of the war had good cattle, but they were soon annihilated; horses here are rare, and the country supplies for the most part only a diminutive Yaboo. They charged furiously, not with the fine old Spanish war-cry "Santiago y a Elles!" but with the Zagharit of Egypt and the Kil of Persia, a kind of trille here directly derived from the Red Indians. They exposed themselves with upraised blades, like Mamelukes, careless of what they took, and determined only to give. Their lances are stout weapons of hard heavy wood, eight feet long, with iron heels measuring two and a half spans, and the heads are those of Anglo-Indian boar-spears, not exceeding two inches, and ending in bars that defend it against the sabre.

The Argentine army was variously reported—by its friends as an able and efficient arm; by its enemies as a montonera, or horde of thieves and brigands, who have never had a siege gun in position. They began with 15,000 men, which speedily fell to 9000, of whom some 6000 were Argentines,

and as there is no recruiting in election times, they now probably do not exceed 5000. This is a small proportion to be supplied out of nearly 2,000,000 souls—in 1867 it was 1,500,000—whom the Brazil expected to produce the personnel whilst she contributed the matériel. Yet all are agreed that in case of a war with the Empire, the Confederation could turn out 50,000 men at arms. The Argentine losses in killed, wounded, and missing, are up to this time 2227—their own calculation.

After hearing much “bunkum” at Buenos Aires, and reading many diatribes against the “Marshal of the Army” Caxias, who preserved upon this subject a discreet silence, I was disappointed by the appearance of the force. The Argentine “Contingent” gave the impression of being fine men, large and strong; the rank and file, however, showed a jumble of nationalities: the tall, raw-boned, yellow-haired German, the Italian Cozinhero, and the Frenchman, who under arms always affects the Zouave, marched side by side with the ignoble negro. Sizing and classing were equally unknown; uniforms were of every description, including even the poncho and chiripá, and the style of progress much resembled that of a flock of sheep. The corps of the fourteen Provinces, or rather their remnants, were separated by drums and bands foully murdering “Tu che à Dio.” The best were evidently the Santa Fécinos, known by their double tricolor flag; this province has fighting colonies of Frenchmen, Swiss, and Germans, who have been accustomed to hold “Indians” in check. The officers, some mounted, others on foot, were mostly Argentines, and they rivalled their men in variety of dress: of nether garments, for instance, there were underdrawers, pink trousers, dark overalls, knickerbockers and gaiters, riding boots, and sandals. *Par parenthèse*, the Argentines have only to adopt their national colours, silver and light blue, for an

army uniform, which would be neat and handsome as that worn by the cavalry of the defunct East-Indian Company.

The Argentines move easily: they have little commissariat, and foul hides take the place of the neat Brazilian pal-tents. A change of camp is periodically necessary, the ground soon becoming impure in the extreme. The men carried, besides ammunition, arms, and accoutrements, poles to support their mats and skins, raw beef, chairs, tables, and round shot to make hearths. They were followed by women on horse and foot, the hideous lees of civilization, and by carts whose wheel-spokes were bound with hide, and which bore huge heaps of household "loot." Being badly paid, and often not paid at all, the men must plunder to live. As might be expected from a force of the kind, there is no ardour for the cause, and *esprit de corps* is utterly unknown. As will be seen, they do not even take the trouble to bury their dead. They are kept in order only by the drum-head court-martial, and by the platoon ready at a minute's notice.

As for the "Oriental" army, I failed to find it. The force commenced under General Flores with 5600 men, and he handled it so recklessly that 600 were sent home, and 4600 were killed or became unfit to serve. The remnant of 300 to 400 is further reduced by some authorities to forty to fifty, of whom most are officers under a certain General D. Enrique Castro, who is characterized as a "gaucho ordinario."

The alliance of the Allies is evidently that of dog and cat. The high authorities have agreed not to differ, but the bond of union is political, not sympathetic. An excessive nationality amongst the Brazilians is kept up by their great numerical superiority; whilst the Argentines, like ourselves in the Crimea, are sore about playing a part so palpably

“second fiddle.” Hence the war is nowhere popular on the Plata, and troubles may be expected to accompany its termination. During my first visit to Humaitá, I found that a long entrenched line, with berm, parapet, and other requisites, had been dug to separate Brazilians from Argentinians. The reason of the proceeding assigned to me, and probably to the Home Governments, was that the general commanding was fond of keeping his men at work.

Are you tired of Humaitá? Then, *a rivederci!*

LETTER XVI.

A VISIT TO THE GRAN CHACO.

Humaitá, August 26, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

Mr. Gould had given me an introductory note to Lieutenant—now I am glad to say Commander C. Percy Bushe, commanding H.M.'s steamer *Linnet*. A man-of-war in miniature, and the only neutral ship here present, she is remarkable for trimness and neatness, discomfort and inutility. The commander could hardly stand upright in his state cabin, and several of the crew, amongst whom I recognised an old West African, suffered from fever. The "homey element" strongly asserted itself, and all were tired of the service—no wonder, after a monotonous diet of salt-junk, tired-beef, half-baked bread, and now and then wild duck and "partridge." The *Linnet's* guns could have done little against a single 8-inch, and a few 68-pounders could easily have sunk her.

Lieutenant-Commander Bushe had been ordered up in February, 1868, with the view of protecting the so-called British "*détenus*." Interested motives had spread evil report against Marshal-President Lopez, and with few exceptions the press of Europe was so well packed that even Our Own Correspondent, the Consul of Rosario, was not permitted to print a line in favour of Paraguay. The war-loan of Sor Riestra, made against all neutrality laws, was to be supported per fas et nefas. After the Abranteso-Christie-nigger affair, the Brazil was to be treated with soft sawder. There was talk of another loan, but war—a game at which in these days subjects, not

sovereigns, will play—was costing the Empire about \$200,000 per diem—a trifle of 14,400,000*l.* per annum.

The imagination of the anti-Lopists made notable discoveries. The Marshal-President of Paraguay had refused to treat direct with a junior naval officer when the British Minister Plenipotentiary at Buenos Aires was also accredited to him. Presently appeared in the papers a long order, purporting to have been issued by the Chief Magistrate of Paraguay, and directing the *Linnet*, in case of her making warlike demonstrations, to be sunk.

In September, 1867, Mr. Gould took the affair in hand. It was a hopeless errand. His mission in H.M.'s ship *Doterel*, Lieutenant Mitchell, was looked upon as a direct slight, especially after the personal visit of the French Minister M. de Vernouille—I need hardly say that in Paraguay everything of the kind coming from Buenos Aires is deeply resented. He came to take away with him certain English employés whose contracts had expired. But many had voluntarily renewed their engagements, and all were in an exceptional position. It was hardly reasonable to expect that the Marshal-President should dismiss a score of men—of whom sundry were in his confidence and knew every detail which it was most important to conceal from the enemy. Ensued another complication. Deceived by a noted intriguer, whose sole object was evidently to ascertain the animus of the political visitor, Mr. Gould drew up certain conditions of peace between the Allies and Paraguay. Amongst less important items was the voluntary exile of Marshal-President Lopez—he might as well have been asked to take up Paraguay and walk. The Chief Magistrate was thus, according to the Paraguayan view of the matter, requested to withdraw from his home, his native land, the country that had elected him as ruler; to abdicate

the dignity conferred upon him by the nation ; to fail in his duty, to act the coward.

Mr. Gould left Paraguay in no pleasant way, and, by a regrettable accident, the British widows and children given up to him were allowed to land at Montevideo and to tell all they knew. Returned to Buenos Aires (September 10, 1867), he expressed a very unfavourable opinion of Paraguayan resources and of the Republic's prospects in the present war : this was a most delicate subject, upon which a word in Paraguay cost a man his life. The document doubtless soon reached Asuncion, by means of the Paraguayan refugees, fugitives, and malcontents, who muster strong in the Argentine Confederation. Moreover, to the utter perplexity of European readers, it differs in all essential points from the despatch (Sept. 30, 1867)* forwarded to the Admiralty by Lieut.-Commander Mitchell.

Mr. Gould—directed by another Minister Plenipotentiary who also had not presented his credentials to the Government of Paraguay—proceeded a second time up the river on Sept. 4, 1868 ; but for some months before this period frightful reports concerning the “atrocities of Lopez” appeared in every print, and it was not judged advisable to disembark from the *Linnet*. M. de Kerjegu, the French Secretary, landed, and visited the Marshal-President at head-quarters. Mr. Gould suffered from Chuchu, and again returned *re infecta*. His belief that the Paraguayan cause had completely broken down proved utterly erroneous, and he left for England on October 26, 1868.

Presently, in August, and again in October and November, Captain Parsons, H.M.S. *Beacon*, steamed up the river, and was courteously received by the Marshal-President, of whom his impressions were highly favourable. He left on

* Correspondence respecting Hostilities in the River Plate (!) presented to both Houses of Parliament. 1868.

November 18, 1868, with fifteen of the so-called *détenus*, who were given to him under parole that he would not suffer them to communicate with those on shore. Amongst them was a Dr. Fox, who, having abjectly begged a passage down stream, afterwards insisted upon being landed. Captain Parsons, however, shipped off all his live freight at Montevideo. A Mr. Nesbitt, mechanical engineer, having seen his wife and family on board, declared, in his own name and for a dozen fellow-workmen, that, having ever been well paid, fed, and treated, they would not abandon Marshal-President Lopez in his difficulties. This was unanswerable; but those who wished to embroil us in an ignoble war declared that Mr. Nesbitt was forced to say what he did by the fear that his mates would be shot, and others shrewdly opined that the fate of poor King Theodore had changed the aspect of affairs. Again they were stultified by General Macmahon, the United States Minister who had replaced Mr. Charles A. Washburn. The anti-Lopists all declared him to be in durance vile amongst the mountains, and possibly compelled to superintend the preparations for a guerilla warfare. Despite these predictions, however, he returned, about the middle of 1869, to Buenos Aires, bringing good news of the British "captives," who remitted, with his assistance, money to their families.

For the honour of the British name, I rejoice that we were not drawn into a disreputable broil with the gallant but overmatched little Republic. Even as it is, Marshal-President Lopez was justified in complaining that we should be more strict in enforcing the laws of neutrality. The Brazil was allowed to buy ironclads in England as well as in France; though the case of the *Alabama* should long ago have taught us better. British and other foreign craft crowded the river, affording every possible assistance to the Allies. Marshal-President Lopez had surely a right to re-

ceive his letters from Europe ; they were detained in the Consular Post-office at Buenos Aires.

Mr. Maxwell and I landed with Lieutenant-Commander Bushe in the Gran Chaco to inspect the site of the much talked-of chain. Thrown over the stream where it narrowed to 800 metres, it was a twist composed of one large (1.75 inch) and six smaller diameters (1.25 inch), and it rested upon three *chatas* (barges), which were soon sunk by the Brazilian guns. The heavy obstacle then sank below the surface with a deep sag, and as there was no donkey-engine to tighten it, the Monitors might have passed safely over the bend. But it lay at the point where all the battery-fires converged, and no attempt was made either to blow up the chain-house, to remove it with gunpowder, or to cut the obstacle with cold chisels, as an active enemy would have done. Moreover, the Paraguayans—who knew that no fort can hinder the transit of wooden vessels, even at the slowest speed, unless the channel be perfectly obstructed by scuttled craft or sunken cribs of stones, or unless the ships be detained under a heavy fire by chains or cables, booms, barriers, or similar obstructions—had provided it with those “mischievous things,” torpedoes. They were coarse frictional affairs; the employment of electricity as an igniting agent being unknown. One ironclad, however, had already been successfully torpedoed, and in the Brazil, as elsewhere, even disciplined men feel a natural horror of, and are easily demoralized by, hidden mysterious dangers so swiftly and completely destructive. At last, on February 18, 1868, when an unusual flood of nine feet quite submerged the chain, the ironclad squadron took heart of grace, ran, without suffering material damage, the gauntlet of the Humaitá and Timbó guns, and anchored off Tayi up stream. Thus the chain proved useless.

The narrow spit of ground which the Gran Chaco here

projects from the north-west to the south-east, and which forms the salient angle opposite the concave of Humaitá, is called the "Albardon"—neck or peninsula. Lieutenant Day makes it far too broad and massive. As usual in this swampy region, accidents of ground are very complicated, and can hardly be explained without detailed plans. At the first sight it is evident that the Brazilians should have cut a deep channel across the Albardon, which is nowhere six feet above the water level: this would probably have changed the course of the stream, when Humaitá would have become an inland defence. The plan was suggested by Dr. M'Donald, Surgeon-Major in the Argentine service, and naturally enough he was much derided by ignorant men.

In April, 1868, the Allied armies, having driven the Paraguayans into Humaitá, determined to complete the investment of their stronghold by surrounding it on the Gran Chaco side, and by cutting off all its supplies of provisions. General Rivas, with 1200-1500 Argentine troops, landed on April 30 at the Riacho de Oro to the south; marched northwards, and after repulsing a Paraguayan sortie from Humaitá, met on the third day 2500 Brazilian troops under Colonel Falcão. The latter had landed to the north below Timbó, whose defenders had attacked him to no purpose. The two corps amalgamated on May 3, and threw up the redoubt "Andai." The Paraguayans, also pushing on from Timbó, opposed this with a new work, the "Corá." General D. Ignacio Rivas, determining to dislodge them, sent an attack headed by Colonel Campos and Martinez de la Hoz, a man of family and reputation. His "gallant rashness," however, served him an ugly turn: the men fled, and both commanders were taken prisoners. An Argentine flag-bearer ran into the water, and his colours were picked up by the Monitor *Pará*: she refused to restore them without taking a receipt, and the proceeding bred abundant ill-will

in the Platine bosom. This affair was called the "Battle of Acayuasá"—the "tangled boughs;" and Marshal-President Lopez made of it a great victory.

Terrified by the determined reconnaissance pushed into the Humaitá enceinte by General Osorio (July 16, 1868), the Paraguayans resolved as usual to evacuate it, but this time they were somewhat too late. Of the Commanding Triumvirate, Colonels Alén, (not Allen, as the home papers wrote him), formerly Chief of Staff to General Robles, Francisco Martinez, and Captain Procopio Cabral, the former had blown away part of his face in attempted suicide, and the command had thus devolved upon the second; D. Pedro Gill being then made third in command. A small ration of maize was issued to each man before embarkation, and the half-famished garrison began on July 23 the evacuation, which ended July 25. Their numbers had been 4600, families included: they were now reduced to 4000, of whom only about 2500 were fighting men. The women and children were first ferried over, running the gauntlet of the ironclads; and sundry field-pieces were rafted up a trench which they had cut from the Albardon Point to an inner lagoon.

The stout-hearted fugitives at once threw up hasty earthworks on dry land between the waters. But their position was hopeless. North-east lay the Allied redoubt, Andai, backed by two ironclads; to the south-west were also two ironclads, whose shot crushed through the thin wood, and crossing with the fire of the Andai, cut off their retreat to the west; and finally, on the south-east stood the Chaco fort held by the Brazilians. The Allied force numbered some 12,000 men, of whom 2000 were Argentines. Yet the wretches fought for eleven days, losing 800 of their number; amongst them Colonel Hermosa, who was killed by Lieutenant Saldanha, the nephew of the Portuguese grandee. Some 200 to 300 cut a path through the enemy's lines and escaped

to Timbó; they bore with them Colonel Alén, who was reported to have been wounded in the forehead by the splinter of a shell, and two English army-surgeons, Drs. Stevens and Skinner. Colonel Martinez and Captains Cabral and Pedro Gill surrendered to the enemy; and it is reported that the wife of the first-named officer was cruelly murdered by Marshal-President Lopez, because her husband had succumbed after so glorious a resistance.

We will now inspect the scene of action. At the tongue or tip of the Albardon, a little north of where the chain had been made fast to posts and tree-trunks, we found the little Chaco redoubt which defended the chain. It was held by the Allies to check the Paraguayan "dispersos," or fugitives, who were at bay in the wood to the north-west. Three guns were inside and two outside; the fosse was unflanked and of no importance. To the north-west we saw the gleam of the Laguna Yberá, or Verá, the shining water, with its Isla Poi, or narrow islet. The large pond is connected by a long ypoeira (Canoe channel) with the Riacho de Oro; and when the floods withdraw, it divides into three or more sections. Nothing can be better adapted for ambushades than this mass of tangled shrubby and reedy vegetation.

Advancing parallel with the right bank of the Paraguay River we entered a patch of jungle, abounding with snakes, pigeons, and woodpeckers. The large vegetation was composed of acacias and mimosas; the smaller growth of the candelabrum-tree, the umbahuba of the Brazil (*Cecropia peltata*), now becoming common, and the tall cane, known as the "paja brava." The boughs, adorned with orchids and small pink-flowered parasitic bromelias, were connected by the guembe, or tie-tie, which the learned Azara confounded with the guembetaya, that fine trumpet-flower followed by a maize-like fruit. A scatter of wooden crosses showed where luckless skirmishers had been buried, and

mangrullos, or look-outs, were attached to the taller trees. Presently we reached a clearing where the forest had been felled to admit the fire of the Brazilian ironclads. Our next step was to the Andai, or Chaco Camp, the redoubt thrown up by General Rivas. I met this gallant Argentine at Humaitá. In appearance he was rather Italian than South American; a stout man of medium stature, with straight features, and rather bushy goatee and mustachios. Over his uniform he wore a weathered poncho of vicuña or guanaco wool, here costing some three gold ounces, not the usual cheap, tawdry imitations made in England; and the long riding-boots gave him the aspect of a man of action. He was then doomed to temporary idleness, his left wrist having been pierced by a ball during the disastrous attack of Curupaity.

The right flank of the Andai rested upon the river, and the left upon the Laguná Verá; whilst its front and rear were sufficiently protected from a *coup de main* either of cavalry or of infantry. At the approaches were three, and in places four, ranges of *trous de loup* (*bocas de lobo*), each armed with a sharpened stake. The abatis was picketed down according to rule, not loose-strewn after the Paraguayan fashion, which wants only a horse and a lasso to open a gap. A deep ditch and a parapet, with fascines and sandbags, completed the defences. Inside were tall and effective earthen traverses, and strong bomb-proof magazines made of mould heaped upon layers of tree-trunks. The direct distance from Humaitá was not more than two miles, and the Paraguayans had done their best to gall the garrison with shot and shell.

I here for the first time saw Brazilian soldiers in camp. About 600 men were throwing up inner works to contract the arc; this was probably done to give them some employment, for after the evacuation of Timbó the use of the place was gone, and the redoubt was presently dismantled. The camp appeared clean in the extreme, owing to the

stringent orders of Marshal Caxias, who well knows that cholera is to be prevented by drainage, and that water impregnated with sewage and decay breeds fever. This purification takes the Brazilians some time, whereas the Argentines never attempt it. The men were under canvas, comfortably lodged in the gipsy "pals," which are here everywhere used; they are better than our bell-tents, but inferior to the French *tente d'abris*. As each holds only one officer or two soldiers, they occupy much ground, and they are slow to pitch and to strike. On the other hand, they serve in this dangerous climate to prevent infectious disease.

The men were in excellent condition, well clothed, well fed, and only too well armed. Meat lay all about, and the half-wild dogs were plump as the horses. Poorly azotised, uncastrated, and killed after two or two and a half years, the flesh is here spongy, but still far more nutritious than in the Brazil. All must be of the best quality procurable, and the contracts are published yearly in an annex to the *Relatorio* or Report of the Minister of War. The cost of feeding each soldier is now about \$1 200 (milreis).* Besides meat the men receive per six head a daily bottle of *cachaça* (Brazilian rum); and they think with the Irishman, that if bread be the staff of life, whisky is the life itself.

The cavalry was armed as I have before described; the artillery with sabre and carbine, often the Spencer; and the

* Cavalry and infantry in camp receive per diem one bullock to seventy or eighty men, averaging $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per head; farinha (mandioc flour), one-eightieth of the alqueire; maté, three ounces; salt, one ounce; and tobacco, half an ounce. Cavalry on the march have an increased ratio of meat, one bullock to sixty men. Infantry on the march have one bullock to seventy head; farinha, one-sixtieth of the alqueire; maté, two ounces; and salt and tobacco as in camp. Charqui (jerked meat) is served out on Wednesdays; and bacalhao, or stock-fish, on Fridays. The diet is varied with Brazilian lard (*toucinho*), black beans (*feijão*), rice and vegetables. In the morning bread and coffee, and before night coffee, is served out. Of course the army has not always thus been living in clover, and at times it has suffered from severe privations.

infantry with Belgian Enfields and sword-bayonets. Most of the latter, being liberated slaves, would have done better work with the smooth-bore Brown Bess and with the old triangular bayonet. This weapon has played an important part in the war; the yataghan-shaped modern tool is too heavy for such unhandy soldiers, and our lately invented saw-sword-bayonet would have been worse still. The arms were piled, and the sentries objected, despite the uniform, to our passing inside—a precaution not useless in a country where the enemy has proved himself so desperate.

After a pleasant visit and a short chat with the officers, we retraced our steps to the clearing, and then plunged into the densely tangled thicket to the west-north-west. Here we found the redoubt thrown up by the fugitives from Humaitá; its right flank resting upon an arm of the Laguna, and the remainder surrounded by wood and scrub. There were platforms for their five brass guns, two-pounders and four-pounders; they had dug pits for shelter in the uneven floor, and when a man was killed he at once found a ready-made grave. The fighting had been fierce; the trees around were cut and torn by cannon, and in one moderate-sized trunk I counted six scars.

Here the wretches defended themselves from the assailant between July 24 and August 4. Though half mad with hunger and delirious with night-watching, they fired upon two flags of truce. The Allies could have easily destroyed them, but, to their honour be it recorded, the nobler part was chosen. A Spanish chaplain in the Brazilian navy—Padre Ignacio Esmerata—devoted himself to the cause of humanity, and approached them, cross and white flag in hand. Still the desperadoes refused to surrender, till their officers proved to them that nothing could be gained by self-destruction. This bulldog tenacity of the Paraguayan, which is bred in his Guarani (“warrior”) blood, may be found in the his-

tories of Mexico and Peru. Thus, when an "Indian" Cacique prisoner was sent by Cortes to Guatimocin, "as the captive began to speak of peace, his lord ordered him instantly to be killed and sacrificed." (Third letter of Cortes, *Coleccion Lorenzana*.) At length 1450* men, 95 officers, and two Franciscan friars included, yielded themselves up to General Rivas, who swore on the hilt of his sword that they should be safe; they came forth from their forest den, and piled arms in the clearing which we have just visited, the officers retaining their swords, and the men being saluted by the Brazilian troops. The victors gained only four flags and a few worthless arms, with canoes, hides, and sheepskins—a richer plunder might be found in Dahome.

Fresh traces of the death-struggle still lay around, and everything spoke of the powerful and vehement nationality of Paraguay; the miserable remains of personal property told eloquently of the heart which the little Republic had thrown into the struggle. The poor rags, ponchos of door-rug, were rotting like those that wore them; and amongst fragments of letters we picked up written instructions for loading heavy guns. All were in the same round hand, legible and little practised; it is said that in Paraguay the writing drill is regular as any other. There was a stand of broken sabres and bayonets; stirrups of wood and metal, mere buttons, like those of Abyssinia, to be held between the toes; and brass military stirrups, made wide to admit the boot. The short cloth kepis had been worn by infantry, and the tall leather cavalry caps, off which a sabre might glance, bore the national tricolor, the inverse of the Dutch, blue being the uppermost.

I felt a something of the *hysterica passio* at the thought of so much wasted heroism. And this personal inspection of the

* The Argentine papers reduced the number to 1200; amongst them they placed a few women and children. Some do not mention the two friars.

site where the last struggle had lately ended impressed me highly with Paraguayan strength of purpose, and with the probability of such men fighting to the last. Lieut.-Commander Bushe, following Mr. Gould, believed that Marshal-President Lopez was utterly exhausted, or that he would not have suffered Humaitá to fall; that the weight of the Allies must soon bring about the "unconditional surrender;" that the success of the Brazil upon the river, like the campaign of the Mississippi, had cut the Republic in two; and that Paraguay, like Africa and the Confederate States, however hard-shelled outside, would be found soft within. In vain the Paraguayan prisoners declared that the war had only begun, and that none but traitors would ever yield. One of them asked the medical officer of the *Linnet* why the ship was there. "To see the end of the struggle," was the reply. "Then," rejoined the man, with a quiet smile, "ustedes han de demorar muchos años."

The Brazilians affected likewise to look upon the fall of Humaitá as the *coup de grâce*, the turning-point of the campaign. This lock once broken, the river door must soon open. About the same time reports of certain barbarities committed in Paraguay had assumed consistency, but often in a truly ridiculous form. H.M. steamship *Linnet* was supplied with many a telegram announcing that "Lopez continues his atrocities: he has shot his sister, his brothers, and the Bishop." These "shaves," so familiar to me during three years' residence in the Brazil, were officially reported to headquarters. Whatever may have happened since, the assertions were then decidedly false. The next mail brought the report that Bishop Palacios, instead of being shot as he deserved, had received a war-medal or a Grand Cross of the National Order of Merit, a kind of Légion d'Honneur, borrowed from France, and established when the campaign began. And now, "till the next," as men here say.

LETTER XVII.

VISITS TO TIMBÓ AND TO ESTABELECIMENTO NOVO (*alias*
THE CIERVA REDOUBT). GENERAL ARGOLO.

Humaitá, August 26, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

I bore from Corrientes an introductory letter to Commodore Francisco Cordeiro de Torres Alvim, Chef de Estado Mayor da Esquadra Imperial. This Captain of the Fleet—who is its arm as well as its brain—has the bluff, hearty manner of an old sailor, and speaks excellent English, which he learned in the United States. He had hoisted his flag on board the *Cannonheira Mearim*, but he appears to be ubiquitous. During the three years' campaign he had been wounded in three places by the Chata-shell, which did such havoc in the casemate of the *Tamandaré* ironclad. On Sunday, August 24, he came in the little steam-launch on board of which he seems to live, and offered Lieutenant-Commander Bushe and myself a passage up stream as far as Timbó—three to three and a half leagues.

A two-knot current was against us, and *La Mouche* ran gingerly on account of floating torpedoes and fixed infernal machines. Many had been fished up by the *Linnet* as well as by other craft, but not a few still remained. They did, on the whole, very little damage. A torpedo-brigade was of course unknown, and after the original maker, Mr. Bell, of the United States, died at Asuncion, no one was found capable of turning out an efficient article. Cases containing charges of 900 lbs. of gunpowder were tried: they always proved wet. The system was, I have told you, frictional and

of the simplest. A charge of 40 to 50 lbs. of gunpowder, in a cast-iron cylinder, was ignited by bolts at each end striking a small flask of sulphuric acid imbedded in chlorate of potash. The case was placed in a copper-sheathed cask which acted float, and was protected by a framework of four iron bars or rods, which, of course, lay up and down stream. This apparatus was apparently borrowed from the Confederate States, who thus improved upon the older system of discharging common gun-tubes, with long trigger-lines pulled by an operator on shore, or by the passing ship. But the Paraguayans neglected to apply to torpedo-canoes the outrigger apparatus* which has rendered the once ridiculed invention of the Anglo-American Fulton an established offensive armament at sea, and a cheap, convenient, and formidable defence for rivers and harbours. It would certainly have done damage, for the ironclads had no picket-Monitors, and in an attack they never penned themselves round when at anchor with 30-foot logs. An English engineer in the Brazil proposed a projecting fender, two scantlings provided with iron teeth like a large garden rake, to precede the exploring vessel; his suggestion was not, I believe, adopted.

Up stream the scenery was charmingly soft and homely; well wooded on the Gran Chaco side, and clear to the east, showing the presence of *bañados* and *esteros*, which, filled by high rains, remain stagnant. Upon the west bank lay the curious contrivances of the Timbó garrison when attempting to throw provisions into Humaitá. They killed half a dozen bullocks, and lashed them cross-wise to a *jangada* (raft) of bamboos or palm-trunks, thatched over with grass and *pistia*, so as to resemble a "camalote." This

* Rear-Admiral T. A. Dahlgren recommended "long, slender pine poles thirty to fifty feet long, lashed by pairs in the middle to form an X, into which enters the bow at one end, heels secured, and from the stern depends a net; the whole to float"—the torpedoes.

word properly signifies a species of waterlily, with fleshy leaves of metallic green, and with a blue flower-spike ; it is popularly applied to the floating islets that stud after floods the surface of the Platine streams, and which are nowhere larger than on the rivers of West Africa, especially the Benin. Unfortunately, the current here sets to the west, and most of the rafts were lost upon the Gran Chaco shore.

The left bank was riddled by Parrots ; and lying under the trees as they fell were the corpses of the Paraguayans who had been killed by the Monitors, and of the Argentine Voluntary Legion who, in early May, had been led into a fatal ambush by General Caballero. The former were distinguished by their fighting gear, regimental caps, cross-belts that carried their ammunition pouches, and a piece of half-tanned leather wrapped round the loins. The latter lay in uniform, except where it had been removed by the vultures. This want of decency did little credit to the service : the Augustines remained masters of the ground, and a small fatigue-party would have buried the unhappy mercenaries in a few hours.

We steamed up to the east of the long barren Isla de Guaycurú. In the smaller branch that divided it from the Gran Chaco were the remnants of two Paraguayan steamers, sunk by the Brazilian monitors. Admiral Carvalho, created Barão da Passagem for running past the batteries of Humaitá, had neglected, like the Barão de Amazonas at Riachuelo, to pursue the flying enemy, and had allowed four or five of their craft to take refuge in the streamlets above Asuncion.

