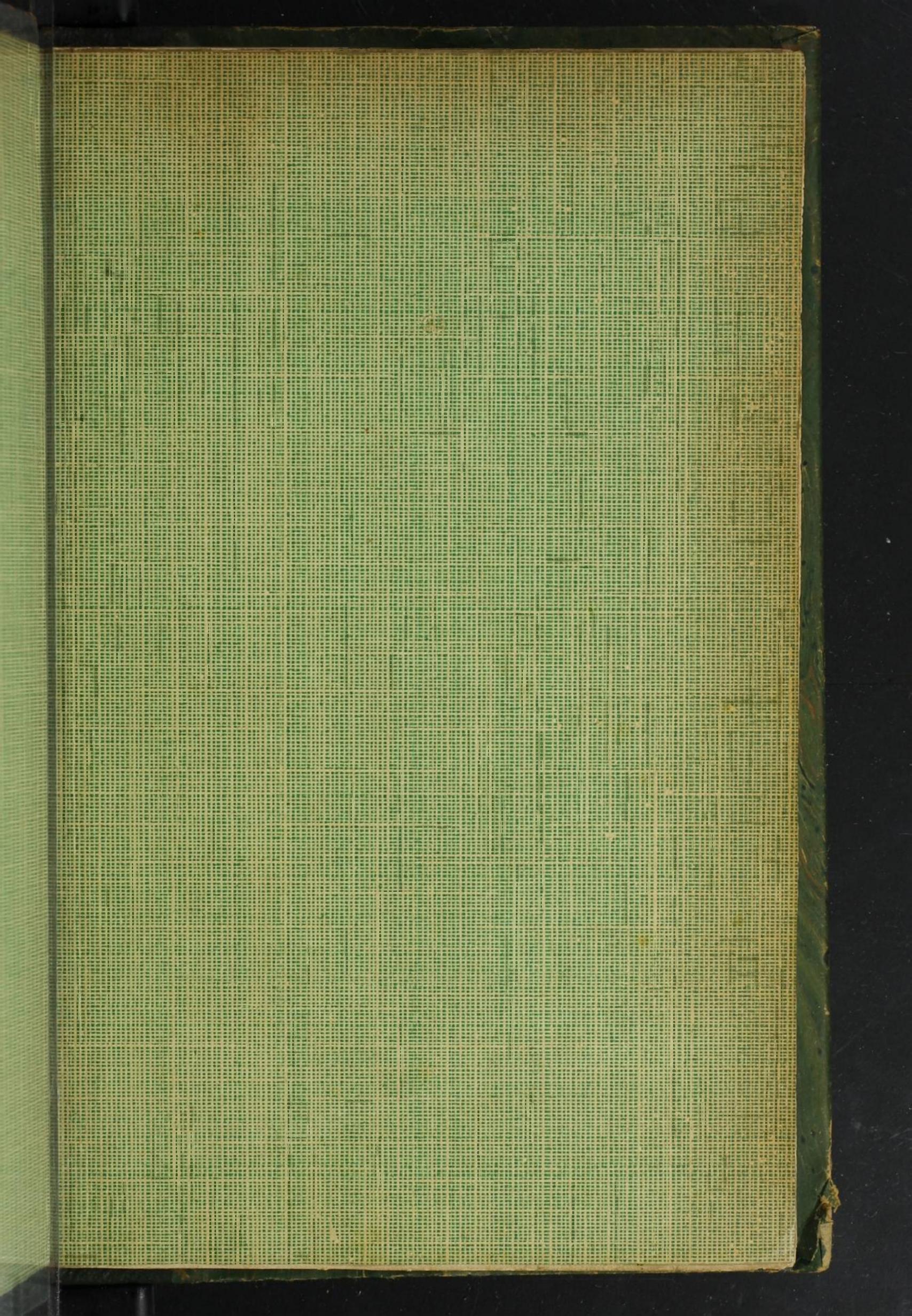


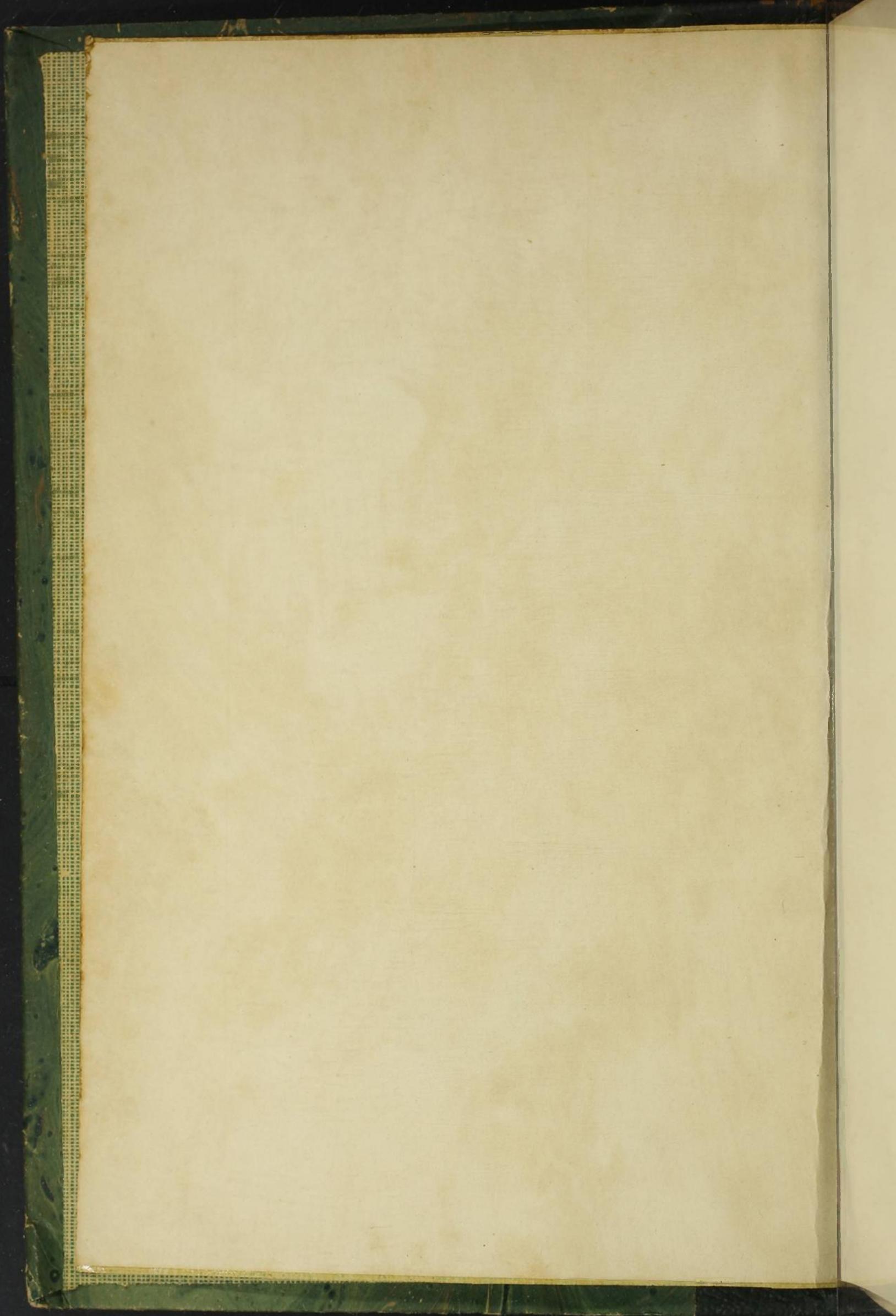


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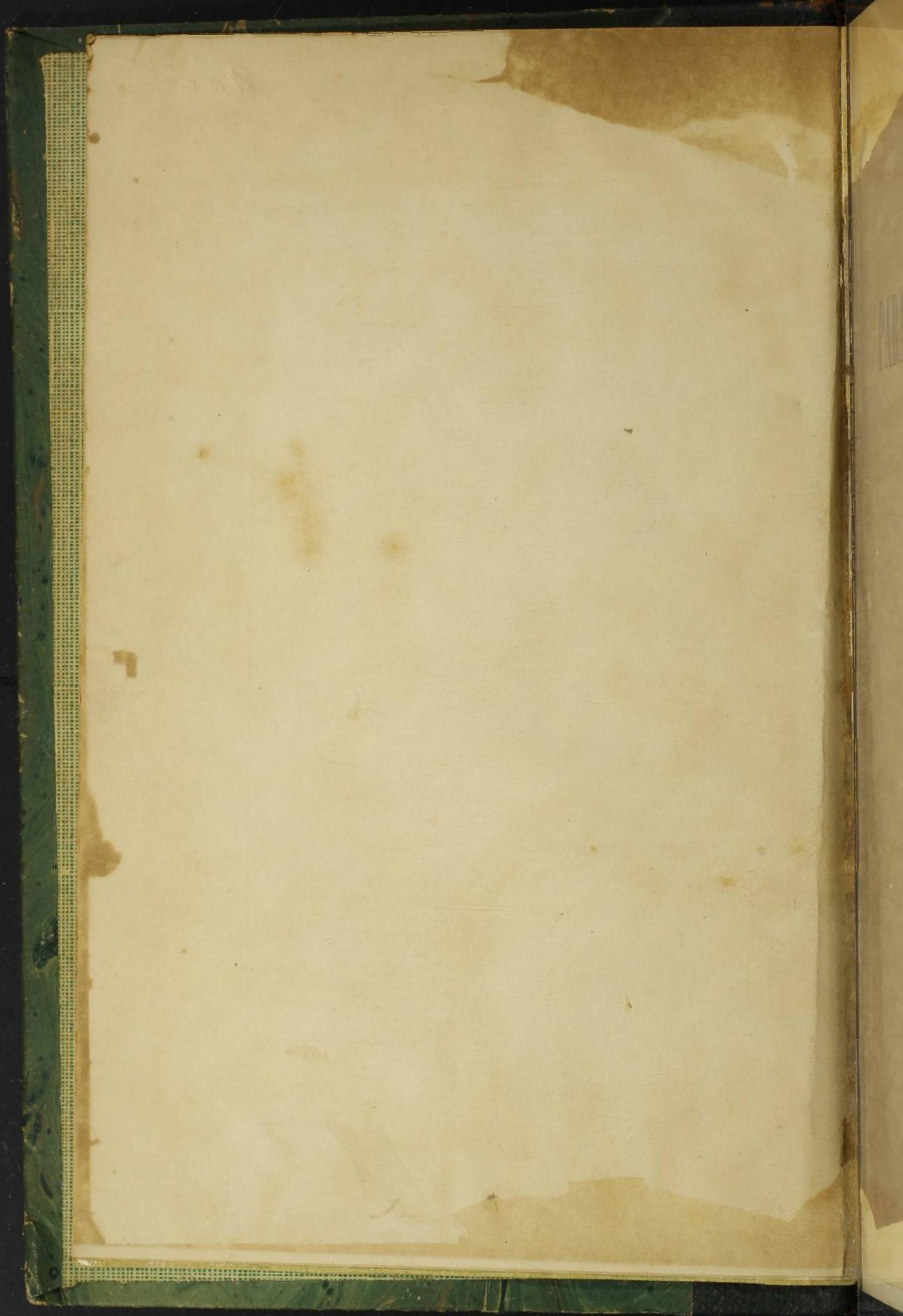
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FROM EUROPE

TO

PARAGUAY AND MATTO-GROSSO

BY

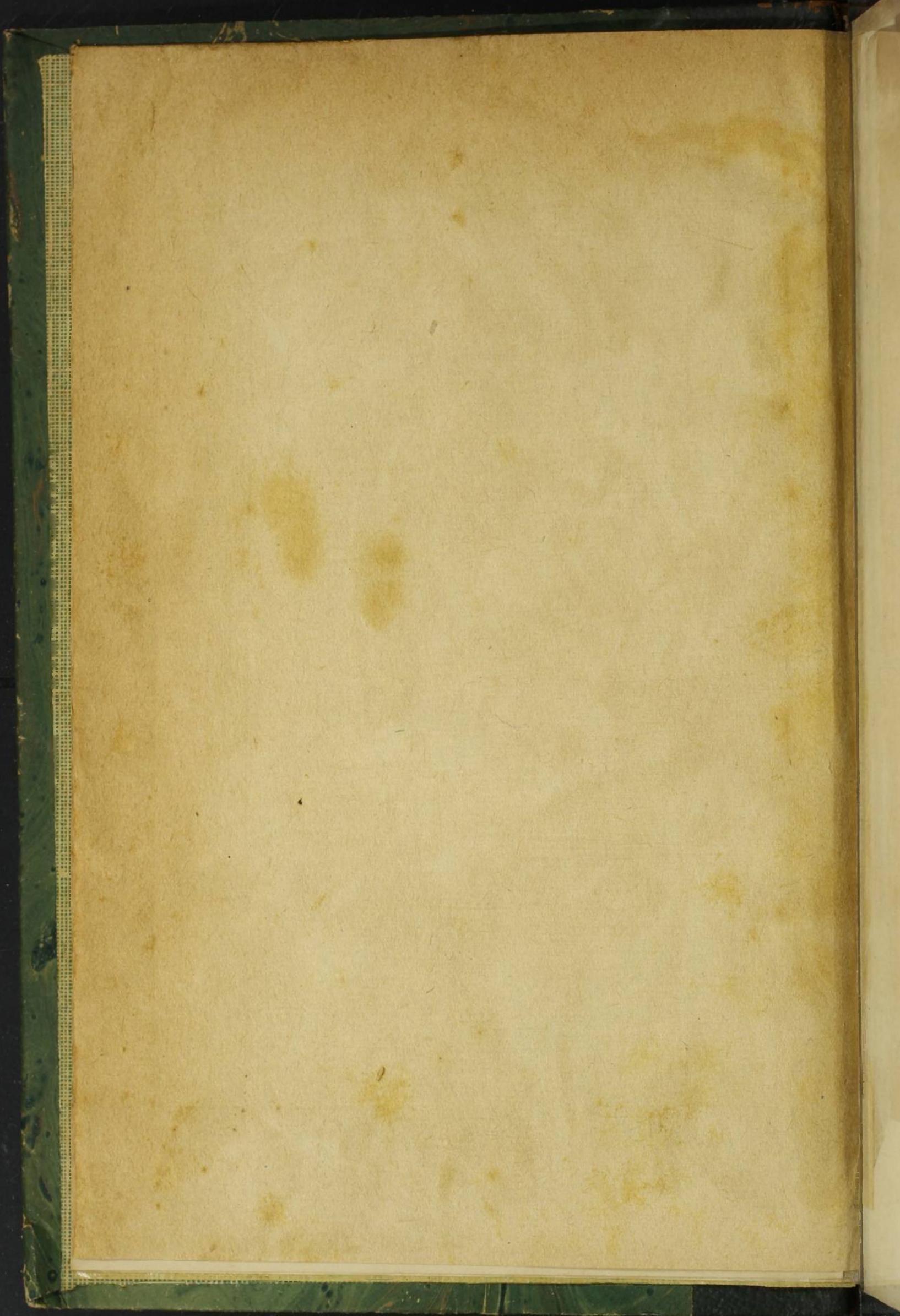
MRS. M. G. MULHALL



LONDON

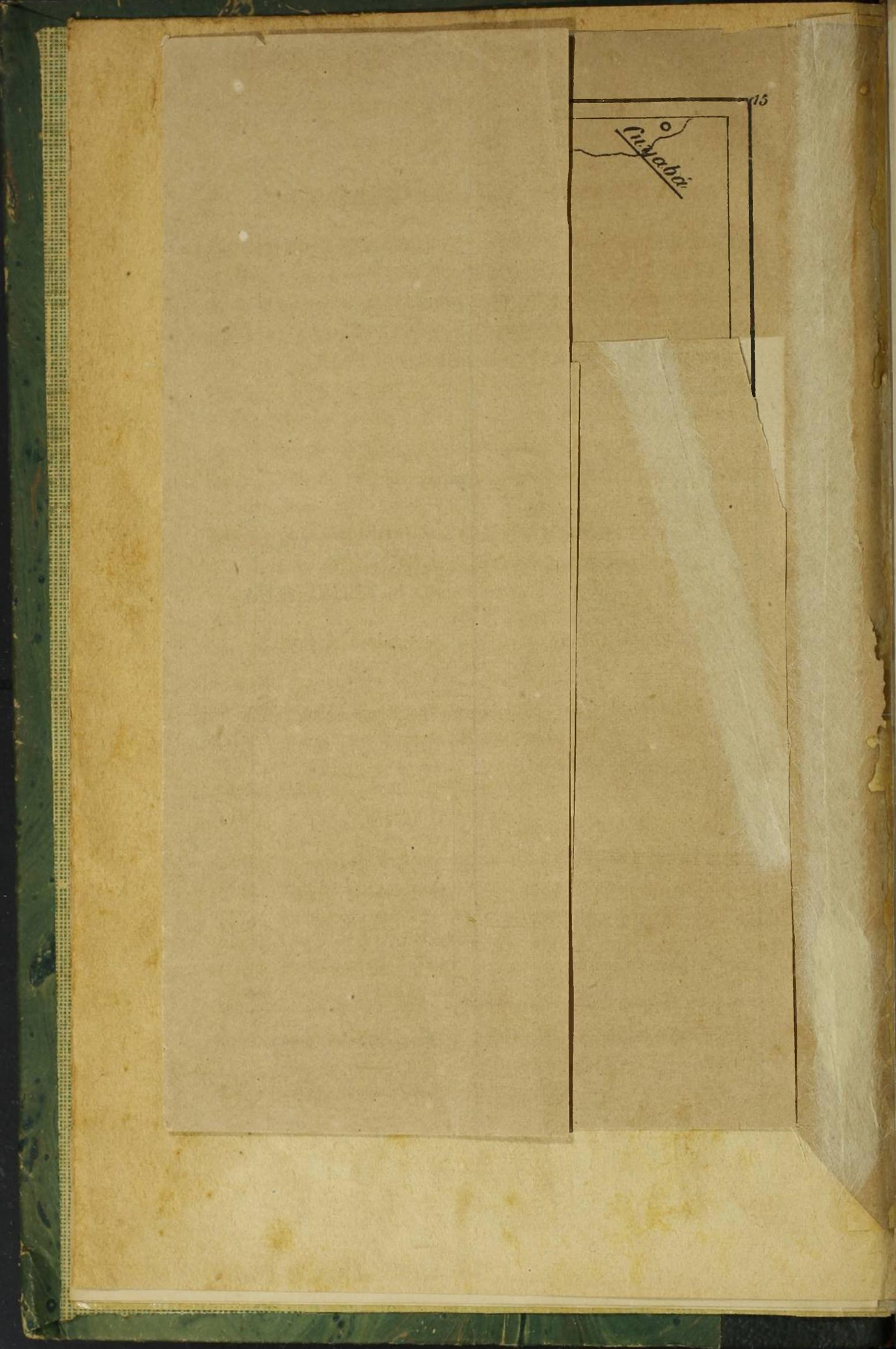
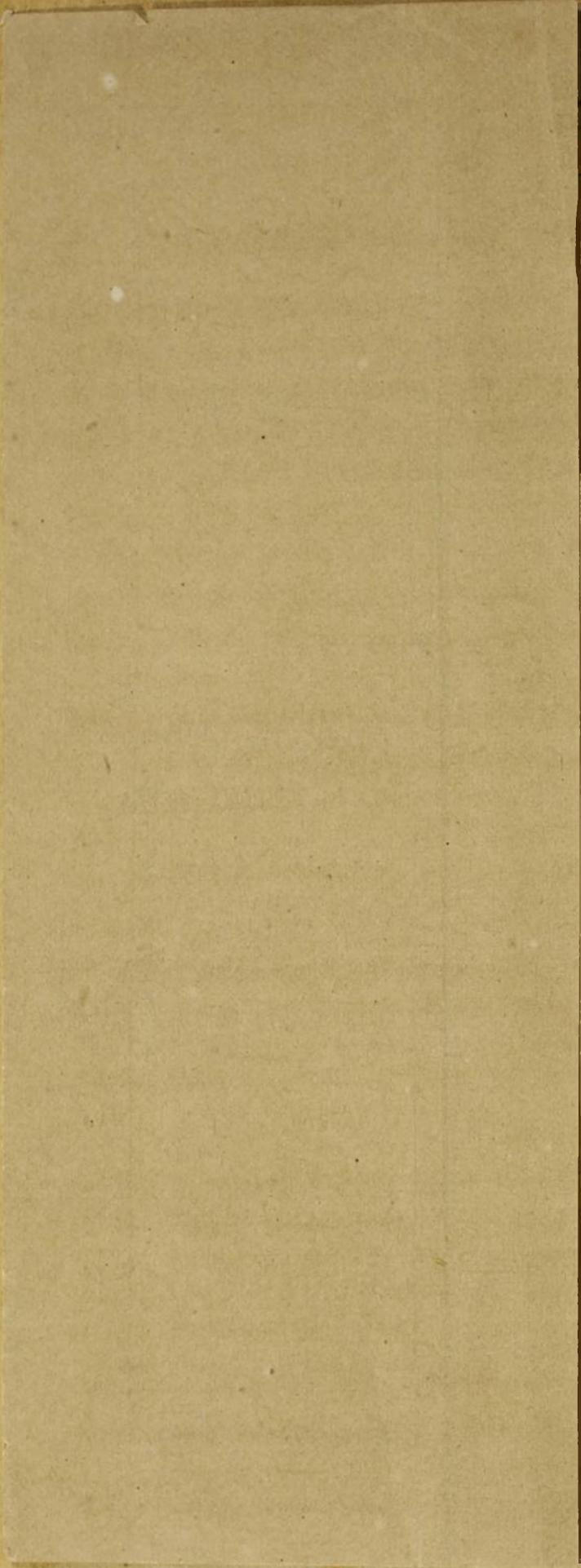
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Calabria



## P R E F A C E

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The fact of having travelled over 30,000 miles does not of itself justify a lady in rushing into a field of literature more suitably reserved for men. But as I am the first Englishwoman that ever reached the capital of Matto-Grosso, and one of the few that have visited the scenes of the Jesuit labors in Paraguay, or explored the remote rivers of Cuyabá and San Lorenzo, this may be sufficient excuse for giving to the public my notes of travel, in which I must confess some assistance from my husband, who gave me his notes to compare with mine. The map shews accurately all our explorations to a distance of 2500 miles by steamboat and canoe, from Buenos Ayres to Cuyabá. I may observe that I am indebted to Southey and Charlevoix for interesting details on the habits of some of the Indian tribes whose acquaintance I made on my journey.

MARION MULHALL.

BUENOS AYRES, MARCH 1st. 1877.

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## FROM EUROPE TO PARAGUAY AND MATTO-GROSSO.

