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SPORTING SKETCHES

IN

SOUTH AMERICA.

BY

ADMIRAL KENNEDY.

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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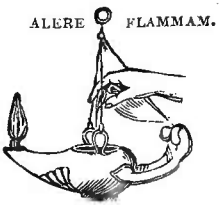

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DEDICATED TO

The Right Honourable

LORD LILFORD,

WHO HAS MOST KINDLY ASSISTED ME
IN REVISING THE PROOF SHEETS OF THIS
LITTLE WORK.

PREFACE.

THESE remarks on Sport on the S.E. coast of South America made their first appearance in 'Land and Water,' and are now reproduced, by permission of the Editor of that Journal, with some little alteration which time and circumstances have rendered necessary. I am hopeful that they may be of some service to my brother officers, and also to yachtsmen and sportsmen visiting South America.

The illustrations are exact copies of some rough pen and ink sketches of my own, and will therefore I hope be excused for their many defects from an artistic point of view.

W. R. K.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER III.

Wild-Fowl Shooting.

CHAPTER IV.

General Outline of Sport with the Rifle.

CHAPTER V.

The Falkland Islands.

CHAPTER VI.

The Falklands (*continued*).

CHAPTER VII.

Patagonia.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Welsh Colony of Chupat.

CHAPTER IX.

Chupat (*continued*).

CHAPTER X.

Patagonia.

CHAPTER XI.

AN INVESTIGATION INTO THE CLAIM OF THE ARGENTINE GOVERNMENT TO THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

CHAPTER XII.

STATEN ISLAND; TIERRA DEL FUEGO; AND VISIT TO THE MISSION STATION AT USHUWAIA.

CHAPTER XIII.

Rio Paraná.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rio Paraná (*continued*).

CHAPTER XV.

Asuncion, Paraguay.

CHAPTER XVI.

Rio Paraná and the Chaco.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Banda Oriental.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUENOS AYRES.—SPORT AT LAS LOMAS AND NEGRETE.

CHAPTER XIX.

SECOND AND THIRD VISIT UP THE PARANÁ—SAN PEDRO, SAN NICOLAS, ROSARIO, &c.

CHAPTER XX.

FLORENTIA COLONY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Santos and São Paulo.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Pernambuco and Fernando do Noronha.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Visit to the Island of Trinidad, South Atlantic.

Hunting Wild Cattle with the Lazo.

SPORTING SKETCHES

IN

SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

SOUTH AMERICA FROM A SPORTSMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

Sport to be obtained there.—Three-years' Bag.—Local and Spanish names. — Old Keeper's remark. — Fishing.—Weapons.—Cartridges.—Dogs.—The family of Tinamous.—Shooting-match.—Kindness of the Native Estancieros.—Different kinds of Sport:—The Battue, Snipe-shooting, Punt-shooting, Grouse- and Partridge-driving, Fox-hunting, Salmon-fishing, &c.

IN the following Chapters I propose to give a sketch of South America from a naval officer's point of view, and of the sport to be obtained there whilst engaged in the duties of "protecting British interests." That this can be enjoyed without interfering with duty I shall endeavour to prove, and I am firmly convinced that a happy combination of work and sport is not only desirable, but is conducive to the best interests

of the service and to the health and temper of those in it. It has been said that sailors go round the world without observing it; and such is in certain cases probably not far from the truth. At the same time, they often have unusual facilities for seeing out-of-the-way places, although they may not always have the power of describing them.

I made it a rule on returning from a day's shooting to note down the exact bag brought on board, and have it entered in the log—*i. e.*, game book—and all my shipmates did the same. The result has been a faithful record of the game actually killed by the officers of the 'Ruby' during our commission, extending over three and a half years. This amount (13,349 head) is, perhaps, occasionally equalled in a week's shooting in England, where the game is strictly preserved and is comparatively tame, but our total represents many days of hard work, shooting over dogs in countries where the game is not preserved and has to be looked for, and, when killed, carried generally on men's backs. I intend, later on, to give a detailed account of each kind of sport, where and how to obtain it, together with the local and Spanish name of each species of bird or beast observed by us in South America.

I have heard the remark made on seeing our bag, "What a slaughter!" But there never was any slaughter, and what was killed was never wasted. With 250 mouths to feed it was easy to dispose of it. The most we ever got was 2000 head in four days,

chiefly Rabbits, and this was in a cold climate where game would keep, and so nothing was wasted.

Generally speaking, our bags were moderate ones, often small, as might be expected in a wild country, and frequently limited by the difficulty of portage.

Some may be sceptical as to figures, and I bear in mind the remark of an old keeper, that "Shooters be liars, but fishers be —— liars." This is probable, but in our case we have understated the amount.

As regards fishing, I shall have but little to say. South America is no place for a fly-fisher; there are no Trout or Salmon, but plenty of coarse fish of very large size in the rivers. These afford good sport, trolling with a spoon-bait, but I never had much time to devote to it, although passionately fond of the gentle art.

Our bag contains no savage beast, such as Tiger or Lion; indeed these animals do not exist in South America, being represented by the Jaguar or Panther and by the Puma, respectively called Tigre and Leon; the only large game we obtained being Deer of several species, Guanaco, Ostrich, and wild cattle. But to obtain these latter a rifle is necessary. They afford grand sport, and are worthy of a chapter to themselves.

As regards the battery necessary for South America, I should suggest a pair of serviceable 12-bore guns with rebounding locks and top-lever action, none of your hammerless ones, which will

probably get out of order when no gun-maker is near. I should also recommend an English Express rifle, though some prefer the American Winchester Express, but I have a ·400–·450 Express, by Messrs. Powell and Son, of Birmingham, Martini-Henry action, which proved most successful. Cartridges, powder, shot, &c., had much better be brought out from home, although they can be purchased in Monte Video at double their price in England.

With regard to dogs, it is not necessary to have them highly-trained, such as one is accustomed to on a grouse moor in Scotland, dogs that drop to shot, and do not retrieve. Such animals would, of course, be always useful, but the best dog I ever had was a small French pointer that worked all day, stood steady to birds, and retrieved perfectly by land or water. The little fellow was taught on an entirely opposite system to that used with English dogs; for instance, when the bird was shot he ran in and instantly retrieved it. This would be a fatal fault in highly-preserved estates, but is not so in a country where the birds do not go in coveys, but rise singly, and, if not killed, run and hide in the long grass.

Moreover, there is no ground game in the Argentine Republic, or the Banda Oriental; consequently, when the dog draws and points, you know that he is on feather. All the "Tinamous," commonly called Partridges, are great runners, especially the large Partridge, or Martineta, so that it is necessary to keep close to the dog, or you may lose a

chance by the bird getting up out of shot; but, if the cover is thick and the dog steady, the bird will squat, and even have to be kicked up. The Elegant Tinamous (*Tinamus elegans*), commonly called Crested Partridges, are found in coveys. They inhabit dry, bushy places, but run into the long grass and lie close. If one or more get up, you may be sure the rest are near, and will be found with a good dog.

The "Martinetas," or large Partridge (*Rhynchotus rufescens*), are generally found in pairs, and if one rises the other is probably not far off.

These large Partridges are never found in the prodigious quantities that the small ones are, and I never remember killing more than twenty to twenty-five brace of Martinetas in one day with three guns, and only once made a good bag (forty-nine) of the "Elegans," but the small Partridges can be killed in any quantity. They abound all over Uruguay and the Argentine Republic; and very pretty sport it is over a dog, but becomes monotonous when there is no other sort of game. Generally, however, there is a marsh or lagoon near, where Ducks and Snipe are to be found as a pleasant variety to the bag.

In April, 1888, I shot a friendly match against Dr. B——, an American dentist, in Monte Video, reckoned one of the best shots in the country. We went out by train from Monte Video to Santa Lucia, and put up at an hotel for the night, and next morning drove to the shooting ground, which had

not been disturbed. Each of us had his dog, and we agreed to shoot separately, but in sight, or at least within hearing of each other.

The Doctor commenced operations, and I noticed that he fired a double shot every time, which I could not understand, knowing that the birds invariably rose singly. By-and-by my turn began, and I got several shots, all single birds; still the Doctor's gun resounded with double report. We left off at eleven for breakfast, when the Doctor had eighteen brace and I had twenty brace of Partridges. We commenced again at 3 p.m., as it was too hot in the middle of the day, and shot till 5, when we had to drive home. The Doctor had secured twenty brace more, and I had twenty-one, so I beat him by three brace, making a total of seventy-nine brace: a very fair specimen of a day's partridge-shooting in the vicinity of Monte Video. I discovered the reason of the Doctor's firing both barrels. He was a noted pigeon-shot, and invariably fired directly the bird rose, generally missing with his first and killing with his second barrel. In this way he burnt a deal of powder. We were to have had a return match, but, alas! poor Dr. B—— died shortly after the day above referred to.

The only sportsmen in the country are Englishmen, who are, as a rule, fanatics in the matter of sport. As to the natives, they would not take the trouble to lift a gun to kill a Partridge; but if they wanted birds, they would send a small boy out on

horseback with a long pole and a noose, with which he would get as many as he required.

But, though they themselves don't shoot, they are very good about letting any sportsman go over their ground if he has the courtesy to ask permission. If not, the owner will probably object; that is, in the neighbourhood of towns, not so much on account of the game, which they don't value, but because they say the shooting stampedes their cattle, and the cattle break down the wire fences.

Natives of these countries cannot see the object of a man going through a hard day's work for the sake of a bag of partridges which he can buy in the market. To these folk the best part of the day's sport would be the mid-day meal, and, from their point of view, they may be right. It is impossible to argue on the subject. For my part, I would sooner toil all day up to my middle in a marsh for a few couple of snipe and, maybe, a duck or so, than assist at the finest banquet that ever was spread. There is no accounting for taste. Take the battue, for instance. People ignorant of this style of shooting affect to despise it, call it slaughter, mobbing tame pheasants in a corner, &c.; whereas it is really the most difficult of all shooting, and unless a man is a practised hand at it, he will be always behind his bird. So also with driven grouse or partridges, the fastest game birds that fly. Let the novice, or even an old sportsman, try his hand at it for the first time, and see what an exhibition he will make

of himself until he gets the "hang" of it. In fact, opinions differ as to what constitutes *sport*.

Punters claim that the wholesale massacre of ducks is the acme of sport. So it may be, for it demands the utmost patience, skill, and endurance to stand the work and secure a bag. Fox-hunters say there is nothing like fox-hunting.

The salmon-fisher won't allow there is anything to come near his particular fancy, and in this I agree with him, but no one will persuade me that pheasant-shooting or grouse-driving compare with shooting over dogs in a wild country, where you first have to find the game, although I allow that it is far easier to shoot when found than when driven. Pages have been written on this subject, and we are no "forrader," as the farmer said after his third bottle of claret.

To my mind, there is no finer sport than stalking Guanaco in the wilds of Patagonia. It is equal to deer-stalking in Scotland, and that is saying a great deal, for I have tried both.

Again, the snipe-shooter is of opinion that his particular amusement "takes the cake" for sport, and so it does of its kind, especially if there is a duck or two thrown in. Can there be any finer sport than "flight shooting" for ducks? And, as for Cariboo-stalking on the barrens of Newfoundland, why, it would be hard to beat! The fact is, all the above constitute sport of first-class character, and there is no use in arguing about it. Let each

one stick to his fancy, and enjoy it while he may.

Of the higher branches of sport, such as pig-sticking, tiger-hunting, elephant-shooting, &c., I have no experience, but I will endeavour in another chapter to give an account of the more modest style of sport that obtains in South America, and is within reach of the generality of the public, and of sailors in particular.

I reckon that there are no less than fourteen different kinds of shooting in South America, independent of "Jaguar," "Puma," or "Tapir," of which latter I have had none; the others I will describe in due course. Of these fourteen classes there are several varieties, so that one might devote a chapter to each, were it not for fear of wearying the reader. I have not included pigeon trap-shooting in this category, although it is practised by clubs in Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, but this class of shooting can hardly be included under the name of sport, but is rather a prostitution of it.

Hunting Ostriches with "Bolas."

CHAPTER II.

Summary of Sport in South America.

Shooting over Dogs.—The small Partridge.—The Martineta.—The Crested Partridge.—Wild-Goose shooting.—Duck, Teal, and Wigeon.—Flight-shooting.—Snipe-shooting.—Guanaco-stalking.—Hunting the Guanaco.—Cavy-shooting.—Coursing the Cavy.—Ostrich-shooting.—Driving the Ostrich.—Stalking the Ostrich.—Coursing the Ostrich.—Hunting the Ostrich with the Bolas.—Deer-shooting.—Stalking the "Gama."—Coursing the "Gama."—Stalking the "Ciervo."—The "Ghazu-virá."—Hare-shooting.—Coursing the Hare.—Rabbit-shooting.—Carpincho-shooting.—Shooting the Pavo del Monte.—Wild-Cattle stalking.—Wild-Pig shooting.—Alligator-shooting.

Summary of sport in South America :—

1. Shooting over dogs.—(*a*) the small Partridge; (*b*) the Martineta; (*c*) the Crested Partridge.

2. Wild-fowl shooting.—(*a*) Wild-Swan shooting; (*b*) Wild-Goose shooting; (*c*) Duck, Teal, and Wigeon; (*d*) Flight-shooting.

3. Snipe-shooting on the Parana, Uruguay, and the Falkland Islands.

4. Guanaco-stalking. Hunting the Guanaco with dogs.

5. Cavy-shooting. Coursing the Cavy with lurchers.

6. Ostrich-shooting.—(*a*) Driving the Ostrich;

(*b*) stalking the Ostrich; (*c*) coursing the Ostrich with dogs; (*d*) hunting the Ostrich with bolas.

7. Deer-shooting.—(*a*) Stalking the "Gama;" (*b*) coursing the Gama with lurchers; (*c*) jumping the Gama; (*d*) stalking the "Ciervo;" (*e*) the "Ghazu virá."

8. Hare-shooting.—Coursing the Hare.

9. Rabbit-shooting.

10. Carpincho-shooting.

11. Wild-Turkey shooting ("Pavo del Monte").

12. Wild-Cattle stalking.

13. Wild-Pig shooting.

14. Alligator-shooting.

All the foregoing can be enjoyed by the average sportsman, but more especially by naval officers, who have unusual facilities for moving about to the best places at the proper season.

Of course, a yachtsman can go where he pleases; but we cannot all keep yachts, and those who can seldom care to go so far for sport, but prefer the attractions of the Solent. The charm of this class of sport is that it costs nothing, and therefore sailors can enjoy it as well as a millionaire, aye, and with far more gusto, since we are not surfeited with pleasures, but have to make the most of our opportunities.

Referring to the above list, I will commence with "Partridge-shooting," of which birds there are three kinds—viz., the small Partridge, the large Partridge, or Martineta, and the Crested Partridge. I must explain that "Partridge" is only

the translation of the commonly applied Spanish name for the Tinamous—"perdiz." All the above are species of the genus "Tinamus," but their proper scientific name will be given when necessary.

The small Partridge, "perdiz comun" (*Nothura maculosa*), is distributed all over the Banda Oriental, Entre-Rios, and the Argentine Republic. It is also found in Brazil, but is more plentiful in the first three countries. Another species of the same bird, *Nothura Darwini*, is found in Patagonia, inhabiting the same kind of open grass country, and is fairly abundant on the pampas as far south as lat. 45° S., and probably even beyond that parallel. This species, called "perdiz chica," or small Partridge, is somewhat smaller and of paler plumage than the "perdiz comun," but is similar in its habits.

In Uruguay the best Partridge-shooting is to be obtained at either Maldonado or Colonia, where men-of-war often resort. At these places one can leave the ship in the morning and return the same night with twenty, thirty, or forty brace to a gun.

The season begins in April, when the young birds are strong on the wing and the sun is not too hot for men or dogs. It is advisable to hire a horse to carry game and cartridges, &c., and as horses are cheap either to purchase or to hire, there is no difficulty on that score. At Maldonado it is a good plan to hire a waggon and a team of bullocks, and camp out for a few days. This enables one to go further, where the sport is better. The expense is small, and

the life very enjoyable. The bullocks travel slowly, and one can shoot alongside the waggon or arrange a rendezvous for camping, and work up to it. A tent is useful, but not absolutely necessary, as the waggon makes a capital shelter. Mr. Burnett, our vice-consul at Maldonado, is most obliging, and will make all arrangements.

In April, 1886, I camped out in this way with some of my shipmates, returning on the third day with 340 Partridges, besides what we had eaten. There are still a few of the large Partridges in this locality.

Maldonado used to be the headquarters of the British squadron, and held the first place in the estimation of our sportsmen, but of late years it has been entirely eclipsed by Colonia, a more accessible place and a better harbour. At Colonia one may ride out in any direction for a league or so, the further the better, put the horse up at a ranch, or leave him standing; in the latter case it is advisable to put the "maneas" (hobbles) on his forelegs, or merely put the reins over his head, leaving them to trail upon the ground—he won't go far. Then the fun begins. Commence on the lee side of the "Beat" and work the dog up wind. The best ground for small Partridges is the large open fields covered with yellow grass and thistles, so common all over the "Campo." If birds are plentiful, you will get all the shooting you want; if not, move on to another place. If they get up wild, or run and get up out

of shot, as they sometimes do, work round the sides of the field, which drives the birds to the centre. They then get confused, and lie close. Whilst going down wind it is better to take the dog up, unless he is a very steady one, as the birds get up wild, and take a deal of killing, especially on a windy day, when they will go away hard hit, and drop dead a long way off, when they are difficult to find.

In some campos water is very scarce, and I have always found it best, directly the dog showed signs of fatigue, to take him to the nearest water, and give him a bath. In this way he will work with renewed energy, and you will double the bag. Moreover, these birds are very fond of swampy ground, and a good bag may be made in the neighbourhood of marshes and lagoons, especially in the heat of the day, when they seek water. Work the grassy patches round the swamp, and you will get many a shot. If they are not found on the low ground, try the high ridges, and work close, as many squat, and let one pass, getting up behind you, after you have gone by. If the birds are plentiful, stick to that place in preference to trying fresh ground. You never can tell for certain where they may be found.

If the dog be wild he is of more harm than good, but if he works close, always within shot of the gun, leave him alone, and don't shout at him. Use the whistle, and wave the hand in the direction you wish him to go; all birds are alarmed at the human

voice. When the dog points and remains standing, walk quickly up to him; don't run, and remain by him. If he still stand, and the bird does not rise, keep quiet. Give the dog a pat of encouragement, but don't flush the bird; it is good practice for the dog, so let him alone; the bird will rise at last, knowing that he is seen, and so dare not run. I have rolled a cigarette whilst my dog patiently waited, knowing that his turn was coming. If you push the dog or hurry him you will spoil him, and he will run in and flush the next bird without waiting for his master to come up. We will suppose that the bird rises, is knocked over and retrieved (most dogs in the Plate are taught to retrieve); take the bird from him, give him a word of encouragement, and away he goes to look for more. If he does not retrieve, keep your eye on the spot, and walk straight up to it. If, as often happens, another bird gets up whilst the dog is returning with the first in his mouth, and you kill the second, he will very likely drop the first, and go to pick up the second; in which case stand still till he has retrieved the second, then send him back after the first. Of course old sportsmen know all about this better than I can tell them, but I am not writing for them, but for the novice. Someone may say, "This is all very well, but I have no dog," or if he has one, he won't retrieve. Never mind, he will still get sport without a dog, but, naturally, not so good as he who has one.

In some parts of Uruguay and the Argentine Republic the small Partridges are so numerous that a dog is a nuisance, and good bags can be made without one, even losing half one's birds; but to my mind it is half the pleasure to see the dog work, and to note the intelligence with which he will circumvent a running bird, and, by heading it and getting it between him and his master, force it to rise. This is especially the case with the large Partridges, all notorious runners, of which I now propose to treat. In this case a dog is absolutely necessary to make a decent bag.

The large Partridge, or "Martineta," commonly called the Rufous Tinamou (*Rhynchotus rufescens*), is peculiar to South America, and is not known elsewhere. It abounds all over the Argentine Republic as far south as Bahia Blanca, in lat. 40° S., and north as far as the Province of Bahia, in Brazil, and probably beyond it, but those are its limits as far as I am aware.

Martinetas are to be found chiefly in the grain districts, such as the neighbourhood of Rosario and Santa Fé, in Entre-Rios and the Banda Oriental, and congregate more especially in the vicinity of "ranchos," where maize is grown. Consequently, the best place to search for them is an old maize field, or châcre, as it is called, where they are sure to be found about feeding-time. They breed in the long pampa grass, and invariably fly to it when flushed. Therefore, if you want to make a bag, it is best to keep along the

wire fence between their feeding-ground and the sanctuary, letting the dog work the châcre. In this way you will obtain the most splendid crossing-shots, as every bird will make straight for the cover, regardless of guns. It is necessary to shoot well ahead of them, as they fly fast, although when first flushed they are as easy to shoot as a pheasant under similar circumstances. They lie very close in the long grass, and you will certainly pass them without a dog.

These fine birds are becoming scarce in Uruguay, but are still plentiful about Rosario and in the Chaco. As places become inhabited and the covert disappears, they get killed down, or retire to less populated districts. Being highly esteemed for the table, they are much sought after by pot-hunters, who shoot them for the market.

The next bird on the list is the Crested Partridge, or "Copeton" (*Tinamus elegans*), or Elegant Tinamou.

Messrs. Sclater and Hudson call it the *Calodromas elegans*, or "Martineta;" but the latter term, "Martineta," is always applied by the natives to the Rufous Tinamou, and not to the "elegans," which they call "Copeton," meaning crested, on account of a graceful plume or crest on the head. Very likely the term "Martineta" is applied to both species, for they are seldom found together. Only in one place, near Bahia Blanca, in 40° S., have I ever shot the "rufescens" and "elegans" in one day. This latitude seems to

be the boundary, for the "rufescens" are not seen to the south nor the "elegans" much to the north of it.

The Elegant Tinamou is about the same size as the Rufous, but is altogether different in plumage, which is more like that of a guinea-fowl, having a general ashy-grey appearance, assimilating with the soil and low scrub it frequents. These handsome birds live in coveys, but do not rise together, preferring, when disturbed, to run and scatter, rising singly and sometimes two or three at a time. They are found on the table-lands amongst dwarf scrub, but when alarmed they run with amazing swiftness for the long grass, where they lie very close. They often squat on the bare ground and are very difficult to see or to flush without a dog. The bird on rising gives a little cry of alarm and raises its crest; its flight is rapid, like that of a pheasant, and every now and then the wings cease beating, and it skims for several yards before again flapping its wings. The "elegans" is distributed all along the coast of Patagonia, and abounds in the neighbourhood of Port Madryn, Chupat, San Blas, Bahia Blanca, St. Elena Bay, and Egg Harbour, in lat. 45° S., and probably extends as far south as the Straits of Magellan. I have shot them at all the above-mentioned places.

Without a dog one may toil all day and see nothing, although one may have passed close to several coveys. As a proof of how necessary a dog is for this sport, I was shooting near Bahia Blanca with some of our officers; we had not met with any-

thing, and were rather disgusted, so I turned into a ranch to get some water and rest my dog, whilst the others formed line and swept up a likely-looking valley near by, but, finding nothing, they returned on board. Following in their wake, I killed six brace of "elegans" on the same ground, and returning to the spot the next day with two of my shipmates, we bagged forty-nine more.

This was the best day we ever had with these birds; generally two or three brace was all we got for a hard day's work. They seem to be able to live without water, which makes it very hard on the dog. The "elegans" might easily be domesticated, and are very fond of congregating in the neighbourhood of ranches, where they feed with the fowls. As they live in coveys, you may be sure that if one rises the rest are not far off, so it is advisable to hunt carefully around, examining every bush, as they will not get up unless forced to do so; and, owing to the nature of the ground they inhabit, a dry, sandy soil, the scent is generally very poor, and a dog may pass over them. They are highly esteemed for the table, being superior even to the rufous species. I believe that both of these fine game-birds, the Rufous and the Elegant Tinamou, could be introduced into the United States with advantage. They are hardy birds, and would do well in a corn district, or, indeed, anywhere, if protected by law. Even a moderate amount of vermin would not matter, as there are plenty of foxes, vultures, and hawks in South

America. All that they require is a certain amount of cover such as the prairie affords, and protection in the breeding-season.

I believe they would do quite as well as Prairie Grouse or Quails. The small Partridge of South America is not worth introducing anywhere, being an inferior bird in every way to our Partridge in England, and we have no room for the large birds in Great Britain—this country is too much enclosed and too densely populated; but in North America there must be ample room on the prairies and plenty of suitable food.

Having now done with the Partridges, I will take the next on the list and devote the following chapter to "Wild-fowl Shooting."

CHAPTER III.

Wild-Fowl Shooting.

The wild Swan.—Sport at Negrete Estancia.—The Upland Goose.—The Brent Goose.—The Kelp Goose.—Varieties of Ducks on the Paraná.—The Muscovy Duck.—Snipes and Snipe-shooting.—The Common Snipe.—The Painted Snipe.—The Falkland-Island Snipe.

To account for one-tenth part of the water-fowl of South America in one chapter would be an impossibility. I shall therefore touch but lightly on some of the most familiar kinds, commencing with the finest and most ornamental of the family, the Black-necked Swan (*Cygnus nigricollis*). These beautiful birds are abundant in the Argentine Republic and Patagonia, and range as far south as the Straits of Magellan and the Falkland Islands. Flocks of them may be seen whilst ascending the Paraná river, especially in the vicinity of San Nicolas, Dos Hermanos, and Rosario.

The White Swan (*Coscoroba candida*) is also to be met with in considerable numbers; it is smaller than the black-necked species, but is, nevertheless, a handsome bird. The Gauchos call it a Goose, but it is a true Swan, pure white in colour, except the tips of the wings, which are black.

There is not much glory in shooting Swans, except

for specimens; but a swan drive is a form of sport not always obtainable, and a satisfactory right and left at driven swans coming down before the wind is a thing to remember. The best day I ever had at swans was with one of our officers, when we bagged seventeen of them, and we could have got more, but could not have carried them, although we had a trap. This was on the Salado river, south of Buenos Ayres, whilst staying at Negrete, the beautiful estancia of Mr. Shennan. On this occasion we brought all the birds back to the ship, where they were cooked and eaten and their feathers utilized for stuffing pillows, so that nothing was wasted.

I am surprised that the black-necked species is not more often domesticated in our ornamental waters, as it is, in my opinion, a handsomer bird than either the common White or the Black Swan.

Of Geese there are at least three edible species, namely—the Upland Goose of the Falkland Islands (*Bernicla dispar*), found also in Patagonia; the Ashy-headed Goose (*Bernicla poliocephala*); and the Rufous-headed Goose (*Chloëphaga rubidiceps*). The former are to be found in incredible numbers in the Falkland Islands, where they are often as tame as farmyard geese; they feed about the settlements without fear, being unmolested, but where they have been much shot at they soon get as wild as our European species. The Upland Goose is a very handsome bird; the male is white, banded with black, with

black points to the wings, the female is of a ruddy chestnut; both have a beautiful green bar on the wings. These birds feed entirely on grass, causing great loss to the sheep-farmers.

The Rufous-headed Goose is also a handsome game-looking bird, resembling the female Upland, but smaller and with a short beak, and a neat thoroughbred looking head; in habits it is similar to the Upland, and both kinds are excellent eating. Not so the Kelp Goose (*Anser antarcticus*), which is quite unfit for food, living as it does entirely in the salt water. This bird may be readily distinguished from the eidble species; it does not go in flocks, but generally in pairs; the male is a pure white, with bright yellow beak and legs; the female is a dusky colour, barred with black.

Geese may be shot either with a pea rifle or a shot gun. The most sporting way, to my mind, is to post the guns and send men to drive them. Geese always face the wind to enable them to rise; but if it be strong, as it always is at the Falklands, they soon turn and come down wind forty miles an hour, affording sporting shots. At the Falklands it is as well to have a horse to carry the spoil, as these birds weigh eight or nine pounds each. I have killed as many as one hundred in a day, not one of which has been wasted.

Flocks of Geese are to be met with in the neighbourhood of Chupat, but are rare in the vicinity of the River Plate, where they are more molested;

moreover, they seem to prefer the more rigorous climate and the grassy valleys of the Falkland Isles to the mainland, and from the absence of foxes and other vermin in the islands they are undisturbed during the breeding-season.

Ducks.—Probably in no part of the world are Ducks more plentiful than in the Argentine Republic and Uruguay, but especially the former. The numerous lagoons which are scattered over this flat country swarm with fowl of every description, and it is quite impossible to give more than a very imperfect account of them. I believe there are quite fifty different species of Ducks around Buenos Ayres and the vast swamps of the Paraná river, and it is a common occurrence to kill a dozen different species in the course of a day's shooting. The commonest sorts are the Shovellers (*Spatula platalea*); the Black or Rosy-billed Duck (*Metopiana peposaca*), commonly called the Pecasso, a very fine bird; the White-winged Duck (*Nomonyx dominicus*); the Chiloe Wigeon (*Mareca sibilatrix*), a lovely bird; the Pintail (*Dafila bahamensis*); the Brown Pintail (*Dafila spinicauda*); the Black-headed Duck (*Heteronetta melanocephala*); the Crested Duck (*Anas cristata*); and five kinds of Teal, namely, the Grey Teal (*Querquedula versicolor*), the Blue-winged Teal (*Querquedula cyanoptera*), the Yellow-billed Teal (*Querquedula flavirostris*), the Ring-necked Teal (*Querquedula torquata*), and the Brazilian Teal (*Querquedula brasiliensis*). All the above may

be bagged in an ordinary day's shooting on the Paraná river.

Besides these and many others of which I know not the names, the Muscovy Duck (*Cairina moschata*) may be occasionally met with; but the habitat of these birds is more especially the Chaco of the Argentine Republic and Paraguay, and I have not met them south of Bellavista, on the Paraná river.

The latter in the domesticated state is known as the "Criollo," and is a familiar object in farmyards. The Muscovy is known in South America as the "pato real," or royal duck. It is undoubtedly the finest of the duck tribe and is a noble bird; I have shot one weighing nine pounds, and have heard of others weighing as much as twenty, but doubt it. These ducks do not give much sport, as they perch on trees and have to be stalked or waited for when they come in to roost.

Duck-shooting in the River Plate begins in March and continues all through the winter months. A good retriever is necessary, otherwise many birds will be lost, and the more guns the better to keep the birds on the wing. To my fancy the best sport is flight-shooting about sundown, when the ducks come in to their feeding-grounds; there is an attraction about this kind of sport which is not found elsewhere—waiting in a marsh for the ducks to arrive and listening for the sounds of their wings on a still night. The extraordinary noises made by

marsh birds, the croaking of millions of frogs, and the quacking of ducks add to the fascination of the sport, and many is the time I have been loth to leave the marsh long after darkness set in and all further hope of a shot has passed.

Some may be afraid of the night air in these marshes. I can only say I never felt any the worse for it, and believe it to be perfectly innocuous. It is, perhaps, as well to keep the pipe going and a drop of the "crathur" in the stomach.

There is some first-rate duck-shooting to be had in the Falklands, but I will allude to that later on in an account of the sport to be had in those islands.

SNIPES AND SNIPE-SHOOTING.—The common Snipe of the country (*Gallinago paraguaiæ*) is distributed all over South America from North Brazil to Patagonia; but is especially abundant in the vicinity of the River Plate, both on the Uraguayan and the Argentine sides of the river. The marshes between Buenos Ayres and Rosario are famous for these birds; they are also very abundant in the neighbourhood of Colonia and Maldonado, in the Banda Oriental, where our best bags were made. The South-American Snipe differs but slightly from the European species, and is considered by most sportsmen to be the same bird; but I am told, on good authority, that the European species is not found in South America.

Snipes are also plentiful in Brazil and in Para-

guay, and good bags are made in the neighbourhood of Rio Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco.

The Painted Snipe (*Rhynchæa semicollaris*) is also to be found in the marshes about Colonia, but never in large numbers. At the Falkland Islands there is a large species indigenous to the islands, and not, to my knowledge, found elsewhere. The Falkland-Island Snipe is probably a local race of *Scolopax frenata*. It is a solitary bird; but it is not the Solitary Snipe of the Old World. It is half as large again as the common Snipe, being nearly as big as a Woodcock, and much lighter in plumage. Its habits are very singular, and altogether different from the rest of the family of Snipes. Strange to say, this bird is not found in marshy places, but on the high and dry table-land, where it feeds on berries, consequently it is as different in taste as it is in habits. It is very tame and easy to shoot, and is most accommodating; for, if missed, it soon pitches again and waits for the sportsman to come up.

Snipe-shooting is very much the same all over the world, and all sportsmen are familiar with it, so there is very little to be said about the matter. I have always found it best to walk the marsh down wind, as the birds invariably turn and face it, thus giving a broadside or overhead shot, whereas, if the opposite plan be adopted, they usually get up wild and fly low against the wind; at least such is my experience. Our best bags were made by distributing

the guns about a marsh so as to keep the birds on the move.

In Brazil it is terribly hot work, but if a man can stand the heat the sport is good. On two occasions, once at Bahia and again at Pernambuco, we made bags of fifty-two and fifty-three Snipe with two guns in one day.

Having now exhausted the account of small-game shooting, I will put aside the gun and take to the rifle and relate in the next chapter our experiences of stalking the Guanaco and other game in South America.

CHAPTER IV.

General Outline of Sport with the Rifle.

Guanaco hunting in Patagonia.—Habits of the Animals.—Best locality for finding them.—Ostriches.—Patagonian Hares.—Foxes.—Skunks.—Armadillos.—Rabbits at the Falklands.—Wild Pigs.—Wild Cattle.—Different kinds of Deer in South America.—The Red Deer (Ciervo).—The "Gama."—The Ghazu Virá.—The Ghazu Colorado.—The Venadillo.—Carpinchos.—Alligators.—The Ant-bear.—The Aguará.

Guanaco hunting, in my opinion, is the finest sport in South America. Vast herds of these animals roam over the Pampas, from the Rio Colorado, in latitude 40° S., to the Straits of Magellan, and across the Straits to Tierra del Fuego, and of late years they have probably increased, owing to the disappearance of the Patagonian Indians. Indeed, the latter, as a tribe, may be said to exist no longer, owing to the systematic persecution by the Argentine Government (I shall have more to say on this subject later on, when I have concluded these general remarks on sport). The best locality for Guanacos is St. Elena Bay, on the coast of Patagonia, situated in latitude 45° S. At this place large herds of these animals may be seen from the anchorage. The country hereabout is wild and

desolate, and, being uninhabited, the Guanacos are undisturbed. They are, nevertheless, exceedingly wary. Water is scarce, the climate dry and bracing, and beneficial to the human frame. To stalk the Guanaco, all that is necessary is a rifle, a spyglass, a knife, and a bottle of water. Every man should be provided with the latter.

The animals may usually be seen feeding in the valley, while the old buck keeps a look out on the highest peak, and gives notice of the approach of danger by neighing like a horse, when the herd immediately decamp. But the sportsman need not trouble himself, for they will not go far, and will probably be found in the next valley. It is best to sit down and watch them till the last beast disappears over the sky-line, then up and follow them, taking care to keep the wind in one's face. In this way, with ordinary precaution, a shot will be obtained. Aim behind the shoulder, the same as at a deer.

The only trouble is the disposal of the carcass, as a full-grown Guanaco will weigh about 180 lbs. clean; and it will require four men to bring in the meat, which, when properly cooked, resembles venison. I will more fully describe this animal in an account of Patagonia.

The Welsh farmers at Chupat hunt the Guanaco with dogs, and good sport is thus obtained, but the animals have become scarce in that locality in consequence.

Egg Harbour is also a good place for Guanacos, and the anchorage is superior to that of St. Elena Bay. On the same ground will be found flocks of Ostriches (*Rhea americana*), also great numbers of Cavies, commonly called Patagonian Hares (*Dolichotis patachonica*), likewise Foxes, and a few coveys of Elegant Tinamou. Ostriches may be stalked with a rifle, but they are exceedingly wary, and have a very keen vision, so it is very hard to get within rifle-shot. They are also hunted with dogs, and with the "lazo" and "bolas." On many of the estancias in Uruguay and the Argentine Republic Ostriches roam at large and become quite tame. They are caught once a year for the sake of their feathers, but in some camps they are wild and have to be stalked in the usual way. Parts of the Ostriches are used for food, and are highly esteemed.

The Cavy is a fine animal, weighing on an average 18 to 20 lbs., and is most excellent to eat. Two or three may generally be seen together. It is difficult to get within gunshot of them, and a small rifle will be found most useful. Good sport may be had hunting the Cavies on horseback with a couple of lurchers. They run very fast for a short spurt, and if hard pressed invariably take to ground. Foxes abound all over South America, and are always shot as vermin, as nobody keeps hounds, and on the enclosed lands hunting would be an impossibility in any case.

Skunks and Armadillos are also very numerous, the latter being very good to eat, and sold as a delicacy in the market at Monte Video.

English Hares have of late years been introduced into the Falklands with success. They have done well, are strictly preserved, and give good sport, either shooting or coursing with greyhounds.

Rabbits have existed on these islands since the days of De Bougainville, and have multiplied to such an extent as to have become a serious nuisance to the settlers. They afford grand sport to naval officers who visit the islands, and who bless the man who introduced them; but the settlers are probably of a different opinion.

Wild Pigs, *i. e.* domestic Pigs run wild, also an abound on some of the islands, and are a great nuisance. They are rank, lanky beasts, foul feeders, unfit for food, and give poor sport. But the wild Cattle, which have roamed over the islands for many years, give fine sport for the rifle, and, as they charge when wounded, are not to be despised.

There are, to my knowledge, five different kinds of Deer in South America, not including Brazil, although but three species are generally known. First on the list comes the "Ciervo," or Red-deer Stag (*Cervus paludosus*), a magnificent animal, larger than the red deer of Scotland. These animals inhabit the "Chaco" of Paraguay and the Argentine Republic, and a few still remain in Entre-Rios

and Uruguay, but are fast disappearing before advancing civilization.

Next to them comes the Gama or Camp Deer (*Cervus campestris*), a pretty little animal, somewhat larger than the roe and smaller than a fallow deer. These deer are widely distributed all over the Banda Oriental, and may be stalked with a rifle or killed with buckshot. They afford good sport for hounds, and the buck will stand at bay and often injure a dog if the sportsman is not up in time to kill it. The meat of these animals is unfit for food, especially that of the buck, which emits a most offensive odour at all seasons. Besides the above, there are the Ghazu Colorado, the Ghazu Virá, or Swamp Deer, and the Venadillo. The Ghazu Virá lives in swamps and thickets, and is difficult to find. I have shot one only; the other two I have never seen alive, but only their skins. They belong more especially to the Paraguayan "Chaco," and are seldom found in the south.

