

LA PLATA, BRAZIL,  
AND  
PARAGUAY,  
DURING THE PRESENT WAR  
BY  
*COMMANDER A. J. KENNEDY, R.N.*

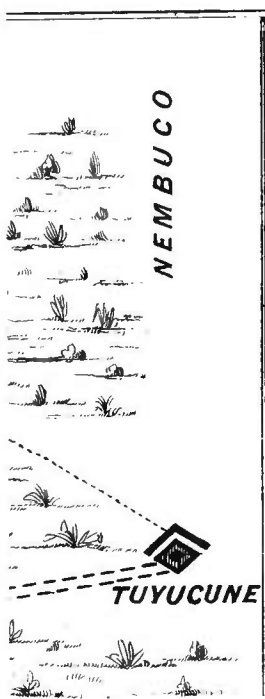
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COMMANDER A. J. KENNEDY, R.N.

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## PREFACE.

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THE following description of a trip up the rivers Parana and Uruguay has been taken from notes made while in command of H. M. gunboat *Spider* during her service on the South American station.

A sketch of the recent campaign in Paraguay up to the capture of Asuncion by the Brazilians has been introduced, as it was written before the present complete history of the Paraguayan war had been published; and as the information on the subject has been obtained from Brazilian sources, it was thought some points might still be of interest.

BLACKHEATH, *August*, 1869.



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# LA PLATA, AND THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.

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## CHAPTER I.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH SQUADRONS—APPOINTMENT TO H. M. GUN-BOAT "SPIDER"—INCIDENTS OF VOYAGE OUT IN PACKET—ARRIVAL AT MONTE VIDEO—THE STATE OF AFFAIRS THERE—URUGUAY—DESCRIPTION OF MONTE VIDEO, ITS SOCIETY AND PEOPLE, THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, ETC.

THE English naval squadron stationed on the south-east coast of America has for many years been kept at one large vessel (generally a frigate) as flag-ship, with a few small steamers and gunboats of lighter draught for river service. The French also maintain a similarly small force in that part of the world, but the apparent weakness of the two squadrons taken separately has been well counterbalanced by their invariable co-operation in time of difficulty; and this has perhaps enabled the respective admirals to effect more in dealing with the constant revolutions of the La Plata republics than they would have been able to accomplish with larger forces working separately.

Although no actual conflict between England and France and the forces of the La Plata republics has taken place since the "forcing the passage of

Obligado" in 1845, still on several occasions it has been necessary to land a combined force of seamen and marines to protect the mercantile interests during the disturbances consequent on a change of government; but here the moral effects of the union of England and France, supported by the personal respect in which the merchants of those two countries are held by the local governments, has always enabled the naval commanders to attain their object without coming to blows with the natives. The duties connected with the higher parts of the rivers on the station fall to the lot of the small craft; and this river service, at all times novel and exciting, had now received additional interest from the commencement of the war between Brazil and Paraguay which promised to offer an opportunity for visiting those comparatively little known countries, Paraguay and the northern provinces of the Argentine Confederation.

In July, 1865, having been appointed to H. M. gun-boat *Spider*, stationed on the south-east coast of America, I was ordered to take a passage in the packet of the 9th, and accordingly arrived on the morning of that day at the Southampton docks, ready to embark. The docks in Midsummer are not a bad preparation for a journey to the tropics; what with the glare of a fiercely hot sun, lighting up groups of Lascars, Chinamen, negroes, and creoles of all shades, unloading cargoes of cochineal, indigo, coffee, pineapples, oranges, &c., a very little imagination suffices to carry the thoughts to the Indies. The R. M. steamer *Douro* was to be our ship; and I found



a brother-officer who was going to join a ship on the South American station would share my cabin with me. We started the same afternoon, with a fine breeze in our favour, and soon passed the Needles on our way to Lisbon, which port we reached on the fourth day; from there we went to St. Vincent, where, after coaling, we again started across the ocean for Brazil.

Certainly, should the pampas of La Plata ever become fashionable, or form part of the enterprising Briton's grand tour, July can be recommended as a good month for starting from England. At that season the ocean (which forms such a considerable item in the journey) is on its best behaviour; and the pure summer breeze which reaches you on mid-ocean in the perfection of freshness is beyond description, and requires to be experienced to be appreciated.

We were now bowling merrily along under sail and steam some eleven knots an hour, putting up shoals of flying fish as we dashed through the long Atlantic swell. The passengers, of which there were more than an average number on board, were nearly all on deck, seated in those inevitable articles of steam-packet furniture, cane-bottomed easy chairs; the English portion of the community were armed with the regulation yellow-backed railway novel, the foreigners with their pamphlet-looking volumes of divers colours,—the French affecting pale green and pink, the Germans yellow and straw-colour. All were supposed to be reading, but in reality flirtations were

going on in almost every language under the sun, from broken English—which is still believed by many native possessors of that language to be the most intelligible medium for expressing the feelings to a foreigner—to Dutch. All were in the best of humours, particularly the Germans, who, fat, calm, and placid, were regarding the gentle blue waves with great satisfaction. One male German, a trifle superior to his countrymen and women on board in the matter of fatness, calmness, and placidity, was seated in a chair of suitable dimensions, which slid about as the ship heeled over without disturbing the equanimity of its occupant in the least, who sat still, speechless and happy, canoning against the people seated in his neighbourhood with a peaceful indifference as to the interruptions of several quiet little *têtes-à-tête* which were brought to an abrupt termination on encountering his onslaught, until at last a happy roll of the ship capsized him into the lee scuppers, where he had ample time to reflect on his situation.

There were several old travellers on board, who could be distinguished by their well-appointed easy chairs, with the owner's name neatly sewn on the back. These easy chairs are quite an institution on board packets; they are generally constructed in the same fashion, and are invariably the private property of the respective passengers; for the company sternly ignores easy seats of any description. As the old and wary traveller is to be distinguished by his possessing a comfortable chair, so the youthful and inexperienced beginner is to be marked by not having one

of his own, but by occupying his neighbour's, with evident approval of the idea, until requested to move.

Our voyage progressed favourably; in fact, the sea was as smooth as a lake the whole way across, and an open boat might have accompanied us with perfect safety. We arrived at Rio Janeiro on the 4th of August, and the following day started for Monte Video in the *Carmel*, the steamer which runs between Rio and Buenos Ayres, calling at Monte Video on her way, and reached the latter port on the 12th of the same month. The Admiral had just started for a cruise, intending to visit the parts of the station situated near the line during the cool season.

I found my gun-boat was anchored off the custom-house, and, after reporting my arrival to the senior officer, I went to look at her. She was small—very small; in fact she appeared to be all gun, the huge 100-pounder Armstrong towered over her bulwarks in such a disproportionate manner. Everybody wanted to hear the news from home: “When were the promotions coming out?” was of course the first question: but my budget of gossip was tame compared with the stirring time now commencing in the River Plate. I was told that the Argentines had joined Brazil and Uruguay, and an alliance had been formed, pledging themselves to overthrow Lopez at all hazards; that the Monte Videans were off to the war, and the foreign merchants would have it all to themselves, and expected to make “pots of money” during the ensuing operations, the port of Monte Video being

likely to form a base of supply for the army when the campaign commenced. The character of the Paraguayan Dictator appeared to be most impartially handled, one party calling him a savage beast, and the other pronouncing him to be a man of unquestioned talent and energy: one thing all agreed in—that he was likely to prove a difficult subject for the allies to manage. But opinion was again divided on the point of his policy in thus bringing all three powers on himself at once, as he had lately done in invading the Argentine territory. Persons who believed in Lopez said the alliance could never hold, and that Brazil would have to withdraw from want of money; others were certain that Lopez was already making arrangements to leave the country, and had sent away a considerable portion of his treasure. Certainly his policy, if he ever had any beyond lust of power (ambition is too respectable a term to apply), is difficult to understand. It must be supposed that, having embarked his all in soldiers and fortifications, he now wished to see the result of his speculation before getting too old to enjoy it. The ostensible cause of the rupture was jealousy of Brazil; for, while the Argentine Confederation and Banda Oriental have never made any pretension of keeping up a naval or military establishment, Brazil had always maintained a force sufficiently strong to perform the necessary duties on her extended frontier; and although her army had never been hitherto sufficiently increased to enable it to assume offensive operations, still it was a respectable force, and, as the late war

has shown, readily capable of enlargement. Paraguay, it was well known, had been for years arming, and while other countries in the neighbourhood had been applying their resources to the development of commerce, Lopez had absorbed the entire revenue of his republic in the establishment of a military power out of all proportion to the requirements of his country. Now was to be determined the question of the protectorate of the rich provinces south of Brazil and Paraguay : was it to be the amiable Lopez, who had lately given a specimen of his style of administration in his treatment of the inhabitants of Corrientes after overrunning their province ; or the Emperor of Brazil, who had given ample proof of his capacity as a ruler in the prosperous condition of his large empire, and the respect in which he was held by all classes of his people ?

The republic of Uruguay, or, as it is as commonly called, Banda Oriental, is bounded on the north by the Brazilian province of Rio Grande, and on the other sides by the ocean, La Plata, and river Uruguay. It contains an area of 73,000 square miles (the same as Paraguay) ; but while Paraguay has a population of 1,337,000, Uruguay has only 300,000. A considerable portion of these are foreigners, and exempt from military service ; consequently the force maintained by the state is only 2,500 men of all arms. At the commencement of the Paraguayan war these were by great exertion raised to 3,000 effectives, and under the command of General Venancio Flores, their gallant President, joined the

allied forces as the Oriental contingent. They were stationed in the vanguard of the army, and made up for their want of numbers by the most conspicuous gallantry, until, decimated by the constant fighting extending over a period of two years, the few survivors were incorporated in the Argentine divisions, and ceased to form a separate corps. The sad end of their brave and energetic leader, who perished by the hand of an assassin, excited universal pity and indignation. He was considered the most dashing cavalry officer of his day, and was always to be found in action where the fire was hottest. His second in command, Colonel Pallaja, who was equally celebrated as author and soldier, also lost his life in the service of his country; he was killed at Estero Bellaco: and, indeed, there were few families in Monte Video who had not cause to mourn the loss of some relative during the bloody campaign in Paraguay.

Monte Video, the chief town of the Republic, is built on the eastern side of a large bay. It is by far the most agreeable part of the east coast of South America; the climate is good, and temperate enough to admit of sharp exercise. The land gradually ascends from the shore to a height of 500 feet, giving a rather striking appearance to the town when viewed from the sea at the entrance of the bay. The houses are well built, generally two stories high, with azotea and mirador; the streets are arranged in squares, the Spanish fashion being retained in that as well as in many other points. On the opposite side of the bay, across the water, stands the Mount

from which both the town and bay take their names. The country in the vicinity is open grass-land, generally thin and scanty; where the soil is exposed, it shows fine light-coloured sand. The country-houses of the wealthy city merchants are dotted here and there, their surrounding gardens relieving the eye from the generally monotonous appearance of the district; farther down towards the beach are the large *saladero* establishments, which continue round the bay, until they are met by the wharves and warehouses of the city, while these latter are terminated at the south-east part of the town by the custom-house, a fine handsome building, with a large wooden shed in front, where the goods are placed temporarily on being landed from the shipping. The anchorage presents a wonderful scene of animation; flags of all nations are flying in countless numbers, and ships of all sizes are lying at their anchors, from the pretty little fruit schooner, which runs to Rio with apples and brings back oranges, to the huge iron-clad *Monadnock*, who, with a fleet of other men-of-war of all nations, is lying in the offing. The shallowness of water causes considerable inconvenience, for ships drawing only fourteen feet of water can scarcely approach within three miles of the custom-house; and even at that distance it is a common occurrence for them to be aground for weeks at a time. The Mount is the especial pride of the Monte Videans, and in spring (September) is very beautiful; it rises gracefully and quite alone, on the extreme point of the land, with a profusion of wild flowers covering it from the base to

the summit, their great variety of colours producing just before sunset (when the sun shines full on them) a most charming effect. Nor is the Mount ornamental only; the lighthouse and signal-station are placed on the top, and both by night and day form most important marks for navigating the river. The inhabitants of the town consider it resembles, if not equals, Naples in appearance and beauty. That must be, of course, a matter of opinion; but I fancy any strangers who have had an opportunity of comparing the respective cities will agree that Monte Video decidedly excels Naples in the matter of vile smells, which is saying a good deal, Naples itself not being the sweetest of places. Many a night have I spent in Monte Video Bay vainly trying to pacify my olfactory nerves by stuffing cotton up my nose and muffling up my head, until nearly suffocated. Quite useless! all one can do is to groan and curse the saladeros.

Monte Video has its Plaza, where the señoritas promenade after church, and the caballeros salute them from the side of the walks, it not being etiquette for gentlemen to join the ladies. The toilets are arranged according to the religious season of the year, and on particular fiestas are most gorgeous. The gentlemen, too, on Sundays are great swells, in Parisian ties and gloves, and London hats. The cathedral occupies one side of the Plaza, opposite the public offices. The theatre is a handsome building; and there are two clubs, one English, the other native. The principal street, called the Twenty-fifth May, has very fair shops in it, and of an evening is used



as a fashionable promenade, the amusement of shopping being varied by a stroll up to the Plaza where a military band plays. The scene about nine of a summer's evening is very pretty and amusing; the band playing, streets crowded with well-dressed people, cafés all lighted up, and the shops decked with their best goods, make a most effective tableau. After nine people go to the opera, or home, when they receive visitors, calls being usually made in the evening, when it is cool. Occasionally there is a good operatic company at Monte Video, but it always requires considerable support from the government to keep it up. There is a good-sized church, with an English clergyman (the Rev. Samuel Adams) for the large Protestant community. The church is built close to the ridge of a cliff overhanging the sea, on which, in south-easterly gales, the waves dash with great violence; it is to be feared that the foundations of the building will soon get undermined, for the bank on each side is rapidly giving way to the influence of the water. The Monte Videan government is jealous of foreign religious bodies, and it is said it suggested a short time ago that the English burial-ground, which is a handsome enclosure laid out with great care, should be handed over to the local authorities as a park for the people. This modest request was of course refused, considering the land was bought and paid for with English money. The proposal was considered rather as an insult offered by the Roman Catholic priests. Almost every European, nationally, is represented

at Monte Video; the large merchants and bankers are generally English or German, the shop-keepers French, and the country and market people natives, Italians, and Spaniards; the latter (principally from the Basque provinces) also are to be found amongst the nautical community in large numbers. The market is well worth visiting during the fruit season. Here you see the pomegranate by the side of a basket of cherries, pine-apples and peaches, strawberries and bananas, all having been raised in the open air; also vegetables of every variety. The flowers are handsome, but generally wanting in scent. The gardens are enclosed by hedges formed of the aloe, and a few of the quintas that have had any trouble taken in laying out their grounds show that tropical plants can be brought to perfection there as easily as European. In the immediate neighbourhood of Monte Video the sandy soil is much against flowers; it also partially destroys the flavour of the more delicate fruits. Pears and apples are particularly fine, and considerable numbers are sent up to Brazil during the season.

Society is divided into two sets, socially as well as politically, Blancos and Collorados. The Blancos are the old aristocratic, exclusive, conservative families. The Collorados are the new, go-ahead, unscrupulous, and most powerful party, and are now in office; Brazil, the protector, favours the latter party. The Blancos look with great distrust and jealousy on the Brazilian influence; this has been carefully fostered by Lopez, and has been one of the

ostensible causes of the war. There are many pleasant families, no doubt, on both sides, but the Blancos are the favourites in society. The lovely señoritas of the latter set, when seen in public, affect a charmingly pensive air, and their graceful figures are draped in black. When saluted by a passing caballero, they answer the bow by a sad and downcast movement, expressive of the fallen fortunes of their party. This would be only laid aside for a look of scorn when some person of the Colorado faction passed, and quickly resumed; until the evening, when, seated on sofas round a very, very dimly-lighted room, they received the friends of their family.

There is something inexpressibly enchanting in these darkened visits, where you cannot see any faces, and only know when you have come to your particular favourite by the gentle pressure of the hand and a slight movement of dress to make room for you by her side; and then, while some one, told off for the occasion, is drumming away on the piano, what pleasant minutes—hours—pass! It is astonishing how quickly a foreign language is learnt under these circumstances; and then, when the maté bowl is handed round, and the fair señorita, taking a little sip through the silver tube, gives it to you, what rapture! You receive it, taking advantage of the contact of hands to administer a gentle squeeze, and with an eloquent and impassioned look place the tube in your own mouth. Here, unless you happen to be copped inside your throat, your pleasure for the rest of the evening is over; the vile decoction

is red hot, and as bitter as gall! With one bound you dash at the nearest window or fireplace, and explode like a volcano, amidst shouts of laughter; for the ladies, sad as they look in the morning, can appreciate a joke in the evening very keenly. This maté trick has long been a standing joke, and a new-comer is invariably victimized.

During the heat of the summer the inhabitants retire to their quintas, where they can get the cool breezes from the country. When the flag-ship is at Monte Video, the Admiral lives on shore generally. In 1865 the Admiral's quinta was at Passo Molino, a pretty village and bridge about four miles from town, but it could be reached by boat within half a mile. Here the Admiral entertained the principal inhabitants of the town, and one met all the prettiest of the Monte Videan señoritas at his very pleasant *déjeûners*.