### I.

#### LISBON

Few cities surpass Lisbon in the first view presented to the traveller. The streets of the new town are handsome and spacious, with massive piles of building in regular blocks of about a hundred yards square; the houses are six or seven stories high and all built of stone. The three principal streets Rua Aurea, Rua Augusta, and Rua da Prata, run parallel. This was the scene of the earthquake of 1755, when most of the old town, with 40,000 inhabitants, was destroyed. The damage was estimated at £20,000,000 sterling, yet the city was completely rebuilt by Marquis de Pombal in less than 20 years. The old Portuguese historians pretend Lisbon was

founded by a grandson of Abraham, or else by Ulysses : it was called Ulyssea before the time of Cæsar, who gave it the name of Felicitas Julia. Tradition also says that the mother of Hannibal was from Lisbon. It was the seat of three Saracen dynasties, and was finally recovered to Christendom by Don Alfonso in 1147.

We stayed at the Hotel Braganza which surmounts one of the seven hills of the city and is situated close to the Opera House. Before dinner we rambled down the Rua do Carmo, and visited the Rocio. This square terminates the lower town built by Pombal, and is flanked by the Donna Maria theatre and St. Domingo church. In the centre is a monument to Don Pedro I., who abdicated the throne of Brazil to return to the mother country.

At sundown, when the church bells rang the 'Animas.' I was much struck with their rich musical sound : presently they rang out a very pretty air in honor of the King's birthday ; the public buildings were also illuminated. We went to the San Carlos in the evening to hear "Faust."

It may give some idea of Lisbon to say that it comprises 355 streets, 281 travessas or crossways, 12 plazas, 52 plazuelas, 3 public parks, 6 theatres, 200 churches and 36 public fountains. It contains over 300,000 inhabitants and enjoys a delightful climate.

The Cathedral is a fine building with two massive turrets, situated on an eminence at the foot of Fort St. George : its antiquity is beyond all tradition and it is only known that the first Bishop in modern times was an Englishman named Gilbert (A. D.

1150) who came with several of his countrymen to aid in expelling the Moors from Portugal. It was partly destroyed by earthquake in 1344 and again in 1755: its present architecture seems a mixture of Arabic and Gothic. In one of the chapels are preserved the bones of St. Vincent, Martyr, patron of the city, and in another those of King Alfonso. An arched cloister runs behind the high altar, and here is seen a stone chain used by the olden Kings when administering justice in public. The church of St. Domingo is the largest in the city.

Yesterday was a feast day; all the citizens turned out in holiday costume. We saw a number of brilliant equipages, and in many of them were officers in showy uniforms with a profusion of stars and crosses. We took a carriage and drove about the city to visit some of the Plazas.

The statue of Camoens stands in the square of the same name, representing the author of the *Lusiad* in a warrior's dress, holding the book of his great poem.

Paseo da Estrella, is a spacious promenade with winding alleys, an artificial lake and a pavilion where the band plays on holidays.

Close by the Estrella is the English cemetery; the grounds are neatly kept and cover about 4 acres: there is a number of stately monuments, some bearing the arms of noble families of Britain. A moss-grown stone, with the name Fielding, marks the resting place of the famous English novelist with the inscription. "Luget Britannia non dari fovere natum." Leaving the cemetery we proceed to the neighboring palace of Necesidades

the residence of the King's father and brother: the gardens are very fine and open to visitors.

We met a curious procession composed of about a hundred citizens, headed by two priests; the latter were reading prayers aloud, and every pair of citizens carried a basket, into which the neighbors and bystanders threw bread, fruit, money, etc.: the whole was terminated by two bullock-carts carrying huge cauldrons of cooked meat and soup; the oxen were gaily dressed out with ribands, and the carts festooned all over with green boughs. We learned from a by-stander that it was an annual procession to provide a sumptuous repast for the inmates of the poor asylums and prisons of the city.

## II.

## CINTRA

In the Terreiro do Paso we hired a carriage for the day and started for Cintra : the first object of interest is the Quinta of Baron Quintalla ; country-houses now succeed one another, and the road is lined with trees.

About five miles from the city we were brought for some minutes to a stand-still by a long train of 40 pair of oxen drawing a huge block of marble, intended for some building in course of construction. Proceeding on our way we passed under the aqueduct : this noble work is ten miles long, and stood the earthquake of 1755 unhurt. The road begins to ascend and you see the Tagus, and right ahead the castled crag of Cintra. After 3 hours journey we enter the village of Cintra, which lies at the foot of the mountain ; the streets are steep and narrow, and there are two or three good hotels.

On alighting we were accosted by two or three donkey-drivers: our first thought, however, was to visit the ancient Moorish castle, which is the great feature of the place. We entered by a massive gateway where a sentinel was on guard. In the court-yard a Moorish fountain still plays, and the arabesques on the windows confirm the tradition that it was the Alhambra of the Moors of Portugal. The echo of our footfall sounded dismally through the halls and corridors.

The Sala de Audiencia is a vaulted chamber a hundred feet long, and next it is a small room with a throne of painted tiles, of melancholy interest: here sat the King Sebastian when he assembled the nobles in 1578 previous to his departure to Barbary; his fate was never known, and it is a saying that the Portuguese still expect his return. The guide now takes us through a succession of fantastic apartments; the ceilings are curiously carved and painted after Oriental fashion.

In a room of modern style is shown a magnificent chimney-piece the work of Michael Angelo and a present from Leo the Tenth to King Manuel. Next we come to the hall of Swallows, so called from the ceiling being painted with a number of these birds, each having a rose in its claw, and a ribbon in its bill with the motto 'por bem': the origin of this is, that the king was censured by his wife Phillippa of Lancaster for presenting a rose to one of the maids of honor. He only replied 'E por bem' whereupon the Queen next day had the ceiling newly painted in this manner, while the King was out at the chase.

A little room that looks out on the hill side was the

dungeon of Alphonsus the 6th during eight years that he was kept prisoner by his brother; the tiles are much worn on one side of the room, where the dethroned King used to pace up and down: a little cell with an iron grating overlooks the chapel, and here he was allowed to attend Mass. One day he was found dead, kneeling at the grating.

The old Moorish banquet-room is a round empty apartment only remarkable for a fountain in the middle. The Sala de Armas is lofty and derives its name from the armorial escutcheons of the 74 noble families of Portugal, two of which have been defaced for high treason; it is now used as a billiard-room, whenever the King comes here for a few weeks in summer.

The kitchen has two colossal chimneys, in the form of a sugar-loaf, to a height of a hundred feet, the diameter at the ceiling some 30 feet; there is a great echo, and the novelty of the structure makes you doubt whether the Moors intended them merely for chimneys. We are next shewn a drawing-room with an ivory tower of 13 stories a present from a Chinese Emperor 300 years ago.

Although more than seven hundred years have elapsed since the expulsion of the Moorish Caliphs, we still see in excellent preservation their bath room: the guide turns a cock, and water gushes out from the walls of the apartment, as well as from all the marble figures in the adjacent court. From the terrace we obtain a fine view of the country around.

Leaving the castle we hired donkeys to ascend the mountain to Las Peñas; the donkeys are sure footed

beasts, however steep the road. Higher and higher, at each bend of the road, the view of the plain below becomes more charming, and we pass two English cottages called Victoria and Albert Villas. Formerly it was difficult to ascend to Las Peñas or the Moorish ruins even on foot, but Don Fernando caused the present road to be made, at great labor and outlay. We see nothing of the brigands now, of whom Byron speaks as in his time: but some of the melancholy stone crosses still remain.

Alighting at the old Moorish battlements we are accompanied by one of the gardeners, who shews us first a ruined watch-tower, commanding a beautiful panorama: in the distance are the convent towers of Mafra, and close at our feet is the quinta where the convention of Cintra was signed by Wellington and Junot. Yonder we see the ruined hermitage of Montserrat, at one time belonging to Mr. Beckford.

We continue our route along the battlements and come to the Mosque, where the guide points out to us some very ancient frescoes. There is a Moorish subterranean cistern; the water in it is about ten feet deep: here the gardener has a little museum of marble ornaments which he sells for mementoes of Cintra.

We ascend higher. The chateau of Don Fernando crowns the rock above us, and before long we are at the gate of the royal demesne. The grounds are tastefully laid out and planted: a few years ago the place was a wilderness, till Don Fernando purchased the old convent, and after much labor in improvement has rendered it one of the most delightful abodes of royalty in Europe. We

dismount at a huge gate with barbican and draw-bridge, pass under a covered way constructed in the mediaeval fashion, and emerge upon the ramparts. Crossing the court-yard we have a view from the battlements, of the Tagus and coast. We are at an élévation of more than three thousand feet, and on the adjacent peak is a cross that serves as a land-mark to all vessels entering or leaving the Tagus. The convent of Las Peñas was originally built by King Manuel, who spent many anxious hours here, waiting the return of Vasco de Gama with the news of the discovery of an ocean route to India. Don Fernando has put up a stained glass window in the chapel, representing the King giving thanks on the discoverer's return.

We returned to Lisbon a couple of hours after sunset, having met on the road a troop of waggons, the drivers carrying torches made of dried twigs.

To-morrow the Royal mail steamer is expected by which we proceed to South America.

## III.

## THE OCEAN VOYAGE

## Cape Verde Islands.

We arrived here this morning.

San Vicente is the most barren spot on the world's surface. Figure to yourself sundry bold ranges of mountains, but not a particle of vegetation; in its whole extent there is not a blade of grass, not a weed. The port is spacious and secure; on one side a small fort flying the Portuguese flag overlooks the shipping, on another the summit of a neighbouring mountain bears a striking resemblance to the head of Washington. Mr. Miller, the English Consul has a cottage a little above the town, which is a straggling collection of about a hundred houses, built of stone. There is an English cemetery up the hill side: on the beach is an obelisk erected by an English colonel in memory of his wife, who died returning from India.

The water is so clear that the natives will dive for a

shilling and catch it before it reaches the bottom. The boatmen sell some pretty mats and inlaid work-boxes which come from Madeira. There is also a good supply of fruit from the island of San Antonio, whose rugged and lofty outline is seen a few miles westward. There are numerous war-vessels here; one is a Dutchman bound for Java, another Brazilian, another French. The garrison of the place consists of a company of Portuguese soldiers: the natives are all negroes, and occupy themselves in coaling the steamers.

#### Pernambuco.

We have decided on not landing here, as the open roadstead and the prevailing swell render the return to the ship before sailing a matter of doubt and many passengers have been left behind at different times.

The tediousness of the seven days journey from St. Vincent during which we crossed the Line, was relieved by only two incidents worth relating, namely a wedding between a Scotchman and a German girl who had met for the first time on board and were ignorant of each other's language; and an amusing passage of arms between the wife of a French naval officer about to join her husband in the River Plate and Colonel N. N. who is travelling for his health; they sat opposite to each other at meals, and the lady persistently addressed the Colonel as Mr. L'officier de terre; the latter, annoyed at last by an appellation evidently intended to signify her contempt for a landsman, took the opportunity, when we were all listening, of inquiring as to her reason for this strange

mode of address, concluding with the remark that "as the lady thought him of earthenware her better half must be porcelain!"

#### Bahia

This port is greatly infested with sharks. We landed on Sunday morning. The market place is well supplied with fruit, and the black women are enormously fat. Sundry negroes volunteered to carry us up town in their palanquins, but these vehicles looked so abominably dirty that we preferred to walk. The Policia stands in a square, and the other public buildings are nearly all churches. We paid a visit to the Cathedral, an antique spacious edifice overlooking the bay. The outside shews that it was founded by the Jesuits, the entrance being surmounted by statues of St. Francis Xavier and St. Ignatius.

The foul smells that assail you at every turn, and the universal filth of the place, coupled with the fact that the population is nearly all black, give a very unfavourable impression, and after an hour's ramble we hasten back to the ship.

We had intended visiting the Botanical Gardens, but the heat was intolerable. The English suburb is said to be a very handsome place with a small English church: in the Rua Nova we saw several English names on the doors of mercantile houses. The houses are five stories high, and the stairs so precipitous as to make you cautious how you descend them. The city extends along a ridge skirting the bay; the number of churches is quite amazing.

We left Bahia at 6 p.m. The beauty of the surrounding tropical scenery was enhanced by the glorious tints of sunset mellowed by the evening vapors of the tropics. As we sailed from port we heard the dear and familiar strains of 'God save the Queen' from H. M. S. Narcissus.

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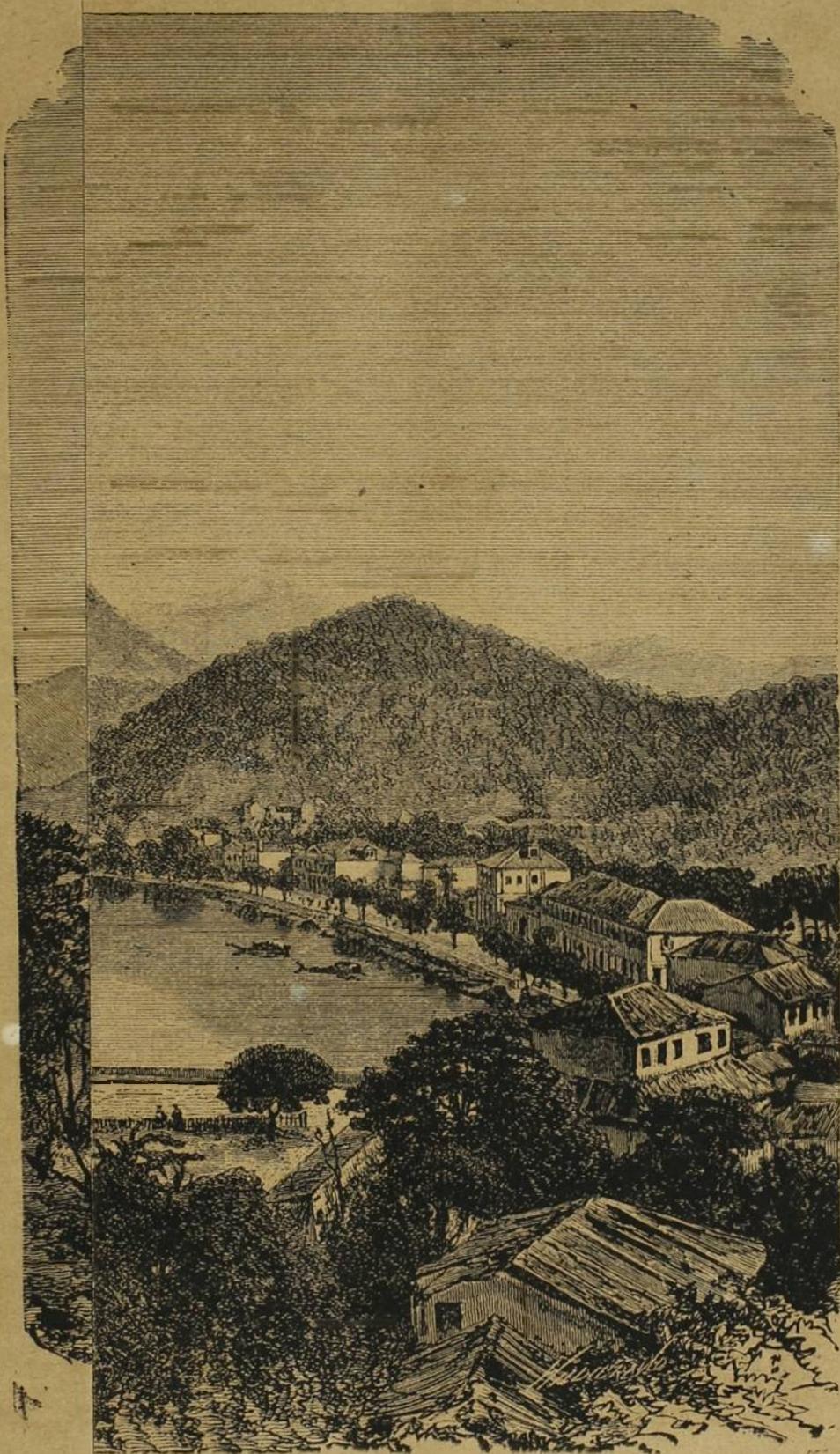
Note—There is now (1876) a Steam-lift at Bahia which obviates the use of palanquins, taking passengers in a few seconds from the Custom-house to the upper town.

## IV.

## BAY OF RIO

We were up by break of day to see the entrance to the bay of Rio. The scene that burst upon the view was grand, solemn and imposing. A chain of wild, dark-coloured mountains formed the coast line; ahead of us the land receded, discovering, as we approached, two rocky islets, one of them crowned by a light house. Presently we began to descry houses perched here and there among the crescent of hills. Even the rays of the rising sun could not light up the sombre outlines of the towering summits of Gabia, Tijuca, Corcovado and Sugar Loaf. It was a panorama that seen for the first time seemed as though Nature could never frame anything more wayward or picturesque.

At every instant, as the steamer advanced into the bay the scene changed like a kaleidoscope: the mountains moved one behind another, till we got full view of the



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city, with the Organ Mountains in the back-ground, and the middle distance occupied by sundry islands bristling with batteries.

Sugar-loaf is the most striking feature in the picture and rises to a height of 3,200 feet; an American lady some years ago climbed to the summit. Gabia looks as if surrounded by a castellated wall, and is known to English sailors by the name of Lord Hood's nose. The peak of Santa Cruz is on the right of the bay, overlooking a fort of granite walls mounting a hundred guns. We passed H. M. S. Cracker and several other war vessels. All the navies in the world might anchor in this land-locked bay. Small steamboats are plying in all directions to the various suburbs along the water line.

The Douro came to her moorings alongside Coal island; this place was formerly used for rearing young slaves. Here are mostly negroes.

The landing place is close to the market, a bustling place with a very motley, colored assemblage. Rio Janeyro is wholly different from any city I have before seen. The houses are very high and the streets narrow, the shops small but rich; many of the windows are filled with specimens of stuffed birds and butterflies of the most brilliant hues. The carriages are drawn by mules, and in some streets you have to step into a shop door when one passes.

We took the tramway for Tijuca which starts from Praza San Francisco. The plaza Constitucion is a very handsome square, with fountains, and in the centre is an equestrian statue of Peter the 1st, the founder of the Bra-

zilian monarchy. We are now in the new town; the streets are wide and well paved. The prison is surrounded with high walls of granite; a little further on we reach another Plaza, where the Lyric theatre, the Senate house and other buildings claim notice. As we get to the outskirts we see the reservoir of the grand aqueduct of Tijuca; this was a work of the Portuguese Viceroy, and the city has now a second water-supply of recent construction.

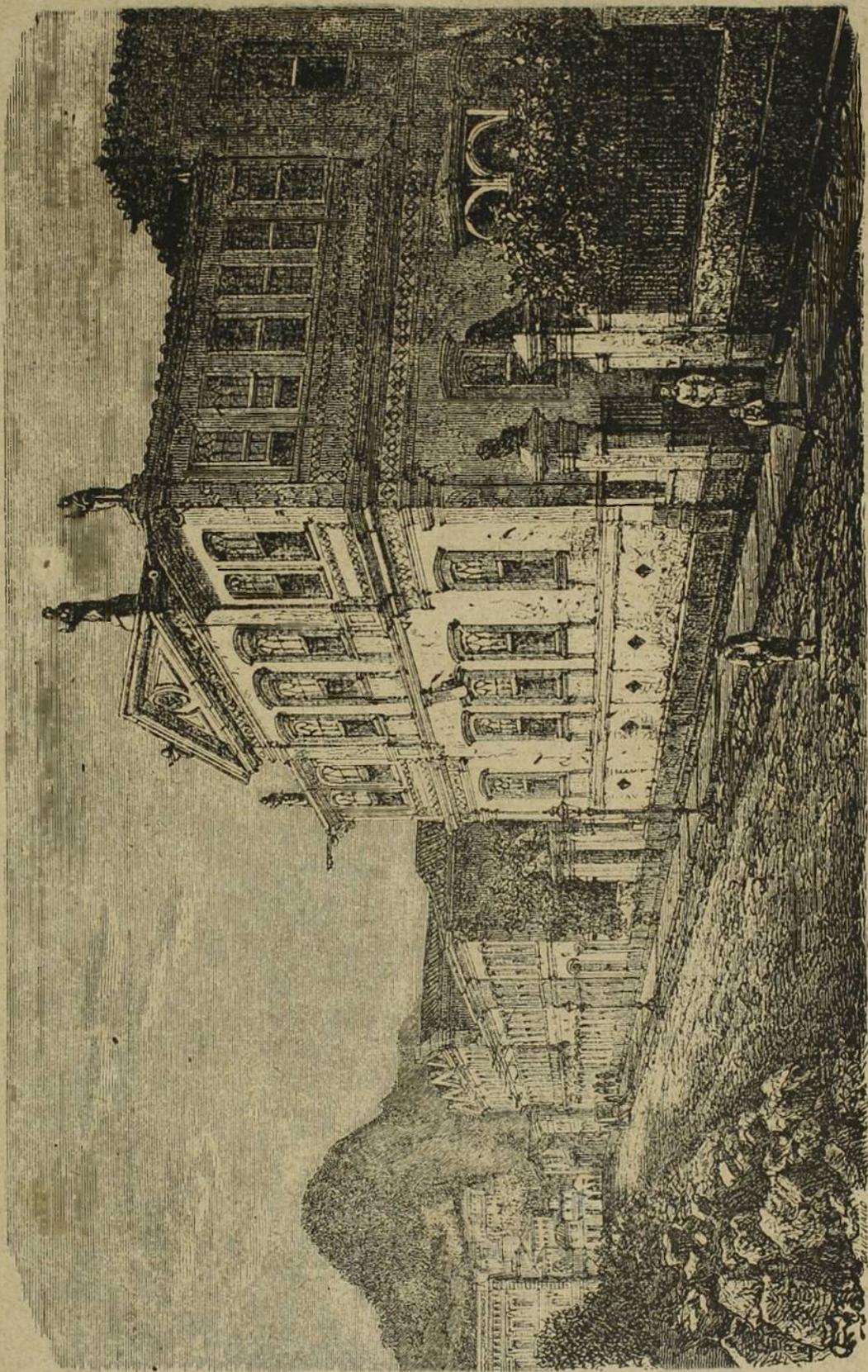
Numerous charming cottages, sprinkled here and there over a fertile zone of gardens and orange groves, occupy the line of route as we ascend towards Tijuca. The tramway stops at a place called Andrahy. Here we hire a carriage to ascend the hill. The road winds round a succession of precipices, disclosing at every point the most enchanting turns: the gorge below is at times five hundred feet perpendicular.

After a thousand different turns we are now on the highest terrace that overlooks the city, the bay, and the panorama of Rio Janeyro lying at our feet. And still towering above us to the very clouds are the peaks covered with rich luxuriance of tropical vegetation, or at places barren, stern and wild.

The hamlet of Boa Vista is beautifully situated, and as we descend the far side of Tijuca we get a glimpse of the sea from another quarter.

We have at last reached the English hotel which is situated on the side of the hill; the proprietor is now Mr. White, who does everything in his power to make his guests comfortable.