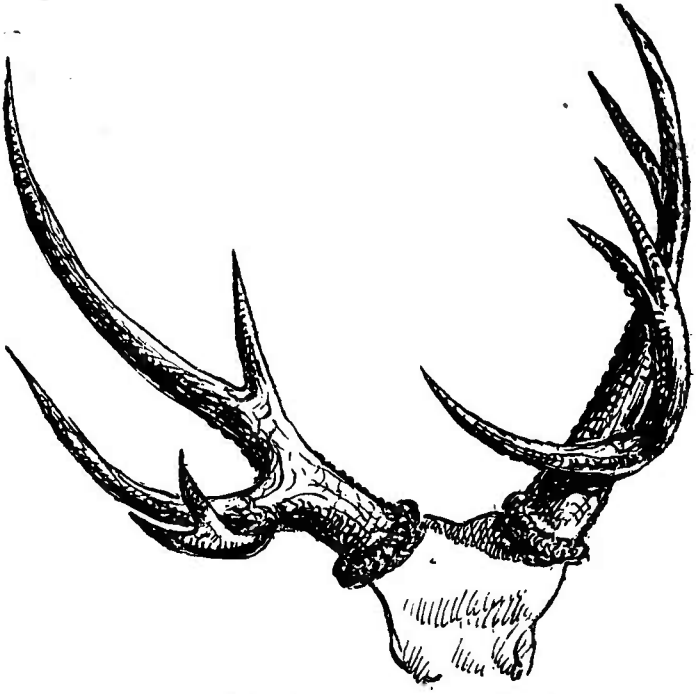
To hunt the Ciervo, one must go to the "Chaco," and camp out. It is very hard work, and the snakes and mosquito are a caution. I tried the experiment three times, but succeeded once only, when I killed two fine stags, but gave it up, as there was no possibility of bringing in the meat. The "Gama" may be killed on any of the outside settlements, *i. e.* those far removed from cities, such, for instance, as at San Blas, where we got twenty-eight of them in a few days. In all the great rivers

discharging into the Plate "Carpinchos" abound. This animal (*Capybara*) is the largest rodent known in South America. In appearance it somewhat resembles a hog, but with a head like a guinea-pig. It is a harmless, inoffensive animal, and is not worth anything when you have got it, except the skin, which is used for making native saddles. A rifle is necessary, and one must aim at the head. The animal sinks when killed, but the carcass will float within twenty-four hours. Alligators, locally called "Jacaré," may be shot in any quantity in the River Paraguay. Their skins are useful in making boots, bags, cigar-cases, &c.

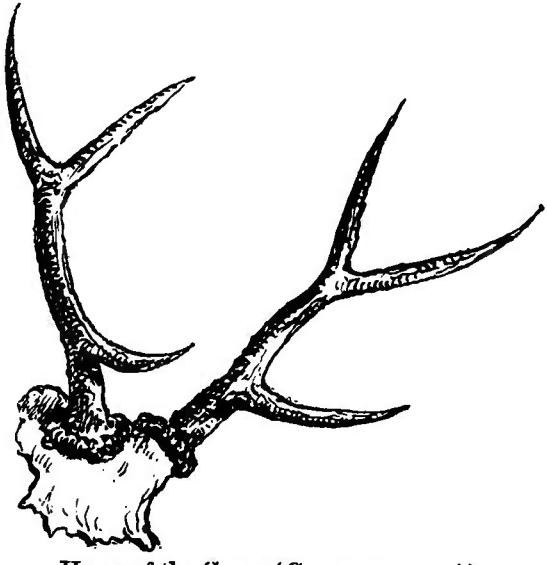
In the "Chaco"—an immense extent of country on the western bank of the Paraná river—are wild Hogs, the Ant-bear (*Myrmecophaga jubata*), and the Maned Wolf (*Canis jubatus*), commonly called the "Aguará," a fine animal, with a bright, ruddy coat, black mane and pads.

I have now touched upon nearly all the sport to be obtained in S. America. In the next chapter I propose to say more of the countries visited by us than of the sport to be got there.

I append herewith a pen-and-ink sketch of the head of a South-American Red Deer (*Cervus paludosus*), also that of a Gama (*Cervus campestris*), showing the dimensions and nature of the antlers (see p. 38).



Horns of the Ciervo (*Cervus paludosus*).



Horns of the Gama (*Cervus campestris*).

CHAPTER V.

The Falkland Islands.

The Argentine Republic.—The Falkland Islands.—Best time to visit them.—French and Spanish names.—Driving Geese.—Heavy bag of do.—Steamer-Ducks.—Shags.—Penguins.—Seals.—Sheep.—Size of the Falkland Isles.—Rabbits a nuisance.—Wild Cattle.—Death of the old Bull.

The Argentine Republic, extending from the Tropics to Cape Horn, embraces nearly the whole southern part of the South American Continent eastward of the Andes, the Cordilleras being the boundary line with Chili. These two republics have divided Tierra del Fuego between them, and Staten Island also belongs to the Argentine Republic. Not content with this vast territory, the Argentines lay claim to the Falkland Islands, or "Malvinas," as they are called. Their pretension to these islands is so preposterous that I shall take no more than a passing notice of it now, and shall have more to say on the subject in another place.

In the early part of 1886 we paid a visit to the Falklands. Since that time we again visited the islands, in 1887, 1888, and 1889. I will endeavour to avoid repetition as far as possible, and add to the impressions I then formed any information which our subsequent visits enabled me to obtain.

The best time to visit these islands is the summer season, from December to March, but in 1886 we had been detained at Monte Video, owing to a threatened revolution, which actually burst out, and was settled with a skirmish near Paysandu, on the Uruguay river, when the rebels were completely vanquished. The term "rebel" I have used merely to distinguish them from the Government party, but often in these cases the rebels are the true patriots, and have the interest of their country at heart at least as much as their opponents. On the present occasion they endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to overthrow President Santos, an individual whom no one could accuse of being a benefactor to his country, and who was afterwards banished from Uruguay, to the very great advantage of that republic.

It was to be expected that on leaving the Plate we should find a marked difference in approaching the latitude of Cape Horn, nor were we disappointed. A smart passage of six days, mostly under sail, carried us to the Falklands, and on the evening of April 6th we anchored in Berkeley Sound, one of the many fine harbours of East Falkland. Fifteen years had elapsed since I trod those shores, and I still entertained a lively recollection of the sport to be obtained there. It is a curious circumstance that the Falklands, like our northern colony of Newfoundland, have been successively inhabited and claimed by the French, Spaniards, and English,

and, as in Newfoundland, many of the points, bays, and harbours still retain the names given to them by their former possessors — for instance, Port Louis, Port Salvador, Bougainville Creek, Rincon Grande, Arroyo Malo, Port San Carlos.

Our first day's experience of the Falklands was delightful; a bright, warm sun, with a gentle breeze blowing, and by early dawn a strong contingent of sportsmen landed ready for the fray. Taking a couple of midshipmen with me, we skirmished around after Geese, flocks of which could be seen feeding on the rich grasses in the valleys. Sending some blue-jackets to drive them, we had splendid sport, and by luncheon time nearly fifty of these fine birds, the Upland Geese, were stretched upon the sward, besides some Ducks and Snipe. After luncheon, we started for some lagoons, to look for Teal, which are considered the best birds in the Falklands. We took a horse to carry the game, and returned in the evening with a very heavy bag of 100 geese, besides duck, teal, and snipe. I have already, in a previous chapter, described these birds, with their scientific names, and therefore shall not repeat them. Besides the above, the salt water teems with water-fowl of every description, including the Kelp Goose and the Logger-headed Duck, commonly called the "Steamer Duck." The latter are a common feature of the Falkland Islands. They become, as they advance in age, so heavy and fat that they are unable to fly, so that when disturbed

they scuttle along the water, propelled by wings and legs, leaving a wake behind them, like a paddle-wheel steamer. They frequently reach the prodigious weight of 20 lbs., and Captain Cook relates having killed them of 30 lbs., but I suspect he had not got his scales with him! These birds, when full grown, are quite incapable of flight, but we shot some that did fly. I fancy that these were young birds, probably in their first year, and that as they get older they become more corpulent.

Two kinds of Shag are common, the black and black and white. These birds are useful to the mariner, by warning him of the proximity of land in thick weather, as they are never met with more than about ten miles from the land. Not so the Penguins, which I have seen three hundred miles from shore. Penguins of two species are very abundant, and are protected by law; this measure was found necessary, for they were rapidly being exterminated by sealers and whalers for the sake of their oil. The poor Penguins, although very active in the water, are perfectly helpless on land; they come ashore to breed, making their nests in holes under rocks, in the roots of tussock grass, and in the mouths of rabbit-holes. These colonies are called penguin rookeries; one is speedily made aware of the proximity to a rookery by an awful stench, and by the uproar of the parent birds or their young. The birds give notice of their whereabouts by a grunting noise not unlike a ship's

foghorn, when the owner may be seen in a hole twisting his head about in a most comical way, and prepared to defend his domicile to the last. If any attempt be made to dislodge him, a serious peck is the result. The eggs of Penguins, Albatross, and Sea-hens are very good, and make capital omelettes.

Seals also congregate about the islands, and are protected by law, from October to May. A firm on the Jason Islands is doing a very good business with their skins. The place where Seals assemble is called a seal rookery. Like the Penguins, the Seals were in danger of being exterminated, but they are now getting ahead. Sea-Elephants and Sea-Lions used to be numerous on the islands, but are now rarely met with, having been driven away to the more remote and inaccessible islands of South Georgia and South Shetland, where they are less likely to be molested.

Of Mammalia, beside the above-mentioned, there are several species, none of which are indigenous, but all seem to have thriven. Probably the only indigenous animal was a large Fox, or Wolf, which has been exterminated on account of the damage it did to sheep.

There are a good many Horses on the islands, and some are running wild in the interior.

Probably few people are aware of the size and importance of the Falkland Isles. They comprise two large islands—the East and West Falkland, and an immense number of smaller ones, the whole forming

a group half as large as Ireland. The larger islands are inhabited, but the whole population amounts to but 1,800, of whom about 800 are at Stanley, the principal settlement and seat of Government.

Sheep do remarkably well. There are many thousands scattered on nearly all the islands, and they are fat when not starved out by rabbits, and carry heavy fleeces. An attempt has been made to ship frozen mutton from the Falklands to England, but the venture has not proved a financial success hitherto. The 'Selembria,' a fine steamer, fitted up with a refrigerator, was chartered for the service, and carried 30,000 carcasses each voyage. It was proposed to make two voyages a year, which would necessitate a large supply of sheep, none but the finest being selected, a drain which I suspect the islands can scarcely afford. Rabbits have existed on several of the islands since they were first inhabited, having been introduced by De Bougainville. They have multiplied to such an extent on some of the islands, notably on Saunders, Keppel, and Speedwell, as to have become as great a nuisance as they are in Australia. The climate suits them to perfection, and they are remarkably fine and fat. Their colours are mostly silver-grey, black, or black and white, proving that animals do not necessarily return to the colour of the original wild stock, at least for a very long time. The settlers would gladly exterminate the rabbits to make room for the sheep, and on some islands cats have been turned down with

this object, but without much success. On our last visit to the islands in January, 1889, we killed 1,640 rabbits in four days on Speedwell Island, without making any appreciable difference in their numbers.

Wild Cattle, originally introduced by the Spaniards, still roam the mountainous parts of the larger islands. They are being killed down to make room for the sheep, but they have done good in preparing the land for them, and it seems hard that they should not be allowed to exist as well as sheep, especially as they afford grand sport. It depends whether the matter is viewed from the standpoint of a sportsman or of a butcher. I prefer the former, not being in the meat trade.

The cattle are hunted by the settlers, who "lazo" the animal and hamstring him, returning to take off the hide at their leisure.

Whilst lying at anchor off Speedwell Island, it was reported to me that some cattle had crossed over from the Main Island to Ruggles Island, so I went after them, accompanied by a party of officers. We tramped the island from end to end, and at last spied the herd, a party of eight, headed by a notoriously wicked old polled bull, who was said to be very vicious, and to charge on sight. Several attempts had been made to slay him without success. The animals had already winded, but had not seen us, so we stalked them till we got within 300 yards, but could not approach nearer without

showing ourselves, owing to the nature of the ground—an open marsh, without a tree or shelter of any kind. Having some experience of wild cattle in the Galapagos Islands, in the Pacific, we decided not to come to close quarters, so we fired a volley, which dropped the old bull on his haunches, but he jumped up, and galloped after the herd, now in full retreat. Running to cut them off, I dropped a fine cow with a lucky shot, but the old bull took refuge in some long grass. There was a lot of blood about, so two of our fellows, more daring than the rest, followed on the trail, came upon the bull lying down, badly wounded, and finished him off before he could charge. The next day we landed, and polished off two more of the herd, leaving the balance for future sportsmen.

A short time before our visit a yachtsman had been badly gored by a wounded bull, on this same island, and he would certainly have been killed had not the bull dropped dead after carrying him on his horns for several yards.

CHAPTER VI.

The Falklands (*continued*).

Advantages for yachtsmen.—Good harbours and sport easy of access.—Supplies procurable.—Climate healthy but tempestuous.—Bag of Hares on Lively Island.—Value of the West Falkland Albatrosses.—Pink-breasted Terns.—Grebes.—Johnny Crows.—Disgusting habits of the latter.—Fishing a fraud.—Port Egmont.—A stream of stones.—Probable theory.—Rabbit-shooting on Saunders and Keppel Islands.—Woodcock or Snipe?

It has often appeared strange to me that yachtsmen do not more frequently turn their thoughts and their yachts in the direction of the South Atlantic with a view to sport. Perhaps, after perusing these pages, some will think about it, for in few parts of the world can a sportsman so thoroughly enjoy himself as on the south-east coast of South America, by which I include the Paraná river, the coast of Patagonia, and the Falkland Isles. The islands abound in first-rate harbours, accessible to craft of the largest size, where really good shooting can be enjoyed within easy range of the ship—a very important fact, as no preparations or camping out are necessary, with all the trouble and expense incidental thereto. The Falklands is one of the few places where the sport, such as it is, is not overrated. It

is true, there is nothing but wild fowl, rabbits, pigs, and wild cattle; but these are free to all. Supplies of all kinds are procurable, and coal in any quantity. A steam yacht is not absolutely necessary, but would be a great convenience, as it blows hard, and one cannot always make sure of one's port under sail alone. On the coast of Patagonia there are a few good harbours, as I shall presently show, where sport of a first-class character can be had within easy distance of the ship, and a return on board by night assured. As regards the Paraná, a steam yacht is necessary to stem the current, otherwise the voyage would be tedious and monotonous in the extreme. Sailing vessels (and there are some smart little schooners trading on the river) frequently take weeks in reaching Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, when the winds are unfavourable, but often make the return trip, down stream, in as many hours. But I shall reserve a description of the Paraná for another occasion, and will now return to the Falklands.

The day after our arrival in Berkeley Sound, as recorded in the last chapter, the usual Falkland Island weather set in—a gale of wind, accompanied by violent squalls of snow, hail, and sleet, so we proceeded round to Port Stanley, where we remained some days to allow all hands a run ashore. A man-of-war is always a welcome object in the port, and the inhabitants, one and all, from the Governor downwards, invariably do their best to make both

officers and men enjoy themselves, and feel that they are once more amongst friends and countrymen. Dinners and lawn-tennis parties are the order of the day, with shooting expeditions for the sportsmen, whilst Jack and Joe can be seen at all hours carousing in the public-houses, spinning their yarns over their pipes and grog. Stanley being a free port these luxuries are cheap, so also are beef and mutton; vegetables are scarce, and not always obtainable, although I have seen very fine potatoes grown on several of the islands. The chief drawback to the place is the wind, which blows hard all day, and nearly every day—rarely is it calm for twenty-four hours together. The climate is healthy, and epidemics are unknown.

On the occasion of our first visit, in April 1886, it blew a gale of wind for ten days in succession, accompanied by heavy squalls of snow and hail, notwithstanding which we were able to take Mr. Barclay, the popular Governor, for a trip to Lively Island and Mare Harbour, where we had some capital sport. Many years ago Captain Packe, an old resident at Stanley, introduced some Guanacos on this part of the East Falkland (Mare Harbour), where they did well, and in 1871, when I first visited the islands, there must have been thirty of them; but since that time they have been frequently very roughly handled, and on my last visit, in January 1889, I believe there were but two left, and those were old bucks, so we did not molest them. The shooting at Mare

Harbour is of first-class quality, and we have frequently made heavy bags there. On Lively Island, the property of Mr. Cobb, we have also enjoyed excellent sport. Mr. Cobb has introduced the English Hare on Phillimore Island, where they are strictly preserved, and have increased surprisingly. A buck and two does were turned down there fifteen years ago, since when probably more than a thousand have been killed. Mr. Cobb kindly gave us a day on Phillimore Island, when we bagged eighty hares, forty snipe, and ten brace of ducks in a few hours. But the Hares, although so prolific, do not seem to have increased in size; in fact, they must have deteriorated, for they would not average more than six pounds each, and doubtless require fresh blood.

On the mainland of the East Falkland some Hares are to be found in the neighbourhood of Sparrow Cove, but not in any great numbers. We tried coursing them with lurchers, and managed to kill a few at this place. It has been proposed to introduce Scotch Grouse into the Falklands, but I feel sure this would be a failure, owing to the absence of heather. Possibly Ptarmigan might thrive on the highlands, as there are plenty of berries, but there is no shelter for game except from rocks, and there is not a vestige of timber on any of the islands; in fact, the appearance of the Falklands is very similar to the Shetland Isles, and the climate, from my own experience, much the same. No trees

can withstand the everlasting gales in either place. The inhabitants use peat for fuel.

The West Falkland is more rugged and mountainous than the East, some of the mountains rising to a height of 3000 feet, with fine "corries" for harbouring stock; in fact, it would make a magnificent deer forest. In a letter to 'The Field' I was made to say, by a clerical error, that the whole island might be purchased for £12,000 instead of £120,000, which I intended. The disgust of some of the landed proprietors may be imagined, seeing that they estimate the value of the West Island at nearly half a million. But this can only be considered a fancy price, as these islands are never likely to be densely populated, and only a limited number of cattle and sheep can be raised on them.

A great variety of the Gull tribe make the Falklands their home, and build on the outlying islands. The Snowy and Sooty Albatross are constant visitors, and the Pink-breasted Tern is often seen on the lagoons; Grebes are common in every harbour round the coast. There are but few shore birds; the commonest is a red-breasted Starling; and occasionally birds are blown over from the mainland by the prevailing westerly gales and are unable to return.

There is a very savage and destructive Carrion Vulture, locally called "Johnny Crow" (*Polyborus*), which infests the islands. These marauders accompany the sportsman, wheeling round his head and swooping at his dog in the most daring manner,

attacking any unlucky goose that may escape wounded, or devouring the slain.

It may be concluded that these birds do their part in preserving the balance of Nature, but it is difficult to reconcile one's self to their proceedings, in picking out the eyes of sheep when "cast" and disembowelling them whilst still alive; consequently we destroyed them without mercy on every opportunity. Of reptiles there are none, nor even indigenous insects, although probably fleas and other vermin have been introduced from time to time, but they appear to have found the climate too much for them.

Fishing in the Falklands is a fraud. There are a few small streams in the larger islands, holding a narrow, lanky fish, spotted somewhat like a Trout, and so called, but they have no connection with fish of that name; they take a fly greedily. In all the tidal estuaries round the coast Mullet of a large size abound, running up to 15 lbs. weight. They come in and go out with the tide, and may be caught by stretching a net across the estuary, before the tide begins to fall.

Of the many fine harbours around these coasts Port Egmont, on the West Falkland, deserves notice. It is secure from every wind, and is a good centre for sport.

On the left-hand side of the channel leading to Port Egmont may be seen one of those remarkable geological formations which have been noticed by

Darwin and other travellers visiting the islands. I allude to a stream of stones, winding down a valley, from near the summit of the mountain to the sea. At a distance one would suppose it to be a mountain torrent, but on looking through a spy-glass the illusion is dispelled. I had no opportunity of closely inspecting this curious freak of Nature on our first visit, but on a subsequent occasion I landed for that purpose. The "stream" proved to be a mass of boulders of all sizes, from that of a round shot to that of an omnibus, and, although tumbled about in all positions, they were yet so close that one could walk from one to the other without difficulty.

The boulders filled up the entire bottom of the valley, but the banks on either side were composed of peat, and no stones were visible. My first impression was that the boulders had been washed down from the hill-sides by a mountain torrent, and got jammed there, or that they had been carried there by ice. But, after a careful examination, I came to the conclusion that they had always been there, and that the action of the water had washed away the earth, leaving the stones bare. I think the latter theory is the correct one, and in corroboration of it the water may be seen and heard running under the stones.

Moreover, the mountains are not steep enough to produce torrents of sufficient force to carry huge boulders with them. As regards the ice theory,

unless the climate of the Falklands has very much changed, it is not likely that ice has accumulated to any extent in the valleys. I think it probable that, if the peat were removed from the sides of the mountains embracing the valleys wherein these "rivers of stones" are to be seen, similar boulders would be found. At any rate, it is a singular phenomenon, and is not, to my knowledge, to be seen in any other part of the world.

There is good Rabbit-shooting on both Keppel and Saunders Islands, and the settlers are most obliging in supplying horses to carry the bag. At the latter place the best shooting is nine miles from the anchorage, entailing a hard day's work to walk out, shoot all day, and walk back, but it is worth it, as the sport is very good; the Rabbits are found in the thick cover on the hill-sides, and are difficult to bolt without a dog. There are also wild Pigs on Saunders Island, and the settlers hunt them with dogs; the old boars are very savage, and charge on the least provocation. It has always been a wonder to me that Woodcocks are not known in the Falklands, nor in Newfoundland, both countries being admirably suited for them, and in the latter case they are to be found in the adjoining countries of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island.

I have always claimed to have killed a Woodcock at Port Famine, in the Straits of Magellan, in the year 1871, but I am told that this bird is a large

Snipe, and not a Woodcock *. It certainly resembled a Woodcock, flew like one, and tasted like one; and an old shipmate of mine told me that he had killed one at the same place. I have also heard of Woodcock in the islands south of Tierra del Fuego and the Beagle Channel, but we have possibly all made the same mistake.

I shall now take leave of the Falklands for a while, and, reserving an account of Staten Island and Tierra del Fuego for another occasion, carry the reader across to the mainland of Patagonia, and relate our adventures in pursuit of the Guanaco, the Ostrich, and other game indigenous to that country.

* I have since been told, on the high authority of Mr. Osbert Salvin, F.R.S., that this bird is the *Scolopax Stricklandii*.

CHAPTER VII.

PATAGONIA.

Discovery of Gold.—Sheep-farming at Possession Bay in the Straits of Magellan.—Harbours on the coast of Patagonia.—Egg Harbour the best for sport and safest anchorage.—A Guanaco drive frustrated.—Cavy-hunting.—Habits of the Cavy.—The Elegant Tinamou.—Arid aspect of the country.—Absence of human life.—Tova Island.—The mysterious Horse.—Fire on board the 'Ruby.'—Port St. Elena.—Guanaco-stalking.—Description of the animal.—Habits of do.—Absence of fresh water.—Stalking Ostriches.—Patagonia as a pasture-land for Cattle and Sheep.—Evidence of the submergence of the whole Continent of South America.

In the present chapter I shall confine myself to the mainland of Patagonia, a country visited by us on four different occasions, during the years 1886, 1887, 1888, and 1889.

Some three hundred miles to the westward of the Falklands is Cape Virgin, a promontory marking the eastern entrance to the Straits of Magellan. Gold has been discovered in this neighbourhood, and a number of adventurers from the Plate crowded to the spot, but I have not yet heard of anyone making a fortune, or even paying his expenses, by the venture. At Possession Bay, a short distance inside the Straits on the Patagonian side, two Englishmen, Messrs.

Wood and Waldron, have established themselves. These gentlemen have obtained an extensive grant of land from the Government, and are doing exceedingly well with Sheep. I regret that I was unable to accept their cordial invitation to pay them a visit and have some Guanaco-hunting, but their place was beyond the limits of the south-east station. Mr. Wood told me that Pumas were very plentiful in the neighbourhood, and that they had killed great numbers of them. Following the coast to the northward of Cape Virgin are several harbours with deep water inside, but most of them are merely bar-harbours at the mouths of rivers, such as Port Gallegos, Santa Cruz, St. Julian, and Port Desire, with a very great rise and fall of water, causing strong tides, dangerous to navigation. They should not, therefore, be attempted by any but a steam vessel well under command, and with a local pilot. In fact, it is not until Egg Harbour, on the north side of the Gulf of St. George, is reached, that a vessel coming from the southward will find a really first-class harbour, secure from all winds. There is a good anchorage inside Tova Island, but Egg Harbour is undoubtedly the best on the whole coast of Patagonia. It is formed by Valdez Island on one side, and a peninsula on the other, and has plenty of water for a big ship, and room to swing. The best season for visiting this coast is the month of April. Before that time the country is dried up with the heat, and the absence of water makes sport

of any kind more of a toil than a pleasure. Later on, as the winter approaches, it becomes cold, and heavy gales may be expected; but in April, or even May, the climate is splendid. Generally there is a bright blue sky overhead, with a crisp and refreshing breeze during the day, and calm nights. Nowhere have I seen more beautiful sunsets than in Patagonia. At this season gales may occur, but they do not last long, and the barometer gives ample warning of their approach. Egg Harbour is by nature well adapted to a Deer, or, rather, a Guanaco drive. The promontory forming one side of the harbour is connected by a low, sandy neck, about two hundred yards across, on which are scattered bushes perfectly suited for the concealment of sportsmen. The Guanacos, if undisturbed, come out upon these promontories at night to avoid their enemies the Pumas, and a well-beaten track leads out to all the points on the coast, and to this one in particular. On our first visit everything had been well arranged beforehand. We came quietly into the harbour, dropped our anchor, muffled the bell, and kept things generally quiet; but, alas! the best laid plans sometimes fail. A party of sportsmen landed in the evening, and one of them was lost, and as night came on became alarmed, and kept firing his gun for help. We replied with guns and rockets, and the result was that when we landed next morning before daylight, so as to intercept the Guanacos on the way back to their feeding grounds, "devil of a tail" was

to be seen. We found by the tracks that they had intended to come out upon the promontory, but had been scared by the noise. However, we made up for it afterwards, though we did not do much with them on that occasion, as the animals were very wild, but we got several so-called Patagonian Hares or Cavies. This animal is miscalled by all sorts of names—hare, agouti, pacá, &c. Its proper name is the Mará (*Dolichotis patachonica*). It is placed between the agouti and the pacá, and has nothing whatever of the hare about it. The Cavies are heavy in the body, averaging 19 lbs., and their legs are very thin. They can run very fast for a short time, but soon become tired, and sit up or go to ground. Their gait is more like that of a deer, and their fur also, the back being of a glossy black with white rump; the tail is a mere stump, destitute of hair, from sitting on it. They have square heads, like a guinea-pig, and large dark eyes. We seldom got within shot of them with a smooth-bore, and bagged most of them with a rifle.

A few *Tinamus elegans* were also shot here and several Ostriches seen, also Skunks and Armadillos. We visited Egg Harbour in 1887, and again in '88 and '89, and on every occasion made good bags of all these kinds of game, but we latterly knew the ground better, and went further inland. The country round about this neighbourhood has a most arid and desolate appearance; the mountains are rugged and precipitous, destitute of verdure

or water. It is, nevertheless, a grand centre for sport.

Besides the above, there are Pumas, Foxes, and several small rodents. Of birds, there are the Crested Partridge, the Small Partridge, Swans, Geese, Ducks, and a few Snipe. Grebes are plentiful in the salt water, and Condors may be seen wheeling round the mountain-tops. The only creature wanting is man; not a human being is to be seen, although we saw traces of Indians, and on the tops of the highest hills were cairns of stones, where they used to bury their dead. A few bones and skulls may yet be seen lying about in the vicinity.

There is, to my mind, a great charm in hunting in an uninhabited country, knowing that you will not meet a soul unless it be of your own party. How few places there are left on the earth where this is possible!

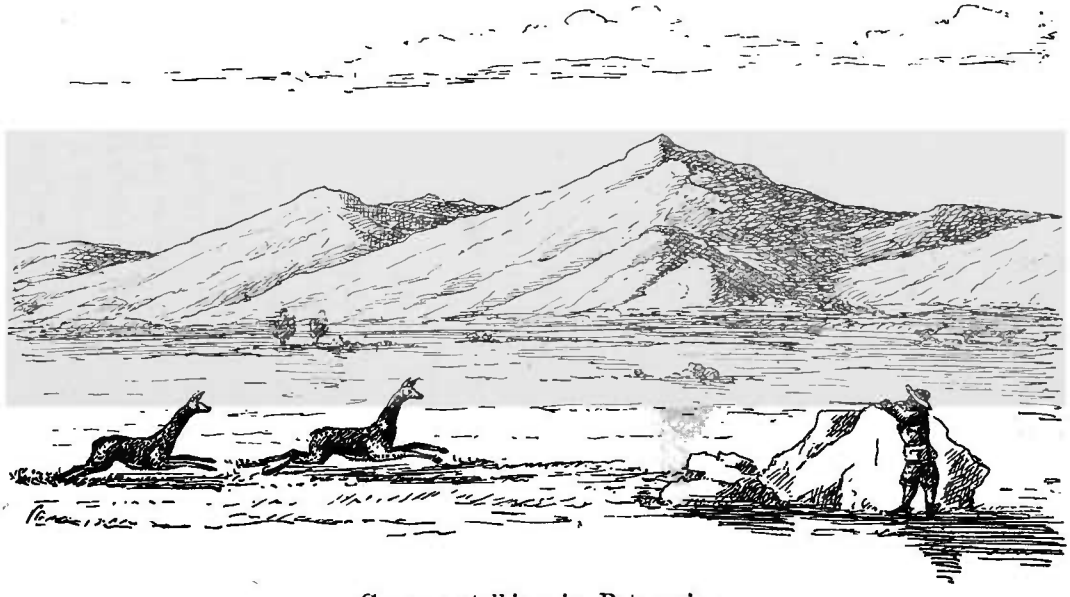
The sailing directions inform the mariner that Rabbits abound on Tova Island, close by, but this is not the case, for we traversed the island from end to end, and found none. Penguins come ashore on the island to breed, and a party of sealers have established a boiling-house there. The place was deserted at the time of our visit, but a solitary old horse had been left. We saw the poor beast quite distinctly from the ship, on several occasions, and parties went in pursuit of him, but the animal always mysteriously disappeared, probably hiding himself in one of the caves with which the island abounds. Some would

not believe in his existence, but when we steamed away, there, sure enough, was the old horse, quietly feeding on the hill-top. I daresay he is there still.

We have reason to remember Tova Island, for whilst at anchor there the ship caught fire in some inexplicable way. The fire was discovered in the engine-room one Sunday night, when all was still, and it took us some hours to suppress it. The only conclusion we could come to was that the engine-cover, which had been stowed away behind some oil-tanks, had taken fire by spontaneous combustion. Fortunately, no serious damage was done to the ship.

On the mainland opposite to Tova Island some very good shooting is to be had at a place called Castillo's Point on the chart, but the landing is bad and sometimes dangerous.

A few miles to the northward of Egg Harbour is the Port of St. Elena, an open anchorage but a safe one, except with S.E. gales, which are rare. It was a beautiful morning towards the end of April when we first made this port, the water was as smooth as a mill-pond, a bright and not too warm sun overhead, and a light breeze, caused by the motion of the ship as she glided through the water. Herds of Guanacos could be seen upon the hills, gazing at the ship with much curiosity as she passed. We dropped anchor in the bay in the afternoon, but did not land for fear of disturbing some Guanacos



Guanaco-stalking in Patagonia.

which we saw feeding in a valley abreast of the anchorage.

The next morning a strong contingent of sportsmen landed with rifles and dispersed themselves over the hills, each one accompanied by a marine or bluejacket carrying a wooden water-bottle.

Guanaco-stalking presents many of the features of Highland sport, although the beautiful scenery is wanting. The herds, composed principally of females, are presided over by an old male, who stands sentry on the highest peak, and gives timely notice of any strange or moving object, when they all gallop off. The note of warning is not unlike the neighing of a horse; they have also a cry of alarm somewhat like the quacking of ducks. It is next to impossible to get within rifle-shot at the first stalk, as there is no shelter of any kind, and the Guanaco has splendid eyesight, and can "wind" one, like a deer, but by following the herd a shot will be obtained sooner or later. The ground is so stony that it is impossible to move silently, and the slightest noise can be heard at a great distance in that clear air, and sets the beasts off. I found an old pair of Newfoundland moccasins very useful for this work, but they had to be re-soled every day by the sail-maker.

Our first day at St. Elena accounted for eight fine Guanacos, besides some Cavies and a few Crested Partridges, but the amount of powder expended ought to have sufficed for a herd. My own share was but one Guanaco, with which I was well satisfied, as I do

not care about killing any creatures unless able to dispose of them, and this is the difficulty. Mine was a grand beast, weighing 185 lbs., clean, and measuring 6 ft. 9 in. from the top of the head to the forefoot.

As some people may not have seen a Guanaco, I will describe it. The animal has all the points of a camel, which it greatly resembles on a small scale. It has a long neck and face, and a beautiful eye, larger in proportion than that of a deer, a deep chest, and is very slight abaft the big ribs. The fur is of a rich, ruddy brown. It has pads of hard skin on the chest, knees, and hips, caused by the habit of lying with its chest on the ground and the legs extended behind. This is interesting, because it has been said that the horny excrescences of the camel are produced by being made to assume this position for convenience in loading, and that these peculiarities have been reproduced in the offspring; but wild Guanacos are not descended from domestic stock, and a fawn which was killed had all the same peculiarities as the adults.

The habits of these animals are peculiar. Their droppings are always deposited in regular spots in a circle of a yard or two. They are very inquisitive and restless, keeping a sharp look out for danger; their vision and power of scent are wonderfully good; indeed, they must need all these senses in their full development, for the Pumas make great ravages amongst them. We found the remains of many

Guanacos, generally near water, and often with the neck broken, showing that the Puma had been lying in ambush, and sprung upon the poor creature when it came to drink, probably at night.

The foot of the Guanaco is well adapted to the country that it inhabits, for, unlike the sandy deserts of Arabia, Patagonia is a stony country, interspersed with sand, and the Guanaco's foot is of very tough texture, like indiarubber, with powerful toes to enable it to climb the mountains. Its ordinary pace is a trot, but when alarmed it can gallop very fast.

In the dry season water must be very scarce, but is plentiful in the rainy season, for the last time we visited St. Elena, in 1889, we discovered a spring of sweet water, having a dry watercourse leading towards the sea; this was evidently a torrent in the rainy season. I have no doubt that the Guanacos can lay in a week's supply of water, like a camel, and also drink brackish water and thrive on it. The great drawback to shooting in Patagonia is the absence of fresh water, for, except where the large rivers flow, there is but little, and the pools dry up in the summer.

Our second day's shooting at St. Elena produced six more Guanacos, making fourteen in all, and this was as much as we cared to shoot, or could possibly dispose of, owing to the difficulty of portage. On several subsequent visits to this place we averaged about the same number, but some of our party preferred shooting Cavies, which are most excellent

to eat, and easier to carry. The flesh of the Cavy tastes like venison if kept for a week. The flesh of the Guanaco is also good, but requires keeping.

The wild Ostrich, of which we killed a few, affords splendid practice with a rifle, and the meat is good, but does not look tempting. I killed one with the "Express," by a lucky shot, just as it was disappearing over the sky-line at 200 yards, the ball striking at the junction of the neck with the body, nearly severing the neck. Ostriches have also a pad of hard skin on the breast, which rests upon the ground when the bird is sitting.

One might suppose that where all these animals exist Sheep and Cattle would also thrive, but I am not at all certain that this would be the case. There is plenty of pasture on the lowlands similar to that in Uruguay, but the scarcity of water would, I suspect, prevent many million acres of fine grazing land being occupied by sheep or cattle, which cannot travel long distances for water, as Guanacos and Ostriches can, nor can they exist without it for so long a time. I cannot see how any settlement could flourish under these circumstances, except on the banks of a river, as at Chupat, for the water obtained by digging wells is always brackish. This is probably to be accounted for by the evident fact that the whole continent of South America has at one time been submerged. All along the coast, and at distances of many miles from the sea, the old beaches, scattered with oyster-shells, are apparent; beds of

oyster-shells are found, many miles from the present sea-coast, at an elevation of 200 to 300 feet above its level; also petrified fish and skeletons of whales, which would point to a sudden upheaval of the entire continent. This is more particularly evident proceeding further towards the north.

Some 100 miles to the northward of St. Elena Bay is Nuevo Gulf, a magnificent sheet of water, thirty miles across, in the S.W. corner of which is Port Madryn, the sea-port of the Welsh colony of Chupat.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Welsh Colony of Chupat.

Founding of the Colony.—Privations of the early Settlers.—Anchorage at Port Madryn.—Desolate country.—Attitude of the Argentine Government.—Energy of the Settlers.—Irrigation-works.—Heavy wheat crop.—Sheep, Cattle, and Horses.—Position of Emigrants in a foreign land.—The Chupat and Port Madryn Railway.—A reckless drive.—Duck-shooting about the Colony.—Skunks and Armadillos.—Adventure with a Skunk.

There are probably but few people in the world, except naval men, who know where Chupat is, or are interested in anything that concerns it. Nevertheless, it is an interesting spot, from the fact that close upon two thousand Welshmen have elected to make it their home, and are now making a comfortable living there. The colony is situated on the banks of the Chupat river, on the east coast of Patagonia. It was founded in the year 1865 by Mr. Luis Jones, who, with a few Welshmen, migrated to that remote spot with the intention of establishing themselves in a part of the world where they would be unmolested, and where their beloved language would be preserved.