Presently we reached the timber slope, down which the Paraguayans had shunted the guns of Timbó into the river. The thirty-two pounders had been fished out by a pair of Monitors, the *Alagóas*, (Captain Maurity), and the

Piauhy (Captain Wandenkolk). Both, second lieutenants when the war began, are distinguished officers, especially the former, who, standing upon his quarter-deck, twice fronted the hot fire of the Humaitá batteries. We inspected the *Alagóas*, a most efficient river-craft, drawing four feet ten inches, with high-pressure engines, which pant and puff like those of a railway, and armed like the *Rio Grande* and the *Pará*, with 70-pounder muzzle-loading Whitworths, whilst the others had 120-pounders. The crews numbered thirty-six to thirty-nine men, of whom four work the turret and four the guns. The turret, whose invention belongs to Captain Cowper Coles, was made oval, an improvement, according to the Brazilians, upon the circular tower. The thickness of the iron plates varied from a minimum of four and a half inches to a maximum of six inches about the gun, whose muzzle fitted tight to its port. This skin was backed by eighteen inches of Brazilian *sucupira* and *peroba*, more rigid and durable than our heart of oak. The bolts were often started, and the plates were deeply pitted by the 68-pounders, like plum-pudding from which the "plums" had been picked out. In some cases they were dented and even pierced by the Blakely steel-tipped shot, of which Marshal-President Lopez had but a small supply. Our naval officers have reported that the cast-iron projectiles impinging upon the armour, shivered into irregular fragments, which formed a hail of red-hot iron, and left the gun without a gunner to work it. The battery men always knew when a ball struck the plates at night, by the bright flash which followed the shock.

At this time the Brazilian squadron in the Paraguay River consists of a total of 39 keel, and 186 guns. Ten are ironclads, with plated batteries, some carrying wooden bulwarks, others stanchions and chains. There are six monitors, and three more building: in fact, every pro-

vince will be represented by one. The rest consists of eleven gunboats, seven steamers, one corvette, two bombketches, one patacho (schooner), and one brig.* The fleet is to be increased by four new gunboats from Europe, which will be stationed in the Upper Uruguay.

The Monitors and some of the ironclads were built at Rio de Janeiro; the rest were supplied by France and the Thames ironworks. A curious form of showing neutrality!

We landed at the redoubt Timbó, lately evacuated when the fall of Humaitá took away its occupation. It is called after the old Piquete Timbó, whose deserted ranchos and orange-grove may still be seen some way up stream. The name, as is often the case in these rude regions, is taken from a tree which supplies wood for tables and indoor objects, and

* The following is the official list:—

Ironclads (10):—		Salvado,	8 guns, 130 men.
Brazil,	8 guns, 145 men.	Monitors (6):—	
Tamandaré,	6 „ 120 „	Alagoas,	1 „ 60 „
Barroso,	7 „ 149 „		(now 36 to 39)
Bahia,	2 „ 147 „	Rio Grande,	1 „ 60 „
Herval,	2 „ 134 „	Pará,	1 „ 60 „
Lima Barros,	4 „ 171 „	Piahy,	1 „ 60 „
Colombo,	8 „ 132 „	Ceará,	1 „ 60 „
Marize Barros,	2 „ 124 „	Sta. Catherina,	1 „ 60 „
Cabral,	8 „ 130 „	Gunboats (11):—	
Belmonte,	8 „ 129 „	Onze de Junho,	2 „ 83 „
Paranahyba,	8 „ 141 „	Lindoya,	1 „ 22 „
Maracanã,	8 „ 89 „	E. Martins,	6 „ 108 „
Mearim,	8 „ 187 „	Greenhalgh,	2 „ 100 „
Magé,	8 „ 140 „	Bomb-ketches (2):—	
Itajahy,	6 „ 79 „	Pedro Affonso,	3 „ 43 „
Beberibe,	8 „ 164 „	F. de Coimbra,	3 „ 52 „
Iguatemy,	5 „ 120 „	Corvette, Bahiana,	22 „ 166 „
Araguary,	8 „ 82 „	Schooner, Iguassú	
Ivahy,	6 „ 101 „	(carries the	
Ypiranga,	8 „ 79 „	Commodore),	4 „ 37 „
Steamers (7):—		Brig, Peperí-assú,	1 „ 33 „
Taquary,	2 „ 96 „		
Chuy,	2 „ 73 „		
Tramandahy,	2 „ 44 „		
		Total,	186 guns 3719 men.

which is supposed to grow only from Corrientes to Paraguay. Here in early February, 1868, the Marshal-President sent from Curupaity eight 32-pounders and six 8-inch guns under Captain Ortiz. During the fall of Humaitá it was gallantly commanded by General Caballero, the *preux chevalier* of the Paraguayan army. A young and handsome man, distinguished by dash and reckless bravery, he and his aide-de-camp were captured by the enemy at the Battle of the Lomas, but both escaped. The Marshal-President knew his value; he was the only Paraguayan who could safely undertake upon his own responsibility such a movement as the evacuation of Timbó.

Timbó, on the Chaco side, is the usual simple redoubt, in a shallow bend with the left, resting upon the river, and the right, as is shown by the smooth treeless grass, upon a dwarf bañado. The bank being here barely four feet high, the gun-platforms required to be raised. Of these there were forty-one facing the east, west, and south; eight old iron pieces remained, but all the field-guns had been carried off. Few cartridges and shells were lying about; in fact, the leisurely evacuation was a perfect contrast to that of Humaitá. The only extensive work was a triple line of zanjas, or wet ditches, parapets, and abatis facing to the south, and this the Brazilians were levelling. Hides were scattered about, and apparently had been used for many different purposes, for coracles, strengthened by wooden frameworks, and for sponging-tanks; the latter were in "bangué" form, like saltpetre-strainers mounted upon four dwarf uprights. The mat-huts and sheds had been burnt down. The Marshal-President is apparently determined to make every abandoned place a small Moscow. The normal electric wire had not been forgotten. We avoided entering the hot, damp powder-magazines; they are full of the common flea, and of its penetrating kin (*pulex penetrans*), the bicho

do pé of the Brazil, the nigua or chigua ("a meat-bag") of the Spanish Antilles, and the jigger of the West Indies, here called pique or chique. The pest extends everywhere from Corrientes, where it is worst, to Asuncion; and I heard of a person suffering severely from a jigger that had fixed itself in his eyeball whilst a roll of tobacco was being opened. There were plenty of curios for the curious: brass spurs, cavalry blades, and broken flint-muskets, remnants of saddles rude as those used by the Pampas "Indians," and drums with tricolor bands, and inscribed—

"Republico del Paraguay
Vencer o morir."

A Paraguayan bitch, thin as a shadow, still haunted the deserted scene; as we whistled to her she slunk away like a cimaron or wild dog.

On the next day Lieutenant-Commander Bushe took me in his gig to the Arroyo Hondo, "the deep channel," which bounds the Humaitá bank immediately to the north. Up this stream the Brazilians had sent their light craft to cut off the Paraguayan garrison from the capital. On the right the land was swampy, extending a few yards to the Laguna Cierva, the southern fork of the Arroyo; rice might here be produced in abundance. Pistia grew near the water; behind it stood the red-leaved Mangui hibiscus, whilst within were tall trees, acacias and mimosas, festooned with the parasitic *Hervados Passarinhos* (a polygonum), and dead trunks converted into pyramids of verdure by a convolvulus bearing flowers of dark pink. After rowing some two hours we came to a widening of the bed where the Arroyo headed in a lagoon. To our right was an earthwork called by the Brazilians "Estabelecimiento Novo," and by the Paraguayans the Cierva redoubt. The Marshal-President had armed it with nine field-pieces served by some 1600 men, under command of Major Olabarrieta. On the morning when the ironclads

ran past Humaitá, Marshal Caxias attacked it with about 6000 troops. The Brazilians charged gallantly, facing a storm of grape and canister at close quarters, up to the trench, and were four times beaten back with the loss of some 476 *hors de combat*. After exhausting his ammunition, Major Olabarrieta retreated on board the *Tacuari* and *Ygurei* steamers, and landed his men at Humaitá. He lost his guns and about 150 soldiers: but he will be remembered by this *beau fait d'armes*. There is nothing to be described in the earthworks; they were even more broken than those of Timbó. The land around was a desert; not a living Paraguayan remained in this part of Paraguay; it was odorous of carnage, like the Crimea, and the enceinte showed only two long lines of graves.

Evening came on in the deepest silence, and

“calm was all nature as a resting wheel.”

Towards sunset, however, the air became alive with mosquitoes, which replaced the swarming sandflies, and which piped a treble to the hoarse bass whoop of the frog. The sanguinary culex punctured us with her bundle of stilettos, till we were obliged to defend ourselves with twig wisps. The plagues are said to bite through the closest cloth, and the soldiers must have suffered tortures from them in this campaign of swamps.

My companion was a keen sportsman, and he had lately had an adventure which recalls the Spanish proverb, “Escaping from the bull one falls into the brook.” The land now begins to be rich in game. As a rule, the Paraguayan guardias and piquetes were not allowed to waste ammunition. The sky, which contains too much vapour ever to be dark blue, became vocal with the whistling duck (*Pato Silbador* or *Anas Penelope*) and its congeners, now emigrating southwards. Blue-rocks clove the air high

overhead, and the parroquets whirled past us with loud screams and shivering flight. As usual, we were annoyed by the Pampas peewit, a sworn enemy to sportsmen. It seems to delight in warning its feathered friends that danger approaches, and its persistent clamour makes impatient the most patient. Fine snipe and dark grey snippit ran along the ground, in company with water-hens, and jacanáas or lily-trotters (*parras*), of brilliant plume. Carrion birds abounded, with fish-hawks, and other accipitres; carácarás, the forefathers of the Guaycurú tribe; and the common Brazilian urubú, or turkey-buzzard—I heard of the celebrated urubú-rey, but I never saw it here. The most splendid spectacle, however, was the colthereira or spoonbill (*ibis rubra*), the guará of the Guaranis. Flights, varying in number from seven to twenty, formed long triangles, and their wings of the finest rose, merging into a dark pink, caught the reflection of the sun, who sank “like a cloven king in his own blood.” The pure light of heaven, absorbed by transparent vapour and by the impurities of the lower atmospheric strata, glowed with

“Flaming gold, till all below
Grew the colour of the crow.”

Then the weird grey shadow, simulating a cloud-bank, rose in the west, and the moon saw us safely home.

Our next visit was to that distinguished soldier, General Alexandre Gomez de Argolo (not Argollo) Ferrão, commanding Humaitá. Born at San Salvador da Bahia of a distinguished family that refused to recognise him, he at first served in the police under a civilian with whom he could not agree. He began in early life to study tactics, by no means a favourite pursuit in the Brazil; and when he went to the war his friends predicted that he would do great things. They were right. He set out a major of infantry: he returned

a Field Marshal and Visconde de Itaparíca. After this change of life, his father was pleased to recognise him.

General Argolo is a Liberal in politics; and Liberals are apt to look after their own. In appearance he is of the bird of rapine type: short, thin, and small, with high nose and hawk's eyes; a tall, broad forehead, straight hair and beard waxing grey; he may already have turned the half-century. Cool in the extreme under fire, he is deliberate in act and slow in speech: his drawling tones give you *des crispations*. He is loved as a father by his men, but he is by no means a favourite with the Argentines. General Osorio, whose salt humour and quaint sayings made me involuntarily think of Cœur de Lion, called him, in wicked pleasantry, "Macio, miudo e massante"—a bony bit of a bore.

We visited the quarters of this "model marshal of the generalissimo Caxias." The lodging was in the roughest state, and the tenant, ever ready for action, sat in long boots and chain-spurs. He pressed us to accept a campaigning dinner, and we soon saw the means by which he wins the hearts of men. He seated by his side a Brazilian private who had lost both his arms in the Curupaity affair, and he fed the cripple with his own hands. Not the least pleasing part of the spectacle was to see the perfect self-possession of the young Mineiro. After dinner entered a neatly-dressed Paraguayan boy whom Marshal Argolo had adopted. When taken by the Brazilians as they entered Humaitá, the youngster asked who was the commanding officer, and walked up to him, saying, "General! you must be my father."

General Argolo accepted the charge, and I have no doubt that the orphan has found a home for life. Farewell!

LETTER XVIII.

RIDE ROUND THE HUMAITÁ "QUADRILATERAL."

Humaitá, August 27, 1868.

MY DEAR Z—,

Wishing to see the contour of Humaitá, we applied to General Gelly i Obes, who most courteously lent us his own chargers, and sent with us one of his officers ; the latter had the appearance of a Bashi Buzuk Irregular, but he did not wear the sword of a private.

Our first visit was to the comercio, or camp bazar, situated immediately behind the tattered church. The flags of all nations waved over board huts, mat hovels, and canvas tents, which, foul in the extreme, formed a hollow square round a pool of filthy water. Some of them bore the ambitious names of Hôtel Français, de Bordeaux, and de Garibaldi. In these places you may get a bed and perhaps a bit of breakfast for the normal *ll.* I may say that I saw for the first time the coinage of the Brazil in the valley of La Plata : during my three years' experience of the great Empire a gold piece was never in my possession ; silver never, except when wanted for a journey ; and the heavy copper "dump" never whilst paper could be carried. In the unclean lines which represented streets, idle ruffians were lounging about, drunken cut-throats gave ear to guitar or accordion, and everywhere, on foot and on horseback, appeared the petticoats and the riding-habits of an unmistakable calling. The favourite dress was bright silk, and many were robed

"In chintz, the rival of the showery bow."

Some of this class made fortunes like the more prudent kind of "Californian widow." I heard of one that obtained from a Brazilian officer the honorarium of 35*l.*—it was enough to bring water into the mouths of the honest.

We then turned south-east to the hospitals, of which two are large and one small, the Hospital dos Colericos. After the terrible attack of the last year, all indigestions and cholericines were set down as the true Asiatic epidemic. About a dozen graves were being dug, of course for cholera patients. But sporadic cases may be expected, and General Argolo told us of a man who had died of pure fright. This, however, is the hot season, and even the river is not unwholesome, despite the generation of filth. A few suffer from bad colds, the result of the raw south suddenly replacing the tepid north wind; and here the currents are meridional, instead of being diagonal like the north-east, the south-east, and the south-west of the coast. As a rule, the fevers are simple intermittents; during six months the medical officer of the *Linnet* saw only one purely remittent case. The percentage of sick amongst the Brazilians is 8½, whereas in large armies it averages from 10 to 12. The "carabins" and apothecaries were booted to the fork, as in the Crimea, but here they were civil: one great swell sported a bridle, crupper, and saddle all silver, with the Argentine stirrup, of which at least four-fifths are under-foot. Many of the horses start and buck, and few are so easily managed as in Buenos Aires, where the lightest hand is required, and where the pressure of the reins upon the neck turns the animal.

Still bending south-east, I enjoyed for the first time in the southern hemisphere a long hand-gallop over the cool, soft, springy turf. It was scattered with the *Solanum* called *Cepa de Cavallo*, and with a pink-lined mushroom which the people term "toad's meat." In places were dwarf

pools, which the clayey ground long retains; here the puddles that disappear after the third day in the Brazil last a fortnight; the result is a bad mud or an unpleasant marsh. The orange trees, planted by Presidential orders, had mostly been felled, and a pile of five fruits costs a shilling instead of a cent. The few survivors were webbed over with the nets of a sociable spider dressed in black and red coat; it gives a strong yellow silk which will make gloves and dresses, and some of it has been exported from Corrientes to Paris: I found a far stronger and more brightly-tinted material on the shores of the Gulf of Guinea. The ground was everywhere sprinkled with Whitworth's "anti-war bolts," 40, 120, and 150-pounders, and costing each from 20% to 50%. Very few had exploded, and a pointed stick soon told the reason why: they had been charged, not with gunpowder, but with a single one of its constituents, charcoal. The Paraguayans soon made for them a gun, the Criollo, rifled for 150-pounders, and sent thousands of the shot back to whence they came.

Passing the military prison, an open space round which patrolled a few guards, and from which the guarded could readily have "made tracks," we reached the cemetery. A neat gate, bearing aloft the cross, is pierced in the stout brick wall; the Brazilians and Argentines rest outside it, and to the west is a space set off by the Marshal-President for the benefit of the heretic engineers who fell at Riachuelo. The tombs were mostly new, with a mosaic of little red tiles by way of slab; some, probably children's monuments, appeared very dwarfish. The inscriptions showed a people that carried warlike discipline even beyond the grave: one of them reads, "Sirvió a la Patria por veient años con lealdad i constancia." Evidently such a race wanted only the newest appliances of civilization, and such ministering angels as Whitworths and Armstrongs, Lahittes and Blakelys, to

make their cause, despite the want of gros bataillons, please the gods. But Fate was resolved not to countenance such an anachronism.

This cemetery was evidently the site for a citadel: a strong central work surrounded by mines, and able to sweep the whole enceinte, which now utterly lacks defence. Commanding the rear of the batteries, both those of the river-side and of the interior, it could have converted what is now a feeble partly entrenched camp, an Aldershott or a Curragh, into a place forte. There was every facility for making the work, and the waste of labour which raises entrenchments of sods and palm-trunks round eight and a half miles of enceinte, would have been well employed upon a refuge where the soldier, driven from his outer defences, could have found shelter and could still have baffled his enemy.

We then visited the place to the north-east of the church, where, on July 16, 1868, the gallant General Osorio first entered Humaitá. Further north there is a still weaker point, and as a rule the entrenchments opposite the swampy grounds were quite neglected. It had been reported that boats full of armed men were crossing from Humaitá to the Gran Chaco, and orders were at once issued to bombard the stronghold, whilst Osorio, with a vanguard of 10,000 men, was directed to make a reconnaissance in force. Compelled by the "wolves' mouths" to dismount his cavalry, the General crossed the ditch and climbed the parapet, despite the frantic efforts of the few besieged. He sent at once to Marshal Caxias for reinforcements, but none were forthcoming; the only shadow of an excuse being that the forces were much scattered, and that the over-cautious veteran would not risk all fortunes upon a single throw. Osorio, furious with disappointment, seized a musket from a soldier, and as usual joined personally in the affray; but he presently found himself compelled to retire. The Para-

guayans at once returned to their guns, which had not been spiked, and poured in a shower of grape and canister. The Brazilians, who had six hundred men *hors de combat*, did not "retreat with banners flying and bands in front, as though marching on parade." According to the *Semanario* the Paraguayan garrison received the gold cross of the Order of Merit.

The Commander-in-Chief had doubtless been influenced by the terrible check at Curupaity, and he with his troops naturally believed that so strong an outpost must cover a formidable bulwark. At any moment a simultaneous assault upon any three or four places would certainly have taken Humaitá, with perhaps the loss of some 500 men. The evacuation, however, was allowed to be carried on in peace and quiet, and the camp story was, that a French baker—others say an Italian pedlar—was the first to enter the land side of the highly ridiculous "Sebastopol of the South." Similarly, we may remember how fifty Russians in Petropavlofsky drove off a French and English admiral with a squadron of five ships; and when a second attack was made by a commander of a different trempe, only three dogs, instead of a swarming garrison, were found in the place.

This part of the profile is very poor: an Irish hunter might scramble over it. The only outworks were the usual loose abatis of branches and brushwood defending a sloping trench nowhere five feet deep, with at most eleven inches of water. There were no inner defences but a shallow drain eighteen inches deep and four feet wide: the earthwork parapet barely four feet high, and not more than nine feet thick, was propped up by palm trunks and provided with a banquette. I need hardly say that to be safe against a *coup de main* the escarp should be about thirty feet tall, swept by the flanking fire of artillery, and defended in front by a high counterscarp. There is nothing of the kind

here. The guns are wretched 32-pounders, and each had 300 rounds of gunpowder, grape, case, and shell; solid shot being little used. Embrasures are wanting, and the magazines are round-topped like ovens, so as to hold the bomb and to admit rain water. Some are open; others have been exploded by shells; and the trench shows the usual waste of cartridges and powder-bags.

Issuing from the enceinte, we turned down south upon the Curupaity, or rather the Angulo road. It was crowded with carts, horses, and camp followers, all moving up to Humaitá. The tanks, large and small, were beautiful with the waterlily, which grows even in the trenches; and the long-legged Parra trotted over the broad fleshy leaves of the *Victoria Regia*. This splendid nymphæa, the abati irupe or water-maize of the Guaranis, produces an edible fecula, like those of the Sind talabs. It is astonishing that the Brazilians, as they were regularly besieging the "stronghold," did not lay out approaches and flying zigzags. They excused themselves by declaring the land too swampy; but the lines of thorny trees that streaked the grass and reeds of the *bañados*, proved that solid ground, if sought for, might have been found.

After a mile and a half we reached the Brazilian lines of circumvallation thrown up by General Argolo: they were on a much more extensive scale than the works of the place invested. The embrasures stood faced with fascines, and their cheeks were revetted with sods; the berm was carefully traced, and the expense magazines (*Polvorinas*), though wanting the sloping roof, appeared sufficiently solid. As the lines were never made a base of operations, the labour was wantonly wasted—it beat even the Russian batteries in the Crimea.

A hand-gallop of half an hour took us to Paso Pucú, *alias* Brites, from a hacienda or estate that once was here. Mar-

shal-President Lopez made this spot, the key of the second line, his headquarters, and long defended it after the first or outermost, which skirted the north bank of the Northern Estero bellaco, had fallen into the enemy's hands. At this important central point converged ten radii of telegraph wires coming from all parts of the so-called "Quadrilateral." The house occupied by the President of Paraguay and his family was in a small orange grove; and the low-thatched barn with whitewashed walls had been scribbled over by visitors in uncomplimentary style. It contained two small rooms: one for reception, and a dark hole for a sleeping berth. Opposite the door were the remnants of a rancho, in which balls and dancing parties had been given by "Supreme" direction. To the south was the Bishop's hovel, which had fallen down; and that of his assistants, Franciscan friars, was following its example. The "esporou" or bomb-proof, called a "cavern" by the newspapers, had been levelled; it was built by Lieut.-Col. Thompson, with six feet of earth above and on both sides, and here it is said the Marshal-President used to conceal himself. Being within a few hundred yards of the enemy's batteries, the barn was defended by three traverses, and without them it would certainly not have been commonly safe. We could not but remark the tall mangrullo, with its ladders surrounded by hides and matting, an unusual precaution intended to conceal petticoated ankles: I was assured that from this point the undaunted Madame Lynch used to direct bellicose operations.

We ascended the largest traverse, which contained 422,080 cespedes or sods; these were usually 0.25 centimetres square by 0.10 thick. A total of nearly five millions had been applied to the works, not including those upon the Tebicuary, and of these about one million were around Paso Pucú. Here, in the clear night air, we enjoyed a glorious view of

a country which had been fought over for two years; and the first glance proved that the Quadrilateral was a long oval whose conjugate extended from Humaitá north to the south-western point of the Upper Estero bellaco, whilst its transverse section ran from Paso Espinillo to the Paraguay river. The former had a direct length of six and a half miles, and the latter of nearly four and a half. The grand total of the lines defended by the Paraguayans between the beginning of the war and March 22, 1868, was 56 kilometres. It is evident that the extension was a grand mistake.*

Behind us, to the north, is the enceinte of Humaitá, forming the third or innermost line. This is connected with the second or middle line by a zigzag running north and south; and it skirts the different "passes" or swamp-fords, known

* The following are the figures of the broken oval, supplied to me by Lt.-Col. Chodasiewicz:—

Eastern Line.	Distance,	Length of advanced Trenches.	Esplanades.	Magazines.
1. Paso Benitez to P. Espinillo	6 kilom. 475 metres	8 m. 895	91	48
2. To the Angulo redoubt, third line	2 " 417 "	4 " 955	71	32
3. To Sauce (south-west end of third line)	6 " 427 "	2 " 833	111	63+64
4. Sauce towards Curupaity .	2 " 614 "	2 " 168	38	32
Western Line.				
1. Line along Lagunas Chiochi, Lopez, &c.	4 " 460 "	...	42	28
2. Line facing Curuzú	1 " 929 "	1 " 240	52+14	36+6
3. Curupaity River-front . . .	1 " 988 "	...	28	27
Second Line.				
1. From P. Espinillo to Laguna Chiochi.	6 " 376 "	...	126	23
2. Base of so-called Quadrilateral	2 " 485 "	...	3	...
Totals	35 kilom. 115 metres	20 m. 901	576	310

The *Tribuna* estimated the trenches of Humaitá fronting the river at 3600; to the south, 3600; east, 3000; and west, 2100: a total of 12,300 metres.

as Pasos Benitez, Yasi (of the moon), Tanimbú (of ashes), and Espinillo, so called from a thorny tree. At this latter place the second line sets off to the west with southing, along a loma fronted with marshes, which communicate with the Laguna Chichi. The third or outermost line runs south by Paso Mora to the Angulo Redan; thence, sweeping after a sharp angle to the south-west, it passes almost parallel with the second line by the Estero Rojas, a branch of the northern Bellaco, by the Madamé Lynch redoubt, and by the Paso Gomez to the Sauce redoubt, and the Linha Negra, upon which it abuts. Here the anti-fosse was provided with a Tajamar or dam that raised the water one metre, and thus succeeded in destroying some of the Allied ammunition.

To the north-west of Paso Pucú, and apparently six to seven miles distant, we see the monte and orange groves of Tuyu-cué—"mud that was."* This position was long occupied by the Brazilians. Further north on the high road to Asuncion, and also buried in monte and orange grove, lies San Solano, an estancia belonging to the state. The extreme left of the Allied camp during the earlier attacks, it lies nearly due east of Humaitá, five leagues from Paso Pucú, and seven leagues from El Pilar. Looking towards the south, and about two hours' ride, we descry the Loma and palm forest of Tuyu-ti—a point so long held by the second division of the Brazilians.

From our vantage-ground, which commands a fine view of swamp, grassy plain and tree-mottes, we can easily master the excellent plan of attack proposed by Col. Chodasiewicz. He would have carried with 20,000 men Paso Pucú, the key of the position. At the same time 10,000 were to have marched up from Tuyu-ti after a few hours of bombard-

* Cué is translated "fué" or "ha sido," "was" or "has been." It enters into several bastard names of places, as Campamento-cué.

ment, and another 10,000 would have issued from Curuzú and attacked Curupaity along the line of river-bank which was previously to be mined. This could have prevented the disaster of September 22, 1867, and the combination would probably have carried the works. But the Allies knew nothing of mining; the plan was allowed to lie upon the Generalissimo Mitre's desk, and the attack was made in the bull-headed style before described.

Major Costa, commanding a detachment of Argentine cavalry posted at Paso Pucú, kindly lent us a guide to the Angulo Redan. Passing out of the second line at Paso Espinillo, we found the approaches strongly guarded; there were *bocas de lobo* even under water. At this point the enemy had been more than usually active: the parapet and covered way were often built over swamps for many yards, and plank bridges (*pontilhões*) had been carefully laid down.

Presently we reached the Angulo: its site is a felled palm-grove, whose stumps still remain, and the rolling "loma" upon which cattle were grazing commands the whole country. Outside it reeks the mass of esteros and *bañados* which communicate with the northern Bellaco. The works were composed of two bastions *en flèche* to the front, and of a curtain with a smaller bastion closing the gorge. Outside is a shallow trench, and a deep ditch requiring ladders. The garrison numbered 200 men, who worked only two of their sixteen guns: there were a few magazines and traverses of little importance. The Brazilians attacked the Angulo, whilst the Argentines took up their position further north near the Paso Espinillo where the position was weakest. General Emilio Mitre commanded, they say, 7000 men; the Brazilians reduce the force to 5000; and they here stood for two hours at a distance of three squares.

At the Angulo we found a brother of our guide, with

troopers huddled under hides. A profusion of raw meat was hung up to dry, and the place was not without caña. Leaving the redan we rode along the outer line of entrenchments. Here we saw the same kind of work, trenches 18 feet wide and deep; and platforms for guns, 14 feet 6 inches square and 3 feet 6 inches high; magazines at every 36 to 42 feet, traverses, sod-revetted parapets 6 feet tall and equally thick, a single cavalier, and a ruined farmhouse. The main difficulty of the attack was the nature of the ground. To the south an arenal or sand-wave hides from us Fort Itapirú. Northwards is the *bouquet de bois* that marks the headquarters of the Marshal-President. Presently we struck northwards from the outer to the middle line, crossing perpendicularly three several esteros. The water was girth-deep, and the bottom was black mud fetid with organic matter. Hence the name Paso Pucú, the Long Ford.

We then turned to the north-west, and soon reached the far-famed lines of Curupaity. The works, running nearly north and south, were much stronger and better made than any that we had yet seen. Unfortunately for the defenders it could be shelled by the ironclads, which were only thirty feet below it. The works were composed of glacis, fosse, and parapets of adobe revetted with sods. Inside was a ditch three or four feet broad, with a wall of about the same height, which acted covered-way and drained the terre-plein. The position is the plateau of Humaitá: a tree-clad bank rising some twenty feet above the ponds and swamps which front it. The attack in front offered peculiar difficulties. On the right (north) was the copse where the Brazilians advanced and were delayed by coming upon a small outpost: hence their loss was small, and they were accused of having saved themselves at the expense of their Allies. The left flank rested upon a deep lagoon, and between this and the monte lay the putrid knee-deep mire which the Argentines

attempted to cross. Our guide pointed out the place where the brave Colonel Charloni, commanding the Italian Legion, after receiving a musket-ball through the lungs, was killed by a canister shot; and amongst the fatal casualties was the only son of President Sarmiento, aged twenty-one.

Behind the earthworks a little Pueblo lay in ruins. We then rode to the comercio or bazar of Curupaity. It suggested past scenes at Balaklava and Kadi Keui. The timber walls and canvas roofs were bigger and more substantial than usual. The sutlers did not wish or expect to take Humaitá so quickly. There was nothing for them now, however, but to follow the army; and the bustle of soldiers and of camp followers who were removing piles of wood and boarding, sacks of provisions, heaps of old arms, and hillocks of hides, showed that they did not wish to be left far behind.

We then galloped up the dusty road through the Brazilian lines, shook hands with our guide, and thanked General Gelly i Obes for the loan of his chargers. We had gone round about two-thirds of the so-called "Quadrilateral," or twenty miles in five hours, and there were no traces of "saddle-sickness." Good-bye.

LETTER XIX.

FROM HUMAITÁ TO GUARDIA TACUÁRA.

