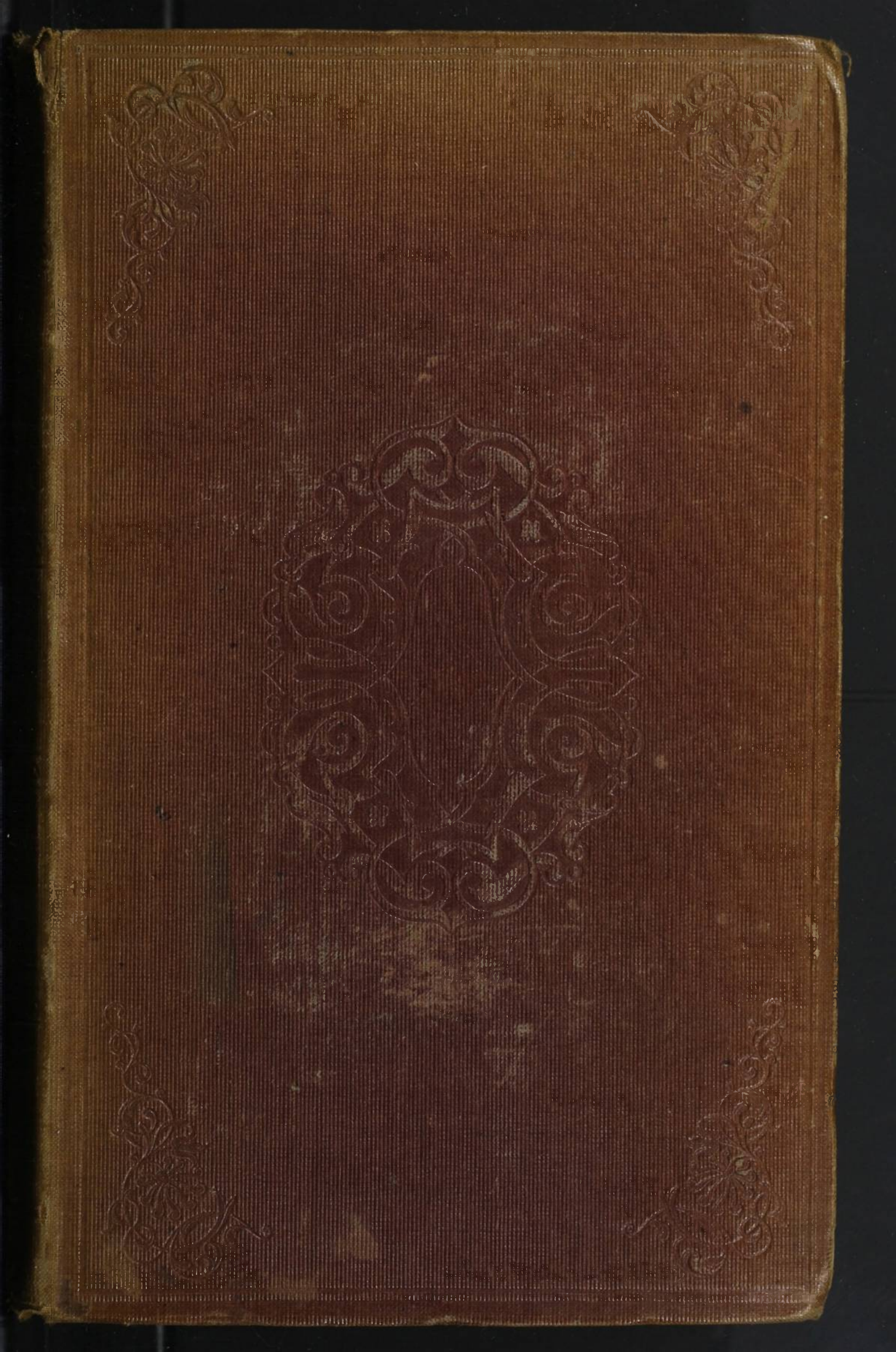
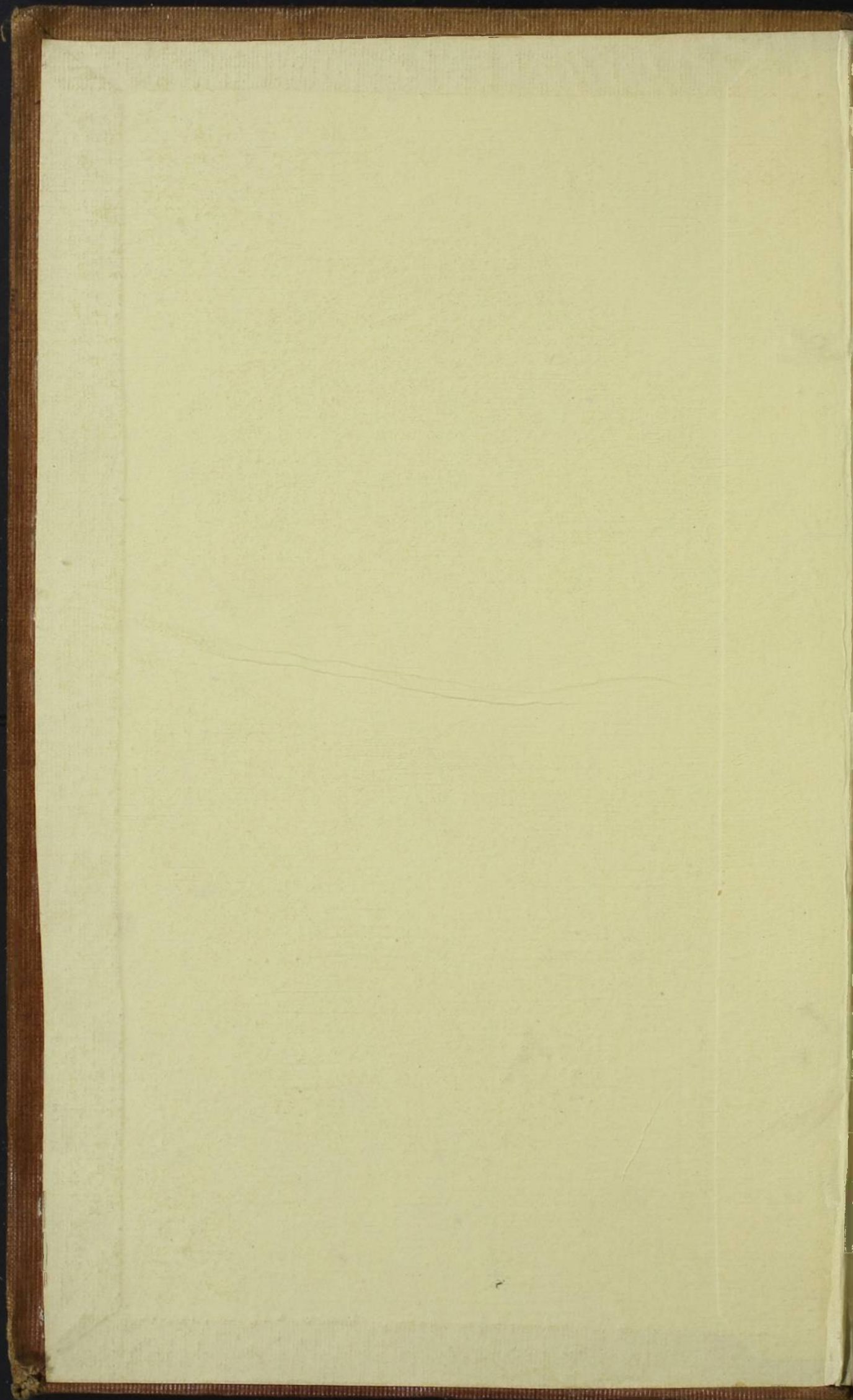


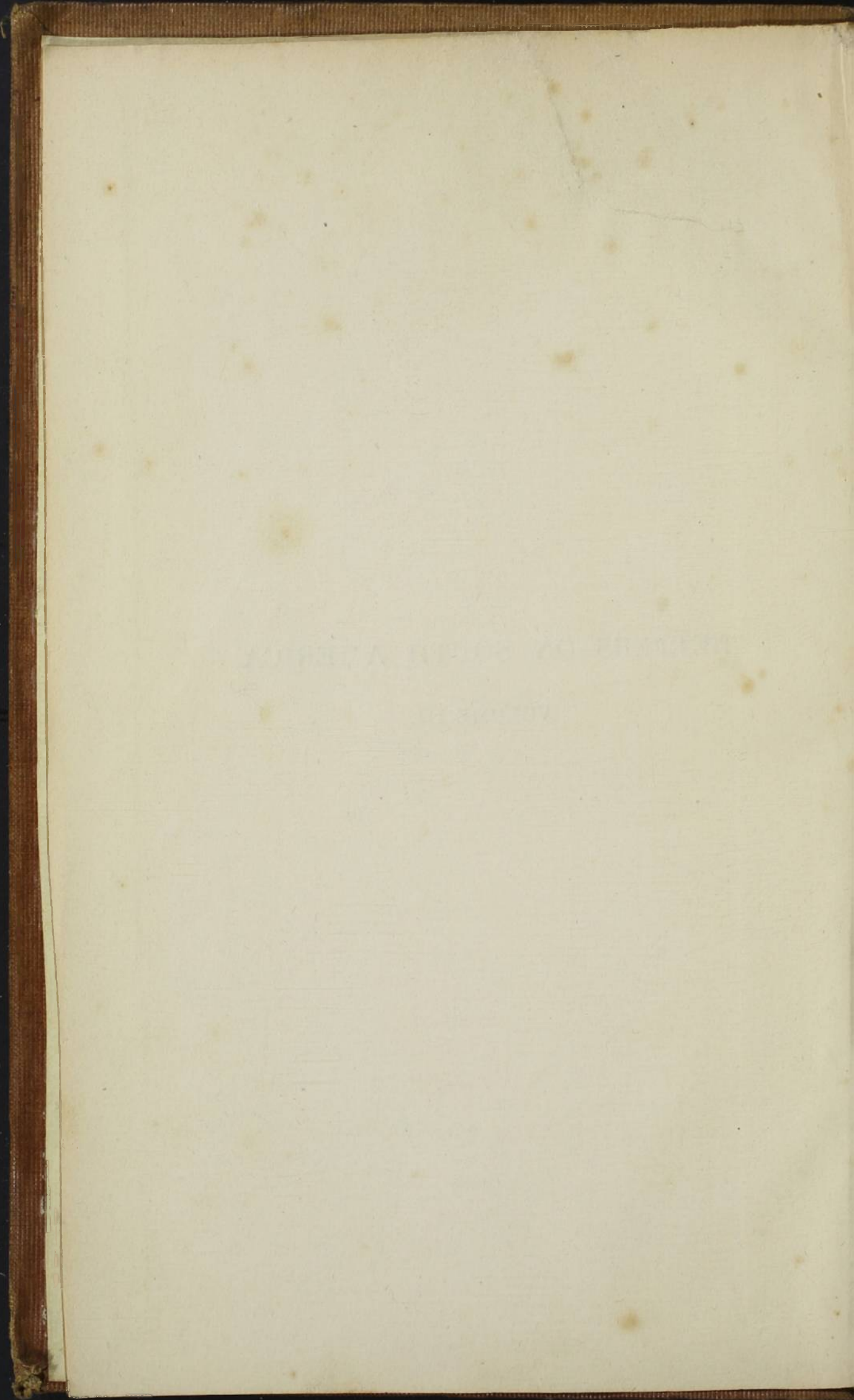




Richardson

LETTERS ON SOUTH AMERICA.

VOLUME III.



LETTERS
ON
SOUTH AMERICA;

COMPRISING

TRAVELS ON THE BANKS OF THE PARANÁ
AND RIO DE LA PLATA.

BY

J. P. AND W. P. ROBERTSON,
AUTHORS OF "LETTERS ON PARAGUAY," AND "FRANCIA'S REIGN."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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LETTER XLIV.

J. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

A Leak sprung—Departure from Buenos Ayres for England—Hopes and Anticipations—Arrival at the Isle of Wight—My Impressions of an English Hotel—Departure from Cowes—Bath Society—Arrival in London—London Society.

London, 1842.

EVERYTHING was now prepared for my sailing for England. A fine large ship called the *Friends* was chartered for me, and laden with a rich cargo. A sumptuous dinner was partaken of (for John Bull can manage nothing without a dinner) by my Buenos Ayres acquaintance, English and South American; when, after dinner, at the moment of my health and a prosperous voyage being proposed, in, upon the company, with lugubrious countenance, walked the first officer of the good ship *Friends*, and whispered in the ear of the captain (Stephenson,) who was

sitting near me, that the ship had sprung a leak, and was making water very fast. Full of alarm, the captain arose from the table, went on board, and found it really to be so, I was petrified. My luggage, provisions, servant, were all on board; and my own longing heart, palpitating with the anticipated joy of revisiting my native country, was stopped short in its heavings, as if congealed. I never thought how much better it was that the leak should have been discovered in port than in the midst of the Atlantic, where, had it been sprung, we must have furnished a meal for the monsters of the deep.

In litigation, discharging of the cargo, and unshipping of it to another vessel, three months elapsed; but at length, after one more parting dinner and not a few more last words, I embarked in a fine vessel called the Elizabeth, Captain Swinburne, laden with the fruits of Paraguay and Corrientes speculation.

This was in the year 1817. I had been absent from my own country nearly nine years; and I had grown up, during that time, from boyhood to man's estate. I had left Scotland a stripling of fourteen, in pursuit, like most other people (*especially* Scotchmen), of that goddess Fortune, who receives the

addresses of all men, dupes many, disappoints thousands, and ruins tens of thousands more, because, not content with what she has granted them, they aspire at favours which she is so far from granting, that to mark her disapprobation of the suit, she brings about the total overthrow of the suitor.

At the period of which I speak, she had been propitious to me ; for, in spite of Francia and Artigueños, I had been so far successful in life as not only to have laid a good foundation for the future, but to attract the flattering attention and patronage of an old and rich relation, who never having discovered any particular merit in me while I was jogging along the common-place path of mediocrity, or climbing up the steeps of perilous adventure, found out, when I could return to England in comparative independence, that I was, as he styled it, “a chip of the old block.” This relative—an old gentleman of large fortune, fond of fashionable society, and intimate with many of the titled members of it—invited me to come home, offered me his house, and promised to furnish me with first-rate introductions to many great personages, as well in business as out of it.

I was elated at the prospect of emerging from the back settlements of South America to spring forth into the enjoyment of polished society and of solid comfort in this country. I was overjoyed, too, at the anticipation of meeting parents, brothers, sisters, and the schoolboy companions of my earliest days. Many of these I had long made to stare at the wondrous tales, from time to time transmitted home, of my adventures by flood and field; but what was this to the meetings, and embraces, and fire-side conversations, which I now anticipated, as I tried to imagine how most of them would look under the transitions from the state of boys and girls to, now, that of men and women. It is nothing to witness this transition, as by slow degrees it takes place under our every day's observation; but to find all at once,—in a night, as it were,—the boy, your brother, grown to man's estate, or the little girl, your sister or cousin, become a mother, gives rise to very complicated feelings, bewilders your brain, and turns almost to scepticism the very evidence of your senses.

At length, after a ten weeks' passage, we were boarded, in the English Channel, during a thick fog, by a pilot, who told us we were not far from the

Isle of Wight. The mist cleared away, and presently that beautiful spot came in view. As my eye wandered over its smooth and swardy downs covered with sheep, and as I contemplated the rural industry and cultivation of the valleys and plains—the neat cottages, the cheerful gardens, and sturdy swains in all directions pursuing their labours in the fields, upon the lawns, and in the shrubberies—I recognized at once what admirable handmaidens industry and cultivation are to Nature, when they dress and do not *overdress* her.

When we had sailed through that curious channel the Needles,—forts, harbours, men-of-war, noblemen's and gentlemen's yachts, boats, skiffs, hale-looking soldiers and sailors performing their respective duties under the unfurled standard of Old England, all strikingly contrasted with the scenes and objects to which I had been so long accustomed. We had lately been at war, but the wooden walls were still manned, the ramparts lined with red coats and glittering muskets; while the hammers of the arsenals, the din of cannon, the clanging of bugles, the beating of drums, and the music of shrill fifes, gave a stirring and animated effect to the whole.

Just as we came slowly up channel, the wind failed us; but having determined not to be a moment on board of ship when I could prosecute my journey by terra firma, I landed at Cowes. Strange as it may seem, I did so chiefly for this reason, that the Isle of Wight being called the garden of England, I thought I must not expect to see any such beautiful scenery thenceforward. In this respect, however, I soon found out my mistake; but for the time being I was confirmed in my belief that I was in fairy land.

No sooner had I got ashore than half a dozen active fellows wrangled in polite officiousness for the honour of carrying my luggage, while three smart-looking gentlemen, with damask napkins in their hands, contended for the pleasure of conducting me to their respective houses. I desired to be led to that which was pointed out to me as the largest and best. My first impression on entering it was that I had certainly mistaken some nobleman's mansion for a hostelry. The well-dressed males and females that were buzzing about the stairs covered with Brussels carpets; the splendid drawing-room into which I was introduced; the capacious hall from which I had come up, with its

paraphernalia of lamps, pictures, mahogany tables, and livery servants, seated in waiting on their masters,—all surpassed any notion or remembrance I ever had of a hotel. What greatly added to keep up the delusion was, that I could not discriminate between the landlady and her servants, nor the landlord, his waiters, and other well-dressed personages coming and going to and fro. I took them all for ladies and gentlemen, even after the waiters had laid my table with plate and crystal over a damask table-cloth, and after a pretty, captivating, and genteel fair one, with rosy cheeks and auburn curls, a plated candlestick and a wax taper in her hand, had conducted me to a capacious room, which she told me was my bed-room. It was curtained, festooned, carpeted, and furnished with a bed of state. Everything was richer and better than anything I had seen in the houses of the richest men in South America. How was I *possibly* to connect the few rude inns there, or the Pampa post-houses, with the notion of their being all, like the Cowes hotel, mere houses for the accommodation of travellers. This could not be; for the first three or four hours which I spent in the hotel at Cowes, I might as well have been in a magical or enchanted

castle. I came bowing into the drawing-room, and kept calling the waiter "Sir," and the chambermaid "Ma'am," till a naval officer, who had been my only fellow-passenger home, by his continual remonstrances and ludicrous appeals to my judgment, brought objects down to me a little more in their real forms and dimensions. After all, however, as I travelled about, and came to many more splendid hotels than that at Cowes, I was for a few days like a man who has been blind and by the removal of a cataract begins gradually to distinguish one object from another.

I ordered a conveyance to Newport, and the landlord, with a bow, said, "Yes, Sir, a chaise and pair, I suppose." I could never reconcile it to myself, on my first arrival from the Pampas, to be driven by a pair of horses. I ordered four; and when the Cowes carriage was ready for my reception, the landlord and landlady, waiters, chambermaids, grooms, and a little crowd at the door, kept bowing and wondering who I could be. When two smart postillions, in buckskins, sky-blue jackets, and black caps, scampered off with me, how was it possible I should conceive that the persons around me constituted only the living machinery of hotels

like those in Buenos Ayres, or that driving was like that of the tatterdemalion gauchos of the plains! I found everything at the hotels very cheap, considering the luxury with which it was provided, and everything on the road very reasonable, except driving post with four horses. I, therefore, soon reduced mine to a pair; and only took to four again by travelling in the mails or stages, after I had become a little more knowing in the ways of the road. From Portsmouth I drove to Bath, where I was received by the old gentleman, my relative, with all the cordiality, and even distinction, imaginable. I was located in two of the best rooms of his mansion, drove out with him in his barouche and four, had the command of an excellent cellar, the favour of the German butler and French cook, the attendance of grooms and footmen, an introduction to the best society in Bath, as well resident as merely drinkers of the waters, or passengers en route for other places. The old gentleman knew them all, but was especially delighted with those who would play whist at his house, read the private letters he received from his friends, frank those he wrote in reply, and subscribe to the Penitentiary. I had the honour of losing many a

guinea to expert dowagers and to some of the other sex more uncommonly expert at "*sauter la coupe*." This is a genteel designation of the game called, in ordinary parlance, "beggar my neighbour." The old gentleman was generally a winner; and I cannot but say that he seemed not less pleased than some of his titled associates to lay his hands upon the doubloons of the new arrival from South America. I found my living and society, though both agreeable, yet rather expensive; and as I had now spent a month in idleness and frivolous dissipation, gained thus a little knowledge of the genteel slaves and fashionable devotees of superficial society, I prepared to change my quarters for more stirring and varied scenes.

Furnished with letters of introduction for all parts of the country, and especially for London, I, after dinner, got into the Bath coach, and breakfasted next morning at Brunet's hotel, to which I had been directed by the old gentleman to go, as it was, he said, "a place of resort for foreigners of distinction." I did not find it exactly such; but a very good Frenchified retreat for foreigners of *no* distinction, who occupied their own suite of apartments.

From hence, as from a central point, I sallied

forth to gaze upon the endless wonders of overgrown London. For days and nights I was lost, whenever I walked beyond the precincts of my own hotel in Leicester Square ; and I consequently moved about to all great distances in a glass coach, with Mogg's map of London outspread upon my knee. It was also consulted for many a day in my chamber before I could master the topography of the huge metropolis, so as to proceed on foot with tolerable certainty from one place to another.

Meantime I was becoming, unconsciously, a citizen of London,—spending my mornings chiefly among the great men of the East, and my evenings among those of the West. Many a merchant and banker did I see making himself a slave, in an obscure counting-house, in the fore part of the day, that he might enjoy, in the evening, the substantial comforts or refined luxuries of a well-appointed establishment in the purlieus of Portland Place, Harley Street, or Wimpole Street, Cavendish, Berkeley, or even Grosvenor Square.

His sons had been educated at the universities ; and his daughters were not only accomplished in manners and the fashionable agréments and attain-

ments which render society gay and agreeable, but they possessed many of those attractive and perhaps more solid charms which, combining vivacity of imagination with a fund of useful knowledge and reflection, are called forth in society, at once to embellish and improve it. Then for the table, equipages, horses, servants, and general style of your Grosvenor Square and Piccadilly merchant or banker; they were all *recherchés*,—assimilating, some of them, to those of the nobility, and many of them going beyond even these.

I found *grades* of society and exclusive circles among the merchants and bankers, as well as among the oligarchy; and the terms of admission of their city peers to the former were often more stringent and scrutinizing than those of the nobility in the case of gentlemen of every rank and denomination, so long as they *were* gentlemen. High and exclusive as in this country the nobility are, they are by no means the only class of society that as much as possible keep within their own sphere. The truth is, that we are as much a nation of castes as the Chinese, not subject, to be sure, to the same despotism which crushes them, but quite

as jealous as they are of losing caste in society. From the peer to the petty tradesman, how many social circles there are, all animated by one principle,—that of treading upon the heels of their betters, and of keeping their inferiors at a distance. The tradesman feels honoured by the company of the shopman; the shopman by that of the inferior merchant; and he by the society of a man of higher standing in the same vocation.

It is, however, a gratifying fact that great good sense and knowledge of the world distinguish the *generality* of our higher traders in England, and make them not only an intelligent but a well-bred and agreeable community. Yet Heaven defend us, on the other hand, from the company of your purse-proud man of business, and his more stately spouse. They have between them more airs to play off upon their humbler guests, more ostentatious display, and more tiresome egotism, all tending to mark their distinguished place in society, than any ten of the nobility put together. And yet nothing more frequent than to hear your City aristocrat of this class cry shame upon the pride and pomp and *exclusiveness* of your peer, who is not in spirit one whit

more of an aristocrat, though in a different *sphere* to be sure, and with the claims of respect due to *education* and manners, in addition to those of rank and fortune.

Always your's,
J. P. R.

LETTER XLV.

J. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

The Difficulty in giving News about England and Scotland—Arrival at the Home of my Boyhood—A Scotch Postilion—A Family roused—Introduction to Strangers—The Recognition—New Relations—My Mother—A Scotch Breakfast—The Lion of the Morning—A Confession—Edinburgh Society—Auld Reekie not Athens—The Calton Hill—Leith Walk—Arthur's Seat—Salisbury Craigs—The Pentland Hills—Surrounding Scenery—Edinburgh Castle—Holyrood House or Palace—Neighbourhood of the Abbey—The New Town of Edinburgh—Inhabitants of the New Town—Their Society—A Bon-Mot.

London, 1842.

WHEN I tell you that my preceding letter, this one, and another will contain all I have for the present to say on England and Scotland, you will not expect much to be said in detail of these countries. They are too well known,—they have been too frequently traversed, to admit of my saying much of them, especially as South America is the country on which we have promised chiefly to write. In England, steam by sea and steam by land, newspapers, periodicals, reviews, novels, books of travel, steam-boat companions, Macadamized roads, light coaches, fast mails, and flying Posts, together with reports

of committees, debates in Parliament, public dinners, and public meetings to deliberate on every topic under the sun, all warn me that there is already almost enough said, much more written than is read, of England, its habits, society, and peculiarities.

After greatly multiplying acquaintance, friends, and correspondents in London, and laying there the foundation for my future operations in this country and South America, I started for Scotland.

At five o'clock in the morning I drove in a chaise from the mail-coach office, in Edinburgh, to the residence, a little way in the country, of my parents. Less precipitation,—that is to say, my having lain down three hours to sleep, after travelling three successive nights in the mail, would have refreshed me, and spared the inmates of my paternal home the shock and confusion of being unexpectedly roused from bed at so unseemly an hour as five o'clock, A.M. All my loud knocks, and all my impatient rings, as my hand passed in rapid succession from the knocker to the bell, and back again from the bell to the knocker, brought no one to my relief. The postilion thought that a little delay in my visit would have answered all purposes

better, for he said to me, "Od, sir, I'm thinkin' y'ere may be frae far awa, an dinna ken the customs o' Scotlan'. Its only y'ere puir labourin' bodies that's afit at this hour. As for yere gentry, aye an' even yere gentry's man-servants an' maids, they'll no be stirrin' till acht or nine o'clock Depend upon't, they'll tak' us for nae better than we ocht to be. Let me advise ye, sir, to gang awa back to the Black Bull an' tak' a nap, an' I'll bring ye here at ten. Ye may be sure ye'll be time enough, an' to spare, for them; an' maybe ye'll be welcomer than ye wad be the noo."

Neither the postilion's remonstrance and advice, nor his insinuation toward the close of his harangue, had much weight with me. They seemed to have as little with himself, after I told him that this was the house of my parents, and that I had been nine years absent from it; for instantly he redoubled the knock, and rang so effectually, that a little urchin of a foot-boy asked from the area, "Wha's there?" while, at the same moment, two female servants peeped forth from an attic with their hair in papers, nightcaps, and what in Scotland are appropriately termed short gowns, for they reach only to the waist. Like the foot-boy, they

too called aloud, "Wha's there?" till perceiving the carriage at the door, and concluding that the expected stranger had arrived, they withdrew instantly, the one assuring the other, that "as shure's death, that was the young maister." They shut the window with great impetus; and presently all was stir, bustle, and trepidation within.

In the domestic attempts, upon such an emergency, to do everything at once, that which I thought should have been attended to first was thought of last: I mean the door. It was full five minutes before it was opened; and *when* opened, I thought I must have come to the wrong house after all,—for in the lobby there stood a group to receive me, of which I neither knew a single face nor recognized a single figure. The servants were strangers to me; a grown up youth of sixteen I thought I had never seen; one tall lady and one rather petite were alike unknown; and two females of about eighteen and twenty, who were hurrying down stairs, were perfect incognitas. An old gentleman in his dressing-gown, bent down with infirmity and a grievous cough, I recognized not at all; and a lady verging to corpulence, with locks turning grey, I fancied must be some Scotch dowager on a visit

to the family. Yet I was in the very midst of my own nearest relations; and soon was I convinced of this,—not by the testimony of my eyes, for they kept deceiving me more and more, but by that of my hearing, which, when the rather corpulent lady took me in her arms, and with a flood of tears sobbed aloud, “My own dear boy,” would have made me stake the life I had received from her against a pin that it was no dowager, but my own good mother. Then the old gentleman’s voice announced him to be my father; and that of the youth, my youngest brother. Of the four young ladies I was sure that two were my sisters; but which two (for I had no more sisters) I could not tell: all the four were very much alike, and their voices identical. I eagerly inquired which was one and which another; and of the other two, which of my cousins I had the pleasure of seeing. By this time the group had reached the breakfast-parlour. A strange glow of novel sensations, and a never-ending repetition of mutual salutations and welcomes followed.

There were yet two to be added to the family party,—two little urchins of curly-haired cousins; and one of the servants, rather “pawky,” as they

say in Scotland, brought them down stairs, the one beating a fine brass-barreled drum, and the other blowing shrill discordance through a child's whistle. In they marched; but seeing a stranger, stopped their music; nor would they resume it, till I had made myself familiar with them by caressing and calling them by their names, Archy and Geordie. A happier little circle, especially at that time of the morning, it would not have been easy to find near us. Sleep was banished; and the process of familiarizing ourselves with each other proceeded with great rapidity. I was glad to see my sisters rather pretty,—my cousins charming; and most of all to find, that so far from *missing* any one whom I expected to see, I had made the acquaintance of two additional members of the family.

By degrees, the young ladies retired to make their toilets; and the old gentleman, rather fastidious at his, went to show that he had not forgotten his youthful days.

The old lady alone remained; and her anxiety was equally divided between getting all the news about her son that was still in South America, and seeing a proper breakfast laid out for the new-comer.

Every one knows what a Scotch breakfast is: tea piping hot, coffee redolent of the bean, rich cream, hot rolls, warm toast, oaten cakes as thin as a wafer, barley scones, kipper salmon, Finnin haddocks, cold game, cold ham, cold beef, brawn, eggs, honey, jellies, marmalade, sausages, with other *et ceteras*. The dram, it must be allowed, is mostly confined to the highlands; but in the present case, my mother insisted upon its being introduced, as she was sure I must be cold after my long ride.

At nine o'clock the family party assembled over many of the specified dainties. I was of course the lion of the morning; and experienced the usual fate of your travelling lions,—that is, everything I said that was really true I could see met with rather an incredulous reception, while the little embellishments I introduced, with a grave face, in the Munchausen style, were treasured up with avidity as exhibiting singular modes of life and manners.

This much shall suffice on family affairs. They constitute a topic too exclusively interesting to the parties immediately concerned, to admit a hope of their properly estimating the comparative coolness or weariness with which others constrain themselves, from pure good breeding, to listen to them with

their outward ears, while their inner man is passing sentence, "how tiresome!"

"How," asks an acute moralist, "can you expect others to be more interested in your affairs than you are in theirs?" I confess I see not how we should; and I therefore, at once, bid adieu to *my* father and *my* mother, to *my* pretty sisters and *my* charming cousins, confessing that there is nothing romantic enough in the modern survivors of the clan to serve as a foundation for fiction, and still less that would lend the aid of novelty or interest even to sober truth.

The first day of my arrival I gave up entirely to the enjoyments of home. The next I sallied forth to deliver the various credentials and introductions with which I had been furnished for several gentlemen of the faculties of law, medicine, and divinity. I had also letters introductory to some highland lairds, then sojourning in the metropolis, and to some of their peers the lowland landlords, who seemed, however, to have little in common with their northern brethren of the hills, except that they were both owners of land.

As I drove from door to door, leaving my card, and some friend's certificate that I was entitled

to a dinner, I could not but admire the magnificent site, and many of the fine buildings of that Edina, which her too partial devotees have called "Modern Athens." The very ruins of Athens forbid us, however, to identify her, as a city, with the capital of the North; while the polished acuteness, the deep reasoning, the classical refinement, the famed exploits, the overwhelming oratory, the fascinating philosophy, the ennobling poetry, the marble chiseled into life by little short of the magical inspiration of the sculptor, with all the pomp and circumstance of triumphal processions and athletic contests, contrasts in every way advantageously for the capital of Greece.

There is one noble spot in Edinburgh, which, whether you consider its central and commanding position, or the beauty, diversity, and extent of the romantic country around, I fancy is unequalled in the world: that spot is the Calton Hill. As I wended my way in circular progression, from the base to the apex of this magnificent cone, there opened up to my view, at every step and turning, new and enchanting beauties,—diversified in kind, yet all blending into one harmonious whole. As the eye swept the horizon on one side, it beheld the

sheeny Forth laving far and wide the fertile coast of Fife, rich in crops, and wood, and busy villages; while on the other, it floated into the harbours of Midlothian and the adjacent counties the ships and barks of the weather-beaten sons of Caledonia. Skiffs and yachts bounded over the ever-breaking waves; and the port of Leith, as ships left and entered, as furnaces blazed, as loud hammers rang on the anvil, and as glass-houses sent forth their vapour and smoke, presented a stirring spectacle. The slope between Edinburgh and Leith is richly cultivated on each side of what is called "*Leith Walk*," and displays a succession of nursery grounds and gardens, alike celebrated for the beauty they display and for the science with which, from the sturdy oak to the tender exotics, all the trees and shrubs of the forest are reared. There are no gardeners, I believe, who surpass the Scotch, whether in the laying-out of grounds or in the successful treatment of the young plantations which are to adorn them.

Turning from my view of the Forth, my eye rested on that singular geological phenomenon, Salisbury Craig; I glanced from thence at Arthur's Seat, to the envied pinnacle of which I had so often

climbed in youthful sport. The Pentland Hills became the next remarkable object of contemplation, sweeping, in the form of an amphitheatre, nearly one-fourth of the whole splendid circle formed by Nature around the Calton Hill. From the base of the Pentlands to the suburbs of the metropolis there intervenes as rich a country, and as finely cultivated, as can well, in such a latitude and climate, be conceived. There is a deficiency of wood, except upon the noblemen's and gentlemen's estates which adorn this part of the land ; while the rest of the country, laid out in fields, exhibiting exquisite specimens of husbandry, and yielding luxuriant crops, is studded with villages and village-spires, and enriched with streams, which now wend their secluded way through woods and parks and lawns, and anon emerge, for the more general gratification of those who admire them, into the open country ; from thence frisking and basking and rolling down their waters, for a season, in the sun, they seek again their more favourite retreat—the shade. There were only wanting, in order to make the beauty of this part of the scene complete, the fine hedge-row trees and green fences, which in England everywhere take from the country not only all appear-

ance of nakedness, but invest it with a gorgeousness not the less in place that it is at once ornamental and useful. In Scotland, there are few hedge-row trees; and the fences are cold, unrural, clumsy-looking fences, called dykes, or bare stone walls.

Having thus, from my commanding position, surveyed all the *distant* objects within eye-range, I drew a smaller optical circle around me, which only enclosed the city itself and its immediate environs. First and most prominent of all, nodding, or rather tottering, on a stupendous and nearly perpendicular rock, stood the Castle, as if to show how soon, if subjected to the ordeal of modern projectiles, it would fall from its high estate. On our first glance we are arrested by its grandeur,—but on a second view we are struck by its weakness. Leaving the question of its military insignificance out of the case, I was sorry not to be able to admire even its architectural structure; for some not over-skilful patcher of edifices dilapidated or of insufficient dimensions, has stuck on the feudal building two modern tenements, to answer as barracks, and built them exactly in the “*flat style*,”—that is, story above story till you get into the clouds.

From this incongruous, though nobly-situated

pile of stones, I traced, with my eye, the prodigiously high piles of houses which flanked the north side of the High Street upon which the Castle frowned, as if threatening destruction to the Tron Church and Tolbooth as the chief obstacles to its guns reaching Holyrood.

Holyrood House,—that dark and dreary abode of royalty,—and its once beautiful, but now ruined Abbey, lay under my feet. As I looked upon them from the Calton Hill, as I saw the wretched buildings and filthy inhabitants all around, and as I remembered that these had been the residences and purlieus of the highest nobility, I could not but think, that the removal of a king,—his court, his nobles, and retainers,—is a sore calamity to the nation deserted; of which, immediately and inevitably, the whole of the rack-rental passes through the hands of stewards into the pockets of the landlords, to be spent on a foreign soil.

Turning from the neighbourhood of the Abbey, I saw houses built upon precipices to the awful height of fourteen stories, and streets running under bridges, from which it bewildered the eye to look down upon the inhabitants, diminished to the size of Lilliputians below.

Yet some of the buildings of those streets rose high above one of the bridges; the communication between the subterranean inhabitants and those of the upper regions being effected by dark and interminable flights of stone stairs, conducting you all the way down into "*flats*," or floors, which are the abodes of wretched females, who thus seek to hide their shame from the glare of day.

But the truly magnificent part of Edinburgh is the New Town,—a city of itself, which has been appropriately called the City of Palaces. Whether its situation or its fine buildings of free-stone be considered, the magnificent width of its streets, its ornamental gardens, its noble prospects, its contrast with the fantastic piles of the Old Town, from which the New is completely and distinctly separated by the "Mound," it is impossible not to be struck with admiration of it.

You expect, and you are not disappointed, to meet with a quite different class of inhabitants in the Old and the New Town. Those of the former are generally shopkeepers, tradesmen, handicraftsmen, and, in certain neighbourhoods, a noisy, chattering, and filthy rabble from the Highlands.

In the New Town you have the Lowland lairds,

with their ladies, equipages, and footmen. Unable to make a show in London, the laird is content for a season to be the leader of the ton in Edinburgh: and most agreeable people the better class of the Lowland lairds generally are. Good sense, plain unaffected manners, much hospitality, and often no mean attainments, are to be found among the Scotch,—especially among the Scotch gentry of the Lowlands.

Then you have, in the New Town, the Judges and other officers of the Courts, your clever advocate, your wealthy writer to the Signet, your celebrated physician and still more celebrated surgeon, with the different professors of the not yet finished University.*

These different parties made up a society at once polished, instructive, and agreeable; and the company of the men was so charmingly enlivened by the naïveté, the beauty of the ladies,—their frankness, their laughing eye, and their never-failing facility of saying something, and something always to the point,—that I scarcely know anything more

* Long since this letter was written, the University has been finished, and many other stupendous improvements have been made which had no existence,—which were not even, I believe, *designed*,—when I wrote.

to be envied than a well-bred Scotch dinner-party, especially if followed by a ball and supper.

What astonished me most, however, in the New Town was, to see that every other house,—especially every other good house,—belonged either to a lawyer or to a physician; while every third or fourth person you met in the streets, except on the fashionable lounge of Prince's Street, seemed to be a man belonging to the Courts or a disciple of Æsculapius. For the success of the lawyers I could in some measure account, after I had been informed of their innumerable sources of gain, especially in their dealings with the lairds; but how such a healthy, brawny, muscular, hardy race as the Scotch *should* want so many surgeons and physicians, it entirely puzzled me to comprehend.

The divines of the Scotch church, with the exception of a very few,—and they quite at the head of their profession,—do not take a prominent station in what is commonly called good society.

The sons of men of family, from whatever cause, do not often take holy orders. The stipends are too small, and the prospects of eventual preferment to a living of some £500 a-year too remote and contingent, to tempt any but those of the most

humble and moderate expectations in life to become candidates for orders. In the Scotch clergy you find, accordingly, excellent men; but not *refined* men, nor, with a few rare but brilliant exceptions, men of much acquirement beyond the mere technicalities of not a very elevated theology.

I will close this too long letter with a rather pungent remark, which I was told had been made about the clergy and lawyers, in reference to two public buildings, one belonging to each of the two bodies, and which buildings had been erected in George's Street, precisely in front of each other.

The church *projected* beyond the regular line of buildings, and the legal edifice *receded* from that line. The remark made upon which was this: "That the impudence of the clergy and the modesty of the lawyers had spoiled one of the finest streets in the world."

Your's, &c.,

J. P. R.

LETTER XLVI.

J. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

Departure from Edinburgh—The Old Gentleman's Remonstrance—
The Comparison—Anticipations—Journey to Glasgow—Arrival
there—Wealth and Industry of Glasgow—Hospitality there—
Glasgow Punch—Other Manufacturing Towns—Liverpool—Its
Merchants—San Martin retakes Chile.

London, 1842.