The first settlers landed at Port Madryn, in the south-west corner of Nuevo Gulf, but, finding the

place unsuited for a permanent settlement, they, after enduring great privations, migrated to the banks of the Chupat river, some forty-five miles to the southward, where they have prospered to an extent hardly conceivable, considering the nature of the country, for it would be difficult to imagine a more unattractive locality. The river Chupat is a sluggish stream, having its rise on the slopes of the Cordilleras, and, after many windings, flowing into the sea in the parallel of 43° south latitude. There is no sort of harbour there, for the river has a bar across the mouth, preventing any but small craft from entering, and those only at high water. The anchorage off the river's mouth is only a temporary, and, at times, a dangerous one, for with south-east winds a heavy sea is thrown upon the coast; consequently, vessels desirous of communicating with the settlement have to anchor at Port Madryn. At the time of our first visit, in 1886, there was no communication, except by road, but since then a railway has been completed. In the early days H.M.'s ships used to stand into the mouth of the river and fire a gun, and then proceed round to Port Madryn, where horses and traps used to be sent for such officers as desired to visit the settlement. The road between the two places is a most dreary one, traversing a lonely, desolate, sandy waste, without a drop of water for man or beast, unless rain had recently fallen, when a few muddy pools might be met with; not a tree could be seen along the route, only low thorny bushes common to the country. In

this desolate region a few Ostriches, Guanacos, Foxes, Skunks, and Armadillos find a living, and a covey or two of Crested Partridges and Patagonian "Cavies" reward the sportsman for his toil. There is also a small burrowing rodent called "Tucu-tucu," which spends its life below ground, grunting at having to live in such a miserable place. At Port Madryn wells have been dug, but the water thus obtained is brackish and unfit to drink. The first appearance of Chupat is not inviting; the houses are built of unbaked brick of the colour of mud, and the land about is of the same monotonous tint. But the dwellings of the settlers are by no means devoid of comfort, and the writer has a very pleasant recollection of an agreeable visit under the hospitable roof of Mr. Luis Jones.

The early settlers were mostly miners, unacquainted with farming, and one can well understand the trials and difficulties they must have encountered when they first came to the country—a barren soil, no spring water, or firewood, except such as the wretched bush afforded, and even this is exhausted in the neighbourhood of the colony, where cow-dung is used for fuel. The Argentine Government, delighted to find their country appreciated, gave the emigrants a free passage from Buenos Ayres to Chupat, and by way of encouragement presented each man with 250 acres of land along the river's bank, and at the present time some 300 farms are scattered along the valley for a distance of forty miles from the sea-coast. Of

these 250 acres, fifty are, on an average, under wheat.

At first the settlers were dependent upon the overflow of the river to irrigate their land, and the wheat crop was consequently uncertain and precarious, but with commendable energy they have since cut canals on both sides of the river parallel with the stream, and by tapping the river higher up, and making the canal of a flatter gradient than the river, they have been able to irrigate the land as desired. These canals are connected with the different farms by sluices, so that each farmer can regulate his supply of water and thus be independent of the river's overflow. In 1885 the wheat crop was estimated at 5,000 tons, and it is expected that an average of 8,000 tons per annum will be reached. The settlers possess some 6,000 sheep, 9,000 cattle, and 1,500 horses. The latter are rough, hardy beasts, and do an immense lot of work, but are poorly fed, owing to the poverty of the pasture in the neighbourhood, but they soon get fat if turned out in the "campo." The Welshmen, having settled down to the peaceable enjoyment of their possessions, fondly hoped they would be unmolested; but the Argentine Government speedily undeceived them, and, jealous of their independence, very soon established an official post at Chupat, consisting of a Governor, Captain of the Port, Commissary, Secretary, and a Custom-House Agent, and levied a tax on all vessels discharging their cargoes in the river or at Port Madryn. Moreover,

although the original settlers are British subjects, they reap but little benefit from the fact, since all their children born in the colony are subjects of the Argentine Republic, and are, therefore, liable to be called out for any service in which that Government may think fit to employ them, and as a matter of fact all the young men over eighteen years of age belong to the National Guard. I consider it cannot be too clearly impressed upon intending emigrants that if they think fit to settle down in a foreign land they cannot expect the same protection from the British flag as they would have had if they had selected one of the British colonies, and that where there are children they forfeit all claim to its protection. These children are Creoles, *i. e.* born in the country, and must abide by its laws and become natives of the country; if they don't like it they had better leave it.—I believe that much misconception arises from the word Creole, some people supposing it to mean a Mulatto, whereas it means nothing of the sort. It is applied correctly to persons born in the country of European blood, in contradistinction from immigrant Europeans, Mulattos or Mestizos.

It may seem hard that a child born of English parents in what, to us, is a foreign country, may not preserve its nationality; but, on the other hand, it would be unfair to that country if it did.

We are the foreigners in this case. We go out to the country for our own benefit, and if we choose to remain in that country our children become sub-

jects of that country. Were it not so, the children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren would all claim British protection on the score of being British subjects; very probably they would have intermarried with the natives, and things would become very much mixed. To avoid possible complications it would be as well for English subjects to send their children home to be educated.

But to return to the Welshmen. In numbers the colony does not appear to have increased to any great extent since the year 1882, nor is it likely to do so, since all the best land suitable for wheat-farming has been taken up. At forty miles from the sea the valley of the Chupat river narrows to a few hundred yards; beyond this is a large rock, resembling a church, after which the valley widens for twenty miles, when it is again restricted by a cañon or gorge, and again widens to a mile broad. This part, being unsuited for agriculture, is devoted to Sheep, but the ravages of Pumas necessitate the sheep being "corralled" at night, as the settlers have not the means of fencing in the whole of the land. The cost of fencing in a farm of 240 acres is about £200, even when not subdivided into lots. The absence of a suitable port to ship their grain was the main difficulty the settlers had to contend with. To meet this the Chupat and Port Madryn Railway was projected and carried into effect, the necessary funds being raised in Liverpool and Buenos Ayres, and in 1888 the railway was opened to the public. The

engineering difficulties of this line were not great, there being no streams to bridge, nor cuttings of any great consequence. Of the whole length of forty-five miles, thirty to thirty-five are level; the steepest gradient is 1 in 75, and the gauge 3 ft. 4 in. The Argentine Government, by way of encouraging the venture, presented a league of land on either side of the line to the company; but anyone familiar with the country can appreciate the value of the gift, the land being perfectly worthless for any purpose.

A pier has been built at Port Madryn in connection with the railway, and some works erected there. Steamers of the Gulf line now call regularly at this port to ship grain for Europe, and it is anticipated that 8,000 tons of wheat will pass over the line yearly, probably more, as the land is brought under irrigation. In this way, it is hoped, the railway will prove a successful operation, and the original shareholders reap a return for their money. I am not sufficiently versed in matters of this kind to give an opinion on the subject, but on the occasion of our last visit to Chupat in 1889 only two trains per week were running, which would hardly be deemed, even by the most sanguine, a very paying concern. On this occasion I was accompanied by Dr. Stirling, the Bishop of the Falkland Islands; a special train was provided for us, and everything was done for our comfort by the *employés* of the line. During our stay at Chupat we were the guests of Mr. Luis Jones, who

entertained us most hospitably, and succeeded in making our stay most agreeable.

On our return journey an amusing thing happened. The engine-driver, being anxious to show off before the honoured guests, was proceeding at a reckless and headlong speed, some twenty miles an hour! when the carriage in which we were sitting ran off the rails, and we were pretty well shaken up before we could induce the driver to stop. When he did so we were in a pretty fix, as we were about half-way, or more than twenty miles, from the terminus at either end, and there seemed nothing for it but to walk. But the worthy Bishop, nothing daunted, suggested hoisting the carriage back on to the rails, and, suiting the action to the word, put his shoulder under it, and by our united efforts we succeeded, the Bishop thus proving himself not only a pillar of the Church, of which he is so distinguished an ornament, but a staunch supporter of the Chupat Railway.

I have said nothing about sport in this chapter, but there is sport and plenty of it in the neighbourhood of the colony. First-rate Duck-shooting is to be had close by, and we made a heavy bag of Ducks within a mile of Mr. Jones's house. Crested Partridges are tolerably numerous, and Ostriches and Guanacos may be shot from the train, a pair of the latter being bagged on this trip. In the vicinity of Port Madryn very fair bags may be made of the common and crested Partridge, also "Cavies." Skunks and Armadillos are very numerous; in fact, the former are a nuisance to

the sportsman. An amusing incident occurred to me one day whilst shooting at Port Madryn. The Bishop had accompanied me for the sake of the walk; the day was intolerably hot, and I was working my dogs on the hill-side, when I noticed his lordship waving his hat to me in the valley. On joining him he said he had observed a Partridge under a bush. My dog went to the spot and received a dose from a Skunk full in the face, and rolled over on the ground. I was much disgusted, and, am afraid, used language unfit for publication, adding that this circumstance was quite sufficient to convince me that the story of the Noachian Deluge was a fable, since Noah was not such a fool as to take such a stinking beast into the ark. We polished off the Skunk, but my dog was unfit for further service for the rest of the day.

CHAPTER IX.

CHUPAT (*continued*).

Habits of the Skunk; its pluck.—The Patagonian Indians.—Habits and hospitality of the Welsh Settlers: their Language and Religion.—The Truck System.—Trade.—The Climate of Patagonia.—Varieties of Ostrich.—Hunting Ostriches, Guanacos, and Cavies with Lurchers.—Expeditions into the Interior of the Country.—Kindness and hospitality of Mr. Luis Jones, the Founder of the Colony.

To claim for the Skunk that he is a noble animal would perhaps be saying too much, but that he is a brave, although an odoriferous one, is a fact; for the Skunk, trusting to his unfailing offensive weapons, fears neither man nor beast. It is said that even the Jaguar and the Puma fly from him, and I can well believe it. Our dogs, unaware of his powers, invariably "went for" a Skunk, with the result, mentioned in my last chapter, that they were useless for the rest of that day, and most objectionable for many more. As I have killed Skunks in the act of what we sailors might call "veering their cable," I will describe the process. As soon as the animal is aware of danger he faces the foe, puts his tail over his back, and uses it as a fan to spread the offensive mixture, which is contained in a gland under the tail, and "lets the enemy have it" as soon as he is within

range. Dogs, being so low down, get it full in the face and are blinded for the time; the Skunk then leisurely retreats. I shot one dead, just as he was going to open fire on my little dog Tommy, and hung him up on a bush as a warning to others. If killed in this way, before he has loosed off, the animal does not smell, and the fur is worth having. The Indians manage to catch the creature and pin his tail down, and kill him before he has time to discharge his weapon.

But to return to the Welshmen. In the earlier days of the colony of Chupat the settlers carried on a brisk trade with the Patagonian Indians, but the latter have almost ceased to exist as a race, owing to their persecution by the Argentines, and the few that remain are hostile to white men. Some little time before our first visit to the colony an unprovoked attack was made upon four Welsh settlers who had been prospecting the country, on which occasion three of them were barbarously murdered, and the fourth only escaped by the speed of his horse. Since then the relations between the parties have been strained.

The Welshmen are simple in their habits, industrious, and hospitable so far as their means afford. Crime is unknown, and the Argentine officials bear testimony to their peaceful character. The present generation speak Welsh amongst themselves, and a little English, but Spanish is taught in the schools, and it is compulsory that the rising generation should

speak the language of their adopted country. Nor is this a matter to be deplored, for no disinterested person could fail to draw a favourable comparison between the beautiful language of Spain, in contra-distinction from that so dear to the inhabitants of Wales.

The Roman Catholic religion will, doubtless, also in time become universal. At the time of our visit I counted no less than twenty-two different denominations amongst a population of 1,500, all, more or less, at variance with each other! Great credit is due to the settlers for the way they have overcome the difficulties that beset them from the first; advancing, as they have done, step by step, without funds, and without any assistance or encouragement from the mother country, heavily taxed for every article of food or clothing obtained from Buenos Ayres, they have at times been reduced to very great straits, and at one time were in so destitute a condition that the Argentine Government supplied them with a shipload of flour and other necessaries of life. Possibly some wealthy Welsh philanthropists may be induced to turn their attention to this distant colony, and send a shipload of goods to their support. The venture might also be made to pay, for any smart business man who would run a cargo of mixed goods to Port Madryn, timing his arrival so as to take back a cargo of wheat, would, I believe, make a handsome profit. He should pay cash for the wheat, and be paid cash for the goods, as the "truck" system is in operation at Chupat.

Should anyone think fit to try this plan, I woul suggest the following articles as being most useful:— A substratum of coal for ballast (which would sel well), ready-made clothes, Welsh homespuns, boots shocs, flannel, serge, women's clothing, ribbons, cut lery, shot guns, powder and shot, stoves to burn wood pumps, pickles, pipes and tobacco, fancy biscuits sweetmeats, sauces, seeds, tinned meats and fruits hams, tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, ale and other liquors lumber, shingles, books, periodicals, newspapers writing materials, cheap jewellery, &c. A co operative store has, I believe, been started, and is doing a good business; but a little healthy com petition would be beneficial to all concerned. Since our first visit, in 1886, trade has increased consider ably, and several lines of steamers now call regularly at Port Madryn.

The climate of Patagonia is perfect in the spring and autumn. A fresh breeze blows during the day, with a bright sky, and nights are usually calm and starlight. "Pamperos" from the south-west bring hail, and in winter the cold is severe, and the heat in summer great, very little rain falls, and there is not much frost, and the river seldom freezes over. The colony is very healthy, and no doctor could make a living there. Cattle and sheep thrive well. Ewes lamb every eight months, generally producing two at a birth; and a Patagonian Hare ("cavy") has been found suckling three sets of young at the same time. Two varieties of Ostriches are known, the *Rhea*

americana and a smaller kind commonly called the "Avestruz Chico," or small Ostrich (*Rhea Darwini*). Guanacos abound all over the country, but are scarce in the immediate neighbourhood of the colony, on account of the numerous dogs kept by the settlers. These dogs are of the lurcher breed, with a strain of the Scotch deerhound, and are a very wiry-looking lot. They can run down a Guanaco or an Ostrich, especially after rain, when the wool of the former is wet and heavy; but in the case of the Ostrich, if the wind be strong, the bird bears up before it, and, spreading its wings like a ship with studding-sails on both sides, soon outdistances its pursuers. The "Cavies" are easily run down by these dogs unless they go to ground, as they will do when hard pressed. The Indians weave the wool of the Guanaco into beautiful rugs, but I am not aware that the settlers have acquired this art. It would be easy to start this new industry, and establish a wool factory in the colony, and there is no reason why the Chupat home-spuns should not become as famous as those of Shetland. There is ample water-power obtainable by using the waste water from the canals, on its return to the river, where there is frequently a fall of eight or nine feet, sufficient to turn a wheel.

Several expeditions have been made into the interior west of Chupat by the Governor, Colonel Fontana, and by Mr. Bell, the engineer of the Chupat Railway, during the last few years, with a view of exploring the country and tracing the river to its source.

Some of these parties have penetrated to the water shed of the Andes, and have discovered a rive exceeding by three or four times the dimensions of th Chupat, having its rise on the eastern slopes of th Cordilleras, but whose waters, passing through a ga in the mountains, turned west and discharged them selves into the Pacific. The explorers reported th land to be fertile, well watered, and heavily timbere with pine *, ash, and birch, and abounding with game It is possible that in course of time the colony ma be extended in this direction, but care would hav to be taken to avoid complications with the Chilia Government, as the country west of the Ande belongs to them.

On our last visit to Chupat in 1889, I was please to notice a marked improvement in the colony. Th people seemed to be in better condition, well satis fied with their lot, and their prospects were altogethe brighter. I have not any of my notes with me a this moment, but, speaking from memory, I shoul say the wheat crop for the current year promised t be unusually heavy. There was some friction rela tive to the transport of grain over the railway, th settlers contending that the railway company charge an exorbitant rate, and that the freight from Chupa to Port Madryn was as much as or more than tha from Port Madryn to Liverpool by ship. In con

* Something very like it is there to be found. The shore of Fuego and on both sides of the Straits of Magellan ar thickly wooded with pine, or at all events a variety of fir.

sequence of this, some of the settlers declared they would go back to the old route, and embark their cargo in the river, and send it round by small vessels to Port Madryn, to be re-shipped in ocean-going vessels. How the matter was settled I do not know; probably the railway company would reduce their rates, otherwise they might as well close accounts.

It only remains for me to wish success and prosperity to the colony and to its founder, Mr. Luis Jones, for whose kindness and hospitality I am ever grateful. I cannot help, however, feeling sometimes sorry that he, and his advisers, should have selected such a spot to found a colony, and regret that they had not found it possible to establish themselves, if not a little nearer home, at all events under the British rule, where their persons and their property would be respected, and where their children would remain British subjects, speaking the language they love so well.

CHAPTER X.

PATAGONIA.

Geological formation of Patagonia.—Evidence of subsidence of the Sea.—Fossil remains of Fish.—Flints and pebbles.—Stone and flint arrow-heads.—Curious cone near the Chupat Railway.—Cracker Bay a good locality for Sport.—Habits of the Armadillo and of the Ostrich.—Shooting Wild Cattle at Cracker Bay.—The midshipmen's battue.—A successful stalk with an old Bull.—The Port of San Blas.—Dangers of the Bar.—Mr. Mulhall's Estancia.—Sport there.—Gilpin's ride.—Advantages of San Blas harbour and its importance in time of war.—Bahia Blanca.—Habits of the Viscachá.—Antediluvian remains.—Lightning-rods.

THE whole of Patagonia is extremely interesting to a geologist, the entire country bearing witness to the fact of the upheaval of the continent, or of a gradual subsidence of the waters. The latter theory is the more probable, for the old beaches or terraces, so evident on the coast, would point to a gradual retirement of the waters, rather than to an upheaval of the land. On the south side of the Chupat river the fossil remains of fish are to be seen at a height of 500 feet above the sea, fifteen miles distant from it; and in a lagoon ten miles from the salt water the petrified remains of a whale are still to be seen. In a cutting of the Chupat Railway

an oyster-bed was discovered at the highest point, 300 feet above the sea-level.

The country abounds in flints and pebbles, some of considerable beauty. I have found similar stones and agates in Entre Rios, Uruguay, and the Falkland Isles. Stone and flint arrow-heads are frequently picked up along the coast of Patagonia. These have a special interest from the fact that they belonged to a pre-historic race, which existed before the conquest of the country by the Spaniards, for, with the introduction of horses by the latter, the "bolas" and "lazo" were substituted for the bow and arrow.

I may here mention a very curious geological formation which is difficult to explain. About halfway across the Port Madryn and Chupat Railway, and some half a mile from the track, is a very conspicuous mound like a sugar-loaf, which on a fine day glistens in the sun like alabaster. No one could give me any information about it, so I went to examine it. A closer inspection proved it to be a natural formation, and not the work of men's hands. I should estimate the height roughly at 100 feet. I climbed to the top, to get a view of the surrounding country, and found the mound was composed of a substance resembling mica, having the appearance of vitrified sand, which gave it the glistening look. It gave me the idea of having been thrown up by volcanic agency, which might account for the top being fused. These tumuli are not uncommon in various parts of Patagonia,

and are not to be confused with the mounds made by the Indians to bury their dead.

Some thirty miles east of Port Madryn is a slight indentation in the coast-line, called Cracker Bay, where a fair anchorage may be found. It is worth a visit, being a capital place for sport, and, from being uninhabited, the game is unmolested. From this place, extending eastward to Point Nifas, the western headland forming the entrance to Nuevo Gulf, herds of Guanacos and Ostriches may be found, also wild Cattle and Horses which have escaped from the settlement many years ago.

Immediately abreast of the anchorage at Cracker Bay is a grassy valley, rising gradually to the high table-land. A little water may sometimes be found in the valley, also quantities of mushrooms. A few Small Partridges may be generally seen in this locality, and an occasional large one of the crested species, also Armadillos. These little creatures are easily caught and tamed, and become very domesticated; we had two on board the 'Ruby,' which lived in the stoke-hole, were fed on bread and milk, and became great pets. There is a larger sort of a carnivorous nature, having also a great partiality for ostrich eggs. It is reported of this creature that when he "spots" an Ostrich sitting on its nest, having carefully noted the bearing and distance, the Armadillo burrows into the ground and undermines the bird, coming up under the nest and making a hole sufficient for an egg to drop through, and in

this way robs the nest. It is the male Ostrich which sits upon the eggs, and the poor bird must be somewhat mystified at their disappearance.

Talking about Ostriches, I have never yet come across the species which hides its head under a bush, or in the sand, under the belief that its body is also invisible. My experience of these birds in the wild state is that they are uncommonly wide awake. Certainly they are so on the plains of Patagonia, and are most difficult to stalk, as their long necks enable them to see over the grass, and their acute vision espies danger at a great distance.

The tame Ostriches about the campo are stupid enough, and will not get out of one's way. I have known them shot by accident, when out partridge-shooting.

Another popular delusion is that if you can get moderately close to a flock of Ostriches, and then lie on your back, kicking your heels in the air, waving your hat or handkerchief, the whole flock will come round, and be easily shot. I tried the experiment once with some wild Ostriches, when the whole flock instantly stampeded. With tame ones it might succeed, but would surely be a waste of energy.

The wild cattle, or semi-wild cattle and horses, which frequent the neighbourhood of Cracker Bay, must have belonged at one time to the Welshmen, but, having long ago escaped from captivity, are really public property, at least the cattle are, or ought to be; the horses probably are owned by

someone. A party of our young sportsmen fell in with a herd of wild cattle on the table-land near Point Nifas, and were, by their own account, charged by them, and had to shoot in self-defence, the result being that five beasts were slain. I was a witness of the transaction, being on the plains with the Bishop, and we were very much shocked at the proceedings; moreover, I was very angry, as I was in the act of stalking a beast myself at the time, supported by his lordship, who carried no weapon, but enjoyed the exercise. The best of the joke was that my beast turned out, on closer inspection, to be a horse, a parti-coloured one, resembling a cow in the distance. The culprits were, of course, well rated, especially for expending so much ammunition on five beasts, their practice reminding one of a volunteer review. However, they were let off with a caution, especially as the meat would form a welcome addition to our fare. The next morning a party of fifty men were landed, in charge of the boatswain, to bring in the meat, but they returned in the evening without having been able to find the place, so we never got the benefit of it after all, and the condors and foxes must have had a good time. A year or two afterwards we happened to be again at this anchorage, and the signalman reported that a bull was in sight. It was blowing a gale at the time, and was unsafe to lower a boat, so I made a signal to one of the inshore ships, giving the bearings of the bull; but as no steps were taken, in

the dinner hour my galley was lowered, and, accompanied by two of our officers and my coxswain, we managed to get ashore, and proceeded to stalk the animal. The beast had meantime fed out of sight, but we soon spied him lying down in a valley. Sending one of the party—a smart young marine officer and a good rifle-shot—round to head the bull, and my coxswain to the highest point to take observations and cut off his retreat, the paymaster and I, by taking advantage of the ground, managed to approach to within fifty yards, when we gave the old fellow a broadside as he lay. He was quickly on his legs, and, instead of bolting up the glen, as I anticipated, he came blundering down towards us; but, not perceiving us, he gave us a splendid chance of a shot at his broadside, which soon settled him. The carcass gave us 800 lbs. of most excellent meat, sufficient for the crews of our small squadron there assembled. One day a couple of wild sheep were reported in sight, a most unusual occurrence, as up to that time I was unaware of the existence of the *Ovis montana* * in South America! However, there they were, and no mistake; so, accompanied by a sporting young lieutenant, I landed to examine them. We managed to stalk them to about 100 yards, when they bolted, but a lucky shot broke the leg of the old ram, which we secured. The other escaped. The old brute was in very poor condition, but his fleece was good, and made a nice mat.

* *I. e.* the "Big Horn" of the Rockies.

Where these animals came from it is hard to say, but some ignorant persons were unkind enough to say that they were merely domestic sheep run wild.

On the opposite side of Nuevo Gulf, and about thirty miles from Cracker Bay, is a small anchorage named Pyramid Cove, which affords good shelter with northerly winds, but is unsafe with those from the south. This place is also a grand locality for sport—better, I should say, by far than Cracker Bay, from the account of it given me by some officers of the squadron, who reported abundance of Guanacos, Ostriches, and Cavies; but I never visited the place myself. The cove is situated near to a neck of land connecting the Valdez Peninsula with the mainland. The whole peninsula abounds in game, and would make a splendid sporting property, besides affording pasturage for thousands of cattle and sheep. A wire fence across the neck would prevent them from straying across to the mainland. The sea-coast of the peninsula is beset with reefs, and the currents run with great velocity around it, rendering navigation extremely dangerous in those waters. Efforts have been made by English gentlemen to purchase the property from the Argentine Government, but hitherto without success.

On leaving Nuevo Gulf and following the coast to the northward, the first port of any importance suitable for large ships is San Blas. This harbour is one of the finest on the coast of Patagonia, when once inside; but, unfortunately, the entrance is so

masked by sandbanks that it is most dangerous to approach it with the wind blowing on shore, as the sea breaks heavily on the bar. There is a deep-water channel leading between the reefs, which is supposed to be buoyed; but, owing to the negligence of the Argentine authorities, these buoys are seldom in place and cannot be depended on. Through a misplaced confidence in the word of a Government official, the 'Ruby' nearly came to grief at this spot in April, 1887. But, if the buoys are in their proper position, there is no more difficulty in entering the port of San Blas than there is in entering the mouth of the Thames. If the buoys marking the channels leading to the Nore were removed, I think that few pilots could be found who would take a ship into the river without an accident.

Be that as it may, I was always desirous of taking the ship into San Blas, to assure myself of the capabilities of the harbour, and of its utility in time of war. Mr. Mulhall, the editor of the 'Buenos Ayres Standard,' the leading English paper in South America, has an estancia at San Blas, and was most anxious to see a man-of-war inside his port, so together we called on the Minister of Marine in Buenos Ayres. This official, as is often the case in South American Republics, was a soldier, and knew nothing about nautical matters, but he very kindly gave me a chart of San Blas, and assured me that I could enter with perfect safety, as the buoys were all in their places. Armed with this

information I proceeded to sea, and got off the place when it was blowing a gale, driving a tremendous sea on to the coast, so we stood off-and-on for a couple of days, before attempting to cross the bar. To cut a long story short, we crossed the outer bar, and found ourselves surrounded by breakers, and not a buoy to be seen, so we had to turn about, and only got out by the "skin of our teeth," and for the next thirty-six hours encountered the worst "pampero" I have known on the coast during my experience. Much disappointed at our failure to enter San Blas, I nevertheless waited in hopes of another opportunity to make the attempt, when the weather would be more favourable, and in January 1888 this occurred.

Mr. Mulhall accompanied me on this occasion. The weather was beautiful, and on the 18th we anchored outside the bar, and, having been already advised by telegram that all the buoys had been washed away, we set to work, buoyed the channel, and entered the harbour without difficulty. I was particularly pleased at having accomplished our purpose, and also at finding that the advantages of this fine harbour had by no means been exaggerated. It is the only port on the whole coast of Patagonia, except Egg Harbour, where a ship can anchor within pistol-shot of the shore in perfect safety, sheltered from the prevailing winds and with good holding ground; added to which, provisions can be obtained in abundance, and there is plenty of game within

easy distance of the landing-place. The climate is a fine one, and disease is unknown. The wind blows strongly during the day, as a rule, but goes down at sunset, and the tide runs furiously during springs; but these matters are more than compensated for by the many advantages already enumerated.

Mr. Mulhall's estancia is about half a mile from the landing-place. He is the principal, if not the only, landed proprietor in the neighbourhood, and he has done much in opening up the country, and proving its capabilities. During our stay of ten days his hospitality was unbounded; his house and everything in it or outside of it were at our disposal; he gave us provisions of the best quality, and, had he been permitted, would have fed the whole ship's company at his own expense; indeed, such was his intention, and we had much difficulty in explaining that such a course could not be permitted. As it was, the numbers of fat sheep which found their way into the officers' messes were, I feel sure, never properly accounted for. The only drawback to the place, to my knowledge, is the limited supply of drinking-water. Wells have been sunk in various places, and water sufficient for many thousands of sheep and cattle thus obtained, though to our taste it seemed slightly brackish; a well of pure drinking-water has been sunk close to the beach, where the Capitania now stands. Fish in abundance, and of excellent quality, can be caught close to the ship, with hook and line, and by hauling

the seine in an estuary, a mile or so from the beach, a cartload of fish can be easily obtained.

The game consists of Deer, Ostriches, Crested Partridges, Cavies, Ducks, Geese, and Swans. We hunted the Deer and Ostriches with greyhounds, stalked them with the rifle, shot large and small Partridges; and in a space of ten days we bagged 9 Cavies, 38 Crested Partridges, 51 Small Partridges, 24 Deer, 1 Ostrich, 2 Armadillos, 1 Fox, 1 Swan, and a Flamingo.

Before taking a final leave of San Blas I must relate a ridiculous adventure which happened to me whilst staying at Mr. Mulhall's estancia. One day I had landed abreast of the ship, intending to ride to the estancia, and a good horse awaited me on the beach. The daughter of my host was not very well, so I brought a basket of port-wine ashore with me for her especial benefit. Having mounted my steed, I started for the estancia with my gun over my shoulder, a bag of cartridges, and the basket of wine on my arm. Something startled the horse, and in pulling him up the rein broke and trailed on the ground, whereupon he bolted at full gallop across the plain. I was powerless, and could do nothing to stop him, but I hung on to the basket and gun and sat tight. Away we went, heading straight for the estancia in a cloud of dust like John Gilpin. All hands turned out to see who was the lunatic flying across the pampas at such headlong speed, and great was the amusement when they made out the

skipper, covered with dust and perspiration, using language which can hardly be repeated. It seemed as though the horse intended to brain himself and his rider against the brick walls of the building, but he pulled up short at the front door, and I dismounted, none the worse for the gallop and with every bottle intact.

At the expiration of our visit we re-buoyed the channel and steamed out to sea with the satisfaction of knowing that we were the first English man-of-war that had ever entered the port of San Blas, and, unless the Argentine authorities bestir themselves and properly buoy the channel, will probably be the last. It is amazing to me that the Government is not alive to the importance of the place, both for naval and commercial purposes, and it might with very little trouble or expense be rendered impregnable in time of war.

A short distance to the southward is the port of Patagones, on the Rio Negro, but the river has a bar at its mouth, and can never be of use to ships except those of light draught.

There is only one harbour between San Blas and Monte Video suitable for large vessels—Bahia Blanca, situated about 400 miles south of the Plate. This is also a bar-harbour, but the entrance is wide, and the buoys are usually in place, so there is no danger in entering the port. The town of Bahia Blanca is destined to become of importance when the railway projected across the Cordilleras is completed.

It is already connected by railway with Buenos Ayres. A long estuary leads up to the town, but ships of deep draught cannot go higher than Punta Alta, about fourteen miles from the place. This is, however, the best locality for shooting, and capital sport may be had close to the landing-place and along the shore to the northward of the point. It is the only spot on the coast where we killed both sorts of big Partridge in one day. A few of the Rufous Tinamou are scattered about in the long grass near the beach, and large flocks of the Elegant Tinamou may be found by working the bushes with a good dog. We killed forty-nine of the latter in one day with three guns. A few Deer may be seen, but the sheep-dogs drive them away. Small Partridges are plentiful, also Armadillos and Viscachás, the ground being undermined by the burrows of the latter animals. The Viscachá is a very curious little creature, somewhat similar to the prairie-dog in appearance, but larger. It is a rodent, with round ears, large eyes, and grey fur, is nocturnal in its habits, and burrows very deep. I sent a party of stokers to dig some of them out, but they were unable to do so, although they worked hard all day. A small burrowing Owl makes use of the Viscachá's holes, and it is said that Snakes also inhabit the same domicile. I suspect the Viscachás are also carnivorous, as we noticed bones at the mouths of the burrows. The animal is very good to eat, resembling a rabbit. Viscachá is the recognised Spanish name

(*Lagostomus trichodactylus*). The remains of ante-diluvian animals may be seen in the clay soil about Bahia Blanca, and the beach is strewn with rods of fused sand, forming a solid bar of about one inch in diameter. These "lightning-rods" are caused by lightning passing through the loose sand, and fusing it. I have never seen the same thing elsewhere, but it is mentioned by Darwin and other travellers.

CHAPTER XI.

An Investigation into the Claim of the Argentine Government to the Falkland Islands.

The History of the Falklands from the earliest time to the present date.—Claims of the different Explorers considered.—Discovery of Cape Horn by Drake, and of the Straits of Le Maire.—Davis, the first discoverer of the Falklands.—French claim to have discovered the Islands.—Formal possession taken by an English Squadron in 1765.—Dispossession of the British by a Spanish force in 1770.—Voluntary abandonment by the British in 1774.—Appointment of a Governor by the Argentine Republic, 1829.—Action of the United States.—Possession retaken by H.M.S. 'Clio,' 1833.—Claim of the Argentine Government not substantiated.

I have in a previous article alluded to the claim of the Argentine Government to the Falkland Islands. Before going further with these sporting sketches it may be as well to investigate these claims and let the reader judge for himself on what grounds they are founded. I have discussed the matter occasionally with officers of the Argentine Navy and others, and have invariably found that they are impressed with the idea that they have a right to the islands, and intend to have them sooner or later—probably later—meaning, when they are strong enough to take them!

The claim is revived by each successive Govern-

ment, and as regularly ignored by us; nevertheless, the Argentinos are not discouraged.

I shall endeavour in the present chapter to trace the history of the Falklands from the earliest times to the present date. The Argentine Government claims sovereignty and jurisdiction over the Falkland Islands, Staten Island and Tierra del Fuego, Cape Horn, and the islands adjacent in the Atlantic Ocean, by virtue of having succeeded to the sovereign rights of Spain over those regions.

To properly appreciate the position assumed by the Argentinos, one must consider the following:— First, Had Spain any sovereign rights over those regions? Secondly, If so, did the Argentine Republic succeed to them? Thirdly, If Spain had those rights, how did she come by them? Was it by prior discovery, or by taking formal possession, or by prior occupation? A temporary occupation, without the intention of remaining, is not sufficient to entitle a nation to a claim upon any savage or uninhabited country.

It is generally admitted that Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese in the service of the King of Spain, was the first discoverer of the straits dividing Tierra del Fuego from Patagonia, which bear his name— Magellan Straits. This was in 1520. In 1527 Groca de Loaisa, a knight of Malta in the service of Spain, passed through the Straits with seven ships.

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CHAPTER XI.

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In August, 1578, Sir Francis Drake entered the Straits of Magellan and named Elizabeth Island after the Queen of England.

Passing through the Straits he was driven to the southward, and discovered a cluster of islands in latitude 57° S., where he beheld the extremities of the American coast and the junction of the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, otherwise Cape Horn.

In 1774 Cook sighted Cape Horn, and explored the southern and eastern shores of Tierra del Fuego. It is not clear that any nation ever took formal possession of Tierra del Fuego, or of the adjacent shores, or established settlements thereon, or occupied them in any way. Before this date, however, namely in 1616, a Dutchman, named Le Maire, discovered the straits named after him, Straits of Le Maire, and may claim to be the first European navigator who ever rounded Cape Horn, so named by him after a town in Holland, Hoorn. The discovery, therefore, of this cape, and of the island of which it is a part, was made by Drake, and subsequently by Le Maire, but decidedly not by Spain, which country certainly never claimed the honour.

Staten Island, forming the eastern side of the Straits of Le Maire, was discovered by the Dutchman. The first discoverer of the Falkland Islands was Davis, an Englishman, who sighted them in 1592.

In 1594 they were again seen by Sir Richard Hawkins, who called them Hawkins Maiden Land.

In 1598 the islands were again sighted by a Dutch

squadron, under Sabald de Wert, and named Sabald Islands, by which name they are mentioned by Dampier, who sighted them in 1683.

The name of Falklands was first bestowed on the islands by Captain Strong, an Englishman, in 1689, and adopted by all English geographers.

Between the years 1700 and 1708 some French ships sighted the islands, and gave them the name of "Malouines," by which name they are known at the present time by the French, the Spaniards, and all South-American people, the Spanish pronunciation being "Malvinas."

The French claimed the honour of having discovered the islands, but Frézier, a French author, has the honesty to admit that "*les îles sans doute sont les mêmes que celles que le Chevalier R. Hawkins découvrit en* 1593." In no case had the Spaniards anything to do with the discovery of the islands, and, as it is shown, they have even adopted the name given to them by France.

In the year 1764 an English squadron sailed for the South Seas, under the command of Commodore Byron, and on January 23, 1765, the Commodore, acting under instructions, landed with the captains and principal officers of the squadron and took possession of the islands for His Majesty King George III., under the name of the Falkland Islands, the Union Jack being hoisted and a salute fired in honour of the event.

On January 8, 1766, Captain McBride arrived at

Port Egmont with a military force, erected a block-house and stationed a garrison, thus forming the first permanent settlement on the islands.

On June 10, 1770, or five and a half years after Byron's occupation, a Spanish force dispossessed the British of their establishment at Port Egmont, but this act was disallowed by Spain and the territory restored, thereby virtually allowing the British rights of prior discovery, formal possession, and actual occupation!

Notwithstanding that her rights had thus been acknowledged by Spain, Great Britain voluntarily abandoned her dominions, but with the understanding that she did not relinquish the right of re-occupation when convenient. The withdrawal of the British forces in 1774 by no means invalidated the English rights, for the British flag was left flying, and marks and signals of possession were left upon the island when the Governor took his departure, showing clearly the intention of resuming occupation at a more convenient opportunity. Notwithstanding which the Argentine Government, in June, 1829, or fifty-five years later, issued a decree appointing a Governor to the Malvinas.

This action was protested against by our Minister at Buenos Ayres in a despatch dated November 19, 1829, which protest was ignored by the Argentinos, who appointed Don Luis Vernet military and political commandant of the said islands.

Vernet took up his quarters in Berkeley Sound,

and established himself dictator, monopolizing the right to the seal-fisheries round the islands, and warning all vessels to abstain from fishing or killing Seals, under pain of capture—a right, be it observed, that had never been claimed by Spain. As a matter of fact, Spain had voluntarily excluded herself from any right of sovereignty by the convention concluded between His Catholic Majesty and the King of Great Britain, at Lorenzo-el-Real, on October 28, 1790, and ratified on November 22 following, in these words:—"It is further agreed also that, as it respects the eastern as well as the western coasts of South America and the adjacent islands, the respective subjects of the two Powers shall not form in future any settlements in any part of these coasts situated to the south of the islands adjacent thereto already occupied by Spain, it being well understood that the respective subjects of the two Nations shall have the power to land upon the coasts and islands so situated for the purpose of fishing, and to build cabins and other temporary works that may serve solely for these objects." It is hardly likely that Spain would have agreed to any such arrangement if she had had an undoubted and indisputed claim to the sovereignty of the islands.

But the Argentine Government claims to have succeeded to Spanish rights to the exclusion of others by virtue of the Revolution of May 25, 1810, when the Argentines proclaimed their independence of Spain.

Had the Argentinos been content with a peaceable

occupation of the islands, leaving foreign vessels to prosecute the seal-fishery unmolested, it is possible that they might have remained in undisturbed possession to this day; but, unfortunately for them, Vernet took forcible possession of three American vessels and imprisoned their crews, thereby raising the wrath of the Government of the United States. The latter, failing to obtain any redress for these outrages, sent a man-of-war to the Falklands, turned out the governor, destroyed the fort, and put the garrison in irons. A long list of charges was preferred by the United States Government against Vernet, who defended his action in an able paper. The Argentine Government also brought counter-charges against the United States for the assault committed on their agent; but, as neither side would give way, the United States Minister withdrew from Buenos Ayres on August 18, 1832.