Guardia Tacuára, August 29, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

I was not sorry to leave Humaitá as soon as its interest was sucked dry. Two men had deserted from the *Linnet*, and doubtless joined the service; one unfortunately had been drowned, and the steward was missing for some days. All looked forward with anxiety to the next six months. On the 26th of August the wet season began to break up, and the change was heralded by a storm of sheet lightning. At 3 A.M. on the 27th there was a blaze of forked lightning, which lit up the thick black clouds, and which was accompanied by loud, sharp thunderings, here said to be rare. The United States screw-steamer *Wasp*, Lieutenant-Commander Kirkland, arrived in the evening, and steamed off for Asuncion. All was darkness and mystery: the soldier and the sailor politician are usually extra political. They are converts opposed to old churchmen, volunteers contrasted with the regulars. Although there is a letter-bag for the British *détenus* on board the *Linnet*, I could not find out their names, and, as for their numbers, it was succinctly and roundly said that the English-speaking employés might number one hundred, and the total of foreigners one thousand.

The chart gives thirty-two miles between Humaitá and Tacuára; but we shall cover fifty-two between 10 A.M. and night. The current may average 1.5 knots per hour. Passing the Andai redoubt, we saw that the ditches were

filled, the parapet was levelled, the abatis was pulled up, and the garrison was being shipped off. After Timbú the banks became lower, and were not so easily to be defended. About noon we steamed past Tayi, pronounced Taji: it is so named from a tree also called the Lapacho, one of the Bignoniaciæ, which supplies a fine cabinet wood. Here on the eastern bank were batteries subtending the normal horseshoe: it had been judged necessary to dislodge from them the Paraguayans in order to surround and completely to cut off the communications of Humaitá. The line sweeps to the east and forms a narrow; its tall barranca is about one mile long, and falls above and below into woods and lowlands. Being shelving, and not, as usual, perpendicular, it is easier to attack; still it commands the mouth of the Rio Bermejo, and it sweeps the stream with a cross fire up and down from two to two miles and a half: the settlement shows nothing but a dwarf cross and a tall mangrullo on a bald point of land; its few wattle and dab tents and hovels, near the whitewashed church, are abandoned by all living things save the vulture. There is also a little bridge on the high road to the capital. At the far side of the river is the paddle-wheel of another small Paraguayan steamer sunk by the Brazilians.

Here again, on July 9, 1868, two ironclads, the *Barroso* and the *Rio Grande*, were attacked by twenty-four canoes, each carrying ten "bogabantes," as the corps trained to such service was called. The affair repeated that of Humaitá; and the crew of the *Rio Grande*, when boarded by the enemy, shut themselves up under hatches, and the *Barroso*, which had been passed by the assailant, came up and cleared the decks of her consort with grape and canister. After this affair the Brazilians thought it wise to bar the stream with a boom.

We then passed a narrow gap in the eastern bank, an

entrance to the lagoon which forms a short cut to El Pilar. This feature is the "furado," the "paraná-mirim," and the "ypoeira" of Brazilian rivers. In Lieutenant Day's chart it is laid down as the Río and Guardia of Monte Rico, an error for La Monterita—the Little monte. At 12:40 P.M. we sighted that classical and important influent the Río Bermejo (Red River), *alias* Río Grande. Here, in 1528, "El buen Gaboto" first saw the savages adorned with gold and silver, and imagined the grand misnomer "Río de la Plata." The valuables, according to Herrera, were taken by the Payaguás, who had entered into the dominions of Huana Ccapac: Charlevoix, however, asserts that they were the spoils of the Portuguese Alexis Garcia, who crossed the continent from the Brazil to Peru, and who was killed in Paraguay by the Payaguás, not without suspicion of foul play on the part of the Spaniards.

The general opinion now is that the streams feeding the main artery from the west run through red saliferous marls and sandstones, whereas that the waters of the Paraná are clear, sweet, and wholesome. But Dobrizhoffer declares that the Bermejo is especially salubrious in cases of vesical disease; and all the travellers who have lately investigated it assert that the colouring matter is merely oxide of iron from the red clay, probably the drift of Professor Agassiz. The Bermejo draining the Eastern Andes and the Gran Chaco plain, averages five feet deep from Oran in the Salta Province to the Paraguay. About 1856 Sor Arce, a Bolivian, navigated 2000 miles with a raft, and in 1862-3, Captain Lavarello took up the steamer *Gran Chaco*.

The mouth of the great influent is about 200 yards across. The southern or right jaw is low, sandy, and densely grown with bush: that opposite is high and perpendicular, and the two contain a small delta of monte and water-grass. Fine timber appears up stream, where

the land is evidently on a higher plane. A reddish-yellow line crosses the mouth, and for a short distance forms a distinct vein along the right bank of the Paraguay.

Above the Bermejo the vegetation is on a larger scale: the current of the main artery slackens, and the water becomes limpid as that of the Paraná. The eastern bank is concealed by the long, narrow river-curves which the *furado* forms. Presently, where Lieutenant Day's chart (1858) shows "narrow pass, 21 to 24 feet," we found an island splitting the channel, and growing trees twenty-five feet high. This place adds a fresh instance to Dobrizhoffer's chapter upon "The creation of fresh islands, and the destruction of old ones." The extent of physical change may be estimated by comparing the chart with the running survey of Captain Sullivan, R.N., between Paraná and Corrientes, in 1847; and a careful study of the current-action might detect some natural law governing the oscillatory movements of meridional waters.

About three miles above the newly created island is the little town with the long name, Villa de Nuestra Señora del Pilar de Neembucú, which formerly was *tout bonnement* Neembucú. The latter word, also written Nembucú, is the name of a large estero lying to the east of the Paraguay, and it is translated "palavra larga,"—a long word, possibly from the extent of the swamp. Between El Pilar and the Paraná river, the surface of 7 to 8 Paraguayan leagues,* forming the Guazucua Department, is said to be all mud and water. The distance from Humaitá is computed at fifteen miles along the land road, and seven leagues by the river. Between El Pilar and the Estancia de Yacaré, where the Brazilian headquarters now are, is a seven-league march.

* The Paraguayan league reckons 5000, and the Correntine 6000 varas: both, however, are estimated, not measured.

During the days of Dr. Francia, El Pilar, I have told you, was the terminus of ship navigation and the gaol of foreigners. With its 3000 souls, which travellers have exaggerated to 8000 and 9000, it ranked third amongst Paraguayan towns; Asuncion and Villa Rica taking higher rank. The solid land immediately about it grows, besides oranges, small maize, porongos or pumpkins, and excellent cotton: it might also be made to produce rice.

El Pilar was occupied on September 20, 1867, by the late Brigadier the Barão do Triumpho (José Joaquim de Andrade Neves) and by the Argentine General Hornos. About 200 Paraguayan defenders were killed, and two guns were captured; it is said that when the enemy entered he found some women shot. It had before been a Paraguayan hospital, and almost every house bore upon it the word "enfermeria." Here, as well as at Asuncion and all other places where there was anything to plunder, the Brazilians are said to have committed outrages. This is possible; some 2243 serviles were bought for the army between November 13, 1865, and April 20, 1868. On the other hand, it is certain that the Basque and Italian sutlers and camp-followers were the vilest of the vile, and they were still murdering one another when we passed. Our own countrymen also distinguished themselves: one walked off with a church bell; and two others, having dressed up a life-sized image from a crucifix in blue jacket and duck pants, walked down with it arm-and-arm to the port, pretending that their comrade was much the worse for liquor.

At El Pilar the bank lowers, and, as usual, slopes inland. The riverward face shows a few straggling white huts, only one being an azotéa, and the rest thatched or tiled roofs. The capitania is a mere bungalow, and its neighbouring tenement has come to grief, probably by a shell. Over the foreground move a few carretas, or Cape waggons, drawn by

six oxen. There is no sign of fortification. The main features of the interior are a church dedicated to the Virgin of El Pilar, an elemental square, and a long grass-grown street, the Calle del catorce de Maio, running parallel with the barranca. It is backed by orange groves, with sweet fruit. In the stream lie two wrecks, and one Brazilian cannonière rides at anchor.

Resuming our way from El Pilar of the Oranges, we passed on the left bank the Arroyo Neembucú and the Laguna de Oro. About four miles above the town, and thirty below our destination, was the bad bend, the Cancha de Gadéa. Here, on September 4, the *Linnet* ran aground in a falling river, and narrowly escaped detention during the dry season. A cold south wind set in, and before night we anchored off the Guardia Tacuára—"the bamboo," which Lieutenant Day corrupts to "Tacuava." The port did not look so busy as that of Humaitá, but the appearance of the craft was much more business-like. Here lay the mass of armoured fleet, fourteen in number. Five ironclads and floating batteries anchored up stream, looking much like dredges, with all but the central bit of bulwark cut away. From afar they resembled coffins or hearses upon gondolas or half-swamped barges. There were two double-turret ships, with 150-pounder Whitworths, and the rest were monitors. Battered chimneys, deeply-pitted towers, and bows pierced by steel-pointed cones, told the staunchness of the Paraguayan gunners; whilst the strong boarding-nets spoke volumes for the valour of the enemy. The flanks of the *Brazil* had been severely peppered by the shot of Curupaity, while the *Lima Barros* had her bulwarks converted into lace-work by the grape of her consort, which relieved her of Paraguayan boarders. Higher up the river were steamers embarking the wounded for the several hospitals down stream; and the proveduria or

commissariat hulks awaited the bread and meat boats from Humaitá.

We lost no time in visiting the transport which bore the flag of the late Vice-Admiral José Joaquim Ignacio. As the lack of surname shows, he did not owe his promotion to high family; in fact, he was a Portuguese, and he was succeeded by a fellow-countryman, Vice-Admiral Elisario. Upwards of sixty years old, he was one of Lord Dundonald's (as well of Lord Howe's) boys; still active, despite the hard work which he had seen, a veteran with stiff grey hair, weather-beaten face, and burly form. The old soldier of a sailor—*absit verbo invidia*—received me with courtesy, though much occupied; sent my card to the Commander-in-Chief, whom I was anxious to visit, and gave us both a general invitation to dinner. Lieutenant-Commander Bushe was very popular in the Brazilian fleet, and he has ably kept up the position of a neutral. It is no easy task to stand firm when so many influences are brought to bear upon one man—the public at home, the Admiralty, the diplomates at Buenos Aires, and last, but not least, the combatants.

The Vice-Admiral, speaking fluent English, began to enlarge upon the "atrocities of Lopez," and the necessity of the Brazil carrying on the war to the bitter end. Popular rumour declares that he is not fond of going to the front, and that once, after receiving two shots in his hull, he retreated. "You really must not expose yourself so recklessly, my dear Admiral!" said to him a facetious French Secretary of Legation. "Where would be the Brazil if any accident happened to you?" "No, I really must not!" was the reply. He is well known for a series of predictions that the campaign could not last above six weeks. Upon one point he was then very sore. The U.S. steam-ship *Wasp* had received orders to remove from Asuncion the American Chargé d'Affaires. Her commander, however, was not per-

mitted to pass the Brazilian lines without promising that the neutral flag should not cover Marshal-President Lopez, whom all naïvely expected to run away from their valours; or to convey his treasure, which was afterwards reported to have been embarked in the French gunboat *La Decidée*. In this matter the Brazilians acted unwisely: they should have been the first to build the golden bridge for a flying foe. But the old salt well knew that the President of Paraguay would make capital out of the appearance of the *Wasp*, and that other nations would also send up cruisers to visit their representatives; effectively the North American craft was followed by four others within a few weeks.

Lieutenant-Commander Kirkland objected to pledge himself, and a reference was sent to Rio de Janeiro. There the U.S. representative, General Webb, whose friends urged him not to endure Brazilian outrecuidance, and whose enemies accused him of a passion for ultimatums, declared that he would suspend relations unless Mr. Washburn was communicated with by a U.S. cruiser. The Empire vainly offered to embark the Minister at Paraguay in one of the Imperial vessels, but this was rejected; and finally, in her hour of need, she yielded to the Republic, or rather to its representative.

Lieutenant-Commander Kirkland then came up the river in triumph. He had lived long and had married in Monte Vidéo, where he was considered to be a sympathizer with the Blanco party—that is to say, with Paraguay against the Allies. Arrived at Guardia Tacuára, he called upon the Vice-Admiral, and officially requested to be accompanied by a Brazilian ship of war carrying a white flag: when this was refused he dropped a few words touching his being uncourteously hindered in the performance of his duty. This offence, of course, rankled deep. Moreover, he steamed slowly up stream, anchoring (August 29) off the Tebicuary

River, where hostilities were actually going on, with the object, said the Brazilians, of impeding their progress.

After his return to Monte Vidéo, Lieutenant-Commander Kirkland was of course discreet. But greatly to the annoyance of the Paraguayans, he took up with him a friend, acting interpreter, and Mr. Charles F. Davie did not hold himself equally bound to silence. From him it was generally understood that the President of Paraguay expected to be driven by the superior weight of the Allies, from La Villeta his last resistance-point upon the river, but that he would then retire into the interior and offer all the new difficulties of a guerilla warfare. This style of campaign is here called *guerra de recursos*—*sem recursos* (without materials of war), added the Brazilians.

At Guardia Tacuára I was surprised by the Brazilian free-and-easy system of operations. The fall of Humaitá has left their squadron free to advance, and yet they have moved during the last month only half a direct degree. Their ironclad vanguard squadron have already thrown shot into Asuncion. Why do they not do it again—or rather, why do they not occupy the capital? It is reported that Marshal-President Lopez is falling back from La Villeta. Why do they not reconnoitre? Some petty hostilities are going on along the line of the Tebicuary. The ironclads unbank fires every morning, breakfast, leisurely steam up stream, bang away with their big guns at everything they see—we distinctly hear their distant thunder—return before dark, dine, and sleep in all possible coziness.

This is comfort. *Mais ce n'est pas la guerre!*

Farewell.

LETTER XX.

TO THE BRAZILIAN FRONT.

Guardia Tacuára, August 31, 1869.

MY DEAR Z——,

I visited the front sundry times, and thus had an opportunity of inspecting the Brazilian forces and of conversing with the chief officers. You shall have in this letter an account of my last day.

The first thing was to reconnoitre Guardia Tacuára. Its site resembles that of Curupaity, but it is even stronger. The Ribera, or left bank, perpendicular above and sloping below, is tall and curving, whilst the stream is narrower and swifter than below. The Albardon or spit on the Gran Chaco opposite is an impassable swamp, with mud to the neck. North of the eastern shelf, where it is broken by swamps and hollows, are the old guard-house, the orange clumps, and the mangrullo, without any attempt at a fortification. The corral is composed of single or double palm-trunks, and the entrances are barred with three or four cross-pieces mortised into bevelled holes; these easily-made stockades are very efficient. The pisé walls are tunnelled by the house-wasp (*Vespa Polistes* of Latreille), the Lechiguana of Dobrizhoffer, and the modern Echiguano and Lecheguana. The thatch is made of the flat stalks of the Sapé cane (*a saccharum*), laid close upon laths below, and plastered outside with clay.

Beyond the bank-ridge the plain is flaky with the last year's mud, and the fine new green grass appears to be excellent fodder; it is, however, bitter and acrid, and it killed

off the horses of the Brazilian cavalry. In some cases the bellies clove to the backs, as if the animals were starved; in others the stomachs were enormously distended. As a rule, any sudden change of Querencia* (place of birth or habitual pasturage) is dangerous to animals: here it is deadly. Moreover, it abounds in poisonous plants, locally known as Romarillo, Chucho, and Mio-mio. Many Brazilian officers of cavalry assured me that such was the case; yet M. Benjamin Poucel (*Le Paraguay Moderne*, Marseille, 1867), remarking upon the assertion of an English newspaper, "The very grass of Paraguay is, I am told, poisonous," refers, in derision, ce monsieur the author, to the "first Gaucho venu," and pathetically laments the manifold evils arising from "I am told."

The common capim is undoubtedly deadly; the "capim peludo" being the only grass used for forage. This is, however, rare; and the Brazilians found it necessary to import up stream from Buenos Aires, Rozario, and other ports, countless cargoes of pressed alfalfa (*medicago sativa*). In favourable places down the river three crops a year are produced. The article was cheap, but it soon rose to 8*l.* per ton. It was terribly wasted by exposure to wind and weather, and in places I have seen it used to bridge swamps. This unexpected obstacle added prodigiously to the difficulties and to the expenses of the invader.

I passed an estancia, deserted since the war began—a long, low barn like that of the Guardia. Attached to it was an extensive potrero or paddock, made of palm-trunks: the term is sometimes applied to natural clearings in a forest. The potrero is larger than the corral, and it is a familiar feature in a land whose main industry is breeding. Here the camp-

* Hence, aquerenciado is said of cattle confined to particular grazing grounds.

road enters the bush; it is already trodden into dust and mire, with ruts eighteen inches deep. Of course, the freights are enormously high.

Entering the "bush," I found a familiar vegetation. The grassy soil of the highest levels was scattered over with tree mottes, called *Islas* or *Isletas de monte*. Most of them were thorny aromas and aromitas (perfumed mimosas), bearing purse-nets that swung in the fresh breath of morning, and hung with fluffy golden balls, whose scent recalled the *Fitnah* of Egypt. Many were leguminous, especially the *algaroba*—the French *carroubier* and the *carobbe* of Italy—and the *ñandubay* (*acacia cavenia*), which is found petrified in the Uruguay waters. *Tillandsias* were rampant upon the bough, and on the ferns sat pink-flowered bromelias, so common in the Brazil. The absence of inundation was shown by huge ant-hills, low domes of loose dark earth. Where the floods did not extend regularly the surface was spotted with the wax-palm (*Copernicia conifera*). Its fan-shaped and thorn-fringed leaves were those of the *curnahuba*, as it appears upon the Rio de São Francisco; but the trunk was prickly only in the upper part, denoting a difference of species. Here it is termed *carandai*, or *palma blanca*, opposed to the *carandai-hu*, or *palma negra*. Of the "végétation rabougrie," the cactus and the *caraguatá* bromelia appeared to be the most general. The birds were the *anum* (coprophagus), "partridges;" a large woodpecker, parrots, and vultures soaring in search of carrion. Three snakes lay dead upon the path, and many snailshells were scattered about.

The road was easily told by broken-down commissariat carts and dead cattle; a thousand head had been expended by the Brazilian Government between Humaitá and this place. Here, as in the Brazil, the railway must take the place of the common highway. Further on, the road

became worse ; deep bañados had to be passed on ox-skulls, billets of wood, and bundles of pressed hay. Of these bridges each proveedor made his own, and, after a few hours' use, the loads floundered through the mire. Carts, drawn by six to eight teams of bulls or bullocks, were tended by drivers on foot and on horseback, goading and flogging with shout and noise even louder than the creakings of the greaseless axles ; disputing the way, and not unfrequently using their daggers. The noisiest and most violent were the negroes,

“ a black infernal train :
The genuine offspring of th' accursed Cain.”

After trudging northward one short league from the Guardia Tacuára, I found a long field of black viscid mire which led to the Arroyo del Yacaré—of the Cayman. This is a streamlet averaging four to five feet deep, and about fifty broad, which, after forming sundry swamps, discharges into the Tebicuary, the main drain of the valley. Here carts were hopelessly stuck, and wretched bullocks, with patient faces, slowly dying of hunger and thirst, saddened the eye. The din of war became tremendous—all spoke, none listened. The pontoon bridge having been removed, I persuaded a fellow, by means of a dollar, to let me cross the waist-deep ford upon his horse's crupper.

The right bank of the Arroyo showed the remnants of earthworks. To this point extended the much talked-of reconnaissance made (June 4, 1868,) by General Menna Barreto. That dashing officer, with 3000 cavalry, reaching the Yacaré from Tuyucué, fell in with and cut up a picquet of some 50 Paraguayan troopers. Presently a larger body of Paraguayan horse, supported by infantry and backed by field fortifications, coming up, he was compelled to retreat with a trifling loss. Such is the Brazilian account. Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson (Chap. XX.) gives a very different version.

Beyond the Yacaré extends east and west along the southern bank of the Tebicuary, a long and swelling line of loma, broken and fronted by *bañados*. Upon the crest of the land-wave stood the headquarters, and below it the tents of the body-guard. This was a mixed corps of Brazilians and foreigners, commanded by a Prussian officer, Commandante Meyer, who is in high favour and well spoken of. The Commander-in-Chief had occupied the Estancia Yacaré, or de la Patria, a State property, or, as the Brazilians called it, the Fazenda of Marshal-President Lopez. It was a mere Paraguayan farmhouse, a stockade surrounding half a dozen ranchos or sheds, and rooms walled with wattle and dab. Near it rose a very solid mangrullo, whose three sets of ladders commanded a view to the mouth of the Tebicuary, distant about four miles.

A few orderly officers, seated under a verandah facing north, eyed me as the piou-piou often does the pékin. My letters, one introductory and public from the Councillor Paranhos, and the other containing a few private lines from certain relatives, were delivered, and presently an aide-de-camp told me to walk in, as the Commander-in-Chief was visible.

The room wore an aspect of Spartan plainness; its only articles of furniture were a few chairs, a camp-bedstead, and a table covered with foolscap, clean and unclean. The tenant received me courteously, not cordially; glanced at the letters, ordered "du Pel'el," which we drank, à la Brésilienne, in silver cups, and began to chat.

The "octogenarian lieutenant" numbers, they say, seventy-two summers, and appears hale and vigorous as if fifty-two. This "Rish-safed," or whitebeard of the Allied army, remarkably resembles the excellent portrait of the late Lord Clyde by the late Mr. Phillips. I recognised the forehead with deep transverse lines, the stiff grey hair, the white, bristly mus-

tachio, the hard network of wrinkles contrasting with the fresh, ruddy complexion, and the trick of bending slightly forwards as if to seek information. The brow of the Generalissimo is, however, narrower, and the eyes are closer set. Tough and spare, well knit, and of moderate height, he can endure great fatigue, and sit his horse for twelve hours together.

The career of Marshal Caxias is well known ; at least in the Brazil. He fought at Monte Caseros Feb. 3, 1852, and the next year he was employed in reducing Monte Vidéo. He has ever been a devoted Conservative, personally hostile to the Liberal party ; and he took the field against them in the provinces of São Paulo and Minas Geraes.* His enemies openly declare that he would not strike a decisive blow whilst his friends were out of office, and while his partisans were being recruited in a lawless manner. It is hard to say of any general that he wittingly commits high treason : in the Brazil, however, men are not particular, and the army Marshal has certainly given a handle to scandal. I have spoken of General Osorio's success at Humaitá, and I shall have to speak of Marshal-President Lopez' escape from Loma Valentina. Moreover, the Generalissimo gave up his high office in an unofficer-like way ; after entering Asuncion he declared that the war was ended, that he had fulfilled his engagement, and that he was determined to retire on a certain day. The excuse was a fainting-fit caused by the heat of a buttoned-up uniform at mass ; the public impression, however, was that his illness was by no means serious, and, despite all official honours, he had no honour at home.

Like "Lord Khabardar," Marshal Caxias has been accused of being painfully slow in his military movements.

* I have alluded to this subject in Vol. II., "The Highlands of the Brazil."

His friends, however, reply that if slow he is sure ; and that he has never failed in the long run to succeed. Again, he is charged with great arrogance, and with being a hater of foreigners. His entourage of mediocrities is accounted for by his wishing to stand alone in his glory ; he objects to be supplied with brains, as Marshal Pelissier was with General de Martinprey. Doubts have lately been cast upon his personal gallantry, but these, I believe, are simply hostile inventions. He appears to want initiative, the power of sudden action ; and amongst the Paraguayans he was famed for selecting the strongest point to attack. The principal merit of the " Wellington of South America " is that of being an excellent organizer. Before he took charge, the Brazilian army was in the worst possible condition ; now it can compare favourably as regards the appliances of civilization with the most civilized.

The Commander-in-Chief remarked that the strength of the country, and the temerity of the enemy, had made the campaign a war *sui generis*, an affair of earthworks, a succession of sieges, and not "*des sièges à l'eau de rose.*" He compared the difficulties of obtaining transport with those of our march from Silistria, and he assured me that the Brazilians had lost by cholera four hundred men in one day. He estimated his disposable men (July 31) at 28,000—the general opinion being 35,000. The Paraguayans might be 14,000, which the chief engineer reduced to 12,000. General Gelly i Obes increased the total to 15,000, and was followed by the *Standard* ; whilst General Urquiza said 20,000—probably the most correct estimate. He repeated what I had often heard, namely, that the Paraguayan bulldogs, who fight so fanatically for their Marshal-President, and who die rather than accept quarter, when once made prisoners, and well treated, generally volunteer to serve against El Supremo ; adding that he preferred deporting

them down stream to encouraging so "immoral" a proceeding. On the other hand, I could observe that none of the information given by the spies, deserters, or captives was ever to be relied upon, especially when it concerned Marshal-Président Lopez. Possibly this arose from the fixed belief that their country's cause would ultimately be successful, and from fear of engaging in open treason; and it is also probable that, once made prisoners, they do not want to return. Moreover, they have found out that they are exceptionally well treated at Rio de Janeiro and Sta. Catherina. M. Duchesne de Bellecourt is certainly not justified in asserting that the Brazil applies her Paraguayan prisoners to painful labour, that they may die the sooner of "misery, or nostalgia"—these men are certainly not made of such soft stuff. The semi-"Indians" affect, when under examination, a peculiar simplicity, or rather stupidity of manner, which effectually conceals their cunning. To my question about the battalions of women, Marshal Caxias replied that the rumour had gone abroad, but that nothing of the kind had appeared in the field.

The papers salaried by, or interested in, the Brazilian cause had printed upon the subject of "Amazons" sundry solid and circumstantial lies, ending by way of colophon with deductions and morals squeezed out of the premisses which they had themselves invented. It is amusing enough to see at the same time *El Cabichui*, the *Punch* of Paraguay, caricaturing Her Imperial Majesty the Empress of the Brazil, recruiting and reviewing a body of soldieresses intended for the war.

I cannot see any serious objection against the use of feminine troops, especially in a country where, as in Mexico and other parts of South America, it is said El Fraile, the priest, is the captain of the gun, and the woman is the gunner. The mythical Amazons were the first cavalry.

Amongst the Arabs of Chivalry, the Hádiyah, a young girl of good family and chosen for courage, rode her dromedary in the front of war, "stigmatizing the cowards and making braver the brave." Indeed, the Virgo bellatrix or Vira belli, has always been an institution amongst semi-barbarous peoples. The ladies of Sienna did not disdain to assume the uniform. The Iberian peninsula has supplied some select heroines, witness the Padeira of Aljubarrota and the artilleryman's widow, known to history as the Maid of Saragossa. In South America the sex had often imitated the example of the Chilian Araucanians, whose ranks when cleared of males, were refilled by their wives and sisters. In Peru, the adjutant of a certain corps summoned at roll-call the women of Cochabamba, who were headed by the Governor's spouse. "They are dead upon the field of honour!" replied a serjeant. D. Juana Azurduy, wife of D. Manuel Asencio Padrilla, took at Laguana, with her own hands, the Spanish banner. In England we have heard of the heroine concerning whose captain it was sung,

"And he made her first lieutenant
Of the gallant Thunder-bomb."

In the Brazil the case of Maria da Ponte and of many others, proves that popular enthusiasm would have produced, if encouraged, a copious crop of feminine volunteers.

The Paraguayan woman has always been the man of the family ; she tilled the ground and she got in the crop. Enthusiastically patriotic, and devoted to the cause of the Marshal-President, the ladies of Asuncion even gave up to him their jewels, just as the Santiageñas, in 1818, stripped themselves voluntarily of all their plate as an offering to the safety of their country. As young women in Prussia have lately learned to tend the wounded campaigners, so possibly their sisters in Paraguay formed, when men began to be scarce, an army-works corps, and perhaps they adopted some

quasi-military dress. But the arming and fighting of 4000 "Amazons" ended there. I should have been strongly tempted by the remembrance of "our mothers," the Amazons of Dahome, to have raised—when the guerilla stage of the war began—a *corps d'armée* of some 25,000, and to have fallen upon Asuncion and other half-defended posts. I would also have been answerable for the success of the movement.

The Commander-in-Chief ended with an offer of horses and sundry courteous expressions. I then proceeded to the tent occupied by the Chief of Staff and a relative of the Marshal, Brigadier-General João de Souza da Fonseca Costa. He was a handsome soldier-like man of thirty-eight or forty, with slightly greyish hair and sympathetic expression; his aquiline features and plain uniform gave him the look of a United States officer. He told me of the affair which, as the booming of the guns proved, was actually going on. The Brazilians were clearing the *tête de pont*, a straight curtain with cunettes that defended the neck of the Albardon or land-point projected from the right bank of the Tebiuary river. Here is the main pass which leads across the stream to the Estancia of San Fernando, where the President of Paraguay, after quitting Humaitá, established his headquarters in March, 1868. The Brazilians succeeded (August 28) with a total loss of 203 officers and men killed and wounded. Marshal-President Lopez sacrificed on this occasion seven officers and seventy-four men killed, five officers and 105 men wounded, and three guns, of which one was rifled, without mentioning horses and cattle. He is not only a general à *dix mille hommes par semaine*, he seems to take a pride in this unmeaning, hopeless waste of life. Yet he cannot afford to expend a drummer-boy.

An orderly then led me to the tent of Lieutenant-Colonel R. A. Chodasiewicz, now in the Brazilian engineers. When,

in May 1853, a certain Prince Gortschakoff, leading a mighty host across the Pruth, occupied Wallachia, and awoke Europe by the roar of the cannon at Oltenitza, he thought fit, being a Pole, to quit the Russian army. He was made a captain in the Secret Service Department of the British Crimean force, and he still possesses the commission and the medal granted to "Captain Robert Hodasiwich"—the simplified form of the name. In 1857, going to England, he published "A Voice from the Walls of Sevastopol," and then he went further afield. He served with the Turks during their campaign in El Hcjaz, and afterwards, becoming a citizen of Philadelphia, he fought in the ranks of the Federal army. At the beginning of the Paraguayan war he joined the Argentine service as a major, and he narrowly escaped with his life at the "battle of Acayuasá." Nothing saved him in that *sauvé qui peut* but his presence of mind: he threw himself into the bush and allowed the enemy to rush past him in pursuit of the fugitives. As the Argentines would not pay him—they still owe 300*l.*—he transferred his services to Marshal Caxias, who was sensible enough to appreciate them.