HAVING spent two months in Edinburgh, as forgetful of business as if I had nothing to do with it, and as much in the enjoyment of life as if there were no necessary connexion between industry, which must cater for the good things of it, and luxury, which loves to enjoy them at her ease, I was reminded by an epistle from the old gentleman at Bath that I had not yet feathered my nest, and that it would be a long time ere I found a golden egg in it the size of a plum, if, instead of being up with the sun, and making hay while it shone, I gave myself up to dancing at the petticoat-tails of the ladies, and to drinking champagne and claret and jabbering politics and philosophy with the gentlemen. "Why," he continued, "I have not

had a price-current of produce from you for six weeks, nor a word about the funds, nor what prospect there is for your manufacturing friends in the markets of South America. How do you think they are likely to take it, when, instead of finding you among themselves in Glasgow, Manchester, and Yorkshire, pointing out to them the goods best suited for the trade, they find you loitering away your time in a place like Edinburgh, where a man of business can learn and see absolutely nothing. Away with your universities and stuff; be a good boy; take my advice,—stick to ships, colonies, and commerce; and my word for it, this is your best course. See what Blucher and Wellington have achieved with their swords; and look what many have done with their pens and mother wit: why, many of them have reached the head of their profession.”

I thought some might demur to this sly comparison; but for myself, I had no inclination to disturb it in its stronghold; so, pleading in extenuation of my idle sojourn of two months with my own family, my long nine years' absence in Pampa wilds and Paraguay seclusion, I packed up my wardrobe, and bade adieu to Edinburgh and its

many fascinations. Blucher, Wellington, and the retired merchant of Bath were buzzing in my head; new speculations to all parts of America fanned my spirit of ambition; while the contemplation of new and unheard-of adventures among the giants of Patagonia, the tribes of Arauca, the natives of Chile, and the Indians of Peru, aroused within me all the ardour of the traveller, who never feels so little at home as when he is long detained in one place.

Perhaps the facility with which my imagination so readily carried me from home was increased by the dull, monotonous drive on a drizzly day from Edinburgh to Glasgow. I thought we never should have done with moss-bogs, stunted firs, black dykes, filthy clachans, nor, as we trundled slowly along, half-naked children, unseemly middens, and comfortless inns. At length we reached that vast emporium of wealth and industry, the capital of the west of Scotland. But I will not detain you long over a description of what is so well known. The city of Glasgow is a very splendid one. Its inhabitants generally are plain money-making men, more conspicuous for their sagacity and unwearied application than for highly cultivated manners or very

refined education. Yet are there among them men of great general knowledge, practical skill, and scientific attainment in all the arts of life that minister to the comfort and luxury of man. Their merchants send their ships laden with the beautiful, ingenious, and useful handiwork of the loom to every quarter of the globe; and they return richly freighted with the gold and silver of Peru; with the spices, cotton, sugar, and indigo of India, East and West; with the coffee of Brazils; the ivory and gold-dust of Africa; with the timber, hemp, and tallow of the Baltic; with all the fruits of the Mediterranean; and with all the wines of Portugal, France, and Spain.

Machinery has attained great perfection in Glasgow. The spinning factories are stupendous monuments of productive power; and the patent loom manufactories look, each of them, as if they could weave in a day under-vestments for a nation. The chemist has lent all the aid of his discoveries to give lustrous effect to the chaste and beautiful designs of the painter, till in silks, muslins, shawls, scarfs, dresses, and all the other useful and ornamental parts of ladies' parure, the Glasgow manufacturer stands almost unrivalled.

Then come your "Paisley bodies," the handloom weavers, and their thrifty wives and pretty daughters, the tambourers, each giving forth from their hands specimens of work the most elaborate and rich.

Your Paisley weaver is somewhat of a Radical; and he may often be seen in his lowly crib adjusting, with spectacles on his nose, some of the threads of his web, while his little urchin of a son, nine years of age, is spelling by his father's side Cobbett's Register, the Edinburgh Review, or Paine's Age of Reason.

I made a great many acquaintance, friends, and correspondents among the Glasgow merchants and manufacturers, all anxious for news from any quarter of the globe to which they might send their manufactures. Their reception of me was kind; their hospitality plain and unostentatious; and their cheer abundant and substantial,—it was always good, and sometimes recherché. Their wives were patterns of domestic economy; and they seemed to have the rare and laudable quality of interfering very little with their husbands, who, on the other hand, gave them all the credit of being excellent cooks and good managers. It was evident that the best dishes,

if they had not been actually under their manipulation, had been subjected to their close inspection ; and it was the husband's pleasure,—perhaps even his pride,—knowing this, always to recommend such dishes, with the irresistible inducement to partake of them, “ that his wife had a knack at made dishes.”

But the Glasgow punch is what the Glasgow landlord most prides himself upon ; and in the brewing and distribution of that, after the ladies are gone, he sits lord paramount of the festive board.*

On leaving Glasgow, I visited all our other great manufacturing towns—Manchester, Leeds, Halifax, Rochdale, Blackburn, as well as those in the West of England. In all I found sleepless industry ever at work, waking ingenuity constantly employed, and restless invention for ever engaged in the new arrangement of known designs, or in the giving of a form and fashion to the original conceptions of her own creative fancy. Millions upon millions of capital were engaged in upholding this wonderful

* This punch-drinking habit has been nearly superseded of late years, except among bachelors, by the better custom of introducing in lieu of it excellent Madeira and good Claret.

traffic, and in making Great Britain to the whole world an incomparably richer spot of varied commerce than ever Tyre, in all her glory, was to the neighbouring nations with which she had her traffic.

What most I wondered at, and most admired, was the surprising elasticity of the minds of our manufacturers,—the comprehensive views they entertained of everything connected with their vocation, and the facility with which they could be made to look from their warehouses or looms to the most distant regions of the earth. Regardless at once of space and time, they supply those regions at their own risk with their own goods. To such an extent is this done, that, as a speculator, the merchant is driven nearly out of the export trade of the country in manufactures. He is content to become the agent abroad of the manufacturer, who, in point of fact, is the real merchant. It is he who regulates sales, orders and controls remittances; and, while you would think all his eyes were too few to overlook his colossal factories and immense warehouses at home, you yet find that, Argus-like, he extends his watchfulness to Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. He knows the markets of those countries as well as his agents who reside

there ; and he examines their accounts, compares the advices of one time with those of another, and with the information he gets from other houses, till the agents at 10,000 miles' distance sometimes fancy, in the letters they receive, that they have their constituent himself at their shoulders.

Having fortified myself by connexion with many such intelligent, wealthy, and really respectable men as these, I finally ended a six months' tour of England and Scotland, and sat down at last in a quiet but genteel establishment of my own in Liverpool. It had been determined that I should remain there for a season, with a view to the extending and consolidating the support we were getting in this country to our several establishments, still carried on through agencies in Paraguay, Corrientes, Santa Fé, but principally at Buenos Ayres, where my brother and another partner had now fixed their abode, at the head of a house extensively connected with many parts of the world.

In Liverpool I found the merchants not only agreeable and well-informed, but some highly cultivated, and really gentlemen. In manners, establishments, style, and elegance, they rank decidedly

above the Glasgow community,—many of them treading closely upon the heels of their London competitors. The well-informed Liverpool merchant is, I should say, the most intelligent man in the mercantile community of this realm. He is in the very centre of its most active and varied commerce and manufactures,—North America is at his door; and the large manufacturing towns, scarcely a step from it, pour into his warehouses all their goods for exportation. Liverpool is a mart for the sale, or a port of transit, for the produce of Ireland; it nearly engrosses the trade of South America; and its ships are the first to enter the harbours of every country newly opened to our commerce. Calcutta, Canton, and Africa send large portions of their treasure to Liverpool; and the West Indies, Havannah, Guiana, Honduras, are all tributary to that great reservoir of wealth. What docks! what warehouses! Whence came all the ships to fill the one, and whence all the produce to gorge the other? From every creek and corner in which ships are built; from every patch of land where produce is grown; and from every busy haunt of man where art turns to practical utility the liberal donations of Nature.

In the midst of this community, and with the view of becoming an active member of it,—well, and most agreeably introduced,—I sat myself down for a season, to observe what might be observed, gain what might be gained, enjoy what might be enjoyed, and bask in the sunshine of comparative ease and tranquillity, till circumstances should call me back, as I knew they likely would, to play in Chili and Peru a more conspicuous, stirring, and even hazardous part than I had hitherto performed on the stage of South America.

I remained in Liverpool till 1820, when, San Martin having conquered Osorio, retaken and liberated Chile, was co-operating with Lord Cochrane for the capture of Lima. My object was to establish houses in both places ; and I had made all the preliminary arrangements necessary to carry my views into effect.

Your's, &c.,

J. P. R.

LETTER XLVII.

J. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

Trip to the Highlands—The late Marquis of Huntly—Prince Leopold
—Features of Scotch Scenery—A Highland Cortège—The Bag-
pipes—A Butt and Ben—Arrival at Kinrara—The Sport.

London, 1842.

THOUGH Liverpool was my stationary place of abode, I made frequent excursions, in the course of the year, to the various spots worth seeing (and how many they are!) in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. I shall content myself, however, with an account of a visit which I undertook to the Highlands, in pursuit of my favourite amusement, shooting; but which presented some incidents to my observation that do not always come in the way of your mere slaughterer of grouse and black cock.

On one of my trips to Bath, I happened to meet, at a sort of state dinner-party at the old gentleman's, the late Marquis of Huntly, then in the prime of life, and the life itself of every society into which he ever came. His wit, his fascinating manners, his bonhomie, his ruddy, joyous countenance, and his

gaieté de cœur, showed himself to be, and made those about him, "o'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

I happened to sit by him at dinner; and having heard of some of my strange adventures in Paraguay, he made his merry remarks upon them, drew from me, as your authors say, a good deal of new matter; and the whole ended by his inviting me to pass the first fortnight of the ensuing August at Kinrara Cottage, his beautiful seat in Inverness-shire, on the banks of the Spey.

Nothing loth, I expressed myself highly honoured by the invitation; and not the less so, that his lordship told me Prince Leopold was to be his guest, invited for the purpose of his endeavouring to chase away, for a season, on the moors, the brooding melancholy that had been overshadowing him since the never-to-be-forgotten loss, in the spring of that same year, of the devotedly beloved of the English people,—the late Princess Charlotte.

To see how the party most immediately affected by the shock, which had spread over a whole empire consternation and woe, would bear himself amid the general gloom, and to observe of what amount of alleviation the deep-felt sympathy of millions would be productive for the loss of the

wife of his bosom, and for the death, just as he had received life, of her first-born son, an infant prince, "*atavis edite regibus*;" to observe this, under the same roof, at the same table, and on the same hills with the sufferer, would be to study a theme from which Philosophy herself, I thought, might derive a beneficial, however mournful, lesson.

August soon came round; and two days before the 12th, having passed through Stirling, Perth, the Carse of Gourie, the magnificent scenery of Dunkeld, and the yet more gorgeous woods and glens, and deep ravines, and rolling floods, and rocky precipices tufted with shrubs, which abound near the Blair of Athol, I came upon the inlet to the famous Pass of Killicranky—celebrated not less for its rare loveliness, than for the bloody tragedy of which it was the memorable theatre.

I had been told at the last stage, that Prince Leopold, with his suite, and many private carriages, cabriolets, and horsemen, had passed on a little before me, and that they were to be met by the Marquis of Huntly, at the head of the clan Gordon, in native costume, at the pass already mentioned.

I urged the postilion to get on; but my horses, which I had brought from Edinburgh (for there

were no relays in those days on the Highland roads), were so jaded, as just to be able, and no more, to bring me up with the splendid and novel cortège, as it was deploying from the wood into those frowning mountain tracts, o'erlaid with mists and capped with clouds, where trees grow not, and flowers, except the heath, blossom not; but scowling blasts drive sleet and rain, and frightened sheep and benumbed shepherds before them, while the traveller, caught in the storm, gathers up his cloak and pulls his bonnet over his eyes, and hastens with might and main to a place of shelter for the night.

Before I joined the cavalcade, and while it was yet in the pass wending its way among the trees and ravines, I got some splendid views of it from my carriage, in the rear; and as I saw the burnished claymores, the flowing plaids, the loose kilts, the gorgeous bonnets laden with black plumes, and as the sound of the bagpipes came upon me, softened in its shrillness by the medium of echo, the scene was one of truly martial grandeur. It would have carried me back to the year forty-five, but that the gentlemen's carriages, with their sporting inmates, the dogs, gamekeepers, and fowling-pieces, all assured me the war was to be with the feathered

tribes and not with the human race. Anything more exhilarating than the whole scene I never beheld. I was sorry I could not move forward with the clan-Huntly: for when my horses got to the small inn, from which the rear guard of the main body was just marching, both the animals and the postilion refused to move one inch, till after rest and refreshment taken, from the spot. Borrowing the innkeeper's pony, I rode forward to where the most noble marquis was, told him of my plight, and received anew the invitation to be at Kinrara on the 12th. "But," continued he, "if you wish to have a couple of days' sport on the best grounds on my domain, you will stop on your way to me at Dalwhinnie Inn, which, even with your tired cattle, you will reach in the course of to-morrow."

I thought him a noble-looking chieftain, as with eagle plume stuck in his rich velvet bonnet, a star on his breast, and a dirk studded with jewels in his belt, he rode on to the head of his clan, which marched with the nimble alacrity of sturdy mountaineers to the war-piercing sound of half-a-dozen bagpipes, from the long tubes of which more than a hundred variegated fillets of silk streamed upon the breeze.

At length the marquis, at the head of a troop of light horse, rode off with the carriages-and-four, which were soon lost to the eye among the mountains. I trotted back to the inn on my stubborn beast of a pony; and there, in all the dreariness of a wretched smoky "but an' ben," with two garrets up-stairs, I laid my account with yawning away the dull hours till my postilion should think the horses and himself had had enough of food, drink, and rest.

Three days after this, I had the honour of being introduced to Prince Leopold, and of dwelling with him under the same roof. Sir Robert Peel and many other great personages were there too; one of whom remarked, that Mr. Peel (he was then not a baronet) "was now thundering at the grouse, and by-and-by would thunder in the House." Nobody bagged fewer than twenty brace a-day. The cheer in-doors was excellent; all the stage-coaches that passed southward were filled with game; and after a fortnight's exhilarating sport under one of the most hospitable of roofs, I bent my way home again, greatly delighted with what I had seen of the Highlands.

Your's, &c.

J. P. R.

LETTER XLVIII.

W. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

return to Corrientes—Compagnons de Voyage—Travelling—Post of Olmos—Family of Olmos—The Ladies—Waltzing in the Forenoon—Fuentes' Impatience—Entertainment and Departure—Pass through Santa Fé, and arrive at Goya—Pass on to Corrientes.

London, 1842.

WHEN I took my departure from Goya in the San José, I had no idea of revisiting the province of Corrientes. Our plan was to establish a house in the capital of the River Plate; and while my brother went to combine elements in England, I was to lie on my oars in Buenos Ayres, and ready at a moment's notice to give effect there to his arrangements at home.

But he was unexpectedly detained in the loading of his vessel; and the devotion of a couple of months to pleasure, made me sick of an idle life. The anticipation of a whole year to be spent without having any definite object to pursue, or any

active operation to undertake, filled me with ennui; and as, on the other hand, I could profitably fill up my time on our old beat, till I should receive my brother's advices from England, it was agreed that I should forthwith return to Corrientes, and there await the issue of our European plans.

I set off accordingly, in January, 1816, for Santa Fé, with three *compagnons de voyage*,—El Señor de Fuentes, a gentleman settled at the Bajada; Don Ciriaco Lezica, a member of one of the most distinguished families of Buenos Ayres; and our old friend Philip Parkin, already introduced to you.

I never in my life made a pleasanter journey. Fuentes was a native of one of the Canary Islands, a married man, wearing spectacles,—sedate and judicious in his general bearing,—amiable in every relation of life,—and withal possessed of a quiet but observing humour, which made him at once an instructive and a pleasing companion. Lezica was a dashing, enterprising, and clever young Creole of one-and-twenty,—mercurial in his spirit, and overflowing with fun. As for Don Felipe, he was all that could be wished for as a travelling companion, when neither bodily danger nor fatigue came to disturb the placidity of his temper. He

was full of *bonhommie*, and, with his good-humour and bad Spanish, greatly amused us during the journey, but more particularly when he was playing *l'aimable*, as he constantly did at those post-houses where there was a buxom landlady, and still more where there were some pretty daughters,—of whom a little more anon.

We bought a fine old roomy carriage,—laid in a capital stock, including an ample supply of claret for the warm weather; and, as Don Ciriaco was going to remain for some time at Santa Fé, he carried with him a favourite black from his father's house—a clever man of all work, and a great wag to boot.

We travelled along very leisurely; by which I do not mean to say that when our horses were yoked, we went along at a slow pace,—for being driven as usual by six spirited animals, we scampered over the plains at the accustomed rate of three to four leagues an hour: but we took our time at our halting-places; set not off very early in the mornings; slept our siesta after due time given to a good dinner; halted for the night at an early hour, and at the most comfortable lodgings we could pick out; and making all due provision

for our supper, spent the evening in glee and conviviality.

On the whole, an Englishman accustomed to all the luxuries of locomotion at home would consider South American travelling somewhat rough; but it carries with it, notwithstanding, here an incident and there an excitement, which are not to be found in our own unvarying comforts in posting from one place to another, and still less now-a-days, in being rapidly wheeled along in the easy-chair of a first-class railway-carriage. Of the truth of this remark I shall content myself with giving one illustration in the journey of which I am speaking.

On the road from Buenos Ayres lies the post-house of Olmos. It is not a mere hovel, like the greater number of those resting-places, but the comfortable habitation of an estanciero. The house is built of brick; and as the owner himself, with his family, resided at the time of which I speak at his estate, the place gave every indication not only of much rough and substantial comfort, but of a certain refinement which we were not accustomed to look for beyond the precincts of the capital.

We had made an effort to arrive at the Posta de

Olmos on the evening of the third day ; but that effort, with our indolent mode of travelling, being an unsuccessful one, we did not drive up to it till about ten o'clock the next morning. Our host, at once the estanciero and postmaster, was standing at his corral as we came up to the house, and immediately advanced to meet us : he was a fine, hale, yeoman-looking man, and received us with unaffected cordiality, being personally acquainted with us all. Although none of us, save Lezica, had met with his family at the estancia, on our former journeys, the fame of his daughters' beauty had spread far and near, so that by name, " las buenas mozas de la posta de Holmos,"—the pretty girls at the post of Holmos,—were known to every one in the province at large.

When the postmaster, therefore, took us into his sala, a plain but neat drawing-room, we were not surprised by the *beauty* of his three daughters, but we certainly were not prepared for their *style*. They were fashionable-looking young ladies, who had been brought up in Buenos Ayres, and generally resided there,—nicely dressed,—and *not* in the dishabille in which the females of South America too generally indulge (or used

then, at least, to indulge) in the forenoon. Two of them sat sewing beside their mother, a handsome woman of forty; and the third was at a very good piano, playing with no small musical skill! The attractions of the young ladies, both in form and feature, were undeniable; and they lacked none of that grace of motion and polished yet natural and affable manner for which the Porteñas are so pre-eminently distinguished.

Such a sight in the heart of the Pampas was indeed a novel one, and held us for a moment in suspense; but the bland and courteous salutations of the mother and daughters, and the hearty welcome of the estanciero himself, soon re-assured us, so that in ten minutes we were all as intimate with each other as if our acquaintance had been of ten years. As for Don Felipe Parkin, he sat quite entranced by the Elysium on which he had suddenly alighted; and when Lezica slily shook his head, as much as to say, "You see what a fool you were not to come on here yesterday evening," Philip seemed to feel the whole force of the rebuke, and looked determined to make up for his mistake by being in no hurry to move on.

Instead of being an impatient stoppage, then, for a change of horses, our halt at the post of Olmos turned out to be a fashionable morning visit. We had *mâtè* handed round to all,—segars to those who liked to smoke,—much animated conversation on the haut ton of Buenos Ayres,—some tolerable music; and,—yes, at eleven in the morning,—not a little dancing. The custom, in those pleasant days, was quite a usual one,—to waltz round the room, or to walk the graceful minuet in boots, at a morning call. Who could resist it on the present occasion, with such partners, such music, and in such a place? It was like suddenly and unexpectedly falling on some hidden retreat of the Graces. So we waltzed with “*las buenas mozas de Olmos*,”—and, booted and spurred, we gravely led them through the stately movements of the double Spanish minuet and minuet à la cour.

In these agreeable pursuits time fled with a rapidity imperceptible to us all, except to Mr. Fuentes, who, after a considerable absence from home, was on his return to his “dear little wife,” and his two “sweet little children.” Accordingly he kept casting a melancholy glance every now and then at the coach, which stood at the door ready

horsed, with some of our postilions and outriders lounging about, and others admiring at the window the exquisite dancing of "las buenas mozas de Olmos;"—or he coughed significantly to us when a new minuet, another tune, a song with the guitar, or a fantasia on the piano, was proposed. But his hints were in vain. It drew towards mid-day,—the sun was hot; and at last Mr. Parkin, with great gallantry, proposed, that as the ladies saw but little company at their retreat, we should remain with them that day, and proceed next morning. The proposition was received with "loud cheers from all sides of the house:" Mr. Fuentes alone sighed, and observed, "he had seen from the beginning how it would all end;" the horses (no doubt both to their surprise and pleasure) were let loose into their green fields and pastures; the postilions went into the kitchen to amuse themselves after the same fashion as their "patrones" in the drawing-room; and Lezica's slave, Antonio, having succeeded in getting a couple of bottles of wine for the kitchen party to drink to the health of "las buenas mozas de Olmos," glee and good-humour reigned throughout the hospitable home of our bluff old friend the postmaster.

At two o'clock we sat down to what I can scarcely call less than a sumptuous dinner,—and while we praised the dishes, the ladies paid equal compliments to the wines and other little luxuries super-added to the feast from our travelling stock. At four we retired to a siesta; and after the sun had run his fiery race, we all walked out and strolled about in the soft moonlight, which necessarily led to our saying many soft things. At a very late hour we brought our day's pleasure to a close with music and dancing; and next morning, with many tender adieus, we took leave of our fair hostess and her daughters. Of course the post-master of Olmos would neither permit of our paying for horses nor for anything else. He accompanied us a short way himself on a stout and gallant horse; and after he also had left us, the three bachelors in the coach, beginning to compare notes, found that each had left his heart deposited, for the time being, with one of the "buenas mozas de Olmos."

When any travelling-party in England can show that, at a "genteel hotel," they could pass the day, based on the same disinterested hospitality, with the hotel-keeper and his family as we passed

ours at Olmos, then I may be inclined to give a preference to a jaunty chaise and pair, smartly driven by the "postboy" along an English turnpike road, to a lumbering coach rattled by six horses and as many postilions over the Pampas of Buenos Ayres.

We pursued our journey pleasantly from the post of Holmos to Santa Fé, where we arrived on the sixth day. I remained for a week there, renewing my acquaintance with old and kind friends; and then crossing over to the Bajada with Mr. Parkin, we started together on horseback for Goya and Corrientes. The country was again in a very unsettled state in Entre Rios; but we took with us a couple of trustworthy and brave servants well armed,—one of them the principal driver of the coach in which we had come to Santa Fé,—and we ourselves were equally formidable in our equipment. We met many suspicious stragglers and armed marauders, but we were so well appointed that we were not molested by any of them on our way; so that, after a four days' gallop, we safely reached the hospitable abode of Don Pedro Quesnèy.

Surprised as he was to see me on my quick

return, he received me with great cordiality and apparent pleasure; and though on this occasion I came upon him and Vangtûre unawares, they were both instantly employed in Don Felipe's service and my own. It quickly flew abroad that I was in the port, with the additional *supposition*, which was soon converted into the *fact*, that I had brought with me one or two thousand ounces of gold to recommence grand operations in the province; so that I held a levée of the inhabitants of the place during the evening in Don Pedro's salon,—every one professing, I am sure some of them sincerely, great pleasure on seeing me among them again. Mr. Tuckerman I had left in Buenos Ayres, and Don Pedro Campbell was in Corrientes enjoying what he rarely did, a little *otium*, even if not *cum dignitate*.

I had been only about four months absent from Goya; but I rejoiced to see, even in that brief space, an alteration in it for the better.—The commerce, and consequently the population and wealth of the port, were steadily advancing. I was really glad I had not come with the intention of disturbing the many small dealers who had arisen after our departure; for, although I impressed on them that

competition increases business,—benefiting instead of hurting it,—I could see, while they assented to my political maxims, they were not displeased to know that I had come more for pleasure than for business; and that, at any rate, Corrientes would be my place of residence. I except Don Pedro, who seemed desirous that I should remain at Goya; as did also my friend the comandante, the curate, and the family of Rodriguez, including his happy son-in-law. I told them that, although I could not make the port my head-quarters, I should make them frequent visits during my stay in the province.

On this my first return visit, I was too impatient to get to the end of my journey, where Mr. Postletwhaite's family looked for my arrival every day, to remain long at Goya. Therefore, although we had still an establishment at the port, I staid but four-and-twenty hours,—and in less than four-and-twenty more, after many warm greetings on either side, I was duly installed,—not as the guest, but as an integral part of Mr. Postletwhaite's household.

I am, &c.,

W. P. R.

LETTER XLIX.

W. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

Mr. and the Misses Postlethwaite—Englishmen's Estimate of Foreigners—Englishmen's *Exclusiveness*—Not applicable to the Postlethwaites—Arrival of the Inglesita, with Tuckerman and Supplies—Tuckerman's and Parkin's Opinions of each other—Tuckerman complimentary to the Ladies.

London, 1842.

As I had not been able to visit Mr. Postlethwaite in Corrientes on his first bringing his family from Buenos Ayres, I was pleased now to see what a truly comfortable and *English* home they had established in so unknown and remote a quarter of the globe. Happily, Mrs. Postlethwaite and her daughters were of so accommodating and lively a disposition, that they adapted themselves with wonderful tact and facility to the habits, feelings, and customs of the people among whom they resided; and with whom, as a natural consequence, they soon became great favourites. They were never heard to draw comparisons—so justly odious to the party disparaged by them—between their own country and the one in which they

resided. They made no complaints of the loss of English comforts, and the substitution of South American hardships. They maintained that what was suitable to the one country would be out of place in the other; and they found no want of such comforts and luxuries in Corrientes as the climate rendered it well for them to enjoy. They not only accommodated themselves to circumstances, but made the best of them; and instead of being unable, like some of our amiable John Bullish folks when they go abroad, to *endure* the people of the country,—Mrs. and the Misses Postlethwaite went beyond merely enduring the Correntinas, for they met their advances of friendship with that readiness which a conviction of the sincerity of the proffer drew forth.

In judging of foreigners, we English are much disinclined to make any allowance for them on the score of difference of education, associations, habits, and customs. We set up a standard of our own, and woe betide the man or the woman who shall either impugn or venture to depart from it. We are sure that *we* are right and foreigners wrong. And in our assumed superiority, we stop at no intermediate point or position.

We do not even try to get them over to our way of thinking,—much less will we be at the trouble to make ourselves acquainted with their manners or habits. If there were a mine of virtues lying under the surface (and so there generally is), we would not be at the trouble even to attempt to dig for it. We say virtually, “let foreigners adopt our manners, our customs, our opinions, and our principles, and then there will be some use in holding intercourse with them.” This is to demand too much; and not being granted, what happens? why, if only two English families are residing in a foreign town (of course I speak generally), they will doggedly keep to themselves, and shun “the natives.”

All this, I think, is not as it ought to be: we are, *in every way*, too exclusive,—in every way we forget a great deal too much that we belong to the one great family of humanity, and not to the narrow limited circle beyond which our pride and our prejudices will not allow us even to peep.

Nothing of what I have here said was applicable to Mrs. Postlethwaite's family. Quite the reverse. They set about making themselves acquainted with the Spanish language, and diligently studied Cor-

rientes' manners, feelings, and peculiarities. They visited and were visited; and it was pleasant to see the lively *Mrs.* Postlethwaite, where she could not understand her neighbours, getting one of her daughters to interpret, and then with many kind nods and looks ratifying the answer, which she gave by means of a translation.

After the "riotous living" I had seen in Buenos Ayres, the domestic enjoyments of which I now partook, under Mr. Postlethwaite's roof, were truly grateful and refreshing. I can recall to mind few portions of my life that I have spent more happily than I did the eight months of 1817 during which I remained in Corrientes; and the charm consisted in having there, where I could least expect to find it, a realization of home. With the drawing-room door shut, and all of us gathered round the table *at tea*, it required an effort of the imagination to fancy, what after all was the truth,—that I was an inhabitant of a remote, inland, and all but unknown part of South America.

On the 18th of March, five-and-twenty years ago, our little vessel, the *Inglesita*,—built in Paraguay,—arrived at Corrientes. This was the same "*Inglesita*" that was captured and plundered by

the Artigueños, with my brother on board, on his last voyage to Assumption, the disasters of which, as we have elsewhere detailed,* led to our expulsion from Paraguay by Doctor Francia.

Very different, on greeting our little clipper, on her arrival at Corrientes, were my feelings from those with which I had seen her come to her moorings in Assumption. Now her peaceful passage had been obstructed by no warlike attack of licensed robbers; all that we looked for was safely brought to port, including, to the great satisfaction of our family circle, the romantic lover of "Charlotte,"—Don Jorge Washington Tuckerman.

Persons who have all their lives been accustomed to the every-day luxuries of England can scarcely form an adequate idea of the pleasure which, in such a place as Corrientes, an arrival,—particularly of one's own vessel, dispatched by one's own friends,—does necessarily cause. There is pleasure, no doubt, at Christmas-time here, when presents flow in upon you from all quarters, and when friends go down to spend their holidays with you;—there is pleasure in the country when you receive a box

* In "Francia's Reign of Terror."

from a branch of your family in London, to which all the family there has contributed;—there is pleasure when a vessel from Canton arrives and brings as passenger a friend of your friend there, who is the bearer of many family letters, and good news and Chinese curiosities;—there is pleasure, too, on the return of part of your family from the continent, after they have travelled for three months and brought you back their persons, and their affections, and their home feelings, and Brussels lace, and Bohemian glass, and long accounts of wonderful sights and wonderful places. But all this was nothing to the pleasure of the Inglesita's arrival at Corrientes from Buenos Ayres, with Mr. Tuckerman on board.

Having been detained from day to day by contrary winds and other *contre-temps*, new packets were daily put on board, and every one contained some additional piece of pleasant information,—all our wants had been thought of and supplied,—here a cask of brandy, there ten or twelve cases of claret. A short letter announced a box of clothes; another some late periodicals and newspapers from England. “The detention of the Inglesita,” says a later date, “enables me to send

you some family letters which the Egham has just brought from England;" and "P.S. The Egham has brought some capital potatoes and cheese, of which I have ordered some to the Inglesita, and some double stout." Then we had "files of gazettes," and "a hat," and "a box of tea," and "some finery for the ladies," and nice stationery, and split peas, and pearl barley,—to say nothing of a new carpet for the drawing-room. Lastly, for all "news and scandal," we were referred to the delectable Mr. Tuckerman himself; quite the man to supply this indispensable want. See him, then, standing on deck, as the little vessel drew near,—kissing his hand with all the elegance of studied etiquette, and waiving his lily-white handkerchief, in the triumphant knowledge that he was the lion of the day. See a boy at his side with a whole sack of correspondence: behold us all standing on the river bank, returning Don Jorge's salutation with joyful impatience to see him on shore;—see all this, and consider what must be the pleasure of such "an arrival at Corrientes."

Tuckerman, as I have before hinted, was his own traveller in business, so that we could seldom keep him long at a time in Corrientes. But when there,

he was a great acquisition to our society. He contrasted admirably with Philip Parkin. The one was Yankee,—the other, John Bull to the core. Parkin was from the south of England,—anything but bright, yet extremely good-natured and gentlemanlike, save and except in his John Bullism. He saw everything through English optics; and therefore he seldom saw anything abroad in its right dimensions. He understood not the people; and he thought it not worth while to take any pains about the matter. Everything was wrong, and it was not his province to set anything right. “They are great asses,” said Don Felipe, “but that’s their business, and not mine.” As for Tuckerman, Parkin thought him little short of *non compos*. “What a fool,” he would say, “Tuckerman is, with his rhodomontade, and his fine words that nobody understands, and his fine feelings in which nobody believes. He looks to me for all the world like a play-actor. I wonder he ain’t ashamed of being so ridiculous. And such a scarecrow into the bargain, and fancying himself handsome.” On saying which, Don Felipe would comb his scanty hairs, admire himself in a pocket looking-glass, pull down his waistcoat, look at his boots, and strut

across the room. Tuckerman, on the other hand, regarded Parkin with an ill-concealed contempt. "He is the most stultified animal" (so Don Jorge alleged) "I ever came across; and how he ever separated himself from his father's stables and clover-fields is a mystery never to be fathomed. He has not two ideas of his own to put together; and like all such unintellectual beings, he sneers at those who, having a soul to feel, have a tongue to give utterance to the dictates of their glowing hearts."

Tuckerman never spoke to the two older Miss Postlethwaites (the oldest eighteen) without turning a compliment, or throwing himself into an attitude, or tinging with sentimentality whatever topic he had in hand. But he could not dance,—which Parkin looked upon as disgraceful, holding, as he did, that the true appeal to a young lady's kind regard lay in the heel and not in the head.

Altogether, with our own circle, and with the intercourse we kept up with the best of the Corrientes families, our society was a pleasant one; and it was with no small reluctance I absented myself from it, on two or three occasions during my stay, when business called me to Goya.

Campbell was still in our employment,—for, in fact, he had been continued on by Mr. Postlethwaite,—and he was as anxious as ever to “cut the camp,” and do a sweeping business. But times had altered. I held myself ready to move at a day’s notice: the trade of the province had spread (and I was glad to find it so) into a great many channels; and in this state of affairs, although Campbell lingered on with me, it was clear that he was beginning to sigh for that active and restless enterprize, without which he could scarcely live, and engaged in which he was reckless, as far as himself was concerned, as to the result.

It is not my intention to detain you much longer over my second Corrientes trip; nevertheless, two or three matters passed, during my last residence there, which demand some notice, and which I shall make the subject of my next letters.

Your’s, &c.

W. P. R.

LETTER L.

W. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

Increase of Corrientes Revenue—Mendez wants Warlike Stores—Applies to me to procure them—The Clyde detained—Discovery of the Vessel—Tuckerman brings Supplies—The North Wind, and Scarcity of Provisions—Arrival at Goya—Mendez, with his Staff and Soldiers, receives the Arms—The Municipal Body of Corrientes—The European-Spaniards ordered to the Head Quarters of Artigas—The Cabildo interprets the Decree as including the English and other Foreigners—Campbell desires to interfere—Harangue to the English—One Law for the Rich, another for the Poor—Interview with the Mayor—Protest—Conditional Release proposed—Proposals rejected—The Mayor deserted by his Colleagues, and the English liberated scot-free.

London, 1842.

IN spite of bad management, and of many individual peccadilloes, the natural consequence of the extraordinary prosperity of Corrientes, was a rapid improvement in the public finances. Revenue flowed in upon the delighted governor with so strong a tide, that, two or three months after my return, he found himself—*mirabile dictu!* with a clear surplus of six thousand pounds in the coffers

of the Treasury. Like a boy in the country, who, being accustomed to a penny or twopence a-week of pocket-money, unexpectedly receives a present from a rich uncle from town of half-a-crown, and whose hand thenceforward is never out of his pocket till he gets quit of his treasure, with which he is to buy a hundred and fifty different things he has long coveted, so Governor Mendez could dream of nothing but of his "excess of revenue." Great and many were his projects,—long and deep his consultations on the vital question as to *how* he was to dispose of the enormous sum accumulated, and still accumulating, under the management of the talented minister of finance. Six thousand pounds! He thought of a navy; he meditated a mighty blow against the Portuguese; he talked of paying off all Artigas's incumbrances, which meant the national debt; and, after all, the mighty sum was destined to be transferred from the public coffers of Corrientes to the iron chest of Fair and Robertson.

Artigas, at the time of which I write, viewed with great jealousy, and with so determined a spirit of opposition and hatred, the projects of Brazil on the Banda Oriental, that he was anxious to see

his dominions placed on a war establishment. Mendez, being a soldier and an adherent of the Protector, seconded with all his heart the views of the latter; and he proposed, therefore, himself to take the field, and co-operate with his chief in the impending struggle.

He could get plenty of men, but as he wanted arms and ammunition, he determined to turn his surplus revenue to the purchase of the *materiel* of war. Artigas approved of his plan, and Mendez looked to me as the agent through whom he could best carry into effect his warlike resolution.

Recollecting the trouble which our having dabbled in munitions of war had led us into in Paraguay, I did not much like the business, although a lucrative one, with the tempting addition of my being paid for the supplies which I was required to introduce before even ordering them; for such was the confidence which an Artigueño chief placed in an English merchant, that he felt if the money was accepted, his wants, at the day appointed, would be punctually supplied.

I agreed, in the end, to enter into the contract, and mainly on this score,—that the arms were wanted for the legitimate purpose of repelling an

aggressive invasion of the country by the Portuguese, who had no more right to it than had the Emperor of China. I stipulated with Mendez, however, that the arms should be shipped with the knowledge and free permission of the government of Buenos Ayres, as well as with the acquiescence, and, in case of need, under the protection of our own commander on the station. These conditions arranged, I wrote to my friends at Buenos Ayres to give effect, if they could, to the contract.

The Buenos Ayres government cheerfully acquiesced in the shipment of the arms, and accordingly a small vessel,—that same little schooner, Clyde, in which we were tempest-tost on our voyage from the Guassú,—was despatched to me, with muskets, sabres, carbines, officers' swords, powder, musical instruments,—in short, a selection to the heart's content of the Governor. He neither allowed a day of rest to himself nor to me from the time of my informing him that the Clyde had sailed. His impatience for her arrival knew no bounds. He had taken the field with his auxiliary force, and fixed his head quarters near the village of Saladas; but he purposed to move *en masse* to Goya the moment he heard of the arrival of his

military stores there,—the Clyde being bound for that port.

She was on this occasion fated to make one of her usual unlucky passages. About the middle of July, hearing she was close to Goya, I went down there, and took up my quarters with Don Pedro Quesnèy. But days passed away, and the Clyde appeared not. Tuckerman, observing my growing impatience, and my increasing fear that something had gone wrong (himself, at the same time, having some gold on board), volunteered his services to go down the river in a canoe in search of the Clyde; an offer which I gladly accepted. But after he had been gone for many days, the evenings again began to close in, and still no word of the Clyde,—no appearance of Tuckerman. At the end of ten days he arrived. Before meeting the cutter he had descended to a port called the Esquina, as far as 50 leagues, and thence a fair wind lasted them up to within 11 leagues of Goya. But here it failed them; their provisions ran short; and the kind-hearted Don Jorge, himself half-starved, had come up in the boat, with the view of at once relieving my mental anxiety and the corporeal wants of the Clyde's little crew.

Determined no longer to *wait* for the tiresome cutter, I put four men and a quantity of provisions into the boat, and taking the helm into my own hands, off we set that same night in search of the Clyde.

We started late, and my men pulled lustily, but after many hours exertion no Clyde could we find. At three o'clock in the morning we brought up at an islet, and there rested for three hours. Again we pulled, but no Clyde: we went out of one channel into another—up and down the river; and it was not till we had had eight and twenty hours of fatiguing exertions that we discovered the cutter moored to the bank of the river, and all but shut out from view by the trees!

The wind was north, and blew stronger and stronger every day. The men put forward extraordinary exertions to tow the little vessel up, but after six days of incessant toil we had got only four leagues nearer to Goya! We had nothing to eat—our men were dispirited (a very general consequence of an empty stomach); I was sick and tired of the whole business; but leave the Clyde again I would not.

On the seventh day, while we were tugging as

usual, against wind and tide, a boat hove in sight, and I really can scarcely express the pleasure I felt on perceiving Tuckerman once more. To the famished peons the sight of the beef he brought was like manna in the wilderness. They shouted with a sort of fiendish joy, that led Tuckerman to believe that, spare as he was, if he had not brought beef, they would have made a meal of himself.