This is the most delightful place I have ever seen.



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Here the music of the water-fall breaks the stillness of the night; our bedroom window overlooks a most romantic glen; giant palms and trees of every kind grow around: the mountains rise on all sides.

We made an excursion yesterday from the hotel, up Tijuca, mounted on mules. The views are sublime and varied; our road wound through thick woods and over beetling precipices. Nothing can equal the grandeur and exuberance of the tropical vegetation, to the height of three thousand feet: the mules ascend almost anything, however steep; it is wonderful how they get foothold in a bare, slippery rock. A false step would send mule and rider tumbling into the gorge. For hours we continued the march: the white houses in the valley shone out like mere specks. The day was fiercely hot, but we were generally shaded by the thick and overspreading foliage. A solemn stillness prevails, owing to the absence of birds. There are no wild beasts, but deadly reptiles abound. A coral snake glided by one of our party, who killed it; it was over three feet long, beautifully colored, with golden bars at distances of three inches.

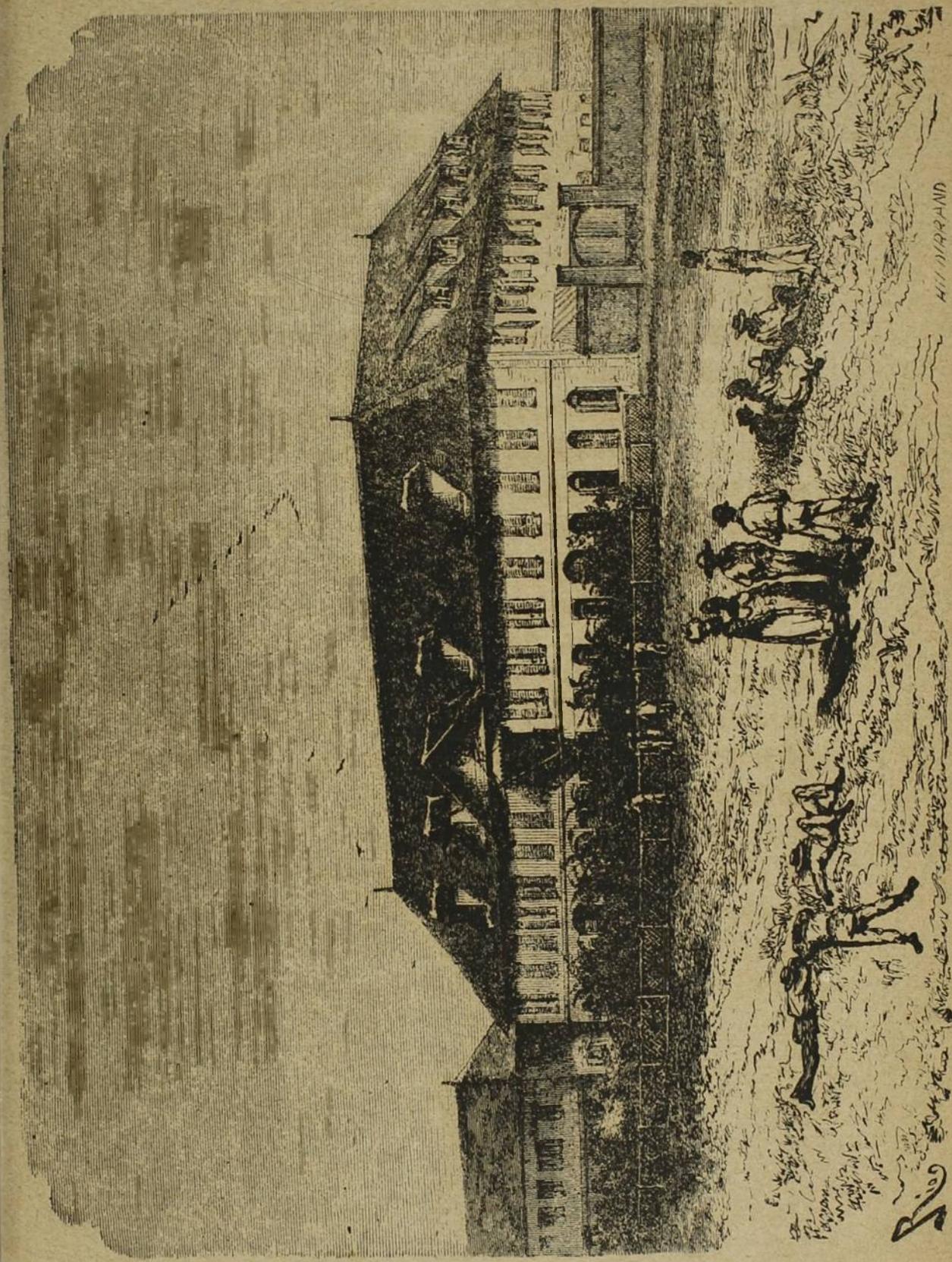
There are few habitations in the woods. During the first part of our journey we passed several handsome residences, and the road (although ten miles from the city) was furnished with gas lamps and seats at intervals. But when we got into the wilder part a stray cabin, with its dusky inhabitants, was the only sign of human life. At length after many a steep and winding circuit we reached our destination, a cottage situated on the crest of Tijuca.

Next day returning to Rio we set out for Petropolis.

The distance from town is about forty miles : the first part of the journey is made in steamboat, 14 miles across the bay, the second is by Baron Maua's railway, about 16 miles, and the rest by diligence. This is the best excursion that can be made from Rio.

The ascent of the Sierra de Estrella, a branch of the Organ Mountains, is most picturesque. The road is a triumph of engineering skill, the mountain side being almost perpendicular. When you have ascended above a thousand feet you see the road winding below you, every bend forming a terrace cut in the rock.

You ascend another thousand feet. The wall of granite still rises above you in appalling majesty. You fancy we can go no higher. Another bend, and we still go upward, the road clinging to these cliffs in a marvellous manner. Petropolis is at last reached. It is embosomed in the mountains, at a height of 2600 feet above the sea. The mountains rise all around like a barrier, the vegetation is as luxuriant as at Tijuca. Petropolis is the summer residence of the Brazilian court and Corps Diplomatique, and is one of the most charming places on the face of the globe.



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## V.

## MONTEVIDEO

Long before seeing land we perceived the effect of the waters of the River Plate changing the color of the ocean. We anchored opposite Montevideo early in the morning. The city is built on a rocky promontory forming one side of a bay, which affords a commodious harbour for several hundred ships.

There are two forts at the entrance, one on the top of the Cerro, a hill commanding the city and on which there is also a lighthouse.

Montevideo is divided into the old and new town the latter seen from the bay resembles a chess-board. We walked through the principal street, the calle 25 de Mayo, and were struck with the tinsel appearance of the shops. It is a delightfully exciting place to live in; rarely a few months pass without a revolution.

The beauties of Montevideo have been sufficiently extolled in recent publications. We found the Hotel Oriental very comfortable, and took occasion nearly every day to drive out to one or other of the suburbs, such as Paso Molino, Union, or Buceo, which are not devoid of attraction. One day we visited Mr. Buschenthal's quinta, and were received by the owner with his accustomed hospitality: he had expended over £100,000 on the place, the gardens, being unrivalled. (Some time after our visit he went for a trip to Europe, and died in London. The gardens are now cut up, and the house turned into a Cafe).

## VI.

## EXCURSION IN BANDA ORIENTAL

Our first excursion was to Cerro Largo through the wildest parts of the Banda Oriental. We started before day break. Passing the village of Union, the sun began to rise. At the first post-house, five leagues from Montevideo, we changed horses; the country becomes wild and rocky. We discern eastward the church and village of Pando. As we cross each successive 'cuchilla' or hill-range new scenes greet the eye. Bounding the horizon is an irregular blue line, the Sierras of Minas. Our breakfast is of beef roasted on a long iron skewer in the centre of a wood fire.

We pass the Punta de Cochengo; a few stray ranchos, with grain fields and sheep alternating. The next range is the Cuchilla de Pedernal; to the right are the Sierras, to the left the village of Tala. About sundown, we reach a rancho where we are to pass the night. Our journey to-

day has been twenty leagues. We are to be again on the road two hours before dawn.

5 A. M. The first rays of morning struggle faintly with a thick fog that envelopes hill and dale. We are now in the department of Las Minas, one of the wildest and most lawless districts in the country. We see some wayside crosses so suggestive of gloomy thoughts to the traveller.

Cross the Casupa; the next hill-top gives us a view of the Cuchilla Grande or great mountain range that traverses the Banda Oriental; the country is wild, rocky and uninhabited. Deer, ostriches and more wayside crosses occur. Another slope, and before us is the Sierra Polanco, which resembles the Sierra Morena in Spain: it is not however of equal elevation. For two hours we traverse this desert of rocks, and the crosses on the high-road are in dozens. It is reckoned the worst locality in the Republic; not a house, or a head of cattle, to be seen in this howling wilderness. By sunset we see the woods of the Cebollati; we cross the river without difficulty, and halt for the night at a comfortable wayside in.

Next morning before sunrise we again start in the midst of a dense fog. After some leagues we halt and make a fire to cook our breakfast. The meat is thrown among the live cinders, and in a few minutes the 'churrasco' is ready. The country is as wild as yesterday. Deer very abundant. A wearisome stretch of eight leagues, and here we have to pass the night. The post is a miserable place kept by a poor widow with half a dozen fair-haired but unwashed children. The poor woman's husband was murdered some

few months ago by a band of soldiers, who came to rob the place; they plundered the little shop and left the widow a beggar. The poor woman in a faded black dress, with furrows of grief in her cheeks, is a picture of the horrors caused in this unfortunate country by war.

Morning foggy as yesterday. Bleak hill-ranges on all sides. We breakfast at a rancho, and suffer some delay in crossing the arroyo Corrales. Yonder are the valley and woods of Olimar; a winding belt of dark green timber shews the course of the river.

We meet a troop of 'carretas' or bullock carts and then come to a 'pulperia' or drinking shop where there is a group of 50 Gauchos, who have races here to-day. They are a lawless looking set; all are dressed in gaucho costume, consisting of white cotton drawers with a frill, and instead of trousers the 'chiripá' which is girdled round the waist with a 'faja' or silk scarf, a leather belt into which is thrust a long knife, a poncho and a colored silk shirt; long boots and huge silver spurs complete the costume. Their bridles are made of plaited horse-hide and are of great strength. The lazos and girths, are also made of leather plaited with considerable neatness and ingenuity. Besides the indispensable knife most of them had a fire-arm of more or less antiquated fashion.

The village of Treinta y Tres is on the slope beyond the river. We transport ourselves and luggage across the Olimar Grande, which is about 400 yards across. The boatmen seem of a race half Indian; they are not of a peculiarly mild cast of features. The canoe is 30 feet long, of a single piece of timber, and carries a dozen passengers. There

is a stiff current. When flooded the pass is dangerous, and gauchos are sometimes drowned in trying to swim. The Diligence is taken off the wheels and floated across on a raft made of empty barrels. Treinta tres is a pretty little village of about 500 inhabitants. On all sides the country is varied and picturesque, with the Cuchilla Grande forming the background, and the winding thickets of Olimar stretching away eastward to the horizon. The village is not making much progress; no wonder, when we hear of the lawless state of society about here.

Left Treinta Tres at 6 AM. We cross leagues upon leagues of a desolate country, to the river Tacuari. The river winds eastward towards Lake Mini: tall, graceful, palm-trees shoot up here and there from the thickets that line the river banks. The Rincon de Tacuary contains an area of 99 suertes or almost half a million acres. This splendid territory borders on Lake Mini. About 40 years ago it was so much infested with tigers that a celebrated hunter named Yuca—Tigre killed 105 in one year. After the tigers came a plague of wild dogs, like packs of wolves; it is said the owner paid for no less than 5,000 tails of dogs killed.

We make an excursion to Lake Mini, coasting along the Tacuary. How beautiful the palm trees along the river-side! We are cautioned against resting or tying our horses under the Arrueda which swells the body of man or horse resting under its branches: the Mulatta women, however, have a cure with certain herbs. We stay the night at Catumbera. The situation of this place is exceedingly picturesque, and the site was formerly a 'terremoto.' This term is applied to certain places where remains of

earthworks and human bones are found : those dug up here are supposed to have belonged to the Charrua Indians.

Up at sunrise again and continue our journey through a marshy country, with sand-hills ahead resembling a town at a distance. In wet seasons all this marsh is covered with the waters of Lake Mini. Tigers are still met here. Yonder is point Rabo Tieso, a favorite rendezvous of pirates 70 years ago. We quarter ourselves for the night at the hut of an old man named Don Juan, as comfortably as circumstances admit.

To-day's journey is through the same wild marshes, our horses often sinking almost to their knees. There is not a trace of human life in this wilderness. Numerous ant hills three and four feet high. We cross the Arroyo Malo and see numbers of Bandurria, a kind of curlew, which if kept long enough makes delicious soup resembling hare-soup.

At last before us is displayed the broad expanse of Lake Mini ; the water is light green. Lake Mini otherwise called Merim is one of the largest on the continent of South America, being over sixty miles long and ten in width.

We have had a long and toilsome journey from Montevideo to see Lake Mini, and though we have met much to interest us yet it is not worth all the discomforts we have suffered.

How glad we are to find ourselves, on our return journey, at the Estancia Cerro Colorado one of the numerous properties of the Jackson family. The manager has kindly invited us to stay some days. The house is large and built like a fortress, and is furnished with every comfort. Deer and ostriches abound ; also duck, snipe, large and small

partridge, wood pigeon and parroquets. All the rivers swarm with Carpinchos or river hogs, and Nutrias or otters; the skin of the latter when dressed is very like that of the seal.

The greatest novelty of the camp life to a stranger is the 'yerra' or branding cattle: yesterday was marking day and before sunrise the men were driving in the herds to the corral; in all there were some 2,500 head of horned cattle. Owing to the extreme coldness of the morning the cattle were a little wild, and there was much difficulty in keeping them together. The peons charged over hill and dale in seeming confusion, shouting and trying to outflank various points of the herd, which now extended over a mile, the cattle running hither and thither at full tilt, scampering across the country. At last most of the cattle were got together, and driven into the corral, near the estancia house. A wood fire was lighted, half a dozen brands were heated. Two men on horseback rode into the herd, singled out a calf, lassoed him, and dragged him out: then four dismounted gauchos seized the poor animal, each holding him by a leg, while a fifth ran forward with the marking iron, red hot, and planted it on the flank; the poor beast moaning piteously as a column of smoke rose from the seething wound. I could not wait to see another, though I was told the pain soon passes.

The next event was the taming of 'potros' or wild horses. I cannot conceive anything more cruel. A troop of about 500 is driven into the corral. A gaucho picks out a full grown colt, throws his lasso and catches the two front legs; the poor beast rolls over with a heavy shock, and whilst it

is struggling on the ground the man with the lasso catches one of the hind legs and ties it close to the front ones. Another gaucho sits on the animal's neck and fastens on a bridle but without a bit; the lasso is then loosed, one man holds the horse's head, another puts on the horsecloth and girths all together. During this operation the horse throws himself over and over again on the ground, whilst they beat him on the head till he can hardly breathe from fear and is covered with foam. At last the girths are fastened, and the best horseman mounts him.

Every day shews us some new phase of estancia life, which after all has its enjoyments. Anything more exhilarating than a canter on a fine morning or in the cool of the evening over the springing turf cannot be conceived. The hospitality shewn us by the manager of Cerro Colorado more than compensated for the hardship of the journey. We passed several days here most agreeably.

## VII.

## UP THE RIVER URUGUAY

On our return to Montevideo we found an invitation from General Urquiza to visit him at his palace of San José in Entre-Rios. We determine to avail ourselves of the invitation. Not only shall we have an opportunity of seeing the formidable gaucho king presiding over his wild court, but we shall be able to visit the coast of the Uruguay. In the afternoon we embarked in the steamer Villa del Salto, and anchored next morning in front of B. Ayres. Owing to a dense fog we could not see the city. We passed the Cerro de San Juan at noon, and soon sighted the Gibraltar of the River Plate, Martin Garcia, which has batteries on the S. E. point. Facing the Argentine coast are several guns and soldiers quarters, next the Comandancia. When Rosas was Dictator of Buenos Aires he sent

his prisoners to Martin García; many of them escaped by swimming a grey mare across to Banda Oriental and the mare regularly swam back again, until Rosas shot her as an enemy to the state.

Carmelo is the first town we sight on a bend of the river. The next thing is an old convent now used for an estancia. The scenery improves as we advance, the Entre-Riano coast being much lower than the Oriental.

We passed Concepcion after dark and started next morning for Salto. This is the finest part of the river. We see a troop of mules swimming across: they are going to Bolivia. Passing the 'Delicias' and other valuable estancias belonging to foreigners we reach the dangerous pass of Corralitos by daylight. This reef has but one narrow channel; a dozen coasting craft are at anchor in front of the old port of Concordia, which is nearly a league below the town. In high water the Corralitos are covered. We have now a fine view of Salto at the head of the river, covering three or four hills with large white edifices, and apparently a town of great extent. We reach port at 5.30 p.m. and find comfortable quarters at the hotel.

The situation of Salto is charming, the Uruguay bathing the declivities of the 'cuchillas.' It is a flourishing place of 9000 inhabitants, mostly Italians, and is head quarters of all frontier traffic overland to Rio Grande do Sul. The Salto Grande is a barrier to navigation. I was given some beautiful pebbles and crystallizations, come from the Cerro de Catalanes near the river Cuareim, where agate is also found.

Next day we return from Salto by same steamer to Pay-

sandú. The port is half a league from the town. The ruins of Padre Solano's saladero are a mile from the Plaza. Padre Solano Garcia was a Spaniard, and came here in 1826. He built a little church still standing, the walls of which are 4 feet thick, the bells bear date A. D. 1630, and 1752. He was a man of great eccentricity and enterprise. He first built great lime-furnaces, then cultivated silkworms on a large scale, then raised chickens by steam. After Divine Service on Sundays he would mount his ox which he had trained like a horse, with a bridle attached by a ring to his nose. Unfortunately for himself he actively meddled with politics, and was made Senator, but the opposite party coming into power he was banished, and went to Cuba. On his return he brought a breed of snails, things before unknown, and to this day the quintas are infested with them. His last scheme was a subterranean saladero in which he constantly employed from 30 to 50 men, under an experienced French master-builder who followed all his whims. He expended much money on cylinders and other machinery which were brought out from England; the works extended underground to the Plaza of Paysandú.

Concepcion is five leagues from Paysandú, lower down the Uruguay. We left next morning for San José, the palace of General Urquiza, distant 7 leagues inland. The ground was covered with a hoar frost. The country is undulating, with fat herds of cattle and scattered habitations. We at last see the lofty turrets of San José, and a rude encampment where some 500 gaucho cavalry are quartered. Passing a fruit and flower garden we reach the

outer gate, where numbers of peasants, officers, guards etc. are waiting as we alight from the carriage. An aid-de-camp conducts us through the inner gate and various courtyards. The General and Madame Urquiza receive us most kindly. The cultivation of flowers and fruit is the General's occupation since he gave up politics. The flower garden is of great extent and contains the rarest plants from every quarter of the globe. There are two aviaries containing a number of canaries, cardinals, finches and some strange birds. There is a row of marble vases on the terrace. From this point we have a good view of the gardens and lake; the three principal gardeners are Frenchmen. The General who is very proud of his plants next led us to his winter-garden: in a large marble basin he has a place for growing water-cresses; in another is an artificial fish-pond.

The palace is built in the modern Italian style. We remained two days under this hospitable roof.

We little thought on our departure from San José that in less than a fortnight, it would be the scene of one of the bloodiest deeds recorded even in South America. A band of revolutionists rushed into the palace and murdered the poor old General in his library. Madame Urquiza and family were obliged to take refuge in Buenos Aires, but she has since recovered her property and established a model farm and agricultural colony at San José.

General Urquiza played so prominent a part in the politics of the last quarter of a century that a sketch of his life may be interesting. He was born in 1800 where the town of Concepcion now stands, his grandfather having been one

of the earliest settlers in that part of Entre-Rios called Arroyo de China. While young he embraced a military life, and the war in Banda Oriental in 1843 brought forward his name as a skilful soldier. Returning to Entre-Rios he formed an efficient police; speedy justice was dealt to murderers or robbers. In the space of 4 years the population was almost doubled. The various towns were endowed with schools and churches, and several colonies were founded. Entre-Rios underwent a complete transformation; having been formerly known as one of the wildest and most turbulent of the Argentine Provinces.

In 1851 Urquiza made an alliance with Brazil and Montevideo to overturn Rosas. General Urquiza then found himself at the head of 25,000 men, the largest army ever assembled in South America. He crossed the Paraná at Diamante and arrived, in January 1852, within eight leagues of the city of Buenos Aires.

The field of Monte Caseros saw 50,000 men ranged in mortal combat. The struggle was short, vigorous and decisive; after a few hours the army of Rosas broke and fled, and Rosas himself, disguised as an English sailor, escaped on board one of Her Majesty's ships. This put an end to the war, but there remained the difficulty of reorganising the country.

Gen. Urquiza summoned the Governors of the various provinces to a Convention at San Nicolas. One of the first steps was to throw open the navigation of the rivers to the flags of all nations, at the same time abolishing the provincial customs duties, and declaring General Urquiza Provisional Dictator till a new Constitution should be

agreed on. Congress was opened by Urquiza November 20th 1852, and the Argentine Constitution was voted (May 1st 1853) Urquiza being proclaimed President for six years.

The new Government gained esteem both at home and abroad. Treaties of commerce were made with England, Sardinia, Portugal, Brazil, and Paraguay. The internal progress was such that property increased ten-fold in value, the pastoral and agricultural industries grew up amazingly, while the towns and river ports doubled in a few years. Rosario, from a village of a few hundred souls, rose to a population of 20,000 : and lines of steamers opened up the trade of the Uruguay, Paraná and Paraguay ports. In 1860, General Urquiza having finished his term of office was succeeded by Dr. Derqui as President of the Republic. At different times it was expected that the force of events would drag Gen Urquiza from his seclusion at San José and again plunge him into the vortex of party strife. He was, however, so anxious to be left in peace for the remainder of his days that neither the Flores war in Banda Oriental, nor the Paraguayan war could tempt him to take any part in politics.

During the last eight years of his life he lived retired at his palace of San José. Like Cincinnatus he devoted himself to farming, and his hospitality to visitors was proverbial. His cattle farms extended over 1,000 square leagues and his pastoral wealth was estimated at 350,000 cows, 800,000 sheep and 50,000 horses. The size of his palace and number of his retainers reminded one of what might be expected in the household of an Eastern Prince.