Lieutenant-Colonel Chodasiewicz received an order from the Generalissimo to show me his surveys of the forts, his plans of the first campaign, and his projects for the future. I only hope that His Imperial Majesty of the Brazil will cause these excellent illustrations to be printed on a large scale, with detailed letter-press. Thus alone can this most memorable campaign be made thoroughly intelligible to the present generation and to posterity.

At breakfast, under the little tent, the ex-British officer—whose nickname, by-the-bye, is "O Balão"—gave me some details touching the balloons which had been tried in the earlier part of the campaign. The first of these articles was brought by P. L. D. Doyen. It cost ten contos of

Reis (say 1000*l.*), and was made of silk: the dimensions were 19.8 metres in length by 12.6 in diameter: the total weight was 395 lbs. (viz. 250 silk + 25 basket-boat + 120 netting); it was 973 kilogrammes lighter than the atmosphere, and it was easily managed by four men. Unfortunately, it was utterly spoilt by being burnt in varnishing.

Messrs. James Allen and Brother, citizens of the United States, afterwards brought two balloons, which were both "captive"—the "free" form was not tried here. One was small. The other measured 12 metres + 9, weighed 143.59 kilogrammes (viz., 59.20 silk + 9.15 boat + 13.77 ballast + 39.47 netting, and +22.0 for the strong stays), and its specific gravity was 190.37 kilogrammes lighter than air. It was so constructed as to become a parachute if struck by a shot. The hydrogen was made with flakes and filings of thin iron, placed in two connected wooden tanks, and presenting the greatest amount of surface to the diluted sulphuric acid. The latter came, like the tanks and bottles, from New York.

This balloon effected some fourteen or fifteen ascents at Tuyu-ti and Tuyu-cué. It rose from twelve to eighteen metres, and Lieutenant-Colonel Chodasiewicz, who accompanied the owners, could easily discern that Marshal-President Lopez had about 200 guns in position and 100 field-pieces. After it had made the first profile reconnaissances, the Paraguayans began to fire at it; and they fired so well that a shell burst within fifty yards of the boat. They presently learned to defeat its object by burning large piles of damp grass. Presently Major, or Doctor, Amaral—here all engineers are doctors (of mathematics)—finding the sway of the wind a somewhat nervous matter, reported it useless, and the Allens took their departure. The Generalissimo did not approve of the moveable mangrullo—a Cossack revival, proposed to him by the Polish engineer.

I took the opportunity of calling upon Brigadier-General the Barão do Triumpho. A son of Rio Grande do Sul, though upwards of sixty years old and six feet in height, he is celebrated as the best horseman of the Brazilian army. He could sit without stirrups any "bucker," and use his sabre as if on foot with two pieces of money between his thighs and the saddle. After a glorious career, he died on December 21, 1868, of a typhus fever and a complication of disorders supervening upon a slight wound received at the Loma Valentina. Some months afterwards, when visiting Asuncion, I unexpectedly saw his unfinished tomb, inscribed "O Barão do Triumpho." No man was more regretted, and Marshal Caxias justly called him "O bravo dos bravos do exercito Brasileiro."

"We hang this garland on his grave."

I also missed General da Motta, a ripe Guarani scholar, who could have assisted me in explaining Paraguayan names of geographical features. All are significant, and deserving of record. It will be a pity to imitate Chile, which has forgotten the meanings of Aconcagua and Tupungato.

En revanche, I saw General Osorio, commanding the third *corps d'armée*, the most popular man and the most brilliant officer in the Allied army. He was made Barão do Herval because he first landed upon the shores of Paraguay proper, and his subsequent services qualified him to become a Visconde. The title, I may explain, is taken from the Serra do Herval—of the maté-tea plantation: it lies in lat. 32° south, and is a continuation of the Serra Geral of Parana, whose eastern declivities have many "hervales."

General Osorio was lodged in a small thatched house, a little to the west of the headquarter farm. An orderly took in my card, and I found him sitting with a few friends. He was slippered and suffering from osthexy, and thus he

is compelled to be driven about—no small mortification. After seeing so much of half-civilian officers, it was a pleasure to hear his soldierly greeting, “Entre, caballero!” and the cordiality of his manners made me at once incline towards him. He is a stout, portly man of fifty to fifty-two, with the noble bearing of the Rio Grandense gentleman. Despite grey hair and beard, his eye is bright and young; and his straight, handsome features bear the frankest and most kindly expression. He is the only general universally loved and respected by the Argentines as well as the Brazilians, and this popularity has, it is said, excited the jealousy of his chief—certainly General Osorio’s name does not appear in orders as it deserves to appear. He is brave to temerity; horse after horse has been shot under him, and the soldiers declare that he bears a charmed life, and shakes after battle the bullets out of his poncho. The Brazil need never despair of success when she can show such a noble example of gallantry and spirit as General Osorio.

It was early in the day, and I had not broken fast when the General’s servant brought me half a tumblerful of gin in a silver mug. It would hardly have been soldier-like to hang fire in presence of the commander of the third *corps d’armée*, more especially as another “tot” was handed to him. He complained of his legs, but declared that they should not force him from Paraguay till the last moment. A cloud came over his countenance as he spoke of his crippled state. Moreover, he anticipated but little difficulty in a campaign beyond the Tebicuary, where the land is solid and the fighting would be straightforward. Ill-omened words! The worst action was yet to come, and he was fated to be shot through the mouth at the Loma Valentina. After December 11, 1868, he was compelled, by exfoliation of the palate bone, to revisit his native province. He re-

mained there, however, for the shortest possible time, and he at once returned to take part in the closing scene of Act No. 2.

In the cool of the evening we strolled about the camp, to see what we could. Women—Brazilian mulatresses and Argentine “Chinas”—seemed to abound. Almost all were mounted *en Amazone*, and made conspicuous by mushroom straw hats, with the usual profusion of beads and blossoms. They distinguish themselves as the hardest riders, and it is difficult to keep them out of fire. They are popularly numbered at 4000, but this surely must be an exaggeration. It is bad enough to have any at all. Some of them have passed through the whole campaign, and these “brevet captains” must fill the hospitals. My Brazilian friends declared them to be a necessary evil. I can see the evil, but not the necessity. Anything more hideous and revolting than such specimens of femininity it is hard to imagine.

The artillery park stood to the north-west of the headquarters. I counted twenty Whitworths—all kept in apple-pie order, as if by Hindu gunners. We saw the men of a field battery preparing to march with their twelve guns: larger and stronger than the soldiers of the line, they were very heavily laden. They are said to equal Paraguayans on the plain, but their enemies seldom meet them without throwing up an earthwork covering.

The Brazilian cavalry, the “eyes, feelers, and feeders of the army,” were here in as good condition as those whom I saw at Humaitá. The Carbineers had mostly the Spencer rifle, and had learned to use it tolerably well. They wore upon the chest the cartridge belts which, after becoming obsolete in Europe and confined to Turks and Arnauts, are now being revived by the breechloader. The regiments consist of 400 men, as did those of the Paraguayans before the war; but the latter gradually dwindled out of existence.

The Brazilian infantry—as has been the case with certain Continental armies, and happily not of ours—appeared to be the refuse of the other arms. The veteran who commands well knows how to handle them ; he always masses his men in heavy columns, and he gives the enemy an “indigestion de nègres,” generally sending 20,000 to attack 7000. Mr. Consul Hutchinson (“The Parana, with Incidents of the Paraguayan War, and South American Revolutions from 1861 to 1868”) gives the portrait of a certain Sergeant Gonzalez, who,

“Terrible de port, de moustache, et de cœur,”

fought, single-handed, ten men. Negroes, however, will advance when they are led, and these men become, after their blood is warmed, “teimosos” (stubborn and obstinate) as the Egyptians, who proved themselves such good soldiers in the Mexican campaign. But at all times the officer must say “Venite, non ite,” like those of our Sepoy corps, whose disproportionate loss, compared with the officers of home regiments, has often been commented upon.

The battalions began with being 600 to 700 strong, and the light infantry 500 ; they may now average 400 to 500. The Paraguayans originally numbered the same, but soon fell off to half. Perhaps the most distinguished corps was the 7th Paulista Volunteers. In the first flush of the war it was joined by men of family and fortune, till it melted away amongst the swamps and fens of Lower Paraguay. It took part in almost every great action, till death and sickness so reduced it that the remnant was incorporated with other regiments. Amongst the number was an ex-officer of the British Navy, Alferes (Ensign) John King, who had been transferred to the 53rd Volunteers. I made inquiries about him, but he was not to be found, having been wounded in a late action and left in the Humaitá hospital.

As a rule, the Brazilians rejected foreigners, and they did right in preferring to fight their own battles. At the beginning of the war the Empire might easily have enlisted experienced officers fresh from the Southern States, and these would soon have provided her with men. Foreign legions have been repeatedly proposed and rejected; in this the Brazil certainly chose the nobler part, and her spirit and consistency under the most adverse circumstances will ever be remembered in her honour.

Besides Mr. King, I knew of four English subjects that were allowed to enlist. One was a runaway Maltese sailor; another was a mutinous British seaman who had been imprisoned for the trifling offence of "cutting" (*i.e.* stabbing) the cook; and the other two were ne'er-do-weels, apparently of respectable family, who had absconded from their ship at Rio de Janeiro. Each of these received the normal \$200, the price of a substitute, and one of them addressed to me sundry insolent letters, claiming British protection, and threatening to "write to the *Times*" if I failed to procure his discharge. His sole reason for claiming it was that he had twice deserted from the English Army.

I have instructed you upon the matter of Brazilian rations. The men are also well dressed. Their fatigue suits are blouses and overalls of brown drill, besides the kepi and strong highlows; in *grand' tenue* they wear tunics and pants of good broadcloth, with red facings and black leathers—pipe-clay not being here a favourite. On the march they carry light knapsacks, and wear white forage caps with red bands, and white or blue trousers, tucked up, not tucked in. Amongst them I saw the disgraceful spectacle of soldiers begging. And yet the pay of the linesman is fixed at \$6 (say twelve shillings) per mensem, whilst the volunteer has \$30. In the United States war the men drew about the same (\$16); but here half only is given in cash, and the

rest is made to pay the etapa or etape, rations, and other necessaries. Hence many assured me that they received only a dollar and a half per mensem, and that even this was irregularly paid. The officers appeared to have full pockets, and the pedlars made little fortunes by selling silver spoons, mugs, and similar notions. The campaign is everywhere termed a "guerra de negocios," a war upon the Brazilian Treasury; and many are said to make money out of the unhappy soldier. The War-upon-the-Treasury system is known to us as to other people. Witness Mr. Calvert, with his little gang of thieves, at the Dardanelles; he was supported at home till he began to insure non-existing ships. Here, however, it is believed that, with some brilliant exceptions, no rank is free from corruption; and it is popularly asserted that, whilst he had money, Marshal-President Lopez could purchase from his enemies whatever he wanted.

I had taken a letter of introduction, by no means one of the least useful, to Sor Leonardo Mendoza, an employé of the Commissariat Department. All the "provedores," with whom contracts were made at so much a head, are under an Intendente—Commissary-General and Chief of the Reparticao Fiscal (Treasury) and the Caisse Militaire. The first arrangements were concluded with Messrs. Cabal (of Santa Fé) and Benitez, who gave general satisfaction. In those days, however, pasto or fodder was little required. About three years ago they were succeeded by Messrs. Lezica and Lanuz, of Buenos Aires, who, as "fornecedores" for the Brazilian and Argentine Armies, fairly amassed large fortunes. At the same time, Messrs. Cabal and Bravo (a supposed partner)-supplied the pressed hay, till, on March 21, 1869, this contract was taken up by Messrs. Molina and Co.; the latter have not found it pay. Besides these great houses, there were many Brazilian and other "fornecedores," each of whom has "made his pile."

The waste appeared extensive even to an eye familiar with the loss and recklessness of the Crimean campaign. Boxes of preserved sugar were spread upon mats in the high wind, and bales of yerba (tightly packed in hides, each weighing 225 lbs.) were chopped open, allowing half the dust to fly away. T. & F. Martell's cognac flowed like water, and Allsopp and Tennent were more common than tea.

I dined with the employés of the Proveduria in their large tent, and heard a fine collection of camp bolas and cucos, "shaves" and "yarns." Chauvin and Dumanet are well-known characters here. The "Amazons" were on the line of the Tebicuary River, and on July 24th, some 7000 of them had mutinied. The Bishop was in jail. General Resquin was the only superior officer not shot by Marshal-President Lopez, who was killing forty to fifty per diem. The Paraguayan forces were composed of 14,000, chiefly boys, and all were dying for want of salt. Cáceres and ex-Governor Lopez (another Lopez) were marching upon Corrientes; the women of Entre Rios were herding cattle, whilst 5000 of the men were proceeding under General Jordan to aid the two traitors. All severely blamed a circumstance which had lately occurred. Two troopers belonging to the Barão do Triumpho's command had bravely swum across the Tebicuary River, and at imminent risk had reconnoitred San Fernando. Instead of being made sergeants or receiving the V. C., they had been tipped with two sovereigns, one from Marshal Caxias, the other from General Fonseca.

I slept comfortably in M. Mendoza's tent, and after coming to the front on foot, I returned on horseback. Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE TEBICUARY RIVER.

Off the Tebicuary River, September 3, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

On September 1st, at 2 P.M., the Brazilian squadron moved up to the mouth of the Tebicuary, whose line had lately been abandoned by Marshal-President Lopez. The *Linnets* resolved, before following their example, to honour the day by spending it amongst what Anglo-Indians call the “jánwars.” We heard shots all around as if we had been in Western Europe, but here “sport” was accompanied by much tailoring and wounding of game.

The river views above Tacuára are of the loveliest, a vista of successive lakes, diversified with isles and islets, with coves and inlets, soft as the scenery of a West African stream. The vegetation consists of the normal gnarled hardwood trees, diversified by tall figs and a palm resembling the well-known cabbage-palm yatai (*Areca oleracea*): the undergrowth is a lively-looking broom, a composite, in the Brazil called “vassoura.” The frechilla or arrow-cane grass, which much resembles the ubá (a *saccharum*) of the Empire, shelters prodigious clouds of insects, especially sandflies: it also supplies an oat-like seed said to fatten cattle as well as alfalfa.

We began by operating upon the caymans, with which the banks swarmed: one of them was seen floating with bleached body and supine like a woman, whilst a vulture was pulling at it as though the Paraguay had been the corpse-bearing bosom of Mother Ganges. The “yacáre”—in the

Tupi "jacaré"—is said to be largest and fiercest about the Laguna Piris. The red species, confined to the marshes of the interior, and known to devour children, is probably the "papo amarello (yellow throat) of the Brazil. When we had collected enough hide to make alligator boots, we soon wearied of blowing off the skullcaps of the big lizards. One full-grown specimen gave us a little excitement: the crew of the captain's gig took it in, and, luckily enough, lashed it tightly by both ends to the thwarts. Presently Jacaré began to recover, and soon afterwards he became lively enough, causing much merriment by clapping his fine set of teeth and wagging his tail, which had a raised crest like the eel's.

We then began to operate upon the water-hog, known in the Brazil as capivárha or capibára, and here capincho—not carpincho. Its soft and highly porous leather is a favourite for the tirador or drawer, a belt universally worn, and best bought at special shops. It is so called because the lasso is held against it to prevent the man's side being cut by the dragging of the hide rope. The next idea was to support the loins when riding, for which purpose it is made six inches broad and even wider. Three pockets with flaps were added, so as to act as purse, portfolio, and cigarette-case. Lastly, came the ornamentation, a complicated affair. The usual style is to have front buttons composed of the various dollars from Spain to Mexico, and in some cases the leather is hidden by a scale-armour of silver overlapping like the armadillo's. Englishmen sometimes send for plates engraved with their crests—not unlike carrying about one's card. One man whom you know used, by way of buckle, electrotyped facsimiles of his medals. He was threatened with death at the hand of the Gaucho, who always covets everything new in the shape of accoutrements; but he was careful to carry his revolver to the fore.

“Capinchos,” we are assured by the South American Pilot (p. 194), “are about the size of our pigs, and their flesh is of fair taste, but they are reported as being unhealthy.” Captain Page (p. 93) found the *carpincha’s* savoury odour very tempting, and seems to have enjoyed it. In this subtropical climate the boatmen eat the hydrochærus, of course when young. These porcines live upon vegetable substances, and here represent the hippopotamus. They are larger than in the Brazil; I have seen one old hog weighing 130, and I heard of 200 lbs.; the male may average 100, and the female 90 lbs. My 10% householder on board the *Arno* told me that he had shot capinchos as big as cows. Irritated by an expression of dissent, he assured us that it was his project to establish a grasería for extracting the fat of the said water-hog; he might as well have talked of building a boiling-house for grizzly bears in the Rocky Mountains.

This excess of imagination supports a theory which long ago I had worked out upon the North American prairies. The Pampa plains, immense and limitless, those mysterious sea-like horizons of the solid land, stimulate the fancy like the unknown, and cause her to express herself in glowing language and exaggerated ideas. Such is the inspiration of the Argentine poet. On the other hand, the paucity of objects upon which the eye of sense can rest, the grand monotony of general, and the dwarfing of animal nature—here seals take the place of whales—compel the brain or mind to seek a stimulus within itself. “How bridle the imaginations,” says President Sarmiento (Life in the Argentine Republic) “of those who inhabit an illimitable plain, bordered by a river whose opposite bank cannot be seen?” Hence, in the prairies, we read of a man riding a hundred miles to *accoucher* of a lie. We find upon the Pampas the same phenomenon in an exaggerated form. The glo-

rious, unblushing, unmitigated "economists of truth;" Kit Carson himself would have "kow-towed" to them!

And, curious to say, great mountains have the same moral effect upon those living in their recesses. The mountain is nearer and dearer to man than the plain. He dwells in the bosom of his hills—his hand can almost touch the horizon of his world. Thus with him also, the visible has little of variety; his imagination is excited by the aspect of the greater heights which he does not inhabit, and which often he cannot visit. I found the Andine liar by no means inferior to him of Pampasia.

Return we to our hogs, which looked like a blending of the guinea-pig and the hare. With bluff muzzles and brown skins they stared at us anxiously, and not without a comic air of defiance. Lieutenant-Commander Bushe, having exhausted his bullets, tried at close quarters a charge of buck-shot, which only made the pachyderms wriggle in their leaps like vicious mules. The crew sighted, in our absence, a ciervo (stag), which, at a distance, they mistook for a horse. This is the *cuaçú guazu*, or *cuaçú pucú*, the big, or long deer (*C. paludosus*), that haunts river banks; a fine animal with reddish-yellow coat, good for rugs. Though uneatable, it is the noblest game in this region. Mr. Darwin was fortunate, when failing to shoot, he drove off the ciervo by throwing stones: the male deer is apt, at seasons, to charge home with its large horns, and an onslaught might have left the glorious Darwinian theory in its earliest stage of development.

There are three other kinds of deer, which all give good meat. The *cuaçu mini* (small stag) prefers plains, whilst the *cuaçú pita* (*Cervus rufus*) and the *cuaçúbira*, or *cabra de los bosques*, is generally found in the woods. Mborevi (the tapir) *la grande bête*, the largest of South American ruminants, has been killed out; and guará or Aguara, the

wild dog, fancifully described by the ancients as half wolf, half bear, is no longer common. Ounces (jaguars) are numerous as in the sporting grounds of the Brazil: they live in the islands, and dine upon the capinchos. I inquired about the black ounce, a rare variety, which seems to correspond with the black leopard of the Niger. The jaguar-été-hun is very uncommon and expensive in the Brazil; during my three years of residence I saw only one skin—black, like a cat's, with red spots perceptible only in the light: it was said to have been brought from Northern Paraguay. In these parts the people ignore it, and the only Englishman who could tell me anything about it was Mr. Richard Hughes, of Paysandú. The albino ounce is as uncommon as its negro brother. Chinchilla rats are said to be found here, but, as in the Banda Oriental, the skins are not valuable: they are well developed only in the frigid regions. Very common, however, is the opossum (didelphus), the gamba of the Brazil and the comadrija of the Plate, known to the Guaranis as micuré: it is a deadly enemy to poultry. The viscacha (*lagostomus visaccia*) is unknown: it has never crossed the Paraguay river, whilst the Pampas, to the west, are riddled by it. Several times I saw the nutria (otter), a term also applied to the seal and to the sea-lion (*otis*): it is probably of two species, large and small, like the cuiya (*lutra Brasiliensis*). The mataco (or tatú) peludo (*Euphractus*) and mulita, various species of armadillos, abound; some are eaten, the others are rejected as menschen-fresser.

We heard in the woods the unmistakable roar of the guariba, here called carajá (*Stentor ursinus*, or simia belzebuth); but the mud and water, combined with the cortadera or long razor-grass, and the bushy flowered aguaráruwai or "fox-tail," prevented our getting within shot. The other two common simiádæ are the red-furred bujus, the bugios of

the Brazil, and the pretty little oustiti now so well known at home. Miss Popkin, of Monte Vidéo, had charged me to bring back for her one of these dwarfs, but they are confined, I was assured, to the upper country.

The birds, like the other fauna, are those familiar to the Brazilian traveller. Of that foul cheiropter, the vampire, here named Mbopi (*vespertilio spectrum*), thirteen species have been described by Azara. The ñandu ostrich (*rhea Americana*) does not inhabit the swamps. The red Ibis is common, but men complain that its flesh smells of ginger. That ciconian giant with the black head, here known as yabiru, and in the Brazil, jabirú, (*Mycteria Americana*, or *Ciconia pillus*), is often seen standing sentinel-like at the mouths of influents where fish travel. Under the name perdiz (partridge), are confounded many species such as nothura, tinamus, crypturus, eudomia, and rhyncotus. They are mostly of two kinds, the large and small; the former rises two or three times, and is then caught by dogs and mounted men; whilst the latter, objecting to fly, is noosed as in Sind. I saw but one specimen of the penelope, which Mr. Mansfield (page 311) calls a pheasant; the natives have it as pavo del monte, bush peacock, and yacú-hun, the black jacú. It wore a dull grey coat, unfamiliar to me in the Brazil, but the genus was not to be mistaken. Lieutenant-Commander Bushe often brought back in the evening a varied bag of eighteen brace, no small assistance where eggs command sixpence each, fowls \$2.50 (ten shillings), and sheep \$4 to \$5, when they would barely fetch \$1 at Buenos Aires.

Amongst the birds were two of great interest. One was the ipeg-guazu, *alias* pato real, a truly royal duck. It is evidently the parent stock of the domesticated Moscovy (*i.e.* musqué) or Manilla duck (*anas moschata*), and it is readily known by its size, and by the white markings of the

black wings. It flies high, and carries off a full charge of shot; the flesh is excellent, and the weight is often 9 lbs. I have heard even of 13 lbs., rivalling a full-sized goose. A well-stuffed specimen may be found in the museum of Buenos Aires. The other is the Brazilian *palamedea cornuta*, here known as *já-khá*, "let us go!" "vamos!" a good imitation of its dissyllabic cry, by us corrupted to *chakhan-chaja*, *jaja*, and even *tajan*. Mr. Mansfield (page 282) believes it to be a turkey, and it is probably the "wild turkey" or the "huge blue-grey bustard" of Mr. Ross Johnson. It chooses the tops of the tallest trees, keeping a sharp look-out from under its erectile crest, but its loud cry soon betrays it. This bird is said to eat serpents like the Brazilian *siriema*, which so much resembles the South African secretary (*Geronticus nudifrons* and *cœrulescens*.) Captain Johnston of Arazaty, a good observer, who has opened dead *palamedeas*, declared to us that he never found anything but vegetable substances in their crops. He easily domesticated them when in captivity; they are far better to look after poultry than the irritable *agami* (*psophia*), and, being armed with a pair of strong wing-spurs, they are not afraid of dogs.

The other birds are of little importance. Gulls (*larus*) appear everywhere up the river. Ducks, water-hens, (*fulica*), and *parras* abound in the swamps, and the *mirasol* (paddy-bird), so ugly in captivity, stands like a hunch-backed Narcissus to admire his own white image in the water. Familiar to me are the scissor-bird; João de Barros, the oven-bird; the pretty *viuava* or widow, robed in jet and snow, as if just from the latest mourning establishment; the neat little swallow; the woodpecker, the two species of the *anum*, *coprophagus*, and the pert *tico-tico*. Amongst the parrots and parquets, of which seven or eight kinds are known, I saw nothing remarkable. According to old

travellers the Paraguayans had preserved their ancestral art of artificially colouring the plumes.

At one p.m., Sept. 2, H.M.S. *Linnet* steamed up the broadening river and sighted sundry islets which are not on the chart. The faint wind which relieved us of the mormaço or stifling calm was very pleasant, and we sincerely wished for a heavier sky than the thin windsbaume or cirrus which the Brazilians call algodão batido—whipped cotton. Trying even to the seasoned is the sudden change from raw cold to dry heat, and more trying still are the immundities, Messrs. Borachudo & Co. The weather, which I have said here mainly depends upon the wind, will gradually gain warmth from a minimum of 45 deg. in the cold or south wind horizon to 85 deg., and even 100 deg. when Boreas, whose blustering is here gone, shall prevail.

The country still appeared mean, as that about Pekin described by travellers. After steaming two leagues we sighted five of the ironclads—the Monitors having been sent higher up—anchored off the mouth of the Tebicuary River. This is usually laid down in south latitude 26° 39' and east longitude (G.) 58° 10'; at a distance of 108 miles from Corrientes. Lieutenant Day writes the word Tebiquari; Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, Tebicuary or Tibicuary. Two derivations were given to me: one from Tebi the rear centre of the humau frame, and Cuari broad: the compound word being the name of a Cacique or a tribe. Others translate it Tebi, cuá source, and yg water—i.e. water flowing from a source which resembles a certain part of man. It is now a river with a name—a historic stream which has received its *baptême de sang*.

The Tebicuary is the largest river wholly owned by Paraguay. It rises in two branches from the Cuchilla Grande or great knife-like ridge north of Villa Rica, not from the

Yerbales or maté fields of the Misiones. As in sundry of the neo-Latin languages the feminine form denotes something larger than the masculine, cuchillo, and this knife-shape would be opposed to Sierra, a saw-like ridgy range. Thence it flows southward, and bending west it drains the Laguna Ypoá, the "lucky lake," which appears to have two—an upper as well as a lower outlet. All declared it navigable for four leagues from the mouth with a width of 200 to 400 metres. Others asserted that canoes have landed men at Villa Rica. This may be the case at certain seasons, but lately a light-draught Monitor grounded about five leagues up, and was not got off without difficulty. Our home papers boldly asserted that "the Tebicuary is navigable for many miles above Villa Rica."

After the *Linnet* had roosted we crossed in the gig the mouth of the Tebicuary. It was boiling and swirling as if very deep, and the flood rushed violently around the tree-trunks that formerly stood upon its banks. As usual, at the confluence of the various tributaries, there are shoals and gatherings of fish, the young ones being probably brought down by the smaller streams.

Striking over to the right jaw of the great affluent we landed upon the only quay, a few stakes, piles, and boards found useful at high river. The ground is here a false delta, or rather an island bearing the name of Fortin: it is formed in the south by the Tebicuary proper, and northwards by a carrisal wet with the percolation of the same stream.

At the angle where the Fortin fronts the Paraguay river, was an eleven-gun battery, in which the defenders had copied the invader. Here we saw gabions for the first time; there were traces of sod-revetted embrasures, not mere platforms *en barbette*; curtains were raised behind to traverse side shots, and épaulements prevented the works being raked

from the south-west. Facing the Tebicuary, disposed at a right angle and connected with the former by rifle-pits, was a second battery of three field-pieces; whilst about 200 feet higher up the stream a ditch and a small earthen parapet defended the ford, where a landing might have been effected at low water. In the rear of each battery was a separate magazine, rough but useful. The quarters for the soldiers had been fired, and the ill-savoured hides that covered them were charred: the whitewashed walls had been pulled down by the captors, and the ruins were occupied by vermin. The mangrullo and the large-sized cross alone remained intact. Pots and pans, bones and bullock-skulls, strewed the ground, but not a gun had been left—not a cartridge had been wasted. These trivial defences, evidently the work of a few men, had been leisurely evacuated, probably a sign that Marshal-President Lopez now deemed it necessary to economize material.

Walking up the Paraguayan side we observed that here the stream above the confluence of the Tebicuary narrows to 300 yards, and its increased swiftness compels ascending ships to hug as usual the left bank, which is low and subject to floods. Remnants of a boom, intended to delay the ironclads in the face of the battery, lay upon the ground: it was composed of huge hard-wood trunks, iron-bound and connected by bolts, rings, and shackles, and it was sufficiently resilient as it sagged down stream to yield before craft attempting the up-passage. Near it we found cut blocks of sandstone, intended probably for anchoring torpedoes. The material was a kind of coticular itacolumite from the upper bed: a little above Asuncion mica schist appears, and eighteen leagues from the capital granite, like that of the Brazil, was worked by the natives.

Still further up the left bank of the Paraguay, and connected by rifle-pits with the south-western work, was a third battery,

built for six guns. The floor and platforms had been raised to keep them above the mean level of inundation. All was of the poorest and simplest tracing. I afterwards saw a Brazilian sketch of these Tebicuary batteries, which under the artist's hand had grown to regular fortifications revetted with masonry, and vomiting volumes of smoke.

The carrizal behind this north-eastern work appeared to be somewhat higher than the river, and its fetid waters were fit only for the habitation of man's pest, gnat and mosquito. The narrow strip of dark humus between it and the stream showed little plots of beans and vegetables, cotton and stunted maize. Such is Paraguay proper immediately to the north of the Tebicuary River, and there is very little to say in its praise. Higher up, however, about Angostura, "infield" will take the lead of "outfield" or moorland, and in the central region, around Villa Rica, the soil is, I am told, exceptionally rich.