The principal amusement at Monte Video is riding; horses are very cheap and (if you look out sharply) good. Horsedealers are shy of giving any one a valuable horse at first unless they know he can ride, and is not likely to damage the animal; the best plan is to get a resident to go with you to the stables for the first time, then you have no difficulty. A vicious horse is more than usually inconvenient at Monte Video; for if you get thrown off and happen to alight on a hedge, the aloe thorns pierce you like a *cheval de frise* of bayonets. This is not at all unlikely to happen unless you are well up to the ways of the country, for the roads are infested with

savage curs of dogs, who start out at every turn, barking furiously, and the horse invariably shies; so, unless you have a steady hand on your animal, he goes into the opposite hedge directly, and you come out minus a coat-tail, or perhaps a pound or so of flesh. The roads in the vicinity of the town are also in a terrible condition, and there is no more painful sight than to see a team of oxen trying to drag a huge lumbering waggon, heavily laden, through one of these pantanos, with the mud above the axle of the wheel.

## CHAPTER II.

MONTE VIDEO—THE “ORIENTAL” HOTEL—ARRIVAL OF MAIL—  
ORDERED TO START FOR PARAGUAY—CROSSING THE “ORTIZ”—  
ARRIVAL AT BUENOS AYRES—MR. PARISH—QUALIFICATIONS FOR  
THE CONSULAR SERVICE—FLANAGAN AND HIS WIFE’S BURIAL—  
FUND MONEY—ARRANGEMENT WITH PILOT—JOURNEY UP THE  
PARANA—PASS OF OBLIGADO—ROSARIO—A DUST-STORM—SAN  
LORENZO—ANCHORAGE FOR THE NIGHT.

MONTE VIDEO, from its position at the mouth of the river, from its depth of water, and large wharfage accommodation, is the principal shipping port on the river. Large trains of mules and teams of oxen pour in during the season, laden with wool and hides, to be stored ready for the ships when they arrive; and wharf property is considered most valuable in the city. The depth of water is not sufficient to allow large vessels to lay alongside; but the storehouses and sheds for the dry hide and wool are very necessary and useful. When the ship arrives for her cargo, large flat-bottomed barges soon take it off.

The best hotel in the place is “The Oriental,” which has lately been rebuilt on a very large and ornamental scale. In 1866 the new building was finished outside, but was not ready for occupation inside. The old establishment was on a vastly different and inferior scale.

One day, towards the end of November (the winter having passed, and summer being well advanced), I had been dining with a couple of friends at the *table d'hôte* in the old building; and any one who recollects the dark stuffy apartment which rejoiced in the title of saloon in that venerable but dirty pile will easily understand our feelings when, after performing the necessary duty of eating greasy soup and tough fowl (the thermometer standing at 100°), we found ourselves seated round an open window upstairs, overlooking the bay, and enjoying a pleasant southerly breeze just then springing up. It had been an intensely hot day, but was now a charming November evening, the setting sun lighting up the shipping and, in the distance, the Mount with brilliant effect. Boats were darting about in all directions amongst the merchant ships in shore, while outside, some three miles off, were the men-of-war—English, Spanish, French, and Italian; in fact, the ensigns of nearly all the European powers were flying beside the American, North and South—altogether a very animated scene. We were very comfortable; our chairs were of the steam-packet pattern, and possibly might have been the silent witnesses of many an ocean secret. Our claret and cigars were very tolerable in quality, but their price was like that of all other imported goods in the country—absurdly dear. However, we thought nothing of that, and were only too thankful to be allowed to live at all, after the suffocating duty we had just performed at the *table d'hôte*.

“When is this gorgeous building to be finished?” asked C——, one of the individuals composing our party (alluding to the new hotel).

“My dear sir,” said H——, “don’t you know that the company are waiting until they can get Lopez to open it in person?”

“Lopez! Ah! a good idea; they’ll show him, *à la Barnum*—a drawing sort of thing, I should say. But what have we here?”—pointing to seaward.

We looked up, and saw two Brazilian transports, full of troops, coming in.

“That looks like business,” said I. “I suppose those men are going on to join the army at Corrientes. The Brazilians will advance at once now they are so strong.”

“Depend upon it,” said C——, who was an old resident in the country, “nothing will be done this year; money is being spent at a fabulous rate, and any amount of preparations are being made, but they won’t come on. The *Brazies no hay corazon*—they won’t fight, sir.”

“I should much like to see the fun up the river,” said I. “The Paraguayans appear to be plucky fellows.”

“Yes, plucky enough,” said H——; “but they are bloodthirsty ruffians, and Lopez, their leader, is the greatest villain of the whole. They have just retreated from Corrientes, after murdering the wretched country people, and plundering and burning everything they could lay hands on. However, I fancy their tether will soon be shortened. Two more iron-



clads are expected in a few days, and the allies are close up to Paso de la Patria."

"All very nice," said C——; "but what is the use of iron-clads and armies, if they won't come on and fight. By Jove, sir, it makes one's blood boil to see such waste of time and money."

Just at this moment one of H——'s clerks came in to say that the English mail had arrived, and that there would be an opportunity of sending letters up to Paraguay, as it was reported a man-of-war was to go up to Ascension immediately, to look after some British subjects whom Lopez was ill-treating.

"Why," said C——, "just the thing. Very likely your craft will be sent—she is light draught. Mind you let us know if you are ordered off, for I have some rather important letters for Ascension, which I should not like to trust to a stranger, and the regular postal authorities have an unpleasant knack of making themselves acquainted with the contents of one's despatches when sent through their hands."

We now separated to get our letters. I at once went off to the senior officer's ship to hear the news. The first thing I heard on getting on board was, "You are ordered up the river;" and on going down to the captain's cabin, found the admiral's orders were to start as soon as possible, after coaling and provisioning, for Paraguay, to protect British interests. This was just the trip I wanted, for one seldom had an opportunity of penetrating so far into the interior of the country as I should now probably be able to do. All was excitement. Coaling, provisioning,

letters, and parcels (for I was ordered to take a mail up, and any letters for the post-office at Ascension), all had to be done at once and at the same time. Directly we were ready, I weighed anchor, and started for Buenos Ayres, where a pilot was to join. The distance across is about one hundred miles. In the middle of the river there is a large sandbank—the “Ortiz.” This I had often crossed in smoother water, although only two feet of depth to spare; but now it came on to blow, and freshened rapidly into a heavy gale during the night, with a deep hollow sea. I thought it possible we might strike the bottom between the rollers, but was bound to go on, as even if we had hove to we must have drifted right over it. We had an anxious time; the sea breaking over us fore and aft, washing away our extra supply of coal which we had taken on deck. However, we got over safely, and anchored at Buenos Ayres the next day. The landing here is most awkward; small boats ground half a mile off the pier, and it is said that the river is getting still more shallow every day. The vessels waiting to load or unload cargo are, many of them, anchored quite out of sight from the town. We managed to get within about a mile and a half of the place, and, as time was important, I at once went to see the secretary of legation (the English Minister being away) and consul, to inform them of my expedition, and ask them to let the Argentine and Brazilian authorities know of it, as I should have to pass the blockading fleet in the Parana. The pilot, a’so, had to be found and en-

gaged. This, Mr. Pakenham, our secretary of legation, very kindly assisted me in; he had been up to Paraguay himself in the beginning of the year, and now recommended the pilot who had been then employed by the commander of the ship that took him up. After some little delay amongst the houses of the seafaring population, we found our friend in a *posada*, and told him what we wanted; he appeared glad enough to accept, so we desired him to come to the consul's office at ten the following morning, to have the terms ratified.

Our consul at Buenos Ayres, Mr. Parish, is well known, and respected for his great kindness to all who have business to transact with him; the name is also familiar to those who have visited that part of South America, from his father, the late Sir Woodbine Parish, having held the post of *chargé d'affaires* at Buenos Ayres for many years, and during a very stormy period in the history of the Argentine Confederation. The consulate offices occupy a portion of a large house near the banks of the river, and at ten next morning I found the pilot waiting in an ante-room ready to arrange the terms of the pilotage question. I passed on to an inner room, where I found Mr. Parish conversing with three merchant skippers, in three different languages, the skippers in a violent state of excitement, and looking at each other with an anything but amiable expression of physiognomy. However, Mr. Parish appeared to have them well in hand, sitting at his writing desk, calmly and pleasantly arranging their difficulty for

them, interpreting, explaining, in their various languages as fluently as if he were speaking English. As I entered he pointed to the stormy discussion going on, and asked me to sit down for a few minutes. I have often wondered what are the especial qualifications necessary in the consular service; certainly temper and command of countenance; languages also, with great fluency of speech, appear to be vital points; and, no doubt, there are many others of equal importance.

To give an idea of the variety of cases the consul has to settle. While I was sitting in the office, waiting for my pilotage question to come on, I suddenly heard a voice exclaim in the ante-room:

“As foine a coffin and an eligant suit of mourning as the eye of man——”

Then came sounds of some one being violently ejected into the street. A short time after this a clerk came in, and said to Mr. Parish, “There’s Flanagan been here again, sir, about his wife’s burial-fund money. The agents won’t give it to him; they say he is always drunk. He wants to see you about it.”

“Is he sober now?”

“Yes, sir, he is all right now.”

“Well, send him in.”

The clerk went out, and presently returned with a great lumbering Irishman, sobbing violently into a large yellow handkerchief.

“Well, my man, what is the matter? What do you want?”

“Och, yer honour! (*sob*) me poor wife!” (*sob.*)

“Yes, yes; we know your wife is dead. But what do you come to me for?”

“It’s the burial fund, yer honour. Shure an’ the agints won’t give it to me. I’m crazy with grief meself, and me eye hasn’t been dry these three days; but if as eligant a coffin and crape at two-and-six a yard——”

“Well, you know the agents of the fund say that you are an incorrigible drunkard, and if you get the money you will spend it all in drink, and the body will be thrown on their hands. You know the government hold them responsible.”

“Me, yer honour! Me drunk! See here; I’ll take me oath——”

“Now, it is impossible that my time can be taken up any longer by this affair. I’ll tell you what I’ll do. The agents’ secretary will be here this afternoon, and I will ask him to divide the money between you and your wife’s relations; they will take care she is decently buried. So you may go for the money to-morrow at eleven, and most likely you will get your share.”

“The dirty spalpeens!” (alluding to his wife’s relations). “I thought it was them.”

*Exit* Pat, grumbling about “the boys not having enough for a dacent wake.”

I laughed heartily as he went away, and said, “I had no idea the consul’s duties extended so far into the social affairs of life.”

“Oh, yes,” said Mr. Parish; “they come to me

for everything. The Irish are particularly troublesome. They come out, and go into service. Wages are good, so they soon save enough to start by themselves. Then they go all adrift, and are constantly in hot water. However, we had better see your pilot."

So he was sent in; and it was arranged that, in consideration of receiving just about double the amount of pay I got myself, he would pilot us up the rivers Parana, Paraguay, or any of their branches deep enough to admit the ship. And he would also remain on board as long as his services were required.

We started from Buenos Ayres the beginning of December, and as coal was not to be procured higher up the river than Rosario, that was to be our final coaling station. We, however, took in as much as possible at Buenos Ayres, including a deck cargo, to our great discomfort. But as the hot weather was now increasing rapidly, we did not expect much pleasure for the next three weeks, while steam was up. The morning after our departure we arrived at the island of Martin Garcia. Here an official came to demand our errand, which being satisfactorily explained, we were permitted to proceed. This island used to be of considerable importance, standing as it does at the point of junction of the two large rivers, Parana and Uruquay; but now the fortifications have been allowed to fall to ruin, and the garrison have been required to fill up the chasms made in the Argentine ranks by the Paraguayan

War. Shortly afterwards we entered the Parana. This river, the second in point of magnitude in the South American continent, rises in the Brazilian province of Goyaz, and issues from a mountain gorge by the cataract of Parana, near the town of Guayra. Here the waters of the river dash over rapids twelve leagues in extent, descending with great violence through walls of rock, often overhanging, until they reach the great plains, situated between the province of Rio Grande and the republic of Paraguay. Here they are joined at Tres Bocas by the River Paraguay, a stream which, with its tributaries the Pilcomayo and Vermejo, at this point assumes a magnitude little short of the Parana itself. These streams now flow on together, until at Martin Garcia, a distance of eight hundred miles, they are joined by the Uruguay, where the united streams form the noble estuary of the Rio de la Plata, and join the ocean at Maldonado. On entering the Parana by the Guazu Channel, one is struck with a feeling of disappointment at its narrow and common-place appearance; the banks are low, and an interminable jungle extends as far as the eye can reach; but as you advance beyond the delta, the truly magnificent proportions of the stream begin to unfold themselves. Lofty cliffs, with a fine open country extending away to the interior, are seen; while on the southern or Argentine shore, handsome country villas are frequently passed. Now the river rapidly widens, in parts to a space of two miles across; again you glide into a narrow channel between the numerous islands,

to emerge (after crossing a dangerous pass) on the broad open river once more. This now appears to increase in volume and width the further you get from the sea, until at Corrientes, 750 miles from the mouth, the stream presents a view not unlike the Solent at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight.

On ascending the river, the first point of interest met with is on the southern bank, at the Pass of Obligado, 125 miles from Buenos Ayres; here the current runs swiftly through a narrow channel, having cliffs of from eighty to a hundred feet high on the right or south bank, and jungle on the left. This was the scene of Commodore Hotham's action, in November, 1845.

Further on is the town of San Nicholas, also situated on the right or Buenos Ayrean side of the river, and beyond this, again, at a distance of 230 miles from Buenos Ayres, stands the city of Rosario, built on the side and summit of a range of sandy cliffs, some five hundred feet in height, which, on the part where the town is placed, rise with a certain amount of slope, but on both flanks are quite perpendicular, with deep water close to. This latter circumstance is taken advantage of by the merchants, who are able to get their ships alongside, and discharge cargo on galleries cut out of the face of the rock, from whence it is hoisted to the summit by derricks and pulleys. The town is well built, and of a considerable size. Two of the principal streets are handsomely furnished with shops, which in the afternoon generally have numbers of carriages at



their doors with ladies shopping. The cafés also are numerous, and always well filled of an evening. The country in the vicinity of the town is flat, sandy, and uninteresting; the general want of cultivation gives it a bare and unfinished appearance; it, however, has every advantage in its favour, for the soil, although sandy, is well adapted for growing maize, and the roads are excellent.

Rosario is the principal *dépôt* of the Central Argentine Railway, which line runs from here a distance of 158 miles, to Villa Nueva, and is being rapidly completed to Cordova, a beautiful town on the banks of a stream at the foot of the Andes, and about ninety miles further on. At this latter place the rich produce of the surrounding country is collected and sent on to Rosario, whence it is shipped down the river, the depth of water as far as this port, and the absence of those shallow passes which so obstruct the navigation of the river above Rosario, rendering the port most valuable as a shipping *dépôt*.

The fine sandy dust which prevails everywhere about the country is most disagreeable. The day before we left Rosario we experienced the inconvenience of a dust-storm in its most annoying form. I had taken the gunboat alongside a collier (which was discharging cargo in the peculiar manner before-mentioned, of throwing it out on to the side of the cliff), and we had just finished coaling, when it came on to blow a *pampero*, and in a moment the dust was so thick and blinding that nothing could be seen;

after the wind had ceased, the rain came down in a perfect deluge, and turned the thick coating of dust which covered us, as well as the ship (and which we had not time to remove), into a sort of cement. The effect, on looking at each other, was most ludicrous; we were completely cased in mud armour, and it took a considerable time to get rid of our strange panoply. Having stowed away as much coal as possible, both on deck and below (for this was our last chance), we started up the river against a strong current, over two miles an hour, even in shore, when the pilot steered the ship. We considered forty miles a very good day's work, steaming and sailing steadily, during the hours of daylight. The river packets go on at night, but they carry two pilots, and the work is extremely hard, the utmost attention being required to notice any change in the position of the numerous shifting sandbanks. We took five days and a half getting to Rosario from the mouth of the river, and during that time frequently had strong breezes in our favour. After leaving Rosario, we passed a long reach of low swampy land, which extended for twenty miles. But about sunset we came to one of the most beautiful views on the river. On steaming out of a narrow passage between two islands, we suddenly saw a broad open expanse of water in our front with tall white chalk cliffs on the left hand, extending far away up the river, until they were lost to view. A few miles distant was the convent and village of San Lorenzo: a handsome group of buildings, the tower

of the church showing out boldly against a brilliant background of sunset sky, rendered all the more striking by the total absence of any trees in the neighbourhood. The sisters and nuns were taking their evening promenade on the edge of the cliffs as we passed close under, and graciously returned our salute, when we took off our caps to them, by waving handkerchiefs, which was kept up until we were out of sight,—quite a picturesque scene.