I thought my troubles were at last at an end, for the sky began to portend a storm, and so strong was the appearance of a change of wind in our favour, that the peons ate up all the beef which Tuckerman had brought us, and which was the more easily done that we now mustered in all sixteen strong. But unfortunately our anticipations were not quite correct. The following day the wind blew stronger than ever from the north, and poor Tuckerman and his men passed from relievers to fellow-sufferers in the long fast which for one day they had so generously interrupted.

The penance continued up to the tenth day from my leaving Goya; the wind then began to round,—the breeze freshened,—the sails were hoisted; Tuckerman and I jumped into the boat which he had brought, and gaily bounding by the side of the

cutter, we scudded along at the rate of six knots an hour against the stream.

As, towards the evening, we neared the port, we descried the Governor and his staff standing on the quay, waving their hats and pocket-handkerchiefs to us as we drew near. They had been straining their eyes for hours to catch the first glimpse of our approach, and it would be difficult to say whether the Governor's impatience to see us land, or mine to be once more on terra firma, was the greatest.

I had not been in bed for ten long anxious and weary nights; so that, requesting Mendez to leave business till the morning, I hastened to bed in the hope of enjoying some rest after the anxiety and fatigue I had undergone.

But nature, when rudely forced out of her own regular channel, resents the outrage, by refusing at our call immediately to return to her accustomed course. I could neither sleep nor rest in my own comfortable bed: cutters, arms, rivers, towings, north winds, beef suppers, and boatings, filled my disturbed imagination; so that I was glad when the dawning light came to dissipate the whole, and to allow me to enjoy the fresh morning air.

Mendez and his motley staff were early astir, and his two ragged regiments were drawn up in front of my door. The discharging of the cutter was forthwith commenced,—boxes were landed and hastily broken open on the beach, and as muskets, pistols, swords, carbines, and belts were drawn forth and scattered about, the governor's joy was extreme. Superintending the disorderly operation, he sat at my cottage-door, drinking his stout and smoking his segar; while he freely distributed bread and cheese, porter, and spirits to all his officers and men. Muskets and carbines were loaded with blank cartridge and fired off,—sabres were drawn from their scabbards,—belts and cartouche-boxes were buckled on; and all was confusion. The whole day passed in this military disorder and excitement; and it was with no small contentment that I bade adieu, in the evening, to my worthy friend the Governor, who now, putting himself at the head of his well-armed though heterogeneous force, commenced his march for Saladas, where he held his encampment.

When Mendez left Corrientes to take a purely military command, Artigas delegated the political power of the province to the municipality, the first

alcalde, or mayor, being president of the local government. He was an old man of the name of Cabral, of a good family; but being irritable in his temper, as well as of a narrow mind and illiberal principles, he was no favourite with his fellow-citizens.

Most of the members of the Cabildo were engaged in mercantile pursuits; and they were of that class which viewed foreign trade with extreme jealousy and dislike. Cabral might be called the head of this party; and, as a matter of course, the English enjoyed no favour with him or his colleagues. They could do us no harm, however; for the real power was kept by Artigas in his own hands, and they did not dare to run counter to his general policy.

But a curious incident arose, by which Cabral thought he would at once get quit of every foreigner, and in particular of every Englishman, in Corrientes.

The European Spaniards, from some cause or other, fell under the displeasure of Artigas; and, with an arbitrary cruelty which ever and anon displayed itself in his character, he issued a proclamation throughout all his wide dominions that

all of them, without distinction or exception, should be sent to his head-quarters at the Purificacion, and that without delay. The edict, considering the extent and nature of the country, was a barbarous one,—but issued by Artigas, it was only to be obeyed.

While Spain held her Transatlantic colonies, her subjects there were distinguished simply by the names of *Europeans* and *Creoles*,—not European *Spaniards*, but Europeans,—indicating that no *other* Europeans than Spaniards could tread the soil. A Spaniard, therefore, when asked what he was, proudly said, “Soy Europeo,”—which did not exactly mean, “I am a European,” but “I am a Spaniard.”

After the revolution the thing itself was changed, but the *name* continued in general use. “Los Europeos,” in general parlance, meant “the Spaniards.”

In this way, Artigas’s proclamation was issued against “los Europeos,”—meaning, as everybody knew, the Spaniards; but Cabral, with what he considered no small tact and cunning, took the expression literally, and so he held that the English being “Europeos” were comprehended in the edict.

Mr. Postlethwaite's house was situated on the Point of San Sebastian, fronting the river, and of which a fine view was commanded from the drawing-room windows. Here, as he and I sat one evening in conversation with the ladies, an approaching mob, and the sound of drums, called our attention to the public announcement of a *Bando*, or proclamation. Surrounded by his retinue and soldiers, the public crier, or notary, came to a stop just under our window, and beginning to read the *bando* with his "Whereas," &c., he proceeded to proclaim that all Europeans, of every nation, whether Spaniard, Englishman, Italian, Frenchman, or any other, should assemble next morning at nine o'clock at the door of the town-hall, to be thence sent forward, under escort, to his excellency the Protector, at his general encampment of *La Purificacion*.

You may conceive the dismay with which the female part of Mr. Postlethwaite's family heard the announcement of the decree; but we immediately made a joke of it, and assured them that old Cabral dared not for his life carry his intentions into effect.

While we debated this knotty and novel question,

in came the redoubtable Don Pedro Campbell, at this time resident in Corrientes, and still in our employment. He breathed war and defiance to Cabral, and talked of instantly putting himself at the head of the foreigners in the place,—taking the Cabildo by assault, and himself carrying Cabral off as prisoner to his chief, Don Pèpe Artigas.

I told Campbell that I had determined myself to lead the English on this important occasion, and I requested him to collect every one of them at Mr. Postlethwaite's house by half-past eight next morning. At the appointed hour Campbell was with me, leading a tag-rag and bobtail company of *seventeen* of our countrymen who had contrived to find their way to this remote part of the globe. "Now, my friends," said I, "provided you will agree to one stipulation which I have to make, I am willing to put myself at your head and to do my best to get you honourably out of the difficulty which threatens you." They at once agreed to follow me and abide by my orders. "Well then," I added, "I have to request that I alone may be spokesman; and that whatever aspect you may see the affair take, you are to leave the business entirely to be managed by me." This being assented to,

we proceeded to the Cabildo, or town-house,—every Englishman in the town, save Mr. Postlethwaite,—for I would not hear of his submitting to the indignity of being called up like a felon before the spiteful old Cabral.

When we got to the Cabildo, we found most of the poor European Spaniards busy getting ready for their long, harassing, and inauspicious journey. It went to my heart to see their resigned but melancholy bearing,—the quiet, unobtrusive way in which they prepared for an expedition, the end of which, for aught they knew, might be their indiscriminate public execution. And as I contemplated their abject condition, I could not but reflect with a feeling of national pride that while *they* might suffer captivity and death unheeded, the generality of my followers, as Englishmen, knew they could not be ill-treated without the powerful arm of their government being raised either to defend or to revenge them.

I missed, in the large group of Spaniards assembled, many, indeed most of their *rich* countrymen established in the place. These were intimately connected, by marriage or by interest, with some one or other, or with several of the Cabildantes, or

aldermen; and they were consequently screened by them. Go where we will, alas! we find one law for the rich, another for the poor. We deny it theoretically in England, but what do we every day practically see? *One law for the rich, another for the poor.* An unwelcome fact to many,—disputed, as a fact, by more,—and yet a FACT well worthy of being steadily kept in view by all. It is true, as I have just observed, that we protect the weakest of our subjects from *foreign* aggression; but is any one of my readers prepared to say that we should have protected the just rights of Mr. M'Leod in *England* with a strictness and vigour equal to those with which we jealously watched over them in North America?

At the head of my tatterdemalion corps,—Campbell's countenance brewing terrible mischief, and being strongly expressive of a desire for a *melée*,—I marched up to the "Capitulary Saloon," where, sitting in state, I found the provost Cabral, the other high municipal officers, their secretary, and a legal adviser.

I advanced to the bar. "The provisional government," said Cabral, "has orders from his Excellency immediately to send off you and your countrymen

residing here to La Purificacion, and I presume you are now ready to march."

"Quite ready," I answered, with a respectful bow, "provided you adhere to the interpretation you have given to his Excellency's bando, which, however, I suggest, does not apply at all to Englishmen."

"What!" replied Cabral, "do you come here to beard us in this august hall of justice? If you say more, I shall not only send you to La Purificacion, but you shall all go in chains."

"For that also," said I, "we are ready; here are our bodies,—do as you please. But first we enter, in the name of the British government, our solemn protest against the violence you are about to offer to our rights as subjects of a neutral and friendly power. We protest against the municipality at large, and against you, Mr. Provost, in particular, for all damage, hurt, and loss we may sustain in our persons and property; and we announce our determination instantly to seek redress at the hands of his Excellency the Protector Artigas, through the British commander on this station, for the unwarrantable insult and injustice offered to British subjects by his delegated authorities in

Corrientes. Lastly, I request that our protest may be recorded by your notary in the journals of the court."

This grandiloquent appeal had the desired effect. The Cabildantes got frightened, and Cabral himself began to perceive that, in meddling with British subjects, to use a very homely adage, he had taken the wrong sow by the ear. He still blustered, but the other members of the court rose in almost open rebellion against him; and in the midst of their squabble we were desired to retire from the hall.

In twenty minutes we were recalled. With a strong eulogium on the forbearance and magnanimity which were characteristic of the court, Cabral intimated that they had determined to consult the Protector on the subject of the bando, requiring us, in the meantime, to give good and sufficient security not to leave Corrientes till the Protector's answer was received.

"For my own part," said I to this demand, "I will not give the security of a single dollar; but" (I turned to my followers) "he who chooses to give it, may."

"No!" vociferated Campbell, in a voice that

made old Cabral jump from his seat, "No security!" and "No security!" was re-echoed from all the English shoemakers, carpenters, and sailors there and then assembled.

Another storm arose among the counsellors, and again we were ordered to retire.

We returned. "You will enter," said Cabral, suffocated with rage, "into your own recognizances to await the result of our consultation with the Protector."

"I came to this court," I replied, "with my mind made up to one of two results: to return home as free as I came, or to go as your prisoner to La Purificacion. From that determination, nothing you can say will move me." I then turned to Campbell, who was now rubbing his hands in glee,—and "No recognizances" was unanimously agreed to.

Cabral was almost beside himself on being thus bearded and baffled. But his colleagues had now an action of damages,—a British frigate,—and the infuriated Artigas, vividly before their eyes. Support their chief magistrate they would not. Nay, they began to lay the whole blame of the whole proceeding on his shoulders; and, in fine, we were

sent away as I had made certain we should be—just as we came,—the poor Spaniards marching off unaccompanied by the European English.

The whole measure being obnoxious to the kind-hearted Correntinos, and the Cabildantes being in very bad odour with the citizens at large, our release was celebrated as a public victory over the crest-fallen municipality, and we were congratulated on all hands. To complete Cabral's discomfiture, when Artigas heard of what had passed, he wrote in the most contemptuous as well as angry terms to the Cabildantes, telling them that only such a *burro* (ass) as a Corrientes alcalde could be ignorant that "Europeo" meant a Spaniard and not an Englishman.

Your's, &c.

W. P. R.

LETTER LI.

W. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

Don Ysidoro and his Capataz in the Country—Don Ysidoro likes to talk about Tigers—His Adventures with them—Camalotes—A Tiger from one of them pays a visit to Don Ysidoro in his Town House—The Capataz attacked—The Assaulter shot dead—Results—Ball and Supper in Corrientes—Stealing no robbery at a Ball—Effect of English dishes upon the Correntinas—Costume—Leave Corrientes for good, and arrive in Buenos Ayres.

London, 1842.

DON Ysidoro Martinez y Cires passed some years of his life in an estancia which he possessed in the interior of the province; and being well wooded, it was a favourite haunt of the tigers. Our friend's capataz, an old and faithful servant, was born in San Paulo, a province of Brazil, lying contiguous to the Banda Oriental, and, like many other Paulistas, he was a capital tiger hunter.

In the course of his country life, Don Ysidoro had many tiger adventures in company with his Paulista capataz; and when he sold his estancia, bought his town house, and thenceforward resided

in the city, he delighted in going over his hard fought fields, and in recounting many a strange adventure and hair-breadth 'scape, connected with his and his capataz's tiger hunts. By degrees Don Ysidoro's tiger tales gradually assumed the form of a hobby, an amusing and innocent one, which, when we knew him, he was fond of riding; and of course everything relating to tigers possessed an interest for our friend far exceeding that which he took in the generality of subjects which came before him. Thus imbued with the romance of tigers, an incident occurred, during my second visit to Corrientes which reached the very climax of Don Ysidoro's adventures in this line.

In great swellings and risings of the Paraná, as we have had occasion to remark,* masses of vegetable matter get detached from the islands, and come floating down the stream; while it sometimes happens on these masses, or *camalotes*, that tigers descend, confused and frightened on finding the *island* going down the river with them.

Such a camalote in June 1817 came down the Paraná, and was thrown by the current upon the river side, close to the port of Corrientes. An im-

* Letters on Paraguay, vol. ii. p. 221.

mense tiger descended with the mass, and on being brought up by the river bank, the frightened animal walked on shore, and directed its footsteps towards the town. Fortunately the occurrence took place just at the dawn of day, when no one was astir, otherwise the consequences might have been disastrous.

In the tiger's proceeding to the town there was nothing extraordinary; such a thing had happened before; but it was somewhat singular that the tiger passed many other houses, and advanced to the very heart of the city. The animal's course was interrupted by a low wall which ran round the garden at the back of Don Ysidoro's house; and accordingly, springing over the wall, the tiger made the premises of Don Ysidoro the termination of its journey!

Walking up the centre of the garden, towards the family mansion, the fearful visitor came to some small out-houses, of which the gables formed one side of a small inner court belonging to the house. In one of these out-houses slept the unfortunate Paulista capataz. His door was standing open; he had just got up, and was sitting on the side of his bed in

the act of dressing; the tiger looked in, glared, and in an instant sprung upon his victim.

In the meantime it luckily happened that a man had seen the tiger just as it was vaulting over the garden wall, and he instantly ran to the front of Don Ysidoro's house, and thundered at the door. The word "Tiger," vociferated by the informant, instantly caught Don Ysidoro's ear. He sprung from bed, heard of the fatal entrance, and now surrounded by his servants, hastened to the court which I have already mentioned. Through a crevice in the gable wall of the room where the capataz lay, his master distinctly saw the unfortunate man stretched on his bed, motionless and covered with blood, while the tiger, with glaring eyes, stood over him. To open the door into the out-houses, and to give the tiger an opportunity of rushing upon them would have been madness. Don Ysidoro, therefore, sent a messenger to the guard-house in the Plaza mayor to bring over instantly three or four soldiers with loaded muskets. In the meantime he made an aperture in the wall as nearly as possible on a level with the tiger's head. It heard the noise, gazed on the spot, but moved not. Don Ysidoro gently

called to the capataz, who just moved one finger to show that he was alive, and again lay with the stillness and stiffness of death. All was right; Don Ysidoro took one of the muskets, the best; assured himself that it was loaded; got the muzzle in at the aperture; and with his old and wonted precision he sent the ball right into the head of the animal, which instantly fell dead on the body of the Paulista tiger hunter.

The poor fellow was dreadfully lacerated; but his wounds being dressed, the doctor expressed his hope that they would not prove fatal.

The news soon spread through Corrientes that Don Ysidoro had killed a tiger, and at an early hour Mr. Postlethwaite and I hastened to the scene of action. There stood Don Ysidoro, in the centre of his front patio or court, surrounded by his friends, and the huge tiger lying stretched at his feet. Our friend glowed with excitement and animation, another Wellington with the laurels of Waterloo fresh about his brows.

The particulars which I have given we obtained from Don Ysidoro himself. Happily the Paulista recovered; and the tiger's skin, one of the most magnificent I ever saw, having been stuffed to the

life with yerba, thenceforth adorned the hall of Don Ysidoro, the last and best of his trophies as a tiger hunter.

Before taking leave of Corrientes, I cannot refrain from mentioning that Mr. Postlethwaite gave a grand ball and supper to the fashionables of the place on his *saint's day* (St. John the Baptist's), in June. All the respectable part of the population was included in the invitation, and all of them thronged to the fête. Some of the ladies, pure descendants of the Spaniards, with still a tinge of noble blood in their veins, came loaded with the antique but rich ornaments which had descended from mother to daughter, and which consisted of large pearls, single and in rows, and of brilliants as well as rose diamonds, set with equal and ponderous clumsiness. Large lockets and miniature pictures dangled in front of the old ladies, whose dresses were equally old fashioned with their jewellery, faded brocade and figured satins with deep lace ruffles and frills, and fans of a foot in diameter. Some of the young Correntinas were neatly attired, although they wanted that fashionable air which no provincials, in any part of the world, are able to attain.

Of the South American *balls* I shall have occasion to speak when I get to Buenos Ayres; here I wish to mention some particulars about a *supper* which I never observed in the capital.

Mrs. Postlethwaite, aided by the young ladies and by one or two Correntinas of the best taste, laid out the tables so beautifully that, to look at them, no one could have fancied there was any lack of "all the delicacies of the season" in Corrientes. With the exception of ice creams, which in that warm country are not to be had for "love nor money," I cannot recollect anything which is placed on the tables in the supper-rooms when a ball is given in London that was not to be found on Mrs. Portlethwaite's tables in Corrientes.

Hours being earlier there than in Belgrave-square, the company was *admitted* to supper at twelve o'clock. I say *admitted*, not *led*; for although I doubt not the Correntinas of the present day can say "*Nous avons changé tout cela*," in 1817 the admission to the supper-room presented a curious scene. The ladies and their slaves and servants squeezed in at the door, higgledy piggledy, pretty much as hungry expectants of a new play at

Covent-garden crowd in at the pit-door the moment it is thrown open. The ladies, as fast as they could, secured seats, and the servants squatted behind them on the floor. The demolition which then commenced of the good things was astounding and truly laughable. Not content with the slow progress which half a dozen of us were making in carving, some of the ladies literally laid hold with their hands of the ducks, chickens, fowls, partridges, and tore them limb from limb. Then we found that the servants were placed as receptacles for whatever their mistresses could conveniently throw to them. "*Coina!*" (in Guarani, *Take it*) cried one dame, and away flew the leg of a goose into the lap (in which was spread out a large towel) of the squatted Mulatta behind. "*Coina!*" said another, and off went in a different direction the drumstick of a turkey. "*Coina!*" issued from an opposite side, and the half-consumed breast of a capon went over the shoulder of the sitter and into the wallet of the squatter. As this kind of sharp-shooting advanced it increased in vivacity, so that in all directions, and with unceasing velocity, pastry, poultry, cakes, ham, game, and many

other dainties flew from the table to the floor till the "maids" retired heavily laden with the spoils so dexterously acquired by the mistresses.

Some of our English dishes puzzled the Correntinas. There were placed here and there small plates with fresh butter made up into pretty little *prints*; and a poor girl sitting next to me, mistaking one for a sweetmeat, put her fork into the print and transferred it *whole* into her mouth. What was she to do? she could neither gulp it down nor cry "*Coina!*" this no longer being a transferable property. She cast a piteous side glance at me, to see that I was not looking; and then she disposed of the "print of butter" in a manner which I must leave to my readers themselves to divine.

In the centre of the table stood a beautiful and to all appearance most inviting dish. It was a tipsey cake—a trifle—whipt up into beautiful but deceitful "flummery." A Correntino thrusting a spoon into it, carried the contents to his mouth, where it so instantly vanished into "thin air," that the visitor looked for all the world as if he had swallowed a spectre.

From the gentlemen who had attended the ball

we had many complimentary visits the following day; and as it happened also to be the Dia de San Guillermo, Saint William's day, it was believed as a matter of course to be my birth-day, and the compliment was accordingly extended to myself. As a curious illustration of the unrestrained scope which the ladies of Corrientes allowed to the whim of the moment, I must mention that the governor's *wife* came to pay her respects in the character of the governor himself. She walked quietly through the streets and into Mr. Postlethwaite's drawing-room, dressed in the governor's military cloak, wearing his cocked hat, and with his long gold-headed cane of office in her hand. Seating herself on the sofa, she threw open her cloak and discovered the gold epaulettes on her shoulders and the sword buckled on her waist, saying at the same time, with much gravity, that the *governor* had come to express his delight with the entertainment of the previous night.

While I was thus agreeably passing my time in Corrientes, I received a summons to return without delay to Buenos Ayres. All things having prospered with my brother in England, I was called on immediately to proceed to organize our mercantile

establishment in the capital of the Argentine republic.

I spent two days, therefore, in bidding adieu to all my kind Corrientes friends. I separated from Mr. Postlethwaite and his family with the regret which the loss of such agreeable society could not fail to inspire. I set off on horseback with a solitary servant; stopped a day at Goya to take leave of my friends there; took the route by the Bajada and Santa Fé; visited my friends Messrs. Fuentes and Lezica and many others on my way; and in November, 1817, after a gallop of about nine hundred miles, I found myself once more in the streets of the city of Buenos Ayres.

Yours, &c.

W. P. R.

LETTER LII.

W. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

I am established at Buenos Ayres—Then in a palmy state—Don Antonio de Escalada—His Wife and Family—The two young Escaladas—San Martin's Marriage—Digression upon Old Age—Escalada's Tertulia—Doña Ana Riglos—Doña Melchora Saratea—Doña Mariquita Thompson—Madame Riglos—Their Characters, individually—Doña Mariquita espouses the French Consul.

London, 1842.

ALTHOUGH I had now (December, 1817) been four years in the provinces of the River Plate, I knew little of Buenos Ayres, or its society. I had resided almost entirely in the interior, among a people that I knew were essentially different in many points from the Porteños, or inhabitants of the capital.

But I had now come to a conclusion of my wanderings. I set myself down as a denizen of Buenos Ayres, and I naturally began to scan more closely the society of which I was about to constitute myself a fixed member.

I now classified myself for the first time as an English merchant in a foreign country. What

I had considered our large operations in the interior gradually assumed an insignificant appearance in my eyes, as I surveyed the larger stage and wider range of mercantile character which presented themselves to my view in the great port of the eastern continent of Spanish South America. I found myself, by the exertions of our own immediate friends at home, launched into mercantile correspondence and commercial operations with the Barings, the Gladstones, the Inglis & Ellices, the Willinks, the Parishes, and many of the other leading merchants of Europe; so that I was soon deeply engaged in details vastly more complicated and extensive than those which arose out of the sale of goods and purchase of yerba in Paraguay, or of the barter of manufactures and doubloons for hides and wool at Corrientes.

I was much taken up, after my arrival, with the onerous duties which fell to my share in establishing our house; but the very extent of business which we soon found ourselves doing naturally brought me into contact with most of the principal inhabitants, native as well as foreign, of Buenos Ayres; and ere six months had passed away, I was on as intimate a footing with all my polished neigh-

bours and genteel acquaintance of the capital, as that on which I had been with the primitive people of Paraguay, or the equally uncontaminated community of Corrientes.

Buenos Ayres, for the first twenty years that the English knew it,—that is, from 1810 to 1830,—might really be called a delightful place. From political causes there has been a sad change for the worse, in the construction of its society, from 1830 down to the present day; and although it is not our province at this time to enter into an examination of those causes, nor into a detail of their effects, it must hereafter form an interesting, although a painful chapter, in the link of events which it is our present intention by degrees to record.

In 1817, Buenos Ayres was in its most palmy state: tranquillity and prosperity at home, success and renown abroad, kept the capital in high spirits; and all the agreeable qualities of the Porteños were at that time seen to the highest advantage.

The general custom with all the families of any distinction was to keep open house, and nightly to hold those agreeable *reunions*, so well known by the name of *tertulias*. They were equivalent to the French *scirée* and Italian *conversazione*. Although

to those tertulias every respectable person, on a slight introduction, was welcome, they yet shaded off into certain distinctive sets ; and accordingly each great family had its own regular *tertulianos*, with the occasional admixture of those who chose now and then to frequent the house. In this way, while I kept up a general acquaintance with all, I became more particularly the *tertuliano* of the party whose heads were the Escaladas, the Oromis, and the Rigloses.

Perhaps there were no two men so well known, so much respected, and so well liked as the brothers Escalada—Don Antonio and Don Francisco, both born in Buenos Ayres, and decided patriots. The latter was a perfect impersonation of the grave, dignified, but urbane Spaniard. He took a prominent lead in the municipal affairs of his native city ; but neither he nor his family mixed much in what may be called gay society ; and his tertulias accordingly were of a sombre cast, little frequented by those fond of spending a lively evening.

Don Antonio was exactly the reverse. He did not trouble himself with the details of public business : he was a lively, jocose old gentleman, fond of seeing his house crowded by the young and the gay,

both of his own countrymen and countrywomen, and by foreigners, particularly English. His wife (a second one) had been a celebrated beauty, and was still a fine woman. His two sons by her, both in the army, were brave, gallant, and handsome young men; and his daughters were youthful, pretty, and engaging. He had also several granddaughters, great belles, the children of his first wife's daughter, now a matron, and married to Don José de Maria, whom we have had occasion honourably to mention in our first work, as long our agent in Paraguay.

Don Antonio Escalada's house was the one most frequented by Viscount Beresford, and often have I heard him there spoken of in terms of the most affectionate respect.

The brothers Escalada bore the very highest character among their fellow citizens for unblemished honour, high integrity, and disinterested patriotism. The one in private life, and the other in public, being often called to a high, sometimes the highest magisterial situation, commanded the respect and possessed the affections of the Buenos Ayreans at large. They never condescended to party feeling; they had too much noble pride, too nice a sense of

honour, ever to lend themselves to a party cabal; and thus, in turbulent times, among many changes, in the midst of faction and intrigue, surrounded by men at once ambitious and unscrupulous, who were to-day everything, to-morrow nothing, the brothers Escalada held on the even tenour of their way; were never molested by any party, were courted by all; and at last, in the fulness of time, they peacefully descended to their graves, leaving the universal feeling behind them, that they had lived and died good and worthy men.

With Don Antonio Escalada, and all the agreeable members of his numerous family, I lived, as a bachelor, on terms of much intimacy. Here also I became acquainted with the hero of the River Plate provinces, General San Martin, who, in 1817, after the battle of Chacabuco, paid his addresses to Doña Remedios, the amiable and fascinating daughter of Don Antonio. How time passes! San Martin unhappily lost his estimable wife at an early age, remaining with an only daughter; and a year or two ago I had a pressing invitation from *her* husband, Don Mariano Balcarce, a protégé in his youth of my own, to go over to Paris, and spend a day or two with his wife and the general, his father-

in-law, grandfather of the new stock of rising Balcarces! When we are inclined, as we constantly are, to forget that we are *getting old*, these are the circumstances, the springing up of a second and a third generation, which remind us that time flies, and that we are steadily advancing and constantly drawing nearer to the goal at which we finish our career. When I first visited South America, Mrs. San Martin was little more than a child, and now I am invited to go and see her grandchildren, several years old. One would think that this were sufficient to teach any man that he was no chicken: but no: I shrink (as I suppose all my neighbours do) from the confession to myself that I am *getting old*; and whereas at twenty-one I looked on a man of eight and forty as an "old gentleman," *now*, when any one asks me if such a one is old, my ready reply is, "I should say not; *about my own age*." For the present I have extended my elastic view of old age to the broken numbers which lie between 60 and 70; and I sometimes wonder, should I ever come to be a sexagenarian, how far I may then modify my designation of an *old man*. I should not at all be surprised if I still continued my present answer of "not old—*about my own age*."

Without apologizing for this little digression, which may not be without its use to readers of my own standing, if they will extract the moral which may be drawn from it, I proceed to say that Don Antonio Escalada's tertulias were the best attended, because the most agreeable of Buenos Ayres. They contained a happy mixture of native and foreign society: no ceremony, no preparation for a party. It was a family meeting. The charm lay in the society itself; and to enhance its value, it needed not the fashionable addition of fine suppers or elaborate refreshments. Conversation, music, dancing, high spirits, good humour, were the happily combined ingredients which gave a relish to the whole. The house itself boasted of half a dozen of as nice partners for the country dance and the minuet as Buenos Ayres could produce. Doña Remedios and her sister Nieves; Doña Encarnacion, Doña Trinidad, and Doña Mercedes de Maria, to say nothing of the mother of these latter young ladies; and Doña Tomasa, the lady of the house, wife of Don Antonio. Then the charming Oromis, *cum multis aliis*, made up a tertulia of the choicest kind. The old gentleman, sometimes assisted by his gallant son, the youthful Colonel Escalada, sometimes by his next, Mariano, or, in their

absence, by young Oromi, presided over the whole ; and it was indeed a treat to see the sexagenarian, full of spirits and glee, catch up two or three of the prettiest girls in the room by turns, and gracefully lead them through the movements of the minuet. We entered and departed as we pleased, *sans cérémonie* ; and in this way you might visit two or three tertulias in the course of the evening, always certain of a frank welcome wherever you went. *Pasò quel tempo* ; but assuredly it was one not easily to be rivalled in the best times of any country with which I am acquainted. Some of my readers may fancy I am here painting the society of Buenos Ayres *couleur de rose* ; but those who have best known it at the time of which I speak, will readily recognize the truthfulness of my picture.

Beside Escalada's, we had many other highly agreeable *casas de tertulia* where foreigners were received with the most marked kindness and hospitality. Among these, the Rigloses, the Alvears, Barquins, Balcarces, Sarrateas ; the Balbastros, Rondeaus, Thompsons, Rubios, and Casamayors, were great leaders in the fashionable circles.

There were, among my more intimate acquaintance, three remarkable ladies ; and as I think they belong to the domestic history of Buenos Ayres, I

must not pass them over in silence. They were Doña Ana Riglos, Doña Melchora Sarratea, and Doña Mariquita Thompson. They were the heads of three distinct parties, which I can scarcely call political, but which I may designate as public. One heard all the news at their morning levees: learned all the movements of the great men of the state, in power and out of power: the best of these men you met at their houses. Public events were discussed good humouredly, almost philosophically; and as the three ladies in question were all favourable to European alliances, their houses were the constant resort of both English and French naval commanders, consuls-general and other foreign envoys and diplomatists. There they got much better acquainted with all the *on dits* of the day than at the government palace; and there they indirectly promulgated their own opinions and views, in the certainty that they would reach the proper quarter.

Doña Ana Riglos, a widow, was a nice and intelligent old lady; vivacious, well bred, with a tinge of aristocratic etiquette of the old school, she was yet at home with every body, and her parties were of the pleasantest I knew. Her son, Don Miguel, was educated in England, and returned to

Buenos Ayres in the same convoy with myself, in 1813. He was then a handsome, fair young man of twenty-one, spoke English remarkably well, dressed à la Bond-street, and was one of not very many who really profited by an English education. A mighty favourite (and deservedly so) he was of his mother and sister, and still more of his aunt, Doña Eusebia de la Sala—perhaps the best natured, kindest, and frankest woman in Buenos Ayres. Although of a certain age, she was always the person most courted in the tertulia; and she was an especial favourite with the great mass of our naval officers, from the hearty good nature with which she corrected their tripping tongues in the Spanish, and their awkward hitches in the figures of the country dance.

The house of Mrs. Riglos, or, as she was often styled, *Madame Riglos*, was the chief resort of the ministerialists, and she might properly be designated the lady leader of the Tory section of the Buenos Ayreans.

On the other hand, Doña Melchora Sarratea was, with certain allowances in favour of Madame de Staël, the Staël of the place. Her family was of the first and most honourable of the city; her brother, Don Manuel, her pride and boast, (of

whom, both as a public man and an agreeable friend, I shall have to speak hereafter), was educated at Madrid, and belonged to the Court there; and though she was a staunch adherent to the new order of things, Doña Melchora by no means liked to see the relaxation in public morals which the revolution, as she affirmed, had brought with it. She was herself a decidedly clever woman; had been in her younger days a reigning beauty; had been too particular to marry; and now, a still handsome, chatty, and most agreeable person, she kept Don Manuel's house, a perfect bijou of its kind, both brother and sister having an exquisite taste in all that pertains to the exterior embellishments of life. Mr. and Miss Sarratea had an immense fund of agreeable anecdote, with a perfect knowledge of everybody about them, and of everything which was happening around them, which they communicated in the most piquant way; and as besides all this, one went with a sort of tacit privilege to "murmurar" against all the abuses of the day, no wonder that Doña Melchora had always her hands full of public and private

* Since writing this I have had the pleasure of seeing Don Manuel, who is now Minister Plenipotentiary from the United Provinces of the River Plate, to the Court of the Tuilleries.

business, nor that she was considered to be decidedly of Whiggish principles.

But what shall I say of my dear friend,—alas! I must now say, my dear *old* friend Doña Mariquita Thompson that *was*? Run not away with the idea that because she bore the name of Thompson, she was in any way connected with the gentleman who, under that name, makes so remarkable a figure on our stage. Doña Mariquita Sanchez de Thompson was a Buenos Ayrean by birth, and so was Mr. Thompson himself, he being a descendant only of the family whose patronymic stamps it so undeniably as belonging to the race of John Bull. Mr. Thompson I never knew, Doña Mariquita being a handsome, gay, and fascinating young widow when I had first the honour of making her acquaintance in 1817. She is now Doña Mariquita Sanchez de Mandeville, having married the *ci-devant* French consul-general (*not* the English minister) at Buenos Ayres, an accomplished officer who had served under Bonaparte.

From the very circumstance of Doña Mariquita having married a French consul-general, you may infer that her rule lay in the foreign department; and sure I am that Lord Palmerston, with all his acknowledged tact, with all his splendid talent, and

with all his *savoir faire*, never swayed the affairs of Downing-street with more success and brilliancy than did Doña Mariquita exercise her female diplomacy in her splendid mansion of the Calle del Empedrado. She played the parts of the easy English countess, the vivacious and witty French marquise, the elegant, graceful Portena patrician, in such wise that each country might have claimed her for its own, so happy an art had she of identifying herself for the time being, with the nation to which her friends or visitors belonged. Doña Mariquita had three or four pretty daughters just beginning to bud at the time of which I speak ; who have since (many years ago) got married, and who, for aught I know to the contrary, are themselves by this time grandmothers.

There were many other agreeable persons who formed heads of political parties in Buenos Ayres, and whose tertulias were all extremely pleasant ; but I have given you sufficient details to show you the kind of society of which at the time I have mentioned Buenos Ayres boasted.

Your's, &c.,

W. P. R.

LETTER LIII.

W. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

Rupture among the Domestic Circles—English Females in Buenos Ayres—Bachelor Society—Don Antonio and his Umitas—Marriages—Society of the Naval Officers.

London, 1842.

WHEN I began to mix as a member with Buenos Ayres Society, although it consisted of native and foreign, it could scarcely be said to be divided into these distinctive parts. They so amalgamated and run into one; they were so homogeneous in their character, that they often seemed to form but one community, have but one language, and to be animated by one general national feeling. The English formed in this case a complete exception to their general rule of non-intercourse with natives in a foreign country, when they have a sufficient society among themselves.

I am sorry to say that this happy family union was lost before I took my final departure from Buenos Ayres. I attribute it to two causes. 1st.

To the political convulsions which attended the establishment of the two parties of Federales and Unitarios. Hatred and rancour commenced with leading politicians, but gradually extended their baneful influence to all the principal native families, dividing them and breaking up the formerly united society; and above all, putting an end to the nightly tertulias, the bond of union, as it were, between the Buenos Ayreans and foreigners. 2ndly. To the great increase of English families, many of the female heads of which gradually withdrew from native society as they found increasing claims on the part of their own; while new arrivals, finding an ample sufficiency of English, looked for no other or farther society. I do not suppose, that the intercourse is entirely at an end; but I believe it has sunk into the same sluggish apathy, which restrains the English in other places from mixing with the people of the foreign country in which they may happen to reside.

In 1818, and for ten years afterwards, it was different in Buenos Ayres; and having given you a sketch of native society at that time, you would not have a just view of the *whole*, if I said nothing of the foreign.

But it is not quite so easy for me to enter into a detail of the English, as of the Porteño families which stood at the head of our society. Those who contributed most to stamp it with a frank and open character which formed its leading charm, are indeed scattered, but I am still on terms of personal intimacy with many who have survived to the present day, (some alas! the nearest and dearest to me, have disappeared), and I am not sure that I shall have their sanction in introducing them to the notice of my readers, even though that be in the way of praise. I may have a note of remonstrance, dated Regent's Park, from Mrs. Dickson, if I mention her as the leader of English *haut ton*, at the "Quinta;"* another from Mrs. Brittain despatched from Blackheath, complaining of my unparliamentary conduct in not having given previous notice of my intention here to record her pleasant parties and agreeable tertulias at Waterloo.† Mrs. Fair, the amiable partner of a gentlemen of whom we have already had occasion repeatedly to

* A pretty Villa, standing on the Barranca or Cliff at the north end of Buenos Ayres, which Mr. Dickson rented of Mrs. Riglos.

† The name which Mr. Brittain, (now no more,) gave to the country house which he built at the commencement of the Barraca Road.

speak, might beg of me from Edinburgh to omit her name in the second edition. Mrs. Cartwright, to whom, under a different name, my readers have already been introduced in our first volume, might from Frankfort-on-the-Maine express her doubts as to the policy of my going over such tender ground as the relative claims of herself and her friends to pre-eminence in the walks of fashion; and even my own relative, Mrs. Mackinlay and my friend and connexion, Mrs. Barton, might protest from Buenos Ayres against my referring now to the happy bygone days when we formed a united family, and looked on "Mackinlay's Quinta," as almost our common home.

Having thus, however, incidentally mentioned the names of some of our principal British residents at the time of which I speak, I may go on to say that the very pretty villa, which Mr. and Mrs. Dickson occupied, stood on the north side of Buenos Ayres, while the country residences of Mr. and Mrs. Mackinlay, and Mr. and Mrs. Brittain were at the southern extremity of the city. These three agreeable families were among the earliest to settle in the place; they were decidedly the leaders of

English society, and they mingled more with the Buenos Ayreans than did any of their successors. Mr. Fair married a sister of Mrs. Brittain in 1818, and the following year Mr. Cartwright led Miss Postlethwaite to the altar, both which events brought to our society a happy and lasting addition. I myself followed these good examples, and by degrees we were reinforced by other new comers, of whom I may have to speak, should we advance to another series.

With all the families mentioned, and with many which succeeded them, I not only had the pleasure of living on terms of strict intimacy and friendship, but what I think says something for the materials of which our English society was constructed, the great proportion, if not all of them, now, at a distance of four or five and twenty years, I reckon among the most valued of my friends. I may add, however, that, from circumstances which I need not at present detail, Mr. Mackinlay's house at Buenos Ayres ere long became the one of my principal resort.

If the married English society of Buenos Ayres was agreeable, that of the bachelors was very little

less so. I belonged to it for three years, and the intercourse we kept up with each other was really as if we had all belonged to one family. If there was not a community of goods, there was a community of dinners and dwellings. It was an understood thing that we dined at what table we pleased, without the formality of an invitation: and in fact, our doors at all hours were as much open to our friends as to ourselves. The highly irregular living of unmarried Englishmen, during the first years of their settlement at Buenos Ayres gradually gave way to the softening and humanizing influence of female society; so that in 1818 or 1819 we had sobered down to a very well conducted community.* As one curious illustration of the social intercourse which was generally maintained, I must mention a pleasant fashion of Don Antonio Escalada which he kept up year by year, and which when I first witnessed it much amused me.

* The two leading members of our bachelor society (although they both left at an early period) were Mr. R. Ponsonby Staples and Mr. John Macneile; and among the agreeable members of it were our personal friends Messrs. J. Buchanan, Robert and William Orr, William Cochran, Dr. Campbell and his brother William, W. M'Cracken, A. Jamieson, John Watson, T. Eastman, and many others.