In the following year H.M.S. 'Clio' was sent to the Falklands to retake possession of the islands as belonging to His Britannic Majesty, and having hoisted the British flag in other parts of the islands, the 'Clio' made her appearance in the harbour of Port Louis, in Berkeley Sound, where she found the Argentine schooner 'Sarandi' at anchor. The British commander had orders to hoist the British flag within twenty-four hours of his arrival, which he did under protest from the commander of the Argentine vessel. The Argentine flag was hauled down, the British hoisted in its place, and the troops,

together with other inhabitants, with all their effects, embarked for Buenos Ayres. The Argentine Government protested indignantly against this so-called outrage, but failed to get any satisfaction, nor has it received any to the present time. Fifty-five years have elapsed since these events, during which the islands have remained in quiet possession of the English, and it is not likely they will ever be disturbed.

All the principal islands are now inhabited by English people, and sheep are pastured on the whole of them, and it would be ridiculous were we for a moment to listen to the preposterous claims of the Argentine Republic, or, indeed, of any other nation. Any disinterested person who has taken the trouble to go through this chapter will, I imagine, agree with me that the claim of the Argentines to the islands, on the score that they formed part of the Spanish dominion at the time of the Revolution, has not been substantiated, nor would be, even supposing that Spain ever had any claim to the islands, which has never been proved. If such a claim were permitted the United States have a right to Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, &c., because they belonged to Great Britain at the time of their rebellion!

If the Falklands be considered part and parcel of the South-American continent, as they probably once were, the Argentines might as well (and probably do) also claim the rest of the islands adjacent, such as South Georgia, South Shetland, &c. But it is

notorious that until quite lately their Government was unaware to whom Tierra del Fuego belonged, Chili also laying claim to that island!

This question about Tierra del Fuego was hotly disputed between the two countries, and was only settled some few years ago by arbitration, the disputed territory being divided between them, Argentina securing the eastern portion, Chili the western, with the islands to the southward of the Beagle Channel.

The two Republics also divided Patagonia between them, the Andes being the boundary; but, Chili being desirous of seizing the Straits of Magellan, terminated the line at Cape Virgin, the eastern entrance, but as the Straits of Magellan have been declared neutral in time of war, the gain is visionary.

CHAPTER XII.

STATEN ISLAND; TIERRA DEL FUEGO; AND VISIT TO THE MISSION STATION AT USHUWAIA.

Visit of H.M.S. 'Ruby' to Ushuwaia, the head-quarters of the South-American Mission in Tierra del Fuego.—The Harbour of St. John's, Staten Island.—Description of the Island.—Visit to Captain Allen Gardiner's Grave at Spaniard Harbour, Tierra del Fuego.—Mr. Bridges's place at Down-East.—Description of the Natives, the "Yahgan" or Canoe Indians.—The "Ona" tribe.—Soil and Climate of Fuego.—Visit of Bishop Stirling to the Mission.—Atrocious Outrage by the Captain of a Schooner.—Banner Cove, Picton Island, more suitable for the Mission Station.—Leave Ushuwaia for Down-East.—Beauty of the Country and its adaptability for Settlements.—Review of the prospects of the South-American Mission.

IF anyone will take a glance at the map of South America, he will find, on the parallel of 55° S. latitude, a narrow passage dividing Tierra del Fuego from the islands to the southward of it, called the Beagle Channel; in a corner of which, on the northern side, is Ushuwaia, the head-quarters of the South-American Mission. The channel was named after H.M.S. 'Beagle,' commanded by the late Admiral Fitzroy, who surveyed it some fifty years ago. The interesting account of the voyage of the 'Beagle,' by Darwin, will be familiar to many readers. Some years after

"Ushuwaia," the head-quarters of the South-American Mission in the Beagle Channel, Tierra del Fuego.

Fitzroy's voyage (1850), Captain Allen Gardiner, a naval officer, left England with an expedition, the object of which was to endeavour to ameliorate the condition of the degraded natives of Tierra del Fuego. The expedition was ill-found, and the natives were hostile. Poor Gardiner and his followers had to retire from the coast, and perished miserably at a lonely place called Spaniard Harbour, on the S.E. coast of the island. Several other expeditions disastrously failed, till at last Bishop Stirling took the matter up, was landed at Ushuwáia, and remained alone amongst the natives for a year, since when the Mission has prospered. A full account of these proceedings will be found in the 'Life of Allen Gardiner' and the 'History of the South-American Mission,' both very well worth reading. It had always been my wish to visit this interesting spot, but it was not till February, 1888, that I was able to accomplish it. On the 13th of that month, having embarked Bishop Stirling, the 'Ruby' sailed from Stanley Harbour, Falkland Islands, and the next day anchored off Keppel Island, where a branch of the Mission is established. Whilst the Bishop was making his inspection at this place we enjoyed some shooting, bagging 600 head of rabbits, geese, &c., and partook of the hospitality of the people at the station. Leaving Keppel on the 17th, we proceeded round to Christmas Harbour, in the West Falkland, where we shot about 100 geese, and from thence shaped a course for Staten Island,

reaching St. John's Harbour on February 18. The entrance to this harbour is not unlike that of St. John's, Newfoundland. The ship passes between high bluffs on either hand into smooth water, and anchors off the settlement in ten fathoms; or, if preferred, at the head of the harbour, three miles further on.

The Argentine Government possessed itself of Staten Island some four or five years ago, and erected a lighthouse on the point, a few hundred yards from the settlement. It has also a life-boat for the relief of shipwrecked crews, and a couple of boats for the commandant and his crew. The station numbers twenty-five souls in all, mostly Swedish sailors, with a few English and Scotch. These men stand the climate better than Argentines, who would perish from the cold and wet. The houses, built of wood, are very well kept, and are a credit to all concerned. They have six months' provisions always in stock, and a steamer visits them every two months.

Although the life must be somewhat monotonous, the men seem perfectly happy, contented, and healthy; they have no temptations, and save their money. I visited the establishment, and was much pleased at the order and cleanliness everywhere apparent. Spare bunks are erected for the convenience of wrecked seamen, and everything is provided for their comfort.

The lighthouse is, in my opinion, placed at the wrong end of the island, for almost all ships are

lost on the west coast, whilst endeavouring to pass through the Straits of Le Maire. Moreover, the island is so rugged and inaccessible that it is impossible for a shipwrecked crew to reach the station either by shore or sea. To attempt to scale the mountains would be out of the question, and equally so to pass along the beach, on account of the precipitous nature of the coast, whilst the strong tides, heavy sea, and kelp would prevent a boat getting round from one part of the island to another, so that it is quite possible for a wrecked crew to be in distress at one end of the island, and unable to reach the haven at the other, although aware of its proximity.

The Argentine Government intends to place a small steamer at the station on purpose to search the island for shipwrecked crews, and I trust this praiseworthy object will be carried out.

Owing to the mountainous nature of Staten Island, its frowning precipices and desolate valleys, added to a climate more severe than that of any part of the world, it is never likely to be permanently inhabited, and is unfit alike for man or beast. Nevertheless, it presents from the sea an appearance the reverse of forbidding, and, being densely wooded, would lead one to suppose it was capable of cultivation, but such is not the case, and never can be. The mountains, rising in fantastic form to the height of 3,000 feet, are wooded from base to about two-thirds up, the remainder being rugged granite peaks, inaccessible to any creature but a goat. Of volcanic formation, the substratum appears to be hard rock,

covered with a layer of peat a foot thick. In this soil a stunted kind of beech finds sustenance, its evergreen tints forming a pleasing contrast to the bare rocks above. The ground is carpeted with wild flowers and abundance of a delicious fruit resembling a raspberry.

Multitudes of small birds of the finch family make their home in the woods, but Rats appear to be the only rodents indigenous to the island. Seals and Sea-Otters* are to be found around the coast, but are by no means plentiful, having been killed down by sealers and whalers in years past. Of sea-birds, the Kelp Goose, Steamer-ducks, Penguins, and Shags seem to be common, but the Edible Goose of the Falklands is rare. The harbour of St. John's is secure from all winds, except from the north, which sends in a heavy swell; the holding ground is good, but care must be taken to anchor on the bank close to the shore, in which position the 'Ruby' rode out a heavy gale from south-west. The Argentine Government intends to place a lighthouse on Diego Point, at the entrance to Le Maire Straits, and to establish a settlement at Good Success Bay, half-way through them. An iron lighthouse which was destined for this place was lost in the steamer 'Magellan' some years ago.

Leaving Staten Island, we steamed along the north shore, passing by a group of islets, on one of

* So-called, probably not the true Sea-Otter, but larger than the Nutria or common Otter of South America.

which a Scotch barque had been recently wrecked, and her cargo strewed along the beach. Much of this consisted of barrels and cases of prime old Scotch whisky, of which the lighthouse people occasionally availed themselves, sending a boat when their supplies ran short, and the weather permitted. But as the 'Ruby' was a temperance ship, all the officers and ship's company being teetotalers! * as well as the Bishop, we took no advantage of the good things which Providence had placed in our way, and, passing through the Straits of Le Maire, we anchored the same night in Spaniard Harbour, on the south shore of Tierra del Fuego.

This is a spacious bay, and a safe one, but care is necessary in entering it, as the survey is incorrect, and the soundings are not to be depended upon. The next morning the Bishop and I landed to seek for the spot where the remains of Captain Allen Gardiner were said to have been discovered. We easily found the place, and ran the boat ashore close to the mouth of the cave where poor Gardiner and his crew lived, and died of starvation. On a tree close by was a notice saying that H.M.S. 'Dido' had visited the place in 1851. A cross was painted on a tree close to the captain's grave. We nailed a sheet of copper round the tree to show that the 'Ruby' had been there in 1888. It is an interesting though a melancholy spot—a

* This statement was indignantly denied by the officers of the 'Ruby.'

small rivulet flows into the sea about one hundred yards west of the cave, trickling through a lovely little glen, embosomed in wild flowers, ferns, and wild celery, and overhung with trees, one of which had fallen across the glen, thus forming a natural bridge. Several wren-like birds flew about, and it was difficult to believe that one was in lat. 55° S., and in one of the wildest and most inhospitable countries in the world. A river, said to be full of fish, runs into the head of the harbour, and we saw Penguins and Shags near by, so it is evident that if Gardiner and his crew had been provided with guns, ammunition, and nets, they might have existed till succour arrived; but the ship containing all their stores had sailed away, leaving them to their miserable fate. Weighing our anchor, we steamed along the land to the westward, passing New Island and Picton Island on the port hand. It blew a gale in our teeth, but the water was smooth, so we made good progress. The southern shores of Tierra del Fuego are mountainous and well wooded, with fine open valleys covered with grass—not a bad-looking country for sheep-farming, but we saw no signs of habitation. Picton Island is a lovely spot, and Banner Cove, formed by Garden Island, might bear comparison with the south coast of Devon. The same evening we anchored off Mr. Bridges's place "Down-East," about forty miles from the mission station of Ushuwaia. Mr. Bridges was once attached to the Mission, but has acquired land from the Argentine Govern-

ment, and has gone in for farming. He has erected a large iron house at the head of a snug bay, called by him Harberton Harbour, having ten fathoms of water in it, and room for a squadron of vessels. The site is admirably chosen for a settlement, facing the N.E. A considerable space has been cleared for a garden, and already planted with potatoes, cabbages, turnips, lettuces, &c., also many kinds of English flowers, such as honeysuckle, pinks, sweet-william, heart's-ease, daisies, ragged robin, columbine, and chamomile. Of weeds, we noticed the familiar nettle, chickweed, and groundsel; and of fruits, strawberries, gooseberries, and currants. Everything was in the rough, Mr. Bridges having only lately returned from England with a shipload of stores.

Several cows, sheep, and pigs were pastured round about. The land hereabout is well-timbered with evergreens, amongst which are the Antarctic beech and two other species.

Several Fuegian families have squatted near by, and work for Mr. Bridges. Their huts are made of peat and logs, and their canoes of bark, sewed together with thin strips of twigs. Each canoe holds a family, with their belongings; in the centre is a turf, on which a fire is kept constantly burning for cooking purposes. The canoes are top-heavy, and it is necessary to sit down in the bottom to keep them from capsizing: they leak a good deal, and last for only six or eight months, and are in all respects inferior to the "dug-out" made from a single tree as

used in the West Indies, Central America, and Vancouver Island. But the trees of Tierra del Fuego are not of sufficient girth to make a dug-out, and, from the constant wet, are all rotten at the core.

The natives seem a wretched lot, stunted in growth by bad fare and exposure, with muddy complexions, black hair, and blear eyes, from sitting over a smoky fire; they are subject to scrofula and consumption, which is speedily carrying them off. Measles has made fearful havoc amongst them, also small-pox, and other complaints which follow in the path of civilization.

It is difficult to arrive at any conclusion as to the number of Indians in the country, as there are several tribes, some of them perfectly savage and hostile, in the interior. The "Yahgan," or Canoe Indians, inhabit the coast, and feed entirely on shell-fish, and dead whales when procurable. Shortly before our visit, eighteen natives had been poisoned by gorging themselves on a putrid whale, which they found upon the coast, and a valuable dog, belonging to Mr. Bridges, had also succumbed to the same dainty morsel! The Indians of the interior are reported to be a finer race than the coast-men, and are very warlike and courageous. They are, however, being steadily and systematically destroyed by the Argentines and Chilians, aided by settlers of every nationality, and in all probability they will have ceased to exist before many years are passed. I heard of one settler who offered one pound a head

for every Fuegian, dead or alive, and it is currently reported that infected clothing from small-pox hospitals has been purposely introduced among the tribes. Mr. Bridges estimates that not more than four hundred of the Yahgan tribe remain at the present time; but this, I should imagine, is far under the mark, and that the whole population of the island would be from 2,000 to 3,000.

The natives of Fuego appear to be the most degraded of the human race. They have no idea of a Supreme Being, no alphabet, or means of reckoning beyond the number three; they live and die like beasts, and even when civilized seem wanting in ordinary intelligence. Mr. Bridges has thoroughly mastered the "Yahgan" language, reduced it to writing, and can speak it better than they can themselves, but he assured me it was impossible to make them understand how anything could be divided into halves; in fact, their intelligence would seem to be inferior to many of what we call the lower animals—such as the dog, beaver, elephant, &c. The proportion of sexes is in favour of the female, and some of the men have two or more wives. They have no notion of calculating time, of the division of days, weeks, or years, and reckon only by the change of seasons, like birds and beasts.

The soil of Fuego appears to be good, and capable of growing all kinds of grasses and roots; the country is well watered, and is suited for feeding sheep and cattle, both of which do well. In Feb-

ruary the sun has much power, and at the time of our visit I was sitting with all the ports of my cabin wide open to admit the air. The climate is subject to very sudden variations, and in a moment a heavy squall, with rain or snow, will change the whole aspect of affairs. The prevailing winds are from the S.W., which blow with great fury down the channels, but generally subside at night.

Leaving "Down East" on the 23rd, we steamed westward through the Beagle Channel, and anchored off Ushuwaia Mission Station at 6.30 P.M. This is, as I have said, the head-quarters of the Fuegian Mission, and a staff of instructors are always stationed there. The Argentine Government have also placed an establishment at Ushuwaia during the last five or six years, consisting of a governor, a doctor, and forty soldiers. This guard is apparently for the protection of the Mission, but is, in reality, to look after the interests of the Government. The boundary line between Chili and the Argentine Republic is represented by a line drawn from Espiritu Santo, on the north side of the island of Fuego, to Zendegaia Bay, on the south, five leagues west of Ushuwaia, consequently the land on which the Mission is situated belongs to the Argentine Republic. But all the islands to the south of the Beagle Channel belong to Chili, and most of the Indians in the neighbourhood hail from these islands, and are consequently subjects of Chili. Notwithstanding this, the Argentine Govern-

ment claims jurisdiction over the natives living at Ushuwaia, and forbids them to leave the country without permission of the Governor, and the men are even sent to Buenos Ayres to be drafted into the army of the Republic. This is not as it should be, and, it is hoped, will be altered when the Argentines shift their quarters to Good Success Bay, as they talk of doing.

The Governor, an officer in the Argentine navy, and a very superior, intelligent man, came on board to return my visit, and was saluted with the honours due to his position, this being probably the first time that the guns of a British man-of-war ever thundered in those waters, the 'Ruby' being the first English ship that had anchored in the bay. On a calm day the harbour of Ushuwaia is as fine a sight as the eye could behold. On all sides are frowning, snow-clad mountains, their rugged tops showing darkly through their white envelope. The line of vegetation reaches about half-way up, all the lower slopes being thickly wooded with the Antarctic beech.

The Mission Station is on a low peninsula on the south side, forming a pretty picture, with a background of purple mountains on the south side of the channel, and a range of snow-topped hills beyond. Through a gap in the panorama Mount Darwin may be seen rearing its head to a height of 7,000 feet, and covered with eternal snow.

On February 25 the bay was as calm as a mirror,

the sun as hot as it is in Scotland in September, and the reflection of the houses, boats, and mountains most beautiful to behold. Were it not for the furious gales the climate would not be bad, nor can the cold be so very intense, the sea being never frozen in these latitudes. The Governor assured me that in the winter-time these strong winds do not blow, and that calms prevail. In all probability the sudden changes and heavy squalls from the mountains are due to the difference of temperature between the mountain-tops, the valleys, and the sea. The latter being warmer than the mountains causes the wind to rush down, to fill the vacuum formed by the rising of the heated air, but in the winter the whole land is covered with snow, and the temperature being equal a calm is the result. This may or may not be the correct solution, but there is no doubt that these winds are local and go down with the sun, in the same way as do sea-breezes in other parts of the world.

We spent a quiet Sunday at the anchorage, to enable the Bishop to hold an inspection of the schools, &c.; and in the afternoon all the Indians of the Mission visited the ship, including sixteen orphan girls, under the care of their most estimable matron, Mrs. Hemmings. Amongst our visitors was a grandson of the celebrated "Jimmy Button," whom Captain Fitzroy brought to England to be educated. All the missionaries also paid us a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence had been eighteen years at

Ushuwaia, and liked the life. Mr. Aspinall, who combined the duties of doctor and missionary, was full of zeal for the cause; and Mr. Bartlett, who took a passage with me from Keppel, has since been placed in charge of a branch at Woollaston Island. It was, indeed, a pleasure to note how proud and delighted they were to have their good Bishop amongst them once more, and I was sorry that the limited time at my disposal precluded a longer stay.

Many of the natives belonging to the Mission have died of measles; only some seventy, including the sixteen orphans, remain. They are decidedly an ugly race, with flat, broad faces, small dark eyes, rather slanting, and coal-black hair, not unlike the Japanese, but very far behind them in intelligence; they all have a stupid, heavy look, which is not to be wondered at, considering their antecedents and surroundings.

Almost all the Seals and Otters have been destroyed in the neighbourhood by American sealers, and thus the principal source of food has been taken away from the natives, who have deserted the locality in consequence. Whales are still numerous in the Beagle Channel, and several may be seen spouting together. We heard of an atrocious outrage having been committed by the captain of a schooner, said to be an American. This man got hold of a canoe, with a native and his wife in it, murdered the man, destroyed the canoe, and took possession of the

woman. It is a pity the law cannot reach this ruffian; and it is the more inexcusable, because the natives in this neighbourhood are friendly, and inclined to be kind to shipwrecked crews. One notorious character, an American subject, has committed wholesale murders in these waters, and is reported to be still at large; he has paid periodical visits to the islands to the southward, and declared his intention of "clearing out the whole lot of them." My opinion is that the Mission would be better placed at Picton Island, under the jurisdiction of the Chilian Government. Picton Island is more accessible to H.M. ships, and one of the S.E. coast squadron could easily be directed to visit the Mission once a year, to afford it support and protection.

Banner Cove, a small harbour in Picton Island, is admirably situated for a settlement, though it is only fit for small craft; the land is favourable for cattle and sheep, and is well watered, with plenty of wood. Poor Gardiner had his eye on this spot, and evidently intended to make it his head-quarters, but was driven from it by hostile natives, and retired to Spaniard Harbour.

On February 27 we left Ushuwaia on our return journey; it was a lovely warm day, although the mountains were covered with snow; numerous whales were spouting round the ship. The land on both sides of the channel is quite beautiful on a fine day, the sun lighting up the mountains with varied tints,

all the lower slopes of the mountains being densely wooded to the snow-line. Between the mountains are beautiful valleys, down which sparkling rivulets flow.

Two men whom we met had just reached the coast, having crossed the island from north to south. They reported a fine country, well wooded, abounding with game. Many Indians were seen; they estimated the number at 10,000, but this is doubtless a gross exaggeration, owing to the fact that the Indians chased them and shot arrows at them.

This tribe inhabiting the interior is called the "Ona" tribe, a savage race, living by the chase. They are called the "Foot Indians," in contradistinction from the "Yahgans" and "Alikooloof" tribe, who are Canoe Indians, living on mussels, crabs, and such birds and fish as they can catch. The doctor at the station told me that these people suffer from congestion of the liver, besides scrofula and tubercular disease, from eating mussels to excess. In the afternoon, after a pleasant run, we anchored off Mr. Bridges's house in Harberton Harbour, being the first man-of-war of any nationality that had ever entered the port. The ship was soon surrounded by canoes, all "manned" by women. Each canoe held a family, generally three women and two or three children; the women worked the paddles, sitting in the bottom of the canoe, and listing her over till the gunwale was

nearly awash. These folk live entirely on the water, no matter what the weather may be. No wonder they are cramped and distorted, and suffer from scrofula and consumption!

The natives are clever at making models of their canoes, also spears, bows and arrows, &c., the latter tipped with bone or glass. They make very pretty baskets of grass, all of which, besides otter-skins, small pearls from the mussel-shells, and other curios, they readily barter for old clothes, biscuits, &c. No one would have supposed we were in a part of the world notorious for the inclemency of its climate, for we feasted on strawberries and cream, with which Mrs. Bridges kindly supplied us, and our table was well supplied with milk, butter, eggs, meat, and vegetables, from the Governor's store.

On February 28 we took leave of our hospitable friends, and proceeded down the Beagle Channel, before a strong and cold, but fair wind, with occasional snow squalls. When off Banner Cove we stopped, and landed to inspect the inscription written by Allen Gardiner, on a rock, in 1851. It is as follows:—"Dig below; gone to Spaniard Harbour." This clue enabled the 'Dido's' people to find the remains of the captain and his devoted band, in Pioneer Cove, Spaniard Harbour.

The last journal of Allen Gardiner is in the hands of the South-American Mission Society, and may be read in the account of his life and death. We

placed a board in Banner Cove, to notify the visit of the 'Ruby,' and, making all sail to a breeze from the southward, soon got clear of the Beagle Channel and its unhappy associations.

In reviewing the prospects of the Tierra del Fuegian Mission, I am strongly of opinion that it is deserving of support, especially from a sea-faring people like ourselves, for the good which has been already wrought by a handful of English people, under the supervision of Bishop Stirling, and stimulated by his noble example, can hardly be overrated, and may not be generally known. Putting aside the religious aspect of the question, these poor savages have been taught to regard the white man as their friend, and whereas in former times the crews of vessels wrecked upon this stormy coast used to be killed and eaten, they are now guided to places of safety by these same natives. These poor folk are accustomed to a rigorous climate, and would make capital boatmen if properly equipped, and if ever a lighthouse is placed on Cape Horn, they will be the men to guard it and to man the lifeboat. But money is required to carry on the work and to enable the Mission to enlarge its operations, for at present it is cramped for want of funds. I feel sure that many philanthropic persons would assist in so good a cause if they knew of its necessity. Already much has been done; the Mission schooner, 'Allen Gardiner,' has been provided by a lady, who generously subscribed £2,000 for the purpose.

Much good might be done by supplying the bodily wants of the natives, teaching them to build boats and till the ground, raise cattle and sheep, weave wool, and make their own clothes. Supplies of clothes, knives, axes, needles and thread, and seeds of all sorts would be very acceptable; skins could be taken in exchange, and the venture might even be made to pay its expenses. The spiritual wants of the natives need not be disregarded, but I am of opinion that their physical necessities ought to be first considered. And, after having their stomachs filled, with warm clothes on their bodies, good houses over their heads, weapons for the chase, and tools to work in their hands, and the land, which belongs by right to them, bringing forth abundantly, with flocks and herds of their own, and all the blessings of civilization around them, they can be taught to recognize the Creator, from whom all blessings flow. They would, at any rate, be better off than they are at present, and the few remaining unfortunates be saved from utter extinction. It would, indeed, be a scandal and disgrace to England if the noble efforts of Allen Gardiner, the pioneer of missionary labour in Tierra del Fuego, be allowed to die out for want of support.

In conclusion, I feel that an apology is due to any sportsman who may have waded through this and the preceding chapter under the belief that they would contain an account of sport, for there is none in either chapter, nor, indeed, is there any

to speak of in Tierra del Fuego. But, fond as I am of sport, I trust I may be excused on this occasion, if I lay aside the gun and the rifle, and take up my pen for a cause which needs assistance, and for the good that I can do.

CHAPTER XIII.

Rio Paraná.

Vessels of H.M. Squadron on the S.E. coast of America.—Position of British Subjects in Paraguay.—Style of Vessel needed for the Rivers.—Pampero at Buenos Ayres.—Shooting at Diamante.—City of Paraná.—Hernandaria.—Antediluvian remains.—Jigging fish.

It has usually been the custom for H.M. ships stationed on the south-east coast of South America to visit the rivers Paraná and Uruguay at least once every year during the cool season, from May till September, to show the flag and protect British interests. With this view the gunboats on that station have usually been of light draught, to enable them to ascend these rivers. But it is not easy to combine in one vessel a craft suitable for river navigation and for ocean service, because, if of too deep draught, she is unable to ascend the rivers, and if of too light, she is useless for ocean work.

The result has been too often a compromise between the two, producing a ship of no use for any purpose whatever, unable either to fight or run away, to steam or sail either on or off the wind, before or against it. Three vessels answering the above description formed part of the squadron in the year 1886.

These craft could ascend the Paraná as far as La Paz, and the Uruguay as far as Paysandu, but not one of them could reach Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, nor Salto, on the Uruguay, unless the river was unusually high. Some years ago, the 'Cracker' gunboat did manage to reach Asuncion, but she had to be lightened by taking out her gun, and a gunboat without her gun must have given the Paraguayans a grand idea of the strength of the British navy. In fact, any unfortunate British subjects who happened to be in Paraguay during the war were left to the tender mercies of the tyrant Dictator Lopez, and some of them were brutally treated, without any redress.

If it is admitted that British subjects, who choose to settle in such countries as Paraguay, do so at their own risk, and will receive no assistance in time of need, it would be as well to inform them of it, for such is certainly their position. But, considering the British interests involved, the capital invested, and the increasing number of British subjects who have settled and will settle along the banks of the Paraná, the Paraguay, and the Uruguay rivers, I think it of increasing importance that the British flag should occasionally be shown in these waters, that the lives and property of British subjects may be respected.

The French, Italian, Spanish, and, in fact, all other Governments are alive to the interests of their subjects, but the English flag is almost unknown.

The obsolete vessels of 1886 have since been replaced by more powerful ships, but equally useless for river work; so the only way in which the senior officer on the S.E. coast can visit this important part of his station is by one of the river steamers, sending a gunboat on ahead as far as she can go.

It seems to me that a light-draught paddle-wheel steamer might very well be employed for this service; she could carry a couple of long-range breechloaders and a few machine guns, and be more than a match for any craft she would be likely to meet in those waters. This vessel should remain in the river, having her head-quarters at Monte Video, where she could be docked when necessary, and her officers and crew be changed every two years. We send such vessels up the Niger and the Congo to bully the niggers and to protect the oil-traders—a most disagreeable and unhealthy service. Why not in the Plate, where there are no niggers to bully, and the climate is the finest in the world?

I feel sure Her Majesty's representatives in Buenos Ayres and in Monte Video would endorse my opinion, for they, like the senior naval officer, have to go their rounds in a river steamer. Such a vessel as I have suggested I took a passage in during the year 1886. She was named the 'Aurora,' and belonged to the Platense Company. This little craft, built of steel by Messrs. Denny, of Dumbarton, was 175 feet long, 27 ft. beam, of 408 tons, with a draught of water of only 4 feet; she steamed 10 knots, and cost £17,000.

A craft of this description could carry a couple of light guns, and could show the flag in the upper waters of the Paraná, Paraguay, and Uruguay, and as she would not require the sumptuous fittings possessed by the 'Aurora,' she would cost less. I fear there is no immediate prospect of this suggestion being carried into effect.

In 1887 the vessels at my disposal were the 'Ruby,' 'Ready,' 'Swallow,' and 'Watchful.' Sending the 'Swallow' to Rosario, and the 'Ready' to Paysandu, I embarked on board the 'Watchful' on July 7, and steamed over to Buenos Ayres to embark a pilot for the river, the 'Ruby,' by reason of her deep draught, remaining at Colonia. The day was perfect, calm and sunny, and no one would have supposed that in forty-eight hours it would be blowing a hurricane, with a very heavy sea running, and ships dismasted, or foundering, all over the place. The 'Watchful' sailed the same evening for Rosario, where I proposed to join her, having availed myself of the offer of Mr. Murray Tulloch, the courteous manager of the Platense Company, to join a party on board the 'Aurora.'

The 'Watchful,' drawing 12 feet, had to make a long detour by way of Martin Garcia, whilst we proceeded by the Capitan Channel, a narrow and tortuous tributary of the river, with an average depth of 8 feet. This passage is so narrow that the vessel's paddles swept the reeds on both banks, and her sponsons brushed the trees overhead as she passed.

At some places the turns were so sharp that a hawser had to be laid out and made fast to a tree to turn her. The banks on both sides were low and wooded. We passed numerous ranches and peach-orchards, the trees just breaking into bloom. Some English gentlemen have lately started a peach preserving and canning manufactory, which, I believe, is doing well.

The weather was delightful in the forenoon, and our party, amongst whom were some ladies, was a pleasant one; but towards evening the sky gave the usual warning of the approach of a "pampero." Luckily, the wind was in our favour, so we kept ahead of it till sundown, when we reached the small port of Campagna, and bid our friends adieu. Mr. Tulloch and party returned by rail to Buenos Ayres, and we were transferred to the 'Tridente,' a fine steamer, belonging to the same company, in which we reached Rosario the following morning, and went on board the 'Swallow,' the 'Watchful' not having arrived.

For the next forty-eight hours it blew a heavy "pampero," and we were unable to communicate with the shore. This gale did immense damage along the coast; two steamers foundered, one with all hands, off Rio Grande do Sul; the harbour works at Buenos Ayres were damaged, and many vessels driven ashore.

At Martin Garcia ships foundered at their anchors, and at Colonia, where the 'Ruby' was lying, the full force of the hurricane was felt. For four days two of

her boats were missing, with ten officers and twenty-eight men, and for some time it was feared they were lost; but, happily, they all turned up safe, after various adventures. Two other of her boats, which were moored under the lee of a stone pier, were washed away, together with the pier, and one of them was never seen again.

The 'Watchful' arrived the next day, and the weather having moderated, we embarked in her, and started up the river, arriving at Diamante the same evening. Between Rosario and Diamante the river is uninteresting, the banks low, swampy, and thickly wooded with low scrub; occasionally a solitary ranch may be seen to break the monotony.

Diamante is twenty-five leagues from Rosario, but the current running from two to three knots makes it equivalent to 90 or 100 miles. At Punta Garda, immediately below Diamante, the cliffs rise to a height of 200 or 300 feet, with wooded ravines, and the highlands beyond are under cultivation.

In this district the finest wheat is grown, and many Italian and Russian colonies are established in the neighbourhood. The soil is rich, and large tracts of it are planted with wheat, maize, potatoes, &c., and the colonists appear to be doing well.

The little town of Diamante is placed some way back from the port, and cannot be seen from the anchorage. The only English resident is a doctor named Crick, who kindly provided us with a carriage to go shooting, and his son offered to

escort us. Mr. Crick, junior, claims to be the "Buffalo Bill" of these parts, and he entertained us with many thrilling stories of bloodshed, and hair-breadth escapes and adventures with the wild Indians of the Chaco, who had captured him, and from whom he had escaped desperately wounded. But when asked to show his wounds he declined, from which we concluded they were not in front of his person. When it came to shooting and hard work, he promptly retired to the luncheon-basket, and was seen no more. We bagged at this place twenty-six brace of Small Partridges and twelve Martinetas. A small kind of Deer, called "ghazu virá," is said to be plentiful in the neighbourhood, but none were seen by our party. Beef can be obtained here at 2*d.* per lb.

On July 14 we left Diamante, and proceeded up the river to the city of Paraná. The river presents no features of interest until the city is seen over the low land to the right; its first appearance, with the sun lighting up the enamelled domes of the churches, is particularly striking. At the same time, the city of Santa Fé can be seen over the low land on the left-hand side. The river is very broad at this place, and studded with thickly-wooded islands, forming several channels, amongst which a fleet of small craft were threading their way. It twists also in such a manner that at one time the city of Paraná is seen ahead, and the next moment on the quarter. Just before sunset the effect was very pretty, the

numerous islets, bright with verdure, floating, as it were, on the bosom of the water, like emeralds on a silver lake. The city of Paraná stands high above the river, and about two miles back from it, so that it cannot be seen from the anchorage. It is of considerable size and importance, was at one time the capital of the Argentine Republic, and is now the chief town of the province of Entre-Rios. Large deposits of oyster-shells are found in this neighbourhood, and a brisk trade is carried on in lime, most of that used in Buenos Ayres coming from here. The streets of the city may be said to be paved with oyster-shells, which are imbedded in the limestone forming the pavement of the streets, thus confirming the fact of the whole South-American continent having been at one time submerged. The chart (not the map) of South America does, in my opinion, also tend to endorse this theory. In all probability the hundred-fathom line correctly shows the original coast-line of the South-American continent, which must have included the Falkland Islands; beyond that line the water suddenly deepens to more than one thousand fathoms.

By a depression of the land or a rising of the water, the ocean has doubtless flowed over the entire continent up to the slopes of the Cordilleras, the pampas having evidently formed the bed of the ocean. The waters must then have gradually subsided to their present level, leaving the beaches and layers of oyster-shells along the coast, as I have

already described. If this theory be correct, what a glorious sight must the south-east coast of South America have presented at one time, with a barrier of perpendicular cliffs, from one to two thousand fathoms in height, going sheer down to the sea! The soundings show that such is the nature of the bottom of the ocean at the present time.

Leaving Paraná, and proceeding upwards, the Entre-Rios bank of the river is precipitous, whilst that on the Santa-Fé side is low and swampy, the difference in height between the two being about forty yards, on an average. The stream twists in an extraordinary way; at one time a vessel is steering north, at another east, or S.E., but the general tendency is towards the north. The current sweeps smoothly along at the rate of about 2½ knots, without rapids or falls. The enormous proportions of the Paraná river can be appreciated only by ascending it. The breadth and depth do not vary much, but the channels are constantly changing; consequently the charts are useless, and the pilots navigate solely by the eye.

The scenery is generally monotonous; for miles not a human being can be seen; now and then a solitary hut, or a few cattle, bear witness that the country is inhabited. At 5 P.M., July 15, we anchored off a place rejoicing in the name of Antonio Tomas, marked by a solitary hut! The next morning, having procured horses from the owner of the hut, we struck inland, and passing through a few miles

of bush, we reached an open, cultivated country, where several Italian families had settled. These people were employed in growing wheat and burning charcoal, the latter being the principal industry. The country was at one time densely wooded, but most of the heavy timber has been cut down for railway sleepers, posts, &c. We enjoyed a good day's shooting at this place, our bag consisting of twelve and a half brace of Small Partridges, eight Martinetas, six Ducks, and a couple of Viscachás, which we found to be very good to eat, although the natives, being gorged with a superabundance of meat, will not touch them.

The next day we weighed at daylight, and, after a couple of hours' run, anchored off the small port of Hernandaria. A Swiss gentleman, by name Schaffler, lives close to the anchorage at the foot of a cliff, on the top of which is a church and a few scattered houses. A Swiss colony is established a few miles inland; the soil is rich, and very fine wheat is grown in the locality. Charcoal is another industry, and gypsum, the plaster of Paris of commerce, is abundant, but is not worked. Mr. Schaffler has been many years in the country, and is a man of high attainments and full of information. He has a collection of bones of antediluvian animals in various stages of petrification, according to the strata in which they were found. A tooth of a Mastodon was found inside a rock, proving it to belong to a very remote period. His theory is that these animals were

overwhelmed by some sudden convulsion of Nature, and were smothered in mud and *débris*, and that the different layers of earth, sand, and gypsum prove that the country has been subjected to periodic submersions and upheavals, extending over many ages.

There are many Snakes in these parts; an Anaconda had been killed in Mr. Schaffler's garden a short time back, and during a ride in the neighbourhood I shot a venomous snake called "Vibora-de-la-Cruz." This viper takes its name from having a cross-shaped marking upon the head.

Hernandaria is the northernmost boundary of the wheat-producing country, the best crops being grown in the provinces of Buenos Ayres, Entre-Rios, and Santa Fé.

We had a capital day's sport at this place, bagging eighteen Martinetas, many Small Partridges, and a Ghazu Virá—a beautiful little deer.

Some fine fish were caught from the rocks by "jigging," or what sailors call "stroke-hauling." A stiff pole, a stout line, and some hooks lashed on to it, with a leaden weight, are all that is required for this style of fishing. Throw out into the stream and strike at random, when every now and then a big fish will be foul-hooked. I have heard of this practice before in some parts of Scotland and Ireland. The process is simple, and, though it may be condemned as unsportsmanlike, may, as in the present case, when the fish won't take a bait, be excused.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rio Paraná (*continued*).

Birds of the Chaco.—La Paz.—Esquina.—Goya.—A dirty night.—Aground on a sandbank.—Bella Vista.—Corrientes.—The river Paraguay.—Humaitá.—The river Bermejo.—The Gran Chaco.—Bravery of the Paraguayans.—Villa Pilar.—Paraguayan Tea.—Alligator-shooting.—Formosa.—The Guaraní Language.—Arrive at Asuncion.