We passed along these ranges of cliffs, and soon dashed into a dark narrow passage between swampy islands, infested with alligators, snakes, and all sorts of villainous reptiles, and, as night was now approaching, we looked out for a convenient place to anchor until the morning. The most important point in selecting a river anchorage (where the foliage is so dense) is to secure a position where some slight opening in the surrounding woods allows a draught of air to approach, and blow away the mosquitoes, which literally swarm in myriads, and are a most intolerable nuisance. Already we had several men on the sick list from their bites, which produced a most painful swelling, and altered the personal appearance of the individual bitten so much that his best friend would not know him. It would be more pleasant to anchor at night in the middle of the stream; but in addition to the great depth of water and strong current, it would be attended with the danger of being run down by the vessels navigating at night; for now the allied armies were marching on Corrientes, all supplies were sent up to that

port, and the passage of transports and store ships was now constant. We dropped our anchor in the most open spot we could find, about twenty yards from the bank, in four-fathom water, and tried to go to sleep, amidst a humming and croaking from the insect world enough to awaken the seven sleepers.

## CHAPTER III.

DANGERS OF NAVIGATING THE PARANA—STRIKING A SANDBANK—LA PAZ—SCENE OF NAVAL ACTION BETWEEN BRAZILIANS AND PARAGUAYANS—CRUELTY OF THE PARAGUAYANS DURING THE CAMPAIGN IN CORRIENTES—PREPARATIONS FOR ENGAGEMENT—ALARM OF RESIDENTS—STRENGTH OF BRAZILIAN FLEET—BRILLIANT AFFAIR AT THE “PASS OF CUEVOS”—VISIT TO THE BRAZILIAN COMMODORE—DETAINED AT CORRIENTES—TAKING THE EVENING BATH—THE CORRIENTINOS—THE TOWN—INCIDENT IN A CAFE.

THE principal danger attending the navigation of the Parana is the uncertainty of the position of the numerous sandbanks, which have no fixed point, but are continually shifting about, so that the channel of the river may be on one side in the beginning of the year, and on the other side the latter part.

The pilots judge principally by the eye, standing well up in the rigging, where they can see the discoloured water, which has a much lighter appearance over the banks than in the main channel, although everywhere the water is thick with mud. The survey of the river made by Captain Sullivan in H.M.S. *Philomel* is most valuable in pointing out the probable locality of the more difficult passes, but is not to be depended upon for taking one through from the cause before mentioned.

Our passage hitherto had been prosperous; we had passed sandbanks innumerable, and had seen num-

bers of vessels hard and fast aground, waiting for the river to grow. The periodical rise of the Parana commences in December and continues until April, the depth of water sometimes increasing as much as three fathoms; it then falls again until the end of July. The remainder of the year is uncertain, and the alteration slight, the river keeping a medium depth. A vessel getting aground with a falling river is placed in a very awkward position; for, unless she is well manned and has large anchors and cables, and these are promptly used, she is left high and dry for some three or four months. We saw numbers of merchant ships so circumstanced, the portion of the crew left to take care of them quietly waiting for the river to rise. Our own good fortune deserted us at last, for one fine morning we were steaming along and had just opened out a reach of the river (the pilot was at the foremasthead conning the ship), when up we went on a sandbank. The ship must have run into a *cul de sac*, for the current, which was running at least four knots an hour, set us bodily down, but only to place us more firmly on the bank. The engines had been promptly stopped, and as we had been talking about the fate of vessels running ashore on a falling river only a short time before, the alternative was painfully apparent to us. Every one worked with a will—anchors laid out, weights shifted—all to no purpose; in a very short time our stern was embedded in the bank as well as the rest of the ship; so there was nothing for it but to clear everything out, and land it on the beach. This

was no joke, for we only had two small gigs in the shape of boats, and the beach was half a mile off, with a current of four knots running down the river. However, there was no time for consideration, so we set to work night and day, and, to our intense gratification, after landing all the coal, off she came with a jerk, the current sweeping her down so swiftly that if we had not been ready with an extra anchor we should have been carried on to another bank astern. It was a great relief getting away from this place, for on an adjoining bank was to be seen the remains of a fine large brig that had run ashore some time before, and had got filled with sand and was now a wreck, the weight having broken her back.

We embarked our stores again and started off, but as we were all thoroughly fagged out, we selected an open place clear of mosquitoes and anchored for the night, when, after getting rid of some of the accumulation of coal-dust, the men were soon asleep. The sailors enjoy the unlimited supply of fresh water which they get in this river cruising, and are never tired of washing the ship, themselves, or their clothes. When they are on salt water, of course the supply of fresh is limited. At Monte Video, although it is considerably inside the mouth of the river, the water is salt, except occasionally when the river is very full; then it suffices for washing purposes.

Our accident made the pilot very cautious. He told us when last he was up the river (three months before) the main channel ran right through where the bank at present was. We were now near La Paz, and

the windings of the river were most tortuous. The water was rather low, and frequently we had to send a boat ahead to sound, the ship following carefully in her wake. The pilot had an ingenious method of running the vessel quietly up against a sandbank when he was not exactly certain of its position, on purpose to ascertain its precise locality. He did this several times, not bumping hard enough to do any damage, but still quite sufficiently near danger to make it unpleasantly exciting. I objected to this after a short time, as being too hazardous, and sent him ahead in a boat.

The merchant vessels which trade on this river are invariably supplied with a good large boat for laying out a bower anchor, and at least two deck-tackles of heavy purchase, ready for heaving the ship off, if she should ground on a bank. Even in small schooners I noticed tackles out of all proportion to their size, which could not have been used for any other purpose but heaving off the shore.

We were now getting more than half-way on our journey. We had passed Santa Fé on the right bank of the river and Parana on the left, both considerable towns; the former is the chief town of the province bearing the same name, the latter is in Entre Rios. We saw here two steamers laden with coal for the Brazilian fleet at Corrientes, and a fine large transport full of troops going to join the army. The transport had been a blockade-runner during the American war. The Brazilians employed a great number of them, and Rio was considered a



safe market at that time for anything in the shape of a blockade-runner. They were found to be particularly useful in the river, from their light draught of water and powerful engines, which enabled them to keep up their speed against the strong current. Many of these vessels were commanded by Englishmen, and the engineers were invariably English. Their crews were a mixture of all nations, but the money they were paid with was always the same—English sovereigns. So, as the Brazilians bought steamers, stores, provisions, and hired men with English money, it may be said that England has had no slight influence on the issue of the war. I have not yet heard any estimate of the probable expenses of the campaign, which is now in its fifth year, but, from the distance everything has to be transported, and the great waste of life by sword and sickness, it may be expected to startle those concerned when it is known.

We were now approaching the scene of the naval action of June, 1865, between the Brazilians and Argentines and the Paraguayan fleet and shore batteries. The allied fleet was lying at anchor off the Riachuelo in Corrientes (which was in the hands of the Paraguayans), and fully prepared for an attack—fires banked, boarding-nettings up, and guns cast loose—when the Paraguayan fleet, some dozen steamers, towing a number of chatas, all crowded with troops, suddenly appeared coming round a bend in the river full speed before a four-knot current. They dashed alongside the allied ships, and

a desperate boarding action took place. The attack was so sudden and fierce that at first the allies were decidedly getting the worst of it, but at last their ships got under weigh and steamed to each other's assistance, running down the chatas and small Paraguayan steamers, who were ill able to cope with such powerful adversaries, and causing great slaughter amongst the Paraguayan troops, numbers of whom were drowned when the chatas sank, the rapid current whirling them away in a moment. In the mean time the Paraguayan shore-batteries were not idle. They brought guns close down to the water's edge, and did considerable damage to the allies. A Brazilian corvette, while making a circle preparatory to ramming a Paraguayan steamer, ran full speed on to a sandbank, and was lost. The Paraguayans retreated after a loss of five steamers (two of them mere launches) and several chatas. Their loss in men must have been very great, from the number drowned. The allied loss was also considerable. The Paraguayans, in their desperation while boarding, would frequently drag their adversary overboard with them, when both would be lost.

The Paraguayans had established the reputation of being devils incarnate when their blood was up, and the raw Brazilian levies (principally Negroes) had a wholesome dread of them. A strong body of marines or soldiers were stationed in each ship to keep the new hands up to their work. Every one spoke of the pluck of the Paraguayans, but also of their savage cruelty. At one part of the river

we were pointed out an estancia, with the house and outbuildings, partially burnt, and the country for miles round white with the bleached bones of cattle slaughtered in sheer wantonness by them during their recent occupation of the province. This was near Bella Vista. The owner of the estancia assured me he was only one of many sufferers. His name was Scott, and he described the scene at his house. A detachment of the Paraguayan army, under command of an officer, marched up to the door, and after speaking to him a few words, which he did not understand, dragged him off and put him in irons; the men then dispersed over the estate, destroying everything they could lay hands on; they murdered the capataz and two servants (one a woman), and mutilated their bodies. The house and farm stock of implements were burnt, and the cattle slaughtered. Mr. Scott had fortunately sent his wife and children away some time before, but he was in imminent danger of losing his own life for several days; he attributes his safety to the fact of his being English, which he took care to let them know. At an adjoining estate, a Mr. Gannon was stabbed in five places, and left for dead; two women servants, after being subjected to the most abominable outrage, had their throats cut. In short, the description of the Paraguayan campaign in Corrientes reads like an incursion of devils, for there was no opposition, no fighting, to excite their fury; all was done in cold blood, under Lopez' immediate and personal command. He will have a deal to answer for, if the

allies capture him. His defenders (for, curiously enough, he has some), say that at head-quarters his troops were fairly disciplined and well in hand. It was the inferior officers, with separate commands, who did all the mischief; and they were aggravated by the farmers on the river-bank furnishing the Brazilian fleet with provisions. However, the feeling was so bitter against him 'that his life would not have been worth many minutes' purchase at that time in the hands of the natives.

We were now steaming along the dense woods of the Grand Chaco, which extend along the right bank of the Parana and Paraguay far away inland an immense distance. The region is quite unexplored, and only inhabited by tribes of Indians, savage and at deadly enmity with the provinces round them. The woods abound with game and wild beasts, the Indians occasionally bringing in very handsome skins and feathers for sale. We saw large flocks of geese and ducks flying inland, and one afternoon a fine specimen of the puma tribe, which the natives call tigers, came down to the river-side to drink, just as we were passing. He did not notice us at first, but before we could get a rifle ready, he had bounded into the jungle.

Corrientes now appeared in sight; we could see the church steeples over a point of land, and flags were flying in all directions; evidently some grand occasion. On rounding the point, the whole scene opened out very effectively. The allied fleets and a crowd of transports were at anchor in the middle of

the river, opposite the town, and all dressed with flags in honour of the Emperor of Brazil's birthday. The river here, over seven hundred miles from the sea, is as broad as the Solent between Calshot and the Isle of Wight, and has a truly noble beauty peculiar to itself. The town is on the left bank, and is slightly elevated in site. Custom-house Point stands out conspicuously, with a small battery and flagstaff on it, and with another point further up forms a sort of bay, where the small craft anchor close on to the beach. We steamed up through the fleet, and anchored near the Brazilian admiral, for I wished to see him before going any further. As the anchor dropped, the masthead ensigns were hoisted in honour of the occasion, and at the same time the officer of the guard came on board to pay the usual compliments, and thank us for recognizing the Emperor's birthday. It was rather late to pay my respects to the Admiral, so I desired the officer of the guard to say I would call in the morning.

The Paraguayans were expected to be getting fire-ships ready to attack the allies, and the officer of the guard said they were in nightly expectation of an attack; half the crew remained at quarters with guns cast loose all night, boarding-nettings were triced up, boats rowing guard, and every precaution taken to prevent surprise. We asked where the army was. He said they were amusing themselves somewhere about the province, but did not know exactly where, and considered it a great reproach that they did not advance quicker; the

fleet were all ready, and anxious to go on. The Captain of the Port now arrived. He told us the troops were about forty miles off, and were obliged to move slowly in consequence of sickness amongst the men, who were nearly all young soldiers on their first march, and the General was anxious to get them up to Paso de la Patria in good condition, when they did reach it, ready for crossing ; but they were not expected before Christmas.

There was a considerable garrison at Corrientes, composed chiefly of Argentine troops, including a regiment of Corrientino cavalry, but not of sufficient strength to resist the Paraguayans if they came across the river again in force ; but this was not considered probable, as they were seen to be making earthworks and other preparations for resisting the allies when they tried to cross into Paraguay. Yet the townspeople, merchants, and others were in a terrible state of alarm, making arrangements for a retreat every time they heard a gun go off on the Paraguayan side of the river, which often happened when they were exercising their men firing at a mark.

Soon after we arrived, one of the English residents came on board. He expressed the greatest delight at seeing the flag again, and said he had not had a single night's rest during its absence. The Paraguayans had committed all sorts of villanies during their occupation of the town, and he considered it a miracle that he was alive to tell the tale.

He was a small man, and had been more frightened than hurt ; for a considerable time he had been obliged to take a loaded rifle to bed with him, ready for an emergency, to the great inconvenience of his wife ; and, altogether, he appeared to take a very dismal view of affairs. I asked him why he did not take his wife down to Buenos Ayres, out of the way, and stay there with her until the fighting was over ; but he did not like the idea. He preferred remaining, and have a grievance to write to the Consul about, and a man-of-war to protect him. There were several Englishmen at Asuncion similarly circumstanced, who preferred running the risk of getting murdered, in addition to losing their property, instead of making a sacrifice and leaving the country. Of course, these few individuals cause as much correspondence and misunderstanding as a whole nation, because the general principle is involved. However, I comforted my friend, and told him a boat should be in readiness to bring him on board directly the Paraguayans made their appearance, night or day. I must say I admired his pluck in hanging on to his goods ; and certainly his virtue has been rewarded, for no doubt he has now made a very good thing of it : Corrientes being the base of operations, articles of clothing and other English goods commanded any price, and were eagerly sought for by the soldiers of the allied armies.

Viscount Tamandare was in command of the Brazilian fleet, which consisted of the following ships :—

Name.	Guns.	H. P.	Seamen.	Marines.
Itahy.....	6	100	86	17
Mearim.....	8	100	120	17
Mage.....	8	120	120	20
Berberibe...	8	130	140	22
Iquatary....	6	100	86	17
Ypiranga....	6	100	86	17
Araquahy...	6	100	86	17
Maracana...	2	80	75	15
Taquary.....	6	80	86	17

The admiral, who was a most distinguished officer, and had served with Admiral Grenfell when he commanded the Brazilian navy, was not present with the fleet, having been summoned to Buenos Ayres, in order to concert measures for supplying his fleet, during the forthcoming campaign, with the Brazilian Minister, an especial envoy (Señor Octaviano) having been sent from Rio to the Argentine capital on purpose to arrange with the different chiefs for the future movements of the expedition.

Commodore Barrosso, lately created Baron Amazonas for his gallant action of Riachuelo, was in temporary command. The Argentine squadron was under Admiral Muratori, who had lately performed a most dashing exploit in running the gauntlet of some strong Paraguayan batteries at the pass of Cuevos. His flag-ship, which had been a packet-vessel of slight scantling, was quite unsuited to cope with heavy cannon. However, Muratori was



determined to show his men how to stand fire, and how often boldness was the safest policy; so, out of the two channels which were available, he chose the one nearest the enemies' works, and carried his ship through a hurricane of shot and shell safely to the other side of the pass. This brilliant little affair was considered to have been of the greatest possible advantage to the new and inexperienced crews of the fleet, by showing them the effect of a bold and dashing policy in dealing with these river batteries, which, from being generally placed on a height, were more formidable at some distance off than when very near.

The next morning I called on the commodore; I found his ship, like all the others, cleared for action, with a large supply of shot on deck. Arm-racks, with rifles and cutlasses, were fitted amidships ready for immediate use; boarding-nettings were triced up, and a number of sentries posted round the decks, while signal-men were stationed at the mastheads to keep a sharp look-out for the enemy. The seamen appeared to be chiefly negroes and mulattos: and certainly, when one reflects on what they have gone through lately, it astonishes one to think what discipline and actual experience will do. The marines were a fine smart-looking body of men, dressed in a tunic, shako, and blue trousers; they were armed with smooth-bored percussion muskets, but shortly afterwards received rifles. I arrived on board the Commodore's ship just at the time he was receiving the morning reports from the captains of the different

ships. I explained that I had come to pay my respects, and ask permission to pass the blockade and proceed on my errand up to Asuncion. The conversation commenced in French, but finding he preferred Spanish, which I could speak a little, we continued it in the latter language. He told me his ships were not likely to move for some time, and that I was at perfect liberty to go where I wished, and he would be happy to give me any assistance. I was most anxious to find out whether coal was to be procured in the neighbourhood; so, after thanking him, I asked if there was any to spare from the stores on shore (everything being under government protection now in the town, of course, if it came from any source, it must have been from him). Directly I mentioned the word "carbon" he smiled. "Ah," he said, "you are out of the land of coal now; I don't believe there is a ton of it nearer than Parana, except the supply actually in our own bunkers. We are burning wood for all ordinary purposes, and only the guard-ships keep fires lighted. You won't get any coal up here. The Paraguayans burn wood, and very bad it is, damp and small; so you had better be careful of what you have at present."

I then took leave of him, and went on deck with one of the captains who was talking to me. He said, "Your boat's crew are sailor-like looking fellows; we don't often see such fresh complexions up here."

I gave him the latest news from Monte Video, and told him that one iron-clad had arrived, and two more were expected shortly. He said they would be

glad to see them, for all were anxious for an advance ; their present life was most irksome, expecting attacks by fire-ships, and being obliged to keep half the crew at quarters all night.