Standing one day in our patio, or front court, just at our dinner hour, (I was then residing with my partner, Mr. Fair, and his lady,) in walked Don Antonio with a black slave behind him, bearing an immense silver dish covered with a white cloth. "Ola!" said the old gentleman, "I have come to dine with you to-day, and I have brought a better dish with me than even Mrs. Fair can place upon her table." So saying, he marched into the dining room, with his negro, and removing the white napkin from his dish, discovered a mountain of *umitas*, a delicacy much relished by the South American gourmand.*

Don Antonio then sat down to dinner without farther ceremony, and mightily pleased he was to hear the praises and see the rapid demolition of his *umitas* at the dinner table. To all his particular friends he paid a visit of a similar kind during the season of the *umitas*.

* The *umitas* can only be had when the *choclos*, or early and tender Indian corn, come in. The head of maize being boiled, it is stripped of the corn, which is minced up fine with meat, spices, &c. The mince is made warm, and in small quantities placed in the broad leaves of the stalk of maize, each leaf being folded up with its contents (something like a Maintenon cutlet), and tied with a *strip* of the leaf itself. Of these *umitas* thus made up, Don Antonio brought about four dozen.

At an early stage of the River Plate independence, there were very few, scarcely any foreign families of note, except English, resident in the capital. Yet we had for some time Monsieur Bonpland, the famous botanist, and Madame; and Mr. and Mrs. Zimmermann, remarkably nice and pleasant Germans. Two or three English residents were married to Porteñas,—Dr. Colin Campbell who became son-in-law of Don Francisco Escalada; Mr. Miller, as already mentioned, who espoused the beautiful and amiable Miss Balbastro; Mr. Edward Lawson, the husband of Doña Encarnacion de Maria, (daughter of Don José de Maria); and one or two others, including a universal favourite among us, now, alas! no more, Mr. W. E. Stewart, married to a Montevidean young lady.

Our society was always enlivened, and very generally improved, by the British naval commanders and officers, who succeeded each other on the River Plate station. From 1817 to a period beyond the one (1820) to which our present details extend, we had first commodore (now admiral) Bowles, and then commodore Sir Thomas Hardy, the late governor of Greenwich Hospital, both much esteemed by all classes, native and foreign, and both

possessing, from their tact, good management, and moderation, much influence as public men. We found, without almost any exception, the officers belonging to the frigates, as well as those (including the commanders) of smaller vessels of war, most gentlemanlike persons, and great accessions to our general society.

Such is a sketch of some of the component elements of social life as I found it on my settling at Buenos Ayres; and the specimens I have given you may be taken as a fair sample of the whole.

Your's, &c.

W. P. R.

LETTER LIV.

W. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

Amusements—Theatre—Public Entertainments—25th of May—
National Hymn—High Mass—Religious Ceremonies—Carnival
—Ash Wednesday—San Ysidro—San José de Flores—Horse
Racing—Pedestrian Feat.

London, 1842.

THE amusements of the people of Buenos Ayres were not very various, but those they possessed they very heartily enjoyed. They were seldom or never interrupted by bad weather; and not being such a money-making people as we are, nor pressed with a redundant population, which makes constant, unremitting labour in the masses an imperious necessity instead of a free choice, the Buenos Ayreans at large appropriated to themselves, throughout the year, every one of the holidays which the Roman Catholic Calendar so liberally permits to the followers of that creed. Exclusive of Sundays, I think we used to have in the course of the year some five and thirty or forty days, on which business of every kind was suspended.

The city boasted of one theatre, of the architectural beauty of which I am not able to speak in terms of praise; neither can I say that the appointments, decorations, and *dramatis personæ*, were much on a Covent-garden or Drury-lane scale; and to this may be attributed the fact, that it was little, if at all frequented by foreigners, especially the English. However, it pleased the people themselves; while the provincials pronounced the scenery superb, and the acting incomparable. They had their Keans and their Madame Vestris's of their own; the viceroy's box was converted into that of the governor or supreme director, who, surrounded by his great officers, attended on occasion of "grandes funciones," or jubilee nights. The rest of the boxes were then crowded by the rank and beauty of the place; the national hymn (a very fine composition both as to poetry and music) was sung by "all the strength of the company," and enthusiastically received. In short, all was done in the theatre at Buenos Ayres which we see done in our great theatres here; and the people there happily thought as well of their "Casa de Comedia," as the English think of the crack play-houses of their own metropolis. Truth obliges me

to add that the Buenos Ayres theatre, not having been built on the Mackintosh principle, that of being waterproof, whenever it rained heavily at the door-opening hour, every body knew, without the necessity of a public announcement, that there would be no performance that evening.* Visiting the ladies in their boxes was an indispensable piece of etiquette on the part of the gentlemen; and as one knew everybody present, a polite person generally made the round of the boxes in the course of the evening's entertainment.

The Buenos Ayreans are very fond of music; so that in the better times of the place we not only had an excellent Philharmonic Society, but for two seasons we boasted of an Italian opera, sustained by some really first rate *artistes* who had crossed the Atlantic, and delighted the Porteños with their vocal and instrumental performances. We had also a celebrated Spanish singer, of the name of Rosquellas, who was a mighty favourite on the Buenos Ayres boards.

Public entertainments of every kind in South America go by the generic name of "*funciones*." There were theatrical *funciones*, *funciones de*

* Heavy rains, I must observe, used generally to stop both business and pleasure in Buenos Ayres.

Iglesia, or church processions, government funciones, or public processions, and, above all, *las funciones mayas*, the annual celebration, on the 25th of May, of the independence of the country.

On this latter occasion the square was tastefully fitted up with a moveable boarding which constituted a continuous archway on the four sides, leading into the centre. This boarding was painted and decorated so as to produce a scenic display as viewed from within, the arches being hung with festooned garlands, and the panels covered with emblematic designs, which formed an agreeable vista during the day, and which were illuminated during the night. The rejoicings continued generally for three days. They commenced on the eve of the 25th with music and an illumination of the town, dancing, and a general promenade in the great square; at sunrise the following morning, a salute was fired from the guns of the fort; and the children of the various schools, all neatly dressed, assembled in the *plaza*, where they were formed round the "Pyramid," a not very handsome obelisk, which, standing in the centre, had been erected in commemoration of the Revolution, and on which were inscribed the names of those heroes who had been the leaders in the emancipation of the country. Here

the children sung the national hymn, of which the first verse runs thus :

Oid, mortales, el grito Sagrado
Libertad ! Libertad ! Libertad !
Oid el ruido de rotas Cadenas
Ved entrono la noble igualdad !

Se levanta à la faz de la tierra
Una nueva gloriosa nacion !
Coronada su sien de laureles,
Y à sus plantas rendido un leon !

Chorus.

Sean eternos los laureles
Que supimos conseguir ;
Coronados de gloria vivamos !
O juremos con gloria morir !

Which may be closely if not literally translated thus :

Hear mortals hear ! the ever sacred cry,
Which through the air resounds,—'tis liberty !
Behold the broken chains 'neath which we've groaned ;
And see equality on high enthroned !

With all a mother's anxious throes, the earth
Gives to a young and glorious nation birth ;
With laurel leaves its brow is circled round,
And at its feet a lion* bites the ground.

* An allusion to the conquered "Leon de Iberia," or Lion of Spain.

Chorus.

Green may the laurels ever be
Which we have gathered from on high!
Oh let us live but to be free!
Or, crowned with glory, let us die!

The hymn having been sung, and the children having retired, the square gradually filled during the forenoon with well dressed people. The troops appeared in new uniforms; and a grand procession of the public bodies, including the governor, his staff, the *corps diplomatique*, and all the field officers, proceeded from the fort or government house to the cathedral, where high mass, with *Te Deum*, was celebrated. In the afternoon and during the whole evening bands of military music played popular airs on the balcony of the *cabildo* or town hall; the inhabitants in gay attire crowded the streets, as well as the plaza mayor or great square, and here a grand display of fire-works took place at nine o'clock, when several thousands assembled to witness them; the night closing in with tertulias given by many of the principal families, and with patriotic assemblages in all the principal cafés of the city. It was for several years remarked, during the fervid

course of the revolution, that the 25th of May always brought good news; and these creating an enthusiasm which animated all classes, and throwing down for the moment the dikes of *classism*, it was wonderful to see what general hilarity distinguished the "Fiestas mayas" throughout.

The "Funciones de Iglesia," or church gala days, were less remarkable in Buenos Ayres than in any other parts of South America I have visited. There was a practical good sense among the people, a steady mercantile pursuit, a constant admixture with foreign society, and an imbibing thence of the active business occupations of life, which were all anti-monastic, and opposed to the recurrent ceremonial practised by the Church of Rome. Religious street ceremonies, accordingly, were viewed with much coldness in the capital; and in the great processions of the church, as Corpus Christi and others, the care of them was principally left to the old Spaniards, to *beatas*, (or religious old ladies,) and to the lower classes of the community.

If all parties, however, did not join in the *ceremonies* of mother church, none were found wanting in celebrating her *festivities*. Among these we

may reckon *carnival*, the three days which preceded the commencement of Lent.

Most of our readers have heard of the masques and carousals which in Italy marked the season of carnival ; but they may not be aware of the mode in which the Buenos Ayreans observed this short space of madness.

The great agent made use of was *water* ; and it was brought into play in every possible and imaginable manner. The Sunday afternoon being among all Catholics devoted to amusement and recreation, on the one which preceded Ash Wednesday, the carnival commenced. It approached with insidious moderation. As you walked along the street, you found yourself suddenly besprinkled with *eau de Cologne*, by some fair lady sitting at her window ; and presently you saw a dandy throwing rose water in at some other casement. If you made a call, some scented water was perhaps gently discharged at you from a small ivory syringe ; or two or three of the inmates might bedew you at once from their lavender bottles. Nay, a plover's egg might be thrown at you, which, breaking on your head or body, you found it to be only the shell filled with

eau de mille fleurs, which immediately perfumed both yourself and the room.

This would have been very well had the diversion stopped here. But on going out on Monday morning the streets gave signs here and there of being unusually well watered. Suddenly you found yourself partially drenched, not by *eau de mille fleurs*, but by common well water. As you stopped somewhat angrily to dry yourself, behold a sudden discharge from the other side of the street, which fell upon you like a shower-bath. You found by degrees that you had to proceed with increased caution; for, not only from the houses, but from passengers in the street, you were liable at every turn to have a ducking. After siesta, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the skirmishing evidently increased. Jars full of water were thrown on all passers-by, and those who were on one azotea exchanged shots with their neighbours on the next: immense syringes were used in the streets for attacking the house-tops; and egg shells, which had been in process of collection for many previous weeks, and which were sold by the dozen for the occasion filled with water, and closed at the end, flew about like so many bombs, amid the screams of the fair damsels who occupied the

ramparts of the besieged citadels; that is, the azoteas of the houses, consisting generally of only the ground floor.

But Sunday and Monday sunk into utter insignificance when compared with Tuesday, the real "Derby" of the carnival week. As if the two previous days had only been a sort of trial of strength, the terrible battle was waged on the third and concluding day. It was as if Buenos Ayres were a city of mad-houses, and all the inmates of them simultaneously let loose. The highest families and the most delicate females caught the infection. One would have thought that they had invoked the god of the River Plate to come forth with all his stores, in order to give effect to the saturnalia of the people of his capital. Tubs, casks, slipper-baths, jars, jugs, and mugs were all arranged on the azoteas, filled with water. The streets were paraded by masked horsemen, and by pedestrians, daring the fair ones on the house-tops to battle. Family fought with family, and streams of water flowed through the streets, washed the walls, and filled the interior of the houses. Sometimes carried away by an irresistible paroxysm, the ladies would rush from the azotea to the front

gate, to make quite sure of deluging some individual picked out from the crowd. Now a door was attacked by a band of young men, carried by them, and then they were seen on the azotea, engaged at close quarters in a water combat with the inmates. All of course were drenched to the skin, the robes of the ladies clinging to their forms, and the water dripping from them as if they had just come out of their baths. The encounters in the street were often of the rudest, nay, almost savage kind. Horsemen ran up against horsemen; knives sometimes gleamed; missiles went through the air, particularly ostrich eggs, which, from their immense weight, were always dangerous, and in some cases proved fatal; and every soul being dripping wet, horses and all, the irresistible feeling on a quiet spectator's mind was that universal insanity pervaded the town. Many accidents, of course, every year occurred; and I believe not a few females of delicate constitution died from the effects of cold, caught during their eight and forty hours continuous immersion in water.

I must here give you two anecdotes, rather curiously illustrative of our own sea and land

service, and of their respective love and hatred of water.

The first is of a gallant post captain, who at the time of which I speak commanded a frigate on our station. He witnessed and partook of the fun of carnival on the Monday, and was so smitten with its excitement and novelty, that he prepared to join the battle *in real earnest* on the Tuesday. Early on that morning, he hied him on board of his frigate, and having there a small fire engine, he brought it on shore, inviting several of his officers, and commanding some of his men, to join in the play. They all came—captain, officers, and men, in jackets and duck trousers. The commander paid some people of the town with English liberality to supply him constantly and abundantly with water. He marched with the engine and the hose attached to it into a principal street. Here he was met with a deluge of waters from each side, and with shouts of admiration and laughter from all assembled indoors and out. But our brave mariners went to work with imperturbable gravity and diligence. The captain took the hose, and directed the operations. He advanced steadily, and, though his

progress was opposed with undaunted bravery, by every fair water thrower from the house tops of the street, he rapidly cleared each in turn with his irresistible engine. In this extraordinary enterprize he and his followers spent the whole day with a perseverance which no waters could extinguish, and which was worthy of the occasion, seeing the high and noble foes with whom he had to contend.

The second anecdote is of one whom I have the pleasure of calling my friend, and who is at this moment a resident of London, being now, as he was then, a retired officer of our own army. He travelled over a great part of South America, which he scanned with an acute vision, and observed in a philosophic spirit, *when he pleased* ; but being at heart an Englishman, he could never practically bring himself to submit to those things which he considered as abuses, and which no "custom of the country," as he held, could ever render tolerable to a civilized being.

This worthy gentleman dined with me on a carnival Monday, and having come to my house early in the forenoon, he escaped with a few wettings from ladies in their balconies. He proposed

to retire before sunset, and I then told him that if he did he was likely to get a drenching, instead of gentle shower, on his way home.

“Why, as to the women,” said Captain ——, “they may drench me as much as they please; but if any *man* attempt to throw water on me, let him take the consequences of such an insult.”

I pointed out to my friend, what he very well saw, that it was the custom of the country to allow of an indiscriminate licence on these two or three days in the way of water throwing, whether by men or by women; and I argued that either we ought to keep at home, or that if we went out we must do as others did, and not resent as an insult what was plainly intended as a joke.

My argument did not avail. Captain —— said he had a right to go home quietly at any hour he chose, without being molested, and off he set.

At the corner of the street in which I lived stood the Café de la Victoria, a large house, and frequented by many respectable people. On this occasion, the azotea of the café was crowded with young men throwing water, and as my friend passed, they saluted him with a tolerable shower.

Seeing whence it came, he coolly gathered together some brick bats, and with these began to pelt his assailants.

Their anger was in a moment kindled, and in a body they rushed to the street to chastise the audacious foreigner.

I had been watching the Captain's progress from a front window, and as soon as I saw him commence throwing I hastened out. The café carnival players were about him before I could get up, and single-handed he was confronting some fifteen or twenty exasperated men. Some called out "Dele una puñalada!" (put a dagger into him)! others proposed to throw him into the great tank of the Victoria café; all hustled and covered him with abusive names. When I got to the side of ———, and warmly expressed my indignation at the treatment my countryman was receiving, they turned with equal wrath upon me. Some one at last called out, "It is Mr. Robertson!" but another instantly replied, "Well, what care we for him? Does he think that he or any other foreigner shall come and dictate to us?"

All were excited save Captain ——— himself; and his coolness, together with my own remon-

stances at length induced one or two of more weight and judgment than the rest to take our part. The result was that an opening was sulkily made for both of us to pursue our course, which we slowly did; although it would be difficult to say which of the belligerent parties was most strongly impressed with the unwarrantable conduct of its opponent.

I recollect on one occasion, when I was anxious to proceed on a carnival Tuesday from our own house in town to Mr. Mackinlay's Quinta, in the suburbs, being desirous at the same time of doing so without a continuous ducking, I accomplished my purpose in this way. I made up some papers in the form of a large official packet, and mounting my horse, I held the pretended despatches aloft in my right hand. I set off at full speed, giving the word of "despatches" to my next door neighbour. They caught the eyes of all as I advanced: operations were suspended, in the supposition that I was the bearer of news, and in this way I reached Mr. Mackinlay's house with a dry skin.

On Ash Wednesday, after the conclusion of the carnival, all was as still and quiet in the town as if nothing had happened; and the people were to be seen every where going to church, all recollection

of the follies of the preceding days being apparently buried in their devotions.

The two seasons of rational festivity in the capital of the River Plate provinces were those of Easter and Christmas, the first falling in that country in autumn, and the latter in the heat of summer. On these occasions all the better classes went out of town, and were to be found at their country houses, or in the adjacent villages, particularly at San Ysidro, a favourite resort of the fashionables. This village is prettily situated on a barranca or cliff of slight elevation on the banks of the river, about thirteen miles to the north of the city; and in good weather the two roads leading to it, one by the river side, and the other through the chacara grounds, form pleasing rides. The country is here dotted with villas, and there are some few good residences in San Ysidro itself, or round about it. These villas are favourite places for pic nics, or for an evening's recreation, and in many pleasant parties of this kind I have joined. Proceeding outwards from San Ysidro you come to the Punta de San Fernando, another, but secondary perch for the citizens; and further still you get to Las Conchas, which, although romantic in its river

scenery, is, from lying low, and being consequently inundated with mosquitos, the least agreeable of the three. In great crecientes, or overflowings of the Paraná, the *concheros* may be seen paddling about from house to house in their canoes. The houses are built on piles driven into the ground. The huts are mostly made of wood; while palm trees, being cut longitudinally, and the pith extracted, the hollow semicircular trunks are used as a tiling.

Another favourite ride of the Buenos Ayreans used to be to San José de Flores, lying about nine miles inland; but the road to it was generally bad, impassible in winter and spring, and dusty in summer and autumn. For an afternoon's ride the Barraca road, lying immediately out of town towards the south, and some of the by-ways and lanes leading from it, were much frequented; and here is to be seen such *horse racing* as Buenos Ayres can boast of. You look in vain for a fine breezy course, or a grand stand. No "Derby" nor "Oaks," keep the citizens on the *qui vive*; neither is there a Tattersalls for the betting world. The races at Buenos Ayres are run on the Barraca road, a wide and open highway of sand; no ladies grace the sport; carriages there are none; booths or

stands are unheard of. Instead of all this you may see two lines of horsemen, reaching about 300 yards in length, and forming a free course between them. The spectators are made up of sedate looking estancieros on sleek horses, of gauchos, stray Englishmen, some mounted citizens, and a few non-descripts. The betting goes forward among these parties, sometimes to a large amount, as they sit waiting for the race or two which are to entertain them. A little bustle shows that the racers are on the ground, ready for the business of the day. Two horses and no more invariably run, and the mighty course to be gone over is sometimes 150, oftener 300, and very rarely 600 yards. The two race-horses are mounted, *quite bare backed*, by expert gauchos; and behold them now side by side, ready for a start.

One would think that for so short a distance, the business would pass like a flash of lightning. By no means. The great and principal jockeyship of the gaucho consists in his getting *the best start*, and unlimited in the number of these, the two jockies are left to agree between themselves, which is to be the real and positive *start*.

They try one first—that won't do; so back to

their point. Another, no: another, unsuccessful; and thus they will go on for an hour, two hours, before they can agree upon the start. Nay, they sometimes waste a whole afternoon in this fruitless work, on which the estancieros and gauchos look with phlegmatic patience, and then disperse when they find in slang phraseology, that it is "no go."

When they do at last start, the horses are of course at once urged to the height of their speed, and for the short distance make a fine run; but so much preparation for *one heat* of 150 yards; so great a length of time spent over it, so great a stake,—sometimes one or two thousand dollars,—and such betting, combined with such a paltry performance, is laughable enough; and I think stamps the Buenos Ayres races as a thing unique of the kind.

Some of the early English residents were fond of the turf, and some tolerable racing, in our own English style, was got up by them; they had well-trained and good horses, with gentlemen jockies to ride them; and these races were relished in the highest degree by the gauchos, surrounding chacareros, and estancieros settled in town.

We exhibited also on one occasion to the astonished eyes of the "natives," a pedestrian feat which

was long remembered, with admiration, by them. A friend having deplored at my own table, that we lost in South America much of the mental and physical energy which we brought from England, that proposition was warmly combated; and the argument ended in our backing Dr. Dick, who was present, and who offered to walk twenty-four miles in six hours. In England it was thought this might be an easy task, but in Buenos Ayres, and in the summer season, it was considered as impossible by the knowing ones, who in betting, all took the side of my friend that had argued for the enervating effects of the climate.

The match against time, in sporting phrase, "came off" on a piece of level ground which we selected a few miles from town. But it got well mentioned about, and a great concourse of spectators assembled; all the English, and many of the people of the country. Dr. Dick was and still is of very active habits, and of a fine elastic frame for walking. He got to the ground in a carriage, and commenced his task about nine in the morning,—in beautiful spring weather, clear and warm. He immediately gave proof that he was by far the best pedestrian on the ground. Two of the strongest,

most athletic, and best made men on the ground (Mr. R. P. Staples and Mr. R. Carlisle) could only keep pace with the doctor for three miles, when they gave in ; and no other person could keep up with him for more than one full mile. The result was, that Dr. Dick accomplished twenty-four miles with the utmost ease to himself, in five hours and seventeen minutes, and then walked one mile more to make all sure as to distance, which he did in twelve minutes more ; concluding amid the cheers of every one on the ground. He was so little distressed, that he joined our party in town, immediately after dinner, and spent the evening in hilarity with several of our friends who had dined with me.

Your's, &c.

W. P. R.

LETTER LV.

W. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

A new Partnership—Reid's Quinta—The Azotea—A Conspiracy—
 The Robbers detected—A Marriage—Mercantile Establishment
 —Smuggling Linens—A Bed of Dollars—Charqué—Its Pro-
 hibition—Bribery and Corruption—Attended with Success—
 Benefits of Free Trade.

London, 1842.

IN Buenos Ayres, and amid society of the kind which I have briefly sketched, I passed my time very agreeably from the end of 1817 till March, 1820; and although I have little to say of this intermediate space which can interest the general reader, I have yet one or two little matters upon which I may make a passing remark.

The same friend and coadjutor who had shared my brother's fortunes in all his mercantile operations in the interior, now became his partner and my own, in a more extended and general business with Europe. This was Mr. Fair, a gentleman of whom, in our first series, we have had occasion to speak in high terms, and of whom we may

safely aver that, as he was for twenty and more years one of the best known Englishmen in Buenos Ayres, so he was one of the most respected and most esteemed.

With my brother, then, in England, and Mr. Fair in Buenos Ayres, I sat down to resume my commercial career. For a few months, during which we were organizing our business, I took up my abode with Mr. Fair at a well-known country residence, which passed under the name of "Reid's Quinta." It lies on the *bajo* or low ground which skirts the river on the south side of the town, and is a tall and somewhat awkward-looking house, erected by a Scotchman of the name of Reid, who was a builder by profession, and who, having by his industry in his calling (for, like many others, he went out with no other capital) amassed a considerable sum, he laid out most of his profits on this large house.

Mr. Fair was Mrs. Reid's only tenant, and here on all the holidays throughout the year he entertained such bachelor friends as chose to partake of his hospitality. No invitation was either given or expected; it was truly Bachelor's Hall. The dining-room table was laid out for a large party,

and all comers were sure of a hearty welcome, a capital dinner, and excellent wine. The company began to collect early in the forenoon, to enjoy the fine look-out from the azotea, which commanded the river and much of the circumjacent country, and on which Mr. Fair had always at command two or three capital telescopes. Many an "arrival" and many a "departure" was witnessed from Reid's azotea. In the evening, when the sun was descending and the sea breeze beginning to cool the air, the azotea was again sought, and lively conversation, cool claret, and fragrant Havanas induced many of the guests to linger till the last shades of night warned them to retire.

Mr. Fair was, strictly speaking, a popular man, not only among his own countrymen, but among all classes of the people of the country; and yet on one occasion (it was during my residence in the interior) he narrowly escaped becoming a victim to the cupidity of a band of worthless wretches, who are to be found in all countries. I must relate the incident.

Mr. Fair invariably went on horseback from his place of business in town to Reid's Quinta. He kept two spirited animals, of which he was

very fond, and on one or other of them he was to be seen on the bajo every evening wending his way home. He was reputed among the people to be a man of great wealth ; and the absurd notion grew up among some of the lower classes, that all his riches were accumulated at Reid's Quinta.

Under this persuasion a gang of villains determined to attack the house. They laid their plan cautiously and leisurely ; they made themselves well acquainted with the premises, and ascertained the number and class of inmates with whom they were likely to have to cope. Their resolution was to murder those within who offered resistance, and, after ascertaining where his treasure lay, to take the life of Mr. Fair himself. They were fifteen or sixteen in number, bold, daring, and unflinching men.

Happily, however, one of them, who owed some obligations to Mr. Fair, repenting of the part which he had agreed to take in the diabolical plot, went to him and disclosed the whole affair. Information was given to the police, and, under the express orders of the *Gefe*, or Chief of that force, the burglars were left to follow up their plan in ignorance of their designs having been re-

vealed. During the day on which the conspirators had fixed for their purpose, the police Chief had several of his men, in plain clothes, but well armed, introduced at different times into the house. These were so disposed as to command the staircase from the upper part of it, and the inmates of the house were also armed and ready for the attack. The burglars did not make it on the evening they had proposed, but the Chief kept his men in the house, feeling certain that the visit would be paid.

And so it was; for next night, towards twelve o'clock, the gang cautiously approached the house from the back part. The access was purposely made easy for them. They soon obtained an entrance, ascended the staircase, and, while many of them were upon it, the order was given to the police, who had hitherto remained still, *to fire*. In a moment (it was all in the dark) a volley was poured in among the robbers. It was wonderful that none of them were killed on the spot; but still more so that, although some of them were wounded, they made such a precipitate retreat in different directions, as all to get clear off. They left behind them two or three tracks of blood, from the appearance of which it was supposed that one of the assailants,

at any rate, must have been carried away by his associates, and have died of his wounds. The police, considering, I suppose, that the gang was sufficiently punished, made no strict search after its members, and on their side they never again made any attempt on Reid's Quinta.

Four or five months after my arrival in the capital, Mr. Fair shut up Bachelor's Hall, and became a married man. He married Miss Harriet Kendall, sister of the two young ladies who have been mentioned as fellow-passengers of General San Martin's when he came to Buenos Ayres in the *George Canning*; and one of whom became Mrs. James Brittain, while the other was married to Mr. John Ludlam, both members of our River Plate community. Mrs. Fair, whose many virtues and amiable disposition have won her golden opinions wherever she has gone, and made her justly dear to all her immediate friends, became a great acquisition to Buenos Ayres society, which for many years she adorned.

Mr. Fair took up his residence in town, and his lady had soon a very serious charge on her hands. In South America, and in a great many other foreign places, business is not conducted as in

England. The whole establishment is under one roof, the heads of the house and all the clerks living together, having one common table, and the counting-house and warehouse being in the same building as the dwelling-house. The whole forms one family, and the arrangement is advantageous for the young gentlemen employed in the business, as keeping them in good society and in good order, which, were they, as here, in lodgings, could never be done. Heads of houses, however, who were married, chose often to retire to a country house, leaving a junior partner or a responsible head clerk to manage the town establishment. Mr. Fair at the commencement placing himself at the head of ours, I, as a matter of course, took up my residence with him.

As our mercantile establishments in Buenos Ayres differed in their arrangements from those of England, so business itself was often much more erratic in its course than we find it here in the "City;" of which I will satisfy myself with giving one or two examples, taken from our own affairs.

Soon after we commenced, a vessel with a valuable cargo of linens arrived from Hamburg to our consignment. We had then a ruinous tariff in

action, with a venal government, and the consequence was an unbounded system of contraband carried on by native merchants and others.

We ourselves could have nothing to do with smuggling; but how to dispose of our cargo of linens on the honest principle of paying the duties, without a ruinous loss to our friends, was a problem not easily to be solved. While we debated our difficulty, a native merchant came in and offered, under unexceptionable guarantee, to land the whole cargo for us for one-half the duties. But this was smuggling, and we could not accede to the proposal. Our friend then offered to *purchase* the cargo on board, receiving it in lighters in the usual and legal way. This was all correct, so the bargain was immediately struck. The goods becoming his, we had of course no right to inquire what he did with them after he got them from on board. A few days afterwards this gentleman asked me to ride out with him next morning before breakfast, which I did; and then, when we were a league from town, he pointed out to me, to my no small surprise, a number of carts loaded apparently with grass, but under which lay a multitude of pieces of German platillas, creas, creguelas, sheetings, and

other manufactures, part and parcel of our fine cargo by the Palmyra. I could scarcely look at them without a twinge of conscience, or without feeling that I had made myself *particeps criminis* in the affair.

Shortly after the above transaction, we received orders to provide large amounts of Spanish dollars for three Indiamen which were to call at Buenos Ayres, and proceed with the remittances thus obtained to Bombay and Calcutta. The aggregate amount to be provided was about six or seven hundred thousand hard dollars. Carts were accordingly to be seen daily unloading bags of dollars at our warehouse, and before the vessels arrived we had got nearly the whole sum collected. At this time we had a warehouse unconnected with our dwelling; and as the heap of bags piled on the ground rose higher, so did our alarm at having this enormous sum in so bulky and visible a shape, in a place not inhabited by ourselves. At last I got a large matrass and bed-clothes, which were spread over the heap of coin, and there, with a trusty servant, barring and double-locking ourselves in, I slept for several nights waiting the arrival of the

vessels. They came ere long, and all the dollars were safely put on board of them.*

Nothing could be more capricious and wrong-headed than some of the fiscal and commercial regulations enacted from time to time by the Buenos Ayres government. One of the latter, in 1818, was a total prohibition of the exportation of cured beef, known by the name of *charqué*, and consumed to a vast extent by the negro population of the Island of Cuba. The article forms now, in fact, a great trade between Buenos Ayres, as well as Monte Video and the Havana, and the preparation of the beef in the two former places gives employment to a large industrial class as well as to a good deal of foreign capital in the country, producing altogether an income of magnitude to the respective provinces.

Now, how such a trade could ever come to be prohibited is as unintelligible as would be the forbidding in this country of the manufacture of cotton goods. But prohibited it was, and nobody seemed

* It is a curious fact, that although the paper dollar of Buenos Ayres long represented the full value of the silver one, it would *now* require upwards of *ten millions* of the former to purchase the six hundred and fifty thousand of the latter which we shipped.

to think that it was anything out of the way so to embargo the industry and capital of the country. Under this *hiatus* in the jerk-beef trade, a large vessel came out to us with orders to load her with the produce in question, and send her to the Havana. We petitioned the government for a licence, but in vain. We represented, in every way our ingenuity could suggest, the unqualified evil which sprung from prohibition; the unqualified advantages which must flow from a free trade. It was all to no purpose. "No ha lugar,"—"It cannot be conceded,"—was all the answer we got to one petition after another; and we began to despair altogether of opening the eyes of the executive to its own (and no doubt to our) interest "*in re*" jerk beef.

One day, however, as I returned from one of many fruitless journeys I made to the secretary of state's office,—it was about dinner hour, half-past two, very hot, and the streets nearly tenantless—I heard myself called from the opposite side of the way, and on looking round saw a young man beckoning me to enter a shop nearly closed, like all the others during the hours of dinner and rest, comprehended under the name of siesta. I crossed the street, and entered the shop. Lounging at his ease

on the counter was a jolly, good-natured, but gentlemanlike person, in the undress which dinner calls for in a warm climate. He was apparently waiting for a summons to attend to what Dr. Johnson designates as the most important business of a man's life. I recognized in the personage before me the *primer oficial*, or first clerk of the secretary of state for the home department.

"Now, Mr. Robertson," said he, with an easy nod, "I know whence you come, and what you have been about. You have been to the Fort,* and you want a special licence to load a cargo of beef. Well, send us in a dozen of your good old port here, and you shall have your licence." I nodded assent, withdrew, and,—led away by considering how little could be lost, and how much might be gained by the transaction,—I became an agent in "bribery and corruption," and "treated" the first clerk to *two* dozen of prime old port. Perhaps I was induced thereto by the conviction that there was no jealous guardian of the public morals in Buenos Ayres, like Mr. Roebuck here, standing behind the scenes, ready to pounce, with uncompromising severity, on *me*, as he does in his

* Where the government offices were held.

place on all compromising delinquents who try to hide their "diminished heads" in a crowd of Chiltern Hundreds.

Whether my port-wine friend, the first clerk, knew that the higher powers had already granted our prayer, or whether he himself was the Board of trade, and determined the questions which were mooted by the commercial body of the country, I will not venture to decide; but *de facto* I know that three days after I was guilty of treating, our licence was put into my hands duly countersigned by the "Ministro del Interior."

The two dozen of port, like the wonderful goose, laid many golden eggs. The large vessel employed, earned a famous freight. We paid to the manufacturers of the beef, which was about to rot in their *galpones*, about fifty thousand hard dollars—all clear gain to the country. We made an excellent commission for ourselves; we paid a considerable amount of duty into the custom-house, augmenting *ad hoc* the revenue of the state; the Havana planters were enabled to give good food to their slaves; and our constituents, who ordered the cargo in question, made a clear gain by the speculation of at least eight thousand pounds sterling, and

were thus encouraged to follow up an active intercourse with the Republic, and to employ an augmented capital in its trade.* From all which premises this deduction may safely be drawn: that if governors and legislators were not so woefully self-blinded as they everywhere are, to the beneficial workings of an UNSHACKLED COMMERCE, the world at large would be in a more prosperous state than it now is.

Yours, &c.,

W. P. R.

* We were shortly after, by means of a second special licence, enabled to repeat the operation with a large vessel, belonging to Liverpool friends, and with equal, if not greater success, for all parties concerned.

LETTER LVI.

W. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

Corrientes in trouble—Miss Postlethwaite's MS.—Andresito's Invasion — Campbell Comandante—Privations of the Indians—Indian Mothers—Andresito's Politeness—His Balls—Non-attendance punished—The fancy Dresses—Mexias—Abstinence and Surfeit—Anecdotes of Andresito—A Toast—An Assassination—Death of Andresito—Campbell and the Captive—Her rescue.

London, 1842.

TOWARDS the middle of 1819, the state of public affairs in Corrientes was so alarming, on account of the occupation of that city by an Indian force belonging to Artigas, that Mr. Postlethwaite commenced making arrangements for leaving the interior; and, as a preliminary step, he determined to send his two oldest daughters down to Buenos Ayres. It was with no small pleasure I saw them safely arrive on the 25th of July, at Las Conchas, whither I had gone to meet them; and the account they gave me of the state of affairs at my old place of residence, only made me anxious to see the other members of the family safely out of the remote but troubled province which Artigas had placed under Indian rule.

There was, indeed, so much picturesque barbarity in the invasion, as it might be styled, of Corrientes, by *Andresito Artigas*, an Indian and adopted son of the great Artigas himself, that, since commencing the letters which we are now addressing to you, I have applied to my friend Mrs. Cartwright (formerly Miss Postlethwaite) and her unmarried sister for some account not only of that transaction, but of the principal events which occurred during their stay: with that account they have kindly favoured me; and not doubting my readers will find it as interesting as I myself did, I propose here to transfer it, *verbatim et literatim*, to our pages. It is written by Miss Postlethwaite, and is entitled—

“EXTRACTS FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF CORRIENTES.”

“In consequence of Francisco Bedoya, who commanded the troops in Corrientes, declaring in favour of Buenos Ayres, in which he was joined by the Cabildantes, and many of the respectable inhabitants, General Andresito* (the adopted son of Artigas, and an Indian), received orders from the Protector to march upon the town, and take posses-

* Andresito is the diminutive of Andres, and means “*little Andrew*.”

sion of it; which he did with about 700 *Guay-curú* Indians.

“The news of his approach had thrown the inhabitants into a state of great alarm, and all who were able collected together their property, and, either carrying it with them, or hiding it, fled from the town. Two men died of fright, one of them being the little *Escribano* (notary) who lived opposite to us. Poor old Bedoya buried a large sum of money in his garden; but one of his servants having unfortunately observed him in the act of concealing it, gave information where it was hidden, and it was speedily dug up. The Escobars, and several other persons with whom you were acquainted, benefitted, it was alleged, by the discovery.

“Amid this confusion and alarm, *we* did not, as you may suppose, feel very comfortable, and the reports which hourly arrived were not calculated to allay our fears. It was said the Indians, as they came along, were putting men, women, and children to death. This however was quite untrue; but as Bedoya had cruelly massacred the inhabitants of a small Indian village a few weeks previously, for refusing to join him, and take up arms against

Artigas, the Correntinos naturally feared the Indians would retaliate upon them. The village had contained about 30 families, and three individuals only escaped death. One of them, a poor woman, who fled after seeing her husband and children slaughtered, was brought into Corrientes with one or two ball wounds and several sabre cuts.

“ My father sent poor Lee (who was afterwards murdered in Corrientes), and another Englishman whose name I forget, with a letter to Andresito, requesting to know whether his (my father's) family and property would be protected in the event of his remaining. He received a very polite letter in reply, desiring him not to think of moving, as he should meet with no molestation ; Andresito begging at the same time to be placed at the feet of the Señora and Señoritas, and assuring them there was not the least cause for alarm.

“ I do not think with even this assurance we should have felt quite comfortable had we not been reassured by the presence of Don Pedro Campbell, now *Comandante de Marinos*, an especial favourite with Andres. Campbell advised my father to take us into the square to see the Indians enter, for he thought Andresito would look upon it as a compli-

ment to himself, and feel pleased by the attention shown him. We went accordingly, though not without some slight apprehensions, for which, however, there was no cause. The Indian troops marched in very quietly and orderly; were, after being drawn up in the square, dismissed to their barracks; and the general and his officers then attended high mass at San Francisco church.

“There was really much merit due to the Indians for their good conduct; for they had been suffering great hardships from want of clothing and food. They had frequently been compelled to boil pieces of dried hides and live upon them, not being able to procure even horse-flesh; and their clothing was truly miserable, many having only *chiripás* (or kilts), and those who had any farther clothing being still quite in tatters. Some were armed with muskets, some with spears, and others with bows and arrows; while bringing up the rear, and armed with the latter weapons of a small size, came about two hundred little Indian boys. It appeared they had been carried off at different times by the Correntinos, and treated as slaves. Wherever Andres found any of these children he liberated them, and seized upon a corresponding number of the children of the men

in whose service he found them. The parents of the children thus taken away, not knowing what was to be their fate, were of course thrown into a state of great mental distress and alarm. After keeping the children prisoners for about a week, Andres sent for the mothers. He forcibly pointed out to them the cruelty and injustice of which they had been guilty towards the poor Indians, appealing to their own feelings of anguish as the best corroboration of his charge. 'Take back your children,' concluded Andres, 'and remember in future that *Indian mothers have hearts.*'

"We had scarcely been at home an hour when we heard a band of music approaching, and which we found was followed by the general, his officers and secretary (the latter a terrible villain), accompanied by the governor and his attendants. The *sala* was filled in an instant. The general said he was anxious to lose no time in placing himself at the feet of the *Señora* and *Señoritas*, and to assure them of his desire to show them every respect. We were rather nervous, you may be sure; but we certainly were treated with marked respect and attention, not only by Andresito himself, but by his officers and men during the whole time they occupied Corrientes.

His visit, I think, lasted about *three hours*, after which he went on board the '*Capitana*,' lying off the custom-house. About an hour and a half afterwards we saw him carried past on the shoulders of his men, the excitement and the wine he had taken having completely overpowered the poor little man. But he recovered in the course of the afternoon, and to our no small surprise made us a second visit in the evening, being accompanied by *Admiral* Peter Campbell, and the bad secretary already mentioned.