To continue my journey up the Paraná. Quoting from my journal :—

Hernandaria, July 19.—A fine, calm day ; waiting for the steamer, it being doubtful if the 'Watchful' could go further, on account of her draught of water. Flocks of Parrots flying overhead, with loud screams ; these birds go over to the Chaco and the islands in the river to feed on the fruits, returning in the evening to roost. There are several kinds of Pigeon here, a large blue species, like our wood-pigeon, and some smaller; also many pretty birds, whose names are unknown to me, one as white as snow, others with red breasts and black beaks; besides Owls, Woodpeckers, and Jays. On July 20 I embarked on board the paddle-wheel steamer 'San Martin,' and proceeded up the river, arriving at La Paz at 9 A.M. La Paz is a large, straggling town, and looks well from the water, but is very unattractive ashore.

Sailed at 3.30 P.M., and passed over the San Juan bar with ten feet of water on it. This bar is very dangerous, and steamers frequently stick here; the danger is mostly going down the river, for, if a vessel takes the ground, she is immediately swung broadside on to the current, which forms a bank on the leeside, and washes away the sand on the other. The usual thing is, then, to lay out an anchor and heave the line "taut," when the vessel will come off in two or three days' time, but may be detained much longer.

After leaving La Paz, the banks are low and swampy on both sides of the river, but the channel is deep all the way up to Esquina, where we stopped at 10.30 P.M. Esquina is in latitude 30° S., and is situated at the mouth of the river Corrientes, a tributary of the Paraná. The steamers touch here to land or embark passengers by means of a steam launch, which conveys them to or from the town, a short distance up the river. Tapirs and Carpinchos are numerous about here. On July 21 a thick fog obliged us to anchor till the sun dispelled it, when we proceeded. The morning was lovely; the water as smooth as glass, with beautiful reflections, banks low, and thickly wooded on both sides. Arrived at Goya at 1 P.M.—a pretty little spot. We were detained here four hours, and when we proceeded the night was as dark as pitch, with heavy rain, thunder, and lightning; in fact it seemed madness to

go, and impossible to navigate, even with the most experienced pilots, two of whom were constantly at the helm, and so it proved, for about 9 P.M. the ship struck on a sandbank with an awful crash, sending us all flying—she was going thirteen knots—scattering tables, chairs, tumblers of grog, cigarettes, chessmen, false hair and teeth, dress-improvers, babies, bundles, dominoes, and packs of cards all over the place. However, after a good deal of yelling and shrieking from the women and loud swearing from the men, things got sorted, *débris* swept up, the steamer backed off, and we anchored for the night. The next morning was wet and gloomy, and when I went on deck the 'San Martin' was rushing through the water at a high speed, none the worse for her adventure the night before. Reached Bella Vista at 9 A.M., and made fast to an old hulk for a couple of hours, enabling us to get a run ashore till we again started at eleven o'clock. After leaving Bella Vista the stream twists greatly, and the vessel is sometimes close to one bank, then to the other, occasionally brushing the reeds with her paddles. Both banks are low and swampy until approaching Corrientes, when there are some cliffs on the starboard hand.

It was dark when we arrived at Corrientes, so we could not see the place, but, judging by the lights ashore and the traffic in steam launches, it seemed to be of considerable importance. Corrientes is the capital of the province of the same name. It is

situated a few miles below the junction of the Upper Paraná and the Paraguay rivers, and is the most northern city of importance in the Argentine Republic.

General Sarmiento was one of our passengers in the 'San Martin,' and directly it was known that he was on board a large number of residents came to pay their respects, and a reception was held in the saloon.

The General had been once President of the Republic, and was (in 1886) a fine old man of eighty-four years; he is now dead, but his memory will long be cherished in the Argentine Republic as one of the most enlightened and honest men that ever governed the country. Once Minister to the United States, he brought back with him many reforms for the better education of his countrymen, which he lived to see carried out.

The boatmen at Corrientes speak Guaraní, and, as far as I was able to judge, swear in the same language. Each province has its own dirty paper notes, and will not accept any other except at a discount, but the filthy paper of Buenos Ayres is current all over the Republic.

Leaving Corrientes, we soon afterwards entered the river Paraguay, and passing Fort Humaitá at daylight, July 23, we stopped off the port of Timbo, called by the Argentines Bermejo.

The river Bermejo, or Vermejo—*i. e.*, vermilion, red, sandy-coloured, muddy—joins the main stream two miles higher up, and at one time the Paraguayans

claimed the land on the west bank of the Paraguay as far south as the Bermejo, but it now belongs to the Argentines, and the southern boundary of Paraguay is now the river Pilcomayo. All the western side of the Paraná, north of the river Salado, is called the Gran Chaco, meaning vast pampas. This is divided into three portions, viz., south of the river Bermejo it is called the Chaco Austral; between the Bermejo and the Pilcomayo, the Chaco Central; and north of the Pilcomayo the Chaco Boreal, or Paraguayan Chaco. Fort Humaitá is a place celebrated in the history of the Paraguayan war, for it was there the brave Paraguayans made their great stand. The church is now a picturesque ruin, and nothing remains of the fort, both having been bombarded by the Brazilian squadron. Before deserting Humaitá, the Paraguayans played a trick upon their opponents which deserves to be recorded. They had made a gallant resistance, but were on the verge of starvation, so the commandant, an Englishman, Thompson by name, placed a lot of palm trees in the embrasures during the night, and blacked the logs, so as to represent guns. Then they vacated the place, and in the morning the Allies saw a battery, apparently bristling with guns, looking them in the face. This so disconcerted them that they were afraid to attack, but, after three weeks, sent a spy to reconnoitre, who reported the place abandoned. It is marvellous how a small, weak nation such as Paraguay could hold out for five years against the

combined forces of Brazil, the Argentine and Uruguayan Republics, and was only vanquished at last by being annihilated.

The river Bermejo, being a muddy stream, discolours the waters of the Paraguay and the Paraná the whole way to the sea, but after passing its mouth the water becomes clear, the stream much narrower, and the scenery more varied and beautiful, both banks being timbered with a variety of fine woods. We passed the wreck of a steamer, only the masts and funnel appearing above water, and perceived some Deer feeding on the banks, the first large game we had seen. At 10 A.M. we stopped off Villa Pilar, a bright little village on the Paraguayan side of the river; the houses low, and roofed with red tiles, with groves of orange-trees in the background. Here we saw the Paraguayan flag for the first time —red, white, and blue horizontal, red uppermost. A lot of fine timber, mostly cedar, was lying on the beach, having been rafted down from the upper waters *en route* to Buenos Ayres.

Although we were now some hundreds of miles from the sea, we were still followed by Gulls. They could hardly be called sea-gulls, but rather river-gulls, for these birds, like the First Lord in the play, "never go to sea," but get their food on the river, and build their nests on the islands. The river at this point is still broader than the Thames at Richmond, although 700 miles from the salt water, and the turns are so sharp that one cannot see far either

ahead or astern. We had now reached the latitude where "yerba," or Paraguayan tea, commonly called maté, is grown, but not exactly in the same locality, as the plant is grown further inland, on the Cordilleras. I have never seen yerba growing, and am therefore unable to describe it except in the prepared state. The leaves only are used, and these are pounded; a small portion is then put into a gourd, and boiling water poured on it, the decoction being sucked through a silver tube called a "bombilla." Opinions are divided as to the merits of the beverage, which is claimed to be superior to tea as a stimulant. Many people are very fond of it either with or without sugar; when made with milk it certainly is delicious. It depends very much upon time, circumstances, and place whether one likes maté or not. For instance, on arriving at a ranch, tired and hot, a clean-skinned, neat-handed little señorita brings you maté—it is then most refreshing; but when a dirty buck-nigger, who has just taken the bombilla from his lips, offers you a suck, a good deal of the romance is lost, and I generally declined the proffered hospitality, even at the risk of giving offence, for it is considered an insult to first wipe the mouthpiece. Most people prefer "maté amargo" (literally bitter), *i. e.* without sugar.

On entering the Paraguay river many Alligators, locally called "Jacaré," may be seen basking on the banks, and afford capital practice to the passengers with the rifle or revolver.

At 4 P.M. we stopped off Formosa, a very pretty place, situated on a bend of the river. A fort on the Argentine side commands both approaches, and on the opposite side is a Paraguayan settlement, which could be made impregnable if they had the means. The Governor of the Province of Formosa is an Englishman, Fotheringham by name; he was once in the English army, and is now one of the most influential men in the Argentine Republic.

On July 24 we stopped off the mouth of the river Pilcomayo, and entered Paraguayan waters; the land on both banks belonging to Paraguay, and the language of the country being Guaraní. This would appear to be a very simple, not to say primitive, language. They have only four numbers, one, two, three, and four; after that a hand, then a hand and one finger, and so on, to two hands; then two hands and one, &c., up to two hands and a foot, twenty being "hands and feet." The women do all the work, the males having been almost entirely destroyed during the war with Brazil, but the population is being recruited with adventurers of every nationality.

The next morning we reached Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, distant one thousand miles (approximately) from Buenos Ayres by the river, a description of which will be reserved for another chapter.

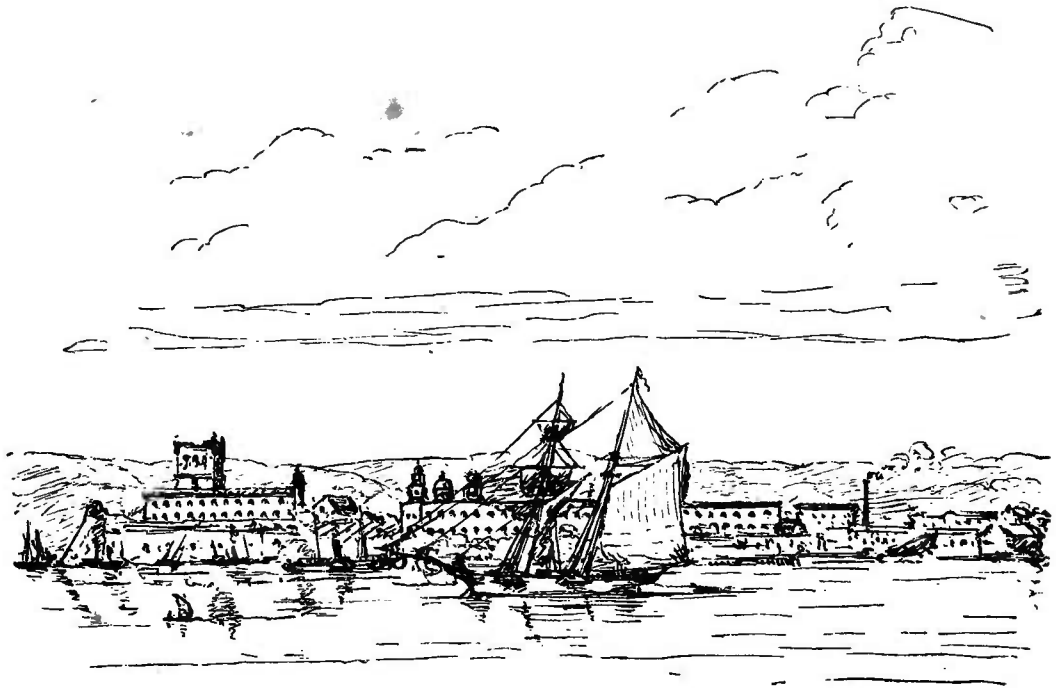
CHAPTER XV.

Asuncion, Paraguay.

The Capital of Paraguay.—Lopez's Palace.—Fertility of the soil in Paraguay.—Advanced Civilization.—The Market-place in Asuncion.—Expedition to the Paraguayan Chaco.—The river Pilcomayo.—Shooting in the Chaco.—Climate of ditto.—Wild Indians.—Description of Deer.—Mosquitos.—Return to Asuncion.—Loading Oranges at Villeta.

Situated in latitude 25° S., Asuncion enjoys a fine climate in the winter months, but in summer the heat is great and mosquitos rampant. The capital of Paraguay is a straggling, picturesque-looking city, of about 25,000 inhabitants, but this is a random calculation, and includes the suburbs.

The most conspicuous object on approaching from the river is the palace of Lopez, formerly tyrant and dictator. It is partially in ruins, having been bombarded by the Brazilians, but is to be restored and utilized by the Government for public works. Many churches are also seen in various stages of decay. Having landed and passed our things through the Custom House, we drove to the Cancha Hotel, a very pretty place on the outskirts of the city, from whence a fine view of the surrounding country is obtained. Tramcars run direct to the hotel, which



Asuncion, the Capital of Paraguay.

is very convenient, as carriages are unknown, carts expensive, and roads atrocious. Soon after our arrival we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Dr. Stewart, Her Majesty's Consul, who has been thirty years in the country, and, being married to a Paraguayan lady, has identified himself with the people and the place. The environs of Asuncion are exceedingly pretty; the soil is a rich sandy loam, capable of producing every sort of fruit, vegetable, or flower. Roses flourish luxuriantly, and oranges are indigenous, and thrive without care or culture.

What struck us particularly, on reaching the hotel, was the advanced state of civilization by which we found ourselves surrounded. We imagined that in coming to Paraguay we should have, so to speak, to elbow our way through crowds of savage Indians, with a background of jungle, infested by wild animals; but we found, instead, a neat hotel, lighted by electricity, with a good cook and very fair wines, a capital service of trams, telephones to all parts of the city, billiard-tables, shooting-gallery, merry-go-round, and a brass band, which "discoursed sweet music"—or, in other words, made the night hideous; in fact, Rosherville Gardens over again!

There is no doubt these people are going ahead, and recovering from the disastrous war which ruined the country for many years. The principal revenue of the country is derived from the Custom House and from the sale of public lands, which have brought in a large sum. In 1886 the debt to the English

bondholders had been reduced to £840,000. The river is being dredged, to allow large vessels to lie alongside the wharf, and even now steamers drawing ten feet are able to do so. A gunboat has been also purchased as the nucleus of a future navy.

Close to the Cancha Hotel is Doctor Stewart's pretty "quinta" (villa), in the garden of which are many kinds of trees and flowers, the roses being particularly fine and sweet-smelling. The sandal-wood tree has been introduced by the doctor with perfect success. The night of our arrival was celebrated at the hotel by a brass band and a party of noisy Italians, who shouted operatic airs till past midnight. The next morning we paid a visit to the market-place; the stalls are kept by women, some good-looking, and all with luxuriant black hair, of which they were not a little proud. They were all dressed alike, viz. a white chemise, a sheet over their head and shoulders, feet bare, and every one of them smoking native cigars. The stalls contained meat, vegetables, eggs, omelettes, herbs, spices, chillies, tobacco, lace, maté-gourds, combs, candles, and gold ornaments. In the afternoon we paid an official visit to the President, and then went for a ride. We passed through neat villages, the houses built of mud, with thatched roofs; gardens, smothered with roses, jasmine, and poinsettia; orange groves loaded with fruit, and thousands of oranges and lemons lying on the ground, apparently not worth gathering. Everybody was smoking and

laughing, but no one working, in this much-favoured clime, where meat is abundant and cheap, and all kinds of fruit and vegetables grow without labour.

On July 26 I crossed the river in a canoe, with one of the officers of the 'Ruby' and another friend, to hunt on the Chaco side. The river at this point is at least a mile broad, and the current runs about three miles an hour. We entered a small tributary of the main river called the Rio Negro, the waters of which are as clear as a trout-stream in England. Numerous Alligators reposed upon the banks; they received a volley from our rifles as we passed, and we landed to examine some of them which were killed outright. It is a mistake to suppose that these reptiles are necessarily such foul feeders as they are credited with being. In a clear-running stream like this the Alligator feeds entirely on fish, and the flesh of the reptile is white and wholesome-looking, and is eaten by the natives, though I must say I did not hanker after it myself. After two hours' paddling and poling we landed, and walked three miles to a wood-cutter's ranch, where we were most hospitably received and comfortably lodged, and a bullock-cart sent to the canoe for our traps. After a short rest we went out to look for Martinetas, but only met with a brace, which we bagged. The country was mostly under water, with clumps of trees interspersed like islands in a lake. The most valuable timber hereabouts is the Quebracho, a very fine hard-wood tree. Gangs of

men were employed cutting this down, and transporting it into launches on the Pilcomayo river, whence it is conveyed to Asuncion. The ranch where we stayed belonged to Don Pedro Hill, a native gentleman, living at Asuncion, and we were entertained by his mayor-domo. The house is situated on the banks of the Pilcomayo, a lovely stream, navigable for large boats for thirty-two leagues. We remained here for three days, hunting with varied success. We got sufficient Martinetas to keep us going, but were unfortunate with the large Deer, which we particularly wanted to get. Only one was seen, and a Ghazu Virá, but neither were bagged, as the weather was against us, the low country being under water, driving the game further inland to the higher and drier ground. In fact, the land was one vast swamp, making it impossible to hunt on foot, and very hard work on horseback, the water and mud being frequently up to the horses' girths. Added to which, the mosquitos were a caution; I never met with more ferocious brutes, and our poor horses and ourselves were severely punished.

Our host assured us that Deer were very abundant in the neighbourhood, and that we should certainly have come across them had it not been for the amount of rain that had fallen. He said there were five distinct species of Deer in the Chaco, viz.:—1st, the Ciervo, or Red Deer (*Cervus paludosus*); 2nd, the Ghazu Pintado, about the size of a fallow deer;

3rd, the Gama, or Venado, similar to the Camp Deer of Uruguay and the Argentine Republic (*Cervus campestris*); 4th, the Ghazu Virá, or Swamp Deer, the size of a roe deer; and 5th, the Venadillo, or Little Deer. Of these I have seen and shot the 1st, 3rd, and 4th, but I have never seen the 2nd or the 5th. There can be no doubt of their existence, however, for our host showed me the skins of these other two. The Ciervo, or Red-Deer Stag, is a noble animal, fully as big as our red deer, with a fine head of ten points in the adult animal, and a bright red coat. The Ghazu Pintado is also as red as a fox, probably at certain seasons only, and is sometimes called Colorado.

The Gama is of a light buff colour, carries a pretty symmetrical pair of horns, generally six points, but emits so strong an odour as to be called the Stinking deer. The Ghazu Virá is of the colour of a roe, and has small horns, usually only a pair of points. Besides deer, there are also to be found in the Chaco the Aguará, or Maned Water-Fox (*Canis jubatus*), the Jaguar, the Tapir, the Great Ant-eater, Ostriches, Geese, Ducks, and other fowl. The climate in the winter-time is pleasant enough, and the nights cold; but even at this season mosquitos make life a burden, and the swamps, and, indeed, the dry portions of the country also, are infested with venomous snakes. The land on the Chaco side is even superior to that on Paraguay proper, and is suitable for cattle, but is too wet for sheep. Parts of it are like an English

park, with groups of fine timber, and grassy glades between; but the country is so flat that a night's rain floods it, rendering it impossible to travel on foot, except by wading up to one's middle in water or mud, and even on horseback it is very difficult. The few people residing there speak Guaraní, but generally understand Spanish.

There are some wild Indians in the neighbourhood, but they are not often seen, and are shot down when met with. By all accounts they are a poor race; they have no regular language or religion; they are armed mostly with bows and arrows, and live by hunting. As the country becomes inhabited they retreat into the interior, and are destined to disappear in process of time, like all other aborigines. But I shall have more to say of these people by-and-by.

On wishing our kind host adieu we pressed him to accept some slight return for his hospitality. He had fed and lodged us for three days, given us clean beds, provided horses for ourselves and bullock-carts for our luggage, and treated us most kindly; but he firmly declined any remuneration, simply saying, "No me incomoda nada" ("It does not put me out in any way"). Truly one of Nature's gentlemen!

On July 29 we returned to Asuncion, and the next day left for the south on board the 'Rio Paraná,' another fine steamer belonging to the Platense Company.

Steaming down the stream is always preferable to going against it, especially in a gunboat, which can

only make six or seven knots, but in these fast river boats it is not of so much consequence, as they make a good ten knots over the ground against the current, and sixteen with it. Leaving Asuncion at noon, we stopped again at 2.30 P.M. off the village of Villeta, to load oranges. The vessel was moored alongside the bank, and a plank run out to the shore. Under some sheds an enormous pile of oranges had been collected, awaiting transportation to the ship. A number of young women then filled their baskets, and, placing them on their heads, walked along the plank, and passed the baskets to others on board, who started them on to the deck-house overhead, where they were stored in bulk. In this way the work was done with speed, and in a few hours nearly half a million oranges were shipped. The way these poor girls worked for more than six hours, without a spell, was a sight to be remembered; they never ceased passing to and fro along the plank, like ants, with their loads upon their heads. All were dressed alike, clean white chemise, and a white cloth over their shoulders, feet bare, and every one of them with a cigar in her mouth. Never an angry word did I hear, but all good-natured—a laughing, merry throng. The only refreshment they took was an orange now and then. About a mile from the landing-place is the village of Villeta, a perfect type of a Paraguayan village, embosomed in orange-groves, the houses neatly thatched and substantially built, women spinning cotton, grinding corn, or carrying

jars of water on their heads, their figures as upright as a dart. A string of bullock-waggons brought the oranges to the pier, their wheels creaking loudly. These cart-wheels are made in the country, without tires or nails, one piece being dove-tailed into another. In the days of Lopez it was not permitted to grease the wheels to stop the creaking, for fear, I conclude, of a surprise during the war, and the practice is still continued. Moreover, it is said that the bullocks like the noise, and won't draw without it. Notwithstanding that steamers were loading oranges every day, the trees were still laden with fruit, and pineapples were growing wild by the roadside. By sunset a matter of 400,000 oranges had been shipped, and it seemed as if the ship was top-heavy, and likely to be capsized with such a deck cargo. The scene at this time was very beautiful, the river as calm as a mill-pond, and the sun casting a lurid glow upon the placid waters as it sank below the wooded bank on the western shore, the only sound to break the stillness of the night being the voices of the merry, laughing throng of girls pacing to and fro along the plank with their load of ripe golden fruit. These poor girls are ready to work all through the night when necessary for a paltry wage, whilst the men look on—a lazy, loafing lot. The women, being of pure Paraguayan blood, are white-skinned, but the men are of all shades and nationalities. The result is to be seen in the parti-coloured children about the village.

CHAPTER XVI.

Rio Paraná and the Chaco.

Steaming down the Rio Paraná.—Cross over to the Chaco.—Peculiar customs of the Toba Indians.—The wild Indians of the Chaco.—Snakes and Mosquitos.—Shooting in the Chaco.—Varieties of trees.—Orchids and Ferns.—The Pavo del Monte or Bush-Turkey.—Recross the Paraná.—Visit Santa Fé.—Cross Entre-Rios by the Railway.—Value of land in Entre-Rios.—The Palace of Urquiza the Dictator.—Atrocities committed by him.—Cross the Uruguay River.—Visit to Mr. Peel's estancia Bella Vista.—Return to Buenos Ayres.

Sunday, July 31.—A lovely day. Steaming rapidly down the river, stopped off Villa Pilar, Formosa, and Humaitá, which I mentioned on the passage up; arrived at Corrientes at 4.30 p.m., where we disembarked and put up at the Hotel España Americana, overlooking the river. The next morning we crossed the Paraná in a small steamer, very much overloaded, and, having engaged a carriage with four mules and two outriders, we started for the colony of Resistencia, where we breakfasted. From thence we had a drive of seven leagues, and were delayed in crossing a river, reaching Mr. Mason's house at 4 p.m. This part of the Chaco is fairly well populated; parts of it are culti-

vated, but most of it is grazing campo, devoted to cattle. The country is not unlike the Chaco of Paraguay, but it is not so much under water. It is well timbered, and a large quantity of handsome and valuable wood is exported from this locality. The house belonging temporarily to our host was prettily situated on a high bank overlooking a small stream, in which were fish of large size, which take a spoon-bait. Not far from the house was an encampment of tame Toba Indians, poor, harmless (?) creatures, with no religion, and with peculiar customs. When a man is past work with them he is buried alive, and the old women are wrapped in hides and beaten to death! One old woman, whose reported age was 110, had been spared on account of her being a professed Christian; but her daughter had already been "removed" for age.

August 2.—We went shooting to a neighbouring lagoon in hopes of bagging some "patos reales" (Royal ducks, the original wild stock of the Muscovy duck); but, the day being hot, with a north wind, they were not at home. We bagged a few common kinds of Ducks, and some Ibisee and other marsh birds, also a few Martinetas and Small Partridges. The "patos reales" roost on trees near the lagoon, and can be shot by waiting for them in the evening, if one can stand the mosquitos. They are the finest of the duck tribe, an adult bird weighing as much as twelve pounds or more. In the evening we enjoyed a bathe in the river, and beguiled the time after dinner with songs,

and yarns of Indian warfare. The wild Indians of the Chaco are a most savage race, and loose off their poisoned arrows at whomsoever they may see without provocation; they are consequently shot down or captured whenever met with.

Indian prisoners are often brutally treated, a common practice being to stake them out, lashing their arms and legs to poles, driven into the ground; the raw hide used for the purpose shrinks in the sun, thus causing the victim great agony. I have no doubt the Indians serve their prisoners in the same way when they get the chance.

Finding this part of the Chaco denuded of game, we organized an expedition to a spot five leagues distant, where we arranged to camp out; so we sent on our baggage by bullock-waggon, and prepared to follow the next morning. Among the numerous species of vermin with which the Chaco is infested is a loathsome flying bug called Benchucha; the brute is an inch long, and has a proboscis fully one-eighth of an inch, with which he sucks the blood of the sleeper. Mosquitos are bad enough, even in winter, also sand-flies, black flies, and barrachudas, but in summer life must be a burden with these pests.

Besides the above, Snakes of many kinds are common, and are most dangerous, as it is difficult to see them in the long grass. There are three venomous sorts to my knowledge—the Rattlesnake, Coral Snake, and Vibora de la Cruz, besides Anacondas, or

Boas. The natives are not afraid of the latter, as they are not venomous, and they will even allow them to twine round their bodies, provided the beast has not got a purchase round a tree, for without that he is powerless.

The morning after our luggage had preceded us we made an early start, and walked with our guns through swamps, after the bullock-waggon, picking up an occasional Martineta and a few Small Partridges by the way. About noon we halted for breakfast by the side of a deserted ranch, the inhabitants of which had been murdered by hostile Indians. After a short spell we continued our march, and reached camp by sundown, after a weary tramp. Some of us bathed in the river, but had to fly from mosquitos, which molested us badly during the night. The next morning we went after Ciervos (Stags), but saw none, although our peon said he saw two, and wounded one of them. I managed to bag a Ghazu Virá, or Swamp Deer, a welcome addition to our larder, also some Martinetas. We came across an Indian burial-ground, marked by a rickety cross and a bundle of red rags. After breakfast we shifted camp three leagues further on, and hunted for Deer, but without success, the mosquitos being fearful.

Having set fire to the campo in all directions to drive off the pests, we enjoyed a good meal, consisting of venison, partridges, and a bird locally called Charraba, not unlike a pheasant, probably one of the

Guans (*Penelope obscura*), two of which we shot. The next day we struck our camp and worked back to the estancia. Our bag consisted of Deer, Martinetas, Small Partridge, Ducks, several species of Ibis, and a Gallineta, or Ypecaha Rail (*Aramides ypecaha*), a handsome bird of a buff colour, with green beak and legs, and with a body as big as a fowl. In the swamps we met with many species of Waders, Flamingo, Ibis, Spoonbills, Herons, &c., but Ducks were not so numerous as, from the swampy nature of the country, might be expected. I attribute this to the presence of Alligators and Snakes, which destroy many; hence the Patos Reales, which perch on trees, escape. At a ranch where I went to get a glass of water, the owner showed me the skin of a snake (Anaconda) which he had killed in the act of devouring a duck. The skin was three yards long and a foot broad. Rattlesnakes and Vipers are the most dangerous kind of snakes to man and beast, and horses are often killed by them. These brutes leave a strong scent, and my little dog Tommy frequently pointed them, and then, finding it was a snake, drew back in time to let me shoot it. For a man shooting in the Chaco, long boots or gaiters are advisable.

We reached the estancia at sundown pretty well tired out, but nevertheless spent a jovial evening, singing songs by the light of a glorious moon. Our liquor being exhausted, we prepared a bowl of punch, composed of spirit of wine, lemon, sugar, and hot water. I can recommend this brew with confidence,

when there is nothing else to be had. Wonderful to relate, we were none the worse the next morning. It is, perhaps, as well to first set fire to the mixture, to take some of the superfluous strength out of it.

After a week's pleasant stay under Mr. Mason's hospitable roof, we took our departure, and drove back to Resistencia. The distance is but six or seven leagues, but the roads were bad, and we had some delay in crossing the Rio Negro, where the horses were obliged to swim across, and the cart had to be floated over in canoes.

We left the Chaco without regret, and I did not visit it again till next year, and then in a different place further south. There is plenty of game in the Chaco, for we saw tracks of Jaguars, Pumas, Deer, Tiger-cats, Ant-bears, Tapirs, Foxes, and Carpinchos; but one requires to go further inland, and to camp out, to come across them, for, as the country becomes settled, game becomes scarce, and is pushed further back, but is not likely to be exterminated for many years to come. At this season (August) the trees were in leaf, some of them having a very handsome appearance, especially the Lapacha, which bears a leaf of a lovely pink tint. The Algarroba is also a fine tree, but the Quebracho is the most valuable. Immense tracts of country are covered with these hard-wood trees, which are destined to fall before the woodman's axe ere long. We saw many beautiful orchids in full bloom; also several kinds of ferns—one a scented

species. Cacti of several species are common, also a kind of aloe, which holds beautifully clear water even in the dry season. Palm trees of different sorts are a prominent feature of the country, and the inside of the top of a young palm is excellent for salad; the taste is somewhat like a Spanish chestnut. Flocks of green Parrots and several species of Pigeons are numerous in the Chaco, and both are excellent for food; also several species of Guans, which stupid birds perch on trees and inform the sportsman of their whereabouts by discordant screams. There are four known species of these birds in Paraguay and Northern Argentina, all of which we shot at one time or another in the Chaco. According to Sclater, they are as follows:—(1) Sclater's Curassow; (2) *Penelope obscura,* dark Guan; (3) the white-headed Guan; and (4) the hoary-necked Guan. Of these, the dark Guan, commonly called the Pavo del monte (wood turkey), is by far the finest. There are some fifty known species of Curassows in the world (for further particulars of these handsome birds see Sclater and Hudson's 'Argentine Ornithology,' vol. ii.). Having breakfasted at Resistencia, we crossed the Paraná, and reached Corrientes the same evening.

August 7.—Embarked on board the 'Apolo,' of the Platense Line, and proceeded down the river, touched at Bella Vista and Esquina to land or embark passengers, and reached Paraná at daylight on the 9th, when we left the steamer and again took up our quarters on board the 'Watchful.' We

found that the weather became much cooler as we came south, the river running nearly north and south, causing a considerable daily difference in the temperature.

August 10.—We embarked in a steam launch and crossed over to the city of Santa Fé. The land on this side of the river is low and swampy, like the rest of the Chaco, whereas at Paraná it is between 200 and 300 feet high, and the cliffs are abrupt. It is probable that at one time the river flowed considerably to the westward of its present bed, and that it is gradually eating its way to the eastward, thereby undermining the Entre-Rios bank and leaving a swamp on the other.

The distance from Paraná to Santa Fé is seven miles as the crow flies, but eighteen by water, owing to the sinuosity of the river. A perfect labyrinth of islands obscures the view of the city till close upon it. Santa Fé is the capital of the province of that name, and is a place of considerable and fast-increasing importance. During the last few years it has made vast strides, new buildings springing up in all directions, streets well paved with stone, and lines of tramways intersecting the city in all directions. It is connected by railway with Rosario and Buenos Ayres, and another line was in course of construction to Resistencia, and is probably long since completed. Vessels of deep draught are unable to reach the town, but a port has been formed at Colestina, near by, where large steamers drawing seventeen feet

of water can discharge cargo. The principal expor is wheat, and large galpons (storehouses) have been erected for storing it. Not many years ago the Indians were all around Santa Fé, but they have now been driven back. But a short time before our visit a party in chase of some Indians was led into an ambush and massacred, only three escaping, and those desperately wounded. The Indians, when captured alive (a thing which seldom occurs, I suspect), are drafted into the Argentine army, from whence they sometimes escape, taking their arms with them, and in this way the Indians of the Chaco are familiar with the rifle, and become uncommonly good shots. A church is still shown where, in the early days of Santa Fé, the priest was carried off by a jaguar, whilst performing the service.

The Northern Railway Station was already completed at the time of our visit, and the workshops in full blast, all the repairs being executed on the premises. Quite a fleet of small craft was employed bringing railway plant to the port. The cars are on the American system, the engines English or Scotch, rails ditto, and the metre gauge is adopted.

We returned to Paraná by the way we came, and the next morning crossed by the Entre-Riano Railway to Concepcion-del-Uruguay.

This line has been constructed by Mr. McGee, an American engineer, who most courteously provided us with free passes, and, indeed, from all the employés we received the greatest kindness and hospi-

tality. This railway bisects Entre-Rios, connecting the rivers Paraná and Uruguay. The distance is 180 miles, which is performed in eight hours, including stoppages. The line had lately been opened to the public, and in August, 1887, only one train ran every other day, from each end of the line; but as traffic increases, daily trains will be run. The country embraced by the two rivers (hence the name Entre-Rios) is open prairie, covered with the familiar yellow grass, and, except near the river-banks, is destitute of timber. Cattle have been raised on these "campos," but many have been swept away during former revolutions, and they are not to be seen in any great number. Moreover, the value of cattle has so much depreciated, that it hardly pays to raise them; consequently settlers have turned their attention to growing wheat, for which purpose the land is admirably suited. The soil is very rich, and is capable of producing from 700 to 1000 dollars' worth of wheat per "square" of 150 yards, and for one bushel of wheat put into the ground, no less than forty-five have been taken out. This statement has been doubted by persons familiar with farming operations in this country, but it must be remembered that this result was obtained in virgin soil, and the facts were told me by the man that did it. Entre-Rios is generally flat, and at no part would there be a rise of more than 300 feet; consequently, the engineering difficulties of the line, like most of the railways in the valley of La Plata, have been small.

There are two iron bridges spanning the rivers Gualeguay and Gualeguaychu, but no cuttings or tunnels. Here and there a little timber remains, but of a poor, stunted description, only fit for charcoal, and this is fast disappearing. Land in Entre-Rios has increased in value to a fabulous extent of late years, and will continue to do so. It might (in 1887) have been purchased for £4000 per square league, and will, in a few years, be worth £20,000. The eastern side has the best land for growing wheat, and the quality of the soil can be judged from the nature of the grasses—where, for instance, a reddish grass called fox-tail abounds the soil is best.

On approaching Concepcion the Palace of Urquiza may be seen through the trees on the left, and much of the land in the neighbourhood belongs to the family.

During the war against Rosas, Urquiza made a name for himself which will not easily be forgotten, and as a blood-thirsty ruffian he would bear comparison with Lopez, the Dictator of Paraguay. It is said of him that, having on one occasion captured seven hundred prisoners, he ordered their throats to be cut, and because one of his officers declined the job he was butchered with the rest.

His favourite practice was to stake a poor wretch out, on an ant-hill, to be eaten alive; and his friends claim for him that he generally killed his man before breakfast, to give him an appetite.

Urquiza was himself assassinated, and is looked

upon by some as a patriot and a martyr to this day. His widow still lives in the palace, and has another palatial residence in the town of Concepcion. The family, including illegitimate children, number several score.

We reached Concepcion after dark, and put up at the Hotel Francia, kept by a Swiss. This city is of considerable pretensions, boasting a fine plaza and handsome public buildings, with a statue to Urquiza in a conspicuous position.

August 12.—We crossed the river Uruguay in a thick fog, and, having landed on the opposite shore, we walked to Mr. Peel's estancia, Bella Vista, where we met with a hospitable reception. The river Uruguay at this point is a noble stream, some two miles broad, and the scenery, especially on the Uruguayan side, where Mr. Peel's property lies, is finer than anything on the Paraná. An iron pier has been run out from Concepcion, to enable ships drawing 24 ft. of water to come alongside, thus placing the town in direct communication with the sea.

On August 14 we left Bella Vista, after a most pleasant visit, and embarked on board the 'Kosmos,' which conveyed us to Buenos Ayres.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Banda Oriental.

Visit Don Juan Jackson's estancia at Timote.—Hospitable reception.—Deer and Partridge shooting.—Carpincho-shooting.—Return to the ship.—Heavy bag.—Second expedition to the Cerro Colorado.—Benefit of such expeditions to Naval Officers.—Best education for youngsters.—Attractions of Camp-life.—Fishing in the San Juan River.—The Estancias San Juan, San Pedro, and Estansuela.—Travelling by diligence.—Endurance of South-American Horses.—Cost of Horses.—Droughts; effects on Cattle, Sheep, and Deer.—Plague of Locusts.

In the month of June, 1886, mid-winter in those latitudes, I availed myself of the kind invitation of Don Juan Jackson, a gentleman owning large estates in Uruguay, to accompany him to one of his estancias in the interior, and he kindly allowed me to bring as many officers as could be spared from the ship. We left Monte Video in a saloon carriage by the morning train for Florida, where we arrived at noon, and where Don Juan's mayor-domo awaited us, with a carriage and four horses. Having partaken of an excellent breakfast, which our host had ordered in advance, we started on a sixty-mile drive to Timote. The roads were fairly good, and the horses most excellent, and we reached the estancia by 7 P.M., doing the distance in six hours, with two changes of

horses—not bad work in any country—especially as the last part of the journey was in the dark. We were received at the estancia by the Señora Doña Laura Arosa, the wife of the mayor-domo—who, assisted by her lovely daughter, Viviana, made us most welcome. The next two days were devoted to shooting; game of all kinds abounded, and from the top of the house we could see Deer and Ostriches feeding in the campo; Partridges were also numerous. The Ostriches were more or less tame, but the Deer were wild enough, and afforded capital sport. We rode across country until we spied some Deer, then got off and stalked them with rifles; in this way we bagged seven before sundown.

A more delightful sensation I do not know than galloping after these Deer across the Pampas, with Ostriches and Partridges getting up under one's horse's feet. I was in full chase of a Deer which I had wounded, my pipe in my mouth and rifle over my shoulder, when my horse put his foot into an Armadillo's hole and came down, sending me over his head, but I was soon up and on his back again, and killed the Deer. The next two days were devoted to Deer and Partridge shooting, with a turn at the Carpinchos on the river; but the poor Carpinchos (*Capybara*) are of no use, being unfit to eat, and the natives would not even take the trouble to skin them. Our total bag for the three days was sixteen Deer, seven Carpinchos, and ninety-eight brace of Partridges.

On the morning of our departure heavy rain set in, making the roads bad, and our journey most tedious, but the expedition was entirely successful, and we carried back a most pleasant recollection of the kindness and hospitality of our genial host. The whole of the game, except the Carpinchos, was taken back to Monte Video, and served out to the ship's company on board the 'Ruby;' and I have a photograph before me of nine fine bucks and seven does triced up in the gangway of that ship.