From the Brazilian commodore I went past the fleet to the Argentine admiral, who was anchored in shore. The ships were in the same state of preparation for battle as the Brazilians, boarding-nettings triced up, men under arms, and guns cast loose. Admiral Muratori received me in his cabin ; he is a fine, frank, sailor-like looking man of forty-five, and we were soon deep in a conversation about iron-clads and turrets. He showed me a sketch of his action at Cuevos, and expressed his regret at not having had an iron-clad then. He is a great admirer of everything English, and spoke with great respect of Mr. Parish, our consul at Buenos Ayres, whom he knew well.

His flag-ship, the *Guarde Nacional*, was in good order, clean and smart, showing a great contrast to the Brazilian ships. Many of his men were English, particularly amongst the stokers and engineer officers.

From the Argentine flag-ship I went to the Italian gunboat : she had lately returned from Paraguay, and her commander kindly gave me a copy of the Paraguayan instructions for the navigation of the river, and rules to be observed on passing Humaita and the other forts. He was now awaiting orders from his senior officer at Monte Video, and expected directions to return to that port ; his ship was anchored in rear of the Brazilian fleet, and

he did not intend going beyond them, in order to be clear in case of the Paraguayan fleet making an attack.

On leaving the Italian gunboat, I first visited the captain of the port, and then went on board my ship. The next day, having completed all arrangements, I fully intended starting up the river, but the mail arriving in the mean time brought me orders to remain at Corrientes until further directions from the admiral. I imagine the Brazilian government were jealous of foreign men-of-war being in advance of their ships, as indirectly affording encouragement to the Paraguayans, who might be stimulated by the presence of a foreign squadron to show off their powers at the expense of the Brazilian fleet.

The commander of the Italian gunboat had orders not only to abstain from advancing beyond the Brazilian fleet, but also to retire if they did, and he fully expected to leave the river altogether very shortly; the French gunboat had gone already. These orders quite altered my plans. I was anchored now in-shore of the advance ship of the Brazilian fleet, a position of course inconvenient in case of fire-ships; so in the afternoon I weighed and dropped down with the tide to a small bay below Custom-house Point, where I found a snug berth well astern and clear of the Brazilian fleet, while the projecting bluff would afford considerable protection in case of the much-dreaded attack by fire-ships coming off. Here we again anchored, about three hundred yards from the shore, in four-fathom water, with a fine sandy beach to land on, and some

luxuriant orange groves reaching close down to it. The town would be about a mile off, with a straggling suburb reaching to within a quarter of that distance. The surrounding country was well wooded, but this being the hot season everything green had been burnt up, and the late Paraguayan occupation had reduced all the country-houses to ruins.

Early in the evening a most picturesque scene presented itself. The inhabitants of the town came out *en masse* to bathe. It appeared this was their favourite spot for performing that evolution, so necessary in a hot climate; and now they came trooping down by fifties. Men, women, and children were soon all splashing about in the water, got up in the gaudiest of bathing dresses, quite regardless of the close proximity of ourselves, and several merchant schooners anchored close to. It certainly must be a great comfort, having such a fine stream at hand for performing one's ablutions in. The river-water at Corrientes, unlike that in the narrow marshy parts of the channel, where it gets discoloured by mud, is clear and wholesome. Our friends the bathers kept close in shore, for the current runs with dangerous rapidity a short distance off. The uproar was tremendous; women and children screaming with laughter. The good people were evidently making up for the silence of the early part of the day, for at noon one might walk through the whole city without hearing a sound, or meeting a single person.

The Corrientinos are a fine handsome race of

people. The women are celebrated for their good complexions, and the generally robust health of the inhabitants is attributed very much to the purity of the water supply, which is always close at hand. It is also said that the slight flavour the sarsaparilla plant imparts to it is beneficial. The climate of the province is dry and pure, when not in the vicinity of the marshes. But age appears to tell very quickly on the women: this is considered due to the fact of their being obliged to keep indoors out of the sun, which prevents them taking the requisite amount of exercise necessary for health. The old men, on the contrary, were upright and vigorous.

Corrientes is the chief town of the province of the same name, and, from its position at the point of junction of the two great rivers, the Paraguay and Parana, has a commercial importance which places it third in the ranks of the cities of the Argentine Confederation. Its position on the map at once marked it as the future base of operations for the army invading Paraguay, and ever since the commencement of the war it has been more of a military arsenal than a commercial depôt.

The town, which presents rather a striking appearance, from the whiteness of the buildings and the handsome Moorish castle, which occupies a prominent position in the foreground, is built on slightly elevated ground, and reaches close down to the river. Here the water is so deep that vessels of considerable size lay with their sterns touching

the beach, the rest of the hull being in deep water ; an anchor is dropped some distance out to haul off by. There are no wharves or built landing-places. Many of the buildings are of ancient date. One church has 1588 cut on a stone slab, under which is placed a wooden cross, celebrated for having been instrumental in saving the existence of the settlement during an attack by the Indians in 1588. It appears the small body of Spaniards who defended the place put up this cross, and swore to stand by it till they were all killed sooner than give up the position. They were surrounded by a multitude of Indians, and had given up all hope of life, when suddenly a tremendous storm of lightning burst on the Indians, striking many of the foremost of them dead, and so frightening the remainder, who considered that some supernatural agency was assisting the Spaniards, that they hastily retreated. The Spaniards, of course, also believed it to be an interposition of their patron saint, and in the course of time a church was built to commemorate the event. The cross remained in its place for some years, but was afterwards removed to the church, and a stone monument now stands in its place.

The Plaza is generally the first point one makes for on landing in a Spanish-built town ; at Corrientes the Plaza was rather out of condition, but it was large, and the buildings round it were handsome. The cathedral occupied nearly the whole of one of its sides, the town-hall another. The governor's house stands in a street leading out of it to the left :

passing this on to the right brought you into the best part of the town, where were the shops and market-place, hotels and cafés, &c. We gladly passed these to get out of the way of the numerous camp-followers who were now collecting round the troops in the city. The market-place was well worth seeing, not so much for its convenience of arrangement, as for the interesting and picturesque appearance of the country people. One group was especially striking; three gauchos standing by their horses, and buying some article of horse furniture at a stall. They were big men, and their dress made them look still larger; the colours of their ponchos were different, but with that exception they were very much alike: a slouched felt hat, poncho of bright colours, scarf round the waist, and stout leggings of undressed hide, which were made like boots, a long pair of steel spurs, and heavy thong whip completed the costume. The horses were standing by themselves, perfectly quiet and steady, with their reins thrown over the head, trailing on the ground, a position the well-drilled animals are accustomed to keep while their masters are dismounted. Numbers of pretty girls were coming into the market, some to make purchases, others bringing in vegetables and poultry, carrying their baskets on the head. They, like the men, affect a variety of colours in their dress; the brightest appeared most in favour. The poorer class wear a shawl over their head and shoulders, those better off wear the mantilla; but both manage their respective



garments with infinite grace. The young rosy-cheeked peasant girl coming in to market with her basket of vegetables on her head, tripping along with bare feet, and holding her shawl tightly across her face, as she passes just drops the corner sufficiently low to let you see her beautiful dark eyes, and then shuts it up again like a flash of lightning. The beauty in the mantilla does much the same, only she has a fan to assist her, and no basket to make her keep her head up. They all manage to walk well, notwithstanding the villainous state of the streets and roads.

One was painfully struck on walking through the city with the evident signs of demoralization caused by the presence of such a large body of troops and their followers; debauchery of every kind was going on, often ending in murder. Money was spent with the most reckless profusion, articles of food and clothing were exorbitantly dear; in fact, meat was difficult to get at all, as the Paraguayans had carried off or killed all the cattle. Drink was the only cheap item, and that must have been compounded of the vilest decoctions, for it appeared to make persons who took much of it nearly mad.

One afternoon while passing the principal café in the place, which is a fine house and handsomely furnished, I heard a tremendous row going on inside, and went in to see what was the matter. Here I found a Brazilian shying decanters and glasses at some large mirrors which were placed in the panels round the saloon. He was an officer of some sort,

and had his sword on. The waiters were screaming at him, but keeping at a respectful distance. Just as I arrived, the landlord rushed in and secured him from doing any further mischief. He was half-mad I should have said, and considerably the worse for liquor. However, he sat down, and taking a good-sized bag out of his pouch, which he wore over the shoulder, emptied out some hundred sovereigns, and told the landlord to help himself. I did not wait to see the finale, but thought to myself English sovereigns got into strange hands occasionally. At this time the sovereign was much more commonly in circulation than the native coin, and quite as well known to the people.

## CHAPTER IV.

SEÑOR FARRÉAS, THE GOVERNOR OF CORRIENTES—THE PAMPERO—  
NATIVE METHOD OF FISHING—CHRISTMAS ON BOARD—FETES ON  
SHORE—VISITING ON NEW YEAR'S-DAY—INVITATION TO ATTEND  
A TERTULIA—THE SPANISH WALTZ.

A GENTLEMAN called on me the next day who had been doing duty as consular agent. We have no regular consul at Corrientes, the nearest being at Rosario; but this gentleman kindly offered his services, which I was glad to accept, as I wanted to call on the governor and other local authorities, and did not exactly know where to find them. We arranged to call on the governor next day, and then ride out to see something of the country. The following afternoon we arrived at government house, having asked permission previously to present ourselves. The town was under martial and civil law, so there was a military and civil governor at the same time. General Gelly y Obes was the military chief, and Señor Farréas the civil. It was the latter we came to see. He was a plain country gentleman, and very much averse to mixing himself with the political world; but war had imperatively demanded his presence. He was wealthy, and had considerable influence in the country, so was elected governor on General

Caceres joining the army. He received us courteously, and did not appear to keep up any state or ceremony; a porter at the outside gate was the only official-looking person about the premises, and he was dressed very plainly.

The governor regretted things were in such an unsettled state, that a stranger must form a poor idea of the town and country; but in quieter times he said there was a very pleasant society in Corrientes; now all the best people had gone down to Buenos Ayres, away from the war. We strolled out to a veranda, and after a short conversation took our leave, and started off for an evening ride to a country house belonging to Mr. D——. The roads were in pretty good order, it now being summer; but I was told in winter they were just as bad as those of Monte Video. We passed several fields of yerba, and a small cotton plantation; but the cultivation all looked miserably neglected. We were pointed out the monument before mentioned, erected in memory of the miraculous deliverance of a few brave Spaniards. On one side of the slab is a representation of the action, showing the lightning in the act of striking near the cross; and if the picture is not exaggerated, one can easily imagine that the Indians thought it high time to be off. The arms of the city are founded on this event, seven points and a fiery cross. A short distance to the left of the road stands the Protestant burial ground, which was carefully respected by the Paraguayans during their occupation of the country; which fact tells in their favour, for the relatives of

those buried there nearly all left the place, and went to Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, leaving the ground to take care of itself.

On arriving at the quinta we found maté and other refreshments awaiting us. Some very fine grapes were on the table, which had been raised in the garden without any especial care; and Mr. D—— said there would be no difficulty in growing a sufficient quantity to make wine if they so wished. He cultivated a considerable quantity of tobacco on his estate, and some of his men were making cigars during the time of our visit. The leaf appeared coarse and full of fibre, but the natives use it in preference to that coming from abroad, being much cheaper.

We rode back during the evening, and dined at the *table d'hôte*. The night was unusually close and oppressive when I arrived on board, not a breath of air could be felt anywhere; the only sound was the tide rushing past the ship's side. For some weeks the men had been obliged to sleep on the upper deck, the heat being so great below. I had arranged cross-ridge ropes for them to hang their hammocks to; so, with the awnings sloped, they were well clear of damp decks or dew. By this time they were all asleep, or trying to arrive at that point as nearly as the mosquitoes would allow them. You would hear a slap as some individual struck at a little demon stinging him on the forehead (a favourite place with mosquitoes). Some one else would groan, "Oh-h-h-h!" and tumble about in agony, having given up the

killing process in despair. Another tough subject would be snoring and grunting away through it all, in a happy state of oblivion to heat, mosquitoes, and everything else.

I was just going to make an effort myself, and had been working away with a wet towel to clear off the thick of the buzzing multitude, when the quartermaster of the watch came over to me (I had a cot slung on deck), and said he thought a squall was coming on, as he heard a strange rustling of trees down the river. I looked out; the night was perfectly calm, and not a cloud to be seen, but I distinctly heard the rustling in the woods some distance down the river. I knew this must be caused by wind, so at once ordered the men to be turned out, to lash up their hammocks, and furl the awnings. The ship was quite safe as regarded dragging her anchor, for we were in a little bay, with high ground round us. But I knew these Pamperos were accompanied with heavy rain, and whirlwinds sometimes twist up any canvas exposed in a moment, so I wanted to get the awnings and hammocks down out of the way. The rustling was now freshening into a dull roar, and clouds began to show over the trees, but still not a breath of air where we were. The mosquitoes had all vanished as if by magic, and the dogs on shore were howling dismally. We were working away like mad to get our bedding down and awnings furled, when a dark mass of cloud suddenly covered the heavens like a curtain, and in an instant wind, rain, thunder, and lightning, burst on us in a mass, beating

everybody down on the deck. Hands were by the anchors, and the quarter-master crouching down at the gangway with the lead. But I felt tolerably sure that all was safe, for as the Pampero blows up the river, and the current runs down with increased rapidity while it lasts, from the rain filling the river, one neutralizes the effect of the other.

The wind blew so furiously that we were covered in a sheet of foam, which, with the rain, made it impossible to see what was going on amongst the Brazilian ships; but we noticed one flash of lightning fall where the centre of them ought to be, and the next morning saw a corvette with her main-top-mast shattered at the masthead, having been struck by the electric fluid. The heaviest part of the storm lasted about an hour, and during that time the lightning was awfully close; but I am happy to say we escaped damage. After the centre had passed on up the river the wind settled down to a strong gale from S.W., which lasted till about three p.m. next day, after which it cleared off to a beautiful evening—the air most pleasantly fresh and cool after the blow.

The river was soon crowded with trading vessels, taking advantage of the fair wind up, and the cloud of white canvas against the green background of forest made a very pretty picture. These Pamperos are often fatal to the river craft, sometimes catching them unawares, or perhaps the masters, anxious to take advantage of the fair wind, run the risk of its not being a heavy gale, keep under sail, and in the dark run right up into the bush, or get capsized,

when the swift current, which soon carries the best of swimmers down, causes great loss of life.

The Brazilians had, with the exception of one vessel, come off safely. On shore, a number of houses had been unroofed, and the fine orange grove near us had suffered severely, the fruit, now nearly ripe, being blown about in all directions, and many of the trees torn down. We took an especial interest in this grove, because it made such a pleasant promenade for us, and, after bathing on the fine sandy beach, one could dress under shade of the trees most luxuriously. The owner of the grove had left it when the Paraguayans came to the country, and had gone south until the fighting was over. There was a large house on the grounds, but it was falling to pieces, and unoccupied. The Corrientino oranges are very good, and it was sad to see the beautiful groves being destroyed. The one near us remained in very fair order, but the others were all more or less damaged by the troops encamping under shade of them, and using the wood for their camp-fires. After the gale, the appearance of the river's bank was surprisingly altered; the water had risen three fathoms, and had covered the beach at least one hundred yards inland. We noticed numbers of fish jumping, and put lines over to try and catch some, but did not succeed, the tide was too strong.

The natives told us the best time for fish was just after a storm, and showed us how they caught them. The fisherman selects a point of rock jutting well out into the stream, and throws his hooks, which are



arranged in the form of a grapnel—three being lashed back to back—attached to a line, as far as he can from him, and directly they touch the water gives the line several strong jerks, to make the apparatus look like small fry darting about, the hooks being burnished to increase the deception. The large fish make a dash at them and get hooked generally through the back (no bait is used). This method looks simple enough, and I saw a native catch two dozen splendid dorados, weighing six to eight pounds, in less than an hour, but it must require immense practice, for we often tried, but never succeeded in handling the contrivance properly. If you are not sharp in hauling in after making your cast, the hooks sink to the bottom, and get entangled in the rocks. There are three kinds of fish in the river, particularly fine, the best of which by far is the dorado. It runs from three to ten pounds in weight, and is something like a trout in colour, but not in flavour. It is also deeper in shape, more like a snapper.

The war news still continued the same, preparations not complete on the part of the allies. The Paraguayans occupied the same position, and we could hear their guns being fired daily, either for salutes or practice. The Brazilian fleet were busy drilling their men, but did not waste powder. The army had halted about forty miles from the town, and did not intend advancing yet. Christmas was now very near, and it became a serious question with us how we were to manage a pudding (without which Christ-

mas is unsatisfactory and incomplete). Our ship's supply of flour was out, and there were no raisins. Grave doubts were also entertained as to any being procurable on shore, such was the dearth of anything like groceries in the town. However, a hand from each mess went on an exploring expedition a day or two before Christmas, to see what they could get. Meat was now a little more plentiful, but very poor, and always beef, no mutton to be procured; those terrible Paraguayans had carried it all off. Our marketing party returned in the evening, tired and disgusted, nothing to be had but eggs and bread. This made Christmas a dull time; "nothing to eat," as the men said, "and as hot as blazes." Christmas-day at last arrived, scorchingly hot, and the air alive with mosquitoes. After divine service and dinner—the only extra at the latter being pumpkin (that wonderful vegetable which is met with everywhere, and does duty in soup or tart equally well)—the position began to mend a little. The town was dressed with flags, bells were ringing, and the inhabitants were *en fête*, so the men asked to be allowed to go on shore and see the fun, which they did, returning in the evening, decidedly more cheerful—two, in fact, had imbibed so much of the city amusements as to require restraint.