Every strategist supposed that Marshal-President Lopez would mass his forces and fight the invader behind the frontier-line of the Tebicuary. But he knew that the mouth was open to Monitors, and that thus his force would have been placed between three fires. Moreover, as he had laid out a road with the normal "lightning-dank," through the Gran Chaco opposite, he foresaw that the enemy might soon become master of it and cut off his communications with the rear. He therefore hastened to withdraw his men and to concentrate himself higher up stream behind defences which were fated to give the Allies much trouble and to cause them severe losses. Meanwhile he established his provisional capital at Luque, a village seven to eight miles west of Asuncion.

My visit was now ended, and it afforded no opportunity of passing over to the Paraguayan lines. Mr. Gould was again expected in the Paraná, and the cabin of the *Linnet* could

hardly accommodate two guests; I was also unwilling to tax any further Lieutenant-Commander Bushe's hospitality. Moreover the Brazilian authorities were opposed to private visits amongst their enemies, and, after the frankness and courtesy with which they had received me, it was impossible to ignore their wishes. Finally, I knew too well that, after the many tales told concerning the maltreatment of strangers by the Paraguayans, a report of my captivity, perhaps of my torture and death, would have at once been spread by a host of "friends," and that the "sick leave," so freely granted to me, implied the condition that it must be used with due prudence.

At that time also an evil report was current concerning a certain Baron von Veren, whom the Tribuna of Buenos Aires called Major Barsen. This Prussian officer wishing to see service in the Far West, left Bordeaux, and was at once arrested at Rio de Janeiro upon the charge of intending to levy war against the Empire. When set free at the instance of his minister he pursued his journey to Buenos Aires, where again, upon a similar count, he found himself in the same predicament. Compelled to give his word that he would not at once visit Paraguay, Baron von Versen crossed the Pampas, and, retracing his way, presented himself to the President of Paraguay. For the third time he was arrested as a spy, and, on this occasion, only the action of December 27, 1868, saved him from being shot. After which he thought proper to revisit Europe. The fact is that almost all so-called pasados, or deserters from the Paraguayan army, are told off by their government to collect information, and the authorities naturally believe that all unknown strangers who visit them are in a similar category. Thus my trip to the upper waters was deferred *hasta mejor oportunidad*.

On the evening of September 3 I bade a regretful fare-

well to my kind-hearted hosts, and transferred myself very unwillingly on board the Clyde steamer, *Vale of Doon*, Captain Smith. Early on the next morning we ran up the Tebicuary. The flooded mouth was a mass of islets, and the huge figs, which formed the avenues of the sides, seemed to be growing like mangroves in the water. Presently passing the mouth of the Yacaré influent the bank rose two feet high, and the tree bare trunks were bunchy with parasites like the mistletoe. At last the ledge became tall and perpendicular, where the stream runs as that of the Paraguay, whilst that opposite was low and flooded. On the northern margin appeared an incipient sandstone with strata and cleavage.

The course was tortuous in the extreme, and the channel was so narrow that at every turn we scraped the bush and forest. After a tight loop, bulging to the south-east, and a run of some three miles, we came to a big bend where the northern bank projected southwards. It was a mere tongue of land opposite the pass described to you in Letter XX., and here the Brazilians had crossed to carry the works of San Fernando. Vultures rose from the bloated carcasses of cattle; and Paraguayan corpses, in leathern waist-wraps, floated face downwards, rising and falling after a ghostly fashion, with the scour and ripple of the stream. At the apex of the re-entering angle of the southern bank were the Brazilian earthworks; a kind of *tête de pont* was fronted by the best abatis that I had yet seen. Opposite it, and not connected by a bridge, was the lately captured redoubt which defended the San Fernando Pass, with the usual barracks and mangrullo.

I chanced upon an animated scene: it will ever be remembered by me with pleasure. At the "port" five iron-clads were ferrying across the troops, who were that day to be followed by their Commander-in-Chief. On the left bank

of the Tebicuary stood outposts and videttes, the comercio or camp bazar, and the host of women without which apparently the Brazilian camp cannot move. The glorious sun flashed through the clear morning air, gilding helmet and lance-head, bayonet and sabre, and the young day smiled upon the pomp and circumstance of war. Superior officers, each followed by his staff, moved slowly across the green plain, whilst adjutants and orderlies dashed about in all directions. With bands playing and colours flying, infantry in heavy marching order debouched upon the bank, marching in the loose, lithe French style, which looks so soldier-like after the heavy tread and stiff progress of our Islandry. After the signal of boot and saddle, cavalry corps came up at the trot, their round-backed horses neighing with excitement ;

“ While trumpets sound their loudest point of tone.”

There was a rumble of field-guns and a loud hum of men, and the absence of shout and clamour showed that military discipline had done its best. The sailors of the squadron, neatly clad in Glengarrys, with overalls and shirts of light-blue serge, not without the normal white flap or falling collar, worked their hardest. Four thousand cutlasses are not to be despised in such guerilla warfare, and it is surprising that the Brazilian authorities refused to adopt the naval brigades which amongst us did such good service in India and elsewhere. The spectacle was pleasing in the extreme, and all the men appeared to enjoy the best health, and spirits in proportion.

As the *Vale of Doon* was about to turn her head down stream, a passenger came hurriedly up to me, and asked if I would land to see a “ barbaridade.” Captain Smith, however, was behind his time, and he could not afford us another minute. Close to the River Pass, according to report, were six corpses laid out straight, with their feet towards the enemy,

and each bearing pinned to his breast a paper inscribed—"Asi perecen los traidores!"—"Thus perish the traitors." Amongst them was a fine, tall man, with gloved hands, and large black beard falling upon his breast. It was variously suggested to have been Vice-President Sanchez, General Brnguez, or Sr José Maria Leite Pereira, the Acting Portuguese Consul, arrested 5 P.M., September 11, at Asuncion. Before I reached Buenos Aires the figure of 6 had grown to 17, and included women and children: it there advanced, temporarily halting at 64 (Lieutenant-Colonel Cunha), at 70, and at 400 to 800 victims (Colonel Chodasiewicz), sacrificed to the furious suspicions of Marshal-President Lopez.

I shall return to this subject in the next letter, meanwhile—Adieu!

LETTER XXII.

RETURN TO BUENOS AIRES.—THE CONSPIRACY.—THE
“ATROCITIES OF LOPEZ.”

Buenos Aires, September 20, 1868.

MY DEAR Z——,

Nothing remained for me after my short but most interesting visit but to run down south and to await the course of events, *incertus quo fata ferent*. A single day sufficed for the forty-two leagues between S. Fernando and Corrientes; and a week or so at the latter afforded me a trip to the mysterious Gran Chaco. The old city was a return to civilization after a fashion, and once more my ear was regaled with the cry of the gallo, and tortured by certain “solos and snatches of song” happily unknown to camp.

From Corrientes I embarked upon the Argentine steamer *Proveedor*, paying 6*l.* 16*s.* for a two days' run. Concurrence on Thursdays reduces this to half-price, whereas we Sunday travellers were charged double. The diet was the usual thing, macaroni soup without Parmesan, the eternal punchero, caoutchouc-like mutton, peas fit for revolver balls, mangled fowl, and hard stringy salad. I deeply regretted the succulent feeds of the *Yí*. An awful man of dignity was the skipper, and even the unwashed purser was a swell whose smile was a matter of favour. The ship went well, but our lives were literally in the hands of the drunken sots that drove her, and who passed their time draining the bottle or dancing bear-like to the colic-causing strains of travelling Italian zampognari.

* * * * *

You might have been spared this letter had Lieutenant-

Colonel Thompson (Chap. XXV.) been explicit upon the subject of the alleged confederacy and atrocities. But that officer frankly tells you, "I know very little about the subject myself, and probably hardly any one knows much." It is therefore necessary to seek information out of Paraguay, and for that purpose to compulse even common report.

It would appear that shortly after February 22, 1868, when the Brazilian ironclads had fired into Asuncion, many Paraguayans began to despair of the cause. General Bruguez, who had risen to that rank in June, 1866; others say the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Don Maria José Berges, was deputed by the citizens to perform the pleasant operation which is popularly called "belling the cat." I have already told you the result of the attempt.

Shortly after this time the Allied Army began to hear a succession of rumours touching the tortures and executions of Paraguayans, and of foreign employés, as well as refugees. The subject was new. Up to that time the Marshal-President had preserved a certain character for moderation, and despite the reports which are always set on foot concerning an enemy, he could not be accused of cruelty. In July, 1864, we read in Mr. M. Mulhall ("The Cottonfields of Paraguay and Corrientes," p. 106): "I thanked the President for his kindness, and withdrew very much disposed to view favourably a country with so intelligent, affable, and progressive a ruler." He also remarked, "The government of President Lopez is not only the best adapted for the people of Paraguay, but a model, moreover, of order and progress, from which the Argentine, Oriental, Bolivian, Chilian, Peruvian, Venezuelan, Columbian, and other South American administrations, might advantageously borrow an idea." (p. 91). After the fatal check at Riachuelo, we learn from Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson (Chap. VII.): "A sailor was shot for cowardice the evening the steamers

returned to Humaitá, having gone into the hold during action. Lopez gave some foreigners to understand that he was very much vexed it had been reported to him, but that, such being the case, he had no other course to pursue."

The suspicion of treason, and the firm resolve to fight his last man, seem to have acted unfavourably upon the Marshal-President. Moreover, it is generally believed that about this time he had become addicted to port wine and piety; to mass-going and hard drinking. When I first visited the Allies (August to September, 1868), all were talking of the butcheries which disgraced his rule, and, as usual, they talked so much that the less credulous portion of the public began to disbelieve the reports generally. The victims were killed and brought to life again half a dozen times during the course of the year, and when I last left Paraguay, men still hesitated how much to credit. True, the *Tribuna* of Buenos Aires had published (Feb. 20, 1869) a long list of the dead and slain, purporting to be an extract from General Resquin's diary, which began with May 31, 1868. But even this paper was looked upon with suspicion. It might, after all, be nothing but a *ruse de guerre*.

The next important witness is the Honourable Charles A. Washburn, United States Minister, and the only Foreign Minister accredited to Paraguay. In September, 1865, I was introduced to this gentleman at Rio de Janeiro, before his departure for his post. After meeting with some obstructions from the Brazilians, or rather from the Allies, he reached Asuncion, and was favourably impressed by the cause and by the President of the small Republic. He afterwards left his post early in 1865, on home leave; and when he returned to it on November 1 of the same year, he had to force the blockade in a ship of war, the *Shamokin*, against the wish of the Generalissimo Mitre, and under protest from Admiral Tamandaré. In early March, 1867, he offered to act as mediator between

the combatants, and he passed three days in the Allied camp. The negotiations, however, were broken off, and the Minister once more retired.

The ill feeling between Marshal-President Lopez and Mr. Washburn began early in 1868, when Asuncion was placed under military law, and Luque was erected into a provisional capital. The United States Minister received an invitation to quit his hotel, and he positively refused to obey it, arguing that the Legation was part of the United States territory. I hardly think that such a proceeding would have been adopted by European diplomatists. Asuncion had been proved dangerous; it might have been attacked at any moment by a squadron of ironclads, and the Marshal-President of the Republic was to a certain extent answerable for the lives of foreign agents accredited to him.

Thus the Minister was drawn into a by no means dignified correspondence with the Paraguayan Cabinet, especially with the acting minister Gumesindo Benitez, who was shot, or reported shot, before the question was settled; and with his successor, the notorious Luis Caminos. He was subjected to all manner of injurious imputations; of harbouring foreign traitors, when he had only given a home to two or three Americans and twenty-two English; of furthering his fortunes by receiving, in consideration of a percentage, "trunks, boxes, and iron safes" of moneys and valuables which belonged to the State; of being "bribed by the Marquis de Caxias;" of covering with his seal treasonable correspondence forwarded to the Allied Army; and lastly, of being "implicated in a vast conspiracy"—in fact, of high treason. His only excuse for tolerating and replying to such insolent charges, was that he feared not only death, but torture for himself and his wife and child. Such a confession could hardly be palatable to the proud Republic which he represented.

On August 31, 1868, Mr. Washburn received his passports, and early in the next month the U.S. steamer *Wasp*, Lieut.-Commander Kirkland, was sent up to remove him. As the gunboat lay about one league below the capital, the Paraguayan steamer *Rio Apra* was placed at his disposal. Whilst the Minister was embarking, two of the employés at the Legation, Messrs. Bliss and Masterman, were violently arrested for high treason in the streets of Asuncion. In the case of these individuals he admits a certain duplicity of "fencing and fighting" besides flattering his antagonist. But when Mr. Washburn was safely on board the *Wasp*, he heard that Marshal-President Lopez had threatened Lieutenant-Commander Kirkland to keep him a prisoner; and instead of returning to his post and compelling the restitution of his attachés, he addressed (September 12) a violent letter, menacing to put the President of Paraguay under the ban of the civilized world.*

In the early autumn of 1868, I again met Mr. Washburn at Buenos Aires. Physically, he was much changed; he had been living in a state of nervous excitement, in an atmosphere of terror and suspicion, happily unfamiliar to the free air of the United States. Many of his assertions were those of a man who was hardly responsible for his actions. He declared that all the foreigners at Asuncion were in prison, and that doubtless most of them would be killed, on the principle that "a dead cock does not crow." He asserted that Marshal-President Lopez was fighting wild, like an exhausted pugilist, furiously hitting right and left. He explained the "atrocities" as the results of systematic plunder. A "hole in the treasure chest" had

* Of this missive Lieut.-Col. Thompson remarks: "Mr. Washburn sent from on board the *Wasp* a letter to Lopez, which would probably have had the effect of my receiving orders to fire at her as she went down, had he received it before that took place."

been found at Luque. The funds were never in the hands of a competent bookkeeper; consequently, the wealthy part of the community was accused of theft, and was ironed, tortured, and put to death, with the sole view of confiscation.

On September 29, 1865, Mr. Washburn published, in a supplement to the *Buenos Ayres Standard*, Diplomatic Notes concerning foreigners in Paraguay, beginning with a letter addressed to H.B.M.'s Minister Plenipotentiary. It afterwards appeared in Paris, much to the wonderment of civilized man; and I regret to say Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson has largely quoted from a document which breathes in every line a spirit of fierce hatred against a quondam friend. Mr. Washburn complains of being watched by forty policemen; of living in a "deep and funereal-like gloom" in a "Dionysius Gallery." Such an existence, he says, "is enough to render even the sleep of a brave man fitful and uneasy, and, of a man like me, without such pretensions, utterly inadequate to 'knit up the ravelled sleeve of care.'" This commendable candour is surely rare in the annals of diplomacy. He quotes Vattel, Martens, and Mr. Wheaton, "his own countryman, generally regarded as the highest authority of modern times on matters of international law." What do his fellow-citizens call speaking to Buncombe?

I read with surprise these "windy notes."* They are a curious specimen of the "dense cloud of official verbosity" which envelopes every official correspondence in Paraguay. The whole savours curiously of want of truth, and it is evidently the Guarani habit, like the Chinese, to "make a summary," and during the course of the report to insert as many sneers and insinuations as possible. All

* Mr. Washburn's would have made up 240 pages of a volume like this, and were judged too lengthy for publication.

purely complimentary terms of expression are accepted with the utmost gravity; any slip of the memory or of the pen, however trivial, is dwelt upon at a suspicious length; and lastly, the confessions of men who were probably tortured to confess are treated as the confidential communications of political criminals. Good-bye.

LETTER XXIII.

TRIP TO ASUNCION, THE CIUDAD.

April 10, 1869.

MY DEAR Z——,

On September 4, 1868, I left, you may remember, the Allied Army crossing the Tebicuary, and marching northwards to dislodge Marshal-President Lopez from his last river-stronghold, Angostura-cum-La Villeta. As they followed the high road up stream for some thirty-three to forty leagues from San Fernando, a few skirmishes occurred, especially on November 25. This was distinguished by a *reconnaissance en force* by land and water, in which Marshal Caxias and Admiral Ignacio led. From San Fernando to the Guardia de las Palmas the invader spent eighteen days: he found seven "ports" where the ships could touch, and one at which his force could be provisioned. The Brazilian army had carried out its usual system of cutting a road through the Gran Chaco, and of throwing troops on the enemy's rear. Four great actions had been fought between December 21 and 27, 1868, and the Marshal-President had been driven by immense odds from the river-line which he had defended with such obstinacy. As I have told you, the arch enemy having fled to the interior, the war had been officially reported "ended." The second phase had, it is true, passed away, but the third and final—the guerilla—was still to be fought, and the croakers declared that the real difficulties of the campaign were now to commence.

Meanwhile, Mr. William C. Maxwell and I had wandered

about quaint Córdoba, the ex-Jesuit Seminary, one of the oldest of the scattered cities with which the Spaniards had built up a kind of skeleton civilization. In company with Major Ignacio Rickard, R.A., we had inspected the Sierra de San Luiz, and visited the scene of the terrible earthquake at Mendoza. We then crossed the Andes by the Uspalata Pass, enjoying two views which amply requited us for all our little hardships. We rested at Santiago de Chile, known to you by the fire in the Jesuit church, which destroyed some 2000 of the fairest of the fair Chilenas. We then embarked at Valparaiso for Peru, and saw what we could of the ports ruined by the last "sea-quake," perhaps the most destructive recorded in history, running some risk from the deadly typhus, called yellow fever, but really engendered from the putrefaction of unburied dead, human and bestial. Finally, we returned to the Plata River *via* Magellan, whose glaciers and contrasts of scenery,

"Where Chili bluffs and Plata flats the coast,"

—the western half Andine, the eastern Pampasian—were a splendid novelty, a wonder, a delight, that electrified the most jaded of fellow-travellers.

At Buenos Aires, finding myself just too late for the homeward-bound Royal Mail, I embarked on Sunday, April 4, 1869, on board a former acquaintance, the *Provedor*. She had, meanwhile, been much improved by the new commander, Captain Carboneschi. On this trip the party consisted of Messrs. Curtis and Palmer, of the United States, and my old friend, Mr. Charles H. Williams, of Bahia, who, having suffered a four-years' infliction of newspaper leaders, wished to judge for himself the "crusade in Paraguay." One of the first to greet me on board was my quondam host of San Fernando, D. Leonardo Mendoza, who had accompanied the Allied forces on their up-march to Asun-

cion, and whose local knowledge was invaluable. We carried also D. Francisco Martinez, a Commissary General of the Argentine Contingent ; and a pretty Bostonian (N. E.) with two small girls *en route* to join her husband, an army surgeon.

The rest on board were the veriest ruffians, riff-raff, ragamuffins, that I had seen in South America, even at Monte Vidéo. The feminine camp-followers were clad in calico dresses, glowing shawls, and satin bottines. The masculine, surly because not permitted to be first class, slept on the quarter-deck, indulged in "eye-openers," expectorated to windward, and smelt rancidly of cabbage and garlic, of sausage and bad 'baccy. Each travelled with his catre, or scissors-bed, his big bag, his bunch of bananas, and another article which must not be mentioned until we shall have learned to call a spade a spade. There were never less than three Italian grind-organs—in the mysterious heart of South America—and when one set landed, another came on board ; they stunned us during dinner, and they had the impudence to dun us for dinning us. As the rain often confined us to the cabin we suffered immoderately.

Running swiftly past well-remembered spots, we halted some three hours at Rozario. All the rain of the lower firmament had apparently combined to raise the mighty Paraná. The memorable "Flood of 1868-69" began in November-December last, and the water was still twelve feet above the usual mark. The surface was everywhere green with camalotes or grass islets, some numbering a few inches, others large enough to carry a ship down stream. They undulated in the wake of our steamer with a grace which doubtless suggested the chinampas or moving gardens of Mexico, and those that did not hitch to the banks floated out to sea *vid* Monte Vidéo. In old days Buenos Aires was full of tales about "tigers" and other ravenous beasts being landed by

them in her streets. The lower town was obliterated, the Custom-house seemed an ugly bit of Venice, the gasworks threatened to fall, the jetty was denoted by a hillock of coal rising black from the rushing brown swirl, and nothing but the emerald-tinted weeping willows seemed to enjoy the mighty footbath. The land, before all sere and sunburnt, was now beautifully fresh and grassy, and the uplands were dotted with thickly-tufted trees. Here we landed for a few minutes in company with my colleague, Mr. Consul Hutchinson, whom I had not met since 1861. During these long years he had lived at Rozario—verily he must have as many lives as Realmah.

We anchored off Corrientes city on a rainy day. How dull, and low, and miserable it looked, with its foul tanneries to the south, and its muddy lines of so-called streets! I could not forget the pleasant time passed there, but—never return to a place where you have been happy! Then the *Proveedor* span by the Cerrito Island and the Tres Bocas; and, late at night, delayed for a few minutes at the once redoubtable Humaitá. She passed the Tebicuary mouth also during the hours of darkness. This shows how little a man may see when travelling far by steamer; my American friends, unlucky during the down trip, never sighted these two most important positions. Better, far better, under such circumstances, is the boat.

I rose betimes on Friday, April 9, for now we were ploughing strange waters. We had run out of the "sour mornings" of Buenos Aires. The dawn was crystal clear, and the river had changed its muddy grey-brown for the limpid sarsaparilla, like the black hue of the Upper Mississippi. Glassy smooths alternated with ruffled streaks, where wavy ripples played with the fresh breeze; and our stern drew after it the apex of a cone which spread out behind in a double line of dancing wavelets. The banks were curtains

of thin-leaved willows, fantastic clumps of creepers investing dead trunks, and leas of the broad succulent pistia, that show whence come the floating isles. We hailed with delight, after the arid growth of the Pampas and the scanty clothing of the desert Chilian shore, the fair Brazilian flora, tall manguí-hibiscus, cecropia or candelabrum-tree, and convolvulus, here white, there pink.

“Such towns are these !” said M. Mendoza, as he pointed to the few long white-walled Ranchos, known as Villa Franca. Its site is a clearing in the eastern bank, where it is somewhat higher than usual; above and below it the raised ground falls into tree-clad hollows, and a long island occupies the centre of the stream. More interesting was the Vuelta Hermosa, which all remarked before they had heard its name—a regular “horseshoe bend,” in the western barranca, whose fifteen perpendicular feet of stiff clay underlie sixteen inches of dark vegetable mould, clad in grass and well-grown palms. It is a splendid site for a colony, but still—it is in the Gran Chaco. The only Paraguayan buildings are in their clearings on the low shore opposite, tattered stockades and tiled ranchos, almost swept away by the inundations. Such are the deserted Guardias of Gatrapi and La Zanjita.

Our attention was then called to Villa Oliva, another deserted hamlet, consisting of a chapel, El Rozario, a white and tiled house, and half a dozen sunburnt ranchos: deserted all, and rising from a drowned land, at whose edge half a dozen pistia-islets were cutting themselves adrift. Carts, ambulances, and ammunition waggons, left by the Allies for want of draught, lay broadcast over the country; and in striking contrast rose the Marshal-President's telegraph posts of well-trimmed hardwood (*madera de ley*). North of Villa Oliva was found a single bridge, and the swampy ground proved, Paraguayan-like, very unsound and treache-

rous to the invader. The same words may describe Villa Mercedes. It had its subtending pistia-swamp, its flat open clearing of caranday palm, its scatters of carts and ambulances, its church—N. S. de las Mercedes, a whitewashed, red-roofed shed—and its three big tiled ranchos. Here the line of telegraph was double: one running along the stream, the other striking inland.

And now the weather becomes fitful: the purple cloud at times discharges a few drops, and then a glowing sunshine bursts upon the scene and gives the landscape life. This is the best of backgrounds for the new prospect which, after more than a thousand miles of luxuriant vegetation in the deadest flat, discloses itself about 3 P.M. The country again suggests that about Monte Vidéo: its low rolling downs are truly refreshing, like a draught of water to a thirsty throat: we feel as if sighting land after a long sea voyage. You will think these expressions exaggerated, but the impression was almost universal. Low on the north-eastern horizon, with the subtended angles diminished by distance, rose five blue points, which, according to the pilots, may be seen from Villa Franca. Some called them Cerro de San Antonio, others Lambaré, others the Peaks of Paraguari, whilst the best informed judged them to be the Altos, or southern outlines of the great Paraguayan Cordillera. In this direction the heights best known are the Cerros of Itaiguá, which meet the Cordillera of Itaipacuá; the peak of Mbatovi; the range of Santo Tomás, containing a cave inhabited by that Apostle; the Cerro Porteño, near Paraguari, where Belgrano was defeated; the cones of Acai, near Villa Rica; and Yaguaron, where, in 1755, the Jesuits built the mission of St. Bonaventura.

Nearer, and swelling above the tall tree-curtain of the river bank, are Las Lomas—the ridges—grassy slopes, best fitted for the shock of armies, thwaites, and bits of stubbly

ground, golden and ruddy; yellow with grass below, and, higher, dark with monte and capoeira, gently rolling up to the hill-crest. Both plain and land-wave are scattered with "quinta." Here the term is applied to groves of palms and oranges, whether accompanied by a house or not. To the north appears Loma Valentina—a reddish black-dotted upland, still topped by galpons or sheds;* a single tree showing the headquarters on the south-western slope, which commands the landscape like a map.

On this spot some 4000 Paraguayans and 3000 Brazilians—some have increased the number to 15,000, and others even to 20,000—fattened the soil. It was the hardest fighting in the whole war.

"No man gave back a foot; no breathing space
One took or gave within that dreadful place."

Marshal-President Lopez once more here risked his fortunes, and lost; whilst the Allies, especially the Brazilians, won, and gained nothing by their splendid, sterile victory.

The affair at Loma Valentina is a mystery, and, I may say, one of the ugliest of the many ugly facts that have disfigured this war. After a week's hand-to-hand fighting, a terrible bombardment, and perpetual rifle-firing, the Allies, headed by the Argentines, marched, on the morning of December 27, 1868, into the heart of the Marshal-President's lines. They found the artillery completely dismounted, and the few Paraguayans who remained after the *sauve qui peut* were cut down or bayoneted. The arch-enemy never expected to escape: he had placed his family under the care of General Macmahon; he rose from breakfast to mount his horse, and he left behind him his personal

* The sheds were probably the remains of the immense house which, according to Lt.-Col. Thompson, the President built at Itá Yvatí (the high storey), about four miles from the river, and two in rear of the Pikysiry trenches.

uggage and female slaves, his private carriage, and even his clothes and papers. Dr. Stewart and others had surrendered to the enemy, but Marshal-President Lopez dashed through the scattered Brazilian forces and rode off accompanied, some say by twenty, others by ninety men, to Cerro Leon, his hill stronghold.

The Brazilian General J. M. Menna Barreto had, before the action, volunteered to capture the arch-enemy. During the first day there were some 5000 Brazilian cavalry in the field, and hardly one-half of them had drawn a sabre. Yet Marshal Caxias refused to detach a troop in pursuit. His friends excuse him by saying that he had been forty-eight hours on horseback; that his forces had been demoralized by the frightful fighting, and so forth. Similarly, when he returned on sick certificate to Rio de Janeiro, they declared that he was on the point of death when he was seen by the public riding a spirited horse about Tijuca and Andarahy. At length the Generalissimo detached Lieut.-Colonel Cunha and the 54th Volunteers—infantry to catch a man on horseback! This battalion marched as far as Potrero Marioré, where a large family of half-naked Paraguayans assured them that about two hours before Marshal-President Lopez had mounted a fresh horse. Having failed to throw salt on the fugitive, the pursuers sensibly returned to camp. Comment upon such a proceeding as this is useless. Any service in the world would have called upon Marshal Caxias to justify himself before a court-martial, and a strict service like the French or the Austrian would probably have condemned him to be shot. In the Brazil, he was created Duke—the only Duke—on March 23, 1869, and he was relieved from the command-in-chief on the following 22nd of April.

A little gap in the eastern bank shows the mouth of the Surubi rivulet—Surubi-hy, the stream of the Surubi fish.

There was fierce fighting at this spot; and on September 23, an ambushade of Paraguayans fell upon the Brazilian vanguard, destroying many of it, and annihilating a whole battalion. As we advanced, hove in sight the Guardia de las Palmas, the usual horseshoe in the eastern or left bank here, three to four feet high, and declining to the north and south. The large clearing showed a forest of poles and sticks; stretchers sheltered by remnants of roofs; grass still mangy and worn; green-painted litters and ambulances, and long lines of broken huts and hovels; in fact, the remnants of a big encampment. Here stood the general comercio or bazar, and the camp of the Argentines, who threw up a redoubt before attacking the Marshal President's last line of defence. The second mangrullo to the north denoted the Brazilian quarters, then sheltering some 20,000 men, and the Generalissimo Caxias occupied the Ildoriaga estancia not in sight of the stream.

The Gran Chaco side appeared low and wet, and a ruined Rancho denoted the station of the Brazilian telegraph. After Las Palmas both banks sank, and presently the eastern rose to three feet, whilst the stream broadened, forming a channel island. The latter sheltered the Paraguayan canoes, which attacked the Allied Commissariat. About this point, Marshal Caxias began the road through the Great Chaco, three leagues long, and intended, as usual, to take the enemy in rear. The operation was laborious in the extreme, but it proved exceptionally successful. A little higher up we could distinctly see to the north-west the Loma Cumbarity (the "Cumbari pepper-plantation"), separated from the Loma Valentina by a swampy tract. Here, early in September, Marshal-President Lopez took up his headquarters, some four miles from the river, and hence he could command a perfect view of Las Palmas and of the Angostura batteries.