## VIII.

## BUENOS AYRES

We anchored in front of Buenos Ayres on a cold drizzling morning; the mode of landing and the mole are a disgrace to any city having the least pretensions to civilization. We were transhipped into a small boat, then into a horse cart. The mole is a ricketty wooden structure 800 feet long. At a distance Buenos Aires looks well; the city is large, some of the streets are three miles long, and intersect each other at right angles in blocks of 140 yards square. It possesses several stately buildings, whose beauty is quite lost, being built in very narrow streets. There are two large theatres; the Colon is spacious but badly lighted: the stage has room for 500 performers, and the house admits three thousand spectators.

The natives of Buenos Aires are called Porteños ; the ladies are pretty and graceful when young, but have not improved their appearance by discarding the mantilla.

Innumerable tramways traverse the city and suburbs, The pavement of some of the streets is execrable, and the roads to the different suburbs are almost impassable in wet weather. In the suburbs, the principal of which are Flores, Belgrano, and San Isidro, the hedges are generally of prickly pear and aloë: these are so formidable as a fence that they are planted on the frontier to keep back Indians. Trees were very scarce until the introduction of the Eucaliptus or gum tree ; the first of these were grown in Montevideo, from seed brought by a captain shipwrecked on his way from Australia. No tree in the world arrives so rapidly at gigantic dimensions. It is particularly recommended for marshy places, being proved a good febrifuge, not only in Australia, but also in Algiers, the Campagna de Roma, and other countries reputed malarious.

The Ombú is the only tree indigenous to Buenos Ayres. Professor Darwin calls it the Fig Ombú: it is as large as an oak, the foliage is thick, and of a dark green color ; but the wood is of no use, and resembles a cabbage stalk, useless even for firing.

The camps of Buenos Ayres differ from those of the Banda Oriental in being perfectly flat and devoid of stone (except where the Sierras del Tandil begin), whereas those of the Banda Oriental are undulating and rocky. Some seasons of the year the former are covered with a dense growth of thistles, ten feet high ; at others with scarlet or purple verbena, or wild heliotrope. In such a vast plain

the winds have uncontrolled power, and fearful storms are of frequent occurrence, preceded by clouds of dust that obscure the light of day.

The north wind is attended with a feeling of lassitude and excites a great degree of electricity. The 'Pampero' or S. W. wind is by far the most healthy; its elasticity and vigor make it desirable at all seasons. The rocking stone of Tandil is the only natural curiosity in the province, it is situate about 200 miles south of the city of Buenos Aires close to the village of Tandil. There it stands, out upon the summit of the mountain, in bold relief against the sky; a huge rock several hundred tons in weight, sticking as it were by some mechanical contrivance against the mass of granite which sustains it.

There is much to interest the sportsman in this country. The remote Pampas swarm with ostriches, deer, wood pigeons, partridges, flamingoes, wild swan, snipe &c. Ducks are met with in flocks of two and three hundred, and there are many varieties, including the mallard, teal and grebe. The Tero-tero or horned plover is called the watchman of the Pampa; he warns the shepherd of the approach of any one to his dwelling, by making the peculiar noise from which he derives his name. The Batitu is the Barnham sand-piper, and is good when fattened on thistle seeds. The Armadillo lives upon worms and vegetables, and burrows in the ground; it is easily caught, and its flesh is white, very fat, and has the flavour of pork.

There are three sorts of pole-cats; they live chiefly upon birds, insects, and reptiles. The Tamandua or Ant-eater is a heavy, sleepy animal, easily caught, subsists entirely on

ants and licks them up with its tongue. The Chinchilla and Nutria or beaver are found in great numbers. One of the greatest pests to the sheep-farmer is the Viscacha or Prairie dog, an animal similar to a rabbit, but twice as large: they burrow the land in all directions. The Lion or Puma is not to be compared to its African namesake; it is more like an ill-shaped Newfoundland dog; it has no mane, and is of a light brown color. I have seen it chained up like a yard dog, and equally familiar with its master. The Jaguar or South American tiger is not properly a tiger, but more like a leopard, and haunts the islands of the Paraná.

Besides the birds which I have already mentioned there are the Carpintero or wood-pecker, the Hornero or Oven bird, two species of owls, and vultures always ready to devour the remains of beasts in the Pampas. Parrots, cardinals and humming birds are numerous. Of snakes the only dangerous ones are a dark grey one about eighteen inches long, and the *Vivora de la Cruz*, so called from its having a cross on its head. Frogs are innumerable and make an incessant noise at night, especially before rainy weather: on summer evenings thousands of fireflies produce a charming effect. A gentleman who made an expedition across the Pampas told me that he often used them as a lamp by putting six or seven of them under a glass.

The locust is the most dreaded enemy of the farmer; immense swarms come like a dense snow-storm and sometimes stop the railway trains. They fall in such numbers that the rails become lubricated by the locomotive crushing them.

## IX.

## ROSARIO TO CORDOBA

The journey from Rosario to Cordoba is singularly bleak and uninteresting: we travel along leagues upon leagues of flat grass plains, without a single tree or shrub to break the monotony; passing on the way Roldan, Bernstadt colony, Cañada de Gomez, Fraile Muerto and Ballesteros. At last we reach Villa Maria where we are to stay the night. This a straggling place surrounded by woods; it is already quite dark when we arrive, and the lights glimmering here and there through the trees give the appearance of a gypsy encampment. Ranchos are scattered about in the wood openings, and groups of wild looking natives are gathered round little fires cooking their supper. Next morning we continue our journey to Cordoba.

This city is 340 years old, being 35 years older than B. Aires; its founders having come from Chile across the

Andes in quest of El Dorado. The city is pretty much the same in aspect as it was in the 16th century, and when you stand in the Plaza, looking at the venerable cathedral and the Cabildo alongside, you almost expect to see the helmetted soldiers of Carlos Quinto issue from the portals. The cathedral reminds one of the pictures of Norman-Saracenic buildings: in the interior the most remarkable object is the huge silver tabernacle, and the treasures of the sacristy are also said to be of much value.

The Jesuit church is still more interesting, the roof being the finest piece of workmanship in the Republic: it is of wood beautifully carved and richly gilt, the trunks of cedar having been brought from Tucuman on rollers, a work which required two years and was done by Indians. There are medallion portraits along the nave, of Jesuit missionary saints and martyrs: over the organ is a transparency of St. Ignatius of Loyola. This church was closed for nearly a century after the expulsion of the Jesuits, and has been only recently restored.

The contiguous edifice in which the Jesuits held their famous college, the head-quarters of the order in this part of South America, is a grand old structure that seems to defy the hand of Time or ravages of civil war. Through the kindness of D. Aurelio Piñero we were most politely received by the Rector who showed us over the whole place. The first patio or quadrangle has a corridor of arches on all sides; on the north side is the Academic hall, where the conferring of degrees takes place. Here there is a full-length portrait of Bishop Trejo, founder of the Uni-

versity, which hangs over the Rector's chair, and a tabular inscription mentions that he was a native of Paraguay (A. D. 1620) and gave 43,000 silver dollars of his private fortune to endow the university. The Hall is about 80 feet long, and has the arms of the 14 Argentine Provinces along the ceiling.

The building which at present contains both the University and the National College comprises two great quadrangles: the walls of the corridors are 4 to 6 feet in thickness; the stairs are of native marble, and the upper story contains several spacious halls and class-rooms. I measured one and found it 40 paces in length: the windows looking westward commanded a delightful view of the Sierras, reminding me of the many establishments now in ruins which the Jesuits founded there, such as Alta Gracia, Jesus Maria, Santa Catalina etc.

We visited the Fine-arts school, where there are numerous paintings and works in stucco: among the former are some admirable copies of Murillo and other masters, and I noticed that the best were those by Sr. Perez, a student who has never left Cordoba. The Rector next took us to the Library and shewed us sundry rare old books, such as grammars of Guarani, Quichua and Lule tongues, printed at Madrid in the last century. In the National College the dormitories, chapel and refectory are good-sized apartments, but cheerless and gloomy. The pupils are from different provinces, maintained at the cost of the state, and receive a general education.

Santo Domingo convent is chiefly remarkable for its handsome new church, built in 1861 at a cost of over

£15,000. In the sacristy is the portrait of Fray Olegario Correa, who died a few years ago much regretted. He was named Bishop of San Juan and repaired to Rome to pray that he might be allowed to end his days in the cloister, but failed: on his return, while preparing to leave Cordoba he was seized with his last illness and never reached San Juan.

## X.

## A NIGHT IN THE SIERRA OF CORDOBA

Before leaving the quaint old city of the Jesuits, which stands almost midway between the Atlantic seaboard and that of the Pacific, we resolved to make a trip to the Sierra of Cosquin. It is on the highroad from Cordoba to Rioja, and takes its name from a settlement of Indians converted to Christianity in the 18th century, but of whom no trace now remains.

The bright sunshine of a winter's morning in May was dancing on the turrets and cupolas of the churches of Cordoba as we started with our guide Manuel, facing towards the mountains, whose blue range bounds the city westward, in a sharp outline. The snows had not yet begun to cover the range, but away in the direction of San Luis the summits of the Sierras shone like burnished gold.

For about a mile the traveller passes through quintas and gardens lined with poplars, leaving on the left the city cemetery and an Indian village, till crossing the Rio Primero near a mill, where the depth of water seldom exceeds a couple of feet. We have a constant ascent till reaching the Tablada, an extensive table-land famous for a battle fought there some years ago, which proved unusually bloody as there was no shelter for either officers or men of the beaten army and they were lanced up to the banks of the river. The view from the Tablada is striking, the city below on one side, the mountains standing out boldly on the other.

Our guide relates to us reminiscences of the battle and seems as well versed in the local politics as he is reputed to be in all the intricacies of the Sierras. He is a colored man, with one leg much longer than another; his garrulous character and keen sense of humor make him a suitable companion, in this democratic country. Before we have gone ten miles of the road we find he is a great favorite with all the old women in the ranchos along the way. He has a salutation for one, a message for another, and sometimes he halts to light a cigar or take a cup of mate, while we push along quietly till he overtakes us again. A thick growth of brushwood indicates our approach to the Arroyo Saldan, and the stumps of trees are an obstacle to galloping. The ranchos hereabout are more numerous, and have a squalid appearance. Men are hardly to be seen, but plenty of women of every color down to black.

“Pedro the Lion-killer lives yonder says Manuel,

pointing to a couple of huts near the roadside, with a paradise tree in front.

“ If you would like a breakfast of roast kid, he continues, my friend Pedro will serve us without delay, and then we can get on very well till we cross the Sierra, and sup to night at San Roque.

“ We said let us breakfast here, and if your friend Pedro has a couple of lion-skins to dispose of, try and get them for us.

As we draw up to the *palenque* or cross bars where guests usually tie their horses, we observe the heads of sundry animals hung here and there in the branches of the tree. Some are quite dried, others have part of the skin still on, and Manuel informs me that they are Pedro's trophies of the chase.

The lion-killer is a man of fifty years, still active, and as he bids us dismount the dogs cease barking. In a few minutes a quarter of kid is roasting at the ‘asador,’ over a heap of cinders in the open space near the door, while our host spreads a table for us under the tree that bears his lion's heads. It is an error to call these animals lions, for they are only Pumas, and by no means so formidable as Jaguars. Still they destroy goats and calves. Pedro tells us he gets for each lion that he kills a present from each of the neighbors, in the shape of a kid, a sheep, a pig or the like. If the cubs be taken very young they may be tamed. Breakfast over, and a lion-skin strapped behind each of our saddles, we continue our journey. Hardly do we cross the Arroyo Saldan when our road begins to ascend, and thick brushwood shuts in the view

on either side, till at a bend of the river, where three cottages occur, we observe some Swiss or German women washing, and flaxen-haired children running about. An hour further takes us to a comfortable estancia house which has much the look of a fortress, and now the road, hitherto practicable for vehicles, becomes a mere bridle-path, winding through dense thickets, crossing a little stream fully a dozen times in less than a league. We meet a man and a woman attended by two servants, all riding mules. At times our path dives down into dark glens, but it is generally an ascent, and when we emerge upon a hill side we get a wide view of the mountains, with cattle grazing on the slopes.

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

We are going through a dismal defile which lends addi-

tional horror to Manuel's story; a rivulet that never sees the light of day trickles through the bottom. and again the path ascends through thick overhanging woods.

A half-naked mulatto, driving a horse, crosses our track and bids us 'good evening.' Presently we hear the bells of a troop of mules higher up the mountain, just as we emerge upon a bare ledge of rock, where the horses have to climb cautiously as if feeling their way. An abyss of a thousand feet is on our left, while the rocks sometimes jut out so on our right that two riders could not pass, and if you are at all giddy it is better to keep your eyes on the mountain side, for a glimpse leftward at one or other of these points makes the blood run cold. We asked the guide why he did not allow us to dismount before entering this pass, but he says the horses will not be led, and that they are so sure-footed he has never heard of one tumbling over. He says some travellers coming over the Cosquin with children put them in panniers on each side of the mule, but this seems to me still more dangerous as one of the panniers might strike against the rock and throw the mule out of equilibrium.

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

Right over our head is the mule-troop, and as we reach the table-land upon which the 'arriero' with a number of men and women on mules, and a train of baggage mules carrying wine and dried fruits from Rioja, are assembled we exchange friendly salutations; then the 'arriero' and all his troop begin to descend the Cordoba side, and

before us the setting sun reveals a picture of surpassing loveliness. The valley of St. Francis is at our feet, a river dividing it from the woods that clothe the mountain to the low ground, and away on the verge of the horizon is the Sierra Ischilin reflecting the last beams of this golden hour of tranquil beauty.

The descent is steep and rugged, at times worn like a flight of stairs, but the horse never stumbles, and the branches wreathed with air-plants make you bow your head as you proceed.

Night overtakes us in these woods. We see some lights in the trees, and coming up find it is an encampment of muleteers from Rioja, who are preparing their supper, having unloaded their mules and turned them out to graze. Robin Hood and his men must have been the counterpart of the good-humored fellows before us, and as we pass them with 'Buenas noches' Manuel confesses that we may have also to sleep in the greenwood, as it is impossible to reach San Roque to-night.

"Let us halt, he says, till the moon rises, and then we may be able to discover some rancho."

"And if we don't find a place to pass the night we can lie down on our ponchos; but the worst of it is, that we have had no dinner."

Manuel was as hungry as ourselves, and my husband said it was wisest to accept Manuel's advice. Accordingly we dismount a few paces from the roadside, unsaddle and hobble our horses, and proceed to stretch our ponchos under a tree. We have been about half an hour, talking of the manners of the people and such like, when we hear

the barking of dogs, which decides us to continue our route in that direction.

When the moon rises we are already in the open country, and Manuel thinks we are on the road to Tanticuche. Again the dogs' barking tells of some human habitation near, and we come up to a rancho where half-a-dozen wild looking men and women give us a very dubious welcome. One of them proves to be the man we met in the forest driving a horse before him, and after some words exchanged between him and our guide the latter says there is a 'tapera' or uninhabited house a few yards off where we can pass the night.

Following the half-naked mountaineer we reach the 'tapera,' which has neither door nor window, but is open to all the winds and rains of heaven. It is not quite empty for there are two long boards which, as we strike a light, prove to be very greasy.

Manuel failing in all efforts to obtain something to eat we offer the man a dollar apiece for a couple of hens, but he protests they have no meat or poultry of any kind. Seeing that there was no hope for supper our guide gives the horses in charge to the host having first removed our saddles and his 'recado.' The latter comprises a number of rugs and cloths, and Manuel makes us two tolerable beds on the boards already mentioned.

As a last effort for supper he goes to the rancho and begs them to give us something, but returns empty-handed, merely promising us a dish of mazamorra (made of maize and milk) in the morning. One of the women of the places comes a few minutes after, with a piece of cold 'ma-

tambre' on an iron skewer. Hungry as we are we cannot eat a morsel of it, for it is as tough as boot leather and salty as sea-water.

At two in the morning I awake from the intense cold, for even my husband's thick poncho of Guanaco wool has hardly prevented us from becoming benumbed. We get up and walk for nearly an hour, while the cold night air passes freely through the open window-place and doorway.

I have seldom watched so anxiously for the break of day as now, and long before sunrise we are out exploring. About the rancho is a number of cocks and hens, and the inhabitants are in the corral catching horses. Hard by is a river, where we explore a ruined mill, which is thought to have belonged to the Jesuits before their expulsion in 1768.

At the corral we have the good fortune to get a drink of milk, but the good woman of the house has forgotten all about the "mazamorra." It is 20 miles to the nearest pulperia, where we shall be able to get a breakfast of raisins, sardines and, perhaps, roast kid. •

Cordoba 10 p.m.

Near San Roque we halted for breakfast at a wayside inn kept by a civil native, who told us that in his youth he had studied law at Tucuman. After leaving this place we began the ascent of the hills, the glare from the rocks being in some places excessive owing to large sheets of talc. We passed numbers of cottages surrounded by apple-orchards, and as we got higher the habitations

were few and far between; at every door we saw some parrots, which abound in a line of cliffs over the river. On crossing the Sierra we got a view of Cordoba, beyond the Rio Primero, this river being marked by frequent plantations. We halted at the Calera, property of Mr. Allende, who receive us very hospitably, my husband being already acquainted with him. Close by we saw some Englishmen at work, who told us they were building a hotel for the people of Cordoba to come to in the summer months, the Rio Primero offering good facilities for bathing. We rode along the banks of this river for a couple of hours till reaching a delightful island with a farm-house surrounded by orchards and plantations, the abode of a Frenchman who married the daughter of the original owner, with whom he chanced to be a fellow-passenger from France when the heiress was returning from school to South America. The guide tells me they are greatly esteemed by everybody. Still following the river we came to Saldan, belonging to another of the Allende family: it is at the foot of the Sierra, and possesses probably the largest walnut tree in the world; under its shade 200 horsemen, they say, can rest. A few hours ride brought us back to Cordoba before sundown, having travelled about 50 miles since yesterday morning.

## XI.

## TWO THOUSAND MILES BY RIVER STEAMER

No journey by land or water can give the traveller such an insight of life in South America as the ascent of the rivers Paraná and Paraguay into the province of Matto-Grosso. This we accomplished on board *Conceicao's* steamers which make the trip once a month. The following notes contain my experiences as far as the capital, Cuyabá, the last two days being in a canoe, as the river was too shallow even for our little steamer.

From Buenos Ayres to Cuyabá is nearly 2,400 miles and the journey has seldom been made by Europeans, and never before by an English lady. Captain Bossi in 1862 attempted to cross the intervening forest and cordilleras and descend by the Amazon to the Atlantic, but was forced to desist by a mutiny among the Indians who accompanied him.

Nevertheless it is quite possible to cross from Cuyabá to the river Tapajos and descend in a canoe to the Amazon, which the Indians compute a voyage of 35 days : this was actually done by Governor Coutinho in 1771, the Indians carrying his canoe 6 days through the woods.

We started from Buenos Ayres on board the Brazilian steamer 'Jaurú,' and in a few hours saw Colonia on the Banda Oriental coast, ploughing the same waters which witnessed the gallantry and fatal end of Captain MacNamara : his name is not known, yet if he had succeeded the Banda Oriental would probably be to-day a flourishing British colony like Canada or Australia. Over a hundred years ago, when so many Irish soldiers of fortune were winning victories for Louis the Fourteenth on the hard fought fields of Fontenoy and Landen an Irish naval commander named MacNamara was permitted by George the III to fit out at his own expense two corvettes called the Lord Clive and Ambuscade, together mounting 104 guns, for the conquest of the Banda Oriental. At that time (1764) Montevideo was only a fishing village founded some 30 years before by a colony from the Canaries, and Colonia was a place of some importance. MacNamara sailed up the River Plate and getting abreast of Colonia shelled the place for 5 hours ; it was on the point of surrendering, when by some mishap the Lord Clive took fire and 262 persons perished. The Spaniards fired on the poor fellows in the water, only 78 escaping to land : one of them, a good swimmer, was carrying MacNamara on his back, but the latter perceiving the sailor to grow weaker handed him his sword and letting go his hold sunk. The survivors

were sent to Cordoba, and from them are descended many families bearing English names. Next day we pass Rosario a city of 30,000 inhabitants and an active foreign trade. Some leagues higher we pass San Lorenzo, a Franciscan convent of the last century.

The Paraná is here at least 3000 yards across. The high land on our left soon merges into a network of islands, the deep water channel skirting along the opposite coast which presents a number of openings, through which we get glimpses of wood and dale, in charming contrast with the sloping 'barrancas' or banks of sand stone or toska. The soil of these generally presents to the eye a covering of luxuriant grass, or thick shrubbery, and occasionally a grove of trees resembling the olive at a distant view. The section made in successive ages by the river shows a tertiary formation of alternate strata of loose-sand, coarse sand stone, calcareous stone and marl, and the fossils found therein resemble those of the Patagonian tertiary formation from Bahia-Blanca to Punta-Arenas.

The approach to the town of Paraná is picturesque; towering bluffs of red sand stone, here and there relieved by a thick fringe of deep green, the effect being pleasing to the eye. There are several lime kilns along the coast.

The sun goes down, and streaks of purple cover the sky, casting their reflection upon the water and surrounding objects. A profound silence reigns. We remain on deck till we anchor in front of Paraná at day break, admiring the thousand beauties of a mid-summer moon-light, so calculated to awaken thoughts of youth and home, and that dear time.

Paraná stands on an eminence of 200 feet. On a clear day the turrets of Santa Fé may be seen about 7 miles distant on the opposite bank of the river. Amid a succession of gentle undulations on the right, the eye wanders over a country presenting much the idea of an English park. Groups of noble trees like oaks break the surface of a verdant vegetation, and Nature has outdone the fancy work of a landscape gardener in the rich variation of tints and foliage; the graceful outlines of hill and vale, the stately forms of pine and algarroba, which every moment present themselves are very charming, but the absence of habitations suggests a gloomy reflection on the condition of the country. Some leagues higher is the colony founded some 20 years ago by Urquiza. We see several boats crossing to Santa Fé, one of them taking in tow a horse whose head only is visible. It is said that these animals swim much better here than in Europe, and Gen. Urquiza has several times passed at the Diamante an army of cavalry, for which Hannibal would have required rafts.

The cliffs again approach the water but instead of sand or lime are argillaceous deposits of red and purple said to be valuable for dyes. As there is no jealous guardian of woods and forests, we meet several small skiffs laden with timber, which is had for the cutting. The wood cutters are Italians who trade with Buenos Ayres, and the Genoese may be said to monopolize the traffic of this river. The numerous islands abound with tigers and small game.

Thirty years ago the voyage from Buenos Ayres to Paraguay occupied half a year, and to Matto-Grosso one could only go by canoe at the risk of being killed by In-



E. L. HENNINGTON

ROU-BAIRL

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dians. In those days the timid navigators of the Paraná crept lazily along the banks sounding the current at every step, often sheltering themselves under the 'barrancas' when the least symptoms of bad weather appeared, and never trusting themselves, even under the most experienced pilot, to the perils of navigation by night. An indigenous lady remarked once that she supposed the English packet, in its trip to Europe, always made fast to the trees at night time.