On New Year's-day there was to be a grand fiesta and review of the troops in garrison. The governors were going to high mass, and afterwards inspect the men in the Plaza. My friend the merchant kindly offered to make arrangements for me to see it; his

house looked out upon a corner of the Plaza, so was conveniently placed for the occasion. We mounted at eleven (frightfully hot), and, in honour of the day, the horses were especially fresh. I wanted to see the sailors land with their field-pieces, so we first rode down to the beach opposite the ships, and arrived just as the men were landing. There were no negroes in the battalion about to take part in the ceremony; and the field-piece crews were smart-looking men, dressed like our own people as regards colour of uniform, but the cut of the trousers decidedly foreign, and the long knife in a sheath produced a privateer style of appearance. The marines were formed separately and in full dress. When I saw them before they had brown overcoats on, now they were in blue tunics, with red facings. They were armed with musket, sword-bayonet, &c., and the officers had revolvers. All the arms, accoutrements, field-pieces, &c., were well burnished, and looked scrupulously clean.

We rode up in rear of the detachment from the fleet, and on arriving at the Plaza troops were marching in from their different barracks, headed by their bands, and taking up positions round three sides of the Plaza, leaving the cathedral clear. Shortly before noon the general commanding the troops, the admiral and commodore, with a large staff, arrived on the ground, and were received with a salute; at noon the civil governor arrived and was saluted, bands playing and colours flying; the general and admiral and commodore rode up and joined him,

after which they went round the lines together. A procession of priests now appeared moving towards the cathedral, the officers uncovering their heads while they were passing. When they had entered, the chiefs followed; the troops piled arms and marched into the cathedral, and afterwards out again by detachments. During this high mass was celebrated, the chiefs and officers being close up to the altar, and the troops in the body of the church. The choir was very powerful, and, in addition, a military band, stationed under the organ-loft, joined in at particular passages. The service was over by one; the troops (and people generally) going out to the Plaza. I stayed behind a short time to listen to the Stabat Mater, which was being beautifully played by the organ and band. On reaching the Plaza again I found the troops were being put through some movements, and the field-pieces were unlimbered, but there was not space enough for any extended evolutions, and very shortly they formed ready to march off.

The sun was broiling, so I was rejoiced when D—— proposed we should go to the veranda of his house and see the men as they marched home to their barracks. I particularly wanted to see how the Argentine regiments turned out, for it was known they had a number of English and Germans in their ranks, and were said to be in good order; so we took up our position at the corner of the veranda, close by where they must pass. The road was so much cut up that it was impossible for them to march well after they had once left the Plaza; but as they

approached, headed by their band, they certainly looked good soldiers. The 3rd Regiment headed the column; their uniform was dust colour with red facings, tunic and trousers made of coarse cotton cloth, leather leggings, small kepi shako, the same colour as the tunic, with red band and regimental number in front; they were armed with smooth bores and bayonet, officers had revolvers and sword. You noticed by their complexions that they were not natives of the country, and most of them looked very young; but all stepped out smartly, notwithstanding the holes in the road. About half the regiment had passed, when I noticed one of the men in the ranks nearest me look up in a very marked manner and salute hurriedly, as if he did not want his own officers to see him. A gentleman near me saw it also, and said, "That man appears to know who you are."

I said, "I suppose he recognized the uniform; I know there are numbers of Englishmen in the Argentine army."

We thought no more about it at the time, and soon after, all the troops having passed, we went in to luncheon.

The streets had been crowded with people all the morning, all dressed in their holiday clothes, and keeping up the occasion; every one calls on his neighbour on New Year's-day, old quarrels are made up, and everybody is supposed to be in a good humour. Our *vis-à-vis* in a balcony across the street were two very pretty señoritas, and while the troops had been passing we had exchanged sympathizing glances

occasionally as the opportunity offered—thinking no doubt of the poor soldiers, so soon to become food for Paraguayan powder. After luncheon we decided on paying our respects (quite correct on New Year's-day), so over we went, led by D——, who was elderly and also slightly acquainted with the family. We were received with great courtesy by an old duenna, who suddenly appeared on the scene, and were ushered into a room where a table was arranged with sweetmeats. The duenna was disposed to be stiff, most likely had been done out of her siesta; but the señoritas now arrived and soon entered into the fun of the thing. Pepita, the eldest, told me she liked to look at the Argentine soldiers because they were fair, and had such lovely golden hair; she hated dark people. Was I fond of tertulias? because her mamma was going to give one this evening, and on New Year's-night people did not require introductions, and could come without being especially invited.

“But, Pepita” (I had learnt her name from the mamma having previously mentioned it), “surely you would not require a formal introduction to *me*?” laying emphasis on the *me*.

“Oh, yes, I should after to-day.”

“Ah! Pepita” (what a pretty name Pepita is!). I was just becoming eloquent, when in came, to my intense grief, a whole tribe of men, women, and children, friends of the family. I had only time to give a hasty pressure of the hand, and whisper “This evening!” when Pepita was seized on and

kissed in the most annoying manner by about half a dozen people. D——, who had been under fire of the duenna, also rose at the same time as myself, and, bowing to the numerous company, we retreated.

I said, "Pepita is a pretty girl. What is her other name? and who is she?"

D—— said, "I never met her before in my life, but I know the father is agent to the present governor's estate some eighty miles up the country; his name is Estevan."

I told him of the invitation to the tertulia, and asked if it would do to go. He answered, "Oh, yes, certainly! I'll go with you; Madame Estevan told me they were going to have a dance in the evening. Come and dine with me, and we will go together." This I declined, as I wanted to go on board and change my uniform for mufti; but I told him I would join him in the evening.

We rode down to the boat together, as he had nothing particular to do, passing by the way several parties, generally consisting of three or four persons each, going about from house to house, calling on each other, and all in the highest possible spirits; some had been evidently taking more than sweetmeats. D—— said these days of fiesta were, like the carnival-time, a great nuisance. The carnival was particularly disagreeable from the weight of the missiles they threw about, and the dangerous materials of which they were composed. "In fact," he said, "the whole thing has degenerated into a scramble and row. There is a gentleman in the city who lost

his eye some few carnivals ago by an eggshell, full of mud, striking it. The custom is for the gentlemen to parade the streets, and the ladies to shy things at them, jugs of water, &c., from the windows. Loss of temper is considered very bad taste on these occasions; the only penalty allowed is kissing the señoritas if you can get at them in their houses; but as they take care to barricade themselves in (and it is not etiquette to force an entrance), you don't stand much chance unless you happen to be a much-favoured individual.

We were now at the beach, opposite the vessel, and found the boat waiting. D—— would not come on board, but said, as we were moving off, "Don't forget the tertulia—nine, sharp!"

I mentioned, when I arrived on board, about the soldier saluting me, and asked if any of the officers had noticed men like English sailors in Argentine uniforms; but they had not, although they thought it very probable there were numbers of them in the garrison, for several vessels on the station had lost men by desertion—ourselves included. I thought I would go and look at that regiment again some day, and see if I could recognize any one I knew. Uniform and a shako alter a man's appearance so much that I did not at the time trace the slightest resemblance to any known face in the man who had looked up so hurriedly during the review.

It was now time to think about Pepita's party. The regulations for evening dress are very liberal in South America. Even at Monte Video, which is



in a high state of civilization compared with Corrientes, they don't wear the traditional black coat and white tie, except for large balls; and most likely now, in that costume, one would have been taken for a clergyman, and cut off prematurely from the society of the señoritas. However, it did not matter much, so I compromised the question with a sort of semi-evening get-up, and started off to join D——, whom I found all ready. He had made no alteration in his dress except a thin pair of boots, "in case he had to dance," as he said.

The house was a blaze of light as we arrived, and music had commenced. The veranda was tastefully decorated with leaves and coloured lanterns, and a small garden round the house, on the entrance side, also lighted up for a promenade. The patio looked extremely well; a fountain was in the centre, with handsome flowers planted round, giving an air of freshness to the scene. The dancing-rooms were on three sides of the square, and opened into each other. Everybody appeared to be thoroughly engaged in amusing themselves. People were constantly arriving, while others were going away to some other tertulia.

I soon spied out the fair, or rather dark, Pepita (her beauty being of the true Spanish caste); her eyes appeared to be everywhere. She saw me in a moment, and made a motion with her fan.

"Have you seen mamma? Why are you dressed differently? I like uniforms!"

I said nothing. I was wrapt in admiration. She

was simply a pretty girl in her morning costume, but now in an evening dress, the colour of which—I forget what it was—heightened the effect of her brilliant complexion: splendid black hair, with a red camellia in it, I recollect perfectly: but the eyes!—I believe I should have gazed into them all the evening, if she had not smiled, and, showing teeth like pearls, said, “They are going to waltz; shall I get you a partner?”

I stammered out something about wishing to dance with no one but her—should consider it the happiest moment of my life. She stopped me by saying, “Oh, no, I must look after the company; mamma trusts to me entirely: but I will dance this one with you. Can you dance the Spanish valse?”

“With you, Pepita, I could dance anything; but will you forgive my bad dancing, and also the blunders I make in talking Spanish? You know I am a beginner.”

“Well, señor, I don’t intend paying you any compliments. Shall we join the other people?”

The Spanish waltz is a most reasonable performance. You don’t dart about like mad people, knocking each other about, but glide round quietly, talking easily and comfortably all the time—much better than the breathless *deux temps*. I enjoyed our waltz much, and so did Pepita, I think; for after it was over we found so many things to talk about that it was necessary to stroll into the garden, to prevent interruption. “Pepita, what a terrible thing it is to reflect on!”

“What?”

“Why, that as the world goes round, we must part.”

“Must you go round with it?”

I believe I was about to say, “No, dearest Pepita, I will stay here, and let it go round without me” at the same time clasping her, &c., &c., when up rushes a villain of a servant. It appears that Madame has had a fit, or something of the sort, in consequence of the señorita’s absence, that the Governor’s wife has arrived, and there is no one to receive her.

“Bother the Governor and his wife too!” said I, but in English, so as not to shock Pepita.

“Come, señor—you see I don’t even know your name yet—come, we must go.”

I found D—— in the ball-room; he said, “Where in the world have you been? I have been looking for you everywhere. The Governor is here, and so is the General. You will, I suppose, pay your respects to the Governor, and then we can look for the General afterwards.”

I had a long chat with the Governor, and happening to mention I understood the General was in the room, he offered to introduce me. The General, I found, was a brigadier, and colonel of one of the regiments in garrison. He had “much honour in the knowledge of me” (the literal translation of a Spanish phrase sounds oddly in English). I told him I had seen his men march past, and had noticed a large number of them with light complexions.

“Yes,” he said, “many were Germans and English, officers and men. The adjutant of his

regiment was an Englishman, and a very smart fellow he was. He knew nothing about his antecedents—such questions were not asked in these stormy times.”

We adjourned now to supper—a light refreshment—and then the company began to break up to see the fireworks on the Plaza. I got away from the big people, after saying adieu, to look for the charming Pepita. I found her in the ball-room, looking quite sad and dismal. Mamma had been scolding her, the Governor’s lady had been severe in manner. Poor Pepita! I persuaded her to put a thick shawl over her head and come out to see the fireworks, and she soon regained her spirits. I believe there was a grand pyrotechnic display, but I am sure the fireworks were not so brilliant as Pepita’s eyes. It was a lovely night; not a breath of air disturbed the calm serenity of the sky. It was warm—in fact, so much so, that the coquettish shawl Pepita wore over her head and face had to be removed several times, but was as carefully replaced. That evening and night passed; the next morning—ah! the next morning!

I was at D——’s, having accepted his offer of a bed. We arranged, after I had been off to hear the news, and see everything in its place, to go for a ride, and then call on the Señoritas Estevan; but when I arrived on board I found a note had been received, stating that the two lads who deserted from us at Monte Video in October were now in the 3rd Regiment of the Argentine army, and formed part of the present garrison of Corrientes.

On investigating the case, I was told that the lads in question had been enticed away by the crimps at Monte Video, and it was firmly believed that they did not go of their own free wills, but had been drugged. I at once wrote to the colonel of the regiment, stating the case, and asking him to allow an officer, sent for the purpose, to identify them. I dispatched this letter by an officer and guard of marines, ready to escort the deserters down when they were given up.

The colonel allowed the regiment to be paraded, and the men, or rather boys, were at once pointed out. But here the difficulty commenced. They were two smart-looking lads, and had cost the Argentine government five thousand paper dollars each. The colonel was satisfied they were deserters, but it was necessary to communicate with the authorities at head-quarters before giving them up: so they were put under arrest until the decision of the commander-in-chief was known. Circumlocution now supervened in its most extreme form; letters passed and repassed without any meaning; so, after some weeks had elapsed and nothing decisive had been done, I thought of Admiral Muratori, the Argentine naval commander-in-chief, and represented the case to him, asking him to interfere. This he very kindly did, and in about a month's time the lads were sent back, and very glad they were to leave the Argentine service; of their large bounty of five thousand dollars they did not get one penny!

## CHAPTER V.

ALARM CONCERNING FIRE-SHIPS—THE LAW OF NEUTRALS—RIDING IN THE CAMPS—VISIT TO THE ALLIED ENCAMPMENT—GENERAL VENANCIO FLORES—PREPARATIONS FOR CROSSING THE PASO DE LA PATRIA—A VISIT FROM CHACO INDIANS—INDIAN METHOD OF CROSSING ON HORSES THE PARANA—VISIT TO THE INDIAN CAMP—THE GAME OF TAPIA—JEALOUSY, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

ABOUT this time the old alarm of fire-ships started up again; the rumour had come from the Brazilian ships, but I did not attach much importance to it, as I knew, if the Commodore had received any reliable information, he would have let me know, and I also noticed that the fleet had not lit fires, or made any alteration in their daily routine. Still one could not help feeling the awkwardness of the situation; for if the Paraguayans did come down some dark night, they would neither know nor care whether I was a neutral or belligerent. I should inevitably come to grief, if I could not get out of the way sharply: and this necessary quickness was the difficulty; for in a gunboat it takes four hours to get steam ready. The masts and sails were absurdly small, and would have no more power over the vessel than they would if set on a breakwater. The tide was running at least three knots an hour, and the shore not far off astern. What was to be done? The most feasible idea which oc-

curred to us was, on the approach of a fire-ship, to veer away to the clinch, bend a hawser on to the cable, and slip, continuing to veer the hawser, steering the meanwhile so as to allow the fire-ship to drift past, the strong current enabling you to sheer about widely. Of course, while we should be doing our utmost to steer away from our unpleasant companion, our boats would not be idle, and possibly we might get steam ready in time to be of use. However, I am happy to say our skill was not put to the test, although, during the various fire-ship panics which cropped up from time to time, I confess we thought of them rather seriously.

Amongst other possible eventualities which occurred to me during our stay at Corrientes, in company with the Brazilian fleet, was, supposing Lopez, giving up all hope of being able to successfully resist the allies, and throwing up the fight in despair, should place himself under the protection of the English flag. The supposition had been often mentioned in my presence by persons on shore, merchants and others, who were firmly persuaded that Lopez had already sent most of his money out of the country, and intended himself following at the first convenient opportunity. But, knowing as I did how unlikely it was that such a case should happen so early in the war, I had treated the idea as a mere fancy ; however, from hearing the thing repeated over and over again, I at last found myself imagining what I should do were such a circumstance to occur. Supposing things were to alter at the front, and that Lopez came to grief and

asked permission to come on board, to be taken to the British Admiral at Monte Video. Of course, if it was a written request or a message I should decline having anything to do with the question at all, and refer the matter to head-quarters: but supposing a man suddenly came alongside and jumped on deck, with a carpet-bag in his hand, and exclaimed, "I am Lopez! I am in danger of my life; I claim the protection of the British flag—that flag so distinguished for extending its powerful shelter to the weak alike of all nations," &c., &c. What was I to do?—bundle him and his bag over the side again, give him up to his pursuers, most probably close at hand, or up steam and start away with him to Monte Video? It was a puzzling question as to which was the right thing to do; the instructions authorize you to extend the protection of the flag to persons in danger of their lives, but they also forbid you to interfere with belligerents as a neutral.

The case did not occur, I am thankful to say; for although I had made up my mind what I should do in the event of its happening, still I was not at all sure it would have turned out to be right. It was only towards the end of the war that the officers in command of the American ships received special instructions which met the case in point: they were told not to harbour him on any account. The whole subject of the law of neutrals is one that requires carefully working up.