In 1887 I made another expedition in the same direction, but, instead of going to Timote, we went to the Cerro Colorado, another estancia belonging to Don Juan Jackson, where we were hospitably entertained by Mr. Marris, the manager of the estate, and the sport was equally good. On this occasion I was unable to start with my shipmates, being detained by business in Monte Video, but I followed twenty-four hours afterwards and joined them at the Cerro, by which time I had seven Deer, eight brace of Partridges, and several wild Ducks in the trap, which I had shot on the way.

During our stay of only two days at the estancia we made up the bag to fourteen Deer, thirteen Ducks, and 234 Partridges, also a few Snipes and Pigeons, one Fox, and three Skunks—the latter were not put in the bag. Before leaving the Cerro we rode over to Timote to pay our respects to the Señora Arosa and her charming daughter, the fair Viviana.

Excursions of this kind are not only most enjoy-

able, but they do much to reconcile naval officers to the long enforced separations from their homes and families which are unavoidable in that profession. Everyone returns to his work refreshed, and all the better for his outing (and flirting!), duties are performed with more cheerfulness and alacrity, and the service is benefited thereby. Whereas, where the contrary system is pursued, and officers are discouraged from leaving the ship, they become disgusted with the service, and develop into mere machines. Happily for the naval service, officers with no ideas beyond "holy-stoning decks" and "scrubbing paint-work," are fast disappearing, and some of our best admirals of the present day are also enthusiastic sportsmen.

The best education for youngsters is to encourage them to mix freely in society, which elevates and improves them. Let them learn to dance and to draw (not corks or cheques), to acquire a knowledge of languages, especially French and Spanish; and the more shooting, fishing, and riding they can get the better.

Notwithstanding the attractions and enjoyments of the Campo as we found it, the life must be monotonous for a long spell, especially for ladies. It is true they get plenty of riding, but society is limited, and neighbours scarce. Happy are they who have resources of their own, such as painting, needlework, &c., but in many of the estancias the principal amusements of the ladies seem to be eating, drinking,

sleeping, or dancing, and dressing their hair, with perhaps a ride in the early morning or evening. The men have always plenty to do about the Campo.

In the rivers San Juan and San Pedro, which discharge into the Plate to the westward of Colonia, fish of large size abound, and capital sport may be had with a spoon-bait, trolling or spinning. The finest fish in these waters is the Dorado, or golden carp, which runs up to 40 or 50 lbs. and fights like a salmon; another, called the Surubi, of the cat-fish species, attains a prodigious size. I hooked one of these fellows, quite a baby of its kind, which fought hard for half an hour, towing the boat about, before coming to the gaff. This fish scaled only 26½ lbs. There is a fish locally called Salmón, and not unlike a salmon in appearance, but very inferior in flavour, the flesh being white, except near the backbone, where it is pink; it has forked bones like a pike. I took one of these with a spoon, whilst fishing from the ship at Colonia, weighing 10 lbs. The river San Juan is a beautiful stream, not unlike the Thames at Twickenham; the banks are well wooded with willows and other trees, their varied foliage presenting a particularly English appearance. The San Juan, being a tributary of the Plate, is affected by the tides, and rises and falls with the main river, but its waters are always fresh and sweet. The estancia San Juan is pleasantly situated about a quarter of a mile from the bank, and commands a

fine view of the surrounding country; the house is encircled with trees, and has all the attractions of an English country house, with excellent bathing, boating, and fishing in the river, and first-rate shooting close at hand. The estate was managed by a German gentleman, named Voget, for many years, and his hospitality will long be remembered by naval officers. The property is now managed by Mr. Rendtorff, who keeps up the credit of the establishment in the matter of hospitality. San Juan is distant twenty-seven miles from Colonia, and there are several other estancias within easy riding distance of that place, at all of which a hearty welcome and good sport were guaranteed to us. At San Pedro and Estansuela we were always welcome, no special invitation being required; we had but to ride over, bringing saddle-bags and gun, and stay as long as we pleased. Shoot all day and dance at night is the programme at most of the estancias, as the ladies are always ready for a dance. And *such* shooting; I do not know any other place where so good sport can be obtained free, and with so little trouble. Here are a few samples taken at random:— At Mr. Wilson's estancia, San Pedro, two guns, 44 partridges, 28 snipes, and 4 ducks; again, same guns, 52 partridges, 27 snipes, and 11 ducks; another day, three guns, 40 partridges, 11 snipes, and 23 ducks; and the next day, same ground, two guns, 35 snipes and 9 ducks; and at San Juan, two guns, 162 partridges.

In this part of the country (Uruguay) most of the travelling is done on horseback or by diligence; the latter, a painful experience, owing to the state of the roads, which, being left to nature, are in summer a foot deep with dust, and in winter with mud. The South-American horses are celebrated for their endurance; they are generally small, under-bred, ugly-looking brutes, unkempt, often half starved, and are not shod; but the distance traversed by these poor animals is enormous, and they don't seem to suffer from it, for, the ground being soft, does not hammer their legs like macadamized roads. They are fed on alfalfa, a kind of clover, when working hard, but corn seldom or never; in fact, many horses won't eat it. Their usual pace is a kind of hand gallop, which they keep up to their journey's end, never altering. This is quite distinct from pacing or ambling as practised in Mexico, Cuba, &c., and skipping in Brazil; in all these cases the rider sits tight, never rising in the saddle; it is very easy for both man and beast. I have known a man ride 120 miles in fourteen hours on one horse. Another rode from San Pedro estancia to Monte Video, a distance of 126 miles, in one day, on one horse, and, after resting one day, returned on the third. The poor brutes, being of little value, are often shamefully treated, and when they can go no farther are left to die on the road, the saddle being transferred to another. Mares are never used, either for riding or driving, but only for breeding purposes,

and thousands are annually slaughtered for their hides.

A common country horse can be purchased for about 5 dols., or £1 English. I had a very superior animal which was valued at 10 dols. This horse carried me well for two seasons, but one morning he was found lying dead, and underneath him was a dead snake. We supposed he had rolled on the snake, which had retaliated, and so they had killed each other.

At many estancias valuable stud-horses have been imported from England and Germany to improve the breed.

Droughts seem to be the most serious evil which estancieros have to contend against in the southern part of South America. Every now and then, at no regular period, comes a drought, or seca, as it is called; no rain falls for weeks, the pasturage fails, and cattle die, not from want of water, of which there is usually sufficient in the arroyos, *i. e.* marshy brooks, but from absolute starvation; the poor animals become so reduced that, when a frost comes or a pampero, they die by thousands. This is especially the case now that the campos are fenced in with wire, for the cattle cannot escape; they will not face the storm, but flee before it, and, being unable to pass the wire fencing, their bodies are piled up against it. In former times the beasts ran before the storm; consequently the herds became mixed, and gave some trouble to sort again, but the

cattle eventually returned to their own feeding-grounds. Those were good times for the man who had few beasts, and, perhaps, a poor campo, as his cattle pastured on the rich land of his neighbours. Cattle-stealing was common then, but is not easy now. The wire fences have also done their part in suppressing revolutions, as it is not easy to move bodies of troops over a country intersected with wire.

Most of the campos, especially on the Argentine side of the river, are quite bare, and afford no shelter for stock. One would suppose it was worth a man's while to plant eucalyptus trees with this object, but the excuse is that it is too expensive; nevertheless, these are extensively planted as ornamental trees round the estancias.

The eucalypti are well known for their rapid growth. They absorb moisture, attract rain, are antidotes against malaria, and are not unsightly, but they are never planted except for ornamental purposes, because they cost money, and money-making is the first consideration; so the cattle may take their chance.

Sheep and deer thrive in times of drought, because they are able to crop the short grass, whereas cows are able to crop the long grass only, using their tongues for the purpose; hence in times of drought sheep are fat, whilst cattle starve. At these times the latter are sold for the price of the hide, and a man will gladly pay to have them taken off the

campo and thus save the trouble and expense of removing their rotting carcasses.

One of the most terrible plagues of South America is the Locust: fortunately it is not of very frequent occurrence. Anyone familiar with the country must have observed the clouds of these insects rising under his horse's feet, whilst riding across the campos, but this is a small species, and probably does no great harm. It is the large locust which does the mischief. Instances have been known of the appearance of these pests for three successive years, when utter ruin to the landowner has resulted. There seems to be no rule to guide one as to when they may be expected, but it is generally after a seca. Where they come from, or whither they go, is a mystery, but generally they move in a southerly direction. The flying locusts are bad enough, appearing in a vast cloud and darkening the sky, but these may sometimes be driven off by firing guns, beating gongs, blowing horns, and lighting huge fires of damp wood or herbage, and woe betide the land on which they alight. But the creature the most dreaded is the hopping locust, which cannot fly (said by some to be the young of the above); these pests march in a straight line and are stopped by nothing. I was told by a man who had been ruined by them that a band of these locusts measured twenty-five yards across, was seven inches deep, and extended for miles in a straight line, devastating the country over which they passed. Nothing would turn them; pits

were dug, but were speedily filled, and the army marched on. Trees were stripped of every leaf, the bark destroyed, and the branches broken down; every vestige of herbage was devoured, and even the railway trains were blocked by the bodies of the locusts being crushed in such quantities as to clog the wheels and prevent them biting the rails, until sand and ashes were thrown upon the line.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Buenos Ayres.—Sport at Las Lomas and Negrete.

Expedition to Buenos Ayres.—The public gardens.—Condition of the streets.—The tram system.—Horse-racing.—Pigeon-shooting.—Visit to the estancia "Las Lomas."—Good Partridge and Duck shooting.—Polo in South America.—A visit to Capt. Kemmis's estancia "Las Rosas."—Return to Buenos Ayres.—Negrete estancia.—Good Duck and Swan shooting.—Heavy bag of the latter.

Early in the month of April, 1888, I crossed over to Buenos Ayres to spend a few days there and have some shooting with friends in the neighbourhood. Buenos Ayres is a delightful city to pass a week or so in; there are two good clubs, which are always open to naval officers, and a pleasant English community. The public gardens at Palermo are well worth a visit, and the stream of well-appointed carriages to be met there on an afternoon would bear comparison with Rotten Row in the season. The city is laid out chess-board fashion, and many of the houses are magnificently appointed, with beautiful gardens. On the other hand, the paving of the streets is a disgrace to any civilized city, holes in which a bullock could be buried being common. The tram system is perfect, but the tram horses are brutally treated. The city is infested with swindlers

and adventurers of every nationality; as the Argentine Republic has no extradition treaty with other nations, it is natural that these gentry should accumulate there.

Horse-races are held in the vicinity of the city, usually on Sundays, when good sport may be seen and some thorough-bred English horses also. The weak part seemed to me to be the jockeys, who looked too heavy and clumsy, and rode badly. The only time I went to the races a nigger hunchback jockey, of most diabolic appearance, created much amusement when he came on the course, but he had an impudent, self-satisfied air—and he came in first.

Pigeon-shooting is also a favourite pastime at Palermo, and some heavy betting takes place, this sort of amusement being very popular amongst the Porteños, who are not sportsmen.

From Buenos Ayres several lines of railways diverge in every direction between S.E. and N.W. The principal ones are the Rosario and Santa Fé and the Great Southern. Taking the night train by the former line with one of my shipmates, we arrived at Rosario in the early morning, April 4, and, having breakfasted at the hotel, where we met my old friend Bishop Stirling, we proceeded by rail to Cañada de Gomez, from whence we drove to the estancia Las Lomas in a break and four horses, our host, Mr. Dickinson, driving us in masterly style at a good twelve miles an hour.

We stayed at Las Lomas for ten days, partaking

Wild-Swan shooting at Negrete.

of the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, and enjoying most excellent sport. For the first time I met with the Large Partridge, or Martineta, in abundance. Our first day's shooting accounted for no less than fifty-three of these fine birds, besides fifty-eight small ones, and our total bag comprised 165 Martinetas, 175 Small Partridges, and twenty-one Ducks. On Sundays all the neighbours assembled for polo, when a gallant array of stalwart young Englishmen were to be seen, all of them splendid horsemen, in the prime of life, not the least active among them being our worthy host, who was as much at home in the saddle as when handling the ribbons of a four-in-hand.

Within a league of Las Lomas is the beautiful estancia of Las Rosas, where Captain Kemmis has raised some of the finest horses in South America. At his invitation I went over to dine and sleep, and the next day he showed me over the stables. Three magnificent thorough-bred horses, Phœnix, Blair-Adam, and Whipper-in, each of them worth at least £5000, were trotted out for my inspection. I never saw more beautiful creatures. Somehow I fancy the climate must have brought out their perfections to the very highest point; their coats shone like satin, and their movements were so graceful. Captain Kemmis is justly proud of his horses, and refused several handsome offers to return them to their native land. It is very certain that neither he nor his stud will ever be forgotten in South

America. Phœnix is now an old horse, but has left his mark as a sire. Blair-Adam, son of Blair-Athol, is also aged; but Whipper-in is a bright chestnut in the prime of life, and is, to my fancy, the most beautiful creature I ever saw. He evidently had also a high opinion of himself, and after arching his crest and flinging his heels about, he got so full of himself that he had to be taken back to his box. The estancia Las Rosas is beautifully kept, with well-laid-out gardens and all the appointments of a thoroughly comfortable English home. Several young English gentlemen were staying in the house, learning the art of scientific horse-breeding on a large scale, and no one could be more fit, I should imagine, to instruct them than the genial master of the establishment.

Shortly after my return to Las Lomas we bid adieu to our kind friends, the Dickinsons, and, taking train to Rosario, returned to Buenos Ayres. We should have been detained a night at Rosario but for the kind attention of Mr. Alexander Hume, the managing director of the railway, who most obligingly conveyed us in his private saloon carriage to Buenos Ayres, and hospitably entertained us on the journey. A day or two afterwards we left Buenos Ayres, by the Great Southern Railway, for Negrete, the beautiful estancia of Mr. Shennan, whose name will never be forgotten by naval officers who have visited the Plate during the past twenty years for his princely hospitality. Personally I have a lively recollection

of a very charming visit to Negrete in the year 1878, when I enjoyed some first-class sport in company with my host; but on the present occasion Mr. Shennan was absent in England. His place was, however, very worthily filled by his courteous manager, Mr. Evans, who, ably assisted by Mrs. Evans, did all in his power to make our stay most agreeable. I trust that these gentlemen and ladies will forgive me for making so free with their names; but, indeed, I should be ungrateful if I omitted them, so inseparably are they associated with many happy days spent in their society.

A smart break and a pair met us at the Villa Nueva Station, and conveyed us to the estancia, distant only one league from the station. Negrete is far and away the most perfectly appointed and luxurious estancia in South America. The house is fitted up with every comfort that exists in an English country-house, and the gardens, stables, and offices are in keeping with the mansion. The trees had grown up since my visit twelve years before, and the whole place was much improved. We enjoyed three or four days' excellent sport amongst the Ducks and Swans, but we spared the Partridges, as the owner and a party of friends were expected out for the shooting. During this time we bagged seventy-one Ducks and seventeen Swans; the latter were all shot the last day of our visit, when we could easily have killed more of these beautiful birds (the Black-necked Swan, *Cygnus nigricollis*),

but refrained from doing so as we could not have carried them; but the whole of the seventeen were brought back to the ship, where they were cooked and eaten, and their down utilized to stuff the pillows of "poor Jack." The weather during our stay at Negrete was intensely cold, and the water left standing in buckets in the patio overnight was frozen in the morning.

CHAPTER XIX.

Second and Third Visit up the Paraná—San Pedro, San Nicolas, Rosario, &c.

Expedition up the Paraná in one of the Platense steamers.—Heat and Mosquitos at Asuncion.—Another Expedition in H.M. gunboat 'Rifleman.'—Touch at San Pedro and San Nicolas.—Shooting at Dos Hermanos.—Rosario.—Diamante.—The 'Aphrodite' schooner-yacht.—Duck-shooting at Humaitá.—Attempted escape of two prisoners.—Shooting Alligators in the Paraguay river.—We reach Asuncion in the gunboat.—Trip to Villa Rica.—Leave Asuncion.—Jumping the bar.—Arrive at Florentia Colony.

In the early autumn (March) of 1888, I made one of a party invited by Mr. Murray Tulloch, the manager of the Platense line of steamers, to ascend the Paraná as far as Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, in one of the palatial vessels of the line. The party was a most agreeable one, and the expedition in every way a success, as far as hospitality and good fellowship could make it, but the weather was too hot when we got into Paraguayan waters, and the mosquitos were a terrible nuisance. They invaded the vessel in millions, attracted out of the swamps by the electric light, and fairly drove us out of the saloon. The hotels in Asuncion were also crowded with these pests, and I was not sorry to return to the more agreeable climate of the Plate.

The best months for the rivers are June, July, and August, when the climate is delightful, and mosquitos are not so vicious.

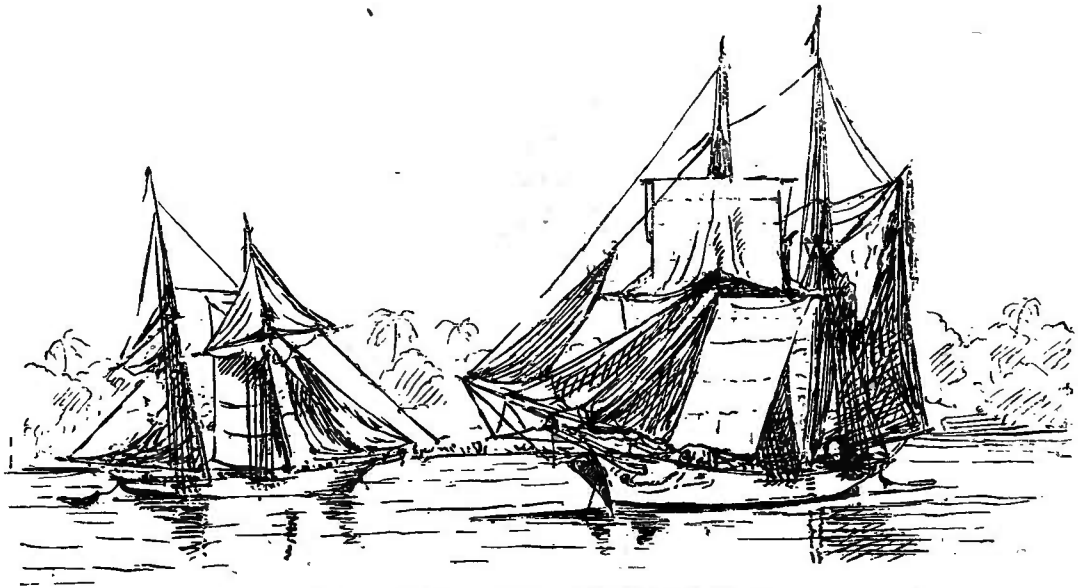
Accordingly, on June 5, I started in H.M.S. 'Rifleman' for a last attempt to ascend the Paraná in one of Her Majesty's ships, a feat but seldom attempted, and only with success on two separate occasions many years ago, when the gunboats 'Cracker' and 'Dwarf' both reached Asuncion, and the 'Cracker' went beyond it; but these gallant craft had their guns taken out, and bumped upon every sandbank between Rosario and Asuncion, and, from the remarks upon the charts of that day, they seem to have been nearly as much on shore as afloat, besides taking some months over the journey; whereas, in the 'Rifleman,' we took less than three weeks, reaching Asuncion on June 24, and we never touched the ground the whole way up. It is true we were favoured by a high river and favourable winds, for no sooner had we reached our destination than the river began to fall, and we had to drop down again in less than a week from the date of our arrival. But I am anticipating.

On June 1st we crossed over from Colonia in the 'Rifleman,' and moored in the Boca de Riachuelo to arrange about a pilot. Having secured the services of an excellent man, named Giribaldi, an Italian, whom I can strongly recommend to any yachtsman going up the Paraná, we left the Boca on the 5th, as before mentioned, towing the 'Aphrodite' schooner

yacht, which was also bound up the river. The 'Rifleman,' a twin-screw gunboat, drew ten feet of water, and the 'Aphrodite' fourteen.

We got safely over the bar at Martin Garcia, although the yacht touched the ground and parted the hawser, but we soon towed her off, and anchored in the Ghazu Channel for the night. From here up to Rosario it is all plain sailing, and you have only to keep the middle of the channel. On the 7th we anchored off San Pedro, a small town on the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway. San Pedro has a population of about 8000, and the town is increasing. The anchorage is three and a half miles from the town, and landing is bad. The exports consist of wheat, maize, wool, and hides. The grain is sent down by shoots from the top of a hill, then placed in trucks, and from thence shipped into barges or river craft. The greater part of the "outside" campos are owned by Irishmen, some of whom are well off, but they all lost heavily by the pampero in July, 1887.

San Nicolas is the next town on the southern bank of the Paraná. It has a population of 25,000, of whom half are Europeans—Italians, Germans, French, and English. The place has greatly increased in prosperity since the completion of the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway, but the city is badly drained and ill-paved. It is proposed to substitute electric lighting for the oil-lamps now (1888) in use. The exports are the same as at San Pedro.



Argentine Schooners on the Paraná River.

Vessels drawing 16 feet can go alongside the wharves to load and discharge, and an iron jetty is in course of construction. On June 8 we anchored off Dos Hermanos, to have a day's shooting with Mr. Kenyon, who owns an estancia near by. This is the best locality for duck-shooting on the whole river. We started in the steam-cutter, and proceeded to a large marsh a league higher up, where Messrs. Kenyon-Slaney and Gomm have a ranch, and where these gentlemen joined us. The Ducks and Snipes were not present in any numbers; nevertheless, we enjoyed a capital day's sport, bagging seven Swans, thirty-seven Snipes, and thirty-three Ducks of various kinds, all of which our hospitable friends insisted on our taking back to the ship. At certain times of the year, especially in March or April, the Ducks and Snipes arrive in prodigious numbers in these marshes, and very heavy bags are made by the above-named sportsmen, who are first-class shots.

On Sunday, the 10th, we anchored off Rosario, the principal city on the Paraná, and the centre of a line of railways connecting Buenos Ayres with Cordoba, Santa Fé, and Tucuman. The city looks best from the anchorage. It has made immense strides of late years, and bids fair to equal, if it does not eventually surpass, Buenos Ayres, in wealth and importance. Large vessels, drawing 20 feet, can go alongside the jetties, and it is, as a port, infinitely superior to Buenos Ayres at the present time, and will be so, at all events, until the harbour works at

the latter place are completed. Several lines of steamers trade direct to Rosario, and as far up the river as Santa Fé, the only obstacle to the navigation being the bar at Martin Garcia, which could be dredged. At present ships are frequently detained at that place, and have to discharge cargo before passing it.

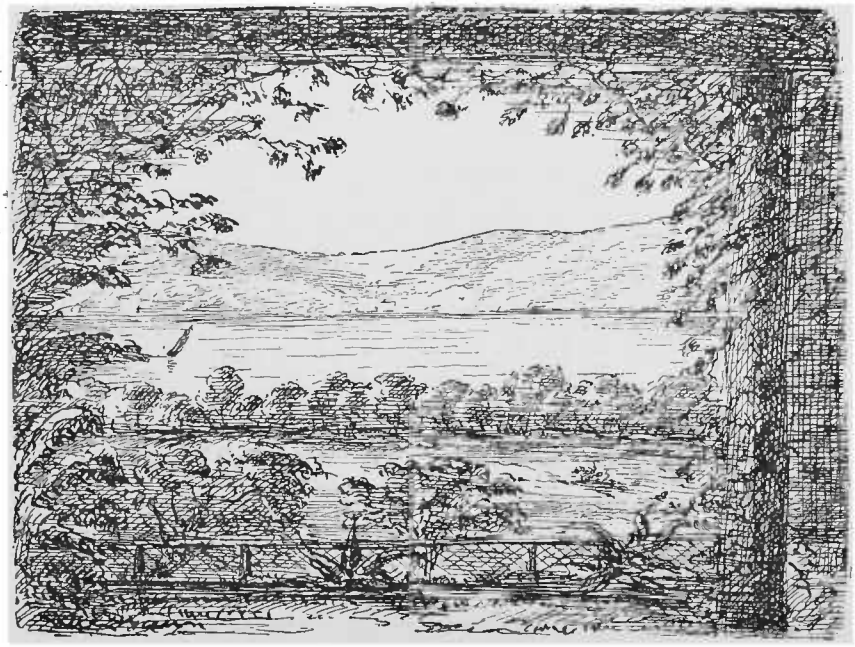
Having completed coaling, we left Rosario on the 12th, and reached Diamante the next day, with the 'Aphrodite' in company, had a few hours' shooting in a marsh near by, and proceeded on the 15th, and, passing by Paraná city, which we had previously visited, reached La Paz at 5 P.M. on the 16th. All this day we had a strong fair wind, so the 'Aphrodite' came independently, and it was as much as we could do under all sail and full steam to keep up with her; in fact, the handsome schooner had frequently to shorten sail to allow us to pass, enabling me to take sketches of her in every possible position. The gunboat, under favourable circumstances, could make eleven to eleven and a half knots, but whenever the turnings of the river brought the wind on the beam, or any point excepting dead aft, the 'Aphrodite' shot past us like an arrow from a bow, doing her fourteen knots with ease. But her pilot was not used to fore-and-aft vessels, especially with such deep draught of water and carrying a cloud of canvas, so he constantly entreated the captain to shorten sail, and allow us to get ahead. If it had not been for this, the yacht would have reached La Paz before us.

Here we left her, as it was not deemed prudent to attempt to cross a dangerous sand-bar, called the San Juan Flats, a short distance above La Paz.

The captain of the port at this place came on board to pay an official call, and on leaving the ship he asked "What flag is that?" pointing to the English white ensign, which he had never before seen in these waters.

After leaving La Paz we pushed on as fast as possible, so as to take advantage of the high river and fair winds, anchoring every evening after dark, and proceeding at daylight; in this way we made an average of 100 miles a day—very good work for a gunboat against the current. On the 21st we anchored off Humaitá, mentioned in a former chapter, and as we were now within measurable distance of Asuncion, we stayed over a day to have some shooting. The next forenoon we spent in a swamp, bagging thirty-one Ducks and twenty Pigeons; and, leaving the same afternoon, we reached Villa Pilar at 7 P.M.

An amusing thing happened on this journey. The captain of the port, a full-blooded Indian of Paraguayan nationality, had presented me with a pair of half-grown pigs, which animals were tied up under the forecastle, preparatory to slaughter. Whilst steaming full speed up the river, the pilot called out that two pigs were swimming across the stream, making for the shore. The engines were immediately stopped, a boat lowered, into which I jumped



View from Mr. Barnes's House at Patino Cué.

with my rifle, and killed both animals, when we discovered that they were our own pigs, which had jumped overboard through the bow port. We placed look-out men forward to report any Alligators that might be seen, and as there were any number of them sleeping on the bank, we had some very pretty rifle practice and killed several, but they generally managed to give a kick and slip into the water. A few that were killed stone-dead were brought on board. On Sunday, June 24, we anchored off Asuncion.

Four days were very pleasantly spent in the capital or visiting our friends in the neighbourhood, including a trip by rail to Villa Rica and Patino Cué. The line is rather a shaky concern, and punctuality is not known in Paraguay. The speed is not excessive, as we took three hours to do twenty miles, and, on the return journey, we arrived at Asuncion some hours behind time; but, as there is only a single line and one train each way per diem, there is no fear of a collision. Our friends were very anxious for us to cross over to the Chaco again, and have another hunt for the big Stags which we failed to get the previous year, but we had a vivid recollection of the mosquitos and snakes, and, having a prospect of better sport lower down, we declined. Meantime the river was falling rapidly, and the pilot was getting anxious lest we should be stuck up, which might mean for months, so on the morning to the 29th we made preparations for a start. A

mile or so below Asuncion is a dangerous bar of hard sand, which it was necessary to negotiate, so the pilot was sent there to sound, and buoy the channel. On his return he reported 9 feet on the bar; as the 'Rifleman' was then drawing nearly 10, it looked serious. However, we weighed under a good head of steam, and proceeded cautiously towards the spot, the leadsmen calling their soundings in feet—12, 11, 10½, 10, 9½, &c. The pilot's face was a picture. I had warned the engineer to stand by the engines, and as soon as the quivering of the jibboom showed she was touching forward, I gave the order to drive her all he knew. Round went the two screws, 120 revolutions a minute, a few moments of quivering, trembling, and squirming, and she was over in deep water. The pilot's face brightened, and a stiff glass of grog recompensed him for his anxiety. The next evening we anchored in our old berth, off Humaitá, and made preparations for shooting the following day. We found the marsh nearly dry, and the Ducks had deserted it, except a few stragglers, some of which we bagged, and also several Snipes. July 2, we weighed, and proceeded down the river, passed Corrientes, and anchored off the Riachuelo at 6 P.M. The next morning I left the ship in the steam cutter to search for the Florentia Colony, the locality of which was uncertain; but, after some little trouble, we found a steam tramway connecting the landing-place with the colony.

CHAPTER XX.

Florentia Colony.

A big Snake.—Florentia Colony.—Estancia works.—Prosperity of the Colonists.—Fine climate.—Abundance of game.—Expedition after "Ciervo" with Narcissus.—A family of Porkers.—Heavy going in the swamps.—We kill a Deer.—Camp for the night.—Kill another Stag and return home.—The Aguará.—The Ant-bear.—Leave Florentia.—Get ashore on a sandbank.—Remarks on Paraguay and the Chaco.—Baron Hirsch's scheme.—Prepare to leave the Plate for Brazil.—Last day's shooting near Monte Video.

The first thing that we saw on stepping ashore at the landing-stage was a snake, or rather the skin of one stuffed. The head and tail had been cut off, and the balance of it was coiled, or "snaked," on a railway truck, the whole of which it covered. I am not exaggerating when I say that this reptile must in life have measured 25 to 30 feet long, and was as thick as a man's thigh. This creature belonged to the Boa species, or "Anaconda," which infest the rivers and marshy lagoons in South America, feeding on deer, pigs, carpinchos, and any such animals as come to the water to drink. The doctor at the colony told me that he had obtained several skins and skeletons of these snakes, and that generally they had many of their ribs broken from crushing their prey; having so many ribs, I

conclude they do not suffer any inconvenience by having a few broken, more or less. This serpent is not venomous, nor known to injure man; but I should not care to bathe in the locality where it is known to exist.

Florentia is distant some twelve miles from the river, and the railway or steam tramway has been built to convey timber down to the water, where it is shipped for Buenos Ayres. One car is arranged for passengers. As we had to wait a couple of hours before the train was ready to start, we devoted the time to duck-shooting. There is a large marsh close to the landing-place, into which we went. The first shot put up clouds of Ducks, which circled overhead, and lighted again in the centre of the swamp, where we could not reach them; and although we knocked down several, we only bagged four by the time the train picked us up. We saw several Patos Reales perched on trees in the middle of the marsh, and tried to stalk them; but these ducks are very wary, and we failed to get a shot. The train takes about two hours to cover the distance to the colony, which we reached in the afternoon, and where we were cordially welcomed by the manager, Mr. Webster, and most comfortably lodged. Mr. Webster showed us over the works, which are on an extensive scale. Some thirty steam saw-mills are working from daylight till dark, the timber, which is of the finest quality, being cut from the neighbouring "monte."

Florentia was founded by Mr. Langworthy, who obtained a concession from the Argentine Government of a large extent of land, with the understanding that he would form a colony, which agreement he has faithfully carried out. At the present time it is quite a thriving little town, with a church, hospital, doctor, saw-mills, tan-yard, dye-works, &c., with the best machinery and all the latest improvements which science has devised. The site has been well selected on dry ground far from the river-banks, and therefore independent of inundations; the whole distance between the colony and the river is low marshy land, quite unfit for habitation. The colonists comprise every European nationality, French, Swedes, and Germans, I should say, predominating. They grow maize extensively, and seem to be in a prosperous condition. The country is very healthy, and the climate most pleasant. Game of all kinds abounds in the neighbourhood, both big and small Partridges on the cultivated lands, and big game, such as Jaguars, Pumas, Deer, Ostriches, Pigs, Ant-bears, Aguaras, Carpinchos in the monte, or wooded lands of the interior.

To say we were hospitably entertained at Florentia would convey a poor idea of our state. The estancia is a low flat building of unpretending appearance, but within is replete with every comfort; and it was indeed a novelty to us to meet, in the Chaco, with a first-rate French cook, and to be regaled with the choicest fare.

The morning after our arrival we sallied forth in quest of Martinetas, which we found in considerable numbers in the old maize-fields, returning in the evening with seventeen of these fine birds and eighteen Small Partridges. But the main object in coming to Florentia was to slay the "Ciervo," or big stag of South America (*Cervus paludosus*); and some fine antlers scattered about the estancia gave us a prospect of sport in that direction. Accordingly, a native hunter, by name Narcissus, was consulted, and it was arranged to make an early start next day. The morning broke fine and bright, and soon after breakfast three of us, escorted by Narcissus and another coloured guide, started on horseback. Crossing a muddy stream, which took the horses up to the neck, we entered a flat swampy country covered with high rushes, and intersected with streams, some of considerable depth, obliging us to unload the horses. The mosquitos were frightful in this spot, as there was no wind to disperse them. However, we got through at last, and reached some high ground, where we made better progress. In this region fir-trees flourished, and the country looked a likely one for game; so we kept a good look-out, but saw nothing for some hours. We had several dogs with us, of various breeds, or of no breed, but game, serviceable brutes, which would tackle anything, so Narcissus said. Presently they gave tongue, and bolted into a wood. We dismounted and followed as best we could, but the covert was frightfully

thick. I just caught sight of an old sow with a litter of young ones, bolting through the scrub, and with a snap-shot rolled over one of the porkers; the rest disappeared in the bush, closely followed by the yelping pack. The old sow was brought to bay and killed, but not before she had wounded one of the hounds. Altogether we killed four of the family, two old and two young ones. We then hove to, for luncheon. Proceeding again, we presently heard a fearful screaming in the bush, caused by a flock of "Pavos del monte," or Bush-Turkeys. We bagged a brace of these birds, and, subsequently, others of the same species. At mid-day the heat was intense, and the mosquitos a caution; but we pressed on so as to reach a good camping-ground before night. One "bañada," or swamp, which we crossed was the worst I ever remember. The reeds were higher than the horses' heads, and the poor beasts sank to the girths in thick black slime. We could not get off, and to return was impossible, so we struggled on and eventually got through, wet with perspiration, and covered with mud and mosquitoes. After this we got to better ground, and soon met with Deer; but the animals had already observed us, being so large a party; so we separated, two going with one Indian, whilst I went on with Narcissus; shortly afterwards we heard a shot and saw a deer fall, and at the same moment Narcissus reported a stag in sight. The day was waning and the light bad, but Narcissus's sharp

eye (he had but one, but that was a piercer) spotted a beast standing under a tree 300 yards off. We quickly dismounted, and stalked the deer till we got within about 200 yards, but could get no nearer. I could only make out a red blotch, but fired at it. The animal never moved, so I fired again, when it plunged forward and ran towards us; and a third shot finished it. It proved to be a fine young stag, with a pretty head and a beautiful coat. We camped near the carcass, and felt the cold a good deal during the night, as fire-wood was scarce, and we had but little covering. The next morning, after a cup of coffee, we again made tracks, and had not gone far before Narcissus said he had seen Deer. Dismounting as before, I followed the Indian, and presently saw a splendid stag standing broadside on, when I let him have it. The Express bullet did its work, and, after galloping a hundred yards, he rolled over dead. The other party killed an Aguará, or Swamp-fox (*Canis jubatus*), sometimes called a Maned Wolf, a very handsome animal, with bright ruddy fur, black points and mane, and very long in the leg; a black ridge runs along the back, and the belly is white. The beast had a lovely eye and splendid teeth, altogether a fine specimen of strength, speed, and ferocity. Narcissus said it was impossible to bring in the carcass of the deer, as the horses were already over-loaded; so we took the head, skin, and portions of the meat, with which we shaped our course homewards, as I declined to shoot any

more, merely to leave their carcasses to rot on the ground.

My two companions went out again the next day, and succeeded in bagging two more Deer and an Ant-bear, the skin of the latter measuring 8 feet with the tail and 6 without it. I contented myself with a couple more days with the Martinetas, shooting over my dog, and bagged fifty-one of them, besides fifty-two Small Partridges, five Ducks, and seven large Pigeons, making a total of 169 head during our stay.

Our trophies were beautifully preserved in the tan-yard at Florentia, and forwarded to us at Buenos Ayres. On July 10 we said adieu to our hospitable entertainer, and, embarking in the steam-cutter, we rejoined the 'Rifleman' at O Campo, and sailed for the south.

As the river was falling fast, we lost no time *en route*, and, picking up the 'Aphrodite' at La Paz, we towed her down to Paraná, anchoring ourselves a few leagues above Rosario for the night. On the 14th we were delayed by a dense fog; but, being in a hurry to proceed, we endeavoured to push on, and eventually piled up on a sandbank near Rosario, where we remained for twenty-four hours despite our efforts to get off. Whilst in this unfortunate position, the 'Aphrodite' came sailing gaily by, and reached Rosario before us. The U.S.S. 'Tallapoosa,' with Rear-Admiral D. Braine on board, gallantly came to our assistance and towed us off; but she got ashore herself a few miles higher up the river, and

remained there for some days, besides damaging her machinery, which kept her at Rosario under repairs for many weeks. Having coaled, we left Rosario on July 17, and anchored off Dos Hermanos for another crack at the Ducks; but, owing to the river having fallen, the Ducks and Snipes had nearly all left the marsh, and our bag was a light one; so, weighing anchor once more, we steamed quickly down the river to Buenos Ayres, and a few days afterwards rejoined the 'Ruby' at Monte Video, after an absence of nearly two months.

It is in the Chaco that Baron Hirsch has, I understand, purchased an immense tract of land to form a home for the poor Jews who have been expelled from Russia. If so, I think he could not have made a better selection for the carrying out of his philanthropic scheme. The climate is far superior to that of Russia, the land is capable of a high cultivatiou, and is in every way suited to the industrious emigrant, who can there prosecute agricultural pursuits if so inclined without fear of interruption or persecution from the authorities.