Tradition says that the first Spanish expedition to Paraguay took more than twelve months, for although the direct distance to Asuncion is under 1,000 miles the way is made almost double by the crossing from one bank to the other. Certainly the adventurous settlers of the 16th century were men of surpassing energy, determination and perseverance. It is impossible for us to form an idea of the hardships they must have gone through, penetrating to the very centre of the continent, to establish a city amid these woods and wilds. Such as they then looked upon these cliffs and islands they are to-day, for Nature in her simplest and rudest garb still holds undisputed sway in these silent, melancholy regions. For thousands of years this mighty river has flowed on to the sea, and yet it seems the same as when first Creation dawned upon the universe. The arts or science of man are nowhere visible for hundreds of miles, and the various layers of soil forming the islands only shew that during numberless generations the stream has continued to carry down its deposits till these have gradually risen above the surrounding flood, decked out in all the charms of tropical nature,

with trees of various kinds, most of them probably yet unknown to botanists.

A thick jungle of marshy grass and entangled underwood, which almost defies the entrance of man, affords a secure and favorite asylum for tigers, which often cross from either mainland to the opposite side, swimming with powerful strokes, perfectly heedless of the rapid current. In many places the casual groupings of foliage, broken here and there by lovely rivulets which tempt you to follow their mysterious recesses, present a picture that Salvator Rosa or Claude Lorraine would have delighted to paint. It is a pity to think that these islands are never to be turned to any purpose or defended against the torrent, for the soil is so loose that it will hold no structure. Sir Charles Lyell with great truth observes that green rafts or 'Camelotes' composed of canes and brushwood occasionally are carried down by the inundations, bearing on them the tiger, caiman, squirrels and other quadrupeds which are said to be always terror stricken on their floating habitation. No less than four tigers were landed in this manner in one night at Montevideo, to the great alarm of the inhabitants, who found them prowling about the streets in the morning. The river has in some places retreated considerably, and the bed of the stream has also changed often; some towns erected on its banks are now almost inaccessible, so many islands intervene.

After passing the town of La Paz the river spreads out to an amazing width. I pictured to myself what English genius and enterprise would have made of this splendid watercourse. I saw visions of vessels laden with the

fruits of industry, instead of these great natural resources lying wasted.

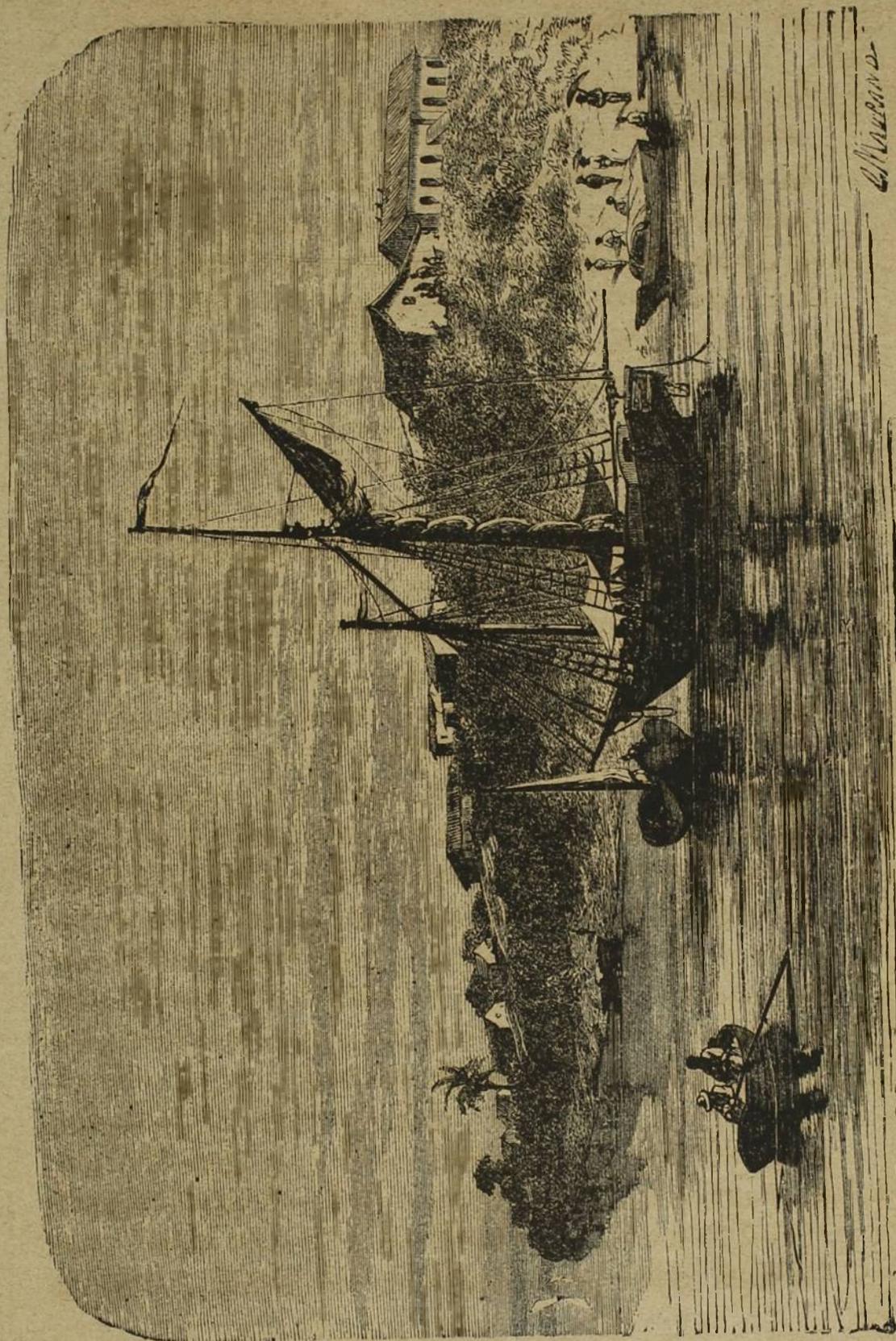
Near the little river Espinillo, which is the frontier line between Entre-Rios and Corrientes, we met some boats laden with hides and tobacco; the latter forming the upper part of the cargo. On the edge of the Chaco are two huts of palm trees, scarce large enough to hold a man at full length. It is the dwelling of some woodcutters. Higher up is a little skiff pushing along among the trees. There are three men, two of whom are evidently Creoles; the other I thought wore a colored shirt, but it is his tawny skin, for he is a tame Indian.

Every few minutes we cross the river, which is here about a mile wide, and very shallow. The coast of Corrientes is low but well wooded; and here is a little hut elevated on poles, and with a tile roof, which answers for the Port Captain's office for Esquina; this town being about a mile distant on a sharp bend of the river Corrientes, near its confluence with the Parana. It happened some time since that a priest was left at this hut by the passing steamer, one evening, and being unable to find his way through the thickets and across rivulets, without a guide, he resolved to pass the night here; some hungry tigers prowling about smelt human flesh and resolved to eat the reverend Doctor. The latter scrambled up on the roof, and remained in this unpleasant position until daybreak. As there was no steamer expected to arrive the usual passenger boat did not come down from the town, and one of the wild beasts kept watch below, thinking the stranger might be driven by hunger to run the gauntlet and make

towards town. In this manner, the poor priest passed two terrible days and nights before he was relieved from his perilous position. Another time a family was left at some distance from Paraná at nightfall and being unable to reach the town had to light a large fire to keep off the tigers.

The next place of any importance we come to is Goya called after the beautiful wife of a Portuguese butcher who lived here at the commencement of the present century. Birds called Cha-ha awaken the echoes of the woody islands with their strange mocking cry, which signifies in Guarani "let us be going." Some Carpinchos show themselves on the banks; there is also a group of swans and wild turkeys. Close to Goya is the old village called Santa Lucia, founded by the Jesuits, and the old church still remains. Before us is a historic place called Las Cuevas, a red sand-stone cliff. In the year 1825 a Portuguese estanciero named Cueva lived here with only his son and two daughters: his cattle tempted the rapacity of the Chaco Indians. A band of these deadly savages on two occasions swam across the river and attacked his house. The fearless old man and his son gave the Indians a warm reception and fired at them as fast as the daughters could load the guns, and thus succeeded in driving them off. During 50 years they have never ventured another foray.

Bella Vista is seen in the distance: it well deserves its name. A chain of steep cliffs cut by the torrent is broken at short and regular distances by numberless fissures caused by the rains. Above it is an orange mount with its dark green outline against the horizon. Nestling



W. MURRAY

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amongst palm trees and other tropical foliage the little town is thrown as if by chance on the hill side and commands a grand view of the Paraná and Chaco. The inhabitants are a wild looking people; the men dressed like Calabrian fishermen eye us strangely, the women wear white garments, and some are on the beach washing naked children.

The first object we see coming in sight of Corrientes is a column, called "La Cruz del Milagro." Tradition says that when the town was founded in 1558 by two brothers named Vera, who called it "Siete Corrientes" or the seven currents, they were surrounded by Indians called Guaycurus. On the spot where the column now stands there was a large wooden cross, before which the garrison prayed during their heroic resistance to the besiegers. The Indians supposing it possessed of a charm carried it off and tried to burn it, but in vain; soon after attacking the stockade they were dispersed by a stroke of lightning, and the Cacique with 6,000 followers immediately desired to be baptized. In 1856 some excavations here discovered remains of an old clay entrenchment and Indian arrows, which served to confirm the tradition.

Corrientes is surrounded by suburbs of scattered ranchos ten or twelve feet square, roofed with the bark of the Palma de Teja. This bark is employed like a tile in pieces of six feet long, seemingly unfastened in any manner. The occupants of these ranchos are women and children of copper color and good features, they are almost pure Guarani blood. The children, quite naked, are rolling in the sand. There is a kind of spider, perfectly harmless,

which clusters like bees and produces a species of silk, that was sent to Paris and said to be very good. In the last century a Jesuit presented the King of Spain with a pair of silk stockings made from the silk of this spider. Mr. Darwin mentions spiders like these, which make webs in the Brazilian forests, strong enough to catch birds.

Mr. Bompland, the companion of Humboldt, lived here for many years. They tell us the great French botanist led a very humble life, refusing to go back to his native country, when his beloved patroness, the Empress Josephine, was dead. He added immense acquisitions to the science of botany, among the varied productions of this almost tropical clime.

A few miles from Corrientes we pass several canoes filled with Chaco Indians, men and women; they have a wild, brutal aspect, and disfigure their faces in a shocking manner by tattooing the cheek, just under the eye, and with their long coarse hair, naked bodies, uncouth gait, and maniac expression, they seem an inferior order of humanity. They amused themselves by upsetting each others' canoes, and swimming about like fishes. We are told that these Indians might be easily tamed by mild treatment.

## XII.

## RIVER PARAGUAY TO ASUNCION

The island of Cerrito is at the confluence of the Paraná and Paraguay, formerly belonging to Paraguay and now ceded to the Argentine Republic. As we pass this island we see numerous crosses erected on the banks over the graves of distinguished officers who fell on the side of the Allies in the Paraguayan war. Every inch of ground was valiantly disputed by Lopez and his people, during 5 years, until the overpowering forces of Brazil and Buénos Ayres triumphed in 1870.

On the Chaco side after sundown we observe a great fire, the flames sweeping along over trees and brushwood. As we approach we can distinguish the figures of Indians dancing apparently in the midst of the flames. They make

these fires in a circle embracing a square mile, leaving an opening where they await the tigers and other animals that attempt to escape.

The territory on each side belongs to Paraguay: this name in Guarani signifies, pertaining to the sea. We pass the ruined tower of Humaita which signifies (also in Guarani) a black mass of stone. It has now only one tower standing. Humaitá was formerly a strong fortress. Higher up is the mouth of the Rio Bermejo, which is bordered by a dense forest: there are some Indians fishing, some with nets, and others shooting the fish with bows and arrows. There are shoals of alligators on either bank. They lie motionless, like a log of wood, with their jaws extended, shewing two alarming rows of teeth. The body is dark grey and scaly like a tortoise, with four short legs, and they glide into the water with great ease.

When H. M. S. Cracker was in Paraguay last year one of the officers shot an alligator with a Snider rifle at a distance of 150 yards. The ball penetrated the thickest part of the side and was found flattened in the inside. One of our party shot another, though he did not recover the body. The ball went down the creature's throat and he glided into the water tinging it with blood.

At Villeta a ship is lying alongside the mole and we see a procession of white robed figures; these are women loading the vessel with oranges: their only garment is a long white chemise; on their heads they carry baskets of oranges. Before us is the peak of Lambaré, clad in luxuriant foliage: after the flat landscapes we have passed through it is refreshing to see a mountain. A bend in the river brings

us at once in full view of Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, seated on a hill side sloping down to the river.

This city was founded in 1536 by a Spanish officer named Ayolas. The houses stretch out in straight lines from the coast. The streets are so many sand pits, into which we sink at every step. Almost every public building is in ruins. Every where we see the greatest misery. There are very few men left since the war, and those that remain are lazy and good for nothing. The women do all the work, even planting tobacco and mandioca, and clearing the forests; they are extremely cleanly and bathe two or three times a day : their houses too are well kept, and even the huts whose only furniture is a hammock of cotton or matting are remarkably neat. Their features are generally fine, hands and feet small, complexion seldom dark and sometimes as fair as among the northern nations of Europe. They are so sunburnt as to approach an olive color, but not more so than if descended from white blood : the Paraguayans are descended from the old Spanish settlers and the Guarani Indians.

The women wear very little clothing, only the long white chemise, which is usually embroidered at the top and fastened at the waist : some wear curious old gold necklaces and combs; all go bare foot, and they sometimes undertake journeys of 15 or 20 leagues, carrying burdens on their heads. Domestic morality does not stand high, but we cannot be surprised at this when we hear that the two former rulers used every means to prevent matrimony, in order to reduce the people to one common herd.

The women make a beautiful lace which is called

“Nanduty” or Spider’s web; this they sell very reasonably: they also make hammocks of native cotton which are very light and pretty. In the early morning the market is filled with women selling their wares, smoking the roughly made cigars of the country, for here every woman smokes from infancy, and all seem happy and contented, though many have hardly a roof to shelter them.

We are assured the prejudice against Europeans is quite as strong in Paraguay as in the other Spanish republics of South America. Guarani, the great Indian dialect, is always used except in church, where the people pray in Spanish. The Guarani language is soft, but very difficult to learn owing to the abundance of nasal and guttural sounds.

The diet of the Paraguayans is mostly vegetables and fruit. They rarely eat meat, living usually on one meal, in which maize, mandioca, oranges and ‘chipa’ form the chief ingredients. Chipa is a kind of bread made of mandioca mixed with milk and cheese; it looks oily, but is very good.

Mate or Paraguayan tea is the favourite drink and is almost as universally used in Spanish America as tea in England. This herb is prepared from a tree which the Guaranies call Caa, and which in its form and foliage resembles the orange tree. It has a white flower with five petals growing in small clusters. The seed is like the American pepper. The mode of preparing the leaves is by roasting them slowly, and then having picked out the stalks and large leaves pounding them fine in a wooden mortar. Sometimes they leave the stalks and fibres and

switch all together till completely pulverised. The manner of preparing the infusion is very curious. A table spoonfull of the herb is put in a gourd of fantastic shape, mounted with silver or gold if the owner be wealthy, then mixed with a little cold water and allowed to stand awhile: boiling water is then added, and while it is yet frothing they suck it through a silver tube having a little strainer at the end. The same cup is passed from one to another until every one is served: to Europeans this custom is very revolting. It is a most wholesome drink when used in moderation. The trees grow chiefly in the woods, about two hundred miles from Asuncion. It is very remarkable that the Jesuits first learned the use of this herb from the savage aborigines of the country. Caña, a spirit made from the sugar cane, is also very much consumed: it is surprising to see how much of it the women drink without being intoxicated; they use it like water, and yet it is said to be quite as strong as brandy. The delicious mandioca forms one of the staple products of the country. Marebraff who has given the fullest account of this important root says there are twenty three species, some of which if eaten raw or prepared in any manner with the juice in it are said to be deadly poison, and many of the native women sometimes poisoned their husbands, by putting the juice in their food. But there is a species described by Captain Beaver as cultivated in Africa, and which also grows in Paraguay, perfectly harmless even in its crude state. De Lery, after giving the same dreadful account of the poison as other authors, says, that the juice, which in its appearance resembled milk, coagulated in the

sun, and the curd was drest in the same manner as eggs. The sediment which the juice deposits is that article of diet for invalids so well known by its native name Tapioca. Mandioca also supplies the Indians with a banquetting drink prepared in the same way as the chicha or maize drink which the Jesuit Dobrizhoffer describes. "The roots are sliced boiled till they are soft, and set aside to cool. The young women then chew them, after which they are returned into the vessel, which is filled with water, and once more boiled, being stirred the whole time. When this has been continued sufficiently long the unstrained contents are poured into earthen jars of great size which are buried up to the middle in the floor of the house, then closely stopt, and in the course of two days fermentation takes place. They have a superstition that if it is made by men it is good for nothing. A Moravian missionary describes it, after he had "conquered his squeamishness, as being of a very pleasant refreshing taste resembling milk, it is called 'kaawy.'"

In one of our delightful excursions on horseback from Asuncion we were caught in a storm and obliged to seek shelter at a farm house. The storm lasted some hours and we were invited to have some refreshment. We gladly accepted the invitation and very soon our hostess, who did not speak a word of Spanish, was occupied in preparing a stew of chicken : this she served up on plates of mandioca so that we ate plates and chicken together. During the war all these poor people had nothing to eat but oranges. Paraguay seems a vast orange grove : all the hedges are formed of orange trees intermingled with jessa-

mine and other flowers with Indian names, all laced together with the most exquisite creepers. The roads are of red sand, impassable for carriages but delightful for riding, and one meets troops of picturesque looking women carrying their burdens on their heads, sometimes curious earthen jars, which they make of this red clay and have glazed by some unknown process. Like the Egyptians they carry everything on their heads: you see them sometimes in the streets of Asuncion carrying a bottle up very steep inclines with the greatest ease. In many of the rivulets we saw the beautiful "Victoria Regia" in all its glory. The women gather the seeds of this plant, pound them into flour, and make delicious bread; they also use the flour for their complexions. It is a charming sight in the early morning to watch the myriads of birds feeding on the seeds of the "Regia," their brilliant plumage forming a striking contrast with its exquisite leaves.

## XIII.

## INDIAN CUSTOMS

Besides the Guarani the Spanish settlers met on their arrival the Payaguas tribe, but the latter were so indomitable that nothing could bring them on a friendly footing, and the race was almost exterminated.

A few still remain: we met one of the Caciques, who was a magnificent specimen of humanity, but a great cheat in the traffic of curiosities, such as bows, arrows, cow horns tiger-skins, birds etc. It is said of these Payaguas that they destroyed all their children but one or two: this would account for the destruction of the race. They are said to be the most active and muscular of all the Indians, but their appearance is truly savage, wearing the wing or head of a large bird in one ear. Some of them paint their bodies to represent jacket, waistcoat and trousers, and

then think themselves fully dressed. Their customs are as barbarous as their dress. When a man through age, illness or mere weariness of existence wishes to die he offers himself to be buried alive. A great feast is held, and in the midst of revelry he is greased and feathered with great care, then put in a huge tub, and the earth closed over him. The men never mourn, thinking any sign of grief beneath their dignity. The woman bewail their husbands and fathers usually for two or three days, crying all night and all day about their dwellings. They keep the graves clean, weed and erect little huts over them, and place painted earthen vessels over those they love. The Payaguas are one of the few tribes who believe in retribution after death: they think that cauldrons of fire are ready for wicked Payaguas.

A frightful ceremony was common to the Guaycurus and Guanas as well as the Payaguas. Southey describes it thus: "On the eve of the appointed day, the chiefs of every family paint their bodies, and dress their heads with feathers, in a way that is quite impossible to describe. They cover some earthen vessels with skins, and drum upon them with sticks smaller than a common quill: the low, murmur-like sound is scarcely perceptible a few steps off. In the morning they drink all the spirits in their possession; and in that state of ferocious drunkenness which drams produce, one operates upon another, by pinching up the flesh of his arms and legs, as largely as his fingers can command, and running skewers through at inch distances from the ankle to the knee, and from the wrist to the shoulder. They also pierce the tongue. The Indian

women behold it with composure, and the men who endure these torments betray not the slightest emotion, either by look or gesture. The blood is received in the hand, and they rub their bodies with it. The wounds are left to heal without any application: they are long in healing, and leave scars for life; and sometimes the men are disabled for so long a time, that their families suffer much for want of provisions. The only reason which they assign for this tremendous custom is, that they may show themselves to be brave men."

Many of the Indian customs remain amongst the Paraguayans. We went to see a 'velorio' or wake of a new born child. The body was laid upon a table, dressed in white satin embroidered with silver, satin shoes etc.; it had a wig of long black curly hair, surmounted by wreaths of artificial flowers. About forty women sat around, smoking and laughing, all barefoot and their only dress the embroidered chemise. When a child dies the mother first holds the feast in her own house. Afterwards other women borrow the body from her for a night until they are obliged to bury it.

The Gomba is an Indian dance which on certain festivals is kept up two and three days: some trunks of trees are put on the ground in the form of a cross, and covered with skins; the women form a circle and the dance is supposed to be a rejoicing on the return of their husbands from the chase. Notwithstanding the manner in which they perform the Gomba it is curious how well and gracefully these women dance European dances. This is to be accounted for by the fact that the Jesuits finding the Indians were so

addicted to dancing, were careful to inculcate decorous dances, and even brought over to Asuncion from Spain a dancing master named Cardiel, who, it is said, taught the Paraguayans no less than seventy different dances, among which were the Palomita and Habanera.

Funeral customs seem to differ widely in all these countries. At every cottage outside Asuncion you see a cross, often hung with two white ribbons, at the entrance to the little garden which is also the family burial-ground. In the Banda Oriental I have seen children's coffins in the trees close to a farm house; and it is a common custom to expose the coffins of adults in remote, rocky places till the bones are dry enough to put in a box and convey same by mail-coach to the nearest parish grave-yard. My husband once travelled with a widow carrying her husband's bones beside her on the seat. On another occasion in Entre-Rios he met a dead-man on horseback coming into town with his friends to be buried, reminding him of the Spanish legend of Bernardo del Carpio celebrated by the gifted Felicifa Hermans.