I received a note from a friend in town, early in February, informing me that the allied armies were



now within an easy day's ride of Corrientes, and that, knowing I wanted to see them, he had ordered horses to be ready early the next morning, so that we could start directly after breakfast. Accordingly, the next morning saw us on a couple of smart ponies cantering across the open country south of the town; we soon left the road, which gets gradually lost on the open grassy plains of the camp, and as soon as you leave the suburbs behind, all is a slightly-undulating sea of grass-land, quite unbroken, as far as the eye can reach, except by occasional ditches and furrows, which the ponies took easily without losing their stride. But there is an animal called the bizcacho, something of the guinea-pig tribe, which burrows in the earth, and makes an awkward hole for a horse to step into. The gauchos are so accustomed to their horses slipping into them, that they simply disengage their toe from the stirrup, and alight on their feet, over the horse's head, holding the reins ready to mount again as soon the animal recovers his footing. We were not up to this feat of horsemanship, and shortly after came to grief; for as we were galloping along in the highest spirits, enjoying the clear cool atmosphere, I suddenly heard a loud, "Oh!" from my companion, and, on looking round, found him clinging to his horse's neck, while the animal was plunging violently in its efforts to disengage its fore feet from a bizcacho hole into which it had fallen. I at once turned and galloped back, but the same plunge that extricated the horse had unshipped the rider, who was now seated on the ground, looking ruefully at his horse, careering over

the plain. I immediately gave chase, and had no difficulty whatever in getting within a few yards of the animal, who was now quietly grazing as if nothing had happened. I was just going through the preliminary "poor-fellowing" prior to securing his head, when off the beast went, heels in the air, causing my horse to start off at full speed in the opposite direction, before I could pull him round.

I soon saw that I had about as much chance of catching the runaway horse as I had the moon, so spying a rancho in the distance, I rode over and asked one of the men to bring his lasso out. He asked, "What do you want it for?" so I explained that we had lost a horse and could not get on with our journey, adding, that if he would come and lasso him for us we should be obliged.

"Never mind the lasso!" he said. "I'll get him without that; the lasso would spoil him for riding the remainder of the day. Lend me your horse."

I jumped off, and he mounted and galloped off; the other horse pricked up his ears, when he saw him coming, and made a dash off in the opposite direction; but the mounted horse soon headed him, and after two or three starts on the flank which were easily turned, the runaway was safely driven into the corral, when he quietly acquiesced in having his saddle and gear put to rights; then, after thanking the gaucho, who declined taking money, but did not object to cigars, we started off again. Both of us now looked out sharply for the bizcacho holes, and managed to keep clear of them for the remainder

of our journey. A ride of twelve miles brought us in sight of the allied encampment. The tents and huts extended over an enormous distance, giving one the idea of a much larger army than was actually present; the object of extending the camp so much was, we found afterwards, in order to give the men as much air as possible, the weather being intensely hot and the troops sickly.

A couple of miles further brought us up to the extreme right of the allied camp. The troops present, including the garrison of Corrientes, who had orders to join, immediately the forward movement commenced, consisted of 20,000 Brazilians, 8,000 Argentines, and 2,000 Orientals; under the command-in-chief of General Mitré, with Marshal Osorio, and Generals Flores and Gelly-Obes under him. The third corps of the Brazilian army, under Baron Port Alegre, was on the Brazilian frontier, and intended to advance on Paraguay by the pass of Itapua; but his force, 10,000 strong, were composed of new levies, and would require some time to complete their organization. The first troops we came to were the Orientals, whose camp was on the extreme right; the men were principally Spanish Basques, fine-looking fellows, and appeared ready for anything. They were busy putting up huts, as a shelter from the fierce sun, now pouring down a most intense heat. Some of the troops had been supplied with tents of the French *tente d'abri* fashion; but many were taking advantage of the trees in the neighbourhood to form a bivouac.

While we were riding through this part of the camp, and talking to some of the Monte Videan officers, a group of horsemen came up at full speed and passed us, two a short distance in front, talking vehemently together. Seeing the officers and men near us salute, we did the same, which one of the foremost of the party returned with a wave of the hand. He was mounted on a handsome grey charger, and dressed in poncho, sombrero, and long riding-boots. The escort (a squadron of lancers), as well as the two horsemen in front, were all going at full speed, and passed us with a great clatter. We asked who it was; the officers near said: "That is our general, President Flores. He is always dashing about like that, and tires out two or three escorts a day. That was Colonel Palléja he was talking to; they are going down to the Paso de la Patria."

General Venancio Flores, then the President of Banda Oriental, was at this time about fifty-five years of age. His appearance was most striking. Of middle height, rather thin and wiry, he was just the build for a horseman; piercing black eyes, and long black hair and moustache, while his whiskers and beard were quite white, adding much to the effect of his prominent features. His character was kind and generous; even his political enemies, in a country where party faction runs so high, generally spoke well of him, while his own personal adherents had the greatest admiration for his frank and simple disposition. He had forced his way up from being

a simple gaucho, with no influence beyond his own native energy, to the post of President of Uruguay. In his early career he had been noticed for his skill and determination in putting down a band of robbers, who had long resisted the government of the day with success; but Flores speedily hunted them out and brought them to justice. He afterwards held commands in the various revolutionary wars, taking the Colorado side, until at last, being favoured with the influence and assistance of Brazil, he attained the chief post of the Republic. His sad end came last year (1868). He was barbarously murdered in his carriage, at the door of the House of Assembly, by an organised band of ruffians, belonging to the opposite faction. This brutal act, which was committed with the object of upsetting the government, did not succeed in accomplishing the desired end, for the most bloody reprisals were taken on the conspirators and their friends. Flores was considered the most dashing cavalry officer of his country; his powers of endurance on horseback were surprising, riding journeys of astonishing length. And before the allied armies crossed into Paraguay, he administered the government at Monte Video, and looked after his troops in camp with untiring energy, having relays of horses placed so as to allow of his moving backwards and forwards at full speed. After the troops invaded Paraguay, his Orientals took the lead in all the various battles, until from 2,500 they were reduced to 200; when, on the men being drafted into the Argentine corps, he withdrew to

Monte Video, where, as we have seen, he was barbarously murdered. He has left two sons and a daughter (besides his widow). The sons do not, unfortunately, inherit their father's good qualities; the eldest, who was a colonel in the army, bears a most unenviable notoriety, while the younger shows evident signs of following in his brother's footsteps. However, at the time we saw General Flores, he was full of fire and animation, as he galloped past on his way to the front.

The Monte Videan officers were, like everybody else, anxious to get on. They saw they were as strong now as they were ever likely to be; but the Brazilians could not be got to move; what with the heat and cholera they were in a miserable state. We rode on to the Argentine camp, but found most of their men were on detached service (garrison at Corrientes, &c.), but the Buenos Ayrean guards, under General Conesa, were in camp, and looked a smart, clean body of men. One noticed the cleanliness particularly, as contrasting with the next body of troops we came to, which was a regiment of Brazilian infantry, 600 strong. The men were negroes, and certainly appeared in poor condition. The officers (who were, of course, white) told us their men found great difficulty in marching, not being accustomed to wear boots; in fact, they did not wear them, and, in consequence, a long march knocked them up, particularly when they could not wait to pick the road. The officers had revolvers, and the inevitable opera-glass, and said they expected to get

Spencer rifles for the men soon, their present arms being smooth-bores.

We particularly wanted to see the artillery, so asked where their camp was. They pointed to a farmhouse some short distance to the left rear, and said there was one park stationed at that point, and another further on the left, near the cavalry camp. We now left the Orientals, wishing them good luck in the coming campaign, and rode down to the artillery. The guns had only lately halted from the march, and were covered in mud. We counted six batteries, two of which were Whitworth's nine-pounders, the others were twelves; the majority of the teams appeared to be mules, but some batteries had horses, small and out of condition. We were told that mules did much better than horses, being more accustomed to drag weights. Most of the heavy carrying work in South America is done by either oxen or mules. The gun- and limber-carriages were of the old pattern—small wheels and tires—awkward things to manage in the swamps of Paraguay. In front of the artillery there was a regiment of cacedores encamped; they were under canvas, and altogether much superior to the other troops we had seen in the Brazilian lines. Most of the men were white, or mulattoes; they were armed with rifles, and, we understood, mustered 500 strong. Arms and accoutrements were being bur-nished up, ready, they told us, for a reconnoissance they were ordered for in the morning. The generals were going up the river in a fast steamer, and some

troops with artillery were to advance in the direction of the coast, in case they might be wanted. We continued our ride to the left, and a short distance on came to the cavalry camp; the division was about 3,000 strong, with horses of all sizes and colours. The difficulty of getting forage was considerable, for the dry summer had withered the grass up; consequently the animals did not look in condition to execute a very vigorous charge. Their general (Nevas) was considered to be a very dashing officer; and the men were well armed with lance and carbine. They expected strong reinforcements of horses when Baron Port Alegre came up with the third corps.

Further on to the left was another artillery park and camp, while behind came the commissariat, quartered in the buildings of a neighbouring estancia, the corrals serving to put the baggage-animals in.

The whole camp was now alive with the men preparing their afternoon meal; several of the tents were provided with portable cooking apparatus, and asados, tea, coffee, and maté were all in process of being cooked as we rode along. We found the headquarters had gone into Corrientes; so, after thanking our Monte Videan friends for looking after us, and promising to send them a hamper of eatables from town, we turned homewards. On our ride back we met numbers of officers returning to camp with forage—hams, sardines, cheese, tins of biscuits, all sorts of things in the way of food, besides scarves for the waist and head, which appeared to be in great request. On arriving in town, we soon saw unmistakable signs



of the vicinity of a camp : drunken soldiers and camp-followers were rolling about in all directions ; the café was full of them. No *table d'hôte* possible that evening ; so I took D—— off with me to dine.

The army remained encamped in a position near Corrientes for some time ; in fact, they only shifted now, as it became necessary from a sanitary point of view. The preparations were not yet complete for crossing the river : boats had to be prepared, more Whitworths were coming up, besides ammunition, so it did not much matter what part of the neighbourhood they were in. Reconnoissances were now frequently made, the generals going up in a dispatch steamer as far as the bend of the river near Tres Bocas. It was ascertained that Lopez was preparing strong fortifications at Itapiru, and evidently expected the allies at Paso de la Patria.

The headquarters of the Paraguayan General could be plainly seen, with colours flying in front, and, from the occasional salutes which were heard, it was considered pretty certain that Lopez himself was there in person ready to contest the passage. None of the Paraguayan ships could be seen, although, from the considerable quantity of smoke visible over the trees, it was clear that they were ready for a swoop should the reconnoissance come within range. The Brazilian commodore always took the precaution of having several ships under weigh to accompany the dispatch vessel at a convenient distance, without making any demonstration, ready to throw themselves between her and any enemy who might show. The

preparations for crossing the river were pushed forward with great vigour. All along the shore in the vicinity of Corrientes carpenters were busily engaged preparing rafts and barges; transports arrived daily with troops and guns, while stores of all descriptions were streaming into the place from the river. Every one was engaged in landing them: men, women, and children could be seen passing boxes along from the vessels unloading to the storehouses, and everything looked as if an immediate advance were contemplated.

One afternoon I was writing in the cabin, when I was told by the quartermaster of the watch that a large pirague, full of Indians, was paddling down on our bow. One scarcely knew what might happen in such excitable times; the signalman said he could not see any arms: but there they were, as I saw, on coming on deck—a large canoe, with at least thirty or forty Indians, standing up, and making directly for our bow, and by no means a respectable-looking body of men.

I had heard there were a number of Chaco Indians in the place, supposed to be in favour of Lopez, and thought it within the bounds of possibility that these individuals might have some idea of appropriating the gunboat, seeing her at anchor by herself; so I ordered a part of the watch to get their arms. The Indians came down before a three-knot current, and were making arrangements for getting over the bows. As soon as they were within hail, we told them to keep off. This had the effect of making them stop paddling; but the strong tide swept them down

rapidly, and brought them violently in contact with our swinging boom, which, being placed rather low, caught the standing-up warriors on the head and toppled them over into the bottom of the canoe. We soon saw they were on a friendly errand, so some of our men jumped out with a rope and made them fast alongside.

The chief, at last, extricating himself from his prostrate followers, stood up, and, adjusting his costume of coloured shirt and scarf, with skin leggings and sandals, over which, I suppose in honour of the visit, he had a black coat, and hat, explained that he and the principal families of his tribe desired the honour of being allowed to pay their respects to the officers and crew of Her Britannic Majesty's gunboat. So, after sending for the gunner's mate, and desiring him to lock up all small and tempting articles, and keep a sharp eye on the Armstrong-gun gear, and the Colt's revolvers, I let them in; when, the ceremony of introduction having been performed (the half-naked Indians bowing and speaking a few words in their own language with considerable grace), I sent some men to show them round, and ordered the steward to give them something to eat. The chief, being a "swell," remained with me, talking for some time, but at last, seeing eating and drinking going on forward, he walked off in a great hurry to join. Finding they were all being well taken care of, I went away.

These Indians, who are comfortable and happy in their own forests of the Gran Chaco, from various

causes get attracted to the large towns on their frontiers; here they degenerate into thieves and drunkards. They profess to trade in furs, and some panther-skins I saw were very handsome: the animals had been trapped, so were not injured by bullet-holes: but their principal occupation is collecting meat at the *saladeros*, which they dry and carry off with them, returning when the supply is finished for more. They also get a little money by selling Indian ornaments, forage for cattle, and other trifles. By these means, and thieving—for they look on thieving as an orthodox mode of earning a living—they often collect enough to buy a horse and saddle, a gun, or other object of Indian ambition.

Their mode of taking horses across the Parana is peculiar. The river is about two miles broad, and the current runs from three to four miles an hour; so it is no easy task to swim an animal over, and their canoes are not adapted for carrying them on board. They first drive the horse into the river up to his shoulders in water, then back the canoe in, get hold of the animal's head and lash it well up on top of the gunwale. The horse plunges and kicks, but his feet are off the ground in a moment, so he cannot do any damage, and soon settles down into a steady swim. They generally take two over at a time, one on each side. At first sight it would appear as if there were danger of the bottom of the canoe being\* kicked out; but they never venture into shallow water with horses secured in this manner. The passage across occupies a considerable time, and requires great

exertion ; but there is a long sand-bank opposite Corrientes, little more than half-way, which gives them an opportunity of resting.

The Indians stayed some time, and were much pleased with their visit. They had plenty to eat, and as it was about supper-time the men gave them some tea, which they pronounced to be superior to their maté. They seemed anxious to take something on shore to their wives and children, so the men gave them any scraps of meat left ; after which they wanted some specimens of English old clothing, but were told it was against orders for the men to give their clothes away. On leaving (when they all bowed and saluted with the utmost gravity of manner), the chief invited us to come and see them in their camp, which was pitched about a mile down the river, near the beach. We thanked them and accepted the invitation, promising to come the next forenoon. They then went off, the huge clumsy pirague frequently getting broadside on to the current contrary to the efforts of the man steering. It is a marvel how they ever get up the river at all against such a tide. I have often watched them trying to get round Custom-house point, where there is no chance of an eddy, paddling away for an hour at least, and then having to give it up and track the boat round.

The next day we pulled down the river to the camp. Two chiefs were fishing as we arrived, but stood up and saluted us as we landed. They could not speak Spanish, and we could not speak Guarani (their language), so we walked up towards the

wigwams; here our tail-coat friend soon saw us, and came down. He was delighted, and cordially held out his hand. Several other chiefs now joined us, and united in offering their welcome, after which we walked on towards the camp.

Here we were met by the women and children, the latter all stark naked, well-built little things. The young women were good-looking, but their features were almost hidden by the masses of black hair which covered their head and shoulders like a mane; they were dressed in a short skirt with scarf over their shoulders, and metal ornaments on their fingers and round the neck.

The old women were terrible to behold: the witches in "Macbeth" would be pleasing in comparison. One old lady was hanging some strips of beef on a line to dry in the sun. She had a nose like the beak of a parrot, and was altogether so singular in appearance, as to be not unlike a brown crow. The wretched women are brought to this state by having to do such extremely hard work. Directly they have weaned their children, they commence to perform all the drudgery of the camp, and paddle the canoes, while the men and young women sit and look on.

The young women, after they had satisfied their curiosity by looking at us, retired to their huts, the old ones going on with their various employments without noticing us. We continued our walk through the rows of hovels, for they scarcely deserve a better name, until we came to the one belonging to the chief. Here we looked in, and saw three

women and two infants. We did not go further than the entrance, but saluting the ladies, who were the family of the chief, passed on.

Hearing a slapping kind of noise near, I asked what it was, and was told some of the young men were playing *tapia*. We went to look at them. Six were sitting in a circle, playing a game, one holding up a certain number of fingers, and the others guessing quickly; after each guess they struck the right shoulder with the left hand, which, as they were naked from the waist upwards, caused the slapping noise. They were wonderfully grave and quiet over their game; all we could hear was an occasional grunt. They were fine-looking young fellows, with hair astonishingly thick on their heads, a capital protection from the hot sun.

The chief told me they should stay here some time, as on the other side of the river Lopez' agents were getting hold of the Indians for soldiers, and he and his young men did not want to fight; he said nearly all the Indians on the frontiers of Paraguay had been pressed into the service. We took leave of our Indian friends, and went down to the boat, which had been waiting. From here I started off on foot for a sandy cove about two miles off, to bathe; the others went on board, and I told them to send the boat down for me afterwards.