Again a gap in the eastern bank shows the mouth of the Arroyo, or Estero Pikysyry.* It drains the northern Laguna Ypoá (lucky water)—the Laguna Ypao of Mr. Mansfield—and it falls into the Paraguay river just below the first or southern battery of Angostura. Unfordable, and some sixty feet broad, it completely defended these works from the south, and connected them with the Loma Valentina. The important and strongly-fortified trenchera, or line of the Pikysyry, is 9104 metres in length, with 142 gun-platforms, not including those on the river side, thirty-three magazines, and thirty-four drains under the parapet. Lowlands flank the stream, and the Paraguayans had, according to custom, thrown over its mouth two represas or dykes—not three, as has been stated—and had thus raised to nearly five feet the waters overlying the swamps to the south and east. On the north-east of the Pikysyry is the rising ground communicating with the Loma Valentina, and a little north of the dykes was a redoubt, which the Paraguayans were too hard worked to finish building. When the main force of the Allies crossed over to the Gran Chaco, they here left, in front of the Paraguay lines which they intended to turn, the Argentines, the Orientals, and the Brazilian brigade of 1500 men. The defenders of the lines may have amounted to 4000—not, as has been reported, to 7000 and 9000.

The end of a long march brought us to the celebrated Angostura, or “narrowing” (of the river). Here the stream shrinks to 600 yards; there is a strong current, more like a rapid, in the great bend to the east, and the channel is full of remansos, or dead water. I was told by an Eng-

* The word is written in various ways: Pequisiry, Piquisari, Pykyrciry, and so forth. Lt.-Col. Thompson translates it “Shrimp-stream,” from piky, a shrimp; and syry, a stream. May it not be the “water of the Pequi shrub?” I have alluded to this tree in “The Highlands of the Brazil.”

lish engineer, who had worked on board the steamer *Salto*, that he had once seen the river only four feet deep at the "gut," but it is doubtful if this was ever the case of late years. In 1863, vessels have had to throw out two anchors, and to be dragged over the bank into deep water. The much-feared "bitter batteries" occupied the usual position at the toe of the horseshoe, and where they could also flank the front of the land-lines: a few shapeless heaps upon a bank some four feet above the river were their only vestiges. The first, or southernmost "Bateria de Angostura," the "left battery" of the Paraguayans, mounted eight guns, of which one was the "Criollo," a 150-pounder, cast in the arsenal of Asuncion. The northern, or right battery, separated by a distance of 700 yards, was armed with seven guns, and others were placed singly, making a total of fifteen, and eleven magazines. The works were hurriedly built, and, as everywhere in Paraguay, they were open in the rear. After the flight of Marshal-President Lopez, they were surrendered at noon, December 30, 1868, to the Allied generals, by Lieutenant-Colonels George Thompson and Lucas Carillo, the commanders, and the gallant garrison marched out with their arms and all the honours of war.

Behind the heaps remained a few rugged huts, and inland rose the mangrullo and the ranchos occupied by the Brazilians. Here we were boarded by a canoe crew of negro sailors belonging to an ironclad on guard. This ship was a great contrast to the *Henry H. Davison*, a Mississippi boat bought for the navigation of the Bermejo, which presently came rushing past us. As a rule, only the refuse of steamers has been sent up to the war. Hereabouts the ground is much more simple and intelligible than that round Itapirú and Humaitá. We were shown to the eastward the hill scattered with rude quintas, where the late Barão do

Triumpho (General Andrade e Neves), leading 2500 cavalry, surprised and captured, at 1 A.M., December 21, 1868, during a cessation of the rain which had poured two days, the outlying picquets of the enemy. This feat enabled General Menna Barreto to take the Pikysry trenches in the rear, and to open communication with the left of the Allied forces north of Las Palmas.

About one league to the north of Angostura, and on the left or eastern bank, we see La Villeta rising above theavenued trees of the bank. It is a classical place. Upon its Arroyo, called the "Paray" by Lieutenant-Colonel José Arenales, the Payaguá, or Canoe Indians, violently attacked, in 1536, D. Juan de Ayolas, who followed in the footsteps of Cabot. The gallant Spaniard, after almost annihilating his assailant, founded La Villeta. It is the normal village: a single square, open towards the river front, and the white-washed and tiled houses have verandahs, but, as usual, no back doors, so that each one may the better spy his neighbour. The "Palace" of the Marshal-President is a larger building than the rest, fronting north; and the pauper church, with detached tower, has been turned into a hospital. Outlying tenements lie scattered amongst wasted gardens and torn orange groves, once so highly prized. On the bank is a battery, hastily thrown up by Marshal-President Lopez, who expected that the enemy, after the customary fashion of running his head at the hardest place, would here land. This is the only sign of the "selected and carefully prepared fortifications" here found by the Buenos Airian journalist. Behind the earthwork stands the white gate of the cemetery, and on the crest of the loma lies the quinta occupied by General Osorio when he marched upon Loma Valentina.

On the western or opposite bank, partially masked by one of many islands, is the Puerto del Chaco. Behind it appears a

“handsome country” of flat meadow-land, dotted with tree-mottes and with the tallest carandai palms yet remarked. At present it is mostly under water, and the flood extends north to the Rio Confuso. After Marshal Argolo had cut his painful way through the Gran Chaco, the Brazilians reached this place on November 25, 1868. The river rising rapidly, threatened to drown out the camp: this precipitated operations in a manner not usual. The ironclads, which had run past the Angostura battery, at once embarked 8000 infantry and artillery, but not for La Villeta, as had been expected; they chose San Antonio, four to five miles further up. The vanguard was followed by others till the force rose to 25,000 men. According to some of the Paraguayan prisoners, Marshal Caxias here completely outwitted Marshal-President Lopez. This I greatly doubt: moreover, the intended landing at San Antonio appeared in the Buenos Aires papers several days before it was effected.

North of La Villeta is the wooded line of the “Abay,” wrongly written Ivahy stream. The word means “Indian water” (Abá-yg). Here also, on the 11th December, in the midst of a violent storm, hard fighting took place. Some 5000-6000 Paraguayans and eighteen guns, under General Caballero, whom I have mentioned as the most gallant of their officers, held their ground for nearly five hours, until surrounded and cut up by the enemy’s cavalry. The Brazilians captured seventeen guns, and carried off 800 unwounded, besides 600 wounded prisoners, many of them officers of rank. Of these several at once escaped—General Caballero, Major Moreno, commanding the artillery, Major Mongelos, and others. The Brazilians had also some 4000 men *hors de combat*, and amongst these was the gallant General Osorio, who, badly wounded in the mouth by a musket-ball, was compelled to leave the field.

Here the Cerro de Santo Antonio, which from Angostura

appears a tumulus dark with monte, and springing from a yellow plain, becomes a mere swell in the loma or upland. To the north-east we are shown the Capella de Ipané, or Ypané, where in peaceful times the citizens of Asuncion enjoyed their picnics. The word signifies "crooked water" (y-pané), and the streamlet must not be confounded with the large tributary of the Paraguay, at whose mouth, in S. lat. $23^{\circ} 30'$, is Villareal, the port whence the Yerba used to be embarked for Asuncion. Near this place the Brazilian army encamped after the battle of Itóroró.

Further to the north-east a brown house in the bush was pointed out to me as the Potrero Baldovino, which won for itself a name on December 6. My informant was a Paraguayan soldier of five years' standing; he looked hardly sixteen; he had been speared in the Gran Chaco fights; he could show a silver Cross of the Order of Merit, and he was then in the service of M. Mendoza. A great bend to the east presently placed us in front and south of the Cerro de Lambaré. It was the scene of the historic fight between 40,000 "Indian" braves and D. Juan de Ayolas, before he disembarked at Asuncion on August 15, 1536. The name was that of a Cacique, and also of a well-known river-fish. It is a flat-topped hill—a truncated cone, whose table is 143.25 metres above the river level. Clad in dark monte, and said to be basaltic, it much resembles the curious knots which I have described as buttressing the course of the Rio de São Francisco. I had read "The Peak of Lambaré is enchanting, with its cone-like elevation clad in luxuriant foliage, raising its lofty form to the skies"—and I was of course disappointed. Here was once a chapel, and people used to extract salt from the river mud.

Evidently we are now approaching a city. A made road, with avenues of trees, threads a succession of quintas, and runs over the hill on the eastern bank. Dwarf forest,

broken by orange groves and coquito palms in small clearings, clothes the ground, and the section of the tree-clad cliff that faces the river is of ruddy sandstone deeply gashed by the streams that intersect it. An islet, a few hovels, and slanting telegraphic posts mark the mouth of the deep narrow Arroyo Itóróró. The name has been wrongly written Itonoro: it is translated "tumbling water," from Tóróró, a *jet d'eau*, or cascade. The little wooden bridge where the slaughter took place is about half a mile from the mouth.

At Itóróró took place the fierce battle of December 6. The Brazilians, having effected a landing, marched southwards upon La Villeta, and were compelled to cross the Arroyo. Field-Marshal Argolo led the attack with the second *corps d'armée*; the first being kept in reserve, and the third, under General Osorio, having been detached to the left in order to outflank the enemy. General Caballero commanded the Paraguayan force, and Major Moreno had charge of the artillery—twelve field-pieces. A hand-to-hand fight ensued, and three times the bridge was taken and retaken. At last Marshal Caxias led in person his first *corps d'armée*, which, uniting with the second, easily cleared the bridge and captured six of the guns. The fight must then have been well nigh over, for of his staff of thirty-three officers none were killed and only one was wounded. In this affair the Brazilians had upwards of 3000 *hors de combat*. The brave Colonel Fernando Machado de Souza was killed, and Field-Marshal Argolo was struck in the neck and thigh.

At a short distance northwards of the Itóróró appeared Santo Antonio, of old the principal port for loading oranges. The "Capitania"—export officers' quarters—still remains; a freshly whitewashed barn with a roof of blackened tiles, and a huge flagstaff. Here the Brazilians skilfully effected

a landing. It is generally believed, however, that Marshal-President Lopez had purposely left the place undefended after stationing at Asuncion M. Luiz Caminos, his War Minister, with a flying column of 2000 men and eighteen guns ready to fall upon any corps that might land. There is little doubt that so strong a force attacking in the bush would have thrown the Brazilians into complete confusion. But the "Grouchy of the Paraguayan Waterloo," as M. Caminos is now called, preferred retreating with his command upon Cerro Leon, where the mountains promised him safety. M. Cuverville, the French Consul at Asuncion, so often reported to have been imprisoned by the "bloodthirsty tyrant," declares that when Marshal-President Lopez and Madame Lynch first met him after the flight from Loma Valentina, the latter exclaimed, in great agitation, "We have had a terrible disaster" (*un affreux désastre*)—"we owe it to M. Caminos." Of course it was reported that M. Caminos had been shot.

And now, as we have been working up stream, whereas the fighting came down it, you may like to read an abstract of the events which distinguished the December of 1868. On the 5th the Brazilian army disembarked at Santo Antonio, whereas the enemy expected it at La Villeta. The battle of Itóróró occurred as the invader was marching southwards to attack the headquarters of Marshal-President Lopez. Victorious at this point, the Generalissimo, having encamped at Ipané, pressed forwards, and, December 11, won the battle of Abay. On December 21 General Menna Barreto cleared the trenches of Pikysyry, and completely cut off the Angostura batteries from the headquarters at Loma Valentina. Marshal Caxias then drove the enemy from the strong point of Ita Yvntí to a position in the woods about one mile further to the rear. On December 25 Marshal President Lopez lost his cavalry, and found himself reduced to 1000

men, against 20,000 of the enemy. On the 27th he fled to Cerro Leon. It is the general opinion that Marshal Caxias was determined not to capture the arch-enemy: he is known to be beyond the considerations of material fortune, but unhappily there are many in the Brazil with whom party feeling is stronger than conscience, or even than self-interest.

We now pass the fine landmark Lambaré. Here the current becomes a rapid, a cachoeira, with a swish and a swell which again suggests past experiences. Nearly opposite it is the "Curuai," or southern arm of the Delta of the Pilcomayo (Bird river), the northern being a little below Asuncion. This river, also called Araguay, the "wise water," or the water of "understanding," because, according to Garcilazo, care and experience are required to canoe through its curious mazes, is the second in importance from the west, draining the base of the Andes, and it is understood to be of little utility. Uncertain like the Salado, it spreads out wide over the plains: Bolivia, however, looks to it as her future line of communication, which will supersede that *viâ* Cobija on the Pacific nearly 600 miles from Sucre, her capital. At present the mouths of the Pilcomayo can hardly be distinguished, owing to a lagoon on the left bank. At Asuncion no one seemed to know anything of it; in fact, the pilots differed about the position of its débouchure; and in maps we may notice the same dissidence, some placing its influence north, and others south, of Asuncion.

Hereabouts we cannot disembark. The dead Paraguayans still lie unburied around La Villeta, and the live are prowling about, despite the ironclads, picking up in all directions arms and ammunition from those who want them no more. All manner of "pasados" (deserters) are hanging about; and there is a report that in the Gran Chaco opposite exists a

large quilombo, or maroon settlement, where Brazilians and Argentines, Orientals and Paraguayan fugitives, dwell together in mutual amity, and in enmity with all the world. The ground-plan of the campaign is, however, as I have said, simple ; and this glance from the steamer-deck explains to us the scene of the last seven months' fighting since April 10, 1869.

I hope that you have found this difficult letter intelligible, and that you will let me say, temporarily—Farewell.

LETTER XXIV.

DESCRIBING ASUNCION, EX-CAPITAL OF PARAGUAY.

Asuncion, April 15, 1869.

MY DEAR Z——,

You will patiently endure a somewhat detailed description of the ex-capital of "Prester John's Country in the South." Unique in this world of Hanseatic cities, it is one of the most characteristic, and, allow me the word, idiomatic of towns: a glance reads its history, and yet the plunitifs who called it the "most go-ahead city on the continent," seem to have missed the peculiarities of its physiognomy.

It is old for these lands, being founded on the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin (August 15, 1536). Ayolas, its Romulus, had evidently a nice eye for sites. The Paraguay river, here 800 to 1000 yards broad, sags to the eastward, forming a bay or port of still, dead surface, like a little lake, and the bight is land-locked by a natural breakwater, a long green islet upon which cattle graze. Ships anchor in perfect safety along the shore, and extend in lines high up stream. Their presence adds not a little to the beauty and amenity of the scenery, which has all the softness and grace, without the monotony, of the fair, insipid shores about Humaitá.

It is comparatively defenceless: even the half-river stockade shown in the maps of 1857 had been allowed to disappear. True, the invader must run the gauntlet of the Tacumbú ten-gun battery, which lies below a palm-tasselled hill, and separated by a neat glacis from the tall, red sand-

stone cliff, which, scarped in case of attack, commands the river. The old brick outwork, however, is open behind, and is raised so high that its plunging fire is little to be feared. On the east of it is a redoubt, with platforms for four guns, of which only two had been mounted: it shares all the defects of its larger neighbour, and both, at the time of my visit, were thoroughly dismantled. Here, I suppose, are the two casemated batteries which the older charts caused to front the mouth of the Pilcomayo. In immediate rear of the guns stood ruins of the usual powder-magazines, not sloped as they should have been. Behind the works the green ground is made swampy by an unclean rivulet draining to the east; and about 200 yards further are tattered sheds on the principle of the Humaitá barracks.

The most striking object is the unfinished palace of the Marshal-President: it might have been built to great advantage upon higher ground, but it is evidently intended to attract the first glance of the arriver, and to be the last upon which the departing eye dwells. It is an extravagant construction—a kind of Buckingham Palace, built upon the abrupt slope of the river, from which only a narrow terrace divides it; consequently, the inland façade is not nearly so tall as that which looks riverwards. An utter absurdity, considering the size of the town, it consists of a body and two wings projecting southwards into a small square, provided with a fountain. The centre is capped by a substantial square tower, one of whose four pinnacles has been knocked away by the Brazilian ironclads: a little damage has also been done to the west flank. A fine broad staircase, boldly planned, enters the middle of the façade, and abuts upon a terrace evidently intended to command the square, for the purposes of speechifying and of sight-seeing. Here are some wondrous attempts at art, emblematical sculptures,

such as a Liberty cap on a pole, supported by Religion and Patriotism. Also a pair of heraldic lions; the lion of Paraguay, be it observed, is a jaguar, not a Britisher, nor, as M. Demersay says, a leopard. It is, in fact, the leon de Iberá, a beast almost as harmless as an "Essex lion." Still, the Argentine National Hymn refers to it in the line—

"Y à sus plantas rendido un leon."

These lions are made of Country grit; they are grotesque with a witness, and they carefully present their posteriors towards the master of the house. The wings are laid out in large saloons and ball-rooms below, and above in about a score of small apartments, some of which have fire-places. The architect was an English master-mason, Mr. Taylor, and his workmen were Paraguayan lads and recruits, hired at eighteen-pence a day; all things considered, they have not done badly.

Mr. Taylor was one of the unfortunates. One night, late in 1868, when he was returning quietly home, he was led off to the Capitania (Port Captain's office), where irons were rivetted to his legs. Without a word of accusation, he was tormented by being thrown, back downwards, in the sun, and by being cowhided when he called for water. Some are of opinion that these brutalities were the unauthorized work of underlings; others again assert that nothing of the kind could take place without the cognizance of the chief authority. However, after the decisive defeat at the Lomas, Marshal-President Lopez happened to ride past where Mr. Taylor and the chief of the telegraph office, Mr. Fischer von Treuenfels, a Prussian of talent and education, happened to be lying in irons. They appealed to him for mercy: he professed not to remember them—doubtless their imprisonment had worked great changes—and he at once, ignoring their offences, ordered them to be set at

liberty. Mr. Taylor retired to Buenos Aires, leaving in the camp of Marshal-President Lopez, his wife, an English-woman, and three children, of whom one was at the breast.

A few minutes more place us off an apology for a plank pier where men land. Opposite it is a small redoubt, dismantled like the rest, and supporting a few dirty little "pal"-tents, and huts called hotels: these are inscribed "Garibaldi," "Au Petit Français," "Le Sapeur," and so forth. It is a kind of suburb of the comercio or bazar, which lies hard by to the south-west.

Here we have a general view of "La Ciudad," the capital townlet, seated upon its amphitheatre of red bank, which slopes gracefully down to the lake-like stream: formerly it fronted due north; but Dr. Francia, with his own hands, changed the orientation to 25° east. Thus it occupies the riverward side of a hill, or rather the section of a ridge which is bounded by low drains to the east and west. The length from the pier to the railway station is about three quarters of a mile, and the depth from the river to Calle Pilcomayo, which crowns the ridge-top, is from 500 yards to half a mile. It may still be extended to the south, where six streets only, out of a total of thirteen on paper, have been partially laid out and named. Beyond them the ground droops towards a shallow valley, and the thoroughfares are mere holes or piercings in the dense bush, with here and there a rancho. The ridge-crest is seventy-five metres above the river. At present there is no plan of the city, but this want will soon be supplied.

On the right of the landing-place, between the two redoubts, is the much talked of Asuncion arsenal, where the "busy iron islanders," about thirty in a total of 150 hands, are said to have cast upwards of a hundred guns. The large sheds, raised upon the site of an old convent, are of

fine brick, cased at the corners with the red porphyritic rock, here coarse and micaceous, there fine as gneiss, which crops out of the Tacumbú hill. The building, inscribed R.P. (my friends read "Rip"), is well provided with a dry dock, with a floating dock, with slips for shipbuilding, with boiler-houses, and with machinery, of which few vestiges remain. Even in 1857 this dockyard was building two steamers of 500 tons: it had furnaces, steam-hammers, and portable engines, for working wood and iron. In 1863 it had built six of the eleven steamers which composed the Republican fleet. Mr. M. Mulhall remarked of it, "When the new offices are completed, this will be a grand arsenal, and the fire-eaters of Buenos Aires, who may be suffered to pass Humaitá, can learn an instructive lesson in this 'retrograde' country" (page 88). Many English employés have served in this arsenal. Six years ago it was managed by Mr. Marshall, with Mr. Grant as foreman. They were stabbed by a native, and the latter was shot. The medical officer was Dr. Barton, who was allowed to leave the country some two years before my visit. The next superintendent was Mr. Whytehead, a mechanical inventor not unknown in England: he is said to have suicided himself; and his successor is Mr. Nesbitt, who, I told you, volunteered to remain in the country.

Between the landing-place and the arsenal is the Proveduria or Commissariat, a large rambling barn of brick and tile. It fronts the comercio, now laid out in streets; the booths, which sell everything, and over which wave all manner of flags, the English included, are mostly double-poled canvas tents upon wooden foundations, raised some four feet high. They are composed in due succession of stolen doors, windows, and other furniture, then of cask staves, and lastly of lumber brought up by the ships. Foul with offal, these pest-houses are fit to lodge

only the flies bred by the horses and the meat, whilst the chorus of drunken voices and the twanging of guitars tell all the low debauchery of a camp. We pass on, humming "She was a harlot, and I was a thief," to the new Custom-house opposite—a strip of whitewashed building conspicuous from the river, and therefore showing sign of shot. The long western face is arched, but not with "Moorish arches," as a late traveller says; and the depth being built up a slope which has not been levelled, gives to the arcade a peculiarly crooked and tumble-down aspect.

The landing-place is deep and slushy, with loose reddish sand contrasting well with the greenery, and with water in almost equal proportions. Here begin the tramway and telegraph posts, running eastward, and passing a casemated, stone-revetted battery of ten guns, which commands the landing-place and the river. It concludes the system of defence, and you would find it hard to explain how such miserable works put to flight a squadron of Brazilian iron-clads. The tramway runs up the Calle de Asuncion, *alias* de la Iglesia, the chief street near the river. As the road has been graded down, many houses are perched upon tall detached blocks of stiff red clay and incipient sandstone. The formation of the Asuncion hill is of grit and pudding-stone, often covered with a cape of iron; the rock is evidently ferriferous, and the metal occurs pure in pyriform grains. The surface is a sand composed of fragmentary quartz, milky and coloured pale-red by oxide: the pieces are all more or less polished, and water, often chalybeate, bursts through the covering. The streets of Asuncion are the streets of Buenos Aires, only these are on a flat, and those are on a slope; moreover, the latter usually lack side-paths. Where they lead to the river the thoroughfares are deeply gashed by rain, and in some places water stained with oxide gushes from the ground, making them mere

nullahs. I thought involuntarily of the streams that are taught to run down the wide avenues of Salt Lake City. They are divided by bands of the roughest yellow or red sandstone grit (*sangre de boi*), sections of a mountain torrent, into parallelograms of sloppy mud and ooze, where guns and cattle stick. Here and there is a paved ramp of impracticable slope, and nowhere can a carriage be used. Offals lie all about: there is a dead animal in each line; and where carts pass the wheels are often bogged in the quagmire. The Brazilians declare that they have improved the streets, which they found overgrown with grass and weeds. Like all public works at Asuncion, nothing can be viler than the thoroughfares, and remember that I visited them in the heart of the "dries."

A few paces lead us to the old Cathedral, now the Encarnacion Church. Curious to say, no fane has been raised to San Blas, patron of Paraguay, and even San Francisco Solano, who in 1589 reached Asuncion, has not won the honour of a chapel. The shape is truly Paraguayan; a single helfry to the south boasts of more than usual picturesqueness: the simple old Spanish façade, pointing east, with the spacious tiled atrio, and the three-arched porch leading to the doors, has the improvement of a more massive cornice than is usual in South America, and the body is a long dorsum of red tiles. The colours are pink and blue upon a white ground, forming the national tricolor, which we everywhere see at Asuncion, and the material is brick upon ashlar of boulders. To the north is a garden and lodgings for the Sor Cura, but both are sadly dilapidated. Inside the church the naves appear far too wide, and the rules of proportion are evidently ignored. The pulpit, font, and confessionals are of quaint forms, manifestly not modern. During mass, the worshippers, as everywhere in these regions, were separated by sex; similarly St. Charles Borromæus

divided his temple into male and female. At other times there were so few voices and so many echoes that imagination took the *mors au dents*. I was once startled by the impudence of a French "Frère ignorantin," who, disturbed in fierce love-making to a pretty Paraguayan, stared fiercely at me from his stray corner, as if I, forsooth, had been the offender. Here reposes the terrible Doctor Francia; he never decreed for himself a monument, holding, probably, that "pourrir sous du marbre on pourrir sous la terre, c'est toujours pourrir."

A few steps lead to the main square, the Plaza de la Cathedral, or de Gobierno, the nucleus of the old town, which, however, has lost all its antique aspect. In the raised centre reviews were held, the public rejoiced in Christmas "tamashas," such as races of 200 yards, fireworks, the sortija or running at a ring, and the gomba or "nigger-dance;" here Toros fought in real earnest, not like the bull-play of Lisbon and other places. It was, in fact, the site for *spectacula* and *circenses*. Facing the river side is the Cabildo, a ponderous two-storied building of the parallelo-pipedonic order. The central pediment bears the usual two medallions: the upper one has "Republica de Paraguay" inscribed in crescent shape over a vulgar "lone star"—here with eight rays, and in other places with six—their supporters being crossed branches of yerba and tobacco, which show but little difference. The lower oval has the same external legend, half circling a medallion, whose rim bears the yerba and tobacco, whilst the centre is inscribed with "Paz y Justiza," bisected by a pole which bears a Liberty cap and stands upon a lion passant. This Paraguayan coat of arms here appears everywhere, in place and out of place, from the buttons of the soldiers' uniforms to the façade of the cathedral. The Cabildo is supported by piers; whilst under it are dungeons more terrible than the Piombi of

Venice. In the second story heavy pilasters, forming ten arches, make a deep verandah, equally efficacious against sun and rain, and provided with strong wooden balconies. The outlying sentry-boxes and the large flag-staff are painted tricolor, and remind us that wearing the national colours was once obligatory.

South of the Cabildo, and facing west, is the terrible "Palace" of Dr. Francia. It was originally a retreat for Jesuits' lay brethren, and after their expulsion it became the Government House. The whitewashed ground-floor tenement has verandahs about eight feet broad, with eighteen columns fronting the river, and ten facing the main square. These pillars, circular in the façade and angular at the corners, support heavy hard-wood beams, on which rest rafters, laths, and tiles. All the windows are jealously barred. It is literally hemmed in by barracks, the largest lying to the west, opposite the main entrance; and there was hardly any difference between the palace of the Dictator and the quarters of his Prætorians. Formerly it was backed by the public gaol, of which we read horrid descriptions; and all the barracks had State prisons, "grillos," oubliettes, and underground "puisards."

Facing the "Palace," on the opposite side of the square, is the new cathedral. It was built in 1845 by the elder Lopez upon the site of a chapel which he pulled down. Seen in profile, it is the normal barn, with the three distinct tiled slopes of nave, aisle, and sacristy or verandah. The façade, approached by a spacious atrio and steps of brick and stone slabs, has two white towers banded with red; the pilasters are in low relief; the weathercocks are extravagant, and the Cross rests upon the arms of the Republic. The doors are usually shut; but a few Franciscans, with neuter-sex countenances, hover about the building like birds of prey. The interior is a gloomy barn, whose piers support a flat roof

of common painted wood. The chapels are not recessed, and the sacristy looks poor and humble. The only remnants of antiquity are the gilt pulpit and the high altar, now a mass of tinsel. The river bank opposite the cathedral is here thirteen metres high; and the stranger who lingers there, delighted with the view, would not suppose that he is standing upon the arched, oven-shaped dungeons where captivity was more deadly than in the cells of Harar. They were probably under some barrack, which has long disappeared. The discovery created much excitement amongst the Brazilians, but now, I suppose, the holes have been filled up.

At right angles with the cathedral is the palace of the elder Lopez and of La Señora, Madame Mère, as the Sora Presidenta, his wife, was always called. Fantastic and Paraguayan, its upper story is supported by fifteen pink pillars, with quaint Egyptian-like capitals, forming the normal deep verandah. A green-painted balcony, a back wall of pierced bricks, and a flying roof, distinguish the Paraguayan "White House." The lower story, tinted to resemble marble, has two doors and twelve windows, looking over the square upon the beautiful river. The palace is connected, as usual, by long walls, with a substantial two-storied building in the rear, the property of General Barrios. Most of these houses having adobe walls are tiled down the weather side to prevent washing away. All have aljibes or tanks to collect the rain and to breed mosquitoes: here the cistern supplies the best drink; well-water being hardened by saltpetre. The rest of the Cathedral square is occupied by four ground-floor bungalows, like that of Dr. Francia; the south-western whitewashed building is the old theatre; the rest were inhabited by the Ministers and other dignitaries.

A few paces beyond the cathedral lead us to the Hotel de la Minute. The house once belonged to a Paraguayan of importance. It fronts a new theatre of ambitious size, said

to be built upon the model of "La Scala," and fitted for 1000 spectators. Its flanks are one hundred yards long; in fact, it occupies a whole "cuadra."* The brick walls that back the three tiers of boxes are four feet thick; they must be fearless of fire, and, after the usual theatres of South America, they suggest the Coliseum. The building was unfinished, and of course a dead mule occupied the inside. South of the theatre is the plain ground-floor house of Madame Lynch, who did not live in the palace of the Marshal-President, and she had bought the next-door house in order to establish an hotel. In Paraguay money-making is a passion even more passionate than love-making.

Following the tramway, we presently reach the railway station, also built by Mr. Taylor. It occupies a whole "manzana," and is not without pretensions. A tall central clock-tower, topped by a balconied Belvidere, the highest in the city, forms its fourth story; the long upper rooms are used as offices, and there are quaint turrets at each of the corners. It is somewhat in the reduced Tuileries style, now affected by New London between Westminster and Hyde Park Square. The zinc roofs of the "gare" and towers have been stripped off to make canister shot, but the timbers are almost as hard as metal. Altogether it is a good solid building, far superior to anything at Buenos Aires.

Returning to the main square, we bisect the city's depth by means of the filthy Calle de la Cathedral, which runs from north to south. Looking down the Calle de la Palma, the Oxford opposed to Regent Street, we see, towering over the line of hut and hovel, the unfinished palace of D. Benigno

* The cuadra of Asuncion varies. It is here assumed to measure 100 varas. Travellers make the blocks eighty yards square and the streets fifteen yards wide. The "manzana" I have already explained to mean a cuadra cuadrada, or square cuadra.