## XIV.

## EXCURSION TO PARAGUARI

We made an excursion to the interior of Paraguay, to the little village of Paraguari, formerly one of the Jesuit Missions. We left Asuncion by train at 8 a.m. and our first halt was at Trinidad, where there is a handsome church in which are interred the bones of Carlos Antonio Lopez, commonly known as Lopez I. Here we had to obtain water for the engine, and half-a-dozen-boys were occupied for half-an-hour in filling kerosene tins and conveying the water from an adjacent brook. This railway has completely fallen to decay; it was constructed in the most workmanlike manner by the English engineers in the time of Lopez; at present it has to stop every few miles to cut timber for fuel or procure water from a rivulet. On some of these occasions two of our passengers got out to

shoot partridge, the engine driver calling them back by a whistle when he was ready to proceed. We took ten hours to accomplish a journey of 40 miles, stopping at the stations of Luque, Areguá, Patiño-Cué, Pirayú and Cerro Leon.

The appearance of the country is undulating: it seems like a beautiful garden run wild. Each railway station is crowded with women, some with cooked meats, fowls, chipa, etc. trying to sell them to the passengers: they are miserably poor, but seem happy and contented. On leaving Luque the scenery becomes more picturesque; we are surrounded with thick orange groves. The Cordillera becomes visible, and at its foot the silvery lake of Ipacarai, studded with islands of the Victoria Regia and other aquatic plants. At Patiño-Cué we see the late President's country house charmingly situated at the foot of a wooded hill, with a full view of the lake and orange plantations on either side. Beyond Pirayú is a stone pyramid, the peak of Mbatovi: there are some large fragments at the foot of the hill, and tradition speaks of a volcanic eruption. Santo Tomas, another hill of the same range, has a remarkable cave where they say St. Thomas\* the Apostle resided some years and his body was afterwards found. The poor people believe this as firmly as the Christian doctrine, and it would be useless to argue with them an anachronism between the Christian era and that of the Spanish discoverers.

At sunset we arrived at Paraguari. After dinner we went to a ball given by one of the principal natives; the host was barefoot and clad in a red blanket. He received us most kindly, offering cigars, rum, and maté. The

ball room was large, white washed walls and clay floor; a dozen tallow candles fastened round. Most of the ladies wore shoes and were extremely graceful; they danced quadrilles, mazurcas and the national dances, Palomita and Habanera. The music consisted of a harp and guitar, and to our astonishment they played bars from many English and Scotch airs which some English people must have brought to this country years ago.

Next morning we ascended a steep and stony hill crowned with clusters of magnificent trees like elms. We had beneath us a lovely valley bounded by the Cordillera. On every slope and projection of the range were little cabins encircled by plantations. The stately palms, whose bare trunks shot up straight as arrows, bearing a tuft of leaves as a crown; the undulating sierra dotted here and there with green woods, straw cottages and dark colored rocks; the low lying valley traversed by the line of railway. The peak of Acai rises to a great height in the direction of Villa Rica. Perched on a tree near us was a magnificent Cuervo Real, Tribu Rnbicha in Guarani, or King of the Vultures. This magnificent bird is almost pure white, and is larger than the common vulture. On our return journey from Paraguari to Asuncion, the engine-driver requested all the passengers to help him cut some wood for the engine: they were obliged to do so, or we should not have reached the city that night.

## XV.

## FROM ASUNCION TO CURUMBA

Wednesday was the day appointed that we were to leave Asuncion, on board the Cecilia for Curumbá. We skirt along the Chaco and pass a little French colony which settled here some few years ago and have raised small farms in the midst of the forest. They cut out a space, leave the fallen trees to dry, then burn them, and sow or plant on the fertilising ashes. On the same side are 'salinas,' and a number of huts show that the salt-gatherers have commenced to work. The salt districts are common property, by which any persons may profit, and men come in their canoes from all parts of the river to collect this useful article : the sun suffices to crystallize the salt. The rivers that run through these districts are almost all brackish. Dobrizhoffer says that this salt is produced by a species

of palm, but to suppose that the soil derives its nitre from the plants, and not the plants from the soil, is a strange philosophy. Further on is a rock rising precipitously in the middle of the river : this is Peñon ; it is the abode of numbers of waterfowl. I thought in the distance there was a man fishing, but it was a Juan Grande, standing five feet high. We steer among little islands rising abruptly out of the river, covered with vegetation and fringed with aquatic plants. Pass Caraguatay an old estancia of Lopez. On the Chaco side we see some Indians hunting, but they run away and hide.

Next morning we are at Concepcion the seat of the yerba trade : it consists of a few miserable huts. The yerba forests cover 3 million acres, beginning about 70 miles inland. They were worked for many years by the Jesuits, and from this circumstance maté is often called Jesuits' tea.

We have some pretty views between Concepcion and San Salvador and part of our way is by another salt field. San Salvador was founded by Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, as a penal settlement ; a ridge of rocks runs across the river. San Salvador now belongs to a few English gentlemen who are planting coffee.

An enormous tiger is sitting on the eastern bank, lazily watching us : he is a noble looking fellow, and I am sorry that one of the passengers has fired ; but he has missed him, and after some reflection the animal retires into the jungle. The trees are covered with air plants of every hue. Advancing by extensive plains of high grass and palm trees : some parts yet smoking from a recent fire. We pass the Sierra

Itapucumini, Piquete Indiarte, and Sierra Caapucu, which extends for some leagues along the river. The scenery from here is charming: the Sierra Morada and Itapucu are covered with noble trees; we still steam by palm forests on the Chaco side and now and then get glimpses of the war-like Mbayas or Guaycurus. These are a wandering tribe and have no fixed habitations. The mats of which they make their tents are easily removed from one place to another, when they have exhausted the game round about. They gather the pods\* of the algarroba (a tree which is very common in Paraguay and Brazil), and of this they make a strong drink. The men paint their bodies, and their rank is distinguished by the manner of cutting the hair; the women wear skins from the waist and tattoo themselves in a hideous fashion. When a chief is buried some of the men slay themselves to keep him company. They are insensible to pain and give proof of their courage by cutting and piercing themselves. Boys are trained up to glory in exhibitions of fortitude, and will often beg to be cut and beaten so they may be called brave boys. Unlike the Payaguas they believe the souls of the wicked after death pass into the bodies of wild beasts. As is the custom with many other tribes they only rear one child, killing all the others as soon as born. They are both an aquatic and equestrian people and resemble the Arabs in their love for their horses; they will never part with them, nor even lend them to another. The Guaycurus are divided into many branches, and possess the country along the Paraguay to the Pilcomayo. The average height of a Guaycuru is five feet eight; they are splendidly proportioned and long lived.

The women disfigure themselves not only by tattooing but also cutting off their hair, leaving only a stripe about an inch wide and an inch high from the forehead to the crown, like a bristled mane.

Among all Indian tribes there are the great men and women, sorcerers and doctors : these surround themselves with mystery and pretend to have secret conferences with the unknown Being. The truth of these they establish by falling into a lethargy caused by a strong narcotic; of course they expect to be handsomely paid. Dobrizhoffer says that the Mbaya dialect was the softest of all the Indian dialects. They are regarded as the most inconvertible of all the Indian tribes; perhaps it is from their haughtiness. Dobrizhoffer also gives the tradition they have of their origin, which is that in the beginning God created all other nations as numerous as they are at present, and divided the earth among them. Afterwards He created two Mbayas, male and female, and commissioned the Caracara (*Falco Brasiliensis*) to tell them, he was very sorry that there was no part of the world left for their portion, therefore he had only made two of them; but they were to wander about the inheritance of others, make eternal war upon all other people, kill the adult males, and increase their own numbers by adopting the women and children. It is impossible to travel in these wild regions in the midst of savages, without sadly reflecting that these poor people do not yet know the God that made them.

Still skirting palm trees : the grass grows between them to a prodigious height; the country swarms with animal life;

alligators lie in hundreds along the shore in seeming harmony with the carpinchos and now and then a tapir.

The country all along is watered by numerous rivulets which afford the animals ample means of quenching their thirst. At night we hear the howling monkey, and for two hours after sunset we are the prey of millions of mosquitoes and sand flies: a strong wind which rises later generally banishes them till next evening. The delicious odour of the trees is perceptible all along.

We anchor at Rio Appa to take in some wood: this is the frontier line between Paraguay and Brazil. A little colony of Frenchmen have established themselves here, to cut wood for the Montevidean docks: they seem to have little fear of the Indians. The colonists gave us some plants among which were the Guava blanca, Guarembi, Caragaytay, Guacuru and some of the pods of the Algarrobo; also a number of parasites and epiphytes.

Between Rio Appa and Fort Bourbon the land becomes higher, and the river winds considerably. Fort Bourbon or Fort Olimpo, the first Brazilian settlement met with on the Paraguay, is built on a spur of the Sierra Olimpo. Another well wooded range; passing this we have an immense archipelago and innumerable lakes.

Another large palm forest, and as the sun breaks through the clouds it shines on a belt of trees in yellow blossom that look like burnished gold. Purple and dark green foliage diversifies the landscape, and a flight of toucans, birds of black and grey plumage with orange breasts, lends some life to a scene otherwise mournful from the surrounding solitude and silence of these desert wilds.

The river now seems to have forced its way through a magnificent group of hills; the highest, Pan de Azucar, is 1356 feet high. The little island in front, placed there as if to bar our progress is called "Fecha dos Morros," "the mountain gate." All these mountains are clad in the most luxuriant foliage. But the situation is most unhealthy, and we are shewn the graves of a Brazilian officer and some of his men who were sent here to make a fort: they were seized with a kind of dropsy, and only lived a fortnight.

Plains of grass only a few feet above the river now succeed for many miles till we come to another encampment of Indians; these are the Caduveos who are at constant war with the neighboring tribes. As we approach they leap into their canoes and dart into the middle of the river across our course.

There are about 30 canoes surrounding the steamer; the Indians dressed for the occasion: some have soldiers jackets, others caps, but most with skins. It is an absurd scene. We throw them biscuits, and the captain holds before them a bottle of rum; they shout, gesticulate and become almost frantic in their efforts to obtain the prize. We throw it into the water to some distance; the 30 canoes shoot after it, knocking one against the other, and upsetting their occupants in the water. The lucky finder swims away grinning and displaying his fine teeth. The others call out for more, and hold up tiger skins to signify their readiness to traffic with us. These Caduveos are broad-chested copper-colored and decidedly handsome, at least manly in their expression, and are undisputed lords

of the vast wilds. They destroyed the town of San Salvador in 1871, and carried off the women and cattle.

Some of the descendants of these cattle are grazing on the banks, guarded by an Indian, whose only garments are a tiger skin round his waist and a tall black hat, which is evidently part of some spoil taken in one of their raids against the Paraguayans: he carries a musket on his shoulder and as we pass he waves his hat with the most unstudied grace.

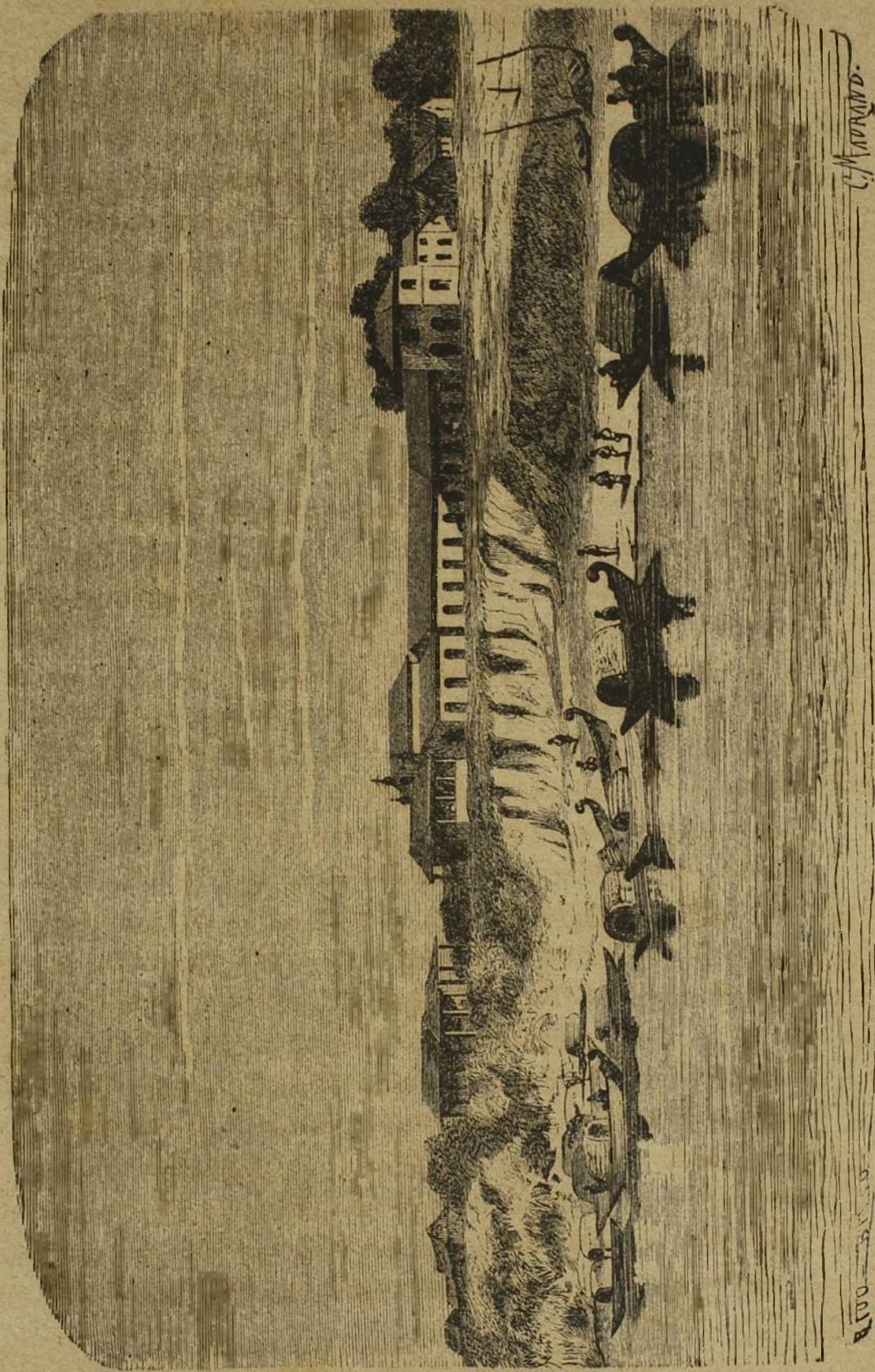
In the distance we see the mountains of Coimbra and Albuquerque. On Coimbra is an antique fort, built on the side of the mountain, surrounded by a stone wall and exposed to the rays of the sun. We remained here some hours, and a party of us resolved to visit the famous grotto, which is about a mile from the fort. It was a disagreeable journey, as we were obliged to wade several hundred yards through mud and jungle, up to our ankles in water. Southey mentions "that this remarkable cavern has many chambers and a subterraneous waterfall, also that its waters communicate with the Paraguay by several secret channels. We only entered one chamber, which looked like fairy land: lighted by the torches of our party it reminded me of the wonderful caves of Aladdin, and I expected to see a good or bad genius darting out from the shadows of the enormous stalagmites, which form pillars and seem to support the crystallised roof of the cavern. We carried off a few fantastic stalactites and crystallizations, and reached the steamer as she was weighing anchor.

The windings of the river between Coimbra and Albuquerque are very great, the distance being 5 leagues by

land and 29 by water. Numerous islands occur: formerly it was not easy to keep to the right channel and avoid being lost and becoming a prey to hunger or the savages. On ascending the river parallel with the lower mouth of the Paraguay Mini there is an island in the centre of the principal channel which descends from N. W. whilst the Mini runs down from the N. E. It would be dangerous to ascend the latter which is infested by Mbaya Indians. The safe course is to keep as much as possible to the left. Descending the course is east, until the river spreads over a shallow surface about 1,000 yards broad. Here are two islands, one low and long, the other high and covered with wood.

Pass some beautiful groves of Cambarasa and Aguaribay. The former is one of the most beautiful trees I have seen, and from the latter is extracted the famous Jesuit medicine known by the name of "Balm of the Missions." In Paraguay it is supposed to cure everything.

When the floods are out the fish leave the river to feed on certain fruits. As soon as they hear or feel the fruit strike the water, they leap to catch it as it rises to the surface, and in their eagerness spring into the air. From this habit the Jaguar has learnt a curious stratagem: he gets upon a projecting bough, and from time to time strikes the water with his tail, thus imitating the sound which the fruit makes as it drops, and as the fish spring towards it catches them with his paw." This animal traverses with ease the aquatic plants which in many places almost obstruct the navigation. The principal fishes of the river Paraguay are the Dorado, Pacu and Palometa; this latter is



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much esteemed by the Indians not only for the flesh but for its teeth: each jaw contains fourteen very sharp teeth; it is said to be very fond of human flesh. The Indians use the jaws for knives and prepare their skeletons with them. More mountains and palms, and now we are in front of Ladario.

Here the Brazilian Government has recently constructed an arsenal where a thousand men are employed. Some are English and one of our passengers, Mr. Gaston Lavigné is one of the overseers, having just arrived from Europe, after working in the French and English dockyards. From here to Curumbá is 4 miles. Some batteries command the river, being armed with Krupp cannon. Thickly wooded hills, much infested with tigers, follow the road to Curumbá, a place formerly used as a trading station with Chiquitos Indians, but now a thriving port.

## XVI.

## CORUMBA

A few years ago Curumbá was but a collection of mud huts occupied by some Brazilian soldiers; now it is the most thriving town in the Province of Matto-Grosso. The town is built on a steep 'barranca' of white rocks, and is surrounded by well wooded hills which afford abundant occupation to the naturalist and sportsman. Here are to be found the same rich and varied fauna that we have already met with. The birds are in boundless variety including the Motu, Pato Real or royal duck, the Juan Grande, the Bigua, parrots of every color, flamingoes, Cardinals, Jacu, Jacutinga, sunbirds, humming birds, &c. &c. The town itself has little to attract visitors. The streets are wide and irregularly built, some of the houses being much smaller than the others. The only curiosi-

ties to be met with are hammocks woven by the Indians; these differ from the hammocks of Asuncion in being stronger and more gaudily decorated. I prefer the Paraguayan hammock. On entering a shop to buy one of those made in Curumbá the shopman told us he had some which we were sure to like, because they came from Manchester; he was surprised when we bought the native one.

Everyone in this country travels with a hammock; beds are not known in the interior provinces, and a sort of rivalry exists who shall have the handsomest. Most extravagant prices are paid for them. I saw one which the owner told me had cost a hundred sovereigns.

The ascent from the port to the town is by a rough and rocky road running zig-zag along the hill. We met a number of women, some Brazilian, some Paraguayan, who have left their own country to share the fortunes of the Brazilian troops stationed here. They have all water vessels on their heads, these poor women have to traverse this rocky road twice a day in a broiling sun, and carry the water from the port to their houses; it is the only supply they have.

The Cecilia goes no farther than Curumbá. We change to the steam launch, which is to take us yet 600 miles to Cuyaba, a journey of eight days. We have met with the greatest attention from the captains of the Jaurú and Cecilia, both comfortable boats and the table well supplied. One cannot travel so many miles in the interior of a continent without many discomforts and annoyances; amongst the latter not the least were the mosquitoes and sandflies.

Before again starting my husband warned me of the difficulties we should encounter, and gave me my choice to return or to proceed. We were both too much interested in our journey to choose the former, and having left our heavy luggage at Curumbá embarked for Cuyaba. On the mole alongside the launch, we saw some men skinning a huge alligator; just as they had half completed the process the creature plunged into the water; he must have fallen 10 feet. I should like to have seen how his friends received him.

## XVII.

## FROM CURUMBA TO CUYABA

The Coxipo started at daybreak, and we were glad to leave the port of Curumbá. The mosquitoes were in myriads, the heat was intense, and the smell from the putrid water unbearable. Passed a few low, wooded hills on the Bolivian side: the river narrows in places till the rocks almost meet over our heads. We very nearly ran into a canoe heavily laden, which was going to Cuyaba. These canoes take 30 days to make the voyage from Curumba to Cuyaba, and run great risk from Indians. Our first halt was at the Cerros Dorados, a magnificent range of mountains thickly wooded, about 120 miles from Curumba. There is a little settlement of wood cutters: their houses are like the palm huts in Paraguay. A party of four of us started to ascend one of the mountains but were oblig-

ed to return ere we got half way, lest the steamer should go off and leave us. The trees are magnificent, especially the wild fig, the Imbauna (the ashes of which when burnt serve for an ingredient for making gunpowder), and the Formiguera or ant tree, so called because if you touch it you are covered with millions of ants. The flower resembles that of our horse chesnut ; it is white first, then pink, and then changes to deep red. The caragaitay is a species of aloe from which is made a cordage. The wood cutters told us that there are numbers of tigers and serpents. We killed two of the latter, but of a small kind, and preserved them in spirits of wine.

We sail for miles along the foot of the Dorados mountains. The scenery here is most beautiful. At one bend we met some canoes with Guato Indians. There were seven or eight canoes with a man and woman in each, and in some one or two children : they wore skins round the waist; the men were fishing, and the women managed the canoes. We made signs for them to come near the steamer, which they accordingly did. The men are a splendid race, without the hideous expression of the Indians of the Chaco below Asuncion. We saw them kill fish with arrows : some had lances to fight the Jaguar.