I had often bathed in this cove. The sand was coarse and clean, pleasant to walk on, and some trees near afforded shade to dress under; it was also retired and some distance from houses. I had finished my

swim, and was leisurely dressing, when I heard two voices near talking sharply. I did not take much notice at first, beyond dressing a little quicker, when all of a sudden a woman began to scream, and two men could be heard struggling and cursing with deep voices. I at once dashed off to the scene of action, and on turning a point of land, a girl came running towards me, crying, "He'll murder him; he'll murder him!" I saw at once one man on the ground and another stabbing at him with a knife. I shouted as I came up, but he did not wait, for, giving his adversary a gash across the face, he stood up looking at him, grinding out, "Ladrone" between his teeth, and, making a kick at him, said "Camino;" but I now stopped him, and asked what he meant by trying to murder the man. He said the villain had followed the girl down to the well where she had come for water, and had tried to insult her, and he, happening fortunately to hear her voice, came down to the rescue. "The animal!" he had known the girl was his novia, and was always running after her, but now he had settled him he hoped. The man on the ground was groaning piteously; he was cut severely about the face and shoulders, and had a nasty stab in the neck, but the girl assisted me to wash the wounds, and bind them up temporarily as well as we could.

I told the man to go up to the village for a hurdle or something to carry the disabled adversary on; but no, he began to curse the poor wretch again, and said he might die where he lay for all he cared. This



rather irritated me, after all the trouble I had taken to stop the fight; so I informed my friend that, as it was, I intended to let the town authorities know of the affair, but if he did not immediately assist to get the wounded man carried where he could get his hurts looked to, I should make a prisoner of him, and take him up to town in my boat, which I pointed out, then pulling down towards the beach. He now sullenly did as I wanted. So, picking the poor fellow up between us, we placed him on the bank; the girl in the meantime had run off to the village, and now came back with several people, who assisted to carry the man up to a house. I went up with them, and saw him put to bed, and then left him in the hands of some of his own family, who seemed to treat the matter very lightly. "Poor Carlos," said one, "I thought he would get this."

The knives these country people carry are most formidable weapons, with a blade four inches long, opening with a spring, which catches and keeps the blade firm. They are in constant use, from eating a meal to settling a quarrel.

I wrote a note to the Chief of Police at Corrientes, explaining the circumstances of the fight at the well; but I never heard the end of it, as we left for Monte Video shortly afterwards.

## CHAPTER VI.

VISIT TO THE PASO DE LA PATRIA—HISTORY OF PARAGUAY—DR. FRANCIA—FRANCISCO SOLANO LOPEZ—THE RIVER PARAGUAY—HISTORY OF THE WAR—GENERAL MURATORI.

I HAD an opportunity about this time of seeing the country in the neighbourhood of Paso de la Patria. A detachment of Argentine cavalry was going down in that direction, and I obtained permission to accompany it. The Argentine camp was considerably nearer the Paso than the rest of the army, but this party was going still further, to reconnoitre, and also to bring in some cattle; so I was glad to take advantage of the circumstance to ride down and see the place, and, if possible, get a closer view of Paraguay than I had hitherto been able to do. We started early in the morning, and I attached myself to a squadron of Corrientino cavalry, about thirty strong. The men had been lately recruited from the various estancias in the province, and were now dressed in the gaucho style. The officer in command had been a gentleman-farmer, and intended leaving the army when the war was over, he told me. The whole detachment were tall, strapping fellows, well armed with carbine, sabre, and lasso. They had a most supreme contempt for the Paraguayans, which rather surprised me, for the Brazilians that I had heard speak on the subject seemed to rather have a

respect for their pluck. I mentioned this to the officer, who merely said, "Oh, the Brazilians!" as if he scarcely considered them anybody. "Why, one of my men would go out and lasso a Paraguayan in his own camp and bring him off, and think nothing of it. The other day, when they were here burning and robbing—the blackguards!—our fellows used to go out at night and lasso them by the dozen. A girl won't speak to a Corrientino young man now until he has brought in two or three Paraguayans. There is scarcely a man in my regiment who has not had some member of his family murdered or outraged by the brutes; so the bitter feeling against them is scarcely to be wondered at."

After a ride of ten or twelve miles through a fine open country (splendid grass-land, with occasional woods in the valleys, but all looking neglected, and the farmhouses in ruins), away towards the Parana I saw the Paso de la Patria, with the Paraguayan lines beyond, across the river, the General's house being conspicuously placed on the hill, with a flagstaff by the side. Some smoke was curling up over the trees on the banks, showing the position of the steamers, but we were too far inland to distinguish small objects.

The land in the vicinity of Paso de la Patria is slightly elevated above the level of the river, and the beach is firm and hard, while on either side is dense jungle and swamp. On the opposite side of the stream is the Paraguayan Custom-house station, and on the heights above are the fortifications of

Itapiru. This point is where the road to Asuncion commences, passing through the different towns and villages on the banks of the Paraguay, on its way up the country. The appearance of the land on the Paraguayan side of the river is nearly similar to that on the Corrientes bank, merely a clear hard spot at the Paso de la Patria, and jungle all round. The creeks are very numerous, affording good shelter to the Paraguayan chatas and small steamers.

On looking across the river into Paraguay, one could not avoid thinking of its strange history, which has just now for a moment been forced on the attention of the world. Its vast collection of military stores, its numerous and strongly fortified positions, the whole available male population under arms: the whole wealth of a country 73,000 square miles in extent applied by the concentrated energy of one man to the formation of an acknowledged aggressive power, forms a picture well calculated to arrest the attention. This formidable combination, organized with the avowed aim of an increase of territory at the expense of Brazil, has been tried in the field with the result we have lately witnessed. Paraguay has made her effort, and has been crushed.

The early records of this singular country read more like a fiction than the every-day story of national progress. It was discovered, in 1528, by a Spanish exploring party under Sebastian Cabot, shortly after his visit to the La Plata provinces. Cabot was murdered by the Indians near Colonia, a town situated opposite the present city of Buenos-

Ayres; but the Spainards increased in numbers, and by 1537 were firmly established in various parts of the country. Paraguay was early discovered to be fertile, and was moreover supposed to be within reach of the new Spanish possessions in Peru. These reasons, amongst others, caused it to be selected as the seat of government for the whole of the settlements in that part of the continent of America. Francisco Yerla was elected Captain-General, and Asuncion was chosen as the capital. Before this was satisfactorily accomplished, there had been some severe fighting with the natives, who were then, as they are now, celebrated for their courage. But in 1538 they gave in their allegiance to the Spanish crown, and became friendly to the settlers. Yerla's election having been approved by the home government, he and other military governors continued to administer affairs, until the Jesuits came into power. These soon obtained permission to send out men of their own selection, and, adopting a totally different policy to that of the late administration, stopped all little frontier wars that had been going on from time to time, and were soon much liked by the natives for their mildness and care in the management of the country.

Their insinuating mode of government is well described by Azara. Knowing there were savage Guaranis on the banks of the Tarminia, they sent some small presents by two Indians speaking the language, and who had been chosen in their oldest communities. They repeated their embassies at different times, the

messengers always stating that they were sent by a Jesuit who loved them tenderly, who desired to come and live in their midst, and procure for them other objects of greater value, including herds of cows, in order that they might have food to eat without exposing themselves to fatigue. The Indians accepted their offers, and a Jesuit started with what he had promised, accompanied by a considerable number of Indians selected from amongst those of their early possessions. These Indians remained with the Jesuit, as they were needed to build a house for the curate, and attend to the cows. These latter were soon destroyed, for the Indians only thought of eating them. The savages asked for more cows, and they were brought by additional Indians chosen like the first, and the whole of them remained on the spot under the pretext of building a church and cultivating maize, and yucca root, for the rest to eat. Thus food, the affability of the priest, the good conduct of the Indians who had brought the cattle, festivals, music, the absence of every appearance of subjection, soon attracted to the settlement all the savage Indians of the neighbourhood. When the priest saw that his selected Indians greatly exceeded the savages in number, he caused the latter to be surrounded on a certain day, and mildly told them in a few words that it was not just their brethren should work for them, that it was necessary therefore that they should cultivate the earth, and learn trades, and that the women should spin. A few appeared dissatisfied, but they perceived the superiority of the Indians of

the curate, and as the latter was careful to caress some, and to punish others with moderation, while exercising a surveillance over all for a time, the mission of St. Joachim was at length entirely and successfully formed.

Two Jesuits were placed in each mission; the one called the curate had been a provincial or rector in their colleges, or was at least a grave father; but he exercised no pastoral functions. He was solely occupied with the temporal administration of all the property of the community, of which he was the absolute director. The spiritual charge was confided to the other Jesuit, who was called vice-curate, and who was subordinate to the other. The Jesuits of all the missions were under the orders of another known as the Superior, who was empowered by the Pope to confirm. A curious document is extant, which shows how strong the feeling of affection for the Jesuits was at this time. In 1767, when they were expelled from power, the natives of Paraguay presented a memorial to the Spanish government, praying that the Superior and his council might be allowed to remain, as they were universally beloved in the country. There can be no doubt that, but for their narrow and unenlightened policy of repression, the rule of the Jesuits would have proved most beneficial to the country; but they shut it up, and prevented trade, or any comparison with the outer world, and so denied the people that important stimulant, competition.

From the downfall of the Jesuits until 1810, mili-

tary governors administered affairs, but a strong revolutionary feeling had been gradually springing up, which in the winter of 1810 resulted in an engagement between the Royal troops, under the Viceroy in person, and the insurgents, in which the latter were completely victorious. On this Paraguay boldly threw off all allegiance to Spain, and established a republic. The other states were scarcely prepared to follow this decisive move, and did not declare their independence until 1816. In the meantime, the Paraguayans elected a provisional government, of which the afterwards notorious Dr. Francia was the secretary. Francia, who soon after became dictator, had been educated for a lawyer, and on coming out to Paraguay had assumed a stern ascetic manner, which struck the simple-minded natives with awe. He had been employed by the royal government in various subordinate offices, until, joining the revolutionary party, he became secretary on their gaining power.

In 1816, the La Plata provinces severed all connexion with Spain, and formed a confederacy. This Paraguay was invited to join, but the government of that country, instigated by Francia, refused, and altered their own form of administration to two supreme rulers. The documents and regulations connected with this change were drawn up by Francia himself, who was invited to become one of the two chiefs. This post was accepted, and the colleague soon put aside. He, Francia, now so worked everything into his own hands, that no other person had either sufficient wits or inclination to join in the



labour; and shortly after, by the wish of the nation, he assumed the sole direction of affairs, with the title of dictator. A perfect reign of terror was now established; all intercourse with foreign nations was effectually stopped, by making it punishable with death to his own subjects, and imprisonment to strangers. This latter penalty was shortly afterwards experienced by two distinguished *savans*, who, trusting to the general consideration shown to the pursuit of science, ventured into the country without permission, and were speedily arrested, and kept in confinement for some years.

Francia, however, was not altogether blind to the advantages of trade; for occasionally an officer of his own staff was sent across to Corrientes with an order for an assortment of goods. This would be eagerly accepted by the merchants, who were glad to get the celebrated Paraguayan yerba (in which their goods would be paid for) at any price, such was the estimation in which it was held. When the goods were collected, they would be sent across to the entrance of the river Paraguay, and there received and paid for by Francia's own personal agent, no communication being allowed with the shore on the part of the strangers.

The goods would be then taken up to Asuncion, and stored in Francia's private warehouses, to be retailed, when it so pleased him, at his own price. It is related that, during this *régime*, an enterprising Englishman, running all risk, landed a cargo of tobacco in Paraguay without asking permission

(knowing well it would be refused). Francia not only seized his cargo and ship, but imprisoned the man himself. Here he remained for a considerable time, until at last having made friends with some of the officials, he was released on open arrest; finding now that he was a ruined man with no prospect of escaping from the country, he asked leave to be allowed to cultivate a yerba field. This was permitted by Francia, and some slight assistance was afforded him in consideration of his tobacco. Being an energetic fellow, he set to work, and in three years he not only had raised enough yerba to cover the expenses of his cargo, but had also sufficient to pay Francia a fine or bribe to let him leave the country.

During Francia's reign there were some few Spanish residents remaining in the country; these were the constant objects of his suspicion and distrust, and while their lives lasted were the victims of the most cruel treatment. One of his decrees announces that, "seeing it becomes more and more urgent to anticipate the effects of the pernicious influences, foolish oppression, and unjust suggestions of the Spaniards of Europe, and in order to consolidate the public tranquillity and general security, I order the said Spaniards who are now in Paraguay to assemble in the Plaza at Asuncion, within two hours after the promulgation of this decree; a delay of six hours will be given to persons at a distance of a league; in default they shall be immediately shot." When these unfortunates had been mustered, with their families, in the public square, they were seized and

hurried off to prison, where they were kept for eighteen months, and only released on paying a fine of 150,000 piastres.

Francia ruled for thirty years, and on his death Carlos Antonio Lopez (father of the present General Francisco Lopez) was elected president. On assuming the reins of government, he at once commenced the enormous military preparations which have lately proved to be so much out of proportion to the actual resources of the country. He it was who laid the foundations of Humaita, and the other large works on the river Paraguay.

His eldest son (Francisco Solano Lopez) was born in 1827; and after having been educated in France, where he studied the *Ecole Polytechnique* course, he accompanied the allied armies to the Crimea during the Russian War in 1854 and '55. On his father's death, in 1862, he was immediately proclaimed President of the Republic by the unanimous voice of the people. His personal appearance is variously described as being short, fat, and bloated, or of middle height, and slightly inclined to *embonpoint*; his character also varies, according to the bias of the writer, from a man of marked talent and energy to a sensual and ferocious savage. He has a thick nose and lips, small eyes, and black hair and moustache. During his tour in Europe he met the celebrated Mrs. Lynch, whose name has received a newspaper notoriety from the attachment she has shown to Lopez during his troubles. This lady either fascinated or was fascinated by Lopez, and

accompanied him on his return to Paraguay from Paris. She is said to be of Irish parentage, and between thirty and forty years of age; short and fair, with a very quick intelligent expression. She has followed Lopez and his misfortunes faithfully through the late bloody war, and is said to possess his entire confidence; her skill as a letter-writer enabling her to assist him materially in his correspondence and other matters which require an exercise of that talent. She is also disposed to be kind to the wretched prisoners who are thrown in the way of Lopez, and has assisted several persons to leave the country who were in danger of their lives, a service of great peril, for the very hint was generally sufficient to cause the suspected runaway to be thrown into prison, there to be charged with treason, and punished accordingly.

Lopez has several children, and his eldest son by Mrs. Lynch was to have succeeded to the government of the republic if the present dynasty had held good. He had also several brothers and other relations; but, as it is lately rumoured he has murdered some and imprisoned others, it is not certain what his family circle may now consist of. During Lopez's reign the administration has permitted and even encouraged intercourse with foreign nations; but it has been limited strictly to Lopez himself. Everybody and everything belongs to Lopez; the engineers and the arsenal, the merchants and the merchandize, all are Lopez's. A man may not marry (should he be so fastidious as to wish for such a luxury) without the

consent of Lopez. A document was found amongst his papers at the capture of Humaita from one Manuel Gomez, setting forth "that having arranged a contract of holy matrimony with Ventura Olmedo, he prayed for permission to change his residence in order to consummate the ceremony." It does not appear that this memorial met with the attention it deserved, or possibly in the hurry of retreat it was mislaid. Of course fees and taxes were exacted on all matters social or commercial, which assisted to swell the President's income; and it is believed that notwithstanding the vast sums of money which have been expended on Humaita, and the other large fortresses on the river, he still must possess a considerable fortune. This will be a prize for the allies if they can stop its being sent down the river, for all other avenues are stopped, by an enemy's country on one side, and impassable forests on the other.

The river Paraguay presents no important obstacles to navigation, the principal point to observe being the periodical rise of the water; this varies sometimes as much as three fathoms. The seasons are the same as in the Parana, which rises from December until May, and then falls until August, after which it remains at a medium depth until the seasons come round again. The danger attendant on grounding in the Paraguay is greater than in the Parana; for the former river has a sharp rocky bottom, while the latter is generally sand.

The entrance to the Paraguay at Tres Bocas is 500 yards wide, and at medium river there is a

depth of twelve feet of water. The iron-clads of the Brazilian fleet, many of which drew twelve and thirteen feet of water, were entirely dependent on these periodical rises, both for forward movements, and also for retreat, if it should have been necessary. Their guns and ammunition were not shipped until they arrived at Corrientes; for the Parana is equally shallow in various parts of its channel. On passing Tres Bocas, the river Paraguay widens to 800 yards; the land also on the left bank becomes elevated and covered with woods, dense and impenetrable: on the right (or Chaco side) a long sand-bank runs parallel with the shore for a considerable distance, on the point of which stands the fort of Cerrito, a small guardia station. From Tres Bocas to Humaita the depth of water varies from two to four fathoms.

It is difficult to conceive a more formidable obstacle to an advancing squadron than this small portion of the river between Tres Bocas and Humaita. The water is shallow, and most uncertain in its depth; the turnings in the channel are sharp and frequent, and every available point was bristling with guns of heavy calibre, served by men who were acknowledged on all sides to be first-rate artillerymen. Lopez had taken great pains in forming a corps of officers especially instructed in that arm; a select few were sent periodically to England and France to learn the latest improvements, and witness the different experiments in gunnery; his arsenal was under the direction of men who had been brought up in English factories, as were his gun

foundries at Ibicuy, where the iron-mines in the vicinity afforded ample supply of metal. The principal part of the material and all the powder had been collected during a number of years from abroad; and the large casemate battery at Humaita was armed with English guns, and called the London—a significant compliment!