"Andresito fortunately took a great fancy to my father, who obtained a considerable control over him; so that whenever 'the general' became violent, which he sometimes did after having drunk too much, my father was always sent for, and he commonly succeeded in soothing the Indian chief.

"The night after he took the town, we heard all the poor *Cabildantes* marching past our house, as prisoners in chains, and we learned next day that they had been taken on board the '*Capitana*.' They all expected to be shot. Old Cabral, *alcalde de primer voto*,* nearly lost his senses from the

* The same provost Cabral who did his best to get Mr. Postlethwaite and myself, as well as the other English, marched off in

fright. My father was besieged on all sides to make 'empeño' or interest with the general, and after some time, and with much difficulty, he obtained the release of all the prisoners. The fact is, the Correntinos (and particularly the ladies) could not so far conquer the habitual contempt with which they looked down upon the Indians, as to take any pains, although at the absolute mercy of Andresito, to conciliate him. He had fixed his head-quarters at Bedoya's house; and after he had levied a contribution to clothe his men, and had thus equipped them very respectably, he gave two or three entertainments, to which he invited all the respectable inhabitants. These entertainments consisted of a kind of religious plays or dramas,* performed by the Indians, and taught them by the jesuits. One of them was the representation of the '*tentacion de San Ignacio*,' in the course of which some of their dances represented words, such as "encarnacion,"† each figure forming a letter in

chains to Artigas, 300 leagues distant. Admiral Campbell had now the upper hand.—See page 80, of this volume.—W. P. R.

* Known to our forefathers by the name of "*Mysteries*."

† One of the many Catholic titles of the Virgin Mary, is "*Nuestra señora de la Encarnacion*," whence a common Christian name of females is "*Encarnacion*."

the word. The general being surprised and mortified at the non-attendance of the Correntinos, he inquired into the reason of their absence, and it was ill-naturedly reported to him in reply that the Correntinos said—‘ Who would be at the trouble to go and see a set of Indians dance ?’

“ Andresito had hitherto submitted to a great many overt acts of contempt from the town, and had really shown more forbearance than could have been expected from him ; but now being completely roused, he took an extraordinary way of punishing his enemies.

“ ‘ So they do not choose to come and see the Indians dance,’ said he,—‘ well, let us try.’ So the following morning (a very hot day) the drums beat to arms, and every man of respectability of the place, excepting Don Isidoro Martinez, old Duran, and my father, was marshalled into the *plaza* (or square), and there they were made to pluck up the grass and weeds, level and clean it from one corner to the other. They were kept at work the whole day, under the blaze of a scorching sun ; and really, however sorry one might feel for the unfortunate labourers, there was something laughable in the Indian’s whim. I suppose the square was never

before, nor has ever been since, in such perfect order. While the men were thus employed, their wives and daughters were taken off to the barracks, and made to dance all day with the Indians,—a much more unpardonable affront than the manual labour imposed on the males.

“I must not omit to mention that for his *funciones* or plays, Andresito begged as a great favour that we would provide dresses for two of the performers, to which we of course agreed. After the dresses (fancy ones) were finished, and which we made as gay as possible, the men were sent to us to be dressed, and Tuckerman and Lee acted as valets. The Indians were so delighted with their own appearance, that Tuckerman found it almost impossible to get them along the streets to the general's house. Each would walk behind the other, that he might have the pleasure of viewing his own dress, for they were both exactly alike. The general was equally delighted, and exclaimed on seeing them, ‘*Què niñas de Plata!*’ (What *silver* young ladies!); and he forthwith begged us to equip two more. These four performed the parts of the guardian angels of San Ignacio, although the wings put on for their performance did not well

accord with the helmets with which they would not part. When Andresito left Corrientes the angels rode before him for about two leagues out of town, and then their dresses were laid aside.

“ Andres was himself a kind-hearted man, and much better informed than could have been expected. I believe he was educated in Monte Video. He was unfortunate in having a very wicked man at his elbow in his secretary Mexias, who prompted him to whatever evil he did. He (Mexias) became very jealous of my father's influence with Andres, and never rested till he had succeeded in poisoning against the former the mind of his Indian chief. My father was in consequence laid under a heavy contribution, which he refused to pay, and on which refusal he was sent, for twenty-four hours, to the common prison. We were so much alarmed, not knowing to what extent Andresito in his actual state of feeling might be persuaded to go (the secretary had made him tipsy before he could induce him to sign the order, and kept him in that state to prevent him from retracting), that we persuaded my father to pay a part of the sum levied, on the remainder being annulled.

Andres afterwards entreated our pardon for having been compelled to have recourse to such severe measures.

“The province being now once more in anarchy, provisions became often very scarce in Corrientes, so that, on more than one occasion, persons passing the barracks on horseback were made to dismount, their horses were taken possession of, and killed for food. Indeed Campbell told us on one occasion, that for four days his men had only one biscuit each daily! Andres always said that he would not give a farthing for a man unless he could fast for three or four days without inconvenience. When they did get food, the quantity they ate was beyond belief. Mr. Tuckerman declared that four of these men killed a heifer on his chacra, and never stirred till they had finished it ;—roasting, eating, and sleeping, and roasting again, till the whole had disappeared. They wore broad bands made of the skin of the capiguara*, and when obliged to fast, these belts were tightened a little every day. During the seven months they had possession of the town, there

* A river pig, an amphibious tenant of the Paraná, and which burrows under its banks.

was only one robbery committed. The man went into a shop and demanded a handkerchief for "la patria." The tendero (shopkeeper) complained to Andresito, who asked him if he could point the man out? On the shopkeeper replying in the affirmative, Andres commanded his orderly to go with the complainant to the different quarters, and the delinquent being discovered he was publicly flogged in the Plaza. Generally, if anything went wrong, Andres punished the officers, not the men, alleging that if the former did their duty, the latter *must* do theirs.

"Andresito wore no sword, having lost his own in an engagement with the Portuguese; and he determined never to wear another till he had honourably won it. But whenever he was roused to anger, his officers instantly drew theirs and presented them to him; or they stood ready to inflict any punishment he might command. We nearly in this way witnessed a terrible scene in our own house. My father gave a dinner to Andres and his officers, about forty persons. Of course all our wine glasses were in request; and after two or three toasts had been drank, the secretary Mexias gave one, tossing, in defiance of Andresito's prohibition, his glass over

his shoulder.* His example was immediately followed by about a dozen more gentlemen; and no doubt every glass on the table would have shared the same fate, had not the general sprung to his feet and commanded them at their peril to break another. The secretary, whose courage had risen with his wine, seemed disposed to rebel, on which high words ensued. The general however exclaimed, ‘ Si quiebras otra copa, yo te quebraré el Alma,’—‘ If you break another glass, I will break your pate;’ upon which the officers instantly drew their swords, and surrounded Andres. Mexias, I suppose, thought it high time to submit, for he sat down, and continued in a sulky mood for the rest of the day. Though not present, we were within hearing, and not a little alarmed at the uproar; but it subsided the moment Mexias sat down, and the rest of the evening passed off quietly enough. Andres expressed himself as much pleased with the entertainment, and particularly with the *plom puddin Ingles*, of which national dish we had five or six samples at the table, all of which disappeared. One of the officers, on some being placed before

* This was the Spanish mode of drinking a toast “with all the honours.”

him, not knowing what it was, very generously divided it, in order to pass one half to his orderly, who stood behind him. But before the poor fellow had time to take it, the officer had put a piece into his own mouth, and finding it a much better thing than he had anticipated, he promptly drew back his hand, and finished the whole of it himself.

“ The secretary, having occasion to go down to Goya on business, invited while there all the respectable inhabitants, male and female, to a feast. When they were about to separate, he hoped they had been pleased with their entertainment, and had enjoyed their dinner. On being answered in the affirmative, he informed them they had dined off *horse-flesh*, most of the dishes, though variously dressed, having consisted of this meat. This Mexias who was feared and justly detested by everybody, received, some time after quitting Corrientes, a command to attend Artigas, and setting out in consequence, he was assassinated on the way, the letter from the Protector being generally believed to be a forgery.

“ About a year afterwards Andresito and his Indians were defeated by the Portuguese, taken prisoners, and carried to Rio de Janeiro; and

although they were liberated, without much detention, Andresito died not long after. By his defeat the tribe of the Guaranis was almost annihilated : they were a harmless, amiable, and kindly-disposed race. Most of them could read and write, and play on some instrument, many of them on two or three. One old man among them called *Shernisha* (the comic actor or *buffo* in their plays) was a great favourite with us, and by his queer tricks used to afford us much amusement : he would occasionally take an immense segar and smoke it for some time, without any appearance of smoke from it, and then preparing to tell some amusing story, as he commenced relating it, the smoke which he had swallowed would pour forth from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, in a most extraordinary manner.

“ Nothing could exceed the respect, attention, and civility which we received from these men the whole time we were in Corrientes. On one occasion, however, after a bando (proclamation) had been issued, commanding the presence of all the Correntinos in the square at a certain hour on the following day, my father happened to be in Ygnacio's (your old servant's) pulperia, at the corner of the

square, and, while in the act of speaking to him, received a severe *sablazo* (blow with a sabre) from an Indian officer, who mistook my father for a Correntino. The moment the Indian perceived his error he dropped on his knees, and implored my father not to tell the general; but, as he was not alone at the time, it did reach the ears of Andresito, who immediately put his officer in irons, and kept him in confinement for many days, notwithstanding all the interest my father used to have him forgiven. I mention this to show how strictly he fulfilled his promise of protection to us. The troops never passed us without presenting arms; and at the performances before mentioned, we had always seats placed at the right hand of the general, while the governor and his family sat on the left; nor were the performances allowed to commence till we arrived. The band, too, was sent every day to play for an hour before our house. We were not a little amused at their always addressing us as *paysanitas* (countrywomen), or *Indias rubias* (fair Indians). 'Were not,' they said, 'the ancient Britons Indians before they were conquered by the Romans? and was not Campbell one of themselves, always at the side of the general

to counteract the evil advice and wicked instigations of Mexias?"* The poor Correntinos would have fared much worse than they did, had not Andresito, fortunately for them, been generally more disposed to listen to good than bad advice, except when he was not quite sober. His wife was an unassuming, amiable little woman, and rather pretty.

"Some time after the Indians had left Corrientes, Campbell, being still Comandante de Marina, returned from the Bajada, bringing with him a poor *Cordovesa*, whom he had liberated from the Abipon Indians, and whom he delivered to us, begging we would give her a home. It appeared that, in coming up the river, he observed an Indian *Tolderia* (collection of wigwams) between Goya and Chamorro. Wondering what they could have to do on that side the river,† and not quite liking their appearance, he landed with his first lieutenant‡ and a small party of his men. Finding the Indians belonged to the tribe of the Abipones,

* Mexias was a Peruvian Spaniard.

† The Gran Chaco, inhabited by the Indians, as our readers know, is on the *west* side of the Paraná, Goya and all the province of Corrientes on the east bank.

‡ His quondam page Edwardo, of whom honourable mention has heretofore been made.

he inquired what had brought them there. Upon which the cacique informed him that their village, San Geronimo,* having been attacked by a tribe of Indians, the *Macabis*, they had fled and crossed the river. While Campbell was talking to the cacique, Don Edwardo observed a poor girl with no other clothing than a poncho, leaning, in evident distress, against a tree. He walked up to her and asked her if she were an Indian? She cast an alarmed glance towards the cacique, and, after some hesitation, replied, 'No.' Was she a captive? — 'Yes.' Detained against her will? — 'Yes.' After asking her a few more questions, he turned to some other women, and appeared to take no more notice of her; but when Campbell had finished speaking to the chief, Don Edwardo conversed with the former for a few minutes, and then returned on board the *Capitana*. After addressing some remarks to the Indian women, Campbell, in his turn, went up to the poor girl. 'So you are a captive, I understand,' said he. — 'Yes.' 'Do you wish to be liberated?' — 'Ojåla!' ('Would to God I were!') ejaculated the girl.

* This is the same village, lying opposite to Goya, which is spoken of by Don Pedro Quesney, vol. i. page 219.

“ At this moment Lieutenant Edwardo appeared with eight or ten more men, when Campbell immediately stalked up to the cacique, and said, ‘I find this young woman is a captive, and that she is anxious to be restored to her friends ; I shall therefore take her with me.’ The cacique looked much enraged ; but, seeing he had no chance of resisting the number of armed men who immediately surrounded the captive, he yielded with as good a grace as he could, and she was taken on board. At Chamorro, Campbell begged or bought some clothes for her (she was simply wrapped in a poncho), and then he brought her to us.”

So far Miss Postlethwaite’s narrative. The remainder of it you will find in my next letter, commencing with the account which the rescued captive gave of herself to Mr. Postlethwaite’s family.

Yours, &c.,

W. P. R.

LETTER LVII.

W. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

The Captive's Story—The Sisters separated—The Younger murdered—Fears of the Cacique—The Abipon Indians—Their Tolderia—The Indian Galvan—New Troubles in Corrientes—Fate of the Escobars—Murder of Montufar—The Indians in Goya—The Flight—Parting Notice of old Friends—Miss Postlethwaite's Narrative concludes.

London, 1842.

MISS POSTLETHWAITE thus proceeds to give the captive's story:—

“ Her father was a small estanciero in the neighbourhood of Cordova,* and one day, having been on a visit, accompanied by her mother, sister (about fourteen), and little brother, not more than six years of age, as they were returning home on horseback towards evening, the weather being extremely sultry, the girls alighted to gather some wild fruit by the way. As they were thus employed they heard the yell of the Indians, which

* The province of Cordova lies adjacent to *Upper Peru*, and consequently a great distance from Goya. The Indians must have carried their captive across the Gran Chaco.

they render more wild by rapidly clapping their hands on their mouths while they shout ; and although the sisters, had they mounted instantly, would have had plenty of time to escape, they were so paralyzed with terror that they had no power to move, and their mother and brother would not leave them. The Indians, perceiving the unhappy group, immediately rushed upon them. The little boy was placed on one of the horses, to which the Indians applied a few lashes, and drove it off at full gallop towards his home, setting up one of their yells after it. They made the females mount behind them, and fled with all speed. They never pulled up till long after dark ; and, for the last hour or two, their road lay through a dense forest, so that the captives had not the most remote idea of the direction in which they were going. At length they stopped at a place where they found a number of the wives and children of the Indians waiting their arrival. *Ascencion* (the girl's name) found that the man behind whom she had been riding was the cacique, who passed her over to his wife as soon as they arrived, (she guessed it might be about midnight.)

“ While they were regaling themselves, one of their scouts came up in all haste, and informed the

cacique that the soldiers of Cordova were close upon them. In a few minutes they were all on their horses again; but when they were about to start, it was perceived that the captive mother was missing, and, although search was immediately made, she was nowhere to be found. The girls hoped she had seized an opportunity to escape, and might reach the Cordova troops. On the following day they arrived at an Indian village, the home of some of the flying party. Here the poor girls found they were to be separated, and deprived of the only hope and consolation which had hitherto supported them in their trial. The younger one remained with her master in the village, and Ascencion proceeded with her mistress to another. They had been quickly deprived of their clothes by first one Indian woman, then another, taking a fancy to the different articles they wore. They were employed as servants, though not treated with harshness or unkindness.

“ But soon after they were taken, they were filled with horror on being obliged to witness the murder of a young man, who also had been captured and carried off. He was placed on the ground, where the Indians formed a circle round him, and

each shot an arrow into his body.* This will show you that, although the Abipones profess Christianity, they possess little of its spirit.

“At the season when the fruit or bean of the Algarroba is ripe, the Indians make from it a fermented and highly intoxicating liquor. On the first brewing, all the males drink of their favourite liquor till they are quite inebriated, and then the women follow the example of their lords. It was at this season, when the men were incapable of defending themselves, that they were attacked by the tribe of the Macabis, who have ever been at enmity with the other tribes. They came upon the Abipones unawares, committing dreadful slaughter; and Ascencion's unhappy little sister was one of the slain. The inhabitants of the village in which Ascencion herself lived had time to escape; and, having secured the images of the Virgin and some others of their saints, they fled with their families across the Paraná,—to the place where they were first discovered by Campbell. When her master saw him landing, he took Ascencion aside, and told her if she gave them

* It is to be remarked, that an arrow which has missed its mark is never used again.

to understand by look or by sign that she was a captive, he would put her to death the moment they were gone.

“When Edwardo the lieutenant, therefore, asked her if she were a captive, she hesitated in fear and trembling, not knowing how to reply ; but, after a moment’s reflection, thinking it might be her last and only chance of escape, she determined to run all risks. Her master, who had been watching her, gave her, when she replied, such a fearful look that her knees shook with fear ; and when Edwardo turned away without making any further remark, she gave herself up as lost.

“Ascencion conducted herself with the greatest propriety during the time she was with us (about two years) ; accompanied us to Buenos Ayres, where she was married to a respectable man ; and was afterwards wet-nurse in my sister’s family. She learned that her little brother reached home in safety ; but her poor mother was never heard of, so that she probably fell a prey to wild beasts in the forest.

“Campbell, as you know, was much feared by the people, a look from him being quite enough to fill them with terror. On one occasion a poor fellow

was brought before him for having committed some offence, which appeared to excite Campbell's anger to the highest pitch. He told the culprit he deserved to lose his head, and, suiting the action to the word, he drew out his sharp knife, seized the man by his fine long platted queue, and severed it from his head, commanding him thereupon to be off. The poor wretch had quite expected to have his head taken off, and was not a little rejoiced to make his escape, minus only his tail. On another occasion I recollect Campbell's knocking a poor Correntino down for calling my father Don Juan *Postillon*, which was the nearest he could come, I fancy, to Postlethwaite.

“ But to return to the Abipon Indians. When we arrived in Goya in the San José, on our way to Buenos Ayres, they came flocking down to the side of the vessel, and we were much amused to witness their astonishment and delight on beholding Ascencion. We were rather anxious she should keep out of sight, fearing they might make some attempt to get possession of her again; but she had no fear for herself, and the women were as much pleased to see her as if she had been a sister, paying us a daily visit during our stay there. They pressed us

very much to go and see them at their *Tolderia*; and as we had some curiosity to see their manner of living, we went. These *toldos* consisted of small huts, of sticks and straw, built in a triangular form, and coming to a peak. They measured about nine feet by six. They contained nothing but a few cups made from gourds, and their bows and arrows, which were of an immense size. The bow belonging to the Cacique Benavides was about six feet in length, and of such strength that we found it impossible to bend it in the slightest degree. Their huts appeared only to be used as sleeping places. In one of them lay a poor old woman on the bare ground, without any covering. The poor creature, who they told me was sick, was really a horrid-looking being, and appeared to be quite withered with old age. She raised her head when we looked into the hovel, but took no further notice of us.

“The Indians appeared much pleased with our visit, and answered all our questions very good-naturedly. Most of the men were absent, some of them at the time being employed in loading the San José. They seemed all to be miserably poor,

for, although we wanted to make some purchases from them, they had nothing of any kind to sell.

“They are, without exception, the finest race of people I ever beheld,—tall, athletic, and beautifully formed, with a carriage as dignified as if they had all been born to be princes. The women were also tall and graceful, with the sweetest voices I ever heard, their language being pleasing and musical in its sound.

“The day before we left, one of the Indians, called Torivio Galvan, who had been employed as peon on board the *San José*, went up to my father and said, ‘I have never seen the world, and I am very anxious to do so; will you give me a passage to Buenos Ayres? I will work very hard in return.’ He went with us, and was by far the most active person we had on board, seeming ever on the watch to make himself useful. He was a fine, handsome-looking young man of about twenty-four or twenty-five, and a good natured, amiable creature. Nothing appeared to afford him so much amusement as watching us while we ate our dinner. As soon as he perceived Ascencion preparing to lay the cloth, he came up to the com-

panion, over which he leaned, and from which he could see all that was going on in the cabin. There he remained till we had finished dinner and all was cleared away, occasionally making remarks to himself in his own language, which Ascencion told us were exclamations of surprise and admiration: this he did every day. At first it was a little annoying, but we were unwilling to prevent the gratification of his curiosity, and afterwards we got accustomed to it.

“ We left Corrientes about the end of May, 1819, and arrived in Buenos Ayres the 25th of July; our voyage down the river, if you recollect, having been considerably lengthened by our getting on a sand-bank, where we were detained ten days, having been unable to get the vessel afloat until we had discharged all the *troxa* cargo.

“ After the Indians retired from Corrientes things remained tolerably quiet, but only for a short time. Another insurrection broke out, in which the Escobars were deeply implicated. José Luis and Domingo were defeated in an engagement which took place not very far from Goya, whilst we were there, on our way to Buenos Ayres. They were both killed, and Domingo received twenty-seven

bayonet wounds before he would give himself up. Their heads were afterwards exhibited in front of the cabildo in Corrientes. Don Angel and Miguel made their escape into Paraguay, expecting to receive protection from Francia; but, after a short time, they were both led out and shot. The mother's sins were, indeed, awfully visited upon the children in this family. Two men in Chamorro confessed having been hired by this wretched old woman to murder her cousin, who, you may remember, was shot just as he was entering his own house.

“After the total defeat of Artigas, the state of affairs in Corrientes became dreadful. The most shocking atrocities were committed. A friend of my father, for whom he had the sincerest regard, of the name of Montufar, a son of the viceroy of Guatemala, was to have dined with him, as he usually did, on the Sunday. He passed in the morning, and told my father, who happened to be standing at the door, that he had received a message from Monteverde, then comandante de marinos, to go on board the Capitana, which was lying on the other side of the river: he knew not for what he was wanted, and therefore could

not say how long he might be detained. If he returned in time, he would take his dinner with them, but they were not to wait for him. About an hour after, as my sisters Jane and Anne were walking on the azotea of the house, they observed a boat crossing the river with four or five persons in it; when about half-way across, they heard the report of fire-arms, and perceived smoke issuing from the boat; but concluding it was only some soldiers from the Capitana firing off their muskets, they thought nothing more of it. Montufar did not make his appearance, and they dined without him. In the evening Monteverde walked into Perichon's, with whom Montufar lived, and throwing two human ears into the lap of Doña Pastora, said, 'There, Señora, are the ears of your friend Montufar.' The only reason assigned for this barbarous act was that they *suspected* him of being a spy. Little did my sisters imagine, when they heard the report of the fire-arms in the boat, that they were witnessing the awful murder of their poor friend.

"Matters at length became so bad, that my father determined at all risks to leave Corrientes, feeling there was no longer the slightest security for either life or property there; and he was glad to escape

with his family, leaving his house and furniture just as he occupied it.

“On their arrival at Goya, they were invited to stay with the family of Sobrido, your agent; where they also, after their arrival, were terribly alarmed.

“One night, having just retired to their rooms, they were startled by a dreadful outcry, with the report of fire-arms, and they were immediately after informed that the Indians having entered the town, they must not lose an instant in getting on board. They waited for a few moments till the space between the house and vessel was clear, and then hastened down, *just as they were, in their night-dresses*. Poor Anne had got about half-way when some one called to her to return. She had been observed by two of the Indians. On making a second attempt, she was met by Juan, our cook, who caught her up in his arms, carried her to the vessel, and placed her upon the plank. Considering she was safe, he hastened back to my mother and Jane; but poor Anne, from her fright, slipped and fell into the river. She was speedily got out, dripping wet, and was taken on board, where she was presently joined by the rest. They found every

corner of the vessel crowded, and the captain of the port quarrelling with the patron, because the latter positively refused to loose the hawser until my father and his family were on board. Finding that no threat or persuasion availed with the *patrón*, the captain seized a hatchet and ordered Francisco to cut the cable. He was in the act of so doing when my father stepped on board. Had they been a minute later, the vessel would have been carried by the current beyond their reach. One of Mrs. Sobrido's brothers was killed close to the vessel, in the sight of his wife, who was hourly expecting her confinement, and had escaped on board the San José with her children. It was a terrible scene.

"On the following day the people of Goya who had taken refuge on board returned, and found all quiet; but several persons had been killed and wounded. These were the very Indians from whom Campbell had liberated Ascencion when my sister and I stopped at Goya on our way to Buenos Ayres. They had pitched their *toldos* close to the town and were living very peaceably; but most of the men had been unwisely induced to enter the army; they were consequently provided with fire-arms, and on the first affront received from the

inhabitants they rose upon them in the way I have mentioned, and put to death all the persons obnoxious to them, after which they fled to the Chaco once more.

“My father and mother, with my sisters Jane and Anne, left in December, 1820, and arrived in Buenos Ayres on the second day of the following year.

“Of Doña Florinda we know little or nothing, except that she died in great poverty. Campbell made his escape into Paraguay about the time that Artigas fled there; and though he (Campbell,) was informed he must consider himself a prisoner, he was allowed to follow his own business, that of a tanner, at Ñeembucú, where he was still living when we last heard of him, although occasionally getting into hot water with the inhabitants.*

“Tuckerman took a chacara upon the banks of the Paraná—Perichon’s, with which you are well acquainted—about three leagues from Corrientes,

* Campbell had an inveterate dislike to the long platted queues of the Paraguayans. On one occasion, when admiral of Artigas’s flotilla, he took a Paraguay vessel, and landing the crew at Goya, he brought them one and all to the *block*, where, instead of decapitating them, he caused an executioner, with a sharp hatchet, to deprive them all of their queues. Thus shorn of their glory he sent them to Paraguay.

one of the most beautiful situations I ever saw in South America ; and this place he named Mount Vernon, after Washington's estate. He became quite a chacarero in habits, dress, and manners. I believe he married a Correntina, not quite so enchanting a person as Charlotte, and had a large family after we left Corrientes."

Here Miss Postlethwaite's narrative concludes. The disasters and misery which overtook the province of Corrientes towards the close of Artigas's reign, and during the anarchy which ensued after his abandonment of the Protectorate and flight into Paraguay, form a painful contrast indeed to the peace and prosperity which it was enjoying during the period of our stay there, and up to the time of my quitting it for good.

The province, however, shortly after Mr. Postlethwaite's departure, got quit of its anarchical despoilers, and entered on a long course of uninterrupted industry and enterprise, and of consequent prosperity and happiness, of which we shall probably have to take some more particular notice in a future series of our letters.

Yours, &c.

W. P. R.

LETTER LVIII.

W. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

Excitement of Revolutionary Times—San Martin in Chili—Good News—Colonel Escalada—The English Ball—Civil Wars—A Horse in a Bedroom—The Montonera—Proposed Trip to England—*Affaires du Cœur*—Generals Rolon and Soler—General Rolon's Fears—Our Departure—Our Captives—Captain H—resolves to take them to England—A fortunate Rencontre—First rate Navigation.

London, 1842.

REVOLUTIONARY times are times of excitement, and among such a lively people as the Buenos Ayreans there was, during their war of independence, no lack of illustration of this fact. They felt their reverses and their victories with equal sensibility; but, ardent and ambitious, both the one and the other stimulated them to new exertions, and fixed them more steadily in their purpose of achieving their independence of Spain.

Of the invasion of Chili by General San Martin, we shall have to speak historically; but I may here observe, that the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres, after having been greatly elated by the issue of the famous battle of Chacabuco—which at once opened

up the way to the possession of Santiago, the capital of Chili,—were no less depressed by the dispersion of San Martin's army at Cancharayada, which threatened the immediate loss of their recent and most important acquisition.

It was not without reason that the news of this dispersion threw the deepest gloom over Buenos Ayres. The “patria” itself, that is, the independence of the country, was in imminent danger. All had been ventured on the great stake of Chili, and if that country were again to fall under the domination of Spain, the River Plate provinces—the “head and front” of the revolution—might well tremble for their own existence as a free and independent nation.

Nothing could be done at home—all was to be trusted to the genius of San Martin in Chili; and day by day we waited with the most intense anxiety for intelligence which all hoped, but none dared to anticipate, would be of a favourable character. I say *we* waited, because foreigners really seemed to take as deep an interest in the issue as the people themselves.

This was about the middle of April, 1818, the dispersion having taken place on the 19th of March.

One afternoon, then, as eight or nine of us were sitting over our wine at Mr. Dickson's house, where we had congregated to dinner with and without invitation, and as we were discussing the question of the day, "What is to become of the country, should Chili be lost?" Captain S. (I think it was), having previously left the table and gone to the front gate, returned, and quietly putting his head inside of the dining-room door, said, "Colonel Escalada has just arrived with the news of the total overthrow of the Spaniards in Chili."

Now the gallant captain having a great tendency to *quiz*, we only laughed at his news, and all the more that he went on *assuring* us that he had stated a fact. He retired, leaving us to our incredulity, and we resumed our long faces. But we had not sat long when, crack! off went one of the fort guns; and before we could hear another, the bells began to ring a merry peal. Out we all sallied, and found, to our joy, that Captain S's news was perfectly correct. The battle of Maypù had secured the independence of Chili. The enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds: they ran from street to street, and from house to

house, congratulating and hugging each other. Huzzas and vivas filled the air; the whole population was intoxicated with national pride and joy. Our party made for the fort, close to Mr. Dickson's house, and we were just in time to meet our friend, Manuel Escalada, issuing from the first gate amid the acclamations of the throng. He was waving a Spanish colour which he had brought with him from the field of battle, and directing his course to his father's house, where he had not yet been.

I went there, as usual, to the evening tertulia, and a more gay, animated, and joyous scene than it presented could not well be imagined. The house was thronged during the whole night by all the respectable population of the place. The young colonel, who was one of General San Martin's aides-de-camp, found as much work on his hands in his father's sala that evening as he had had on the day of battle—different in its kind, no doubt, but equally fatiguing; and, considering the innumerable glances and admiring looks he had to stand from the brightest eyes and prettiest faces of Buenos Ayres, almost as dangerous. Indeed, he escaped scatheless from the plains of Maypù, but I am not sure if he did not receive a wound this very

night of his arrival, which soon afterwards compelled him to quit the free ranks of the bachelors and submit to the silken bonds of the Benedicts. He married Doña Indalesia Oromi, (the younger sister of Doña Mariquita, heretofore mentioned,) a lady in every way deserving of the gallant young soldier.

The victory of Maypù was celebrated by convivial parties, tertulias, and balls; and among the latter, one given by the British residents, immediately after San Martin's return from Chili, was on a grand scale. It was held in Sarratea's house, occupied by Mr. Brittain as his house of business, which was very handsomely fitted up for the occasion; and the hero of Maypù expressed himself as highly gratified with the splendid mark of respect paid to him by his English friends. The ball went off with the utmost eclat, and was kept up by a great proportion of the beauty and fashion of Buenos Ayres till seven o'clock next morning. We had no disorder, although the patios were filled all night with *tapadas*. The custom of the country is to admit, on occasions of great tertulias and balls, *muffled females*, accompanied by beaux, to view the dancing from the

patios or courts of the house. They are admitted to the windows, the doors, even the passages and inner doors, although they never, on any occasion, attempt to go into the rooms. Hundreds thus congregate to view the party and the dancing ; and many prefer going as *tapadas* to being invited to the ball. Families in mourning, who cannot with propriety accept an invitation, are sure to go as *tapadas*.

San Martin returned to Chili, to follow up the great career he had commenced, and to attack royalty in its strong-holds in South America. In the meantime, the volatile Buenos Ayreans, left free from all fear of any further interference with them on the part of the mother country, gave a loose to the reins of political intrigue at home ; and after the fall of Pueyrredon, in 1819, a state of extraordinary anarchy arose in the following year.

But although revolutions and counter-revolutions became the order of the day ;—although armies engaged in civil war were fighting in the provinces, and gradually drawing nearer to Buenos Ayres ;—nay, although at last we saw our own country houses surrounded by the armed forces, savage and ragged gauchos of the provinces, who at last

lorded it over the poor capital;—we all seemed to live as much at our ease as if the country were in perfect tranquillity. Our ears got so accustomed to the word *revolution*, that all fear of it was completely lost. Our greatest anxiety was when an order came out to seize *horses*. Having all our favourite nags and chargers, we used to resort to every means to preserve them. I recollect that even Sir Thomas Hardy, our commodore, and the Hon. Captain Robert Spencer (both now, alas! no more), were obliged to hide their horses on one occasion; and the latter treated his to a *bed-room* in the hotel where he was lodging.

The undisciplined, heterogeneous, and half-wild armed forces which the chiefs of the interior, at war with the capital, from time to time raised and maintained, went by the general name of the *montonera*, or mob troops. They were a lawless set in their mode of carrying on warfare, and were held in no small terror by the Buenos Ayreans. Yet when these montonera troops finished at last a successful campaign by triumphantly entering the capital at the commencement of the year 1820, they conducted themselves with very great moderation. I was residing at the time at a pleasant but some-

what lonely English country house, well known by the name of the "Paddock," belonging to Mr. Staples, and I used often to traverse the road on horseback late at night, without ever being molested. When the montonera entered the town, they bivouacked round Mr. Mackinlay's quinta; but though the ladies were of course somewhat uneasy at the vicinity of such neighbours, the latter did little or no damage to the premises, and offered no violence of any kind. Their principal leader was one of the celebrated brothers *Carrera*, who having great influence over his men, used it to preserve physical order in the midst of the moral disorganization which prevailed.

It is true matters got so far worse afterwards, as to induce several families to relinquish their villas, and seek shelter in the city. But there was, perhaps, more of alarm than of much real danger, for Mr. Mackinlay never removed his family, and he was not molested by the marauders.

In the midst of these political disturbances, circumstances arose which led me to the sudden determination of visiting my native country. In fact, my close intercourse with Mr. Mackinlay's family had shown me how much my felicity would be increased

were I permitted to become a member of it. I had the happiness to be accepted by his oldest daughter, and her parents approved of the union; but before settling down as a married man, perhaps for many years in South America, a desire to see my friends and relatives at home, as well as a necessity to arrange various business matters, determined me to make a flying visit to England.

There lay in our roadstead a fine East Indiaman, called the *Aberdeen*, commanded by a Lieutenant H——, of our navy, a warm-hearted, but also a very warm-tempered, man. He wanted, before proceeding on his voyage, about a hundred and fifty tons of freight, which I agreed to give him without delay, and to sail with him as passenger to England. I made my bargain on the 6th, and on the 22nd we were ready to put to sea.

Were I inclined to be romantic, or could I reckon on all my readers being of a romantic turn of mind, I might say a great many pretty things on my parting scenes from Buenos Ayres, on this, to me, momentous occasion. But there are two classes of readers of such a work as this. One of them comprises a great many of our friends, who, being of a staid and sedate character, look for "information"

in our pages, and repudiate those lighter affairs of which what they call "trashy novels" are made up. They want statistics, politics, national traits, history, geography, geology, zoology, and all the other ologies; and to such subjects they conceive us to be bound to confine ourselves. I confess I am pretty much of the same opinion, and therefore I must beg of all our other readers who consider that *affaires du cœur* form a legitimate portion of general information, to call in their own imaginations, and so happily to supply any deficiency they may find in me. They can picture to themselves romantic strolls through fine grounds, and they can bring in the gentle moon, throwing a soft light into avenues of orange trees; they can fancy it now intercepted, and now shining forth in silvery and unclouded radiance. Then the flying hours and the mutual vows——in short, they can wander into any region of romance they please.

At the time of which I speak, political dissensions and intestine convulsions were nearly at their height. The head of one party upset another,—triumphed for a day,—and by flight the following day, made room for a third. General Soler having taken a prominent part in this sort of civil war,

and having been ousted in an attempt to overthrow one of the ephemeral governments of the day, sought for safety on board of an English vessel lying in the outer roads. Soon after, another convulsion upset Colonel, afterwards General Rolon, the bitter enemy of Soler. This was only a day or two before my embarking for England, and on Rolon's application to me, I gave him an order to go on board of the Aberdeen. He wanted to get to Monte Video, and so did another friend, though a very opposite character to my military one,—the Reverend James Thomson, an amiable, zealous, and accomplished missionary, as well as an active labourer in the field for the Missionary Society, whose agent he was in South America. Captain H——, at my request, agreed to stand in to Monte Video on our way down, and to put these two gentlemen, Rolon and Thomson, on shore in his boat.

We embarked in stormy weather on the 23rd of March. A strong head-wind prevented us from moving the next day, and in the forenoon, as we lay at anchor, we saw the government felucca, full of men and bearing a broad pendant, making for our vessel. Poor Colonel Rolon was in a fever. He made sure that an armed force was coming to

drag him on shore, or to shoot him where he was; and although H—— indignantly repelled the idea of a foreign force daring to touch any one on board of his, a British vessel,—although he assured Colonel Rolon that he was as safe there as he could be in the King of England's palace,—Rolon's fears were superior to all such assertion, and he begged me to put him where he would be safe in case of any search being made. Much against H——'s will, therefore, the Colonel was stowed away. The boat came alongside, but the commanding officer informed us that he was in search of *another* vessel, on board which General Soler, as already mentioned, had taken refuge from Rolon and his party. They had been sent to carry Soler back in triumph, and finding him in a brig close by, which he was nothing loth to quit, he came on board the *Aberdeen* to see me, in order to learn the news more particularly. Again Rolon, who had come on deck, was hidden, and he had to listen, from where he lay, to Soler in the cabin, denouncing vengeance against him whenever and wherever he could be caught. However, Soler proceeded to his triumph in Buenos Ayres, and my friend Rolon breathed freely once more.

The wind increased to a gale, and we lay three days in the outer roads unable to stir. We could not communicate with the shore, but we heard heavy firing and cannonading, which told me that the discord on shore was busily vying with the angry elements of the heavens on the water.

When we at last weighed anchor, we could make no way against the strong head wind which opposed our progress; and such was its obstinacy, that it kept us for the almost unprecedented term of thirteen days in the river. Captain H——, a man of impetuous temper, was beside himself by being thus thwarted by the elements, and he unfortunately took up the idea that his ill-fortune was owing to his having on board my poor friends, Mr. Thomson and Colonel Rolon, the two Jonases who raised the tempest which tossed us to and fro on the River Plate.

At length, on the thirteenth day, the foul wind died away, and a beautiful breeze sprung up; it got stronger and stronger, and ere long we were scudding along at the rate of nine knots an hour. But here a new difficulty arose; we were so situated that if we stood over to Monte Video, which lay not in our track, we should find it

difficult, if not impossible, to avail ourselves of the fine breeze which was wafting us along. Such a thing was not to be thought of by Captain H——, so he resolved to take his *captives* (for such they might now consider themselves) to Maldonado, and put them on board of the guard-ship lying off that port. Accordingly, as we neared this vessel, the long boat was manned, and my two friends, with no small fear and trembling,—for the sea was running very high and the wind increasing to a gale,—took leave of us and descended to the boat. Off they set, the impatient captain watching their movements with intense anxiety; not that he was disturbed about the personal safety of the party (as I was), but that he had a misgiving as to the boat getting to *windward* of the guard-ship, which was indispensable towards landing our passengers.

We were about a mile off when the boat began to mount one wave, sink into an abyss, and remount another; now it appeared stoutly to buffet with the storm,—now as if to be engulfed in the mighty deep. Captain H—— watched their every movement with nervous anxiety; he never withdrew from his eye the spy-glass with which he scanned every turn of the boat; but as it went nearer to or departed from the mark, his body, by a

sympathetic influence, twisted from one side to another. He held earnest colloquy with himself, after this fashion—"They'll do! they're all right. No! no! where the —— are they going to? Hold up! There! No,—they're off again, by ——. Now, they're right enough if—— They'll miss her! by heaven, they'll miss her! No, they won't! Yes, they will! Oh!—Ah!—Oh, the lubberly scoundrels! Hold up ——! hold up! They'll never make her! There they go! there they go! Oh the villains! (Here the captain's feet went quickly in nervous agitation.) There! There! They've missed her! They're away to leeward! By ——! they'll never reach her!"

Here, in a paroxysm of rage, the captain paced the deck, and gave orders to back our sails and wait for the boat. It was too true that neither she nor our own vessel could possibly make the guardship. "They shall go to England!" cried H——. "By ——, they shall go to England! I would not lose this breeze for the King of Great Britain! They shall go to England, and find their way back the best way they can."