Lopez, in which the Paraguayan type has been somewhat skilfully blended with Palladian architecture. Having become the headquarters of the Argentines, it is fronted by a fine lakelet of liquid mud. Cathedral Street here abuts upon the now deserted Plaza del Mercado, a large space of deep sand, surrounded by ground-floor tenements. At one corner is the "casa terrea" of Marshal-President Lopez; the exterior is mediocre, but the inside is comfortable enough. Here General Osorio took up his quarters before occupying the house of Dr. Francia; and here, in March last, the Brazilian Consul received the Councillor José Maria da Silva Paranhos. Ten years before (1858) the latter had been welcomed to the same house as Brazilian Ambassador by President Lopez, senior.

West of the building, and fronting the "Calle 25 de Diciembre," is the unfinished chapel of S. Francisco. The brick dome, of scantiest diameter, still bristles with its *chétif* scaffolding of bamboo and palm-trunk. I cannot understand how Señor Homem de Mello (Viagem ao Paraguay, February, March, 1869) calls this thing a "magnifica basilica." Further west again is a long ground-floor barn, the "Club Nacional," as we read upon the lamps that front its entrance. It was once civilized—as far, at least, as lodging its members at the rate of sixteen riyals (six shillings) per day; and during *fêtes* it was always well filled. The newspaper literature, however, was confined to the *Semanario*, or weekly organ of the Government; and to the *Correo de Ultramar*. The library contained a few volumes of silly stories, and Colonel du Graty's "Paraguay;" whilst upon the table lay pictures of Parisian fashions; in fact, the *Petit Courrier*. Billiards and cards were of course encouraged. Sentinels are now at the door, and the soldier seems lord of all he surveys at Asunciou. He is accused of excessive "looting," and not a few of the officers are supposed to

have lent him a ready hand. But there could have been little to plunder, and the noise made about an old piano taken from the club suggests far more smoke than fire. And why should not the soldier be allowed to plunder a deserted place? Why cut away from him half the inducement to fight? Prize-money, all the world over, enriches mostly the non-combatant; and the barefaced way in which it is habitually "shroffed" has made the very word a scandal. Those who abuse the Brazilians will do well, before throwing the stone, to remember certain glass-houses at Hyderabad, Sind, and the Summer Palace, China.

Passing through the market-place we find, further south, a third and a more extensive square, formed by smaller and meaner tenements. It is considerably larger than anything at Buenos Aires. Formerly the place "presented a most picturesque aspect at sunrise, several hundreds of women dressed in white being assembled to dispose of their different wares—fruits, cigars, cakes, and other comestibles." At present all is barren. In it is the United States Legation, which Mr. Washburn had insisted upon not transferring to Luque. The house is now the Gran Hotel de Cristo—devotional-sounding, but unusual. The Calle Pilcomayo hard by, on the ridge crest falling to the south, would be the finest site for a palace, and it commands a magnificent view of plain, hill, and river. The large whitewashed building to the south-west has become the Brazilian military hospital.

The population of Asuncion was made by Du Graty 48,000. Mr. Mulhall reduces the figure to one-half, including the suburbs. Mr. Mansfield lets it down to 20,000; and I would further diminish it to 12,000. We have now learned the ropes and mastered the peculiarity of its physiognomy. It is the true type and expression of Paraguay—of a people robbed and spoiled. The Presidential House would have paid the paving of half the town. Public

conveniences are nowhere; the streets are wretched; drainage has not been dreamed of; and every third building, from the chapel to the theatre, is unfinished. The shops were miserable stores, like those of the "camp-towns" in the Argentine Republic. The post-office consisted of two small rooms in a private house. The barracks and churches, the dungeons, and the squares for reviews, are preposterous. Every larger house belongs to the reigning family Lopez. The lieges, if not in the caserne or the violon, must content themselves with the vilest ranchos, lean-tos, and tiled roofs supported, not by walls, but by posts. Nor may they display their misery: it must be masked from the eye of opulence by the long dead brick walls that connect palace with palace. A large and expensively-built arsenal, river-side docks, a tramway, and a railway, have thrown over the whole affair a thin varnish of civilization; but the veneering is of the newest and the most palpable: the pretensions to progress are simply skin-deep, and the slightest scratch shows under the Paraguayan Republic the Jesuitized Guarani.

I had expected to find Asuncion the last of the many little Moscows by which the Marshal-President marked the line of his retreat. Possibly, in their overweening national self-confidence, the Paraguayans expected, despite all disasters, soon to come to their own again. Even the railway had not been pulled up, and was allowed to save the Allied Army some two months' work. Farewell!

LETTER XXV.

AT AND ABOUT ASUNCION.

Asuncion, April 13, 1869.

MY DEAR Z——,

I found at headquarters a complete change of masters. Marshal the Duke de Caxias had given up the command to General Guilherme Xavier de Souza, and had departed with his staff, including Brigadier Fonseca. Osorio and Argolo had left Paraguay badly wounded; and of the old hands only General Menna Barreto, who had fought through the war, remained. In the fleet, Admiral Carvalho, the Barão da Passagem, who succeeded the Visconde de Inhaúma (at Rio de Janeiro, March 8, 1869), had been reemplaced by Admiral Elisiario, one of the best officers now sent up when no longer of use; and the able and energetic Captain of the Fleet, Commodore Alvim, was no longer to the fore. The Councillor José Maria da Silva Paranhos, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Cabinet of Saõ Christovão, had returned, after inspecting Asuncion, to the labours of his especial mission at Buenos Aires. This able diplomatist, committed to a war policy, they say, since 1858, had been sent from the Brazil with orders to establish at the capital of Paraguay a provisional government, with an acting President.

For the chief magistracy there were many candidates. Those foremost in the field were Dr. Serapio Machain, an invalid hardly expected to live; sundry members of the influential and deeply-injured Decoud family; Colonel Iturburú, who long commanded the Paraguan Legion in the Allied

Army; Señor Egisquiza, who was believed to be a "Lopizta," and D. Carlos Saguier, an Argentine merchant, son of a French settler, and born in the little Republic. The latter's brother was the D. Adolfo Saguier, an Argentine captain who had distinguished himself by a highly sensational report concerning the "atrocities of Lopez." It is to be feared, however, that Paraguayan blood will always lapse into the path of Francia and Lopez. Moreover, a President without subjects enough to form a ministry—as is at present the case—would be a palpable absurdity, and M. Paranhos could not lend himself to the farce of creating a nation out of a few war-prisoners.

Messrs. Prytz and Peterkin were absent on leave. M. and Madame Auguste Chapperon, of the Italian Consulate, had run down to Buenos Aires. The Portuguese Consul had been shot, they say, by "Supreme" order. M. Cochelet, Consul de France,* had been succeeded by M. Cuverville, ex-Elève Consulaire. I did not seek the acquaintance of this young person, who wore upon his arm four of the very broadest gold stripes—where will the broadcloth be when he shall become Consul General? An ugly story, involving a serious breach of confidence, was current about him and the family of the unfortunate Mr. Taylor. Moreover, he was in the habit of setting afloat apocryphal tales which found their way into the papers. One was touching a silver handbell, with fleur-de-lis, which belonged to Madame Lynch, and which had been treated with especial distinction by M. Paranhos: the latter assured me that he had bought it at Buenos Aires.

The United States Minister, General Macmahon, was in the mountains with Marshal-President Lopez: no communication from him had reached the sorrowing sisters at

* M. Libertal, the chancellor, universally reported to have been tortured and shot, was removed from Asuncion by the French gunboat.

Buenos Aires. The Brazilian party thereupon declared that he was in durance; but Paraguay was not likely, under the circumstances, so gratuitously to offend her powerful sister Republic. The anti-Brazilians asserted that his letters had been intercepted by the Allies. Commander Parsons, of Her Majesty's steamship *Beacon*, which had relieved the *Linnet*, was awaiting permission to visit the Marshal-President, and to carry off the last of the English *détenus*. I have before referred to the success of this officer's first mission: he had not, however, been supplied with a list of all the British employés, and at the moment of his reception by the President of Paraguay, Messrs. Valpy and Burrell were within two to three miles of him. The Argentines favoured his visit. The Brazilians refused a flag of truce; and although they would have perforce allowed passage through their lines, they would have left him alone and unescorted to find his way across the deserted tract separating them from the enemy. Their overweening self-confidence in their own prowess gives them an arrogance which is becoming very offensive to foreigners. The bullying manner of the subaltern officers, especially with strangers, contrasts most unfavourably with the courtesy of the Generals and Marshals. If any ridiculous assertion concerning "Lop'z," as they pronounce the name, be received with the least reserve, they raise their voices, and, with open sneer, deprecate any "defence of the tyrant." I have before warned you not to confound this négraille—these sweepings of second and third class negroes and negroids—with the noble Brazilian nation. They all believe that such a campaign has never been fought; that such hardships have never been endured; that such battles have never been won. The Empire, for a couple of generations, has been essentially pacific, and the ignorant have of course no idea of what is war.

The Allies knew nothing about the plans or position of Marshal-President Lopez. He might have been at his provisional capital Pirebebuí, the "light skin," east of the Pirajú terminus of the railway; or at Cerro Leon, south-east of the Ypacaray Lake, whilst others placed his actual camp at Ascúrra, further to the north-east. All these are places on the Cuchilla or ridge communicating with the main range, and between ten to fifty miles distant. Of the geographical features, only the names were known. Some declared that the Paraguayan position could be surrounded, which is not probable; others that Ascúrra is a table-land, upon which cavalry attacking from the river could operate. None could explain what there was to prevent the enemy retiring into the mountain fastnesses.

Marshal-President Lopez, on the other hand, was perfectly well informed by his many spies of all that happened in the Allied camp. A certain Hungarian Colonel (in the Paraguayan army), Wisner de Morgenstern, who printed his family arms upon his card, and who had become a great landowner in the Republic, had been imprudently allowed to reside at Asuncion. This is the individual who is said, in conjunction with Madame Lynch and the Coadjutor Bishop Palacios, to have tempted the Marshal-President to attack his neighbours, and, as chief military engineer, to have laid out the absurd entrenchments of Humaitá. He was made prisoner by the enemy in due time, and he kept a small pulperia at the street corner, where officers came for their periodical dram, and visited a pretty daughter, who was reported to reward important intelligence. The Brazilians also confided unduly in two chief officers of the rebel Paraguayan Legion, Colonels Iturburú and Baes. The latter was a man of the kill-you-and-eat-you order. He had repeatedly volunteered to set out with a few troopers under pledge to capture and to caponize the arch-enemy. All,

however, believed that he was most unwilling to see the offer accepted.

Shortly before my arrival, the Paraguayan outposts had attacked the Brazilians with a "railway battery" of two guns, and had killed and wounded some forty men. The steam-engine was charged by the Rio Grandenses, lance in hand; and no one had the presence of mind to lay a log, or to cut the throat of a horse across the rails in rear. The Paraguayans, after doing damage, leisurely retired, and stopped the train to pick up two of their wounded who had fallen out of it. After my departure they fell upon a vedette of cavalry, and drove off, it is said, all the horses. For the first few weeks after the "affreux désastre," they numbered at most 2500 men and youths, most of them hurt and wounded. The wonderful "morosidade" of the Allies allowed the prisoners—the lost and those placed *hors de combat*—to return to their colours; and in April, 1869, Marshal-President Lopez was supposed to have 6000 troops, which others exaggerated to 8000 to 9000. Arms and ammunition had become exceedingly scarce, but the former could always be picked up from the enemy's field of victory, whilst the women were kept to hard labour making cartridges.

A good new hotel—de Paris—is preparing at Asuncion. We lodged at the Hotel de la Minute, which has succeeded the "Hôtel de Francia, a fifth-rate inn, with exorbitant charges for small rooms." We paid, everything included, \$3.50 per diem—a moderate charge for unexpected good treatment. The French owner was an old *soldat d'Afrique*, and he was chafing under an insulted nationality, having been lately "shopped" under the pretext that he was receiving stolen goods, when he was only buying furniture for his inn. At the same time sundry tobacco-bales, the property of a foreigner, were confiscated because he had carried arms against the Allies. This gave rise to a report

that the invaders, who professedly declared war against the Government of Paraguay only, were about to appropriate the belongings of all who had opposed them in the field. As the whole of the Paraguayan population was in this category, the result would have been general spoliation. Nothing of the kind was, I believe, intended; but it was impolitic in the extreme to raise any such question. Marshal-President Lopez could hardly fail to make capital out of the report, and to show his vassal-citizens that they had nothing to expect except by fighting to the last. Meanwhile, money was being coined. I was asked if my claim upon Paraguay had been settled, and was assured that by the easy sacrifice of half of what did not belong to me, the rest could be recovered in hides or in yerba. Afterwards, on board the *Arno*, I met a Brazilian "fornecidor," who, accompanied by his Traviata and his Traviata's mamma and daughter, openly boasted that in three days he had cleared 30,000 silver dollars. This "flogs" even the Anglo-Indian commissariat officer whom we subalterns used to greet with the stock question about the date when he expected transportation.

At Asuncion I again met Lieutenant-Colonel Chodasiewicz: he was amiable as ever, and ready to impart his stores of information; but his position had not improved after the departure of his patron Marshal Caxias. He had proposed to attack the last Paraguayan position on the Lomas, by marching up stream 10,000 men and twelve guns, escorted by the Monitors. The rest of the army having for base the line of the Tebicuary river, would have advanced, not by the Gran Chaco, but eastward of the Laguna Ypoá, and by Caapucú, till they reached the apex of the triangle, Itá, which lies in the rear of Angostura. But such combined movements are hazardous, even when attempted by the best troops.

Fortunately for me, my good friend Dr. Newkirk, formerly of Corrientes, had shifted his quarters further north. He had enjoyed an excellent practice, and in one month was able to clear 600%. Now he complained that the climate, which to me appeared odious, was exceptionally healthy. Asunción, situated in the southern third of the western length of Paraguay, is nearly on the parallel of Rio de Janeiro. Yet here, when we landed, the raw, uncomfortable south wind, which prevails in the cold season, made me remember ague for the first time upon the river. It was presently succeeded by a burst of the tremulous molecular action called heat, damp and stifling as that of Panamá, with a copious evaporation, which generally ends in fearful storms of thunder, lightning, and rain. At 3 P.M. 96° (F.) in the shade, and at 11 A.M. 97°, are not uncommon. The north wind, which prevails during the wet half of the year, is as full of misery as a norther at Buenos Aires. At the springs and changes of the moon, the people expect tempests and shifting of winds. Bad weather at these epochs sometimes lasts through the quarter. It is popularly said here, as in the Brazil, that summer and winter meet in one day, and that Paraguay combines the four seasons in twenty-four hours. Between midnight and 6 A.M., it is spring; summer then extends to noon: the third quarter is autumn; and from 6 P.M. to midnight it is winter. As in São Paulo, the whole season between March and September is the only time to travel. Furious tempests and torrents of rain are usual about the end and beginning of the year.

Dr. Newkirk occupied in Calle Libertad the house belonging to Dr. Stewart, formerly Physician-General to the Paraguayan forces. This gentleman had married a rich native, the niece of Colonel Baes, who brought him also a neat quinta or finca, and some half a dozen estancias, large

cattle farms. No stranger, I may observe, may hold landed property in the Republic; and those who marry Paraguayan women become *de facto* naturalized citizens and subjects. Dr. Stewart had yielded himself prisoner after the battle of the Lomas, when Marshal-President Lopez dashed away from or through the enemy. He afterwards returned to England, landing at Buenos Aires and at Rio de Janeiro, where he was honoured by the Emperor with a lengthened interview. His low estimation of the Marshal President found its way into the newspapers, and thus, it is feared, the safety of his wife and children, who were marched north with the Paraguayan headquarters, may be terribly compromised.

Mr. Williams met at Asuncion an old Bahiano acquaintance, Lieutenant-Colonel da Cunha, commanding 54th Volunteers. He had been badly wounded in the action of December 21, 1868, and only four of his twenty-one officers, and 90 out of 560 men, remained unharmed. These figures prove that, when manfully led, the Brazilian negro will fight. He praised the steadiness of the Paraguayans under arms; also their intelligence, of which I could not discern a trace. He was severe upon the ferocity of their officers, and he spoke of the Duke de Caxias pretty much in the tone adopted by our cavalymen in the Crimea when discussing Lord Cardigan.

We were presently introduced to the foreigners at Asuncion, and I owe the subjoined list of present prices* to the

* Tug steamers are paid according to the tonnage of what they tow, 400*l.* being the general sum from the sea to Asuncion. The ton pays \$16 (*f.*) from Montevideo to Asuncion; a ton of coal from Rozario the same. Pressed hay 6*l.* per fardo of 20 arrobas (each 25 lbs.). Washing, per shirt, 3*s.* Riding horse, per trip, 2*l.* Provisions are dear. Two lean chickens are worth \$2 to \$5 (*f.*); the arroba of beef, \$3 (*f.*); the sheep (small and poor) fetches \$6 (*f.*); cabbages (half grown) per dozen, \$5 to \$10 (*f.*). Meat averages 6*d.* per lb. when at the cheapest. Bread is 1 piaatre

kindness of Mr. Winggaard, a Swede, and Mr. Bertram, who had a Casa de Remate, or auctioneer's office, in the Calle de la Palma. Of the two staples, yerba and tobacco, the first-named once formed half the exports of the Republic; now it is procured with difficulty at the rate of \$2 per lb. The latter is equally scarce. Before the war the comercio, or common quality, ranged between 9 ryals and \$1 40 (f.). The "amestizado" was worth \$2 (f.). The species most prized in Paraguay are the pety-hobi, or "green tobacco," which is cultivated about Villa Rica, and the pety-pará, a "spotted" or "speckled" petun. The latter, known by the large yellow discolorations which appear with the flower, grows only in certain places. The plant is carefully topped, and the leaves, selected by the "acopiador," were tied up into small bundles. A man lately bought for \$5 (f.) an arroba of the latter, but it was probably stolen. The canela, or cinnamon-coloured variety, was ever so rare that it could be purchased only by making interest with a village chief: the value was \$4 to \$6 (f.) per arroba. Little care was taken in curing the weed. My friend Mr. George Thompson, of Buenos Aires, gave me several varieties of small specimen cigars, made about 1860, and then costing 1*l.* 12*s.* per thousand. One of them had a smooth greenish leaf, like the Manilla; another had a "capa" of pety-hobi wrapped round common "comercio." All were too rough in appearance to suit the Eng-

(8 ryals) per twenty-four rolls, each of 1½ oz. Paraguayan diet chiefly consists of maize and mauioc, oranges and maté. All prices are in "patacoons" of ten ryals each. The Boliviano, or Bolivian dollar, is worth two ryals less, or almost three shillings. Wanting small change, the common people have chopped up these pieces into two and four bits; and the half dollar is popularly termed a "Boliviano." House-rent formerly varied from one to three dollars per month, and a pair of lodging-rooms could be had for \$6 to \$7 (f.). Furniture is rare; the citizens mostly slept in hammocks lashed to rings built in the wall.

lish markets, and though mild in flavour were very heady. Yet, as you know, certain connoisseur friends in London did not dislike them.

We wished to visit the French colony of Nueva Burdeos, which I have said proved an utter failure. The site of this place and of other small towns on the far bank of the river may be seen from the uplands, but they may not be visited without the permission of the Brazilian Admiral, who is apt to refuse, judging the trip unsafe. We ascended the highest ground behind Asuncion, despite the dreadful effluvia from the carcasses of cattle, and enjoyed a charming view of the little city, the noble expanse of the river valley, the grand sweep of the stream, and the sinuosities of the Pilcomayo's mouth. On the summit is a maugrullo, with three ladders and a solid roof, guarded by a detachment of Brazilians, and behind it is a cemetery, small and new.

We visited more than once Dr. Stewart's quinta, eastward and out of town. The road runs by the railway workshops, which are unimportant; and past the little church of S. Roque, a single-steeped affair, like most of the others. It then crosses two small wooden bridges thrown across the "Chorro," a rivulet of spring water, at whose mouth ships fill their tanks, and under whose dwarf falls the citizens in happier days enjoyed their douches. Then leaving the railway to the left, our route winds across deep sand, and we pass the house occupied by the Oriental army of 150 men, under General Castro. They are detained here by the general want of transport. On the right is the garden in which are encamped 350 Paraguayan soldiers in charge of two brass guns. I confess that Asuncion appeared at that time eminently open to a *coup-de-main*. The garrison consisted of some thousand Brazilians, dispersed in barracks; in case of a surprise these men, who are subject to panics, however stoutly they may have stood up in the field, would

probably have barricaded themselves ; and, if not, they certainly would have marched up too late. A few corps of Paraguayans might, I believe, have entered Asuncion before dawn, cut the throats of the unarmed residents, and retired with plenty of booty : they would probably have been joined by the 420 men under Colonel Baes.

Beyond the Oriental headquarters we passed dwarf trinchieras, or earthworks, supported by palm-trunks, and commanding the land approach, with platforms for two guns ; of these barricades many are scattered across the several roads. Forging a stream and giving a wide berth to a dead mule, we turned into the gardens that lay on our left. It was impossible not to remark how Brazilian the fauna and flora had become. The chattering ainuns, the parroquets with thrilling flight, and the bem-te-vis were noisy as ever ; the charming white and black viuva flitted from bush to bush as on the banks of the Rio de São Francisco ; and the tame little doves ran along the ground, whilst the large blue pigeons, swifter than the hawk, winged their arrowy flight high above. The quaint staccato voice of the frog contrasted with the monotonous chirping of the nyacúngra or chicharra, a large cicada. Here and there we started a lizard or an iguana, resembling the dragon of Saint George in pictures. There were beetles of many kinds, and achatina shells, mostly tenantless at this season ; the spider wove on almost every tree her large web-like nest, and the ant was, as usual, busily engaged in useless labour.

The monarchs of the woods were the figs, especially the bunchy Ympomen and the Távumen, with dark-coloured fruit. The characteristic trees were mimosas and acacias, especially the ingá, the quebracho, and the jacarandá, or palo de rosa. Of these woods a beam has been found bearing the date " Octubre xx. 1633." I recognised the

cedro, though young, by its hard fruit ; and saw a tree which much resembled the ibirapitanga, or true Brazilian dye-wood. Mr. Mulhall (p. 99) mentions "a tree called by a Guarani name, signifying 'red wood.'" The ñapinday, a prickly mimosa, which closes its leaves at sunset and before showers, was pointed out to me. The palms were the coquito, with the usual raceme, and the fan-leaved carandai, that useful ceroxylon, which is cut for house-roofs only when the moon wanes. Here and there a Persian lilac, "margoso," or Nini tree grew well, whilst the Brazilian araucaria did not thrive. The myrtle and papaw, the araçá and cajú, flourished wild in the bush ; and there was an abundance of the banana, whose fruit before the war was looked upon as "basura" or sweepings. The orange tree is here fifty-five feet tall, far exceeding that of the Brazil, and even of Corrientes ; till thirty years old, it is half-grown, and when arrived at full age it averages per annum 500 fruits. I have heard of its producing thousands. These aristocrates du règne végétal are intolerant of neighbours as the European conifers. Every traveller remarks how clear of grass is the ground which they shadow ; but none explain whether the soil becomes barren by imbibing the acid juice of the fallen fruit, or whether it results from some deleterious emanation.

The shrubs were the fedegoso, so well known in the Brazilian interior ; arrowroot ; wild indigo, now seeding ; the verbena ; the white oleander, here a stranger ; the wild prickly solanum, or "Devil's tomatoes;" the castor-oil plant ; the lantana ; the pinhão bravo, which gives croton oil ; wild tobacco ; the broca, or burr ; and the vidreira from the Gran Chaco, a juniper-like plant, whose ashes reduced to a calx are used by the glass-maker. There are not less than seven species of cactus, chiefly the cylindrical and the quadrangular. The wild flowers are the familiar yincas,

whose lustrous green leaves, contrasting well with its pink blossoms, have recommended it to Europe, and even to Egypt; and the diamela, or Paraguayan jasmine, which resembles a small white camelia, with a rich but feeble perfume. The sensitive plant clothed the campo like clover or lucerne; its flower is a pink catkin; and its stem, armed with small thorns, resembles the feathery mimosa. Convolvulus hung upon the dead stumps; air plants sat upon the tree-forks; and the birds had planted the red-berried parasite wherever it could take root. There was an abundance of sarsaparilla;* of the red-stemmed sugarcane; of melons; of the arachis or ground-nut, which here takes the place of the olive; of mandioca, the local parsnip; of oats, which, formerly unknown by name in the Republic, now grow wild; whilst the cotton, which at one time promised to become a staple of Paraguayan export, was black with neglect.

The house was the normal quinta of the country; strong and substantially built. A deep verandah, fronting a lawn to westward, and commanding through the shady trees a fine view of the city, led to a hall and four rooms remarkable for nothing but their ceilings. The offices were to the south, and the interior was in disorder: torn books lay in the corners, a huge mirror had been smashed, and the furniture was represented by the foul beds of the Paraguayan "care-taker" and his friends—ruffians like himself, who sleep all night and half the day. He has given up the tenement to these "four great orders of knighthood"—

"The earwig, the midge, the bedroom B.,
Never forgetting the gladsome flea."

A companion, Mr. M'Nab, gave him a sovereign to fetch

* From "zarza," a thorn; and "parilla," a vine: not a gridiron, as Dobrizhoffer has it.

an "asa'o" for breakfast. He returned after three hours, swearing that the coin had slipped out of his pocket. Even a negro would hardly have done this.

Thence we walked northwards to the house of the Señora Doña Macedonia, a niece of General Berges, aged eighteen, and a great favourite with foreigners. As she was absent we entered the pulperia, or drinking-shop, upon the ground-floor, and failed to buy a tin of sardines, because the house had no change for a gold piece. All about were pretty "villas;" and the roads, which were adorned with the noble palma real, so much admired at Rio de Janeiro, showed signs of careful hedging.

We also visited the finca of Madame Lynch, which was said to grow some two hundred arrobas of coffee. The bungalow was neat, and fronted by a lawn through which brick conduits led to a plunge-bath in a grassy hollow. The Mocha was not forthcoming, but there was a vinery which, trained to arbours, as are all in these regions, must have produced a quantity of grapes. The aged stems lay helpless upon the ground, and all was desolation; the only inhabitants were a few Paraguayan peasants, who were eating their chipas, or coarse brioche and chocoló, the "búta" of Hindostan, young maize roasted or boiled.

Our excursions about Asuncion were always short. The climate, to strangers at least, is exceedingly enervating; and very few miles in deep sand suffice for the best-girt walker. Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

AGAIN TO THE ALLIED FRONT.

Asuncion, April 15, 1869.

MY DEAR Z——,

There are two ways of making Luque, the ex-provisional capital village, where the Allied headquarters lie: by horse along the old road, or by the railway which I told you the Paraguayans neglected to tear up. It is believed that the whole is open as far as Pirayú terminus, 54 miles, which would lead into the heart of Lopez-land; and that the enemy contented himself, after sending down his locomotive battery, with destroying three bridges, including the Juquery, which is one league and a half beyond the headquarters.

We had been warned that the journey by rail would not be pleasant, and, expecting nothing, we were not disappointed. The first daily train, at 6 A.M., is held dangerous. Of late, certain waggoners have been arrested for cutting the trestles, holding that the caminho de ferro spoils their trade. Every train, in fact, does the work of nine carts, which can carry only two bales of pressed hay each, and without the iron road, the Brazilian operations, I have told you, would have been greatly delayed.

Mr. Williams and I were introduced to the Major, who, stick in hand, ruled the station. Under the military system of Marshal-President Lopez, all the railway officials were captains and lieutenants, and a military band played on each arrival of the train. We found M. Petersen, a Dane, and inspecting engineer, exceedingly civil. The second

train had started before its time ; apparently the departures are never exact, except when you reckon upon their inexactitude. We passed the time in inspecting the fine barracks of San Francisco, and the "banquillo" or benchlet, facing east, a seat between two posts, where criminals were shot at daybreak against a dead wall. Traitors, as usual in these lands, were fired into from behind.

The Major had promised us places by the third train, which leaves at 10 A.M., and for this time we were careful not to be late. Every appliance was of the rudest description. The asthmatic little engine—which, after serving its time upon the Balaklava line, and being condemned as useless at Buenos Aires, had been shipped off to Paraguay—was driven by a Brazilian officer in goggles. Passenger-carriages there were none ; and the shallow waggons piled three stories high with sacks of maize and bales of pressed alfalfa, each weighing 300 to 400 lbs., formed a perch from which a fine act of flying into the nearest field could be performed. Something of the kind happened to the next batch of travellers, with due fracture of nose, limb, and head.

Dr. Newkirk was accompanied by his faithful servant, a Correntino, who hardly lost a moment in getting drunk, and in addressing us generally with *jápú*—a lie. After the usual delay, we wound slowly through the eastern suburbs, hard stared at by a few "half-sarkit" and cotton-drawered natives, an ill-favoured race, of whom no "pathetic fallacy" could make a provisional government. Our eyrie was lined with a body of Paraguayan dames and damsels, all more or less tinged by red-skin blood. They screamed lustily when the smoke and steam combining to blow in our faces, spotted skin and raiment with blacks, as though we had been peppered. The dress was a red or white cloth over the shoulders, a *tipoi* or chemisette very open in front, and a petticoat with lace flounces ; shoes were rare, and

the hair was plaited behind, and formed into two bunches, somewhat like the coiffures of Harar. They spoke Guarani to one another, Spanish to us. Amongst the detached houses one was shown to me where the redoubtable Francia had passed a considerable portion of his manhood, poring over a scanty library, meditating upon the future, and, doubtless, eating his ambitious heart, as must have been the case with a certain contemporary of ours who also rose to a throne. The curves were exaggerated; the light engine seemed to jump rather than to run; the canting over caused our fair neighbours—officially called fair—to clutch at us with iron fingers, and I never felt—even while racing against time over the unstuffed pots of the “Santos and Jundiahy”—that we were doing better to secure a spill.