Before taking a final leave of the Chaco and Paraguay, a few remarks may be of interest. The climate of Paraguay is, in the winter, exceedingly agreeable, the days are warm, and the nights cool; the summer is decidedly hot. The best months are June, July, and August, and the hottest December, January, and February. Rain falls abundantly, but is most frequent in June and October. The prevailing winds

are from the north and south. East winds are rare, and west still more so. The north wind is hot and depressing, but that from the south is exhilarating. The mineral productions consist of iron, copper, and manganese, many kinds of quartz, and agates are also common. The principal vegetable productions are tobacco, sugar, Paraguayan tea (yerba), rice, mandioca, maize, coffee, cocoa, potatos, artichokes, and chillies. The cotton-plant grows wild, also sarsaparilla and other medicinal plants. All kinds of fruits are grown to perfection—oranges, lemons, guavas, peaches, cherimoyas, bananas, grapes, melons, &c. Hard woods of very fine quality grow both in Paraguay and the Chaco, such as cedar, rosewood, jacaranda, algarroba, quebracho, lapacho, elparaiso, guayacan, curupai, and several kinds of palms. Amongst the wild animals are the jaguar or tiger, puma, tiger-cat, aguara, five sorts of deer, monkeys, tapir, peccary, ant-bear, armadillo, nutria (otter)*, and carpincho.

Of birds, there are several kinds of hawks and vultures, large and small partridges, guans, pigeons, doves, cardinals, parrots, toucans, chajas (pronounced chahá)—immense flocks of these birds congregate in the vicinity of Dos Hermanos, they are familiarly known as the Crested Screamer (*Chauna chavaria*), and are easily domesticated;

* *Note by Lord Lilford.*—In the Argentine States the beast generally known by the name of "Nutria" is the huge Coypu Water-Rat (*Myopotamus coypu*).

also swans, geese, and many varieties of ducks. In the Chaco are several kinds of snakes, including the water-boa or anaconda, coral viper, vibora de la Cruz, rattlesnake, &c. Alligators and water-tortoises are numerous in the lagoons, and the rivers are well stocked with fish, such as the dorado, pacú, surubí, patí, curubina, manguruyu, mandu, ray, etaguá, and palometa. Some of the above have teeth like a horse, and can bite through any line or even gimp. Many kinds of beautiful butterflies and beetles may be met with; and I came across a lovely caterpillar with emerald body and ruby head, showing a phosphorescent light at night; several kinds of honey-making bees, ants innumerable, mosquitos, black flies, and ticks. A spirit called caña is distilled from the sugar-cane, resembling rum, and is largely patronized in the country. The population of Paraguay has since the war become very much mixed. At the conclusion of the war there was scarcely an able-bodied man left in the country, which is now peopled with aboriginal Indians (mostly confined to the Chaco), whites of various nationalities, and African or Brazilian negroes. White and Indian crossed produce a "Mestizo"; white and negro, a "Mulatto"; Indian and negro, a "Mameluco"; white and mulatto, a Quadroon. The children of pure white parents born in the country are "Criollos." The principal Indian tribes are the Guaranís, Payaguáes, and Agaces; and in the Chaco, the

Guanas, Mbayáes, Tobas, Guaycurués, Abipones, and Lenguas, but some of these have been nearly exterminated, others tamed. Poisoned arrows are still in use amongst some of these savages.

The usual time for the squadron to leave the Plate for the Brazilian ports is the month of August or September, when the weather is most pleasant in Brazil, and continues so until December; it is then time to come south on account of the heat and yellow fever. In 1888 we left Monte Video on August 18, so as to be prepared to receive the Emperor of Brazil, who was expected at Rio on the 22nd. Whilst the squadron was coaling and provisioning preparatory to the start, I made several short expeditions in the neighbourhood, leaving Monte Video in the morning and returning the same night, usually with a bagful of Partridges, and an occasional Duck or Snipe. The best locality for a day's shooting is Santa Lucia river, or the bar at the river's mouth, where a fair day's sport can usually be obtained; but permission must always be asked from the owners of the property, who would otherwise be overrun with professional pot-hunters shooting for the market. Permission is never withheld from a sportsman; the owners do not, as a rule, care to shoot for themselves, but they like to see game on the ground. I enjoyed a couple of very pleasant days' sport at the Santa Lucia bar, on the 28th and 31st of July, in company with a sporting friend, on which occasion we shot seventeen brace of Small Partridges,

one Snipe, and five Ducks the first day, and nine brace of Partridges, two Snipes, and four Ducks the second, when we were driven in by heavy rain. Some savage dogs belonging to the ranches rather molested us the first day, but, as I made an example of three of them, we were not interfered with the second time.

Another small trip was made by Captain A. and myself to Pando on August 5. On arrival at Pando by the morning train, our carriage was uncoupled and hitched on to the engine, which took us a few miles further up the line, stopping whenever we saw any likely place, and waiting for us, or following along the line whilst we shot. This part of the line was not opened to the public, else we could not have indulged in this luxurious form of sport, and it was only through the courtesy of the manager that we were able to do so. By the time we returned to catch the evening train for Monte Video, we had twenty-nine Partridges, three Snipes, and eight Ducks in the bag. This was my last day's shooting but one at the Plate.

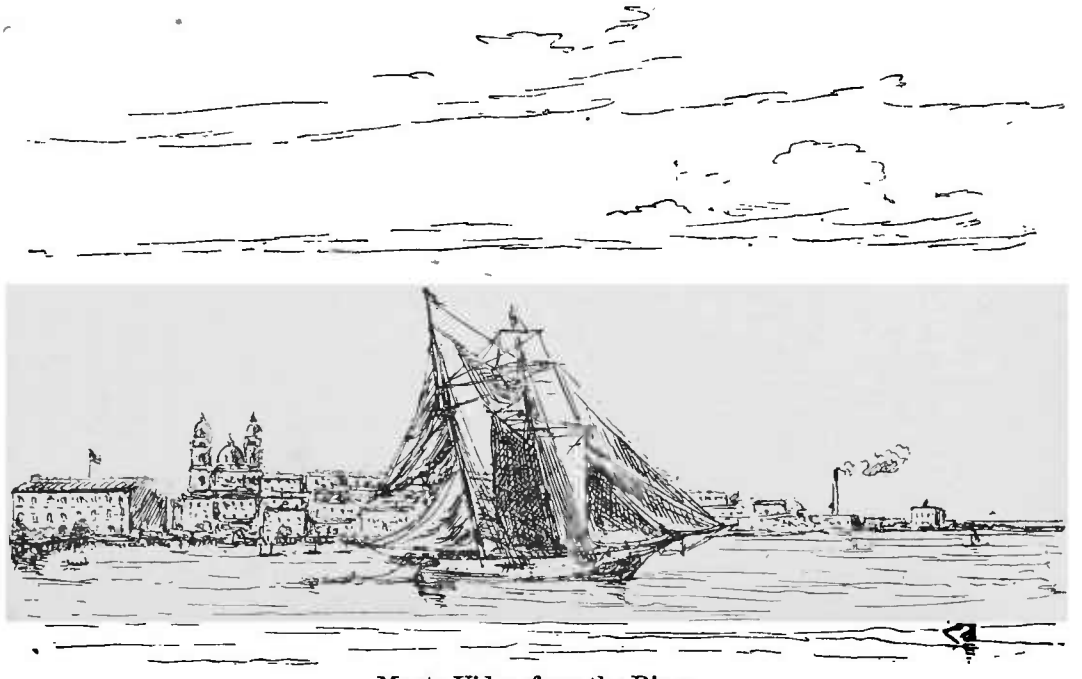
Before taking leave of these waters, a few remarks on Uruguay and the Argentine Republic may not be out of place.

CHAPTER XXI.

URUGUAY AND THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Remarks on Uruguay and the Argentine Republic.—Natural wealth and advantages of Uruguay.—The city of Monte Video, its handsome appearance from the water.—Beauty of the ladies.—Monte Video as a seaport.—Pamperos.—Necessity of a breakwater.—Port works at Buenos Ayres.—La Plata and Ensenada.—Trade with the Plate.—Living in Monte Video.—Quarantine regulations.—Collision with American barque.—Dock accommodation.—Lobos Island.—Maldonado and Gorriti Island.—Bull-fighting at Monte Video.

MOST of us are aware that the portion of South America eastward of the river Uruguay, and extending to the sea, represents the Republic of Uruguay, and is commonly called the Banda-Oriental. It is bounded on the north by Brazil, and to the west by the Argentine Republic. Uruguay is thus placed between two powerful neighbours, either of which would have long ago absorbed it but for fear of each other and of foreign interference. Hence Brazil and the Argentine State have always been jealous of one another, and both countries maintain a fleet of iron-clads and cruisers out of all proportion to their requirements. One would suppose that these two immense countries, which with Chili practically divide South America between them, would be



Monte Video, from the River.

content with what they already possess, but they have never been so, and they have always hankered after Uruguay. But though Uruguay is the smallest of the South American Republics, she is the richest, both in agricultural and pastoral resources. Wherever one goes, vast herds of cattle and sheep may be seen grazing on the rich herbage, a market for the stock being found in Monte Video, and at Fray Bentos, where Liebig's establishment is placed, the latter alone consuming annually 200,000 head of cattle. Unlike the Argentine Republic, which is as flat as a billiard-table, Uruguay consists of undulating prairie-land, well watered, and with but few trees, except on the banks of rivers and around the estancias, where the eucalyptus has been planted for ornamental purposes. In the northern parts, on the confines of Brazil, virgin forests still exist. The city of Monte Video is built upon a peninsula, stretching out into the sea, a kind of whale's-back, sloping to the water on either side. The streets are broad, and built in the familiar chess-board fashion, running parallel to the ridge or at right angles to it, consequently the drainage should be perfect. The public buildings are handsome, and the cathedral is a striking-looking pile. When the setting sun lights up the domes of the churches the effect is beautiful, as seen from the river, and, with the addition of a few minarets, Monte Video might be compared to Constantinople. The environs are studded with fine houses in the Italian style, each possessing a garden

well stocked with flowers and ornamental shrubs. Tram-lines intersect the city in all directions, cars thronged with people going to their country houses in the evening, and returning to their offices in the morning. The ladies, who are justly celebrated for their beauty, do not show in the daytime, but appear in the evening taking a "paseo," or at their open windows. The population of the city is about 125,000.

As a port, MonteVideo has not much to recommend it, being merely an open anchorage, exposed from the S.E. to S.W., from which latter direction the pamperos blow, and, being a very shallow bay, a heavy sea gets up at short notice.

There is not much danger to ships if provided with good anchors and cables, and the barometer gives timely notice of a pampero; the rising of the water is also a sure indication of its approach. Several projects have been started to make Monte Video into a secure harbour, by building a breakwater, with docks, to enable ships to lie alongside and discharge cargo. The engineering difficulties would not be great, and the expense comparatively small, in proportion to the enormous advantages gained, but the "lancheros" (owners of steam-launches) and lightermen are all dead against a breakwater, as their occupation would to a great extent be gone. The same opposition took place at Buenos Ayres, where the boatmen, carters, &c., formed a strong clique; but the Argentine Govern-

ment, alive to the advantage of possessing a decent port, commenced operations on a grand scale, the work being entrusted to the firm of Sir J. Hawkshaw & Co. The first section of the harbour works was opened to the public in the beginning of 1889, and it is calculated that they will be completed in six years from the commencement, at a cost of six millions sterling. In my opinion both Monte Video and Buenos Ayres are wrongly situated. The capital of Uruguay should have been at Maldonado, and that of Buenos Ayres at Ensenada, but it is too late now to change the venue. At Ensenada the first move in the direction of a seaport for the accommodation of ocean-going ships was made. The place is thirty miles east of Buenos Ayres, and consequently nearer to the sea. A fine pier has been run out at right angles to the river; and is a double one, with space for ships to pass between and to turn. There are 28 feet of water off the pier, and in connection with this canals and docks have been made, leading up to the city of La Plata, of which Ensenada is the port. La Plata sprang into existence with marvellous rapidity, land increased in value at the rate of hundreds per cent., and rapid fortunes were made. The 'Ruby' anchored off the pier-head on the anniversary of the founding of the city of La Plata, and saluted the flag on the auspicious occasion. The new city was laid out on a scale of magnificence calculated to throw all other South American cities into the shade. The public buildings, theatre,

museum, railway station, &c., are palatial; but the jealousy of Buenos Ayres was aroused, the station was promptly burnt down (probably by incendiaries), and I fear the opposition will be too strong for the prosperity of La Plata. It will be a pity if it is so, for its natural advantages are far superior to those of Buenos Ayres. At the latter place large ships have to lie twelve miles from the city, and even when the port works are completed a canal will have to be dug out to enable them to enter. Ships drawing twenty feet can enter the Boca-del-Riachuelo, where they are moored in tiers, but the "Boca" is a filthy hole, the hot-bed of cholera and malarious fevers, with swamps all sides, swarming with mosquitos, and the neighbourhood liberally supplied with grog-shops. Moreover, it is fraught with danger to shipping in the event of fire, and to a man-of-war is especially dangerous, owing to the powder on board. I took the 'Ruby' in there on one occasion, and was very glad to get out again. But to return to Uruguay.

This little Republic, which ought to be rich and prosperous, has not advanced as it assuredly would have done with fair play. Constant revolutions have hampered its resources and damaged its credit, which, during the *régime* of Santos, reached its lowest ebb. Owing to the more peaceful condition of affairs since, land has increased in value to a fabulous extent, and fortunes have been made in a day by speculators merely buying land to sell again. There

is considerable mineral wealth known to exist in the country, but its unsettled state hitherto has prevented the mines from being worked.

On an average, sixty steamers a month arrive at Monte Video from Europe; of the above one half are British. Monte Video is distant from Buenos Ayres 110 miles, and a magnificent service of steamers runs nightly between the two cities. These palatial vessels are sumptuously fitted, lighted by electricity, and have an excellent cuisine; the fare is 8 dols.

Living in Monte Video is cheap. Beef and mutton cost 2d. to 3d. per pound; fowls, 5d. to 7d.; partridges, 5d. each. Labour is scarce, wages high, and servants difficult to procure. Uruguay has a population of 500,000. It is computed that there are eight million cattle, twenty million sheep, and two million horses pastured in the country. A cow costs 5 dols., a fat steer 10 dols., a pair of oxen 25 dols., sheep about a dollar, horses 5 dols. to 25 dols. according to quality. Mares are of no value, except for their hides. A mule costs about 15 dols.

Notwithstanding the fine climate of the Plate, it is a fact that cholera-morbus is a not infrequent visitor in these latitudes. Originally introduced into Buenos Ayres by an Italian emigrant-ship in 1886–87, it made very great havoc amongst the crowded shipping in the Boca, from whence it spread to Monte Video, and so on to Chili and Peru. Each country then quarantined the others, and Brazil, only too glad to have the opportunity, quarantined the whole lot, but

was herself quarantined on account of yellow fever, so that things became a good deal mixed, and trade suffered in consequence; the trade in jerked beef, for instance, from the Plate to Brazil being altogether suspended. Very great trouble and inconvenience were caused by the stringent regulations existing between Buenos Ayres and Monte Video in this respect. On one occasion, at the beginning of the outbreak in Buenos Ayres, I had gone over to that city to call on our Minister, and the next morning heard, to my dismay, that Uruguay had closed her ports to the Argentine Republic, so I could not return except by running the blockade, which some succeeded in doing. After a fortnight's stay in Buenos Ayres, during which time we heard very little of the cholera except what the papers told us, I arranged a rendezvous with the captain of the 'Ready,' one of our gunboats then lying at Colonia, and having boarded her at sea one night, we proceeded to Monte Video and obtained pratique; but, not wishing to take advantage of a possible mistake of the health-officer, I wrote to the President for permission to go on board the 'Ruby,' then lying in port. To this application I received a polite reply, saying that the question would be referred to a medical board, as it was out of his province to comply with it. These worthies took forty-eight hours to consider the matter, and then ordered us out of the port at an hour's notice. The 'Ruby' joined us outside, and we all returned to Buenos Ayres; but before we

could get a clean bill of health we had to go to the Falkland Islands, one thousand miles to the southward, and from thence retrace our steps to Monte Video, where we were admitted to pratique. But this inconvenience was nothing compared to some people, who, being quarantined at Buenos Ayres, were obliged to return to England and come out again direct to Monte Video, to avoid a long detention in Buenos Ayres or an unlimited spell of quarantine on Flores Island. Notwithstanding these precautions, the cholera spread to Monte Video and also to the inland towns of the Argentine Republic. In Monte Video the epidemic was confined to the poorer classes inhabiting the crowded parts of the city, and did not attack the better-to-do people. During this time our ships remained in the roads and suffered no harm, nor did those of other nationalities; but the American squadron remained at Maldonado, and nothing would induce the admiral to come to Monte Video, even for stores, of which the squadron stood in need. As we were bound in that direction, I shipped 10,000 dols. to pay his crews their wages, and started for Maldonado; but, unfortunately, the same night we managed to fall foul of the American barque 'Selina,' which had sailed that morning from Monte Video. The night was fine and starlight, but a haze hung over the water, and the barque, being painted white, was not seen until close to. The 'Ruby' was under steam, the barque, under full sail, standing across our

bows. Seeing a collision inevitable, the 'Ruby's helm was put hard over, and her engines reversed, but too late, and the next moment a crash of tumbling spars broke the stillness of the night. And now a curious thing happened; the barque's bower anchor had hooked into the head-gear of the 'Ruby,' and as the latter ship backed astern she took the anchor with her, and drew the cable out of the locker, at the same time towing the barque after her. The 'Selina' at last slipped her cable, and both ships anchored. Going on board to ascertain the damage the skipper met me and remarked:—"Well, captain, I have been thirty-six years at sea and never had a collision before;" and, said I, "I also have been thirty-six years at sea and never had a collision!" It took us all night to clear the wreck and return the anchor and cable, and the next morning the barque returned to Monte Video for repairs, whilst we continued our journey to Maldonado. On our return to Monte Video it took us nearly a fortnight to repair the 'Selina'; but, owing to this delay, she was able to get a cargo which more than compensated for her detention.

There is much need for first-class docks for the accommodation of large ships in these waters, for vessels are constantly getting ashore on the English Bank, and if ever they come off again they are usually condemned at Monte Video. This bank, formed by the deposit of the large rivers discharging into the Plate, is a constant source of danger to the navigator;

there is but one lightship, which cannot be depended on, to mark the northern edge of the bank, and nothing on the southern. There is one fine dock at Monte Video, belonging to Messrs. Cibil and Jackson, capable of taking in large ships, but the approach to the docks leaves much to be desired, and a good deal of dredging and blasting is needed to enable ships to enter at all times of tide. Lobos Island, to the southward of Maldonado, is another fruitful source of danger to the mariner when approaching the Plate in thick weather. The island is low and rocky, and cannot be seen until close to, and several ships have been lost thereon. There is a good lighthouse on Punta d'Este, at Maldonado; it ought to have been placed on Lobos; but a light on Lobos would disturb the Seals which frequent the island and breed there, so it is not permitted; the Seals are protected by law, being valuable, and the sailors may go to the devil. I have already stated my opinion that Maldonado ought to have been the capital and principal port in Uruguay. It might be made a fine and secure harbour by connecting Gorriti Island with the mainland—a trifling outlay would do this, as a reef already connects the two; but here again conflicting interests come in, and it is now too late, consequently the town of Maldonado has declined in prosperity, and is not likely to recover. In former times it was the favourite resort of H.M. ships, but of late years Colonia has had the preference. The Americans still favour Maldonado, and the old

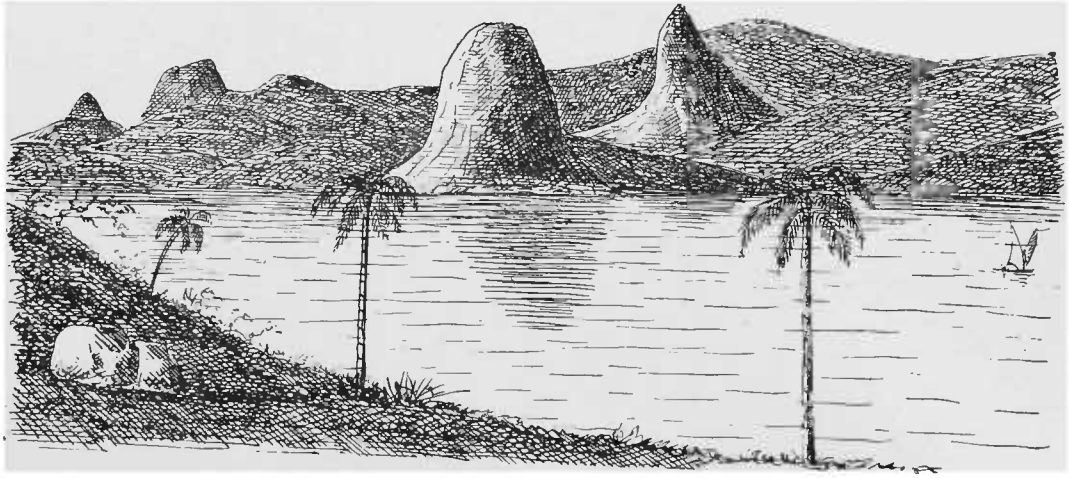
flagship 'Lancaster' used to lie there for months together. There is abundance of shooting on the mainland—Duck, Geese, Snipe, and Partridge, and a few Rabbits on Gorriti Island. The sea-fishing is also very good.

It is a pity that the English Government did not buy Gorriti Island many years ago, when we had the chance; it would have been invaluable to us for a store and coal-depôt, whereas we have at this moment only the Falkland Islands as a coaling station in the South Atlantic, and they are absolutely undefended, and are not in telegraphic communication with any part of the world. This seems incredible, but is a fact; and yet the Falkland Islands might, by a judicious expenditure, be made the Bermudas of the South Atlantic. Lying as they do directly in the track of ships, either outward or homeward bound, round Cape Horn, possessed of the finest harbours in the world, they would be invaluable to our cruisers in the Southern Ocean in time of war. Their utility in time of peace is manifest by the number of disabled ships which put in for repairs after encountering heavy weather off Cape Horn. In fact, so many advantages have they that it is marvellous how little they are appreciated. I feel convinced that in the hands of any other first-class power Port Stanley would long ago have been made impregnable, with a dock at the head of the harbour, and connected by telegraph with Sandy Point, in the Straits of Magellan. In the event of a war the islands would,

under the present *régime*, have to depend entirely upon our ships for their protection.

Bull-fighting is prohibited in the Argentine Republic, but is still practised in Monte Video, usually on Sundays. So much has been written on the brutality of this kind of "sport" that it is not necessary to do more than allude to it here. I attended several of these exhibitions, but my sympathies were always with the bull and the horses. Only on one occasion was a matador killed, and then we were not present. But, brutal as these exhibitions undoubtedly are, I question if they are more so than many so-called sports in this country, such as (tame) stag-hunting, pigeon-shooting, prize-fighting, badger-baiting, cock-fighting, &c., all of which, though some are prohibited by law, are more or less practised and encouraged.

Public lotteries are still in vogue in Monte Video, and the Caridad Hospital is mainly supported in this manner. This pernicious custom is, however, a very serious evil, for many poor persons invest their earnings in the purchase of a ticket, in hopes of winning a big prize—a hope, it is needless to say, but rarely fulfilled.



Rio de Janeiro Harbour.

CHAPTER XXII.

Brazil.—Rio de Janeiro.

Beauty of the Harbour.—The City Railways.—Tijuca.—Petropolis.—Expedition up the Dom Pedro Railway.—The Government Observatory at Rio.—The Slave question.—Chinese immigration.—English people not suited to the climate.—Salubrity of Brazil in the winter months.—The Brazilian Army and Navy.—The Market-place at Rio.—Duck and Snipe shooting.—Public works.—The Tram system.—English Community: sports and pastimes.

To convey to anyone who has not seen this lovely harbour any idea of the beauty of its surroundings would be impossible. I have seen many fine harbours in different parts of the world, but none to compare with that of Rio. It is said that Sydney rivals it. I have never seen Sydney, and am therefore unable to judge. The charm of Rio is the shape of the mountains inclosing it on every side, covered with dense verdure from base to summit.

Nowadays so many people travel that there must be few places which have not been described over and over again by abler pens than mine. But I think that sailors have the advantage over others, inasmuch as they are always moving from place to place, and never stopping too long in one. Besides, most places look best from the sea, and oftentimes

much of the charm disappears on landing. This is especially the case at Rio, where we constantly enjoyed the most exquisite panorama from the ship's deck under awnings, and getting the full benefit of the sea breeze, whilst the poor wretches ashore were sweltering in offices, with no breeze nor view beyond the opposite side of the street.

The city of Rio is, in my opinion, very disappointing, the streets narrow, ill-paved, and evil-smelling; but the environs are charming, and a ride on a tram-car is always refreshing. No one thinks of walking in Brazil; everybody goes by tram, or "bond," as it is called there. What they did before trams were introduced I can't think—probably never went out of the city; but nowadays nobody stays in. At 4 P.M. all offices are closed, except, perhaps, on mail days, and there is a rush for the trams, which are crowded with merchants, bankers, brokers, and clerks, hurrying out of the pestilential city to their "quintas" in the suburbs. Many of these villas are beautiful and luxuriously appointed, built in the Italian style, standing in their own grounds, their gardens well stocked with every variety of tropical plants. Brazil is the home of the palm family, foremost among which stands the palma real, or royal palm. I believe this has been introduced, but, whether or no, it flourishes to perfection in that bountiful soil. The avenue of these noble palms in the Botanical Gardens is probably unsurpassed in any part of the world.

Certainly the most wonderful railways are to be seen in Brazil, due to the enterprise of English or American engineers, for the Brazilians would never have the energy to develop their own country, even if they had the means. The railway to the top of the Corcovado is one of the steepest gradients in existence, being on an average 25 per cent., and in parts 30 per cent. The system is the same as the Righi, with centre rail and cog-wheel. From the top of this mountain a most magnificent panorama is obtained on a clear day, but the view is oftentimes obscured by clouds. This railway, although generally crowded on the arrival of a mail-steamer, unfortunately does not pay, nor is it considered very safe; but no serious accident has occurred up to the present time. Near the top is an hotel kept by a Frenchman, where a good meal and a bed can be obtained.

Tijuca is a popular resort, and is a pleasant change from the city, but becomes monotonous after one has exhausted all the rides and walks in the neighbourhood. There are several hotels at Tijuca, which are always crowded on the arrival of the mail-steamers. Mr. White's is the best. A railway is in course of construction to this place, but the usual way is to go by tram to the foot of the ascent and thence by diligence.

During the hot season many families resort to Petropolis, where the Diplomatic Corps reside, to avoid yellow fever, which is prevalent from

December till April. Petropolis is situated among the mountains to the northward of the port. A fast steamer takes one from Rio to the railway terminus, and an hour's journey completes the distance. The line winds through magnificent scenery, and is second only in the steepness of its gradient to the Corcovado.

Petropolis is quite a German colony, and the town is laid out in the Dutch style. It is so inclosed by mountains that the views are much circumscribed. It is always raining up there, and life is uncommonly dull, although the society is of the best. On the whole, I prefer Rio, especially after sundown, when the city wakes up, and all the theatres, casinos, and places of amusement are open.

A very enjoyable expedition may be made into the interior by the Dom Pedro Railway, a trip I had the good fortune to make, thanks to the courtesy of the director, Mr. Ewbank de Camara, who offered me and my family a share in his private saloon carriage, to which a sleeping car was attached, and we were treated with the greatest kindness and hospitality on the journey. We were away four days, and saw some fine scenery, but nothing half so beautiful as the environs of Rio, although the change of temperature was delightful.

They have a very fine Observatory at Rio, under the supervision of the Government. The establishment is presided over by M. Creuls, a most obliging and accomplished astronomer, to whom I am indebted

for many delightful evenings, observing the heavenly bodies through the large telescope. This was the more appreciated by me, since the privilege had been denied me in my own country, although I was in command of one of Her Majesty's ships at the time.

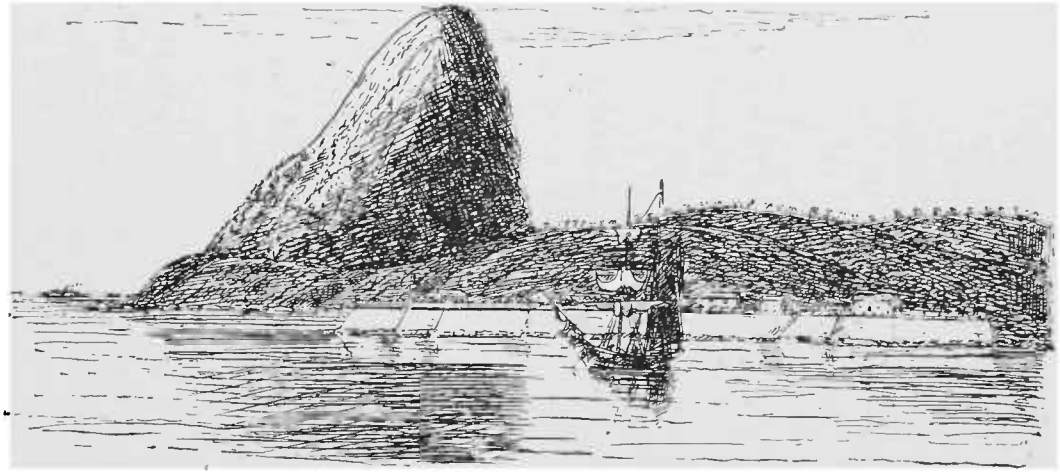
During my earliest visits to Rio slavery was in full swing, all the coffee-estates being worked by slaves, who were often brutally illtreated. Brazilian families kept slaves in their houses at Rio, and frequently treated them most cruelly, the women being the worst offenders in this respect. At this time (1886) the children of slaves born in the country were free, and all others were to have been freed at a given date, but the blacks, knowing their strength, were not inclined to wait for the appointed time, and frequent risings took place, which the authorities were powerless to suppress. Brazil at this period had the honour of being the only country calling itself civilized which still encouraged slavery, and the question was exercising the minds of certain philanthropists, notably Mr. J. Nabucho, one of the most enlightened statesmen in the country, who wrote very forcibly on the subject in the leading papers. It was evident that the days of slavery were doomed. On certain State occasions a few slaves were liberated by the Princess Imperial with ostentatious display. The ceremony seemed to me a humiliating spectacle, some twenty or thirty poor wretches, decked out for the occasion, being awarded their freedom; when, in my opinion, every slave in the country should have

been released from bondage at one stroke. However, this was shortly to come, and the close of the year 1888 saw the Brazilian negro a free man.

At the time of the order for emancipating the slaves, the coffee crop, a very heavy one, was ripe for picking, consequently the blow fell heavily on the Faciendieiros (owners of coffee-estates), many of whom were ruined, and others put to enormous expense, by having to pay for labour which they had hitherto obtained for nothing. With all these people the measure was unpopular, and they claimed compensation, which I apprehend they never got. But there is something to be said on their side, for the slave-owners maintain that during the days of slavery they were taxed so much per head on each slave, with the understanding that the money would be returned to them as compensation when slavery was abolished. Meanwhile coffee-estates may go to ruin for lack of labour, for the blacks will not work unless they choose to do so (why should they?) and are well paid for it, and this many of the owners cannot afford.

As for the slaves, it is questionable if they really benefit much by the operation, except that they are now free to work or leave it alone, and they cannot be flogged or ill-treated as heretofore, which certainly is a gain for those who had served under a bad master, and there were many such. But if under a kind master, their position is probably very much worse than before.

The question of allowing Chinese immigration was being considered by the Government when I left Brazil, the Chinaman being well suited for the work in cane-fields and coffee estates. If not by Chinamen, it will have to be done by Italians and Basques, who have succeeded so well at the Plate. The country and the climate are not suited for Englishmen—in every case where they have been introduced they have proved a failure, and they either die or give trouble. An English colony was started at Cananea, a short distance to the southward of Rio, but has almost ceased to exist, some five families alone remaining, and those in a destitute condition. A Brazilian gentleman, owning a cotton-factory at Cascatina, near Petropolis, imported English operatives from Preston, in Lancashire, to work his looms. A few of these people did well, but the bulk of them gave a lot of trouble, and, after wandering about the streets of Rio in a destitute condition, were sent back to their own country. The climate of Brazil is salubrious on the highlands; the cities alone have a bad name owing to yellow fever, which prevails during the summer months (December to April). In the winter Rio de Janeiro is as healthy a place as could be wished, and would bear favourable comparison with either London, Paris, or New York. Probably but few people realize the vast extent of Brazil, and what a small population it possesses. In size it is as big as Europe, with a population of 11,000,000—not much more than double that of



The Sugar-loaf, Rio de Janeiro.

London—hence immigration on a large scale is absolutely necessary to develop the enormous resources of the country.

The army is composed of some 14,000 men, but there is no need for a large one; and the navy is the more important arm of the two, having an immense sea-board to protect, and a jealous neighbour in the Argentine Confederation. Their two finest ironclads, the 'Riachuelo' and 'Arquidaban,' built at Blackwall, are still formidable vessels, and well armed with breechloading guns—certainly superior in every way to our 'Ajax' or 'Agamemnon.' They are, moreover, well commanded, and in good order, but seldom go to sea. Two old monitors of antique type, and some smart-looking corvettes, built at Rio on American lines, make up the rest of the fleet; the latter are engined from England.

There is a very remarkable meteorolite in the dockyard at Rio, the largest of its kind ever recorded; it fell somewhere near Bahia, and has only lately been transported to its present site. Its weight is 5 tons, and it is composed mostly of iron and nickel.

At early morning the entrance to the harbour presents a fine sight from seaward. On the left hand is the well-known Sugar-loaf mountain, like a sentry guarding the port; facing it on the opposite side is Fort Santa Cruz, armed with heavy guns in two tiers. Several other forts protect the harbour; but the guns are mostly of an obsolete pattern, and

would be of no use against modern ordnance. The place could easily be made impregnable against all odds.

The harbour is studded with lovely islands, some of considerable extent, all picturesquely wooded, and are favourite rendezvous for picnic parties, especially Paquitá, where Mr. May, the late agent for the Royal Mail, resided for many years, and distributed hospitality with a lavish hand. But the islands, like the mainland, are infested with ants, which pests cannot be eradicated, as they fly at certain seasons, and come over from the mainland in legions. In the interior I have seen whole tracts of country disfigured by their mounds, and gardens and estates ruined by their depredations.

The market-place at Rio is well worthy of a visit, at early morn, before the fish have been sold. Here may be seen monsters of the deep, also wonderful varieties of fruit and vegetables, parrots, pigeons, fowls, ducks, cats, dogs, pigs, and deer.

The other sights in the city do not amount to much; the Emperor's palace is a tumble-down concern, but the public gardens are well kept. The "Misericordia" Hospital is a magnificent structure, and has a world-wide reputation; it is capable of accommodating 1800 patients, and 1500 are generally provided for.

There is some very good Duck- and Snipe-shooting in the neighbourhood of Rio, but one has to go by rail and sleep out, and the accommodation is bad.

The market is usually supplied with game, such as wild turkey, guans, curassow, &c., by the negroes, who go into the forests, and are indifferent to mosquitos, snakes, ticks, &c., but to a sportsman "le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle."

Most of the public works in Rio, such as railways, drainage, lighting of the city, &c., are undertaken by English firms, and are thoroughly well done. The waterworks are on a very extensive scale; the city used to be supplied by water from the Corcovado mountain, by means of a magnificent aqueduct built by the Jesuits, but the supply being insufficient for an increasing population, several large reservoirs have been added.

The tramway system is the best in the world; only mules are used, most beautiful animals, and they are well fed and kindly treated, in marked contrast to the wretched tram-horses of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, and a ride in a tram-car is a pleasure instead of a pain. It is also the best way of seeing the city and the suburbs. On these occasions the Brazilian ladies may be seen lolling out of window with their hair in curl-papers. In the matter of beauty they cannot compare in any way with the ladies in La Plata.

At sundown the city springs into life—that is, the pleasurable part of it; all business is suspended by 4 P.M., and the evenings are devoted to gaiety—balls, theatres, casinos, and *cafés chantants* are in full swing. High-class concerts are occasionally given

at the clubs, and music and chess while away the evenings most agreeably. By midnight it is all over, and the city is as silent as the grave. The sea-breeze, which blows regularly from about 10 A.M. till 4 P.M., dies away towards evening, and the nights are calm and beautiful. Steamers are not allowed to enter the port during the night, so that at daylight there are generally half a dozen waiting to come in, and not a day passes but a number arrive and depart.

There is a large English community in Rio, a cricket club, and a lovely lawn-tennis ground, where excellent sport is enjoyed in the cool season.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Santos and São Paulo.

The Port of Santos.—H.M. Consul.—His recipe for Yellow Fever.—Wonderful Snake stories.—São Paulo Railway and City.—Area of the Province.—Immigration.—Revolutionary attitude of São Paulo.—Bahia.—Beauty of the harbour.—The town.—Cathedral relics.—Fertility of the soil.—Exports.—The English community.—The Black population.—Shooting expedition.—Sportive instincts of the Negroes.—The Slave question.—Beri-Beri.

A short run to the southward of Rio is the port of Santos, one of the best on the coast of Brazil. The town is situated some six miles up the river. There is a dilapidated fort at the entrance on the right-hand side going in, with a few rusty old guns in it; but we saw no signs of life, except an aged negress, who gazed at the ship with astonishment, as well she might, for we had saluted the Brazilian flag under the impression that our salute would be returned, which, of course, it was not. Opposite the fort is the pilot-station, and a pilot came off to the ship; but as we declined his services, he went away using very bad language, and no doubt devoutly hoping that we should pile up on a rock. But of this there was no risk, the river being broad and deep, with mud-banks on either hand, and no dangers what-

ever, and we anchored off the town in due course of time.

Mr. Wyndham, our popular Minister at Rio de Janeiro, was my guest on board the 'Ruby'; so, as soon as we had anchored, our Consul came to pay his respects. This gentleman, a most obliging and amusing man, entertained us during our stay, and also gave us a good deal of valuable information about the country. The town has the reputation of being very unhealthy, and at the time of our visit small-pox was prevalent, but yellow fever had not visited the place for some years. The latter immunity was due, the Consul claimed, to the precautions taken by him with the crews of all ships anchoring in the river.

As his recipe is a most valuable one and should be widely known, I beg to reproduce it *verbatim*:—"As soon as a ship anchors in port, I serve out from 5 to 10 grains of calomel all round, followed by a strong dose of castor-oil; then cleanse their stomachs by pump, and serve out lime-juice and rum. No food whatever! I then give them weak tea, and lay the ship up for a fortnight, when I repeat the dose; and not a man will be lost." As a rather ominous addendum, the Consul continued—"After black vomit, serve out arsenic on the fourth day, with coffee enema"! Some might say that they preferred yellow fever to the antidote, especially as it was said that several ships' crews had died wholesale, but whether from fever or the Consul's drastic measures

did not appear. Anyhow, there could not be much left of a poor fellow after the fortnight's treatment: his life must have been sponged out of him.