We entered the San Lorenzo river 130 miles from Curumba, having navigated the Paraguay over 4,100 from its mouth at Cerrito. San Lorenzo is the most dangerous part of the journey, as it is the territory of the cruel Coroados, so called because they shave their heads like friars. Shoals of alligators lie along the banks, of a larger kind than those of the River Paraguay. The scene-



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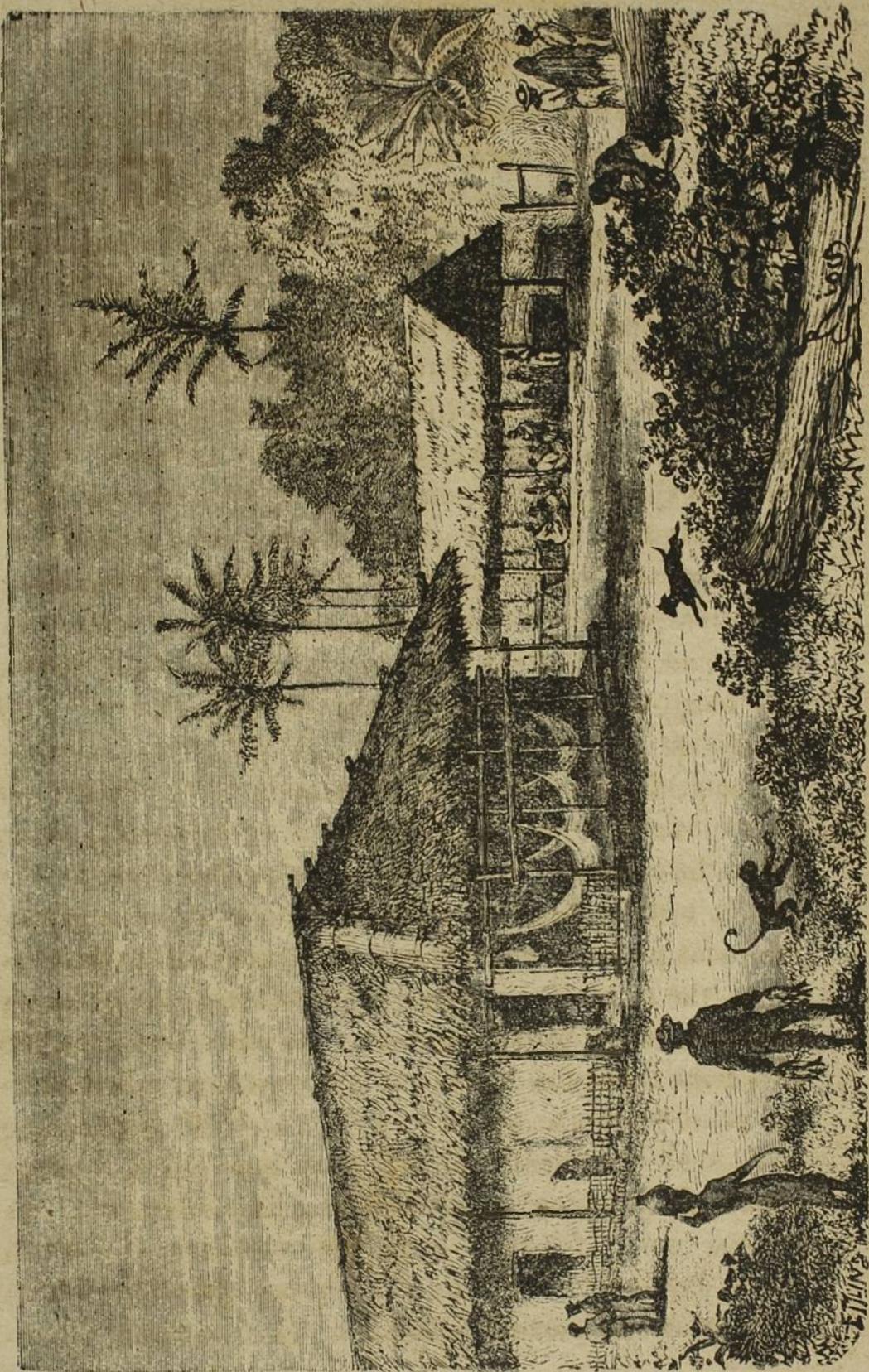
ry of the San Lorenzo is only wood and water, but beautifully diversified. On our right bank are tall trees covered with balls of wild cotton, as large as an orange, called Paina, which serves to make pillows as soft as eiderdown. One of our fellow travellers told me of a blind wasp that is very common along this river, which if it knocks against your flesh causes instant death. Now and then we see a carpincho or a tiger sitting on the bank as we pass. Turning a sharp corner the rudder of our little steamer broke, and we were detained twelve hours repairing it. We were obliged to keep a good look out, because the Coroados are generally hid on the banks, within arrow shot of us. What we feared were poisoned arrows. Only a few months ago they surprised some men in a canoe, cut off their heads, and carried them off as trophies. This tribe is very numerous, fearfully addicted to drunkenness, and beyond hope of civilization. The Botocudos are the only tribe supposed to be cannibals.

Day was breaking as we entered the river Cuyabá, which is much narrower than the San Lorenzo. The Cuyaba rises near the 13th degree of latitude, from 30 to 40 leagues above the town of Cuyabá, and within a few mile to the east of the sources of the River Paraguay. We have still 100 miles of Coroado territory. The navigation is much impeded by trees which fall into the river, being undermined by the stream or loosened by the inundations, and in narrow places we have to stop and cut down the trees to allow the steamer to pass.

The monkeys sit grinning at us, but take care to keep out of our way; one kind known as the bearded monkey

is strangely like a man. We have now travelled 150 miles without seeing a human habitation. Dense woods on each side of the river, with hanging tapestry of wild convolvulus and other creepers; and innumerable birds whose sweet notes break the fearful stillness. We saw an alligator going off with a live Boa constrictor of the smaller kind in his jaws: the snake appeared some 15 feet long and wriggled as the alligator swam off, holding him by the head. An opening in the forest revealed to us about 30 large deer, some with huge antlers: one of them was quite white. There was also a herd of ostriches. Amongst the most beautiful of the birds are the Motu. The river was covered with Bigua, a species of water hen, and some of the trees with white birds which looked like blossoms. Flamingoes flew so high, that we were unable to get any of their skins.

The first sign of returning civilization is the comfortable Fazenda or farm-house of Teobaldo. We are invited to enter, while the captain is getting some live stock on board. The heat is terrific, but inside the house is as cool as a grotto, the cocoa palm leaves forming a very cool roof, impenetrable to the tropical sun's rays. The hostess gave us a very refreshing drink called Guarana. Guarana was invented by a tribe called the Maues. It is named thus from a parasite plant bearing an almond, in a black shell: the almond is roasted, pounded, and then made into cakes or sticks which are dried by smoke and resemble chocolate. The Indians rasp it for use upon the rough tongue of a fish called Pirausis'. (We used a nutmeg grater). A table spoonful of this powder is taken in a glass of water, sweet-



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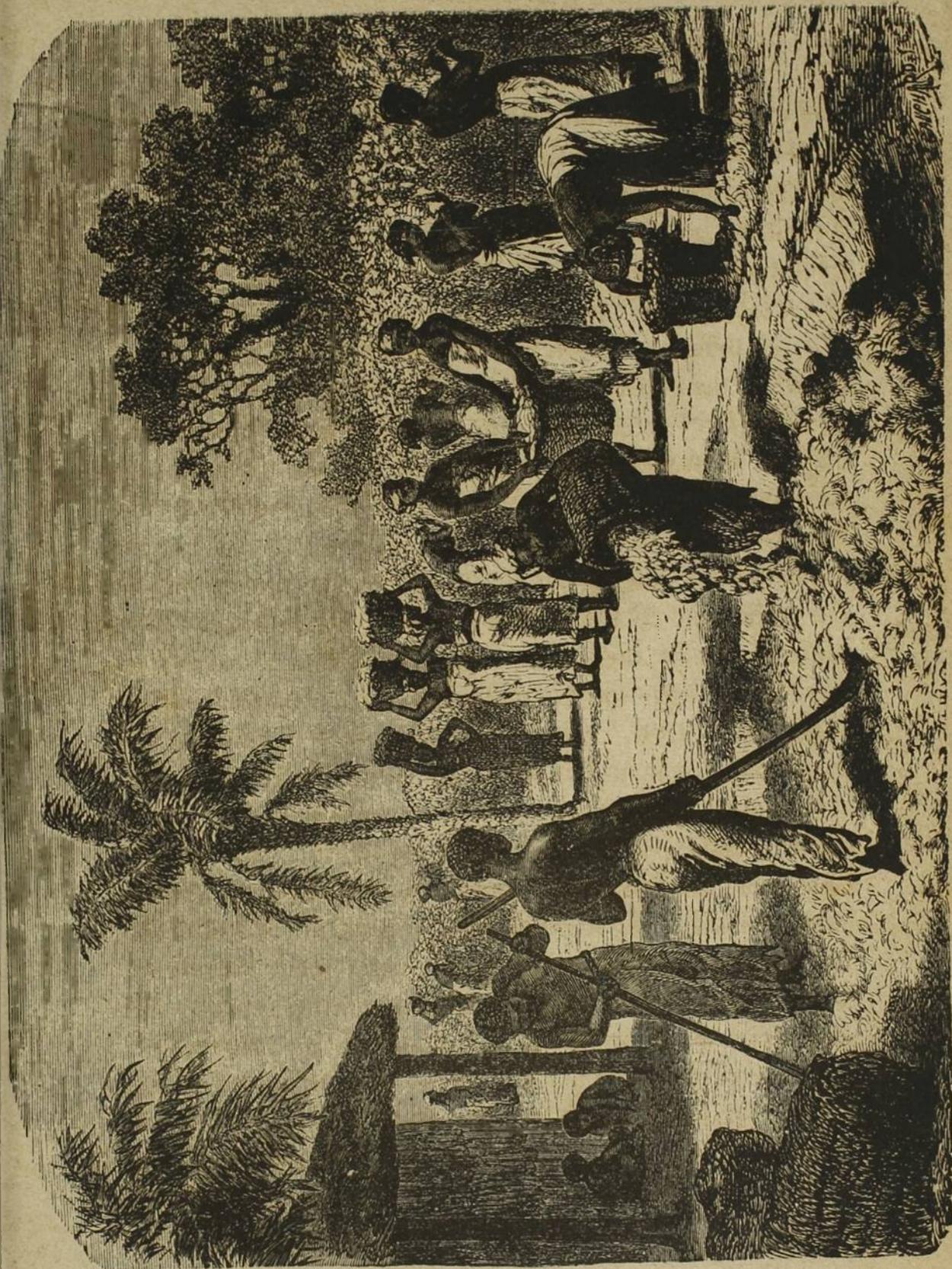
ened or not according to the taste of the drinker. It is bitter, and is thought to be a remedy for many diseases. It costs 10 \$f. or 2 pounds sterling a pound. Teobaldo's fair and curly haired children form a striking contrast to the little naked negroes rolling about the door. Fish is drying on some posts. These river settlers lead very happy lives: they pay no taxes, and fear no political changes. Sickness is almost unknown, and every year a priest comes round to christen or marry.

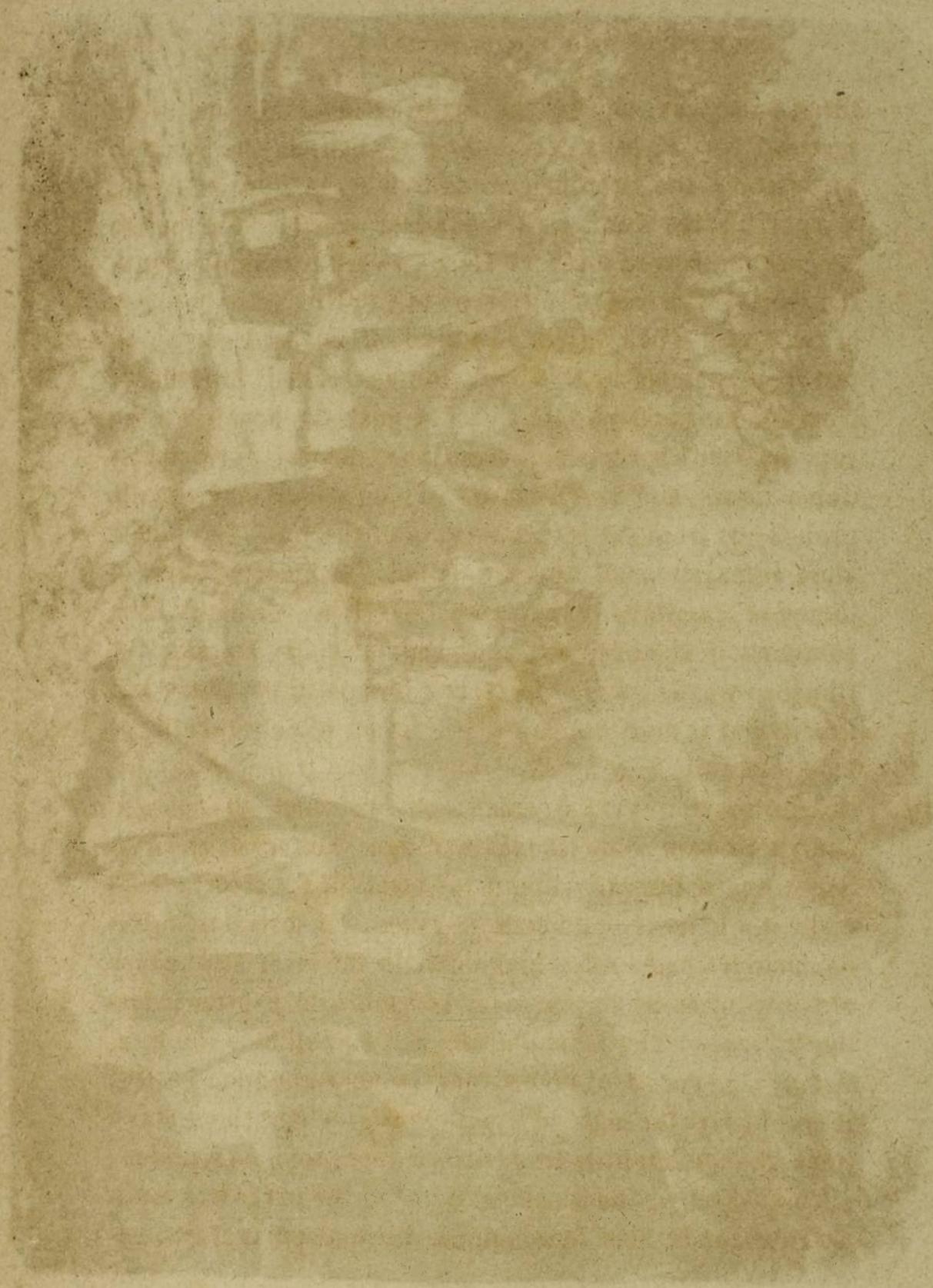
We passed many settlements deserted by their owners: the Indians came and murdered them, or they fled in terror. At Melgasso is the ruin of an old chapel built at the foot of a wooded hill. The priest's house is grass grown, and a grove of orange trees ascends the mountain slope. Near it is a roofless farm-house burnt by the Indians last year. Vampire bats flit around us: they are said to destroy numbers of cattle by sucking their blood while asleep, and sometimes attack men in the same way, the sufferer sleeping more soundly while the vampire sucks his blood. Boa constrictors are very numerous here: last night we were aroused at midnight by the steamer shaking, and were told it was one of these monsters which was under it, swimming across the river; they are often over 20 feet long and swallow a deer whole, after crushing him into a jelly.

Every day we stop at one of these Fazendas: all have plantations of sugar cane and fields of tobacco; this last at a distance looks like large green cabbage. In one of these houses I saw a fine old painting with an inscription on the back written in Portuguese to the effect that it was brought to Rio Janeyro in the sixteenth century. It

had no frame, and was almost covered with some coloured daubs. I saw the owners did not value it, but when we offered to buy it they seemed offended and told us it was a family heirloom. Another of these Fazendas was overshadowed by groves of Imbauna and Caju; the latter is a fruit resembling a pear, but longer. It is spongy and full of delicious juice. The kidney-shaped seed which grows at the end of the fruit is known in England by the name of the Cashew nut, and is said to have been cast up on the shores of Cornwall before the discovery of the New World. It possesses great medicinal properties. The houses are usually divided by a hall in the centre; the rooms on one side being occupied by the family and on the other side by the negroes. Around the house are little ranchos where they have sugar mills etc. In many we were given fresh milk, curds, and a drink made from the sugar cane called 'garapé,' which is most refreshing and wholesome for man, but very injurious to dogs.

It is most painful to see the miserable appearance of these animals; perhaps they drink too much of the garapé. I observed in most of the houses guitars, fowling pieces, fishing tackle, tiger skins and other emblems of the chase. The inhabitants live entirely on fish, fruit, mandioca, sugar cane; and only raise cattle and poultry to sell to the steamers. Fifty miles from Cuyabá both sides of the river are thickly studded with these well cultivated farms, whose happy owners have what many countries of South America fail to give, security for life and property. In the middle of a terrific thunderstorm we ran by the reef of Itaicis. This is a pile of rugged rocks extending more





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than half way across the river. Higher up we went aground on a bank, and had to lighten the steamer by getting the passengers and luggage into a canoe. We got off the bank, but the water was too low for the steamer to proceed further. Here we are transhipped into the Igarité which is to convey us to Cuyabá, yet a journey of two days. The Igarité is a kind of covered barge, 40 feet long, manned by 8 Guana Indians, called Zingadores from the Zinga or pole they use to push the boat. We are supplied with provisions from the steamer, principally tinned meats, and have a canvas awning which ineffectually protects us from the scorching rays of the sun. The nights were intensely cold and we found our guanaco skins of immense comfort. I unfortunately slept one night in a hammock in the open air, and had next day an attack of Chucho or ague, which is very common in Paraguay and Brazil, and is most difficult to get rid of, often returning at long intervals.

After passing a miserable night we went on shore at sunrise to walk some leagues through the forest, as far as San Antonio, thus avoiding many bends of the river, which make it a journey of 9 hours in canoe. Before starting on our march I had a refreshing bath in the river at the risk of being bitten by the Piranya, a formidable fish that cuts like a razor. The most delicate fish for eating is the Piraputanya, a species of turbot that is very abundant. Our journey lay through pleasant woods where there was a track, though but little trodden: we were provided with long sticks to keep off the serpents. Some of the party had Snider rifles, and others Remingtons. In some parts it was ne-

cessary to clear the way and the farther we advanced the thicker we found the woods; we were also greatly impeded by a close grass which grows to an exceeding height and by the parasites which hang like ropes from the trees, at times curling round us, so that we often had to extricate each other by cutting the creepers. We found wild honey in the trees, and plenty of game, but the noise of our march frightened it and it profited us little. At last, tired and weary we reached the house of Don Pedro, where we had arranged to await the canoe. We were received most hospitably, and had a refreshing siesta of four hours before again starting.

We resumed our canoe, but had not gone many miles when another storm of rain and thunder came on, with such fury that the boatmen could not make head against it. We were obliged to run for protection to a sheltered part of the river bank, abreast of an encampment of Guana Indians, who flocked to the canoe and made signs for us to follow them to their huts. After considering a little we determined to accept their invitation, taking the precaution of being well armed. But the Guanas unless roused are a pacific people, although descended from Mbayes, one of the worst of the Indian tribes. The encampment is a number of huts ranged in a large circle; each hut contains a dozen families; all lie upon beds of leaves and skins, raised upon sticks of wood planted in the earth.

The women are very pretty and clean; formerly they killed almost all their daughters, because they said if there were too many women the men were less amiable with them. It was the first time they had ever seen an Euro-



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pean woman and each vied with the other who should take me first to her hut. They settled the matter satisfactorily and we were led away by a handsome squaw who watched and examined me most curiously. I gave her some silver buttons that were on my dress, with which she was very delighted.

After the storm passed we visited all the huts, which were cleanly swept, and hung round with lances and bows and arrows. It is a general opinion amongst all the Indian tribes that courage is influenced by the quality of their meat and this is said to be one of the causes of cannibalism. For this reason none of them eat mutton or beef: they prefer the tiger to any other food. They gave us tiger and alligator's flesh, cooked on sticks; the former is not unlike venison, but the alligator is strong. We bought some skins, and bows and arrows from them, and when we were leaving one of the women gave me a young monkey which her husband had just killed in the woods. Of this some of our party made a stew; it was pronounced very like rabbit. Passing the mouth of the Coxipó river we see in the distance the port of Cuyabá: the city is three miles inland. It was quite dark when we arrived alongside the arsenal. General and Madame Hermes (the President of Matto-Grosso) kindly invited us to be their guests at the Palace during our stay in Cuyabá.

## XVIII.

## DISCOVERY OF CUYABÁ

A Portuguese named Cabral first discovered the gold mines of Cuyaba, which long before would have fallen to the Spaniards of Paraguay had they possessed half the enterprise and activity of the Brazilians.

To this day it is a journey of great difficulty and considerable danger. The adventurers embarked in canoes at Villa do Porto Feliz about eighty miles west of San Paulo, upon what was formerly called the Anhembi, now the Tieté, which is said to mean 'the river of many waters;' its navigation is interrupted by nearly fifty falls and rapids, some of which can only be passed at great risk. The Tieté rises in the mountains on the coast, behind the town of Santos: its course is estimated at seven or eight hundred miles. The woods through which it flows afford abun-

dance of fruit. Among others the Yatay ; this is indeed a singularly useful tree ; its bark being thick and tough is used by the Indians for canoes, better fitted for rough river navigation than if they were composed of firmer materials; the timber because of its durability and hardness is preferred for the sugar works, and from its roots the Indians procure a resinous substance in great abundance which they burn for lamps, and of which they make ear and lip trinkets resembling amber.

The Tieté falls into the Paraná, where the great river is about two miles wide ; and the travellers falling a little way down the stream made for the Rio Pardo which joins it from the north. This river they ascended almost to its source, a voyage of about two months, and rendered difficult as well as tedious by the force of the current and the number of falls and rapids. The water is remarkably clear and good, and is supposed to derive great virtue from the sarsaparilla which grows upon the banks : the want of fruit along the course is compensated by the abundance of honey and of game ; but there is danger in pursuing the chase to any distance from the boats, for a race of unsubdued and wily savages possess the country. This part of the journey ended at a place called Sanguisuga, either because leeches abound there, or for the labor which there becomes necessary, and the expense which must be incurred. Here the canoes were mounted upon wheels and drawn by six or seven yoke of oxen ; the cargoes were packed in carts, or upon the backs of negroes and hired laborers ; and in this manner the party proceeded, with an armed escort to protect them from the savages, a stage of

some ten miles, to an establishment formed for the purpose of facilitating travelling, and called Capamean from the little river upon which it stands. This is considered the half way point, and here the travellers laid in stores for the remainder of the journey.

They re-embark here and descend the stream; it is so shallow that the canoes can only be half laden; therefore they unload when they reach the junction with the Coxim, and deposit the goods under a proper guard in huts made of palm leaves, while the boats return for the remainder of the cargo; this occupies about three weeks.

Eight or ten days then hurry them down the perilous rapids of the Coxim till it falls into the Taquari; and after they have gone six or seven days down the river they halt at a place called Punta Alegre, "the Joyful Resting Place": such it must be to those who return from Cuyabá. Not so to those who are bound thither, for the broad and flooded plains are infested by numerous tribes such as the Mbayas and Payaguas. At night the travellers rest upon some of the wooded islands which are found everywhere along this wild navigation. They swing their hammocks from the trees, and cover them with a long cloth which hangs to the ground, and is even more necessary as a protection against winged insects than against the weather. Watch is kept upon the water; and they have always dogs with them on shore. When they reach the Paraguay the danger becomes greater, for this is the country of the Payaguas, who of all the American tribes have defended their native land with most perseverance and most success against all invaders. They owe this success to the

nature of their country, and to their amphibious habits, which enable them to profit by its advantages. All the tribes of these regions are such fearless swimmers, that even broad and rapid rivers, like the Paraguay and the Paraná, afford no protection against them; but the savages live so much in the water that the men wear very scanty clothing. Every family has its boat, which is of great length, very narrow, and curved at both ends so as to resemble the new moon: the head and stern are shaped alike. It moves therefore with equal facility in either direction, and is impelled by means of a single oar, which is long enough and sharp to serve also for a spear. However rough the wind and the waves may be, the Indian has no fear of either; he gets to the one end of his boat and drives it along, half out of the water; if it should upset (which very seldom happens) presently you see him, says Dobrizhoffer, astride the keel as if he were riding a porpoise. In case of danger from an enemy, they upset it themselves and rise under it, breathing there as in a diving bell, and protected by it as by a shield. They would dive in the whirlpool, and bring up fish at a wide distance from the spot where they went down: and they would remain so long under water, that many persons, supposing it impossible for a human creature to exist so long without respiring, have absurdly insisted that they carried with them a cane through which they breathed. Their weapons were the macana, spear, and the bow and arrow with which they shot point blank.