The worst part was up a swelling loma that extended nearly to the half-way village, La Trinidad. Its single-steepled church, whose belfry spreads out above to support a huge vane, contains under a long triple profile of tile-roof, the mortal spoils of the late President Lopez (senior). Around this are scattered the picturesque “Summer Palaces,” with quintas and naranjales, laid out by the reigning family for their conquerors, and huts smothered in dense copse and glorious trees. Trinity was celebrated for cock-fights, and still stood there a single large riñadero (pit), in the normal shape of a skeleton wooden circus, bared of its thatch. The scatter of upright poles and torn mattings, all now deserted, showed where the Argentine forces had lately been encamped. From this point the little city looks exceedingly well. At no great distance to the right of the road is the Recoleta, or original cemetery, so called from the “Recolets” of old authors.

Beyond La Trinidad the road greatly improved, and its long straight lines spanned in perspective the Campo Grande, a charming grassy plain, with rare “rolls” and “dips,”

ups and downs. Upon its further side rises the loma, which shows the Luque village, a neat place seen from a distance. Here the bridges were in good repair; the stations were for the most part remarkably substantial, as if made to last for ever; and that opposite La Trinidad was a neat chalet. The carpenters will not take the trouble to whittle down their extremely hard timber, and building material everywhere abounds.

After a run of little more than seven miles in thirty minutes, during which the levels rose to 200 feet, we reached the Luque station,* and were greeted by one of the employés, Señor Cordeiro, who remembered my former visit to the front. This gentleman gave me two parchment-bound volumes, containing the Life and Miracles of Saint Ignatius de Loyola. I also managed to procure a mutilated translation of Colonel du Graty, with notes by D. Carlos Calvo. This work was officially recommended to all good patriots, and hundreds of copies were found in store at Asuncion. The literature affected by foreigners in Paraguay seems mostly to have consisted of grammars, dictionaries, and ready letter-writers. Travellers remarked that, although all the natives could read and write, a village often contained only a single book.

We found Luque the normal settlement derived from the Jesuit ages; a single quadrangle surrounded by some forty or fifty ground-floor houses, with deep verandahs or corridors on wooden posts, whitewashed walls and red-tiled roofs. All opened, for better espionage, upon the grassy space in front. To the east was a mean little chapel, and on the west was the great comercio, or camp-bazar. We chose the Hotel de Paz, a kind of booth, where for a sovereign we break-

* For the rest of the line, as far as Itauguá (twenty-five miles), and a visit to Pirayú, Paraguarí, Yaguaron, and Itá, Mr. M. Mulhall (page 95) may be consulted to advantage.

fasted decently, with bread and vin de pays, a stewed fowl, and the best beef that we had eaten in Paraguay. Drunken soldiers were lounging about, and Dr. Newkirk, after inspecting the accounts of his fraudulent apothecary, at once recognised the brand of a favourite charger belonging to Dr. Stewart. The trooper who rode it was of the San Martin corps, but a dollar and a card sent to the commanding officer soon caused the restoration of the stolen property.

The country about Luque consisted of landwaves dotted with ant-hills and tussocky grass; and belts of wood, especially thorn-coppice, dividing open esteros, rivulets here called cañadas, and marshes and mud-pools floored with hard clay. Here and there a bunch or bouquet of vegetation somewhat better than usual, showed the "copuera," or countryman's house. In this part of Paraguay the "capilla"-village is not known; the people live in detached farms with mud walls, and open ranchos surrounded by oranges, palms, and mamones, as papaws are named after the shape of their fruit. Cotton was formerly grown here in fields neatly kept as gardens, and some contained 300 lineos, or 20,000 hills. The shrub has now been allowed to run wild. Marshal-President Lopez had made, much like Mohammed Pasha of Egypt, the planting of tree-wool obligatory, and with 20,000 troops at his command, hands were never wanting. The soil is distinctly poor: the Brazilians declare that they are fighting for a country—unspoiled "Arcadia of English capitalists," the "most interesting, loveliest, pleasantest in the world"—which they would not accept as a gift. At present the surface is tolerably pure; presently it will become a sheet of offal and garbage, and the waters will be turned into cess, and sink, stagnant and putrid, into animal and vegetable decay.

After breakfast we crossed the railway in order to call upon the Exmo. Sr General-in-Jefe del Ejercito Argentino,

the Brigadier-General D. Emilio Mitre, to whom we carried letters from President Sarmiento, and from his distinguished brother, D. Bartholomé. I was astonished to find that officer in proximity with the Brazilians, the *Saturday Review*, usually so well informed, having lately "virtually dissolved the triple alliance of the two Plate (sic) Republics with the Empire."

The Argentine camp lay north-west of the comercio. The site was a pleasant slope facing eastward, where stood the lines of the several corps, most of the tents being bushed in with branches of orange trees mercilessly hacked down. Altogether you could hardly imagine a more pleasant place for a picnic in fine weather—in rain it must be hideous. There was an unmistakeable improvement in the aspect of things; the men were cleaner; their uniforms were more uniform; they did not look discontented; and their foul tents of hides had been exchanged for canvas. Still, however, almost all those we saw, officers excepted, were foreigners: Frenchmen, Germans, and Spaniards, and not a few who wore the easily-detected look of the runaway British seaman, completed the "collection of human zoology." After the late events at Loma Valentina, there has been even less of *entente cordiale* between the Allies than before; and the Argentines smart under the conviction that they had been robbed of their credit by the Generalissimo Caxias. I heard of but one Englishman, Colonel Fitzmorris, who bore a commission, but doubtless there are others.

We gave our cards to a sentinel who was pacing in the perfumed shade of the naranjal, and an aide-de-camp presently led us up to where D. Emilio was sitting in uniform upon his easy-chair. Near him rose his small campaigning tent, and opposite it stood a carriage-bed, a kind of fourgon, somewhat like the old waggon of the Suez road, captured from Marshal-President Lopez, after the flight from

Loma Valentina, and containing as you will see, a wealth of damaging documents. Good horses were tethered to the tree-stumps around. The General welcomed us, glanced at our letters, and asked if we had breakfasted—it is his generous practice to keep open house or tent. He then produced a box of the best Havannas, which were followed by cups of the fragrant Yungaz coffee. Originally from Mocha, this Bolivian variety is justly held in the highest esteem; unfortunately it is rare as it is delicious. I first tasted it in the hospitable house of the Messrs. Duguid at Buenos Aires, and the perfumed flavour faintly suggested the odour of incense.

The guest-rite concluded, we sat down to a table spread with charts, especially an enlarged copy of Captain Mouché's excellent map, into which details taken from various informants had been filled. D. Emilio pointed out to us what he thought should be the future of a campaign, concerning which I can only say that it still drags its slow length along when it should have finished in the beginning of 1869. Commanding the Argentines during the latter part of the war, he has seen much service, and he will probably see more. He is one of the few Platines that have ever shown aptitude for la grande guerre, and his country has done wisely to employ him. D. Emilio is a tall, stout figure, well known for personal strength, and he has the jovial look which often accompanies great physical force; his beard is dark and full; his hair, though not grey, is becoming scanty at the poll, and yet he appears much younger than his brother, D. Bartholomé. Altogether he is a prepossessing and military figure, which must commend itself to the sex whose commendation he mostly values. His men are thoroughly satisfied with him, and he has something to say in favour of their dash, but little about that *solidarité* which he so much admires in the

Paraguayans. They must win by the first charge, and they have a holy horror of playing long-stop to besieged bowlers. The foreign portion has probably never fought before. Gaucho warfare consists of scattering before the fight, galloping about, banging guns and pistols in the air, shouting the Redskin "slogan," and foully abusing one another's feminine relatives. The infantry take shelter, and advance under cover so as to steal a march upon the enemy. Both cavalry and infantry retire when a few men have been wounded or killed ; and, after the "battle" the throats of all prisoners are cut, according to the fashion of the Mohawks. D. Emilio praised the persistency of the Brazilian whites, who, in this particular, apparently resemble the Russians. He numbered his men at 5000, and he did not seem to think an increase probable ; many a "tropilla" of horses must be forthcoming before even these can move.

On our taking leave, D. Emilio gave us a general invitation to dine with him, and in this case it is equivalent to a particular. Returning to the Luque village, we called upon Colonel Ferreira, Chief of Camp Police. His quarters, situated a little behind the only square, have been, to judge from the rudimental arms of the Republic painted upon the walls, an official residence. Then proceeding to the State House, at the north-eastern angle of the Plaza, we sent in our cards to the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Army, Marshal Guilherme Xavier da Souza. His adjudante d'ordens (aide-de-camp) courteously asked us to sit down whilst the Generalissimo was finishing some official business. Presently we entered, and found him in a camp chair before a plain deal table, which bore materials for making cigarettes. A tall thin man, with pallid, not to say yellow skin, high features, and straight thin black hair, together with an expression of countenance peculiarly Brazilian, his nationality is not to be mistaken. He was dressed in mufti, black

from head to foot, without any sign of his rank, or even of his profession. Dr. Newkirk declared that he had never seen him look so well; I thought his appearance almost corpse-like. He is evidently suffering from liver complaint, and at times sudden faintness compels him to dismount from his charger. His enemies declare that his ill-health began with a fall upon parade, when he struck with his sword at an officer. They also injuriously call him General da Corte—but what else was the gallant Lord Raglan? Moreover, the Generalissimo is only acting temporarily, like a certain "Jemmy Simpson" who was sent to uphold in the Crimea the honour of the British arms, when nearly a decade before he was pronounced superannuated in Sind. The Marshal spoke freely of the war. He numbers his men at 20,000, forming the two *corps d'armée*, commanded by Generals Machado Bittancourt and the highly-distinguished Menna Barreiro; and he would fain have a third of 10,000 more. The vanguard consisted of 4000 men, under the Brigadier Vasco Alves, who held the Juquery bridge. He was very severe upon the climate of Paraguay, with its immense variety of "immundities," but he expected that the approaching winter would do him good.

From the Quartel General we walked about the camp, which is kept in far better order than the city; and we inspected the men, who seemed, like mulatto children, to grow darker every month. Except here and there an officer or a bandsman, all appeared to be deeply tarred. Again we found the unpleasant spectacle of begging soldiers, even amongst the highly-paid volunteers. Mr. Williams was assured by a liberated African whom he had seen at Bahia that the men had been in arrears for nine months. The officers could not wholly deny the fact, but they justify the non-payment for three to four months, as proposed by the Duke de Caxias, on the grounds that the soldiers have all

they want, and that the issue of money is a signal for all manner of disorders. When recounting my experience to high authorities at Rio de Janeiro, I found that this style of procedure was there unknown.

At Luque we witnessed the unloading of three railway waggons, under charge of a furious major of infantry, acting conductor. The maize sacks and hay bales were tossed one by one upon the muddy ground, and were slowly rolled up the bank of the little cutting by a score of negro Sepoys in fatigue suits. As usual in these lands of liberty, every boy gave his opinion, and obtained at least as good a hearing as his seniors. In France or England some seven hundred men would have been told off, and they would have done in ten minutes the work which here occupied nearly an hour. This typical slowness in small matters illustrates the whole course of the long campaign. The Juquery bridge took nearly a month to repair, and a facetious editor at Buenos Aires allowed the Brazilians half a year before they could prepare a fresh base of operations.

As we left Luque in an unloaded train, pushed by the engine at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, we were cheered by a characteristic incident. Suddenly in the evening air appeared a bundle of something describing a parabola: it was a Brazilian soldier in uniform, who thought jumping the readiest way to leave the waggon. All supposed him a dead man, but his African head had alighted like a shell upon the loose sandy surface. He rolled over as might a toy tumbler, and at last, seated upon his broadest breadth, with highlows extending skywards, he displayed at us flashing ivories and widely-open eyes which recalled the inlayings of some Lower Empire statue.

We were not sorry to find ourselves, sound in limb, once more within the walls of the Hotel de la Minute.

Farewell.

LETTER XXVII.,

AND LAST.

Buenos Aires, April 21, 1869.

MY DEAR Z——,

H.R.H. the Comte d'Eu, with that devotion to the interests of his adopted country which has ever characterized his career, volunteered his services as Commander-in-Chief of all the Brazilian forces operating in the Republic of Paraguay, and they had been accepted on March 22, 1869. It was popularly said in the Brazil that only His Imperial Majesty and the people, supported through thick and thin the war policy, whilst the Conservatives who were in office showed signs of wishing to conclude an honourable peace. Many therefore believed that the gallant and amiable young Prince, still only twenty-seven, was a victim to politics, and fated to fail. They predicted for him an enthusiastic reception—a banquet, with speechifying, boasting, and promising in foison ; much hurry, bustle, and confusion ; a movement rather circular than progressive ; and at last, ill-health and resignation. The husband of the Princess Imperial, however, accepted without hesitation the task of pushing on the fight to which he was virtually pledged, and persevered with stout heart and all the energy of his house. On April 6, 1869, he reached Monte Vidéo, accompanied by his staff, whose chief, by-the-bye, was the ex-Minister of War, General Polidoro da Fonseca Quintanilha Jordão. That officer, you may remember, succeeded (July 10, 1866) General Osorio in command of the Brazilian forces : he left in Paraguay a name by no means popular with either army.

On April 14 the Comte d'Eu showed his promptitude by hearing a salute at Asuncion, and by occupying the Cuartel General three days afterwards at Luque. Thence he addressed to his men the following proclamation :—

“ Having been appointed, by an Imperial decree of March 22nd ult., Commander-in-Chief of all the Brazilian forces operating against the Government of Paraguay, I this day undertake the arduous task.

“ Upon the heroic troops now united under my command the Brazil has reposed her dearest hopes.

“ It is for us to attain, by a supreme effort, the full end which placed under arms the Brazilian nation ; to restore to our beloved country the peace and security indispensable to the full development of her prosperity.

“ With such holy objects presented in our minds, each of us will ever do his duty.

“ This is the anniversary of the day when, led by a general of indescribable heroism, you effected, in face of the enemy, one of the most daring of military operations.

“ Numberless proofs of bravery and endurance, displayed before and after that ever-memorable date by the Army, the Navy, and the Volunteers, have shed deathless glory upon the Brazilian arms.

“ The God of Armies will not allow the fruits of so many sacrifices, of so much perseverance, to be in vain. He will again crown our efforts and those of our loyal Allies ; a final triumph will secure for four nations the benefits of peace and liberty, and victorious we will see again the delicious sky of our native land.

“ Comrades ! you will find me ever ready to advocate before the powers of the State your legitimate interests.

“ Obligated, when I least expected it, to take the place of generals whose experience had guided them through the

trials of a prolonged war, I trust to receive from one and all of you the most cordial co-operation.

“Your support will enable me to fulfil all the demands of the arduous commission imposed upon me by my deep devotion to the greatness of Brazil.

“Long live the Brazilian nation !

“Long live the Emperor !

“Long live our Allies !

(Signed) “GASTON D'ORLEANS,
“Commander-in-Chief.”

I will only say of this “Order of the day” that it shows the best intentions, but that it lacks flavour and originality, whilst the appeal to the “God of Armies” is an antiquated practice rapidly falling into decent disuse.

My task was now at end. I had now seen all the most interesting sites of the most heroic struggle known to the world since the “Beggars” of the Lower Provinces arrayed themselves against Philip of Spain. My companion and I had only to intone the pleasant words—

“Tralala—lalala, partons !
Oui, partons !
Prenons nos attributs.”

We ran down to the river in the *Osorio*, Captain Smith, an old acquaintance ; and enjoyed ourselves in the company of the “raw Scotch laddie ;” whilst Mr. Cawmell, the purser, could complain only of over-fatigue—perhaps he was born tired—induced by perpetually handling the “swizzle-stick.” The next day saw us at Humaitá, whose batteries had clean disappeared, whilst the church had not been repaired. The river bank looked low after the falaise of Asuncion, even as the grand proportions of Rio (de Janeiro) Bay and

“The tow’ring headlands crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows,”

are dwarfed by contrast with the Platine mouth. Corrientes

again looked exceedingly mean and unclean, and we then transferred ourselves, in a violent squall, to the neat little steamer *Goya*, Captain Bellesi.

The *Goya* landed us at Buenos Aires, not without a trifling adventure which might have turned out serious. When night was about its noon on Saturday, April 17, we were suddenly thrown clean out of our berths. The crushing and crashing of spars told us that a collision had taken place. We ran on deck, expecting an ugly swim and cold dreary night amongst the mosquitoes. But I was once more in luck, having just escaped the *Santiago* wrecked at midnight in Mercy Bay, Straits of Magellan. Large loomed a hull, the *Itapicurú* steamer, which had just crossed our bows. Fortunately, however, as we were making thirteen knots an hour, the captain and the two English engineers were on the alert, and "Stop 'er!" and "Back 'er!" were ordered and obeyed in a few instants. We swept away the enemy's three boats, whilst several of our plates were destroyed; the stanchions were twisted as if by machinery, and we sustained a total of damage estimated at \$3000 (f.). We followed the foe, whistling her to stop, which of course she did not, and the results of the affair were legal proceedings, in which the *Goya* will be happy if she receives half her claims.

My most obliging and accomplished friend, Mr. G. P. Crawford, at once carried me off to the office of the Buenos Aires "Tribuna," where I renewed acquaintance with a fellow traveller, D. Hector Varela, and was introduced to his brother, D. Rufino. The latter allowed me to inspect the documents taken at Loma Valentina from the private carriage of Marshal-President Lopez; and these prove him to be

"Cunning and fierce—mixture abhorred."

They range through upwards of a decade, and throw a fierce

light upon the shades of Paraguayan civilization. Thus, whilst sundry partisans brazenly assert that the Republic decreed that from January 1, 1843, "the wombs of female slaves should be free" and manumitted all her serviles before 1851, I found a document, stamped "Sello Cuarto," and dated April 19, 1858, in which serviles were sold to D. Miguel (now Colonel) Baes for 125 (f.) a head. The dollars were of full value, but in paper, as Paraguay lacked silver. Again, the *Esclavos del Estado* are alluded to in a rescript dated 1862.

With these papers before me it was easy to understand how desertion from the Paraguayan army was next to impossible. The soldiers never went out of camp alone, or in a lesser number than four; and each answered for the other three with his life. A General Order, dated Paso la Patria, March 25, 1866, and signed by one of the most sanguinary officers, Francisco Z. Resquin, thus establishes the award of "levanting," and even of sleeping whilst on duty. The culprit was shot. The two men that stood on parade to his right and left received each twenty-five "palos"—lashes with a bull's hide. The cabo or corporal of the section was degraded to the ranks for two months, and ran the gauntlet till some forty blows were dealt to him "en circulo." To the sergeant of the company were awarded fifty "palos de parado," on foot; moreover, he was ordered to serve one month as a soldier, and one as a corporal. The commissioned officer was "remitted to his Excellency the Marshal-President," and his penalty was arbitrary: usually, the offender was reduced to march in the ranks with naked feet; sometimes he forfeited life. All offences committed in the vanguard came under the especial jurisdiction of the President, and none ever found mercy. It was rumoured that in the most obstinate attacks the Paraguayans were formed, Roman-like, in three lines; and that if one fled the corps immediately to the rear was ordered to fire upon its

comrades in arms. This also appeared to be confirmed by a General Order. The mothers or wives of the bravest officers, who were compelled by the fate of war to yield themselves prisoners, were forced publicly to disown their sons and husbands as traitors to the country; and failing to do so they were imprisoned, exiled, or flogged to death. It is generally believed that the Draconian edicts issued against desertion became with time still more bloodthirsty, and that shooting the collateral offenders was preferred to flogging.

An original and sundry copies of courts martial (consijos de guerra) were given to me as specimens. They were of the most summary and drum-head nature. Paper, like salt, had become exceedingly rare, one of the reasons being that affairs of the most trivial nature were lengthily documented, and forwarded to headquarters. Two pieces about the size of your hand, coarsely made out of caraguatá, or fibre of the wild bromelia, and, to judge from the red lines, torn from some account-book, were tacked together and covered with writing. A man's life is in each one of them, and the tenor usually is as follows:—

“ Long live the Republic of Paraguay !

“ Relation of the soldier Candido Ayala, of the company of Grenadiers, and of the battalion No. 3, and it is as follows:—

“ The said soldier, when standing at night around the fire with other men of his own company, repeated to them the sayings and the offers made to him by the enemy, as he was going in the vanguard under Serjeant-major Citizen Benito Rolon, on occasion of finding himself where he and they could hold communication. One of them said to him, ‘ Come you amongst us; throw away your hide-ponchos; here

we are well, you will want nothing, and forget your President, an Indian, old and pot-bellied!’ And the moment that the commandant of the corps happened to be near them and heard their conversation, he reproved them and cut them short, saying ‘Silence! who authorized you to repeat such words uttered by that canaille? and how dare they speak against or insult our Marshal, he being the handsomest and most gracious (*gracioso*) sovereign in all the American continent?’ Upon which he called up the soldier, and asked him with what idea he had repeated a conversation which tended to wound and personally to injure our Lord (Señor) President. The other replied that he had repeated it without evil thought, not knowing it to be blameable, and at once he was placed in the stocks at the colour guard, where he remains, the report being thus sent to the Commandant of the Division.

“Encampment of San Fernando, April 4, 1868.

Signed, “JULIAN N. GODOY.”

“By order of the Most Excellent Lord Marshal President of the Republic, and General-in-Chief of its Armies, let the above-named soldier, Candido Ayalo, of the battalion No. 3, be shot (*pasese por las armas*), and let the individuals of his company who were with him, listening to his words, be chastised with fifty blows (*palos*); the execution of this sentence being committed to the sergeant-major commandant of the said corps, who, in carrying out the order, will ascertain the names of those chastised with blows, for the purpose of reporting them.

“Encampment at Tebicuary, April 4, 1868.

Signed, “F. Z. RESQUIN.”

“In carrying out the present order, received with due respect, to shoot the soldier Candido Ayala, of the battalion

No. 3, for the reason above stated, I had this done to-day according to command, and I caused to be chastised with fifty blows the sergeant Faustino Sanabria, and the corporals José Jiqueredo and Blas Jimenes, and the soldiers Baltazar Medina, Mathilde Piro, Tomas Duarste, Cecilio Maciel, and Canuto Galeano, who had given ear to the provoking words of the said Ayala; and as the soldier Canuto Galeano was chastised by some mistake of the corporal with forty-nine blows, I ordered the fifty to be completed, upon which he turned to me as if offended, and asked me to chastise him still more if necessary. For which insolence I had him chastised with twenty-five more blows, and left him in the stocks.

All which I respectfully report to your Lordship (V. Señoría).

“Encampment at S. Fernando, April 4, 1868.

Signed, “JULIAN NICANOR GODOY.”

In almost all cases the men were shot for leaving camp to visit their families or relatives. On April 20, 1868, private Pedro Guanto was charged by two boys, respectively aged twelve and fifteen years, with having asserted some months before that Paraguay was not strong enough to support the war—“parece que vamos a perder” He was “passed under arms.” Amongst the orders was one dated August 15, 1868, by the Secretary of War and Marine, degrading General the Citizen Vicente Barrios, married to D. Ynocencia, the President’s elder sister, and transferring his rank to the honorary Colonel Luis Caminos, officer of the National Order of Merit. Another, dated December, 1868, acquits and releases D. Venancio Lopez, whom all at Buenos Aires had “put to death by that species of torture known as the Cepo Uruguayana.” After September 10, 1868, nothing transpired concerning the fate of D. Benigno

Lopez. Some declare that on the road to execution he said to an acquaintance, "Take my hat; a man about to die wants no head covering." Others reported that he had been flogged to death by Aveiros, a government clerk, and by Matias Goiguru, a captain of cavalry; while others assert him to be still living. The same is the case with Vice-President Sanchez; whilst a few saw his body at San Fernando, many are convinced that he still breathes the upper air.

The women of Paraguay were not less arbitrarily treated. I saw one order for 700 of them, and another 810, to proceed, guarded by an officer and thirty troopers—who probably had no sinecure—with all possible despatch to the Capilla de Caacupé, where they were to "occupy themselves usefully in agriculture," maize and mandioca. The Allies may therefore give up all hopes of starving out this stubborn foe. Another document (Sept. 26, 1867), establishes a central commission for receiving money, or, that failing, jewellery and precious stones, required for the defence of fatherland. La Señora, the President's mother, subscribes fifty ounces; and D. Elisa Alicia Lynch, one hundred. It is, therefore, vain to say that Marshal-President Lopez must put his subjects to death in order to plunder their property.

Yet amidst the papers of sternest import, the instruments of tyranny which riveted chains upon a free people, are others which show heart of a softer stuff. The President of Paraguay, compared with Tiberius and Nero, is anxious about his eldest son "Panchito" (F. Lopez), who was so often reported to have been slain in battle when only about thirteen to fourteen years old. He shows much tenderness to his youngest child Leopoldo. I saw the original of the following, which he addressed before the affair of Loma Valentina, to Major-General Macmahon:—

“ Piquisiri, December 23, 1868.

“ SIR,—As the representative of a friendly nation, and to provide against all that may happen, allow me to entrust to your care the subjoined document, by which I transfer to Doña Elisa Lynch all my private effects of whatever description.

“ I beg you will have the goodness to keep the document until it can be securely delivered to the aforesaid lady, or returned to me, in the unforeseen event of my having no personal communication with you.

“ Allow me also to entreat you from this moment to do all in your power to put into effect the intentions named in the document.

“ Receive, beforehand, all the thanks I can give you.—
Your faithful servant,

“ FRANCISCO S. LOPEZ.”

[SAME TO SAME.]

“ SIR,—As you have had the extreme goodness to offer to take charge of my children, I now recommend them to your protection should anything happen to me.

“ I authorize you to adopt any means in their favour you may consider best for the welfare of those poor little creatures, more particularly Leopoldo, whose tender age fills me with anxiety.

“ You will thus gain my eternal gratitude, since the fate of those children is what will most trouble me in the terrible period I dedicate to the fortunes of my country. They will be safe under the protection of a gentleman whose qualities I have been able to appreciate, not, indeed, during a long acquaintance, but to me a happy one.

“ It is thus, General, I venture to trouble you, with

motives which make no other call than in that gentlemanly feeling I congratulate myself in having found in your Excellency, to whom I now offer my friendly acknowledgments.

“ FRANCISCO S. LOPEZ.”

Another was a paper (December 23, 1868) in which he appoints Madame Lynch universal legatee. This will is, I am informed, illegal, the mother in Paraguay being under such circumstances heir-at-law. He is said to be not an unaffectionate son, although public report made D. Juana a suicide, and Mr. Washburn declared at Buenos Aires (Sept. 20, 1868) that “ Lopez” had imprisoned, flogged, and tortured his mother and his sisters.

This letter is a curious mixture of sympathy, of sternness, and of natural grief. It evidently alludes to the much talked-of conspiracy, and it proves, if credible, that D. Benigno Lopez was then living, although his death had often been reported.

And the following is a literal translation :—

“ *To the Senora Da. Juana Paula Carrillo de Lopez.*

“ September 10, 1868.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ I have received your welcome letter of the 3rd instant, and I still live to acknowledge this upon the sixth anniversary of my father’s death, through the mercy of God, who has vouchsafed to spare me, despite so many machinations of my own ones and of strangers.

“ Several weeks have elapsed, it is true, since my last letter to you, and I highly prize your affectionate reproach, when on other occasions a longer neglect would be of no importance. My silence is owing partly to my bad negligent habits, but now, especially, to the moral sufferings which have for some time been my lot. The singular circum-

stances which have taken place in our house make me stand ashamed before the world ; and, but for your letter, I should perhaps have felt a repugnance to taking up my pen and to tracing a word upon subjects as monstrous as they are horrifying. You invoke, however, the sad memories of the day, and you ask me to write to you. This overcomes my objections, and I still write, although hardly knowing what to say.

“ I cannot express to you, mamma, all the pain with which I read your letter, because, after all my requests to Señor Sanchez, that he would disclose to you from me the knowledge which I possess of the unhappy affair to which you refer, I should have expected, however hard it might have been, something more natural and frank. Poor mamma ! You, perhaps, do not know that I have already passed through every possible bitterness in this monstrous affair without daring to complain. But, I thank you, my martyrdom reached its crisis when I learned the facts. I fear on my part further to embitter this day by dwelling upon a subject not less bitter than the worst which happened six years ago. Useless were all my endeavours, and vain were all my hopes ; and again I explain—or rather others explain for me—the cause. All arrayed themselves against me, and none busied himself save with his victim. But God permitted light to shine through the darkness ; my enemies were confounded, and I am still here. I am all in all to you, and would to heaven !—would to heaven ! that I could be so for all those who did not think to require my help.

“ Venancio, Benigno, and Ynocencia, are in good health.

“ Were I allowed a word of advice, I would recommend you not to show excessive alarm concerning all that is happening : it would hardly be prudent, although a mother’s tender heart requires some expansion.

“ I receive your welcome letter rather as that of a mother to her son, than as of a suppliant to the magistrate : the latter case would only do harm.

“ Please convince yourself, mamma, of all the love with which your blessing is begged, by

“ Your most obedient son,

(Signed) “ F. S. LOPEZ.”

A few hurried last hours amongst friends in Buenos Aires, the open-hearted, made me regret that such a distance was to separate us. Once more on board the comfortable *Arno*, Captain Thwaites, I found myself at home. Followed a glance at the old familiar scenes of Rio de Janeiro, which you have been told were somewhat stunted by contrast with the Plate, the Andes, and Magellan. And lastly, by way of finale, three weeks on board the *Douro*, bound to Southampton, with 365 passengers, of whom 86 were at an age delightful only to their mammas. The passengers were mostly Portuguese, whose main characteristic was expectoration ; and the feeding was worse than anything I had yet seen on board a Paraguayan river-steamer. The cabins, with their berths disposed athwartship, were stuffed full : the kitchen—I should say galley—and the store-room were not.

With which parting grumble I bid you—Farewell !

* * * * *

Thus much I have written out where as the Arab says, the warm south is blowing ; the cool waters are flowing ; the flowers and fruits are growing ; and Nature looks up to the All-Knowing. Adieu ! bright skies of the Bourbonnais, and fair valley of the Allier, and park vocal with the rustling music of the broad-leaved, green-berried palm-trees. Adieu, Vichy ! and may the world treat thee as thou hast treated the passing guest.

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