I heard a wonderful Snake story at this place. A lady was nursing her child in bed, and fell asleep with the babe at her breast, when a snake came in, and, taking in the situation, gently removed the babe, and sucked the milk from the mother. To keep the child quiet, the snake gave it its tail to suck. The poor mother woke up, and was so horrified that she cleared out by the next packet. In corroboration of the above, it is an undoubted fact that snakes have been known to draw human milk from the breast.

I have always understood that most of the tall Snake stories come from the United States, but I would back Brazil, being a younger and "snakyer" country, to run it very close. In fact, Brazilians seem quite touchy on the subject. The first time I found this out was on board a mail-steamer. Opposite to me sat an old Brazilian of benevolent appearance. I asked him quite innocently if there were any snakes in his country. He looked up at me sadly as though pitying my simplicity, and for a moment could hardly speak from emotion. Then he said, "I have seen snakes fifty yards long in Brazil!" There was a kind of pause in the conversation. At last some one suggested fifty feet! The old man just put on his spectacles, and glared at him. Nothing more was said. I put the same

question to a Brazilian friend of mine on another occasion. "Snakes! Captain, why in the old days of slavery the barracoons used to be full of snakes; they were kept as pets to keep down the rats, and the negroes were so fond of them that they took them into their hammocks to sleep with them. The snakes used to hang by their tails to the beams overhead, with their heads level with the floor, on the lookout for rats. I remember on one occasion seeing a rat cornered by a snake; the poor rat sat up, screaming with fright, and the snake reared itself up with its mouth open. I followed up the snake to see what would happen, with a cutlass in my hand, when presently the rat, mad with fear, jumped headlong down the snake's throat. At this instant down came my cutlass, severing the snake in half." And what became of the rat? I inquired. "Oh, the rat ran out at the opening and made off, none the worse."

On my relating this incident to an American naval officer, and asking him if it was likely, he said "Why, that's nothing; I knew a man who always wore a live Rattlesnake round his body for a waistbelt!"

I asked my Brazilian friend one day what he knew about Ants, which are a great pest in Brazil. "Ants," said he, "I'll tell you what happened to me. I brought home a sack of maize (Indian corn) one day, and put it in a loft overhead for the night. All night long I heard a dropping on the floor, but

thought nothing of it, and in the morning I went to look for my corn; but the ants had cleared out the lot. They had first cut a hole in the bag, and then a party of them passed out the corn to their mates on the floor, and they carried it off to their hole. I was just in time to see the last lot passed down, and so saw how it was down."

I was talking to a lady one day, when she told me of a curious thing that she had seen. She had gone to take her morning bath as usual—the baths in Brazil are often in the garden, surrounded by trees, more of a tank in fact—when she heard a splash, and a tree-frog fell from a tree overhead into the water, followed immediately after by a snake. The snake at once made for the frog, and seized it by the head, endeavouring to swallow it, but the frog got its legs round the snake's throat, and the last she saw of them they were rolling over each other in the water, each one trying to drown the other. She didn't take her bath that morning.

A somewhat similar thing happened to a lady of my acquaintance who was taking her morning bath at Tijuca. A snake, one of the Boa kind, was washed down the stream which fed the bath, and "went" for the lady, taking three turns round her body, so she said. She screamed for her maid who was in attendance, and the maid rushed in, armed with a long bamboo, with which she belaboured the snake till it was dead. But the maid, who had no love for her mistress, dealt her blows with such impartiality

that several strokes fell upon the lady's head, to her great disgust and indignation; by all accounts, when she came out of that bath there was a free fight between the mistress and her maid. But to return.

The town of Santos is the seaport of São Paulo, the richest province in Brazil. In 1888 the exports of coffee amounted to between two and three million bags of 132 lbs. each per annum, as against three to five millions from Rio Janeiro. In area the province is about the size of Austria, and the civilized population is only one and a half millions. Large tracts of it are unexplored, and inhabited by wild Indians, and only 2 per cent. of the whole acreage is cultivated.

Several lines of steamers call regularly at Santos to ship coffee. A fine railway connects the city with the capital, São Paulo, and other lines intersect the province in various directions. Tobacco, sugar, and rice used to be grown in the district, but at the present time coffee only is considered to be worth cultivating. Coal has been discovered, and iron exists in large quantities in the interior.

Since the emancipation of the slaves, immigrants have poured into Santos at the rate of 10,000 a month. There is no doubt that this freeing of slaves was hastened by the revolutionary attitude of São Paulo; for had it not taken place, the negroes would have risen and freed themselves.

The city of São Paulo is the second in importance in Brazil. Situated on the high tableland, at an

altitude of 2600 ft. above the sea, it enjoys a fine climate and equable temperature. Its population is about 50,000, and is rapidly increasing. The railway connecting the capital with Santos is forty-nine miles long. The line, after leaving the sea-port, traverses a marshy country till the foot of the mountain range is reached, when a succession of steps carries the train to the tableland. Four stationary engines draw the train up by an endless wire rope, a system both safe and smooth. The ropes are tested to bear a strain of fifty tons, while the weight drawn is but four tons; moreover, the ropes are constantly tested and often changed. The scenery along the route is magnificent, similar to that on the Petropolis Railway. The city is well laid out, clean, and adorned with several handsome public buildings; in importance it is a rival to Rio de Janeiro, and in all probability will one day surpass it. São Paulo was founded by the Jesuits in the seventeenth century. Many convents and monasteries are still to be seen, but are being absorbed by the Government for public buildings, the priests being either turned out of the country or allowed to die off. The suburbs are beautiful; on all sides are pretty "quintas" and gardens well stocked with tropical trees and flowers, as well as roses and other plants belonging to a colder clime.

Several fine rivers have their sources in this district, amongst them the Paraná. A sanatorium

has been started in the environs of the town, but at the time of our visit was feebly patronized.

I heard of some good shooting in the neighbourhood—Snipe, Duck, and Partridge—but we had no time to indulge in it. Tapirs and Carpinchos abound in the rivers, and shooting parties are organized to slaughter them; but I should fancy the sport would not be of a very high order.

The first port of importance to the northward of Rio de Janeiro is Bahia, or, as it is pompously called by the Portuguese, "Bahia-de-todos-os-Santos"—Bay of All Saints.

How fond the old explorers were of giving high-sounding religious names to their discoveries, as a set-off, I presume, to their subsequent proceedings, viz., a general massacre or gradual wiping out of the aborigines in the cause of religion! I apprehend the original inhabitants of the New World derived but little benefit from the Spanish conquest, and would have preferred to have been left alone without having religion forced upon them at the point of the sword.

The city of Bahia, the capital of the province of that name, was founded in the year 1549; it possesses many fine buildings—a marble cathedral, said to be the handsomest structure of its kind in Brazil, and the usual assortment of churches, palaces, colleges, hospitals, and banks, &c. In the aforementioned cathedral they claim to have the identical sword which Balaam wore when he was

addressed by the ass. It is related that some sceptic remarked that he was under the impression that Balaam never had a sword, but only wished for one; the priest was equal to the occasion, and explained that this was the sword he wished for.

The bay is in some respects superior even to Rio; it is sheltered from all winds except from the S.E. quarter, and is spacious enough to contain the navies of the world. A few tumble-down forts protect the town and roadstead, but are of no account against modern artillery. In general appearance the city and its surroundings, though not so grand as Rio, are quite as beautiful, and the foliage more varied in kind and colour. The houses are painted every variety of bright hues—blue, pink, and yellow prevailing, presenting, with the vivid greens of the foliage, a most pleasing appearance from the water. But, as usual in these countries, much of the romance is dispelled on landing, foul smells greet one at every step; the houses are of lofty dimensions, running up to several stories; the streets are narrow, ill-paved, and dirty.

A lift takes one from the lower town to the upper for a few cents. The ascent, though cheap, is decidedly nasty; for a few moments you sit or stand in a dark, crowded, and evil-smelling cage, enveloped in an odour combining the flavour of castor-oil with bouquet d'Afrique.

In this tropic clime all sorts of vegetation thrive luxuriantly; the cocoanut and the royal palm,

as well as many others, are present, and the wide-spreading mango-tree affords shelter from the burning rays of the sun. In November the bougainvillea, the poinsettia, and the frangipanni trees are in full bloom; but the gorgeous flamboyant does not display its beauties till midsummer, when it may be seen in all its glory.

A picturesque feature in the bay is the number of sailing craft scudding along before the fresh sea-breeze, under a cloud of canvas. The rig of these craft is most peculiar, and the build of them likewise. Most of them are a cross between a gondola and a Chinese junk, with high poop and forecastle; they are painted all sorts of gaudy colours, like a macaw, and all carry one or more huge sails, hoisted on to a long, thin, flexible mast, innocent of stays or any kind of support; but the mast, being of very tough wood, bends to the breeze instead of heeling the craft. These boats are well suited to the smooth waters of the bay; and, if bad weather comes, they can always seek shelter or anchor in any part of it.

The city is said to be healthy, no yellow fever having been known for many years prior to 1888, when it was prevalent all over Brazil.

There is a small but select and most hospitable English community, which possesses its club, cricket-ground, and church; but the bulk of trade is in German hands. The principal exports are sugar, coffee, tobacco, rum, cotton, and hides. The finest tobacco in Brazil is grown in the province, and

Bahia cigars are now exported to all parts of the world; they have not much flavour, but improve by keeping. On our first visit to Bahia it rained every day, so we formed a very poor opinion of the climate; but on the second occasion the weather was delightful, and certainly preferable to Rio. The sea-breeze is usually from the eastward, but veers according to the season; it drops at night, and is succeeded by the land-breeze.

Trade seems to be pretty brisk, judging by the number of steamers daily entering the port. I counted seven in one day, viz. one English, one American, three French, and two German.

There are many more blacks and mulattoes in Bahia than in Rio, and some of them appear to be possessed of considerable property. One fat old negress, who sat opposite to me in the tram, had no less than eight large diamond rings on her fat fingers, all real, besides diamond earrings, brooches, and bracelets.

Altogether we spent a very pleasant time at Bahia, and also enjoyed a little sport. Taking advantage of the courtesy of Mr. Mawson, the superintendent of the railway, two of us made an excursion some leagues into the interior, and, putting up at a ranch, we enjoyed some capital Snipe-shooting, bagging fifty-three Snipes in one evening and morning shooting. Both Large and Small Partridges are to be found, and Wild Fowl are numerous in the proper season. On this occasion the large marshes were

nearly dried up, and the ground was so dry that we unfortunately managed to set fire to a deserted cane-field, which burnt with great fury. The owner followed us on horseback, vowing vengeance; but, as we were in the middle of a swamp, where the horse could not reach us, he, after riding round, and using very bad language, finally left us. An excursion train left the terminus just before ours, crowded with negroes, who were going to spend their holiday in the country. These folks seem to have been of a festive, not to say sportive, character, for during this excursion no less than four murders were committed in the train, and the managing director was also shot in the leg with a bullet. The murderers returned from the sports in our train under a guard, but were not likely to be severely dealt with. After all, the only difference between a free fight in these countries and ours is that these people all carry knives, and use them freely, instead of fists; and, when the operation is confined to their own race, it is not altogether to be deplored.

The slave question has given the same trouble here as at Rio, the "faciendierios" bitterly complaining of the way they have been treated by the Government. In all sweeping measures of this sort private individuals must suffer; nevertheless, it was time that slavery was abolished. I heard of many atrocities committed, often by women in good position, calling themselves ladies. One creature of this kind, a Brazilian, used to send out a poor old

female slave to sell starch, and if she failed to dispose of her stock she was flogged; and, to give additional sting to the punishment, this fiend used to make the old woman's son do the flogging. The old slave is dead, but the owner still lives and flourishes in Bahia.

The blacks constitute three-fourths of the whole population of Bahia. Those slaves who were emancipated before the order was enforced consider themselves superior to those whose freedom was compulsory, and they are very free in expressing themselves to that effect. The Republican element is ripe in the province, the people justly complaining that they are taxed and drained to support Rio, and that they reap no benefit from the taxes.

There is a very curious complaint peculiar to the northern portion of Brazil, known by the name of "beri-beri," a kind of dropsy, which, if not taken in time, is fatal. A change of climate is indispensable. People long resident in the country are also sometimes afflicted with a disease called "filaria," a threadworm in the blood, but it does not appear to affect the health of the individual. Leprosy is common among the negro population.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Pernambuco and Fernando do Noronha.

Pernambuco the Venice of Brazil.—Description of the town.—The Recife.—Remarkable reef.—Trade in Pernambuco.—Scenery.—The city of Olinda.—The Priests.—Exports.—Sugar-estates.—Snakes.—Ants.—Law and order not regarded.—Railways.—Shooting expedition: a critical situation.—Sail for Fernando do Noronha, the Brazilian penal settlement.—Description of the island.—The 'Ardencaple.'—Gallant conduct of her Captain.—Return to the Plate.

Pernambuco has been termed the Venice of Brazil, owing to the town being intersected by water. It is divided into three portions by the winding of the river Capibaribe, the several parts being connected by bridges. The town has an evil reputation for unhealthiness, but, from my experience, is unjustly maligned. In former times, before the place was drained, it was certainly unhealthy, and, I believe, whole ships' crews have been wiped out by yellow fever; but now a different state of affairs exists. The town is well drained, and is one of the healthiest on the coast; the port also is thoroughly scoured by strong tides, and the shipping is remarkably healthy. I allude especially to the inner harbour, or Recife, the outer roads being merely a temporary anchorage. The inner harbour is formed

by a remarkable reef running parallel with the coast, and having a depth of from 10 to 30 feet inside. Ships drawing 21 feet can cross the bar without danger, and moor head and stern to the reef. This reef is of peculiar formation, extending for many miles along the coast; it is abrupt on the land side, and broken towards the sea, thus forming a natural breakwater, with a space of about 200 or 300 yards broad between it and the shore.

The general belief that this reef is made by the coral insect is erroneous, as it is composed of sandstone, consolidated by minute marine animals, without whose assistance the sandstone, hard though it be, would long ago have been worn away by the action of the sea; but these animalculæ, having served their purpose, have perished by exposure to sun and air, and their shells form a concrete, against which the waves have beaten for centuries in vain. The present appearance of this remarkable reef is that of brown stone, somewhat similar to the Tosca on the coast of Patagonia. One would suppose from its appearance that man had had a hand in its construction; but no number of men or amount of money could have built so solid a structure, to which Pernambuco is indebted for its prosperity, for without this reef it would have no port at all.

It is a pretty sight to see smart little clippers—many of them lovely models—luffing round the end of the reef, and fetching up to their berths, often

half a dozen at a time, keeping astern of one another, just stemming the tide and regulating their speed by the headmost vessel, making, shortening sail, and occasionally throwing all aback to keep clear of each other. In the days of the Baltimore clippers it used to be a point of honour to carry the main skysail till abreast of the Bund; some of them do it still, but full-rigged ships are scarce now, and the favourite rig is the barquentine.

Pernambuco is the third in importance of the cities of Brazil. Situated in 8° S., one would expect to find it hot, but a fresh sea-breeze blowing day and night moderates the temperature, and the port is certainly cooler than Rio or Bahia.

The town is fairly clean, and of late many improvements have taken place; extensive water-works have been erected some miles inland, and the city is now supplied with pure water. The business portion, called the Recife, is situated on a peninsula, where are the merchants' offices, banks, and consulates, &c. San Antonio, the middle district, is on an island between the peninsula and the mainland; and Boa-Vista is on the mainland proper. The merchants live at a short distance from the town in pretty country houses, embosomed in tropical verdure. They come in to their work as early as 7 A.M., returning usually about 4 P.M. In this way a great deal of business is got through, and some fine fortunes have been made; but the times are not so good as they used to be, owing partly to

the competition of German houses. The telegraph also has tended to reduce people to an equality, and smart strokes of business, such as once were the fashion, are no longer possible. In the palmy days of Pernambuco, before telephones and cablegrams were known, the merchants must have had an easy time, coming into town three or four days before the mail to transact business, and then going home to enjoy themselves, but now they must be in their offices all day to receive the latest prices from London, every house receiving at least two cablegrams a day.

Trade was said to be very bad when we were there; nevertheless, judging by the amount of both steam and sail shipping visiting the port, I should suppose it was not declining. A project is under consideration for improving the harbour by the formation of a breakwater outside the reef, so as to allow large steamers to lie alongside and discharge when they purpose remaining only a day or two, and do not wish to incur the expense of coming inside the reef. In the inner harbour, ships moor head and stern in tiers, with four anchors or warps, to the shore, and the local pilots are exceedingly expert in handling them.

The country in the neighbourhood is pretty, and the variety of palms charming; but the eye wearies of the everlasting green, the densely wooded hills and sluggish streams so common in Brazil and most tropical climates, and longs for the purple

heather and the foaming torrent of our northern latitudes.

In the matter of hospitality, Pernambuco is second to none, and at no place on the coast, nor, indeed, in any part of the world, do I remember such kindness as we experienced during our two visits there.

Some six miles eastward of the port is the picturesque tumble-down old city of Olinda, formerly the seat of Government, now a heap of churches in various stages of decay. The money that must have been squandered on these churches would have sufficed to rebuild the city; but instead of repairing a church they seem to have planted another alongside of it, and again a third close to the second, none of them ever being completed, but remaining a monument to the rapacity of the priests, who have drained and swindled this unfortunate country for their own benefit. Happily the power of these folk has passed, and at the present time no one notices or respects them. A ride to Olinda in the cool of the evening is most enjoyable, and the view from the heights whereon the city is built is very fine. In this latitude the cocoanut palm grows to a great height, and lives to a very great age. I was told that some trees were two hundred years old, but I should doubt it. Each tree is valued at 1 milreis per annum, about 2*s*. In the West Indies it is reckoned at a dollar, 4*s*. 2*d*.

The principal export from this province is sugar, and some of the finest in the world is grown here.

I rode over to see the factory of Itiuma, about twelve miles out from the city, and never have I seen an establishment so well kept, or machinery in such perfect order, as here. The place was scrupulously clean, and consequently there was an absence of flies—so disgusting a feature in most sugar-factories, where the ground is saturated with dirt and molasses. This factory was kept running day and night during the sugar season, the machinery being only stopped once a week to clean it. Mr. Watts, the manager, with two European overseers, did all the work required, and very hard it was, the latter having to be constantly on duty for fifteen hours at a stretch—a great deal too much for any man, especially in that climate.

The manager has also the additional excitement of the probability of being murdered sooner or later, for, according to an established custom among the Brazilians, if a man be discharged, he immediately "goes for" the manager. Mr. Watts's life has been frequently threatened, and at the time of our visit he was recovering from an attack that had been made upon him. Notwithstanding the care and attention bestowed upon this estate, it did not pay, although the raw material was excellent in quality and abundant in quantity; but, owing to competition in beetroot and the heavy bounties paid by foreign Governments, it seems impossible to produce sugar at the price at which it is retailed in England. On the road to the factory we passed the water-works

which have been erected to supply the town. The supply is from a mountain stream, as clear as crystal, falling into a natural basin, but thence to the town is a dead level, so the water drained away in former times and lost itself in swamps. To remedy this, a large reservoir has been built on the top of a hill 250 ft. high, and powerful pumps now carry the water up to this place, whence it is conveyed by pipes to the town.

The country a few miles inland is virgin forest, and, although the soil is good, it is probably of not much use for cultivation, owing to the labour of clearing away the heavy timber and dense undergrowth, consequently only the valleys are cultivated, sugar, cotton, and mandioca being the principal industries.

The forests swarm with Snakes and venomous insects. A man had been bitten by a snake a few days before our visit to the factory, but was about again. The remedy applied was to fill him with "caña" (new rum), 65° over proof, till he was dead drunk. This seems to be the best antidote for snake-bites. The Ants are as great a pest here as in other parts of Brazil, and people have been ruined by them, and forced to leave their holdings. There seems to be no way of getting rid of them, although hot water, vinegar, carbolic, arsenic, &c., have been tried with good results. The waters about Pernambuco abound with all kinds of fish, from Sharks to Sardines; Whales are also numerous, and

the natives chase them in canoes. The craft of the country is the "catamaran," on which a native leaves the harbour every morning, returning in the evening. These craft are of a very simple construction, being merely a few logs of very light wood secured together, with a seat for the steersman, and, in the larger sort, a sleeping place as well. They have one mast, carry a large sail, and, being fitted with a centre-board, seldom capsize. Long journeys are sometimes made in these frail craft, and it is not uncommon to meet them out of sight of land.

Law and order are not much regarded in Brazil, and there is but little protection for life and property, owing to the ease with which robbers and murderers can escape. A short time before our arrival at Pernambuco, an inspector of police was shot down and killed in a tramcar, in the presence of some English ladies; and, although the ruffian who committed the deed was well known, he was at large, and likely to remain so.

Should a foreigner take the law into his own hands, and kill his man, even in self-defence, he would certainly have to flee the country, so bitter is the hostility of the native against the foreign element.

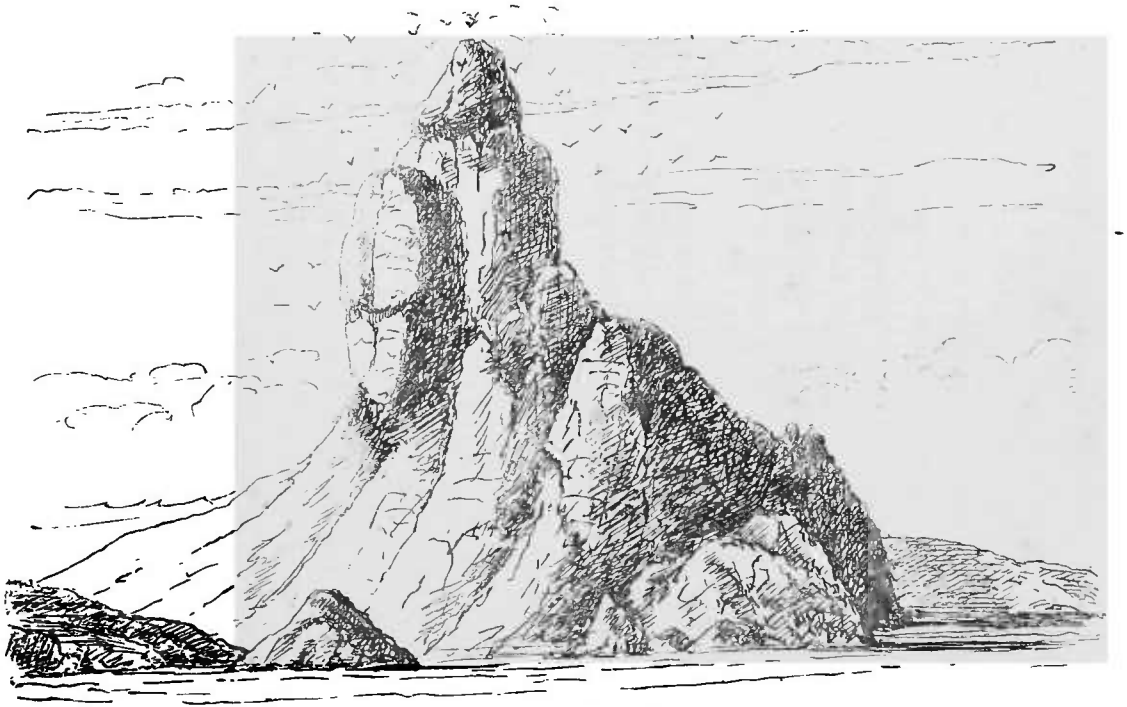
The total population of Pernambuco is about 200,000, and it may be regarded as a proof of the salubrity of the place that an English hospital which was started had to be closed for want of patients.

Three railways connect the various sugar and cotton districts with the port, and a line of steam tramways conveys the merchants to and from their country houses and their offices in the city.

In the month of November, 1888, we again visited Pernambuco, as I was desirous of arranging a little difficulty with the President of the Province relative to the detention of the registers of British ships, whereby much inconvenience frequently arose. This matter, which was of some commercial importance, being happily arranged, I was able to enjoy a day or two's shooting. By going about an hour's journey by rail from the town, some very fair Snipe-shooting can be obtained, two of us bagging fifty-one Snipes in a few hours. On another occasion we went to some swamps a few miles up the river to look for Duck, but had very poor sport. The expedition might have ended disastrously, for on our return to our boat we found her left high and dry by the tide, and we had to track her several miles through a creek. Whilst so employed, a large Pato Real, or Muscovy Duck, rose from the reeds; I gave it both barrels, and shortly afterwards my dog came back with the duck in its mouth. On reaching a bridge some way lower down, we were met by a party of infuriated and half-drunken negroes, who claimed the duck as their property. Of course, we declined to give it up; compliments passed in Spanish and Portuguese, stones were thrown, and one drunken vagabond waded out towards us with his knife.

Things were getting serious, as our boat was still aground, and we could only push her little by little; it was getting dark, and we were only three against fifty or sixty black fiends maddened with drink and an imaginary grievance. However, we stuck to the boat, standing up to our knees in water, and conveyed to the rascals that we should certainly account for half a dozen of them if they attempted to come to close quarters. By-and-by the mob dispersed, and we were enabled to make good our retreat, and reached the ship about midnight.

On leaving Pernambuco, we made a board to the northward, and after a pleasant sail of some forty hours under canvas we sighted the rugged peak of Fernando do Noronha ahead. This island lies right in the fairway of the outward-bound mail-steamers making for the Brazilian coast, and is generally sighted by them. It is used by the Brazilian Government as a penal settlement, and, at the time of our visit, 1470 criminals, mostly murderers, were residing there. A guard of seventy soldiers, under a governor, and a few officials are also stationed on the island. There is but little to interest the ordinary visitor; the anchorage is indifferent and the landing bad; supplies are not obtainable, but a small steamer brings over dried meat, sugar, tobacco, and flour for the use of the convicts. Excellent roads traverse the island in all directions, and discipline is rigidly enforced, every man standing bareheaded when the governor passes. The guard



Fernando do Noronha.

of seventy soldiers may seem insufficient for the number of convicts, but it is not so, as many of the older hands are allowed their liberty with the understanding that they assist to maintain order. These men have comfortable quarters, and have no wish to leave the island. There are but few trees of any size permitted to grow, to prevent the convicts using them for making rafts or boats, and thus escaping to the mainland; and no boats are allowed for the same reason. A few small catamarans are kept for the men to go fishing, but these are warranted to float only for a few hours. Notwithstanding these precautions, instances are known of men escaping to the mainland, a distance of 200 miles. On the south, or weather side, of the island there is a cocoanut plantation, and a few pigs and cattle find sustenance on the scanty herbage; in the rainy season the pasturage is said to be much better. Fernando do Noronha, being in the heart of the S.E. trade-wind, is cooler than any part on the mainland, the breeze blowing all through the night. A remarkable peak, 1000 feet high, forms a good landmark for making the island; on some views it overhangs its base considerably, and I should imagine it to be inaccessible. A beautiful English clipper ship, the 'Ardencaple,' was lying at anchor when we arrived, awaiting a crew and tug from England to navigate her home. She had been in collision with another English ship, the 'Earl of Wemyss,' 300 miles off the island, when the latter

went down with the captain's wife and family and some of the crew; the remainder climbed on board the 'Ardencaple,' which ship was much damaged, and was also in danger of foundering—so much so that on meeting with a homeward-bound vessel both crews deserted her, with the exception of the captain and mate, who nobly stuck to their ship, and safely navigated her to the island. By this heroic conduct a valuable ship and cargo were saved, and a large sum secured to the underwriters. It is to be hoped that they were suitably rewarded on their return to England some months afterwards.

From Fernando do Noronha we retraced our steps to the southward, calling at Pernambuco, Rio, and the Plate.

There is nothing to the northward of Cape San Roque to induce one to visit the ports along the coast as far as the mouths of the Amazon. The towns of Ceará, Maranham, and Pará are of increasing importance, and a large trade is carried on, especially at the two last named; but they are difficult of access, and a vessel of small steam-power would have some trouble in getting back to the southward against the prevailing winds and strong adverse current; consequently we never visited that part of the station, and by all accounts we did not lose much.

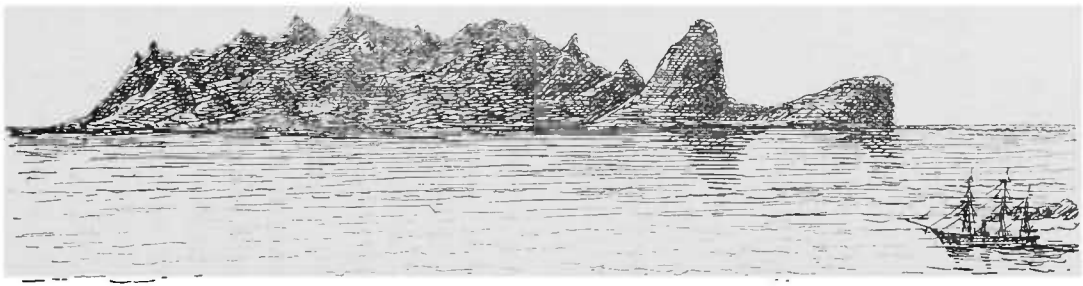
CHAPTER XXV.

A VISIT TO THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD, SOUTH ATLANTIC.

Homeward bound.—Visit to the Island of Trinidad.—Difficulty in landing.—Sea-birds.—Crabs.—We find water.—Barren nature of the island.—Unsuited for inhabitants.—We plant a record of our visit and sail for England.—Adventure with a Shark.—The race with U.S.S. 'Kearsarge' a draw.—Our Bag in the 'Ruby.'

MANY people who have read Mr. Knight's delightful book, 'The Cruise of the Falcon,' will remember his amusing and graphic description of his visit to the above-named island, which is not to be confused in any way with the large and lovely island of the same name in the West Indies.

The Trinidad visited by Mr. Knight is a small uninhabited island in the South Atlantic, is situated in lat. 20° S., long. 30° W. (approx.), and lies about equidistant from Rio de Janeiro and Bahia. If an equilateral triangle be placed on the map or chart having its base on a line joining those two places, the point of the triangle will rest very nearly on Trinidad. It had always been my wish, since reading Mr. Knight's book, to visit this wonderful island, and in the month of February, 1889, I was able to accomplish it. A short account of our visit and adventures there may be of interest, more especially



The Island of Trinidad, in the South Atlantic.

as Mr. Knight and his party have since gone to Trinidad in a yacht in the hope of discovering some hidden treasure supposed to exist on the island *.

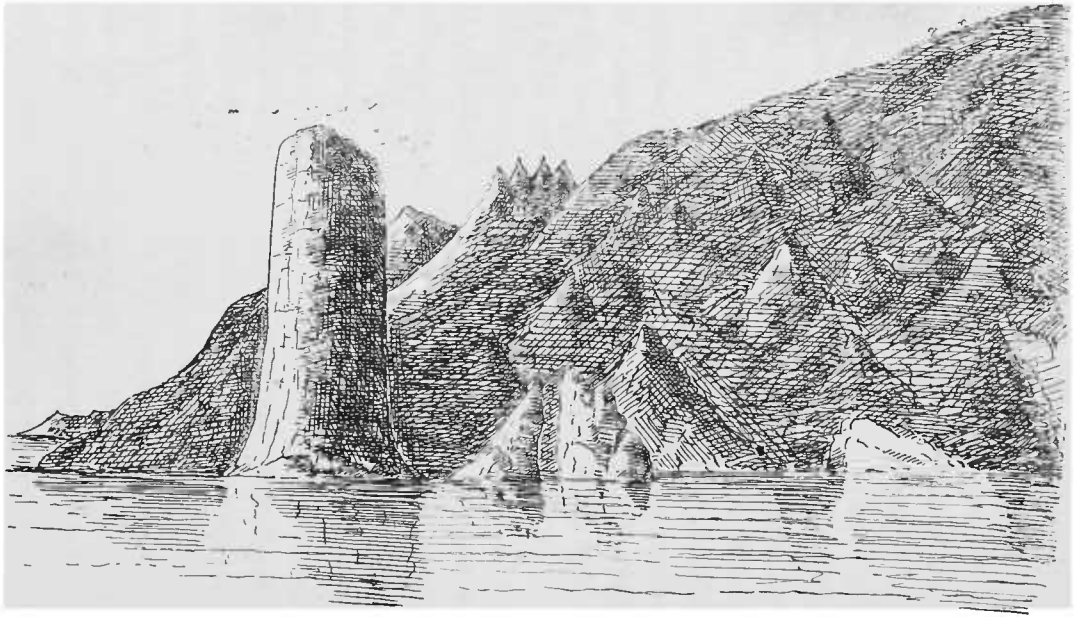
On February 14, 1889, H.M.S. 'Ruby' sailed from Monte Video for England, and on the same day the United States corvette 'Kearsarge' was also about to sail for New York. The two ships being about the same size, it was arranged to have a friendly match, the distance between Monte Video and Plymouth or Monte Video and New York being approximately the same. It was also agreed that both ships should sight the island of Trinidad, and that whichever reached the rendezvous first should erect a cairn to notify the same to the other. The 'Ruby' sighted the island on February 26, twelve days out, and hove to off the west side of it. The 'Kearsarge' was nowhere in sight, but, as we subsequently heard, arrived off the island the following day, she having also taken twelve days on the passage, as she did not leave Monte Video till the day after us. In a letter from New York, the Captain of the 'Kearsarge' remarks :—"We were twelve days to Trinidad. I looked carefully for traces of your occupation, but found none. The surf was very heavy in South-West Bay, and I think it would have been very difficult to land." The island is of volcanic formation,

* [As our readers are aware, Mr. Knight's party has explored the supposed hiding-place of the treasure, and discovered that there was nothing of the kind there, only traces of previous sojourners.—Ed. 'Land and Water.']

with lofty and inaccessible crags and frowning precipices, surrounded by formidable reefs, on which a heavy surf everlastingly breaks. On the south-west side are a grassy slope and a sandy bay, where landing may at times be practicable. Leaving the ship, in the galley, with the doctor and two other officers, we steered in towards this bay. Another boat accompanied us in case of accidents, whilst the ship lay to off the island, as there was no anchorage. As we neared the shore many sea-birds flew round us, screaming loudly, and refused to go away, although we knocked some of them over with our sticks. The sea looked tolerably calm as we approached the land, and we lay on our oars a few hundred yards from the beach before deciding to run the boat ashore. It was fortunate that we did so, for, happening to look seaward, we observed a mountainous roller making straight for the beach. The boat was at once pulled round to face the advancing billow, and breast it before it broke, which being successfully accomplished, we pulled out to seaward again. Had we been caught by this roller nothing could have saved us, as the boat would have been up-ended and smashed to pieces.

Coasting along the land to the northward we sought in vain for a landing-place, the heavy sea breaking on the jagged rocks prohibiting any such venture; but at last we observed a small rivulet trickling over the rocks, so we determined to land there, if it were possible. After several attempts,

and by carefully watching the rollers, we managed to veer the boat in from her anchor until we were within measurable distance of a ledge of rocks, when we jumped overboard, and partly swimming, and partly wading, we all managed to reach the shore, but not before the back-wash had carried us off our legs several times. The doctor was rolled over in the surf like a barrel, and nearly carried out to sea, reaching the beach much exhausted. One bluejacket was actually carried out seaward by the under-tow, but was picked up by the boat. Having scrambled up above high-water mark, we proceeded to make our cairn and examine the island. We found the shore covered with rank grass and pieces of timber which had been washed down from the mountain-tops by torrents in the rainy season. The water was sweet and pure, thereby disproving the statement recorded in the official sailing directions that there was "No water on the island." Crabs there were in thousands, horrid-looking creatures, of all colours—red, yellow, blue, and black—staring at us with protruding eyes; but, as regards their size, I was certainly disappointed, for, from my recollection of Mr. Knight's vivid description, I expected to see them as large as a soup-plate, whereas I should say their average size was that of a coffee-cup, and their legs in length about the diameter of a saucer. Sea-birds there were in plenty, but no other living thing. I had intended to introduce some rabbits and sheep on the island, but we had enough to do to land ourselves.



The Monument Rock, Island of Trinidad.

Having erected a cairn with a barrel and staff, surmounted with a flag, and a bottle containing the names of the officers of the 'Ruby,' and also placed a board, with the ship's name carved on it, in a conspicuous place, we scrambled over the rocks to the boat, and returned on board none the worse for our visit beyond a few cuts and bruises. Steaming round the North Point we had a look at the east side of the island, which appeared to be much more accessible than the west, the land sloping gradually to the water.

From my short experience of the island, I should be very sorry to be landed there, even with the very doubtful prospect of recovering the pirates' treasure!

Two attempts have been made to colonize Trinidad, once by English and once by Brazilians, but both failed, and, in my opinion, the island will never be of use to anyone.

The weather, both before reaching and after leaving the island, was beautifully fine, and the water so smooth that we speared several turtle basking on the surface. One day a shark was reported. The shark-hook was soon baited, and the brute hooked. Whilst playing him from the gangway I fired several shots at him from my Express rifle; one of these took effect on the snout, and the bullet split up on the point of the shark-hook, one piece slightly wounding a bluejacket, who was sitting on the hammock netting, many feet above the water. When

the shark was hauled on board it was found to have two sucking-fish adhering to it underneath by the back of their heads, foul, loathsome-looking creatures. One of these was swallowed by my dog, but promptly disgorged. As for the shark, it was dragged forward amid the execrations of the crew, cut up, and eaten. One man, the painter, gorged himself to such an extent that he had a fever, and very nearly died of it, but was consoled by the reflection that it was better for him to have gorged himself on the shark than for the shark to have made a meal of him. The ocean race resulted in a draw, both ships being exactly forty-seven days from port to port.

Our Bag in H.M.S. 'Ruby.'

Crested Partridges	194
Large Partridges (Martineta)	333
Small Partridges	6,185
Snipes	1,606
Ducks, Teal, and Wigeon	918
Wild Geese	1,001
Ostriches	12
Swans	28
Curlews	26
Large Pigeons	38
Bush Turkeys (Pavo del Monte)	10
Wild Cattle	11
Large Red Deer (Ciervo)	4
Camp Deer	56
Swamp Deer (Ghazu virá)	1
Guanacos	41
Patagonian Hares or Cavies	87
Common Hares	118
Rabbits	2,662
Wild Goats	2
Wild Sheep	1
Pigs	5
Carpinchos	8
Ant-bear	1
Aguará (Maned Fox)	1
Total	13,349

Various, *i. e.* Foxes, Skunks, Viscachás, Armadillos, and Alligators ..... } not counted.

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"There is much of interest in the observations of the people of the Congo and Aruwimi, and more still on the natural history of the Expedition. In the latter Mr. Jameson was specially interested, and the copious appendices will be appreciated by the naturalist. Mr. Jameson was also somewhat of an artist; and the very numerous sketches in the volume form a great attraction. There is a chart of the river from 'Stanley Falls to Kasongo.'"—*Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society.*

R. H. PORTER, 18 PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.