Their larger war-canoes held forty men, and were excellently made, though with no better instruments than

stone axes, and the aid of fire; these, when upon an expedition, they could impel at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and they drew so little water, that they lurked among the islands, or in the smallest creeks and streams, and lay undiscovered under the boughs which touched the water. Such a people, with some fitness in their fables, believed themselves to be the progeny of a fish called the Pacu and looked for a Paradise after death, where the souls of the meritorious were to dwell among aquatic plants, and feast upon fish and crocodiles.

Azara mentions "that they believed the Dorado produced the Spaniards, who for that reason though otherwise so very inferior a people to the Payaguas, had the advantage of a better complexion. The Guaranies were children of the toad, and therefore a despicable race."

These people made the journey to Cuyabä so dangerous that when that colony was fairly established, a vessel strongly armed was always sent from thence to wait for the traders when they entered the Paraguay, one expedition only being made in the course of the year. The greatest vigilance was still necessary; the canoes proceeded one after another up the stream; and never ventured to pass the mouth of a river or creek on either side till the armed vessels had gone before and stationed themselves to secure them against an ambush. The same caution was necessary when they entered the Rio San Lorenzo. After ascending this for five or six days, they came to the mouth of the Cuyabá: here wild rice is found, better in quality than what the Brazilians raise; and here there is a considerable extent of ground covered with Banana plants, in

such profusion that neither traders nor Indians ever found the produce fail.

A further voyage of fifteen days brings the adventurers to their desired port, which is about a mile from the town of Cuyabá. Even the latter part of the voyage is not without danger. The Caiapos, and Botocudos still infest the immediate vicinity, to the great detriment and danger of the inhabitants.

The Botocudos sometimes come within twenty leagues of the city : they are supposed to be the only cannibal tribe now existing, and were formerly called the Aymores, but the Portuguese gave them their new name from the fashion of studding their faces with ornaments. Of all the Brazilian tribes they are the most savage, and the most terrible. It is said that these people were originally a branch of the Tapuyas, who had formerly possessed a line of country in the interior, running parallel with the coast, from the river San Francisco to Cabo Frio. Their speech is unusually harsh and guttural, having so deep a sound as if it were pronounced from the breast. They keep their hair short with a kind of razor made of cane, and sharpened to an edge almost as keen as steel.

They have neither garments nor habitation. Naked as beasts, they lie down like beasts in the woods, and like beasts can run upon hands and feet through thickets, where it is not possible to follow them. During the rainy season they sleep under the trees, and have just skill enough to form a roofing with the boughs. They live upon what they kill with their arrows, from which, says Vasconcellos, not a fly can escape, and upon their enemies,

whom they slay not like the other tribes at triumphant feast, but habitually for food, regarding them merely as animals on whom they are to prey. If they have a fire they half roast their meat; at other times they eat it as willingly raw. Their mode of warfare is as savage as their habits of life; they never stand up to an enemy face to face, but lie in wait like wild beasts, and take deadly aim from the thickets. In one point they are inferior to other tribes, for being an inland people they cannot swim, and such is their ignorance or dread of water, that any stream which they cannot ford is considered a sufficient defence against them.

They who destroy cities have their names recorded in history, when those who founded them are forgotten. Such founders indeed as those of Cuyabá have nothing interesting in their actions, or ennobling in their motives; yet they were men of undaunted courage and unconquerable endurance.

About ten leagues east of Cuyabá, is the Arroyal of Santa Anna upon high ground, where the cotton trees are sometimes hurt by the frost. The town of Villa Maria is on the left bank of the Paraguay about seven miles above the place where it receives the Jaurú. It is one of the most prosperous towns in the interior, and is inhabited by a mixture of negroes and Indians here called Caribocas. In Cuyabá there are also numbers of these Caribocas, and they have the character of being an orderly, industrious, and highly respected people. It is a mark of distinction to have long nails, especially upon the thumb; a custom

common to many countries in the barbarous and semi-barbarous stages of society.

The air is moist, and the nights are particularly damp; nevertheless the province is reputed healthy. We met many women suffering from goitre, which is said to be produced by drinking the water of the river.

Cuyabá, which is the capital of the Province of Matto-Grosso, was formed in the year 1722 by Portuguese gold diggers: for twenty miles around there are traces of gold-fields of the last century and an aqueduct which is now in ruins. The town is built very irregularly in slopes, and surrounded by hills. The houses have a very quaint look, with their tiled roofs peeping from under the shade of palms and other tropical trees. The Cathedral and the Palace are the two finest buildings. The roads are rocky and uneven, and when it rains gold is often picked up in the streets. The women peeped through half opened blinds to see the wonderful sight of an English woman and my little terrier "Pet" which accompanied me the whole voyage. But their curiosity had not the least tinge of rudeness: on the contrary whenever we went into a shop we found every one most civil and glad that we could speak with them in their own language. They always asked me had I come to teach music?: they could not understand our travelling so far for pleasure. There are no carriages, very few horses, and cows are trained to the saddle for making long journeys. We made several excursions on foot, in spite of the rough roads and hot sun, and could not help admiring the picturesque grouping of the hills and the quaint old place. The Bau camp overlooks the city: one

of the soldiers showed us a nugget of 4 oz. pure gold, which he had recently found, breaking some stones near his tent.

The women wear (besides the cotton chemise and skirt) a red flannel scarf fastened at the shoulder ; this contrasts well with their dark complexions. Both in Paraguay and Matto-Grosso we met with the greatest civility and attention from the local authorities.

Amongst our fellow travellers from Asuncion was Dr. Pedra, Chief of Police of the Province of Matto-Grosso, to whose kindness we owe much of the pleasure of our visit to Curumba and Cuyabá.

## XIX.

## THE JESUIT MISSIONS IN PARAGUAY

After passing a few very pleasant days we bade a final adieu to Cuyabá, and embarked in the canoe. A strong current swept us down the river San Antonio in twelve hours, and we found ourselves once more on board the "Coxipo" on our return voyage. We pass innumerable ant hills ( I forgot to mention these before ) : at a distance they look like stumps of palm trees which have been burnt. Some of these hills are over ten feet in height. The ant is one of the curses of Brazil. In some parts they march periodically in armies, such myriads together, that the sound of their coming over the fallen leaves may be heard at some distance. Many projects have been ineffectually made for their destruction. The turkey is a great ant eater, and is very much encouraged at all the Fazendas.

It has been said, and regarded as a vulgar error, that ants cannot pass over a line of chalk, : the fact, however, is certain. The experiment was tried at Malta, and the cause immediately discovered. The formic acid is so powerful, that it acts upon the chalk, and the legs of the insect are burnt by the instantaneous effervescence.

On return to Asuncion I remained a month the guest of the Brazilian Chargé d'Affaires, Dr. Callado, and his charming wife, but for whose kindness and hospitality perhaps I should not have admired Paraguay so much. I do not speak of it as a field for emigration, and I think the promoters of the scheme of bringing out the Lincolnshire farmers cannot be severely enough censured. They placed these poor people in the midst of swamps, exposed to fevers and agues, without houses or food, or the means of getting them.

The country is completely ruined. What a change from the days of the Jesuit Missions, the ruins of whose works now only remain ! Thanks to my kind friends I visited many of the ruins of the Jesuit reductions of which I give a slight sketch.

In 1580 Father Francis Solano, a Franciscan friar, came to Paraguay, after having preached to the Indians of Perú : he was accompanied by several missionaries of his order, amongst whom were Fathers Louis Bolaños and Alonzo de San Buenaventura. These missionaries founded in the neighborhood of Asuncion several reductions, of which a few existed until 1848, such as Yaguaron, Lapapy, Caayapa, and Yuti. It was Saint Francis Solano and Bolaños who wrote the first grammar and catechism in Guarani.

These Franciscan missions did not cause so much attention as those created afterwards by the Jesuits.

Thomas Field, an Englishman, and Father Ortega, a Spaniard, established the first Jesuit mission in 1589. A pestilence was at that time raging in Asuncion and the adjacent country. The zeal and the intrepid charity with which the Jesuits sought out the infected, and ministered to the dying, gained them a good repute. A chapel and a dwelling place were built for them at Villa Rica, being their first establishment in Paraguay.

The Province was inhabited exclusively by the Guarani tribes, a people amiable and agricultural, so often tormented by hordes of warlike Tupis, that they considered themselves very happy in having the Spaniards as masters and defenders. So rapid was the work of conversion that the missions extended all along the upper Uruguay. But the Mamelukes of San Paulo, a Portuguese colony of bandits and pirates, made raids against the pacific missionaries, capturing the converts, and selling them as slaves. The Spanish Government also persecuted the poor Indians, whose magnificent territory extended for 15,000 square miles; where there were thirty flourishing missions, with 140,000 inhabitants, laborious and well educated: to-day the population is not more than 5,000, the half only being natives, and the other half foreigners.

Many Jesuits died defending the missions of Guayrá against the Mamelukes; but at last the Fathers were obliged to abandon San José, Los Angeles, San Pedro, San Cristobal, Jesus Maria, San Joaquin, Santa Teresa, San Carlos, Apostoles, and San Nicolas, where 100,000 Christian

Indians perished or were taken prisoners. Father Montoya reunited 12,000 of the survivors, and embarked in canoes on the upper Paraná; they came to Tranquera de Loretto and formed a new Christian Republic. Here they founded the missions of Loretto, La Cruz, San Miguel, Santa Maria, San José, Los Martyres, San Carlos and Candelaria.

During a period of 140 years the missions of the Uruguay enjoyed perfect tranquillity and made notable progress in all useful arts. There are still preserved several works in Guarani, printed at Santa Maria and San Xavier between the years 1705-1724, especially a Guarani vocabulary.

Traversed by two immense rivers and watered by their numerous affluents the territory of the Missions is fertile, picturesque in the mountainous part, and enjoys a perfect climate.

The sugar cane and indigo find here a congenial soil and grow abundantly, while cotton, oranges, figs, vines, olives, peaches and for the most part all the fruit trees of Southern Europe give excellent fruit: the mandioc, the potatoe, the batata, succeed with almost every other vegetable. The forests of the Sierra offer magnificent woods for building, which require little labor to carry from the Paraná or the Uruguay. In the forests are also found immense quantities of the precious plant called Paraguayan tea or maté, a first object of necessity for the Platine population.

Admirable pasturages here feed thousands of cattle, and formerly all along the lake Iberá were magnificent estancias or cattle farms belonging to the Jesuit community, perfectly governed, and whose production was immense.

The mineral kingdom was not less favored. In fact everything useful to man, the necessary as well as the superfluous, was here united, and is still to be found here.

It is thus that the Jesuits gave to the world the remarkable example of thousands of savages, governed by the simple authority of a few priests, without guards, without soldiers; that they led these beings essentially indolent and lazy to produce true miracles under the magic influence of work.

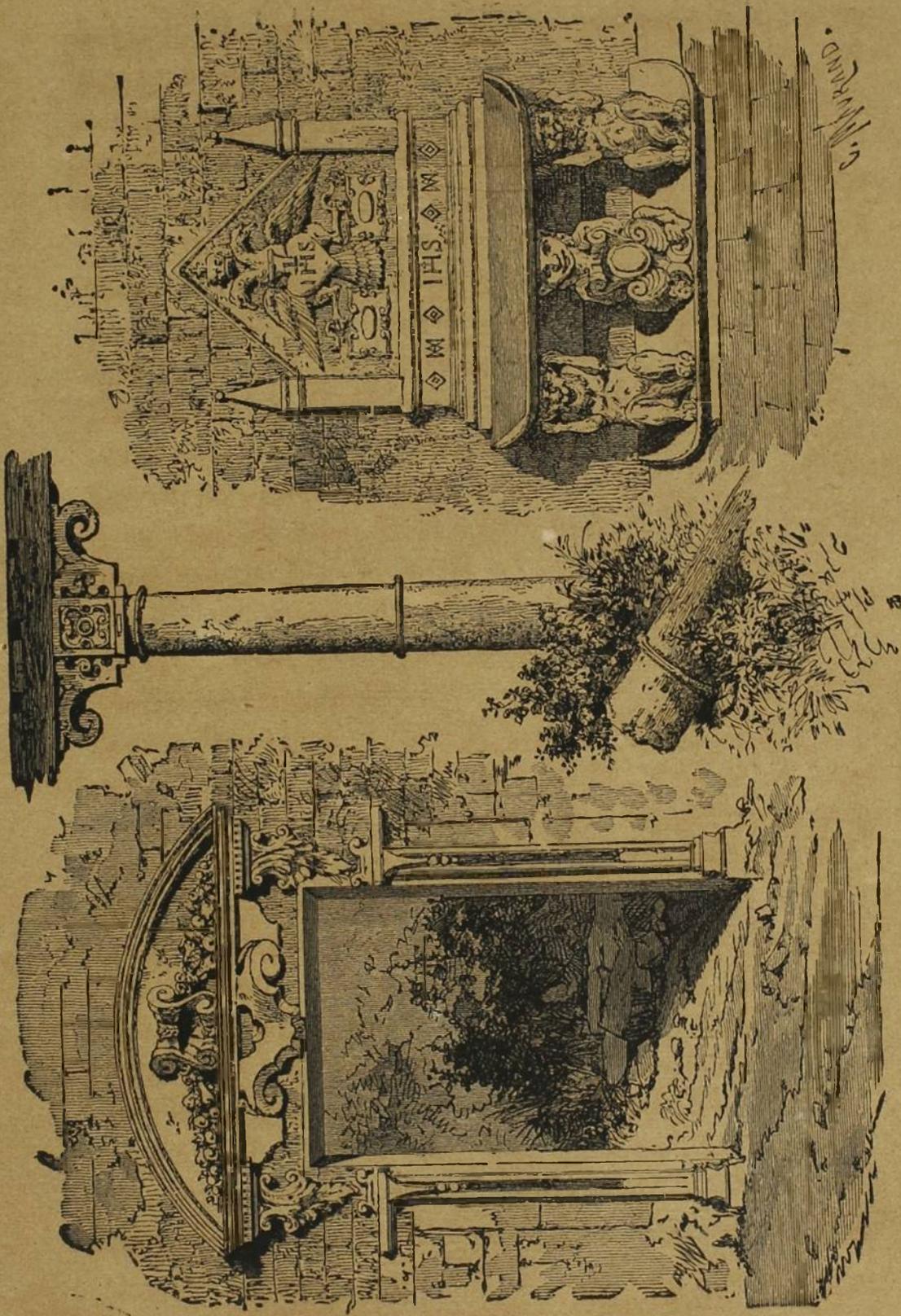
No matter how some people may wish to judge this Government, it cannot be denied that the result was magnificent, that a hundred thousand souls lived in luxury, where to-day it is little more than a desert, and that immediately the intelligent hand which governed the Province of the Missions had been violently withdrawn, everything there fell again into chaos.

The system of the Jesuits was based on a community of goods, and at the same time on a moral discipline without example since the time of the Christians in the Roman catacombs. All historians praise the perfect morality, good administration and material progress which distinguished the missions. All were ruled in the same manner. The plaza in the centre had on one side the church, on another the college, and the rest was occupied by an arsenal, and store-houses and workmen's shops of every kind. The converts were clothed with garments made from the cotton of the country, the men had shirts and short trousers, the women a long chemise and petticoat.

Candelaria was the seat of government, where resided the chief of the Jesuits, with two others of the same

order. Each town had schools where all were taught reading, writing, dancing, music and the different trades of carpenter, locksmith, watch-maker, jeweller, shoemaker &c. At the rising of the sun all the inhabitants assembled at Mass, and in the evening the tolling of the bell summoned them to Vespers.

Twice a day the Christian doctrine was taught to the children. Baptisms were in the evening, and weddings on feast days. Charlevoix describes the magnificent processions held on the principal feast days, and says the Indians were excellent musicians and singers. Every Sunday there was a military review consisting of exercises of cavalry and military: good rifles were given as premiums. This precaution taken against the barbarous Paulists was one of the pretexts for dissolving the Missions and expelling the Jesuits. In the year 1750 the Missions attained their highest point of prosperity: the churches were gorgeously decorated with precious jewels and the richest stuffs procured from Europe on the surplus profits of the common work. The same spread of the treasures of these countries, closed upon the rest of the Spaniards, for the Jesuits had remained inflexible to their right of guarding the neophytes from the rest of the world. They spoke of mines of gold and silver explored in secret: this was completely false as events proved later. Such was the way taken by the enemies of the Jesuits to explain the riches which were only due to good organisation and work. Their enemies in Madrid represented that the missionaries held an exercise of 50,000 men well equipped.



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Notwithstanding this, when the Viceroy Buccarelli proceeded to enforce the decree issued by Charles III. on the 2nd April 1767, for the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain and its colonies, instead of encountering an armed force to oppose his decree, he met the same arms which had served for the conquest of the country, a crucifix, a rosary and a breviary. Thus were ruined for ever these flourishing colonies which had cost 150 years of labor and the blood of the first Jesuits who had charge of them.

The ruins of the old churches are most interesting: in some we found some rare old carving in wood of the country. In Paraguari there is a curious old tabernacle of black wood inlaid in a very curious fashion with silver. The poor people of Paraguay have still preserved all the outer forms of religion, and believe in the same tenets and principles as taught by the Jesuits, notwithstanding the demoralization caused by the tyrant Francia's prohibiting marriage, and the despotism of the two Lopez rulers.

## XX.

## RETURN TO BUENOS AYRES

Very early in the morning we hurried to the "Jauru" steamer, which carried us only too soon out of sight of Asuncion, en route for flat and uninteresting Buenos Ayres. Again skirting the Gran Chaco, even closer than before. This enormous tract of country covers 200,000 square miles, and extends from the frontier of Bolivia to the province of Santa Fé, along the western bank of the rivers Paraguay and Paraná. It is peopled by wandering tribes of Indians, the principal of which, besides those I have already mentioned, are the Mocovis, Abipones, Tobas, Ocolas and Maticos. The word Chaco is of Quichua origin, and signifies a group of Guanacos hiding in the

mountains. The Incas of Perú gave the name to this territory because some of the tribes did not wish to be under their dominion and took refuge on the eastern side of the Cordillera. The Gran Chaco has never been thoroughly explored, owing to the fear of Indians: that part of it lying along the side of the rivers is low and swampy, but the interior is said to be high, it is mostly covered with magnificent trees. In some places are the ruins of Jesuit Missions.

Once more in front of Buenos Aires; the same shaky old mole. The air cannot be so pure as when first the Spaniards landed on its shores and exclaimed "Qué buenos ayres!" Then there was no heed of the engineer: science now has to replace nature, and endeavour by its aid to regain the reputation of good air gained for Buenos Aires by its founders, and lost through the faults of their descendants.

After three months wanderings in savage land, we arrived in time to accept an invitation to an underground breakfast, to witness one of the triumphs of civilization. The breakfast was given by the committee of the city improvements designed by Mr. Bateman, and executed by contractors under the supervision of Mr. Higgin. The place chosen for descent was at the Paseo Julio, where one of the principal storm-drains opens into the River Plate through a handsome archway. Descending by a stair-case especially made for the occasion, we entered a magnificent vaulted avenue like the Thames tunnel and lighted by innumerable candles. At every 200 yards we saw openings to allow the escape of workmen who might be down below when a sudden fall of rain would cause a flood in the storm drain.

At several points were archways : at one of these we found another staircase, which we ascended and saw the sewers and the chambers for separating the sewage from the storm drainage. These were all lit for some yards with candles, causing a wonderful effect and impressing us all with the magnitude and finish of these works. We descended again into the storm-sewer, and followed this tunnel for two miles, preceded by a band belonging to the Police, until we reached the breakfast tables, which were tastefully decorated with the Argentine, English, Italian and other flags. The atmosphere was not unpleasant, though rather warm. Covers were laid for 200 persons, and the glare of hundreds of wax lights threw a splendour upon the strange scene of an underground 'dejeuner.' The music had a peculiar effect in the vaulted galleries. After walking another mile we ascended to daylight, at the Once Setiembre, having been four hours in the subterranean depths.

A few days after the underground breakfast, we started to visit Negretti. This charming estancia is about twenty two leagues south of Buenos Ayres, and within its gates we can forget that we are in the wilds of South America; surrounded by trees and gardens, where every European fruit and flower (as well as tropical) are to be found.

To-day lawn-tennis; to-morrow Polo, riding, driving, shooting or fishing. Having every comfort of civilised life how happy the days pass ! And when a casual visitor from England stays at Negretti with its kind host can it be wondered that he returns to the old country somewhat erroneously impressed with the pleasures of camp life in

South America ? The business of an estanciero is toilsome enough: it is more or less the same all through the country, and I have already described it during our visit to the Cerro Colorado, in Banda Oriental, where we passed so many pleasant weeks.

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*Errata*

Page 16	line 15	read views
Page 22	line 21	read inn
Page 71	line 20	read Felicia Hemans
Page 83	line 4	read knives

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NOTE—In page 52 mention is made of Capt. MacNamara. Last year a fisherman of Colonia found a sword, covered with seashells, and presented it to Major Munro, H. M. Consul at M. Video,

T A B L E  
OF  
D I S T A N C E S F R O M B U E N O S A Y R E S

*(By Lieut. Baird, H. M. S. Cracker, as far as Asuncion, and the rest a medium computation of the figures of 3 old pilots).*

	miles.		Miles.
Martin Garcia . . .	40	Villa Occidental . . .	979
Boca de Guazú. . .	58	Manduvirá . . .	1002
San Pedro. . .	156	Villa Rosario . . .	1049
San Nicolas . . .	207	San Pedro . . .	1065
Rosario . . .	259	Concepcion. . .	1156
San Lorenzo . . .	274	San Salvador . . .	1219
Diamante . . .	317	Rio Apa . . .	1301
Paraná . . .	352	Fecho dos Morros	1361
La Paz . . .	458	Mt. Olympo. . .	1401
Goya . . .	583	Bahia Negra . . .	1517
Bella Vista . . .	636	Ft. Coimbra . . .	1550
Corrientes . . .	716	Albuquerque . . .	1610
Cerrito . . .	734	Curumbá . . .	1701
Humaitá. . .	758	Dorados. . .	1809
Pilar . . .	782	Bananal . . .	1862
Villa Franca . . .	835	Tres Hermanos . . .	1917
Olivá . . .	871	Itaicis reef . . .	2073
Villeta . . .	935	San Antonio . . .	2149
Asuncion . . .	956	Cuyabá . . .	2146

Being equal to 2,500 English statute miles.

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... of 3

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