Drenched and half drowned, Mr. Thomson and the Colonel approached the vessel, well knowing that a storm was raging on deck quite equal to that

which agitated the sea ; but they both looked utterly confounded when Captain H—— walked up to them and said they must make up their minds to go to England. Ere they could recover from their surprise, our sails were trimmed, and we were scudding on from all trace or view of the River Plate, at a speed of ten knots an hour.

Mr. Thomson,—the mildest and gentlest of men, and a truly practical follower of the precepts and example of his Great Master,—heard with perfect resignation of the unexpected and extraordinary interruption to all his plans and engagements. It was, of course, a grievous disappointment to him ; but no murmur escaped his lips, no gloom, even momentary, overspread his placid countenance. H—— added to his announcement, that if he fell in with any vessel bound to the Plate (it was about a hundred chances to one that we should not), he would put his passengers on board ; but he could by no means put into any port himself, which would complete the ruin of his already much damaged passage. Mr. Thomson said that if HE who presided over all things saw meet, He would send a vessel to carry him back to the vineyard in which it had been his happiness to labour.

As for Colonel Rolon, being nothing better than a banished man from his own country, he began to relish, a great deal more than I did, the prospect of his visiting England under *my* wing. "You know Don Guillermo," said he; "I am not acquainted with a single soul in England, and therefore be assured I shall never lose sight of *you*. Then you are to return quickly to Buenos Ayres, and I shall return with you,—just in time, I make no doubt, to find my own party once more at the helm of public affairs."

Behold us, then, all sailing away very contentedly for England, with a wind which promised to atone for our long detention. On the fifth day from our adventure at Maldonado we were in the latitude of Rio de Janeiro. But here, to keep up its proverbial character for inconstancy, the wind failed us, and a light but adverse breeze prevented us from making further progress. While we thus lay, almost becalmed, a fine French brig, bound in a contrary direction, hove in sight. She steered towards us, when we hailed her and found she was bound for Monte Video! As vessels take quite different routes going and coming across the Atlantic, the rencontre was most unexpected; but our two friends were

quickly transferred to the Frenchman, and they arrived at Monte Video about six weeks after they left Buenos Ayres, where all hopes of their safety had been abandoned. They had been seen in the boat, which was supposed to have swamped in their endeavour to reach the guard ship.

We had no farther incident during our passage. As we approached England the weather was very boisterous, and we could make no observations for two or three days. When, according to H——'s reckoning, we were nearing St. George's Channel, the wind was fair, but blowing a gale with a thick drizzling rain. We made no land, yet kept running on; and such was the precision of our commander's navigation, that within half an hour of his calculation we at midnight made the light he expected in the Channel, the first land or landmark we had seen, if I recollect well, from the time of our leaving the Plate.

Your's, &c.

W. P. R.

LETTER LIX.

W. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

Arrival in Liverpool—The Surprise—Past Reviews and future Plans—What may be done in England—Contrasts—National Feelings—The Musselburgh Lass—Arrived at Home—Boyhood Scenes—Departure from Lasswade—The late Royal Tour—Loyalty of the Scotch—Beauties of the Tay—Six Weeks' Work—Leaving the River Mersey—The River cleared—Arrived at Maldonado—Montevideo—Arrival at Buenos Ayres.

London, 1842.

My determination to visit England was so closely followed up by my departure from Buenos Ayres, that no intermediate opportunity offered by which I could advise my brother of my intended trip. I was, therefore, the bearer of my own news; and when I arrived in Liverpool my friends at home not only thought I was still at the River Plate, but they had not the remotest idea of seeing me for some years to come.

On landing from the Aberdeen, I drove to my brother's house in George's Square, then, though now no longer, a fashionable quarter of Liverpool. It was about six in the evening of a very hot day, in the middle of June. On knocking at the door,

it was opened by a man servant, who on seeing me started as if he had looked on an apparition, and on my speaking, his confusion evidently increased. The fact is, my brother and I were, at that stage of our career, constantly mistaken for each other,—first, from a similarity of personal appearance, confirmed, secondly, by an absolute identity of voice. So honest John, the man-servant, having just seen his master fast asleep on a sofa in his library, was greatly inclined to take me for his ghost, in which belief he was much confirmed by seeing me uncere- moniously glide past him and walk up stairs. He stood transfixed at the bottom of them.

When I ran into the library and began to shake my brother out of his siesta, the bewilderment of the master was even greater than that of the man. He could not persuade himself that it was not a continuation of his dreams. In fact, there lay on his writing table finished packets, as well as a half-finished letter, addressed to myself, all intended for a vessel to sail the following day for Buenos Ayres ; and “Don Juan” seemed sorely puzzled for a moment in his endeavour to find out whether he had been transported to the River Plate, or Buenos Ayres had come across the Atlantic to give him the meeting in England. It was really a pleasant

meeting, and I don't know that I ever enjoyed anything more than the amazement and excitement caused in my brother's household by my sudden and unlooked for appearance.

We spent the whole of that night on a review of our mutual proceedings since we had parted in Buenos Ayres in 1816,—in arrangements for the present, and in projects for the future. It was determined that I should immediately proceed to “drum”* for a handsome cargo of goods in Manchester, and ship myself with them for my old headquarters, Buenos Ayres. Resolving also to extend our sphere of action to the shores of the Pacific, in South America, we further covenanted that my brother should break up his establishment in Liverpool, and proceed, as soon as possible, to establish a house in Santiago, the capital of Chili.

After seven years' absence from home, and with a prospect of returning for twice that number of years to a distant foreign land, it may be supposed that I might have given a few months, at least, to my family and friends in my native place. But business in England is all imperative, and a

* *Drumming*, among commission merchants and manufacturers, is a well-known term. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I may explain that it means *soliciting* consignments of goods for foreign establishments on commission.

still more powerful agent than even business impelled me onwards to a quick return to Buenos Ayres. On getting back there I was to change my *status* from a useless and insignificant bachelor to that of the dignified and important married man; and, of course, I was all anxiety to return and enter on my new estate.

I propose just to sketch, as rapidly as I can, what I saw and what I did during my stay in England and Scotland, and then my readers shall judge if there be another country on the face of the earth where so much can be accomplished in so short a space of time as in our own country.

I rested for a couple of days in Liverpool, where I got introduced to many of the merchant princes of that emporium, and then proceeded to make the acquaintance of the more substantial, though less dashing capitalists and manufacturers of Manchester. Here I was so well received that my drumming became easy work, and many looms were soon set at work to produce the exact sort of goods which I recommended. After some days spent in the necessary process of canvassing friends, and leaving at last all quite arranged for my forthcoming cargo, my brother and I took mail for Bath, where

I spent some days, *en prince*, with our old patron and relative, of Pultney-street. We visited Bristol and the surrounding country, and then posted off to London, where we landed at the Bedford Coffee-house, under Covent Garden piazzas, then, as I believe now, a comfortable and somewhat fashionable and dear hotel.

When I went abroad next morning, I contrasted, in my mind's eye, the streets and the people of the mighty metropolis with those of Assumption and Corrientes, and I was amazed and bewildered on contemplating *man*—the same *genus*—under such widely differing aspects. I hurried through the sights and the public resorts, drove about the parks, admired the novel invention of cabs,—for even *then* there were no omnibuses, and a steamer was scarcely to be seen,—and stared at the gas lamps. In short, I whirled about, and at the end of a short time, with my brain half reeling under all that it had been obliged to take in, I started once more in the mail, in a northerly direction, leaving my brother to return to Liverpool to accelerate our mercantile movements there.

I proceeded to Leeds and was kindly received by the Messrs. Gotts, the great chiefs of our woollen

manufactures in Yorkshire. I went to York, just to have a peep at the Minster, and then hied me on to my native land. My imagination had been at work, during seven years of absence, in heightening all its natural beauties and all its moral and intellectual worth, while, as always happens, in such cases, I had gone on gradually throwing into the shade its less agreeable features, till they had become altogether invisible to my mental eye. When I came, therefore, to an actual view of Scotland, after travelling over some of the finest parts of England, my national feelings had, at first, to sustain many rude shocks. Comparisons are odious, and I therefore will not here draw them; but content myself with saying that since 1820, although my feelings have continued as national as ever they were, I think I have been able to take a more correct view of my native country, as compared with others, than I had done before that period. I am greatly mistaken if we Scotch would not have much more justice done to our native land could we temper, with some impartiality and judgment, that love of country, or rather enormous national vanity, which prompts us to de-

mand such large concessions on every point in favour of Scotland.

I was bound for Glenesk, already I think mentioned by my brother in this work. The nearest point to which the mail could take me was Mussleburgh, a small fishing town six miles from the capital. Here I arrived at twelve o'clock at night, and the mail put me down at the door of the principal *inn*, the fashionable name of hotel not having as yet penetrated to the unsophisticated Mussleburgh. After thundering for nearly a quarter of an hour at the door, it was opened by a "barefit lass," who, half asleep, rubbed her eyes, and was anything but tidy in her person, or winning in her looks. We got my luggage into the house, and the "lass" looked very impatient to get to sleep again. But I, feeling more hungry than sleepy, wanted to coax her to get me a little supper. "Come," said I, "you surely wo'nt turn me off to bed without either meat or drink; pray let me have something to eat." The lass looked at me with angry surprise. "Lord hae a care o' us!" said she, "Wha d'ye think's gaun to get ye a supper at this oor o' the nicht? It's

twal o'clock." "Hoot! woman," I responded in my vernacular, "'am sure ye wu'd nae send a Scotchman awa to his bed withoot his supper, whan he's come seeven thoosand mile to look for yin." This appeal had the desired effect. The "lass's" face was immediately lit up with a good humoured smile. "Od," said she, "I thocht ye were an Englisher, an ye ken theyre unco fashious sort o' folk; but sit doon," (she showed me into a parlour) "an al get ye some ham and some cheese and breed, and ony think to drink that ye like."

I got a comfortable supper, thanks to my Scotch dialect, and next morning at eight I was in a post-chaise, urging the post-boy to get quickly to Lasswade. There I stopped at a pretty little cottage on the banks of the Esk, and in a moment after I was first in the arms of the old lady, my mother; and then embracing the young ones, my sisters. Those who have travelled, and returned after years of absence to their happy home, know all the joy of the first meeting; and those who have not so travelled, and returned, I advise to do so, for by this means alone can they know some of the most

delightful sensations which are permitted to our nature.

The ground I was now on has lately been sketched, described, dwelt upon by those who have recorded the movements of the august party which a month ago visited Scotland. I will be bound to say that Majesty has viewed no more lovely scenery than that which lies between Dalkeith, Lasswade, and Roslin. They were all the scenes of my own early youth—every inch of the ground was familiar to me; and as I strolled along the romantic banks of the Esk, or wandered through the woods of Hawthornden; as I again revisited Roslin Chapel, one of the most beautiful of our Gothic ruins; as I retraced the scenes of my boyhood, visited Dalkeith school, where for five years I had occupied a place on its *forms* (as we term the *benches* in Scotland); as I thus occupied myself for three days, accompanied by those who had shared my early affections, now only strengthened by time as they had been hallowed by absence; I was amply repaid for every toil I might have undergone, every peril I might have encountered, every privation I might have endured: they were three of the happiest days of my life.

“ Oh friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural pleasure passed !
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets,
Though many boast thy favours, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own.
But foolish man forgets his proper bliss,
E'en as his first progenitor, and quits,
Though placed in Paradise (for earth has still
Some traces of her youthful beauty left),
Substantial happiness for transient joy.
Scenes formed for contemplation, and to nurse
The growing seeds of wisdom, that suggest,
By every pleasing image they present,
Reflection such as meliorate the heart,
Compose the passions and exalt the mind.”

At the end of seven short days, which flew quickly by, I found myself constrained to depart from Lasswade and Edinburgh; but as business called me farther north, and unwilling so soon to part with my sisters, I resolved to carry them with me on my little northern tour.

Taste and circumstances led me to make the very same tour which was lately the universal theme, as that of the Queen; and having made the vicinity of Edinburgh my head quarters, before I set off, I think I am fairly entitled to say, that few could have traced the progress of the royal cortège with more interest than myself. In the adjuncts of

the tour we doubtless could not cope with Her Majesty. What those of that august and most deservedly popular lady were, everybody knows. So everybody knows the enthusiastic feeling with which she was everywhere greeted by the people; the regal state with which she was welcomed by our gallant Scottish chiefs. It was a splendid affair—a heartstirring succession of very noble scenes.

Well, *we* travelled over the same ground in somewhat humbler guise. A post-chaise and pair was all we boasted of. We had no sleepy baillies to amuse us, no processions, turning out of clans, or public demonstrations to enhance the pleasure of the tour. But while public applause is a source of pleasure and just pride to a sovereign who rules in the affections of her people, every one who has made the same tour will agree that the scene itself is fraught with delights equally to be enjoyed by prince and people. It absorbs the mind and the attention so completely, that no want is felt, no desire arises for any additional pleasure than the contemplation of the scene before us. Had the Queen made her tour with Prince Albert only as her companion, and unknown in her public character, she must still have

derived great pleasure from an observation of all the various features of the country, as displayed both by nature and by art. Great indeed is the triumph of Scotland in this point of view, but I may, before leaving the royal progress, be permitted, as a Scotchman, to remark, that the display of her moral feeling, in connection with the Queen, was a still greater victory achieved by my native country. The people arose as one man, and in a burst of loyalty which resounded through the land, greeted the Queen as the fairest and the best impersonation of that monarchical principle which they reverence and cherish with the affection of the olden times. The Queen had "borne her faculties so meekly" in carrying out the principle; while she had maintained it entire, she had so scrupulously minded the rights of her people, that the judgment of her Scottish subjects ratified and strengthened that personal devotion to the royal person, which manifested itself so beautifully and so universally on whichever side Her Majesty turned, as she traversed the various parts of her northern domains.

To return to the tour itself. It undoubtedly embraces a considerable portion of our finest scenery, as all the world has seen in the late descriptions

and "illustrated news" of the Queen's royal progress. The views from Perth to Dunkeld, and along the banks of the Tay to Taymouth and the loch are matchless; and there is great, though gloomy grandeur, in the less traversed district of Crieff. I was particularly struck by the wildness of the scene there, and the primitive character of the people, owing no doubt to its being out of the highway of tourists and sight seers.

By the way of Crieff we went to Stirling, and here an old friend met us to conduct my sisters back to Edinburgh, leaving me free to pursue my journey by way of Glasgow to Liverpool. We had spent six delightful days in our journey, and it may easily be imagined that the parting was a formidable affair.

I travelled to Glasgow so sadly, after the recent loss of my companions, that I saw nothing of sufficient interest to rouse my attention till I got to that great emporium of our cotton and other manufactures in the north. There I was immersed for a short time in business during the day, and called on to drink double deep potations of punch during the night. But this not suiting my head, unaccustomed to the fumes of Jamaica rum, even though

qualified with the finest West India limes, I set off after a couple of days for Liverpool, where my brother was anxiously expecting me to join my loaded barque, now ready for sea, and having a cargo of goods, two-thirds of which had been manufactured for me since my arrival from Buenos Ayres,

From the day that I landed in Liverpool till that of returning to it to take my departure for the river Plate, just forty-two days elapsed, and I often look back with surprise on the amount of business and pleasure, and travelling which I was able to cram into these six weeks. I went over upwards of 1500 miles of ground, spent twenty days with my friends in different cities and towns, and half as many between Liverpool and Manchester in attending to general business, as well as in ordering and selecting from thirty to forty thousand pounds worth of goods, to be taken abroad on account of thirty or forty persons, on consignment. I transacted business besides in London, Halifax, Leeds, Perth, Paisley, and Glasgow, and I saw much of the finest scenery of the country, extending from Somersetshire in England, to Perthshire in the highlands of Scotland. All this was compressed into six weeks, and I feel assured that in Great

Britain alone could such an aggregate of affairs be got through within an equal space of time. And, be it remembered that in those days we had neither steam boats nor railways, the great agency by which I effected my locomotion when on business, having been *night travelling by the mail*.

I was as anxious to keep up the "go ahead" system by sea as by land ; and therefore we chartered a beautiful schooner called the Antelope, for my return voyage—her sailing qualities being of the very first order. We were all ready for sea by the 1st of August, but westerly winds which had for some time prevailed, detained me for six days longer in Liverpool.

There is not a more animated nor yet a more curious sight to be seen than the disgorging of the mighty docks of Liverpool, after a long succession of westerly winds. When we got out, I think there must have been from one hundred and fifty to two hundred sail of merchant vessels tacking backwards and forwards at once on the river Mersey, each more anxious than his neighbour to get out to the open sea. In those days there were few, if any, tug boats to assist the operation ; but only here and there the newly introduced steamers, employed as

ferry boats, were seen provokingly to shoot ahead, in defiance of the wind, while we were fain to propitiate its scanty favours by making what is technically called a long leg and a short one, zigzagging, " 'bout ship," from one side to another, and coming tardily and obliquely to the point we had in view. But so many vessels with their sails set and glittering in the sun, thus passing and repassing one another, closely wedged in, almost scraping each other's sides yet never coming in contact,—and then the lively banks of the river,—the succession of towns, fields, villages, gardens, villas, lawns; the whole formed a very animated and singular scene.

We sailed in the forenoon, and made much better way than most of our competitors; so that as we descended the Mersey the surrounding naval ranks thinned at every tack; and towards evening we had cleared the mass, the sea being only dotted here and there with some other clippers which had made as good speed as ourselves.

We had a very boisterous passage, and what was a great deal worse, we had an ignorant and incompetent skipper. We were twice in the utmost peril of being totally lost, and when we got to the latitude

of Buenos Ayres, instead of being off the Plate we found ourselves on the ground of the sperm whale fishers! From one of the whalers we learned we were many degrees out of our longitude. Ere we could get into the Plate, we were overtaken by a furious gale (a pampero) which first obliged us to lie to for nearly three days, and then, after much buffetting, we were forced to take shelter in Maldonado, the scene of General Rolon's and Mr. Thomson's mishap. But here I fared a great deal better. Our commodore, Sir Thomas Hardy's flag ship, the *Superb*, one of our seventy-fours, was lying in the harbour, and I experienced the utmost kindness from all the officers on board. The honourable Frederick Spencer, then a lieutenant in his brother's frigate, the *Owen Glendower*, happened to be on a visit to the *Superb*, and to him, as an old acquaintance, I was indebted for many civilities. I spent two days agreeably in Maldonado, mostly on board of the man of war, and I had an opportunity of seeing the whole construction and working of one of our line of battle ships. It is a world, a perfect, curious world in miniature, within itself, and quite distinct from the *general* world in which we live.

My little schooner, the Antelope, which lay like a cock-boat beside the gigantic man of war, yet which was much admired for its symmetrical beauty, had come in battered and weather beaten from our rough voyage: but a few expert hands from the Superb soon made her look as spruce as ever; and the weather moderating, I took leave of my kind friends, and proceeded on to Monte Video, where I had directed letters from Buenos Ayres to be waiting for me. The place was in possession of the Brazilians, a people devotedly attached to the system of *passports*; and as I had left free England unprovided with one, I paid for my temerity in landing without so essential a document, by spending a whole day in and out of the police office, apprehended and released by turns. One officer was more perplexed than another what to do with me; and it was not till I obtained an interview with General Lecor, the governor, that I was allowed to depart in peace.

Notwithstanding all our bad weather, and wretched navigation, we arrived in the outer roads of Buenos Ayres, after a passage of sixty-five days, which a clever skipper would undoubtedly have made in five and forty. My friend Captain Falcon,

commanding one of our vessels of war, landed me, as our own boat could scarcely “live” in such a sea as was then running; and after an absence of *less* than seven months, I again found myself, surrounded by many friends, in “old Buenos Ayres.”

And there I leave myself for the present. It is high time to pause and observe how you and our other readers, view our letters so far on South America. If they are found tedious, dull, insipid, or profitless, we are content to withdraw to a corner, and sin no more: but if the story, so far told, should happily lead to a desire to hear the sequel, why then,—we can talk of that hereafter.

Meantime you know with what pleasure I record myself once more as your affectionate friend

W. P. R.

LETTER LX.

J. P. R. to GENERAL MILLER.

My Brother's Departure for Buenos Ayres—I follow in the Cossack
—Prospect of crossing the Andes—Departure from Buenos Ayres
for Chile and Peru.

London, 1842.

My brother having sailed with a valuable cargo, as mentioned in his last letter, was speedily followed by me in a ship three times the size, chartered to go round Cape Horn. The vessel in which he sailed, gliding through the deep with the rapidity of a dolphin, soon reached its port of destination,—Buenos Ayres.

On breaking up my household establishment in Liverpool, I took with me all my domestic goods and chattels, my English servants, and several young gentlemen, in quality of mercantile attachés. Knowing so much of South America as I did, I was resolved to carry with me as many of the elements of English comfort as I could, especially as I was bound for more distant parts (Chile and

Peru) than any in which I had yet been. The mercantile affairs of the house in Liverpool I left in the hands of two brothers, Messrs. John and Richard Hancock; and we had agencies also in London and Glasgow.

Every possible measure was taken to lay the foundation of prosperous and extensive establishments in Santiago, the capital of Chile, and in Lima (when it should fall to San Martin), the capital of Peru. Our affairs in Buenos Ayres were prospering in the hands of my brother; and so our connexion stretched, we may say, from Paraguay to Corrientes, from Corrientes to Santa Fé, from Santa Fé to Buenos Ayres; and it was now intended to complete the chain, round Cape Horn and across the Andes, by the formation, under my own eye, of the contemplated establishments in Chile and Peru.

My imagination was buoyant with the prospect of visiting the countries in which the Yncas had flourished, Pizarro fought, and Ercilla sung his magnificent Araucana. Then to cross the Andes, —those stupendous monuments of Almighty power; —to see the wild guanaco bounding from mountain to mountain, or skirting its almost perpendicular

midway height;—to see dark lakes in the silent seclusion of Nature, shut up in basins formed by vast pyramidal piles of earth, thousands of feet above the level of the sea;—to behold here the arid ascent,—a day's journey to its cloud-capt and snow-covered apex;—to see, far, far beneath, the foaming cataract, and hear the thunder of its roar;—to descend anon from the Cumbre into the romantic and wooded passes which conduct to the fruitful and umbrageous valleys of Chile: the anticipation of all this both charmed and warmed my imagination, till I began to think every day of our voyage in the Cossack a week, every week a month, and every month a year.

At length we reached the River Plate, and I was landed at Buenos Ayres, where I once more met my brother, and from whence I proposed again to cross the Pampas; not now in the direction of Paraguay but in that of Mendoza, *en route* for Chile.

I only stayed a few days, for refreshment, at my brother's country-house, making occasional visits to the counting-house. They were short, but sufficient to show me that all was going on prosperously.

The Cossack then sailed, with all my establishment, for Valparaiso; and taking, after an absence

of now four years from South America, to my old Pampa habits, I started off, under the halloo of the postilions, in my old hide-and-thong-bound carriage, accompanied by a large *posse comitatus* of Spanish and English friends to the first post-house. Foremost, as principal outrider, on his *cavallo blanco*, went Don Felipe, scampering, capering, and making frequent appeals to the *chiflè*, or silver-tipped horn, which dangled at his saddle-peak. We all parted, half merry, after dinner: my friends on their return to Buenos Ayres, and I to make another post or two in advance toward Mendoza.

Here, for the present, I bid farewell to you and my readers, faithfully promising, if they give me encouragement, to prosecute, in another Series, my adventures and observations on the most interesting of all the countries I have yet visited,—Chile and Peru.

Your's, &c.

J. P. R.

LETTER LXI.

THE AUTHORS TO GENERAL MILLER.

HISTORICAL REVIEW RESUMED AND CONCLUDED.

Pueyrredon's Government—Its Despotic Nature—The National Congress subservient to the Executive—Arrests and Banishments—Brazil and the Banda Oriental—General Lecor—General San Martin—His Crossing the Andes—His Operations—Prepares for Attacking—His Despatch—Battle of Chacabuco—Its Results—Its Heroes—O'Higgins Director—San Martin refuses Promotion—The War in Upper Peru—Miscellaneous.

London, 1842.

THE installation of a National Congress and the election of a Supreme Director of the State, in the person of Don Juan Martin de Pueyrredon, gave the united provinces of the River Plate, for the first time, the character of an independent nation under a settled form of government.

That form was democratic, theoretically speaking; but the temper and education of the new director were essentially calculated, in point of fact, to place the institutions of the country under the dominion of an oligarchy, if not to make them those of an absolute monarchy. Pueyrredon had chosen the career of a soldier, and as such he had attained a fair reputation. But he was proud, haughty, and aristocratic in his feelings. He

carried his respect for military discipline into the cabinet; and, however willing he might be to allow the people to talk of liberty and free institutions, he was not even remotely inclined to allow these principles to interfere with his supreme command.

Had Pueyrredon, with this tendency to exercise something like a military despotism, possessed high principles of honour, and unsullied political integrity, perhaps his policy would have been the best adapted to the actual circumstances of the country; for party spirit ran high, and the recent transition from a state approaching to slavery to one of unlimited freedom, had engendered a spirit of licence, not unlikely to degenerate into anarchy, which could only be controuled and corrected by a strong and determined executive.

But there was little of Roman virtue in Don Juan Martin de Pueyrredon; and, without wishing to attack him personally, truth compels us to say that his government was corrupt and venal to a melancholy and too notorious extent. Its military power and influence were used, not to preserve order and uphold good institutions at home,—not to consolidate the independence of the country, or resist the encroachment of insidious enemies abroad,—but to put down, openly and tyrannically, all those

citizens who dared to murmur at the dilapidations of the public treasury, or the inglorious apathy which marked the public career of the Directory.

The Congress in no way tended to ameliorate this state of affairs. It had been convoked in Tucuman, and there it absurdly met and continued to sit, eight or nine hundred miles distant from the seat of the national executive! It may well be conceived, therefore, that the *Tucuman* Congress was a nullity. This became so evident at last that the profusion of doctors and other individuals who composed the "august" body, were brought at the public expense, for it was a *paid* legislature, to Buenos Ayres, where it opened its sessions in great state on the 12th of May, 1817.

By whatever means it was brought about, the Congress, when translated to Buenos Ayres, became entirely subservient to the executive. It sunk into the mere creature of Pueyrredon and his government; and sanctioned with its authority, such as it was, whatever measures the executive chose to submit to its approval.

But the system which the executive established for the Congress was, that it should interfere as little as possible with the active measures of the govern-

ment; the doctors were left to discuss the articles of the constitution—to decide whether it should be a *permanent* constitution, or a provisional regulation; and to amuse themselves with all and every matter of *form* on which any honourable member chose to make a motion, and the Congress should resolve to make a subject of discussion.* As the constitution was still in suspense, no *laws* were passed; and the matters of any practical moment which were “resolved” and agreed to, were only such as the executive suggested for its own use, or demanded for its additional authority, as sanctioned by the Congress.

The supineness of the Government during the invasion of the Banda Oriental by the Brazilians, (to be presently spoken of), and its laxity of morals at home, having called forth the indignant and spirited remonstrances of a paper, called the *Cronica Argentina*, no fewer than nine respectable individuals, supposed to be most inimical to the Government, were arrested at one and the same

* In the session held on the 1st of September, 1816, we find that “the Sovereign Congress, named by acclamation as patroness of the National Independence, the Glorious American Virgin, *Santa Rosa of Lima*, with the reserve of opportunely applying to the Supreme Pontiff for a concession of the corresponding favours and privileges.”

hour on the 12th of February. They were hurried, without process or trial, nay, without being allowed to communicate with their families, on board of an English merchant vessel, the captain of which illegally and shamefully agreed, for a sum of eight hundred pounds, to carry these exiles to the United States. Among them was one whose abilities and known public probity rendered him a thorn in the side of the Government—our friend Don Manuel Moreno, now minister at our Court, and of whom we have had occasion so often to speak in terms of praise.

The violation of personal freedom in this case, and the outrage on law and public rights in a country calling itself free, was bad enough; but what was worse, Pueyrredon had the temerity to publish a manifesto, justifying his proceedings,—as if his *dictum* were the law of the land, and his hired and secret emissaries the proper administrators of that law.

Many other arrests, confinements, and banishments took place; among the rest, General Cornelio Saavedra, he who acted so prominent a part on the deposition of the Spanish authorities, was kept for some time under arrest at Ensenada, though

on being released, he had the satisfaction of a public note from the Secretary of State, saying he was a prudent and circumspect person, and that "his confinement had originated in principles which in no way tarnished his name !"

While the government of Pueyrredon was busy suffocating public opinion at home ; while, founded on a system of proscription, it was establishing an absolute and irresponsible power, which paralyzed the country during the whole of the Directory ; we must see what progress the affairs of the republic were making abroad.

The Brazilians had ever kept a watchful eye on the Banda Oriental. They never for a moment lost sight of the advantages which the incorporation of that rich and admirably situated province would yield to the Brazilian empire ; and many furtive attempts accordingly, they made to possess themselves of it.

The open war at last which Artigas, the Oriental chief, waged on the central Government of the united provinces of the River Plate, and his public assertion of the independence of the Banda Oriental, offered to the Brazilians an occasion to take possession of it, too tempting to be easily

resisted. General Lecor, an able and crafty politician, as well as an accredited military leader, was placed at the head of a respectable force, and ordered to advance, cautiously and quietly, on the Banda Oriental. He gave out that his object was to repress any disorder which might spring from the anarchical sway of Artigas. Lecor affected to consider the country as separated from and independent of the government of Buenos Ayres. He deprecated the allegation that he was infringing any former compact made with the united provinces, and he cajoled Pueyrredon with smooth words and a subdued style in his communications. Indeed the remonstrances of the Buenos Ayres Government were so very polite, that, according to general opinion, Pueyrredon looked on the Brazilians as more legitimate occupants of the Banda Oriental, than was his hated enemy, the Protector Artigas.

Taking it for granted, however, that there was no *collusion* between the Directorate of Buenos Ayres and General Lecor, for the free occupation by the latter of Monte Video, nothing could be more pusillanimous, nay, more criminal, than the conduct of Pueyrredon and his advisers. Without

obstacle, almost without a remonstrance, General Lecor advanced steadily and slowly on the eastern capital of the River Plate; entered it on the 6th of February, 1817; and then quietly told the Montevideans and inhabitants of the province at large, that they were under the mild and beneficent sway of the Emperor of Brazil.

The Buenos Ayres Government Gazette made a few philosophical observations on the new order of things in the Banda Oriental; and then, equally no doubt to Lecor's surprise and satisfaction, the country was left quietly in his possession. For reprobating such cruel apathy on the part of the Buenos Ayres executive, many of her patriotic citizens were proscribed and banished.

While this most inglorious transaction was passing on the eastern bank of the Plate, a very different course of events was going forward on the other side of the Andes,—the invasion of Chile by General San Martin, and the final establishment of the independence of that country through his indefatigable exertions, and splendid military achievements. The glory of his deeds was reflected on the whole union of the River Plate; but the severity of historical truth demands of us

to say that to San Martin, and to San Martin alone, must be ascribed the praise of first conceiving and then executing the plan, of giving emancipation to Chile by the force of his country's arms.

We have already seen that, after the accession of Pueyrredon to supreme power, San Martin was thrown on his own resources, or on such as he could call into life in the poor and distant provinces of Cuyo. Nay, a jealousy was entertained of his growing renown; and it is a fact, that a sorry intrigue was set on foot to deprive him of the governorship of Mendoza, and so to cripple his action in the great project which he had undertaken. San Martin's own sagacity and prudence, aided by the enthusiasm of those around him, who were closely linked in his undertaking, caused the intrigue to fail; but enough transpired to show the *animus* of those who would have thrown into the shade, but could not eclipse his fame.

At the close of our historical matter in the preceding volume, we left San Martin at Mendoza, concluding his preparations for his passage of the Andes. In vain the royalists had endeavoured to divert him from his purpose, by a threatened

descent of their army in Upper Peru, on the River Plate provinces. San Martin, on his part, made a feint of proceeding to the relief of General Belgrano, but on the 20th of January he was ready to move with all his forces on Chili. On the 28th he arrived with his army in the best order at "*los Manantiales*, on the road of *el Pato*;" and from this point he determined so to direct and combine his movements, as to secure the passage of the four *cordilleras*, or roads which lead from the eastern to the western base of the mighty Andes.

To those who, like ourselves, know what the crossing of the Andes is, this great and preliminary movement of General San Martin cannot fail to stand boldly out, as one of the grandest military operations which was ever undertaken in any age or nation. "The transit alone of the mountains," says San Martin most justly, in one of his despatches, "is of itself a triumph. Figure to yourself the aggregate of an army moving with the embarrassing bulk of provisions and provender requisite for nearly a month's consumption, arms, ammunition, and other appurtenances, on a march of three hundred miles, the road traversed by rugged

heights, defiles, deep glens, and intersected by four chains of mountains ; a march, in short, where the asperity of the ground is disputed by the rigidity of the climate. Such is the road of *Los Patos*, which we had to traverse."

Let us here add to San Martin's hasty military sketch of the passage of the Andes, that the chains or *cordilleras* he had to pass were abrupt in their ascents and descents ; the valleys or *caxones*, narrow and difficult for the passage of an army ; that the passes, properly speaking, were, in some instances, excavations on the face of rocks, which rose nearly in a perpendicular form above, and in like manner descended to a mountain torrent below ; and that the extreme heights to which they had to climb were eleven, twelve, or thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The valleys of the Andes are called *caxones*, or *boxes*, as being quite of that figure ; a narrow bottom or ravine, hemmed in by a mass of rock, rising perpendicularly on either side. San Martin, therefore, resolved to secure the four passes of the cordillera, and break through the obstacles that might be opposed to him in the defiles, by which he proposed to penetrate into Chile. For this

purpose he formed his army into two divisions: the first, which was to march as the vanguard, was commanded by Brigadier Don Estanislao Soler, and consisted of the grenadiers and light companies of the 7th and 8th regiments, the Commander's escort, the 3rd and 4th squadrons of the grenadier cavalry, and five pieces of flying artillery: the second, of the 7th and 8th battalions, commanded by Brigadier Don Bernardo O'Higgins, and the 1st and 2nd squadrons under Colonel Zapiola; while the commander of the artillery with his men, and the miners and sappers, followed immediately after. At the same time San Martin ordered that the chief of the engineers, with two hundred men, advancing on the left, and penetrating by the *boquete* or gorge of Vallehermoso, should fall upon the Cienego, where there was an enemy's guard; and finally, that re-ascending the heights of Cuzco, and having on his rearguard the mountains (or *cordilleras*) of Piuquenes, he should open up these passes, then march on the Achupallas,—take this point, which is the neck of the valley, and put it in a state of defence, in order to re-unite the army with security, and enable it to disgorge (*desembocar*) in Putaendo. Colonel Don Juan Gregorio de las

Heras took the road of Uspallata, with the view of occupying Santa Rosa, the village which terminates that entrance into Chile.

The enemy offered resistance in all the different routes, but in every direction they were forced to retire before the dexterous manœuvres and gallant attacks of the various chiefs who led the army across the different cordilleras. Those officers already named distinguished themselves in the highest degree; and a gallant attack of the cavalry commanded by Colonel Necochea, finally enabled the great body of the army to enter the town of San Felipe, capital of the province of Aconcagua. The advance was no less picturesque than heroic; and various despatches written by the intrepid leaders from the frowning heights or the deep valleys of the Andes, are full of life and spirit, as they depict their own irresistible progress, and the unwilling retreat of the royalists from their various strongholds in the mountains.

“At length,” says General San Martin, from San Felipe de Aconcagua, on the 8th of February, “the enemy has entirely abandoned the province, falling back upon Santiago, (the capital). Sorry I am that I must, before I can follow him, allow a lapse of six days, which will be necessary towards

collecting horses, to enable us to move and to act. Without this help, we can do nothing on a large scale. The army has come over on foot. Twelve hundred horses which we brought with us were, in spite of every precaution, rendered useless on the road,—so rugged is the passage of the Andes. But Chile will soon be free. The co-operation of its gallant sons is every moment more decisive. To-morrow I leave this place to cover the hills of Chacabuco, and other approaches to Santiago."

It will be seen, from the sketch we have here given, that in eleven days, San Martin, with an army and all its *matériel*, sweeping before him every obstacle which came in his way, passed from the eastern base of the Andes into a principal town of one of the fertile provinces of Chile. He had four distinct passes of the mountains to penetrate, each guarded in a narrow gorge by a watchful enemy; and when we speak of a pass, we are not to imagine a glen or a ravine of so many hundred yards in length, but a series of huge mountains and deep valleys, embracing four great ridges, and stretching from the plains of La Plata on one side, to the low lands of Chile on the other, to a total length of THREE HUNDRED MILES. Such, accordingly, as is the Andes, so was San Martin's

enterprise—gigantic, in no exaggerated sense of the word.

Although General San Martin, on the 8th of February, writes to his Government that he would require six days to place his army on such a footing as would enable him to follow up his successes, his indefatigable and energetic spirit would not allow him to rest even so long, after his first great move into the heart of his enemy's territory; for he thus takes up the thread of his story.

“At daybreak on the *ninth*, I replaced the bridge across the river Aconcagua, and ordered the Commandant Millan to march with his squadron on the hill of Chacabuco, there to observe the enemy; the army, now completed by the division of Colonel Las Heras,* who had orders to join at this point, followed and encamped at the opening of the valley.

It was on the heights of Chacabuco that the royalists made their stand, determined there to oppose the farther progress of the daring invaders.

* Las Heras had crossed the Andes by the *Uspallata* road, which terminates at Santa Rosa, a village of Chile. He gallantly carried “*La Guardia*,” which defends this entrance into the country.

The advanced guard of San Martin took up a position within musket range of the enemy, and on the 10th and 11th all necessary surveys were made towards entering on a decisive engagement at the dawn of the 12th.

The detail of the engagement which ensued we cannot give half so well as in General San Martin's own dispatch. It can scarcely be considered otherwise than well worthy of insertion here, since it led to results of the utmost magnitude in the history of the emancipation of South America.

"I gave," says our gallant friend, for as such it is our boast to speak of him, "I gave to Brigadier Soler the command of the right wing, consisting of the rifle regiment, No. 1, grenadier, and light companies of the 7th and 8th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Anacleto Martinez; seven pieces of artillery, No. 11; my escort, and the 4th squadron of mounted grenadiers. This force was to flank and surround them, while Brigadier O'Higgins, who had the command of the left, was to attack them in front with the battalions No. 7 and 8, the squadrons 1, 2, and 3, and two pieces of artillery. The result of our first movement was, as it ought to be, the abandonment of our enemy's position on the heights. The rapidity of our movements did not

give them time to bring up their forces from the farm-houses of Chacabuco to dispute our ascent. We had necessarily contemplated this first success; the enemy's infantry, in their retreat, had to cross a plain of four leagues, and although their infantry was sustained by a good column of cavalry, experience had taught us that one squadron of ours was sufficient to carry the whole of the other before it, and to cut it to pieces. Our position was most advantageous. General O'Higgins could continue his attack in front, while General Soler was in a position to flank the enemy if he attempted to maintain his ground before retiring to the plain. To insure my plan, I made Colonel Zapiola march forward with the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd squadrons, either to charge or to keep the enemy in play till the 7th and 8th battalions arrived. This movement succeeded, and the enemy was obliged to take a retrograde position. On the right, General Soler continued his movement, which he directed with such combination and skill that, although he had to climb the most rugged and impracticable heights, he approached the enemy unnoticed, till he was commanding their own position and threatening their flank.

“The resistance which was here opposed to us was vigorous and stubborn. A destructive fire was opened upon us, and for upwards of an hour our victory was disputed with the utmost ardour. The fact is, that there was at this point fifteen hundred of the flower of the enemy’s infantry sustained by a considerable corps of cavalry. The decisive moment, notwithstanding, approached. The brave Brigadier O’Higgins unites the 7th and 8th battalions under their respective chiefs, Cromer and Conde,—he forms close columns of attack, and at the head of the 7th charges the left of the enemy with the bayonet. Colonel Zapiola, at the front of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd squadrons, with their commanders, Melian and Molina, breaks in on the right. It was an instantaneous effort. General Soler, at the same time, fell on the height which upheld his position. This formed his support on his extreme; the enemy had detached two hundred men to defend it, but the Commandant Alvarado arrives with his rifles, detaches two companies, and attacks the height; and to turn the enemy, and destroy them at the point of the bayonet, was the work of an instant. Lieutenant Zorria distinguished himself in this action.

“In the meantime the squadrons, commanded by their intrepid leaders and officers, charged in the bravest manner; all the enemy’s infantry was broken and destroyed, the slaughter was terrible, the victory complete and decisive.”

The routed enemy was closely followed up by San Martin. The whole of the infantry was taken, dispersed, or destroyed, the prisoners being six hundred men and thirty-two officers; an equal number was killed, while all the *matériel* of the royalist army, together with the colours of the regiment of Chiloe, fell into the hands of the victors.

Among the great results of the battle of Chacabuco, perhaps the most immediately important was the capture of the President of Chile himself—Don Francisco Marcó del Pont, a Spaniard of distinguished family, and field-marshal in the Spanish army. In the midst of the confusion which prevailed in the capital on the rout of the army being known, he abandoned it with such troops as he could muster, and retired to Valparaíso. But afraid, apparently, of trusting himself there, or wrongly informed that the port was already in the hands of the enemy, he turned off towards San Antonio, lying on the coast south of Valparaíso;

and having been betrayed by some countryman, the President and his escort were surprised in a cottage and taken prisoners by one Captain Aldado. Great were the difficulties which the President Marcò had all along had to contend against, for it might almost be said, from the amount of disaffection towards the rule of Old Spain, which it had been impossible to smother in the breasts of the people at large, that he had for some time been ruling in an enemy's country.

Among the officers who most distinguished themselves were all the leaders already mentioned, Colonels Baruti and Hilarion de la Quintana, as well as General San Martin's aides-de-camp Don Jozé Antonio Alvarez, Don Antonio Arcos, Don Manuel Escalada, and Captain O'Brien; the latter a brave Irishman.* In a subsequent and distinct despatch, too, General San Martin speaks in terms of the highest praise of another countryman of our own, Mr. Parroissien, then at the head of the medical staff, with the grade of lieutenant-colonel.

The victorious army, within a day or two after

* When Mr. W. P. R. visited Chile, in 1827, his old friend Colonel, now General, O'Brien, went from Santiago de Chile to Santa Rosa to meet Mr. R., who had the pleasure of going over the field of Chacabuco with the gallant Colonel.

the battle, entered Santiago, the capital, in triumph. On the 15th General O'Higgins was, by acclamation, proclaimed Supreme Director of the state. In the rest of the country the new order of things was promptly established. "In a word," says San Martin, "the echo of patriotism resounds in every quarter, and with the army of the Andes rests for ever the glory of saying, 'In twenty-four days we have finished the campaign, we have passed the highest mountains in the globe, we have extinguished tyranny, and we have given liberty to Chile.'"

It is pleasant to find credit given to those who really most deserved it, for the extraordinary efforts made to recover the independence of Chile. It was mainly achieved, as we have already had occasion to show, by the genius of San Martin, and by the generous and devoted co-operation of the poor inhabitants of the province of Cuyo, of which Mendoza (where the army of the Andes was formed) is the chief town.

"The sacrifices of the province of Cuyo," says General O'Higgins, the Supreme Director of Chile, in a public despatch, "are inconceivable. We have there seen, in the midst of absolute poverty, an

army of four thousand men formed, clothed, maintained, paid, and equipped for a lengthened campaign, by the exertions of a rural population, badly remunerated, through foreign competition, for the products of their labour. There, an armoury (maestranza), a manufacture of saltpetre and of powder, another of clothes were established; in short, from nothing everything has sprung, in spite of poverty and without a murmur being heard. An enterprising genius found in the Cuyanos that generosity of soul which meets all demands with alacrity, making them take the character of free offerings."

General San Martin, himself, was offered the rank of brigadier, but he resolutely refused this honour, and remained with his colonel's commission.

Although the defeat of the royalists on the plains of Chacabuco was complete, they still maintained a footing in the country. They retired on the southern province of Concepcion, where they re-organized their scattered and diminished forces. They became again so far formidable as to induce the Director himself, General O'Higgins, to take the field; and, although we find many successes re-

corded, he was not able to drive the enemy out of the country. He, however, shut them up in Talcahuano, the port of Concepcion, his head quarters being established at the latter city, only six miles from Talcahuano. He made on the 6th of December a brave but ineffectual attack, when he lost many gallant officers ; and, on the 14th of the same month, the Government announced to the people the approach of another expedition from Lima to re-conquer Chile.

The operations of the army in Upper Peru were, on the whole, this year of an unimportant character. We ought to have mentioned in the historical matter of our second volume, that, in lieu of General Rondeau, General Belgrano was, in 1816, named commander-in-chief of the Peruvian army. He fixed his head quarters at Tucuman, where he remained during the year ; but the governor of Salta, commandant-general of the vanguard, Martin Güemes, kept up a desultory and guerilla warfare with General La Serna, who commanded the royalist army.

It is somewhat curious, indeed, to read the many bulletins in which the successes of the patriots are detailed, while, in point of fact, they were always

obliged to retire before La Serna when he chose to make a decided movement upon them. He made Jujui for some time his head quarters, and then he descended to Salta, the capital of Güemes's own province. This town La Serna kept possession of for twenty days, committing many excesses; hence he made a somewhat disastrous retreat to Jujui, Güemes hanging on his rear and worrying him with his guerilla attacks. Then the gallant Colonel La Madrid took Tarija in April, and it was recaptured in July by the royalists. Again La Serna retired from Jujui towards Upper Peru, and being called to Lima by the increasing difficulties of the Spanish cause, General Olañeta was left in command. At the end of the year this commander was at Tilcara, and the patriots had possession of Jujui. No general action was risked by either party during the year; although a gallant attack by a Commandant Roxas on a squadron of Estremadura cavalry, at a place called San Pedrito, in which he had the glory, as he says, of "*pasando à degüello*," that is, of cutting the throats of the whole party of one hundred and forty men, was magnified by the patriots, in the dearth of other events, into a great victory. The truth is, that

General Belgrano was not supported energetically nor, in fact, at all by his Government; so that, as a necessary consequence, the campaign languished under his hands.

One or two domestic matters call for a passing notice. Doctor Funes, the amiable and learned Dean of Cordova, published this year his Political Essay on Paraguay, the first historical work which belongs to the Revolution, and one of considerable merit. The extension of the frontier towards the south,—that is, an acquisition of the territory of Patagonia, inhabited by the Indians, was decreed. Although Pueyrredon and Lecor seemed to be on good terms, Spain protested against the occupation of the Banda Oriental by Portugal. The privateers fitted out under the letters of marque granted by the Government, sent many valuable vessels and crews into Buenos Ayres, which were all sold as good prizes. Finally, the official organ of the Government, instead of claiming triumphs for it, was obliged constantly to stand on the defensive,—now denying that a league between Pueyrredon and Lecor existed—now that the former granted special licences for the supply of the latter with flour and other provisions;—anon it rebutted

the charge that the Director had any thing to do with the contraband which, *even through the custom-house itself*, was notoriously carried on; and it parried other blows aimed at his reputation of an equally heavy and stunning kind.

Yours, &c.

THE AUTHORS.

LETTER LXII.

THE AUTHORS TO GENERAL MILLER.

Operations in Chile and Lower Peru—Pezuela and Ordoñez—General Osorio—Rout of Cancha Rayada—Approaching Struggle—General Guido's Letter—Preparations for Battle—Battle of Maypo—Its Results—Honours to the Victors—San Martin's entry into Buenos Ayres—His Letter to Pezuela—The Spanish Expedition—The Deserters—Rise of a Chilean Fleet—Its first Achievements—Admiral Blanco—The Army of Upper Peru—War in Peru and Banda Oriental—A Venal Government—North American Commissioners—Dear Provisions.

London, 1842.

THE great political events of 1818, like those of its predecessor, were in connexion with Chile and Lower Peru; and with these, therefore, we shall commence our sketch of the year.

When the battle of Chacabuco placed the capital of Chile and the northern provinces in the hands of the patriots, the royalists had retired, as we have seen, upon their strong-holds in the south. The country was yet theirs from the river Maule to Concepcion; and, going still southward, from the Bio-Bio to Valdivia and the Island of Chiloe. The king's cause was headed by Ordoñez, a brave and expert officer, and he determined at all hazards to

hold his footing in Chile till he should receive those new and extensive succours which his declining cause, under the energy, ability, and enthusiasm of the patriots, made every day more and more necessary, and which he energetically demanded from the Viceroy of Peru, General Pezuela.

General O'Higgins had taken the field against his still formidable enemy; and although he reduced them to their fortress of Talcahuano, which commanded the beautiful bay of the same name, he was not able to drive them from that position. The Spaniards are proverbial for the tenacity and courage with which they hold a fortified place.

Pezuela hastened not only to relieve Ordóñez, but to make a bold attempt to recover at once all that had been lost to the king's cause by the battle of Chacabuco. He accordingly fitted out an expedition of from two to three thousand men, and placing it under the command of General Osorio, an experienced chief, despatched it to Talcahuano. Here the new commander found one thousand five hundred men more; and thus, with a well organized army, upwards of five thousand strong, he marched in February towards the river Maule, and passed it without opposition.

In the meantime General San Martín had been

busy organizing his own army, and having brought it up to something like the numbers of his enemy, he put himself in motion as soon as the former had abandoned Curicò, a village on the road leading to Talca, which again is on the high way to Santiago.

San Martin reckoned with certainty on obtaining a victory, and all his movements had for their object the making of that victory complete and decisive : as he himself says, he contrived constantly to flank Osorio, and to threaten an attack front and rear. "In this position both armies," again says General San Martin, "fell at the same time on Talca, whence it was impossible for the enemy either to retreat or to repass the Maule."

But here, by a decisive *coup de main*, General Osorio evaded even the proverbial vigilance of San Martin; and but for the energy for which he was equally remarkable, all the fruits of his former exertions might suddenly have been snatched from his hand.

The fact is, that General San Martin's army did not get up to its position in front of Talca till night-fall; and he was still forming his provisional lines, towards nine o'clock, without the remotest idea of any interruption, both forces being completely jaded by the day's operations, when

Osorio fell suddenly upon the patriots and attacked them with the utmost fury. Instantaneous confusion pervaded the whole of the Chilean army. A rout—a total dispersion of the left wing—took place, after a short and ineffectual resistance; and although the right wing and cavalry made a retreat in tolerable order, all the *matériel* of San Martin's army was lost, and the greater number of his troops were flying hither and thither. Such was the memorable dispersion of Cancha Rayada on the 19th of March. The patriot army, it might be said, was disbanded.

Well may it be supposed the consternation into which the country was thrown by a reverse like this, at the very moment of a universally anticipated victory. San Martin happily stood undismayed. Luckily for him, too, Osorio did not follow up his extraordinary advantage with all the quickness which one might have expected from his daring and impetuous attack. Every moment which he lost San Martin turned to advantage with the most surprising industry and energy. He was ably seconded by his officers. "The deep interest," says the gallant soldier, "the energy and firmness with which the chiefs and all the officers of the army co-operated for the re-establishment of order and

discipline, does them the greatest honour. The truth is, our forces were very inferior to those of the enemy : many of our corps had been reduced to skeletons, and we had battalions that did not form two hundred men."

San Martin was necessarily forced, in his embarrassing position, to retreat rapidly upon Santiago, where alone he could replace the *matériel* he had lost ; and in the incredibly short space of three days his army was reorganized in the immediate vicinity of the capital.

Accordingly, before the country at large had time to recover from the shock which the dispersion of Cancha Rayada produced, San Martin was again prepared to meet the enemy. He reassured his men, and encouraged them to regain their honour only momentarily lost ; and he so filled them with a renewed ardor in the cause, that after a retreat of eighty leagues, under the most dispiriting circumstances, the patriots felt as secure as ever of victory in the forthcoming struggle, which was fated shortly to decide the question on the plains of Maypo.

General Don Tomas Guido, whose talents both in the camp and the cabinet have rendered him a conspicuous public character throughout the revolution, and whose winning address and social quali-

ties have always made him a favourite with all parties, was at this time envoy from the United Provinces to the Republic of Chile; and having proceeded to head quarters, he writes, on the 29th of March, to his Government thus:—

“ At five this afternoon the encampment of Maypu, distant a league from this city, was entered by the division of the combined army, consisting of three thousand five hundred infantry, commanded by Brigadier General Balcarce, who placed himself at its head at Rancagua, to which point the division had been conducted by Colonel de las Heras. The commander-in-chief, General San Martin, had arrived two days previously with the battalions of the fourth regiment of the line, that of the infantry ‘de la patria,’ and the piquets to a considerable number of all the corps which were dispersed on the night of the 19th.

“ The re-union of the troops was announced by a grand salute of artillery and the ringing of all the church bells of the capital. The rear-guard of cavalry were left at Rancagua, whither five hundred more proceed to-morrow, as fully equipped as before the action of the 19th. The enemy has not moved from his position at Talca.

“ The enthusiasm of the troops has been mani-

fested in the order and subordination which they have observed up to the time of their encampment; and the energetic measures of the Government as well as the talents of the commanders of the army, give promise of a happy result should the enemy approach this province."

Approach the province they certainly did, for on the 1st of April they crossed the river Maypo, about seven leagues distant from Santiago. On the 2nd San Martin took up his position on the *Asequias de Espejo*; * and on that and the two succeeding days he was engaged in guerilla skirmishes with the enemy's forces.

At length, on the 5th, Osorio marched onwards. He appeared desirous of doubling San Martin's right, in the distance,—of threatening the capital, cutting off a communication with Aconcagua, and securing for himself the road of Valparaiso. When San Martin saw all this, he thought the moment for attacking Osorio had arrived, and making a change of direction on his own right, accordingly, he placed himself in front of his enemy.

General Balcarce had the command of all the infantry; the right under Colonel Las Heras, the

* *Asequias* are small canals with which all the country is intersected for the purpose of irrigating the land.

left led by Colonel Alvarado, while the reserve was headed by Colonel Quintana. The cavalry on the right was commanded by Colonel Zapiola, and the left by Colonel Freyre.

General Osorio took up a strong position on a rising ground, detaching a battalion of light cavalry to a small height near him, to sustain four pieces of artillery, placed on the face of the hill. "This was a good movement," says San Martin, "for it completely secured his (Osorio's) left, and his fire flanked and swept all the front of the position."

San Martin's line, formed in close and parallel columns, inclined towards the right of the enemy, presenting an oblique attack on this flank, which in truth was left uncovered. It was exposed also to San Martin's reserve in the rear, which was in a position to turn that flank and to support his right. Eight pieces of artillery, commanded by General Blanco Ciceron, were situated on one point, and four more, under the Commandant Plaza, on another.

Thus disposed, the patriot columns descended the slight eminence which formed their position, and advanced to charge the enemy's line, at the point of the bayonet. A terrible fire was opened upon them,—the artillery placed on the hill, as already

mentioned, doing great execution, without, however, preventing the advance. At the same instant a large body of the royalist cavalry fell, sword in hand, on the mounted grenadiers of the patriot army, which, formed in columns, kept advancing in front. The head squadron was commanded by Colonel Escalada, who no sooner saw himself threatened by his enemy, than he rushed upon him. He was followed by Commandant Medina, and, turning the royalists, they were hotly pressed back on the rising ground, till in turn Escalada was forced to give way to the galling fire of the infantry and cannon. They defiled off to the right, whence they again attacked the enemy's cavalry; and, after various charges and movements, succeeded in scattering the whole body of the latter.

In the meantime, the heat of the battle was kept up between the royalist right and patriot left wing, coming, after a heavy fire, to close quarters. Victory and defeat hung equipoised in the balance; the patriot line vacillated; the infantry "de la Patria" gave way; but Colonel Quintana coming up with his reserve, charged in the most brilliant manner, being well seconded by his commandants, Ribera, Lopez, and Conde. This charge, and another of

Commandant Tonson, at the head of the first Coquimbo regiment, gave a new impulse to the patriot line, so that it returned to the attack with more decision than before.

Meantime Colonel Freyre's cavalry charged, and was attacked successively by an opposite force. "It is not possible," says San Martin, "to give an idea of the brilliant and distinguished actions of the day, both by entire bodies, by their chiefs, and by individual officers; but I may say, that it would be difficult to see a braver, more rapid, and better sustained attack; while it may also be affirmed that a more vigorous, firm, and tenacious resistance could not be offered. The constancy of our soldiers and their heroic efforts at last prevailed; the position they fought for was taken, irrigating it with blood, and driving the enemy from it at the point of the bayonet."

This first success seemed to ensure the victory, but the enemy's centre columns marching in mass, could not so easily be disordered. Though cut up in the flank and rearguard, they advanced to the Callejones de Espejo (San Martin's ground), and took possession of a height there. A new combat commenced, which lasted for an hour; but the

whole force of the patriots being brought by degrees to bear upon this last hope of the royalists, they were beaten and dispersed, San Martin remaining undisputed master of the field.

General Osorio himself, with two hundred cavalry, escaped, though pursued in all directions; his other generals, one hundred and ninety officers, and three thousand men were made prisoners; the field of battle was strewn with two thousand dead and wounded; all the royalist artillery, their *matériel*, their hospital and medical staff, their military chest, every component part of the royal army, fell, dead or alive, into the patriots' power. San Martin estimated his own loss at a thousand men; probably, it was considerably more; and if we take the aggregate loss of the opposing forces at three thousand five hundred men, it may be affirmed that there is scarcely on record a general engagement, where, in proportion to the numbers engaged, the loss was so great, that is, one-third of the whole.

San Martin pays a just tribute to all who shared the glory of the day; and besides those whose names have already appeared, he mentions the engineer Dable, the surgeon Major Parroissien,

Majors O'Brien and Guzman, the war secretary Zenteno, and his own secretary Marzan. General O'Higgins, who was suffering from a severe wound, when he heard of the approaching battle, left his sick couch, and joined the army, though he was unable to arrive before the conquest was ensured. General Guido was also mentioned in terms of much deserved praise.

It will at once be perceived, that although the battle of Chacabuco caused the power of the Peninsula to reel in Chile, the fatal blow to the king's cause was struck on the plains of Maypo. It was there that the independence of the country was sealed.

But the victory of Maypo not only secured Chile to the patriots; it opened up the way to the last great stronghold of Spanish power in South America, the land of the Incas. And we shall find accordingly, that the Viceroy of Peru, no longer inclined to play the desperate game of regaining Chile, was thenceforward intent only on making such cautious moves as would avert a check-mate at home from his bold and vigorous antagonist.

The news of the victory of Maypo were received

in Buenos Ayres with such transports of joy as baffle all description. We have already alluded to it in another part of our work. "The public rejoicings," says the Government Gazette, "have been beyond the power of exaggeration. '*Ya tenemos Patria*,'—we have now a mother country, said the citizens, throwing themselves into the arms of each other without distinction, and of whoever was nearest to receive this demonstration of tenderness. '*Ya tenemos Patria*,' that is, our freedom is consolidated: our sacrifices are at an end; the good which we believed was only reserved for our children is our own, and we can enjoy it without being agitated by the melancholy fear that we may be robbed of the fruit of so many labours, and so much blood."

Many honours and premiums were decreed to General San Martin and his brave companions in arms, but we are not sure that they were carried into effect. The Congress ordered "that an engraving should be struck off, representing San Martin in the centre, with Liberty on the left, and Victory on the right, holding a crown of laurel over the head of the victor. Military trophies below were to be surmounted by the flags of the

Republics of Chile and the River Plate, and the inscription around of 'National gratitude to the conquering General-in-chief and army of Chacabuco and Maypo.'” In the distance, a view of these battles was to fill up the engraving; one, however, which we have never yet seen. A copy of this engraving was to be placed in the town halls of all the principal cities of the River Plate provinces. A pyramid on the plains of Maypo, was about the same time, and with a like object, decreed by the Chile Executive; but we are not sure that it was ever erected.

Something like the severe economy of republican virtue was displayed in the amount of the pensions granted to the families of General San Martin and Antonio Balcarce, viz., £120 per annum to each. The grade of brigadier, before refused, was again offered to San Martin, and now accepted; and all the principal officers engaged in the two battles were promoted a step in the army.

On the 11th of May, San Martin returned to Buenos Ayres: but entering *incognito*, he evaded a public demonstration, which was prepared for his reception. He was, however, conducted in state to the great Hall of Congress, then sitting, on the

17th of May, and there received from that body the public thanks of the nation for his eminent services. He went through the ceremony with that modesty, which on all occasions characterized him.

It must here be mentioned to the honour of General Antonio Balcarce, that he peremptorily refused to accept of the pay of three thousand dollars annually, (£600), which was proffered to him by Chile.

Before leaving that state, San Martin wrote two admirable letters to General Pezuela, the viceroy of Lima; the first, calling on him to make an exchange of prisoners; the second, inviting him to an amicable arrangement, in regard to the emancipation of Peru. The first proposition led to an ineffectual negotiation; and the second, in an evil hour for Spain, was, we believe, silently and scornfully spurned.

The remainder of this year presented a succession of disasters to the royalist cause on the west coast of South America.

The patriots generally had been kept in a state of considerable anxiety for upwards of two years, by reports (held, indeed, to be exaggerated), of a great armament fitting out at Cadiz, for some

unknown point of the ex-colonies of Spain. The real extent of this vaunted expedition came to light in an unexpected and extraordinary manner. On the 26th of August, a transport, called the *Trinidad*, with two hundred infantry of the Spanish line, entered the port of Ensenada, a few leagues below Buenos Ayres, when a formal surrender of the vessel and troops was made to the River Plate authorities. Some of the non-commissioned officers had, before leaving Cadiz, conspired to rise upon their superiors, and take the vessel into Buenos Ayres; they communicated their design by degrees to the men, who readily entered into it. The expedition consisted of transports, carrying two thousand men, protected by one fine frigate. The *Trinidad* parted company in five degrees north latitude, and having passed the line without falling in with any of the convoy, the leaders of the revolt determined to strike their blow on the 25th of July. They met with the most determined resistance from most of their officers, fourteen in number, aided only by one serjeant and two corporals; and nine of these brave fellows, including the three non-commissioned officers, perished in defence of the rights of their country. The captain

of the vessel was then ordered to steer for Buenos Ayres, and arriving safely, it may not be doubted the guilty rebels were received with open arms by the Government of Buenos Ayres. It could not reasonably be expected that it should do otherwise. Mr. W. P. R. recollects well seeing these men marched into the *Plaza Mayor* of Buenos Ayres; and although they were harangued and applauded by the chief of the staff, General Rondeau, which was only politic under the circumstances of the case, Mr. R. could not help fancying he saw the scowl of a murderer in each of these renegade deserters from their own colours. The high-spirited *Porteños* seemed to view them pretty much in the same light. The Government wisely allowed these men freely to choose their own career, and the result, which is curious, was as follows.—Two captains returned to Spain; one captain, one lieutenant, two ensigns, one drum-major, one assistant, six drummers, two corporals, and ten rank and file remained in the Buenos Ayres army; two lieutenants, two serjeants, one drummer, nine corporals, and eight rank and file joined the army of the Andes; and nine serjeants, eighteen corporals, and one hundred and eleven rank and file were dis-

banded in the country. The chaplain, a friar of the order of Mercedes, also preferred remaining in the country.

Nearly the whole of the ill-fated Spanish expedition fell into the hands of the patriots, and the body of it in a more satisfactory way than the transport ship *Trinidad*. For by this time the republic of Chile being able to boast of a fleet, it was fitted out and sent off to intercept the expedition in question. The Chilean maritime force consisted of the *San Martin*, formerly the *Wyndham*, a large English merchantman, bought and fitted out as a sixty gun ship; the frigate *Lautaro* of forty-six guns; the corvette *Chacabuco* of twenty; and the brig *Araucano* of sixteen. With this squadron Admiral Blanco Encalada sailed from Valparaiso on the 10th of November, and made for Talcahuano. The *Chacabuco* parted company on the voyage, and Blanco detached the *Araucano*; but learning at the island of Santa Maria that the fine Spanish frigate *Reyna Maria Isabel*, and her convoy, were anchored in the bay of Talcahuano, he hesitated not a moment to go and attack them with the crazy old *Wyndham*, now dignified into a ship of the line, and the *Lautaro*. "Ambitious," as he says in his

despatch, "that the marine of Chile should mark the day of its birth as that of its glory; and resolute to sacrifice myself for it on this occasion, or to place it, at one blow, on such a point of elevation as might render it distinct to the eyes of Europe."

Admiral Blanco found the *Maria Isabel* *alone* in Talcahuano Bay, and when he went in to attack her, she fired a broadside, hoisted her sails, and ran ashore. She struck her colours on being fired into, and the patriots took possession of her. But how to get her away? that was the difficulty; for she was stranded, and the royalists had a large land force at Concepcion close by. Blanco sent a force on shore to defend his prize; but ere his men could gain the heights, the enemy approached and attacked them. The *San Martin* and *Lautaro* could not, without imminent danger to their own forces on shore, fire on the royalists, but the former made good their retreat to their boats, and thence on board. Night coming on, put an end to the contest of that day.

At three o'clock next morning the royalists endeavoured to board the *Maria Isabel*, but were driven back by the force which Blanco had placed on board. At five a warm contest ensued, the

enemy attacking with both musketry and artillery from the immediate heights of Talcahuano: but the patriots were not to be shaken from their determination to get the valuable prize afloat, and into their own power. They continued the work indefatigably and bravely, and to the dismay and surprise of the royalists, they saw at eleven o'clock the *Maria Isabel* majestically floating once more on the waters. Their fire ceased; and in silent wonder they looked on the frigate receding from their shore amidst shouts of *Viva la Patria* from the *San Martin* and *Lautaro*.

Admiral Blanco bestows unqualified praise on all his officers, among whom were many Englishmen. He mentions their names individually; and among the bravest of the brave appears *General William Miller*, then major of artillery in the Chilean service.

Blanco hastened to intercept the convoy, of which he took three, which had left with thirty-six officers and six hundred and sixteen men, "of whom," he says, "two hundred and thirteen had died on the passage; two hundred and sixty-seven were sick, and only the small remnant in health, although ready to perish from want." Shortly afterwards the *Chacabuco* took two more, the remainder of

the convoy,—one or two of the transports only having got into Valdivia.

Such was the conclusion, glorious to the patriots, miserable to the royalists, of the Spanish auxiliary expedition.

From the battle of Maypo, Osorio fled to Talcahuano, and thence he himself embarked for Lima. Colonel Zapiola taking the command of a force which marched to the south, in pursuit of the enemy, he entered on the 13th of November the strong town of Chillan, which the royalist chief Lantaño, evacuated with seven hundred men; and it was clear that the royalists would be able to make no effectual stand till they reached Valdivia, one of the strongest forts in South America, and situated on the extreme south of the Chilean territory.

The army of Upper Peru, commanded by General Belgrano, remained in almost total inaction during the whole of this year. He himself never moved from Tucuman, and what little was done was under the orders of the Gaucho chief of the vanguard, Güemes, governor of Salta. There were now no active spirits at the head of affairs in Buenos Ayres to second the commander in Peru. Destitute

of resources, he was compelled to lie in a state of repose. In January the royalists took possession of Jujui, which they evacuated in four days. It remained during the rest of the year in Güemes's hands; indeed he was elected governor of the province. He kept up his guerillas, but they are not of sufficient interest to merit any detail. It may be observed, however, that Güemes was reduced to a necessity so pressing for means, that he permitted the coinage, and then enforced the receipt, of a false coin which went by the name of Güemes's money. This illegal act was then converted into a public robbery by Pueyrredon's denouncing the money in question, and ordering all parties holding it to give it up, under pain of being prosecuted as "utterers, receivers, and fabricators of false coin."

Monte Video was now in quiet possession of the Portuguese; but great confusion prevailed in the Banda Oriental, Entrerios, Corrientes, and Santa Fé, where a desultory but desolating warfare was kept up between the protector Artigas and the director Pueyrredon. The poor provincials scarcely knew who or what they were fighting for: all they did know was, that they were sacrificed to the ambition, hatred, and wretched policy of those who led

them against each other. Artigas's power was on the wane; but the distrust and jealousy entertained by the provinces of the capital seemed only to gather strength with the weakness of its arch enemy, the protector of the Banda Oriental. General Lecor, the Portuguese governor of Monte Video saw with pleasure the two contending parties destroying each other instead of attacking *him*.

The domestic affairs of Buenos Ayres during this year are soon recapitulated. Public spirit was at its lowest point, venality and contraband in their zenith. So unblushingly, so shamelessly was the latter carried on by the friends of the Government, particularly by one great native merchant who was said to have *all* the colonels in his pay, that the smuggled goods, manufactures, wines, brandies, every article of value of great bulk or of small, passed through the very custom-house at mid-day, and *without* paying duties, went into the warehouses and vaults of the great smugglers. The Government praised the high tariff, denounced publicly the open contraband which was carried on, and connived privately at all its ramifications. To such a low ebb did public morals sink!

It is just, at the same time, and pleasing to

record one redeeming good act in the midst of so much political profligacy. On the 16th of July a new university, called *El Colegio de la Union del Sud*, was founded and opened with great pomp, by the director and his officers of state, the different corporations of the city, and the heads of the church. Its object was of course to provide a complete classical school for the higher youth of the republic, and the measure constituted, as the Government justly says, "the greatest work of the actual administration." In truth it was the only one on which praise can be bestowed. Every public office in Buenos Ayres, the army, the church, all contributed towards the endowment of the college.

On the 28th of February three individuals of rank, Messrs. Rodney, Grahame, and Bland, arrived in the capital, invested with a sort of diplomatic character, from the United States, charged with the commission of reporting on the actual political and commercial state of the River Plate provinces. They remained for some few months—their report was published; and it led speedily to a friendly intercourse between the two republics.

Much agitation prevailed in the public mind during one portion of the year, on a "provisions"

question, viz. the dearness of beef. Decrees were issued, and warm discussions were kept up. The best beef had risen to three half-pence per pound; and the public clamour only ceased when it was reduced to its usual price of a penny.

Yours, &c.,

THE AUTHORS.

LETTER LXIII.

THE AUTHORS to GENERAL MILLER.

Evils of the Directorate—War with the provinces—Military law—Dupuy's butchery—Murder of Colonel Morgado, and of twenty-six other officers—Dupuy's despatch—Reflections—Pueyrredon resigns in favour of Rondeau—Spanish expedition—Frustrated—The civil war—Don Manuel de Sarratea, Governor—Lord Cochrane—General Antonio Balcarce—The retreat of Sanchez—Balcarce's death—Vicente Benavides—Sir William Scott's decision—Earthquake at Copiapó—The brothers Carrera—Their execution—Reflections—Conclusion.

London, 1842.

THE Directorate of Pueyrredon, aided and assisted by the National Congress, undoubtedly laid the foundation of incalculable evils for Buenos Ayres. It was a military despotism, sanctioned by law. It was a government of proscriptions and of profligate venality. Bribery and corruption were the means chiefly depended upon for the support of the executive, and under its patronage a system of contraband was organized on so large a scale as to dilapidate and ruin the public exchequer, while it filled the pockets of all connected with the revenue, from the first mandatory of the state down to its meanest official.

But as the proscriptions increased, so did the enemies of the Pueyrredonistas; and as the financial difficulties of the country augmented, public indignation grew stronger, presaging the downfall of the corruptionists.

Most of the provinces having been treated with haughty disdain, it was among them that the enemies of Pueyrredon found the readiest means of compassing his ruin. Federalism was the favourite object of most of the provinces; and while it was found easy to lead some of them on to establish it by force of arms, none of them would actively help the capital in repelling this inroad on her own individual power and influence.

Santa Fé, Entrerios, and Corrientes, in concert with the great enemy of Buenos Ayres, Artigas, took the lead in the civil war, and they were, at the commencement of this year, in open campaign against the "national" forces. General Juan Ramon Balcarce, afterwards substituted by General Viamont, was placed at the head of an army called that of "Observation on Santa Fé," but neither of them could put down the refractory and rebellious provincials.

With a view of accommodating matters, General

Belgrano left the auxiliary army of Peru near Cordova, and, proceeding to Viamont's head-quarters at Rosario, he immediately had an interview with Lopez, Governor of Santa Fé, who commanded the federal forces. The latter, a wily and astute Gaucho, saw the difficulty of having enemies both in rear and in front, and he therefore concluded an armistice with Belgrano in April, agreeing that commissioners, fully empowered by the contending parties, should meet and conclude a treaty of peace. But Lopez was only amusing the Buenos Ayres Government, as we shall presently see.

In the mean time, on the 25th of February, Pueyrredon opened the sessions of Congress; and his own account of the state of affairs shows what sort of a government his must have been. He speaks thus:—

“The means adopted by our enemies” (he alludes to the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres) “to destroy our peace and our liberty are public and notorious. Seductions, deceits, conspiracies against the lives of the first authorities, libels to render their reputation infamous, pasquins of the lowest kind,—these are the arms which are daily employed to disturb the harmony in which the United

Provinces repose. It is bitter even to the hardest heart to have to employ proscription and banishment with the frequency which *crimes of perturbation* demand. It is against the credit of the state to see authority *always armed* and always chastising the turbulent. So violent a position either tires out the people who look on, or disheartens the authority which executes."

And in this conclusion Pueyrredon was right; for as he did not get disheartened in his armed system of proscription and banishment, *the people* got tired of witnessing it, and proscribed him and his in the end, as he and his agents had proscribed so many others.

The address of the Director on opening Congress was very significant; for on the 4th of March, the first week of the sittings of the Doctors, he was authorized to establish a military tribunal—or, in other words, to establish military law—for the trial of all cases of sedition or crimes of perturbation. This tribunal commenced by trying two Frenchmen for sedition, and sentenced them to be shot. Their friends, on the 25th of May, the anniversary of the independence of the country, appealed to Congress,—Congress sent them to Pueyrredon,—Pueyrredon

to the tribunal,—and *Robert* and *Lagresse* were executed.

Pueyrredon's pretended *panacea* for all the evils of the state was the publication by Congress of a paper constitution, which had long engaged their abstruse sittings and meditations. It was printed, published, and proclaimed, and, we need scarcely add, it had no perceptible effect on the proscriptions and pasquins.

The Spanish prisoners of war taken in Chile, as well as at Monte Video in an early part of the revolution, were sent to San Luis,—a wretched village, though dignified with the name of the *city* of San Luis. It lies about eighty leagues from Mendoza, on the high way between that place and Buenos Ayres.

The Governor of San Luis was one Colonel Vicente Dupuy,—a ferocious coward, if we may so speak,—a creature of Pueyrredon, and gaoler of the Spanish officers, prisoners of war.

A horrible massacre of these prisoners took place on the 8th of February; and before making any remarks upon it, we shall give, as clearly as we can, Dupuy's own account of the affair.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 8th he

informs Luzuriaga, the governor of the province of Cuyo, that, two hours before, he had received a complimentary visit from the Spanish Brigadier Ordoñez, Colonel Rivera, Colonel Morgado, Lieutenant-Colonel Morla, Captain Carretero, and Lieutenant Barguillo. *After the compliments of the day*, Carretero, rising up, said, "Scoundrel! these are the moments in which you are to expire! All America is lost, and *you* will not now escape."

At the same instant, Carretero, Barguillo, and Rivera fell upon the Governor Dupuy *with poniards*, the others preparing to do the same. Dupuy got to the farther end of the room, and there with his fist knocked Morgado down. The others rushing upon him, he could not help coming to the ground, where he received *some contusions on the face* before he was able to get again, as he did, upon his feet. At this point firing from without was heard: it was the town resisting the other prisoners. "I must observe to you"—such is the incomprehensible paragraph of Dupuy's despatch at this point of the narrative—"I must observe to you that the very circumstance from which they promised themselves a triumph, viz., a simultaneous action, has overturned their plans.

For having attacked the barracks at the same moment at which they besieged my house, the troops were alarmed, and the town, *as if by an electric explosion*, took up arms, and observing my door shut, they tried to open it, which showed to those who were with me that their plan had failed."

Full of terror, the officers supplicated the safety of their lives from Dupuy, who, under the pretext of quieting the people at the door, went out. Those outside then rushed in and charged the prisoners, who made such resistance as they could, mortally wounding Dupuy's secretary, Captain Riveros.

"This was the instant," continues Dupuy, "in which my authority and the indignation of the people went hand in hand. I ordered all the throats of the prisoners immediately to be cut; and they expiated their crime in *my* presence, and before an innocent and generous people. *Colonel Morgado died by my hands.*"

After eulogizing the moderation of the people and his own excellent general regulations, Dupuy goes on thus:—

"Those who were prisoners in the barracks, combined with the others on parole, experienced the same fate [had their throats cut], although IN THE

FIRST MOMENT OF SURPRISE they took up arms; but they soon lost them, or died with them in their hands. Among these the paymaster of the army, Barroeta, and Lieutenant-Colonel Arras, distinguished themselves; for the one with sword in hand, and the other with a musket, each defended himself till he expired."

Besides Captain Riveros, Dupuy says he had only *two soldiers* wounded.

Such is the substance of Dupuy's horrible despatch, and it winds up with the ominous list of the poor Spanish officers who were butchered, viz.,—

1 Brigadier-general (the brave Ordoñez).

3 Colonels.

2 Lieutenant-colonels.

6 Captains.

6 Lieutenants.

7 Ensigns.

1 Paymaster of the army.

1 Assistant of the paymaster.

In all 27 officers.

On the 11th of February, Dupuy sends a copy of the despatch just analysed to Pueyrredon, adding that there was no doubt the Spanish conspirators intended to unite with Generals Alvear and Car-

rera; but this part of Dupuy's despatch has an air so truly apocryphal—indeed so extravagant—that we have no doubt it is an interpolation of the editor of the ministerial Gazette, who, *per fas et per nefas*, wished to turn everything to account of the machinations of Pueyrredon's personal enemies.

On the 21st of February, Dupuy sends to the Director of the State his *despatch proper*, in which we find one or two important discrepancies with his *original* despatch to Luzuriaga. Dupuy now states that only three, Morgado, Morla, and Carretero, of the six officers originally mentioned, entered his room at first; and then he says that Carretero, after the most refined expressions of friendship, drew a poniard from his breast and directed a blow against him (Dupuy), which he warded off with his left arm. Then came in the others; and then follows the astounding assertion that, after having been on the ground, attacked with daggers—six men against one, that one unarmed,—he got up with some bruises on the face!

In this *second* despatch, too, Dupuy says that the royalist Colonel Rivera, shot himself with his own carbine. With his own carbine! Prisoners of war, making a visit of etiquette to the governor, and

one of them a colonel in the service—a prisoner of war—with a carbine in his hand! And poniards and carbines, and six brave officers against one man, seeking to assassinate him; and he on the ground, and then getting up with some *contusions* on his face!

If anything were wanting to stamp the despatches of Dupuy, from beginning to end, with the indelible brand of *falsehood*, it is to be found in the exculpatory *notes* of the editor of the ministerial Gazette. Here are extracts from three of these damnatory notes:—

“The enemies of America [he means of Pueyrredon] will try to persuade the world that the affair of San Luis has been the effect of *sinister workings* on the part of the Lieutenant-Governor Dupuy, and perhaps the suspicion may extend to a *higher authority*.”

“The despatch does not well explain how what ought to have been *wounds* were only *contusions*.”

“Our enemies,—and even those who do not appear to be such,—see little lenity in the execution of men who had surrendered themselves to the mercy of their assailants. . . . Blood ought to be spared,—that is our principle. Is it believed that this principle

has not been maintained in San Luis? That is according to the view which one takes of the case."

On referring to our notes, after reading Dupuy's despatches, three in number, we find them stated thus:—

"Feb. 8.—Massacre of the Spanish officers, prisoners of war.

"Feb. 11.—More of Dupuy's butchery.

"Feb. 21.—The butcher Dupuy."

Perhaps, after a careful reading of his despatches, our readers will be inclined to sum up as we did.

We have omitted to mention that, after the first massacre, Dupuy ordered six more officers and two soldiers to be shot,—and shot they were accordingly.

We must not close the details of this massacre—for such no doubt it was—without a passing remark. The War of Independence in the River Plate, Chile, and Peru was not, like the same war in Caraccas, one of slaughter and extermination. There the fierce, murderous, and relentless cruelty of the royalist General Morillo, traced in characters of blood every step which was taken in advance for the establishment of liberty. In the countries first mentioned there was a humanizing principle at work on both sides, which greatly alleviated the horrors

of war. No doubt there were occasional cruelties mutually committed; but we firmly believe the fewest were by the South Americans.

The act of Dupuy, therefore, though we cannot consider it other than a foul and murderous stain which mars a page of South American history, is not to be taken as indicative of the character of the people, but rather as an exception to the general rule of humanity and forbearance which they habitually exercised towards their enemies.

The difficulties of Pueyrredon's position began this year to be palpable to every one, and he himself, fully persuaded of their progress, resolved on the wise step of retiring into the shade, while he yet lent his influence to the system which he had established. According to the custom of the River Plate rulers, he thrice made a formal renunciation of the Directory before it was accepted by the Congress. At length, on the 9th of June, his wish to retire was complied with. In his stead General Rondeau was elected to serve till the "meeting of the Chambers" created by the new constitution; and after one modest renunciation, Rondeau accordingly became Director.

General Pueyrredon was a fine, handsome-look

ing man, of an aristocratic bearing, and of polished manners and exterior. He was not possessed of any high talents, although not destitute of good natural abilities. During the time of his Directorate he was entirely guided and governed by one man, Doctor Tagle, his principal Secretary of State, a most unscrupulous minister, and a very bad, though a clever man. Most of the evils of Pueyrredon's reign were ascribed to the sinister influence of this South American Machiavel, and he was hated accordingly by the country at large.

One of the first public acts of the new Director Rondeau was to announce to the people, by proclamation, the equipment of an expedition from Spain, destined to invade the River Plate. "Everything," he says, "announces a vast plan—a great project for a hostile invasion. The last accounts assure us that, in all this month [June] at latest, the fleet so often announced will sail from Cadiz."

Vast indeed were the exertions made by Spain to strike a decisive blow for the recovery of her Transatlantic possessions, and resolutely did the South Americans prepare to resist it. The expedition was to consist of no fewer than thirty vessels of war, as many gun-boats, and one hundred and

twenty transports conveying twenty thousand men. The stout-hearted Buenos Ayreans looked at the danger, and were quite undismayed.

Yet the great expedition was fated never to leave Cadiz. The extraordinary events which turned the course of the enterprise, paralysed it, and ultimately dissipated all its formidable elements, belong to the history of Spain. It is sufficient here to say that the disaffection of the troops—the wavering of the commanders—the *yellow fever*—the rise and progress and ultimate victory of the Constitutionals over the Absolutists—struck successive blows at the expedition, and finally turned it altogether from its original destination.

So that before the end of 1819, San Martin was again able to turn all his attention to the invasion of Peru, and the Buenos Ayreans were left to renew with ardour their own intestine divisions.

Lopez, the Governor of Santa Fé, having, as mentioned p. 288, concluded an armistice, in order to gain time, he continued to amuse the Buenos Ayres Commissioners till October, when, without ceremony, he recommenced hostilities against the capital. On the 1st of November the Director Rondeau took the field in person, finding

that the allied federals, under Lopez, Ramirez and Carrera were making rapid strides towards the metropolis. The inhabitants were distracted and split into parties,—the federals were united, and accordingly they steadily gained ground. Inexpressible confusion reigned in the city, while the provincial forces were advancing upon it, after an action gained on the 1st of February, 1820. On that same day, Don Juan Pedro Aguirre was elected Director Substitute,—the first public act influenced by the federal party in town. Then on the 4th, Congress ordered the city to be placed in a state of defence; it was all in vain. On the 7th Buenos Ayres resolved to treat. The cabildo, or municipality, was the busy body in the bustle. Several of its members were the commissioners named on the 9th to treat with the general of the federal army, Don Francisco Ramirez. On the 11th Congress was tumultuously dissolved, Rondeau ordered to resign; and these two events gave the *coup de grâce* to the Pueyrredonista party and the central power of the capital. The citizens may be said to have surrendered at discretion to the Gauchos; and Buenos Ayres was made to feel, for a time, that imperious law from her rebellious children of the provinces,

which she for ten years had so liberally dealt out to them.

The municipality itself, which had been so busy in all the confusion of parties, was, in a *cabildo abierto*, or public meeting, dissolved on the 16th, a certain number of influential citizens being authorized to name a governor of Buenos Ayres. On the 17th they elected Don Manuel de Sarratea, a gentleman of talent and high character, but strenuously opposed to Pueyrredon. Another *cabildo*, favourable to the new order of things, was created; and the Federalists were now in the zenith of their power.

We must observe that General Pueyrredon, finding his person in jeopardy, escaped on the 31st, furtively and in disguise, on board of an English vessel, in the outer roads, having been assisted by one of the influential British merchants of the place.

While these affairs were transacting at the capital of the River Plate, public events wore a more prosperous and satisfactory aspect in Chile and Peru.

At the commencement of the year (1819) Lord Cochrane, who had joined the South American

cause, took the command of admiral of the squadron of Chile with universal applause. He hoisted his flag on board of the frigate O'Higgins, the squadron consisting of that vessel, the San Martin, Lautaro, Chacabuco, Pueyrredon, and Galvarino. He proceeded to blockade Callao, with part of his force, and to keep the coast in alarm with the remainder. He made a gallant attack on the vessels in Callao on the 28th of February, which caused the royalists thenceforward to keep close under the guns of their batteries. He made various successful descents on the coast, and took some valuable prizes. In short, with so active a spirit as that of Cochrane to deal with, Pezuela was kept on the constant *qui vive*. The admiral made a prize of a United States brig, as it was entering Callao, with a large supply of arms and ammunition: he took out of a French vessel, sixty thousand dollars Spanish property; and attacking and obtaining possession of Payta, he seized all the public property he found there. Every where he used the *patriots* well, and circulated many proclamations and other documents calling on them to throw off the yoke of Spain. Lord Cochrane's attempts to throw Congreve rockets and bombs into the castles of Callao

were not very successful, although well deserved praise is bestowed on Colonel Charles and Major Miller for their great exertions; and particularly on the latter for the skill with which the bombs were directed by him. These were the principal naval events of the year.

The royalist land forces, after the victory of Maypo, were unable to make any stand against the patriots. General Antonio Balcarce followed Lantano from Chillan across the Bio-Bio; and thence the latter, retiring on the fortress of Valdivia, was still hotly pursued by Balcarce, so that nearly a total dispersion of the royalists took place in the rugged mountains and impenetrable forests of the far South. General San Martin calls their retreat, under such circumstances, "the conclusion of the war in all the extent of the state of Chile;" and this happy result he attributes to "the intelligence and celerity of the military measures which were adopted in this campaign by General Balcarce;" adding, that they would redound in all time to his glory. "We are not," concludes San Martin, "because the campaign has not been a bloody one, the less to applaud the valour and energy of those who have conducted it to its end."

This was the conclusion of the royalist force under Lantaño, and a like fate overtook that which was commanded by the royalist Colonel Sanchez. "He was," says General Balcarce, "most tenacious and efficient in holding the province of Concepcion; but now driven from it he will not again involve it in the horrors and misery in which for the long space of eight years it has been sunk by him."

When Sanchez knew of Balcarce having passed the Bio-Bio, he went into the Indian territory, to a place called Argol. Thence he hastily retired by the painful route of the Cordillera, from which he had at last to descend to the coast to seek Valdivia. Destitute of every resource, Balcarce considered Sanchez's retreat as likely to be accompanied by immense disaster. "His men have only the dress they wear; they have only the ammunition which is in their cartridge-boxes: the greater part march on foot, without shoes. Their provisions did not exceed twenty bullocks on leaving Argol. The enemy is followed by a great number of women, including the nuns of Concepcion, all on foot and unshod, and watering with their tears every step they take. So lamentable a picture induced me to

offer Sanchez a generous capitulation, but as yet I have had no reply from him. His crimes are so deep that nothing will persuade him he can be pardoned."

All who turned back Balcarce left in peace to go their way. The force which finally followed Sanchez amounted to four or five hundred men, the sad remains of the Cadiz expedition which had come out under convoy of the *Maria Isabel*.

Such was indeed the miserable termination of the Spanish dominion over Chile! a dominion then lost, destined never to be regained.

Balcarce was seconded in his campaign in a noble manner by his officers, all of whom he mentions in terms of unqualified praise: among them we find our friend Colonel Manuel Escalada, and many of the other brave officers already mentioned in former campaigns. General Balcarce himself, alas! sunk under the fatigues which he had undergone, and he died about the middle of this year. He was one of the best men, as well as bravest officers, which the revolution produced, and all parties wept his loss. Public funereal honours were decreed to him in Buenos Ayres, at the expense of the state.

We have yet to mention Vicente Benavides as a royalist leader, who was obliged also to take shelter in the south. He was pursued by Colonel Freyre, a distinguished Chilean officer, who relates atrocities of the man which makes the blood run cold. He escaped with a few followers, but his crimes met, at a subsequent period, the condign punishment which they deserved. It is to be observed, that, though proclaiming the royalist cause as his, he was more a leader of lawless banditti, than a recognized officer of the king's forces.

With respect to the war in Upper Peru, nothing whatever was done in the early part of 1819, and, towards May, the royalist General La Serna commenced his retreat towards Potosi, where he arrived on the 10th of May. This put an end to the war in that quarter altogether,—the field of operations being removed to Lower Peru.

In this year a celebrated cause having immediate reference to the new order of things in the River Plate provinces was decided by Sir William Scott in the Court of Admiralty.

The ship *Hercules* having been presented by the Buenos Ayres Government to Admiral William Brown, already honourably mentioned in these

volumes, he fitted her out as a privateer, and made many prizes in the Pacific.* He was at a subsequent period, and after quitting the west coast, forced, by the want of provisions, bad state of his ship, and mutinous conduct of the crew, into Barbadoes. Here he took in refreshments with the concurrence of the authorities, and proceeding to sea, he was soon after boarded and taken possession of by Captain Stirling of H. M. S. Brazen, by whom Brown was carried as a prize into Antigua, where his vessel and valuable cargo were condemned, on the plea of his having violated our revenue laws. Brown appealed to the High Court of Admiralty; and there Sir William Scott pronounced a most elaborate judgment, annulling the whole proceedings at Antigua, and restoring the vessel and cargo to Brown. The Spanish minister applied to the Court for the cargo, as being Spanish property; but Sir William refused to interfere, alleging that his Court had no jurisdiction.

On the 9th of May, Don Tomas Guido informs his government of a terrible earthquake which took place at Copiapó in Chile. It destroyed the church

* See Vol. II. p. 253.

of La Merced and half of the houses of the town, the terror-stricken inhabitants flying to the woods. Messrs. Cood and Stewart, two English gentlemen, travelling from Ballenar to Copiapó were thrown from their horses, while the earth trembled for several minutes in the most frightful manner. "The earth," says Mr. Guido, in another despatch, "yawned in various parts, leaving profound cavities betwixt, the sea rushed beyond the boundary of high-water mark, to the distance of five *quadras* (seven hundred yards); and more than three thousand persons were to be seen flying from the devastation of the earthquake."

The last matter which must painfully engage our attention in this year is the fate of the three brothers Carrera.

They have already been mentioned incidentally in the course of these volumes. They belonged to a first rate family in Chile, and they were the earliest, the steadiest, and the most gallant asserters of their country's independence. This part of their history pertains to Chile, and will come properly under observation should we be led hereafter into that country. But though decided patriots,

the Carreras were proud, ambitious, and headstrong men. Not only the Spaniards but many of the Chileans were afraid of them and their designs.

They were unsuccessful in their attempts to liberate Chile (about 1813 and 1814), and they were obliged to fly to Buenos Ayres, the father, the three sons, and a daughter. Meantime San Martin took up the cause of Chile, as we have seen, and succeeded in wresting it from Old Spain. It is supposed that the Carreras (whose turbulent character did not suit the quiet but austere tone of San Martin), saw with great disgust the emancipation of Chile committed to the hands of a stranger; and it is alleged (for no proofs are publicly brought forward), that they intrigued incessantly through their partisans in Chile, to upset the actual authors of the revolution,—San Martin and O'Higgins.

Be that as it may, it was considered that a *political necessity* had arisen for getting quit of these gallant men, and Pueyrredon was a willing accessory and instrument for the completion of a fatal determination like this. Two of the brothers accordingly, while believing that they enjoyed the

protection of a friendly power, were arrested in Buenos Ayres at night, and sent off to Mendoza. There a mock trial was held; the details of it were too wretched ever to be permitted to see the light of day; and the result, as previously arranged, was the judicial assassination of the two brothers. They were taken out together and shot. The third brother, stung to madness, and thirsting for revenge, took up arms, and joined the *Montonera* troops. Defeated in his hopes of vengeance through their means, he joined a horde of Indians; committed some excesses; was taken, and also shot. The sister, during these events, was kept a close prisoner in a cloister.

The darkest scene of the tragedy remains to be shown. The father of the Carreras fell ill from grief and anxiety on seeing his two sons arrested and taken to Mendoza. While labouring under his mental and bodily afflictions, and confined to bed, the Buenos Ayres Government, with a refinement of cruelty which is perhaps without a parallel, allowed its officers to send to the old man an account of *the expenses incurred in executing his two sons*, demanding payment of the same. He

looked at the account ; then thrust it under his pillow ; refused all further consolation, and died two or three days afterwards.

Such facts as these, when we believe them to be undeniably authenticated, we do not consider ourselves at liberty to withhold from our historical register. But we again warn our readers against considering them otherwise than as exceptions, at least at the time of which we write, from the general rule of action in the revolution. The feeling of the people at large was to spare, not to sacrifice ; and with such men as San Martin and O'Higgins it was only the strongest apprehension of danger to the cause, an exaggerated fear of the effects of intrigue, that could so offuscate their mental vision as to lead them into either the commission or permission of such a dark political crime as that of the judicial murder of the Carreras.

There is a recognized distinction among mankind between public and private delinquency which is anything but favourable to the advancement of pure patriotism. Political expediency is the wretched excuse set up for a shameless dereliction from the broadest and plainest principles of public justice and morality ; and thousands who, in their

private capacity, would shudder at the commission of great crimes, do not hesitate, as public men, to sanction them with their names, and to involve themselves in actions, the perpetration of which very often constitutes a guilt of the deepest dye.

But in these cases the nation at large must be carefully distinguished from the public delinquents in particular. There is seldom or never a sympathy between the one and the other; but, on the contrary, public opinion almost always indelibly stamps with opprobrium those acts of violence, outrage, or bloodshed, for which no better defence can be set up than that they were the result of political expediency, or public necessity. The inhabitants of the River Plate were a brave and therefore a humane people taken as a whole: and accordingly, although they were often placed in a position which precluded them from controlling their governments, they were ever ready to do justice to all that was good in their rulers, and to stigmatize among themselves those public acts which were of too flagrant a nature to bear open investigation, or to challenge a public scrutiny.

The fall of the Directorate, and the dissolution of the National Congress, concluded the first great

epoch of the revolution in the River Plate provinces; and with these events accordingly we have thought we could most naturally terminate this series of our Letters on South America.

Yours, &c.,

THE AUTHORS.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX I. (Vol. i., p. 11.)

THE following letter was received after we had gone to press. It is inserted here verbatim, with the suppression only of name, which, in the still unsettled state of circumstances, it might be injurious to the writer, his friends and relations, to give. For the authenticity, however, and correctness of it we can vouch; the writer having been much engaged in the management for many years of our affairs.

GENTLEMEN, *Montevideo, 8th October, 1841.*

ON the 11th of August I left the Republic,* and arrived at this port on the 19th of last month. Your friend, Don Andres Gomez, was long kept in a dungeon, without access to him of any of his friends, and strongly ironed. On the 13th of May, 1835, he underwent the last penalty of the law, without any form of process being instituted against him. On the 2nd of September, 1840, the dictator died, and on the 20th of October, I, with a hundred

* Paraguay.

and twenty-two other individuals of the capital* was set at liberty, from the dungeons, in which the greater part had been immured since the 18th of December, 1827.

The present Government, although slowly, follows a directly counter course to that of Francia. Neither would you, nor any other person who once knew Paraguay, recognize in it, now, the same country. It has been desolated, and made a waste by twenty years of tranquillity.

I am now at the head of a new business concern, and shall feel much obliged by hearing from you, in regard to some of the concerns committed to your management.

I shortly intend returning to Paraguay, with a view of forming a house, and of establishing myself there. I have good support offered me from Buenos Ayres, and full powers from some friends there, to make contracts with the new Government.

I flatter myself I shall not be disappointed in my hopes of success; and I venture to solicit your influence and support in favour of my undertaking.

Yours, &c.

(Signed) _____

* Assumption.

The interesting documents in this Appendix, signed with the initials M. M., have been furnished by our amiable and intelligent friend, his Excellency Don Manuel de Moreno. He is brother of the late lamented Doctor Mariano de Moreno, the originator, we may say, of the South American revolution, and, as all acknowledge, the most eloquent advocate of its principles. The surviving brother is at present minister plenipotentiary at the English Court; and we are the better pleased to insert his remarks and historical notes, that he has been throughout a principal actor in the busy scenes for the emancipation of his countrymen, and an acute, impartial observer of the whole course of the revolution. No one's testimony, therefore, could be higher than his of the veracity and accuracy of our historical details, which, before going to press, were submitted in manuscript to his perusal.

THE AUTHORS.

APPENDIX II. (Vol. ii., p. 81.)

THE construction put by Mr. Robertson on the exclamation of Moreno is the correct one. The war of the revolution, or of independence, was necessary, was to be looked for, and in fact *was* looked for and adopted, in the enthusiasm of the 25th of May.

But what has deceived the patriots of that day is the civil war and discord among the Americans themselves, which even now, after the lapse of thirty-three years, is waged as rancorously as ever. Such is the melancholy lot which has fallen, almost without an exception, to the generous men who hailed with so much confidence the aurora of the liberty of their country; and this civil war has been the cause of the retardation, or rather privation, of that liberty, so ardently invoked at first. The generation which sent abroad the shout for revolution and *reform* has passed away under the pressure and persecution of parties. Those who have followed it, and who are now managing the affairs of those countries, are yet far from enjoying all the liberty and bless-

ings which they had invoked on the 25th of May, 1810, albeit the possession of them seemed so easy and secure. Hence the illusions, which I cannot but with pain record, and to which, as an individual who participated in them on that memorable day, I would pay the tribute of my regret, which is not repentance, but a kind of protest against the failures and faults of the revolution.

M. M.

APPENDIX III. (Vol. ii., p. 83.)

Liniers.

LINIERS was a Frenchman, not only by origin, but by birth, as was also his brother, the Count of Liniers, who died in Buenos Ayres in the time of his brother's government. Both were in the service of Spain, and had been for many years, even from their youth.

The Count held the rank of colonel of infantry, while his brother was captain of a line of battle ship in the royal navy. It is not known how they emigrated to Spain, but it is supposed that it would be after the example of many Irishmen of good family but small fortune, who were, and still are, in the service of Spain. It is not strange that the fact of Liniers being a Frenchman, should have led, during his government, to suspicion, and made him obnoxious; for the real question related to France.

Liniers spoke very bad Spanish, much worse than Napoleon French, an accident which tended to keep

his origin for ever before the people. The Count spoke still less of the language of the country ; so that in the government circle scarcely anything was spoken but French, the language of a nation at that time decidedly opposed to Spain.

At the court of some of the kings of England, this circumstance has led to political results registered by the historian,—as for instance to the monarch's surrounding himself by foreign friends, and submitting to French adulation, as in the case of Liniers.

Although the character given of him is strictly correct and true, his frank and generous spirit redeemed not a few of his foibles ; and it is not easy to withhold from him compassion for his fate, although it was brought upon himself by his errors and imprudence.

M. M.

APPENDIX IV. (Vol. ii., p. 103.)

Picking of Teeth.

It is natural that in Europe the foregoing charge in an official document should appear strange, and even puerile. But it is necessary to consider that the habits of thought and the customs of the elevated classes of Spanish America qualify this breach of good breeding on the part of the Attorney-general, as an unpardonable insult, nor could they ever consider it otherwise than as a premeditated one to the Junta.

Till lately, if a respectable person was walking through the streets of Buenos Ayres, and saw that another passed him without a salutation, or the taking off of his hat, he considered himself to be mortally affronted. This excess of courtesy and urbanity has been almost entirely suppressed, by the commerce and intercourse of foreigners: but in 1810 it existed, and there are still some lingering symptoms of it observable. Greetings to persons unknown are continued in the country; and a

Gaucha is capable not only of hating one who thus neglects him by passing him without saying good morning, but to begin by picking a quarrel with him, and to end by stabbing him.

Thus it was not only held to be improper in Buenos Ayres to pick one's teeth, but, on the contrary, to be a grievous offence, and proving clearly the hauteur and insolence of the Attorney-general towards the Government. In every country, things are embodied into being and importance, from received ideas or adopted customs. In 1830, Señor Anchorena, minister of the Government, sent to prison a French engineer named *Ponce*, for not having taken off his hat to him in the street, with an order that he should not be liberated without making *three bows to the hangman*.

Ponce acceded to this, bowing profoundly, as he was ordered to do, to this distinguished officer of justice; after which the Frenchman was liberated. Fortunately *Monsieur Ponce* was a man of pacific and placable disposition, and so the thing ended. At another time such a case would have produced a quarrel with the French consul, and probably a blockade.

M. M.

APPENDIX V. (Vol. ii., p. 118.)

The Twenty-two Members of the Executive.

THIS exotic, and, not to say the worst of it, this ignorant resolution, which transformed into executive ministers and administrators of the revolution those who had been assembled to be its legislators, had, as it was natural to expect it should, the most fatal results. The edifice appeared from that moment to be weakened, and tottering on its ill laid foundations. The ship of the state might be represented, not only under the motto of other *United Provinces*, more prudent, *incerta quo fata ferant*, but actually as having sprung a leak, and making so much water, as could scarcely fail to strand and sink her.

The said deputies having declined to constitute the congress, which they *could*, and which they *ought* to have established, the anarchy and confusion which took hold of men's minds, subsequently hindered the formation and stability of such a body; and though, on different occasions, future legislators endeavoured to form a regular deliberative assembly,

the state is still without any defined convention, and without the division of powers, and legislative bodies, which the civilization of the present day requires, and which other states, even of South America, enjoy. This is the explanation of the strange anomaly which we behold; and the defect is truly to be deplored in the actual constitution, or organization, of the Government of Buenos Ayres.

The great error of the deputies of 1810, and the revolution (or *emeute*) of Saavedra of the 5th and 6th of April, 1811, which was its corollary, are the two deeds which adulterated, and truly corrupted reform in its birth, aye, in its very cradle.

Of this *emeute* of the 5th and 6th of April, directed and led on by Saavedra, against a solemn covenant of the Government, and against the principal patriots, it will be necessary to speak hereafter.

The Junta was not content with having turned everything upside down in the capital, but was desirous of doing the same thing in the provinces; and so it ordered that juntas should be established in every one of them. It is next to a miracle that this series of blunders and disasters should not have been the ruin of the revolution.

M. M.

APPENDIX VI. (Vol. ii., p. 130.)

THOSE who commence revolutions are mistaken if they think that they will always be able to direct and control them. *So far shalt thou come and no farther.* Revolutions generally leave their authors in the shade: these are supplanted, and promptly succeeded by others, who make themselves masters of the stage, men *du lendemain*, as they are designated by the French. Revolutions may be likened to certain pieces on the stage, in which there is always some one *deceived*, *quelque un de dupé*, unless when the drama is a real tragedy, which calls for the death of the principal actor.

M. M.

APPENDIX VII. (Vol. ii., p. 133.)

THE limits of our work have not permitted us to go into the details of all the various intrigues which brought about the infinite varieties of change of Government, with which the history of the United Provinces of the River Plate is fraught; but the following history of the *emeute* of the 5th and 6th of April, as given by Mr. Moreno, is a good specimen of such intrigues, and will give our readers some idea of the movements generally by which one Government was superseded by another.

Tumult or *Emeute* of the 5th and 6th April, 1811.

THE tumult or revolution of Saavedra, as it has been appropriately styled, is a secret perhaps more remarkable in the eyes of every observer than any other which can be gleaned from the series of commotions and of changes which we then began to see with frequent recurrence.

The most striking part of this revolution was its being organized for the purpose of giving a *coup*

d'étât to those who had originated that of the 25th of May of the preceding year. The authors of the present revolution (that I mean of the 5th and 6th of April, 1811), for the purpose of making sure of their blow, organized a seditious popular assembly, aided, encouraged, and abetted it.

Under this double aspect it is at once curious and important to relate it in some detail, seeing it was the first rupture, or *split*, among that class of Americans who were working out the revolution of the 25th of May, 1810, and that it also had its origin, like many subsequent movements, in profound personal resentments.

The authors of that revolution—those who had staked their all upon a die, friends, every one of them, of Doctor Don Mariano de Moreno—had seen with astonishment the deputies take their seats with the executive body, as well as the high bearing which Saavedra assumed in the legislature. The incapacity of this mixed Government—or rather this huge chaos of a Government—was more clearly discovered, and became more obvious day after day. Besides its nullity, the ambiguous measures it adopted, together with the suspicion that hung over it of an intention to coalesce with

Spain or the Infanta Doña Carlota, gave rise to question its loyalty even in the short period which had elapsed since its installation.

As there was neither a rostrum nor a press, by means of which public feeling might have vent, nor any other safety-valve by which discontent could be discharged, the citizens expressed their disapproval in the only manner in which it was possible for them to do so, first in private conversation, and then in murmurings more or less loud and determined. But they were all oral, *unaccompanied by any one deed* which could give offence; so that all which passed could not be said to go beyond a simple *agitation*.

At length they determined to establish a meeting under the title of *The Patriotic Society*, or rather *Tertulia*, which opened its session in the saloon of Marco's coffee-house; and there they established a *cathedra*, which before such an epoch, would have been in the hands of the scholastics of the college. The rostrum was free to any one, to the first comer, to the most animated and *degagé* member, who felt disposed to harangue. The speeches which from time to time were made, had more in them of what was speculative than practical: they treated, in

abstract, of the love of liberty, and of the dangers by which the cause was surrounded. The only occasion on which this society interfered with the measures of Government was by a respectful petition, soliciting the revocation of its decree, published (but with little intention of giving it effect) for the expulsion, in three days, of all the unmarried Spaniards in the city. This petition was strengthened by another from the Cabildo (municipal body) to the same effect, and was immediately received by the Government with entire approbation—nay, with extravagant demonstrations of joy—it being thus made obvious that on its part, there never had been the least intention of carrying its own measure into effect.

The formula by which the decree against the Spaniards was annulled, in answer to the petition, is so characteristic that we think it worth transcribing here verbatim:—

“ *Buenos Ayres, 23rd March, 1811.*

“ The Government being animated by the same noble sentiments which inspire the people of Buenos Ayres, how could it refuse to lend itself, with the greatest satisfaction, to so generous a request?

(Signed) “ SAAVEDRA,” &c.

Notwithstanding the apparent harmony of sentiments which we have just witnessed, Saavedra could not endure the opposition which was evidently directed against his person; and in those very days he worked assiduously with the Junta in order to induce this body to fulminate measures of severity against the discontented. He denounced these as agents and promoters of a conspiracy which would very soon break out, if not immediately arrested. According to advices which he professed to have received, the conspirators, or members of the Patriotic Society, were hatching plans against his life and that of four members of the Junta—Doctor Funes, Don Felipe Molina, Don Manuel Ignacio Molina, and Don Juan Garcia de Cosio. He could not, however, persuade the Junta of the reality of such machinations, nor from the majority draw the decrees of rigour for which he contended against the disaffected. Taking counsel, then, of his own rancour, and giving himself up to the impetuosity of his passions, he determined to act for himself. His plan of attack rested, in part, upon the calling together of the military force, and partly upon the concurrence of the people, who were to be stimulated to the execution of his plans

by being harangued and led on by some of his confidential agents.

On the night of the 5th to the 6th of April, while the inhabitants of the city were enjoying their usual repose, the Great Square became the resort of bodies, on horseback, of armed Gauchos, whom Saavedra had caused secretly to approach from the neighbourhood of the Magdalena.

Those who, under the shades of night, saw these troopers unsaddle their horses in the square, and prepare to bivouac there for the night, could find no solution of the object of such strange and mysterious conduct. All became apparent, however, and explained a little before break of day.

It was then known that the groups in the square had been ordered by Government to assemble there; that the veteran troops were in their barracks, and that the inhabitants of the suburbs, under the command of the Alcaldes de Barrio (local justices of the peace) and a certain *Grigera*, most devoted to Saavedra, were marching to the square for the purpose of exercising their sovereign rights, seeing they were not properly administered by the Cabildo. These country people brought a long-written paper with them, containing the con-

ditions drawn up for them by their factious leaders, and which were to be instantly complied with at the peril of their supposed enemies.

The conditions contained eighteen articles, to which the Government, with much docility, and with only one or two slight alterations, assented. It forthwith caused the document to be officially published under the title of *Petition of the People*.^{*} In substance, the following were the demands:—

“The banishment of all the European Spaniards in the city, of whatever class or rank, as irreconcilable enemies of the American system.”—Thus explained by the Government: That this banishment of the European Spaniards was to be understood of such of them as had not accredited their adhesion to the new cause, the classification being referred to a committee of the *Cabildo*.

“That all the civil and military employés should also be expelled.”—Explained and qualified as above.

“That all salaries and emoluments allowed to the above classes should be withdrawn, seeing it was not consistent with justice that the public treasure should go to the maintenance of its enemies,

^{*} See *Gazette Extraordinary* of 15th April, 1811.

in preference to that of good citizens, *of whom many were without employment.*

“That upon the goods and chattels of the Spaniards to be banished there should be raised a contribution for the state.”—Agreed to entirely.

“That the members of Government, Don Nicolas Peña and Don Hypolito de Vieytes, as illegally elected, should be expelled from the Government, and ordered immediately to quit the territory.”

The Junta explains that in their opinion these nominations had been made according to existing forms and regulations ; but that seeing, in this condition, *the general will of the people*, the elections should thenceforward be made with their intervention.

“That the members of the Junta, Don Miguel de Ascuenaga, and Don Juan Larrea should be also expelled, and sent out of the country.” Agreed to entirely.

“That the vacant places in the Junta should be occupied by certain individuals, to be named by the petitioners.” Entirely conceded.

“That the authors of the sedition which had just occurred,* Colonel French, Lieutenant-colonel

* There was no sedition but their own, and this was only in process of being enacted.

Beruti, Don Agustin Donado, Don Gervasio Posadas, and the Presbiter Vieytes should be deprived of their offices and banished." Conceded in full.

Finally, and by way of appendix, the petitioners directed that *a tribunal of public safety* should be established for the purpose of watching over the welfare of the citizens; and they designated, by name, four judges, with a notary, who should constitute the tribunal. "They required, moreover, that mass should be celebrated by the reverend bishop, as a testimony of thanks for the happiness which had been diffused by the overthrow, without commission of the least violence, of factious men."

The Government did not linger over that part of the duty which it had to perform. According to the circular which it addressed to the provinces, communicating these events, it appears that its four colleagues, having been proscribed, were that day *en route*, under an escort, for their place of banishment. A like unseemly haste was observable in regard to the other men banished by the decree of the supreme people. To none of them was allowed even the time necessary to make slight provision for their journey; nor was any sympathy evinced, but insults were heaped upon them.

The deposed members of the Government were actually taken from their seats, in the sala of their official deliberations; and as to Señor Peña,* he was pushed from his chair, and collared by the Comandante Rodriguez. Meantime the Junta of Vigilance began on the same day to fill the prisons with persons of all classes,—many of them highly respectable,—civilians, military men, and even physicians and divines, in such numbers, that the city appeared terror-stricken, and deserted. It looked as if it had been invaded by an enemy, or as if the people had betaken themselves to the suburbs, from whence had flashed upon them the lightning of this *sovereignty*.

Processes were got up against those arrested, and against the Patriotic Society, calculated to fix upon them the crime of glaring and perverse sedition, which would have burst (as they said), if it had not been *judiciously* extinguished by the Government in power. But all the investigations of this noisy experiment tended particularly to prove that Doctor Moreno, or Doctor Moreno's spirit, was the author of the imaginary conspiracy, which was now the

* This is the same Peña who assisted Lord Beresford in his escape.

object of prosecution. To the confusion of these casuists, and for the misfortune of the country, Doctor Moreno had died at sea upwards of a month before.

Notwithstanding this, the great process was followed up, for several months ; it gave rise to many vexatious acts toward the prisoners ; till at length it was abandoned, without any decision being come to upon it by its authors.

The saying of Brennus, "*Væ Victis*," had in this instance its complete fulfilment.

Government issued a proclamation explanatory of the movement of the 5th and 6th of April, acrimoniously insulting those banished, as well as those imprisoned, and defaming them with all sorts of accusations and invectives.

We have already said that this proto-tumult was called in the country, *the Revolution of Saavedra* ; and the people in the suburbs were long designated as the *people of Grigera*.

The triumph, which appeared so complete, was very ephemeral for Saavedra and his deputies. A few months only had elapsed since the *emeute* of April, when we find the deputies endeavouring to get rid of their president, and to evade the

responsibility, which the overbearing and irascible spirit of the latter had brought upon them all. We then find Saavedra accepting, from his associates, a diplomatic mission to the interior provinces,—leaving his *patricians* and citizens, and departing. He had not got half way on his journey, when his commission is not only revoked, but converted into an order for his banishment; and Saavedra falls under a cloud of obscurity, from which he is destined never to emerge. After residing for some time in San Luis, he withdrew for a season to Chili. He died suddenly in Buenos Ayres, in 1829, as a private individual, without fortune, with little credit, and with fewer friends.

Great crimes may be sometimes forgotten; but contumelies and personal offences are seldom forgiven. The tumult of April, in addition to being the most fertile in producing individual violence, the most memorable, from being the *first* of the kind, and from the number of persons outraged, cannot be extenuated on the score even of its not having given rise to bloodshed.

Too much blood was shed on the 8th of the following December, in consequence of the mutiny of the regiment of Patricios, which was truly con-

sidered to be a consequence of the events of April, and the last dying words and confession of the party of the Ex-president Saavedra.

In regard to other more general disasters and dissensions, suffice it to observe, that from that time the cruel path of civil re-action was laid wide open to all aspirants.

M. M.

APPENDIX VIII. (Vol. ii., p. 229.)

Don Carlos de Alvear.

IT may appear that too much importance is attached to the administration of General Alvear, and that too much is said of himself, as he was scarcely three months at the head of affairs. The article relating to him might perhaps be considerably curtailed and condensed. Nevertheless, detailed as it is, it does not contain the half of what might be recorded of this active, but ambitious genius.

It is necessary to record that Alvear endeavoured to appropriate to himself all the glories of his day ; although it is far from being incontestable that his titles to them were without a flaw. He superseded Rondeau in the siege of Monte Video only some eight days before it capitulated, and when every one knew that it *must* surrender.

Monte Video being thus taken, without any trouble or great merit on the part of Alvear, as the shadow follows the body, so Alvear followed Rondeau a second time to supersede him, in the

command of the army in Peru ; but when with this design he arrived at Cordova, he got notice that the army refused to receive him as their commander, He therefore retraced his steps to Buenos Ayres ; where, no sooner had he arrived, than he relieved his relative, Señor Posadas, from the burthen of the presidency. *Si licet in parvis exemplis grandibus uti* ; there is in all this a certain something that appears like the movements and journeys of Napoleon.

Notwithstanding Alvear's talent and military knowledge, which are admitted, and although he was about to enter the city on the 15th of April, with all the veteran troops, assembled for that purpose, he was arrested in his designs by a civilian, the *alcalde de primer voto* (or lord mayor), Don Francisco Antonio de Escalada. The saloon of the Cabildo, or Guildhall, if you like, was the head quarters of the oppositionists to Alvear. In the various despatches received every hour there, during the most exciting time of the movements, there arrived a messenger saying that General Alvear was approaching the city (Buenos Ayres) with his whole army, and that his vanguard was already entering.

“ Let them erect a gallows,” said the intrepid Escalada, “ for *him*, if we gain the day ; and for *ourselves* if we lose it.” El Señor Escalada was a sexagenarian.

M. M.

P.S. We knew Don Francisco Escalada well, and our readers will find some further account of him at p. 103, of Vol. iii. A more decided, venerable, and impartial citizen never did greater honour to a civic gown. To see him with his old-fashioned cocked hat and his black wand ; to scrutinize his bland, yet uncompromising features, his erect gait, his courtly demeanour, yet thorough independence, reminded one of a gentleman of the old school, in its best of times. He belonged to one of the highest families of the place, and his public conduct was irreproachable. So much as a small tribute of praise to one of the late most dignified citizens of Buenos Ayres.

THE AUTHORS.

APPENDIX IX. (Vol. ii., p. 254.)

Artigas.

It is also true, that Artigas laid himself open to the accusation of having committed a capital crime against the patriotic cause, which crime, according to all laws of discipline, must be considered as desertion and treason. For while the siege of Monte Video was still pending, Artigas deserted from the army of Rondeau, and taking up a position in his rear, not only cut off his supplies, and deprived him of all means of communication, but, in prosecution of his own views, broke out in hostilities against his own general, as if this latter had been an ally of Vigodet the governor of the besieged fortress. Seeing that this was the case, the Government of Buenos Ayres, as far as the inimical proceeding against Artigas is concerned, cannot be considered unjust, although, perhaps, the proscription of the rebel, and especially his restoration to favour, may be censured as hasty and versatile. Both the one and the other measure was wrong, and did no credit to the authors of them.

M. M.

APPENDIX X. (Vol. ii., p. 262.)

Despatch of the Captain-General of the Province (Mendoza) and Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Andes, Colonel Don José de San Martín, to his Excellency the Director of the State.

THE desire to pay a well-merited homage to the noble patriotism of the inhabitants of the province, impels me to lay a sketch of their services before your Excellency, even though I may trespass on your already well occupied time.

For two years, during which Chili has been occupied by the Spaniards, the commerce of Mendoza has been paralyzed, and her industry and funds have proportionally decreased. But as if the paucity of resources had lent her new courage and firmness in drawing them forth to the uttermost, no effort has been spared in doing so,—the common sphere of action has in every direction been enlarged.

It is, in fact, truly surprising that the inhabitants of a thinly populated country, without a public treasury, without commerce or great capitalists,—

destitute of timber, leather, (or hides,) wool, cattle, (in a great measure,) and of an infinite number of other primary materials and important articles;—should yet have been able to raise, in the midst of themselves, an army of three thousand men, giving up even their slaves, the only hands employed in agriculture; to pay and feed not only the troops, but emigrants (from Chili), to the number of a thousand; to encourage the establishment for furnishing warlike stores and equipments; to create a manufactory of gunpowder; procure arms, artillery, quarters, encampments; to provide upwards of three thousand horses, seven thousand mules, and an immense number of horned cattle; in short, saying all in a word, to furnish all imaginable requisites, without assistance drawn from the capital for the creation, progress, and support of the army of the Andes.

I will say nothing of the continual and unwearied service of the militia, in detachments among the Andes, garrison duty, and other fatigues; neither of the indefatigable although unpaid industry of the artisans in the public works. In truth, the fortunes of individuals are here public property; the great majority of the neighbourhood only think of laying

their worldly possessions on the altar of their country.

America is free. Her oppressors must tremble on the contemplation of a display of solid virtue like this. Hence, they may calculate the united power of the whole nation. For myself, I am content to represent in terms, which, if feeble, are at least most sincere, those virtues which adorn the province of Cuyo; assured that the Supreme Government will extend to its inhabitants the high appreciation to which in justice it is entitled. God preserve your Excellency many years.

(Signed) JOSÉ DE SAN MARTIN.

Head Quarters, Mendoza, 21st October, 1816.

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