In August, 1864, Lopez, having reached middle age, being just two years younger than his great rival and monitor the Emperor of Brazil, resolved to show the world his military resources, and prove to the surrounding countries that he, and no other, was to be considered as their natural patron and dictator. On the 30th, Señor Berges, his foreign minister, was instructed to inform the Brazilian envoy, that the interference of Brazil in the affairs of the Republic of Uruguay could no longer be tolerated; his government must either abstain from mixing in the concerns of that country, or else prepare for war. It was also notified that the province of Matto Grosso, at that time occupied by Brazil, belonged of right to Paraguay, and it would be necessary for the Brazilian garrison to at once withdraw. Brazil was quite unprepared for war, never before having been called on, during her existence as an empire, to undertake naval or military operations on a large scale. However, the Emperor at once rejected all the Paraguayan proposals, and replied, through his minister, that the unsettled state of the Uruguayan government made it imperative that a Brazilian force should be sta-

tioned near the frontier, to protect the lives and property of Brazilian subjects living in the province of Rio Grande; that Brazil had no intention of waiving her right to the province of Matto Grosso; and, finally, that the Brazilian government were not prepared to accept the counsel of President Lopez on any subject connected with the policy of the empire. This reply was received on the 2nd of September.

On the 4th of December, Lopez, without any formal declaration of war, commenced operations by seizing the Brazilian governor of Matto Grosso, who happened to be passing Asuncion at the time, in a steamer, on the way to his seat of government, and hurried him off to the fortress of Humaita, where he was barbarously confined, under circumstances of great privation and suffering, until he died, two years afterwards. On this the Brazilian minister at the Paraguayan capital, justly alarmed for his own safety, escaped on board a foreign man-of-war, then lying in the port. This stroke was at once followed up by the military occupation of Matto Grosso by Paraguay, and a demand for the passage of their troops across the Argentine province of Corrientes, for the purpose of attacking Rio Grande, the southernmost province of the Brazilian empire. Without waiting for an answer, which he well knew could only be a refusal, in March, 1865, Lopez crossed the Parana, and overran the province of Corrientes, capturing the town of the same name, with two Argentine war-steamers lying off the port, and cutting up the small force of Argentines under General Casceres, who tried to



arrest his progress. Rapidly moving across to the Brazilian frontier, he attacked and captured the fortress of Uruguayana, which was immediately occupied and garrisoned with a force of 5,000 men, under General Estigarriba.

This sudden and violent irruption of Lopez, accompanied, as it was, by the unjustifiable seizure of the Brazilian governor of Matto Grosso, and the capture of the Argentine war-steamers, without any provocation or declaration of war, produced the utmost indignation in the three capitals. At Rio Janeiro, the seizure by Lopez of Señor Carneiros, who was an official of high rank, and related to some of the most influential families in the capital, produced the greatest resentment. Energetic remonstrances were sent to the Paraguayan government, but without success. At Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, the feeling was no less intense. Notwithstanding the jealousy which existed amongst themselves and also against Brazil, it was at once seen that the late incursion into their territory, the capture of their ships, and the destruction of their property by Paraguay, without any cause whatever, except the legitimate one of refusing a passage to the Paraguayan troops across their country, had placed the Confederation in a most humiliating position.

The people were at once called to arms.

“Fellow-countrymen! At a time of profound peace, the President of Paraguay has invaded our country, and treacherously seized two steamers,

killing and wounding numerous persons. We have done our best to avoid war, by maintaining a neutral position in the approaching contest between Brazil and Paraguay. But now the moment has arrived. Argentines! I call on you in the name of the country, and by the authority of the law, to take your place as citizens and soldiers of a free state, whose banner has always been accompanied by justice and victory!

“ (Signed)      BART. MITRE.”

A rapid concentration of troops now took place on the frontiers of Uruguay. In the meantime Lopez had been devastating the country round Corrientes, burning and destroying in all directions. A provisional government was established, and those persons who did not give in their allegiance were either imprisoned or sent over to Paraguay. Some few escaped, imagining that their wives and families would be respected; but this proved a vain hope, for women and children were all hurried off to Humaita. The Brazilian army had up to the commencement of the present war been maintained on a peace footing, but now extraordinary levies were made, which soon augmented it to 30,967 men of all arms. These were at once sent into Rio Grande, as the emperor wisely conjectured that Matto Grosso was only a secondary object, and that the struggle would be decided on the southern frontier. By the end of July, 1865, the allied forces had effected a junction with each other near the position of Yatay, where the Paraguayan forces were encamped, and on the morning of the 17th of August a severe action ensued, resulting in the total

defeat of the Paraguayans. The allies, pushing on, invested the fortress of Uruguayana, which soon fell into their hands, with its garrison (5,000 strong).

The position of Lopez was now exceedingly critical ; he had totally miscalculated his resources for offensive operations. No provision had been made for maintaining an army at such a distance from its magazines. The Parana, a broad and rapid stream, was directly in his rear, and a powerful enemy's squadron was approaching to threaten his communications with Paraguay. He now resolved to retreat to his own country, and there await the storm he had brought on his head. Immediately carrying out this project, he broke up from Corrientes in the beginning of October, and withdrew the main body of his army to the opposite bank of the river.

While these operations had been going on between the respective armies, Admiral Viscount Tamandare, with the following Brazilian squadron, had ascended the river Parana :—

Belmont, 8.	Amazonas, 8.	Ypiranga, 6.
Icquitiuhoula, 6.	Paranahyba, 8.	Paraguay, 6.
Chuey, 4.	Barrios, 6.	Araquary, 6.

These were all wooden ships of light draught, but carried heavy guns. On the 11th of June, 1865, they were at anchor off the Riachuelo, a small stream which falls into the Parana some distance below Corrientes, when suddenly the Paraguayan fleet, consisting of eight steamers, carrying twenty-five guns, and five chatas, full of troops, appeared coming round the point at full speed, with a strong current. These ships,

which were principally steamers adapted from the merchant-service for carrying guns, were as follows:—

Tacuri, 6.		Issora, 2.		Salto, 2.
Piribehe, 2.		Paraguay, 2.		Marques Olinda, 2.
Iqurey, 2.		Tejuy, 2.		

Five chatas, one gun each.

These dashed alongside the leading ships of the Brazilian squadron, and threw large boarding parties on their decks. A severe hand-to-hand combat ensued, during which the Brazilian *Paranahyba* had two Paraguayan steamers on her at once; her decks were cleared of defenders, and her colours hauled down by the enemy; the *Belmont* was so badly hit that she sank; the *Acquitiuhoula* ran on shore and was lost, and the *Ypiranga* was so severely handled that she lost half her crew: but at last the Brazilians got their steam ready, and the gallant Barroso, in the *Amazonas* (a heavy paddle-steamer), coming up at full speed, ran into the *Salto*, and sunk her at a blow; backing off and making a circle up the river, he came down again before a three-knot current, crashing into the midst of the combatants at full speed. Nothing could stand the heavy bluff blows of the Commodore's ship, and at last the Paraguayans were compelled to retreat, with a loss of three ships, the *Salto*, *Paraguay*, and *Tejuy*.

The large number of soldiers embarked in their ships, and the desperate courage with which they fought, caused the Paraguayan loss to be unusually severe; it is estimated that they lost in killed, drowned, and wounded 1,000 officers and men: the

only prisoners taken were wounded. The Brazilian loss was also large for a naval action; in addition to the two ships which were destroyed, three hundred officers and men were killed and badly wounded. The news of this victory was received with great rejoicing. Commodore Barroso was promoted to the rank of admiral, and created Baron Amazonas, while the rest of the officers and men received promotion and rewards; a midshipman of the *Paranahyba*, who was killed while bravely defending the colours of his ship, was honoured by having a ship named after him in memory of his gallant action.

Both fleets were so seriously injured after the action as to require extensive repairs; indeed, the Paraguayan ships did not take any further part in the war, but confined their operations on water to what could be accomplished by *chatas*, which craft frequently proved formidable antagonists, with their one heavy gun. The Brazilian squadron was soon ready for action again, and having been joined by Admiral Muratori, with two Argentine steamers, it was determined to force a strong position the Paraguayans had occupied at Cuevos, where, with three thousand men and thirty guns, they had stopped the navigation of the river.

The stream here, which flows past some high cliffs, is divided into two channels, one close to where the enemy had thrown up their works, the other nearer the Chaco side. Admiral Muratori's flag-ship, the *Guarda Nacional*, had been a packet, and was of such slight scantling that one shot between wind and

water would have been sufficient to sink her. This, however, the gallant admiral did not take into consideration, but with colours flying from each mast-head, he boldly led his division through the nearest channel to the enemy's works. On his approach, the enemy opened a hurricane of shot, shell, and musketry on his ship; but, sending every one below except the helmsman, he steamed right on under the batteries. The boldness of the manœuvre saved his ship, for the enemy's guns being on a height, were now unable to reach him; pushing rapidly on, he at length emerged from the dense clouds of smoke safe and sound, to the astonishment and delight of the rest of the squadron, who had run the guantlet with impunity, while the Paraguayans were trying to sink the *Guarda Nacional*.

This was not the first instance Admiral Muratori had given of his dashing style of conducting naval operations. During the revolutionary wars of 1850 and 1852, he commanded a ship under the Argentine government, and was well known for the boldness and success with which he carried out the services entrusted to him. It is much to be regretted that the Argentine government were not able to afford the expense of fitting out an iron-clad for the Paraguayan war, as the experience and dash of Admiral Muratori could not have failed to have been of great service during the operations. Cuevos was the last action in which the Argentine navy took any part, for on the advance of the Brazilian squadron to Paso de la Patria, Viscount Tamandare refused to allow the Argentine ships to accompany it.

## CHAPTER VII.

STRENGTH OF THE RESPECTIVE FORCES, THEIR POSITION, ETC.—  
 STRATAGEM OF PARAGUAYANS—NAVAL ENCOUNTER AT PASO DE  
 LA PATRIA—PASSAGE OF THE ALLIED TROOPS—EVACUATION OF  
 ITAPIRU—ATTACK ON THE ALLIES BY LOPEZ—ENGAGEMENT BEFORE  
 ESTERO BELLACO.

THE allied armies were now making every effort to recruit their forces, and organize the new levies ; their commissariat and transport were in almost as imperfect a condition as were those of the Paraguayans ; and although Lopez had retreated, and all immediate prospect of action on his part was over, the allied generals were very far from being in a position to attack him in his own country. The Brazilian forces were under the command of Marshal Osorio, but General Mitre, the President of the Argentine Republic, was commander-in-chief, in accordance with the provisions of the Triple Alliance, Article 3, which said, "The operations of the war being to commence in the country of the Argentine Republic, or on a part of Paraguayan territory bordering on the same, the command-in-chief and direction of the allied armies remains entrusted to the President of the Argentine Republic, General Bartolome Mitre."

The Brazilian forces were divided into three corps, viz :—

	Officers.	Artillery.	Cavalry.	Infantry.	Guns.
1. Corps Osorio	65	497	1,639	2,804	24
2. Corps Port Alegre	92	1,331	1,497	7,856	60
3. Corps Polidoro	113	767	3,403	10,903	30

Total 30,967 men, and 114 guns.

The Argentines, under General Gelly-y-Obes, were in one corps of 8,000 men ; the Orientals, under General Venancio Flores, were in a division 2,500 strong, making a grand total of 41,467 men, with 114 guns. These were distributed as follows : the Baron Port Alegre, with his corps, was near the Brazilian frontier in the province of Rio Grande. His men were chiefly new levies, and required considerable organization before marching against the enemy. General Flores, with his Orientals and a Brazilian brigade, numbering in all 4,500 men, was advancing in the direction of Tranquero de Loreto, a pass on the Parana, about eighty miles further up than the Paso de la Patria. The main body, under Mitre in person, was advancing slowly in the direction of Corrientes, keeping near the banks of the river Parana, and saving his men as much as possible during the intensely hot weather, which was now trying the young soldiers very much. Lopez was entrenched on the banks of the river opposite Paso de la Patria, at the position of Itapiru, with an army of 37,000 men, and 120 guns, as follows :—

40	regiments of infantry,	700 strong...	28,000
32	„	cavalry, 200 strong ...	6,400
		artillery,	... 3,000 and 120 guns.

Total ... 37,400



Of these 8,000 were in garrison at Humaita and the adjacent works.

The Paraguayan fleet consisted of, in addition to twenty small steamers, fifteen chatas armed each with either a sixty-eight pounder or a heavy thirty-two. These were posted in the different creeks along the banks of the river, ready to move out whenever their services might be required.

During the deliberate advance of the allies, whose troops were only marched from one encampment to another as it became necessary from sanitary considerations, Lopez made several attempts to open negotiations with General Mitre, with a view of detaching the Argentine government from the alliance; but the unscrupulous conduct of the Paraguayan chief, his utter disregard for all the acknowledged usages of civilized warfare, and his cruel treatment of the inhabitants of Corrientes, had disgusted even his own partisans, and all his proposals were rejected. In his note to General Mitre, he complained, with a certain amount of reason, of the enlistment of Paraguayan prisoners in the allied armies, alluding to the men captured at Uruguayana, who were incorporated with the Oriental division, and most unwisely allowed to accompany the army into Paraguay, where afterwards they were a constant source of trouble, and at the battle of Tuyuty their treacherous conduct was the cause of great sacrifice of life on the part of the allies.

By the end of January, 1866, the army was close to Corrientes, and the advance guard, under General

Hornos, who had a force of 2,000 men under his orders, pushed on to the Paso de la Patria, to observe the motions of the enemy. Lopez, narrowly watching every movement of the allies, soon noticed the exposed position of this officer, and on the night of the 30th of January, moved over a large body of troops, and attacked the Argentine General, sending one detachment to draw him down to the water's edge, while another strong body were in ambush amongst the woods which line the bank. This stratagem succeeded perfectly. On the approach of the enemy, General Hornos hastily ordered an attack, without waiting to reconnoitre or form his own men. The Paraguayans retreated as he advanced, and drew him under the fire from the wood. This at once arrested his progress; the retreating enemy now turned, and a tremendous fire was opened on the Argentines from all quarters. The troops, who were under fire for the first time, bravely stood their ground for some time, but at last were obliged to retire with heavy loss. The Paraguayans, emboldened by this success, increased their force the next morning, and advanced into the interior of the country, foraging. On this, General Mitre ordered up the second Argentine division, with a battery of artillery, under General Conesa. These reinforcements, which included the Buenos Ayrean guards, advanced with great gallantry, and drove the enemy back with considerable loss. But instead of taking experience by the disaster of the previous day, they charged right up to the woods and jungle on the

banks of the river. Here a terrible scene of carnage ensued. The enemy's batteries established on an island about five hundred yards off opened with fatal precision. Two *chefs-de-bataillon* were killed, and two wounded; five other officers were killed, and twenty-seven wounded, while the men were mowed down by hundreds, 480 being killed and badly wounded in a very short time; a large proportion out of a force little over 2,000 men. The Argentine troops now, having lost nearly all their officers, and being exposed to a decimating fire, to which they could make no adequate return, hastily retreated; but large reinforcements coming up at the time, they were enabled to re-form without any further loss. The Paraguayans had also suffered severely in this desperate combat, and during the night retired to their own side of the river.

On the 10th of February, the Paraguayans again sent over a considerable body of men, but the allies, taught by dearly-bought experience, sent down such a large force to meet them that nothing decisive occurred; the Paraguayans withdrawing after the exchange of a few shots between the skirmishers. This continual forcing of the fighting by Lopez had now effectually roused the allied generals. The whole army was concentrated in the vicinity of Paso de la Patria, and the fleet, which had been for some time at anchor off the town of Corrientes, commenced taking soundings higher up the river. The Brazilian water-transport had also been brought to great perfection. The termination of the war in America had

lately thrown a large number of blockade-runners out of employ. These now found ample occupation in conveying troops and military stores from Rio and Monte Video to the seat of war, their light draught of water being admirably adapted to the navigation of the river Parana. The Brazilians eagerly bought them up as opportunity offered, and now they were continually running backwards and forwards with men and supplies. Corrientes soon became a vast camp and military arsenal, troops and munitions of war were being landed in a constant stream all day long. Admiral Tamandare, who had been at Buenos Ayres for some time, making arrangements for the forthcoming campaign, now rejoined his fleet, bringing with him a reinforcement of two iron-clads, the *Brazil* and the *Barroso*. The *Tamandare*, a turret ship, had preceded him a short time before.

On the 17th of February, the wooden ships having previously arranged their chain-cables as a defensive armour, and having prepared for action by striking all superfluous masts and spars, weighed, and proceeded with the iron-clads to attack the enemy's works at Itapiru opposite the Paso de la Patria. The cannonade soon became mutual and heavy, the Paraguayan chatas, which played an important part in the engagement, proving most formidable antagonists; for while they were difficult to strike themselves, from their lowness in the water, and from being able to constantly shift their position, they were able to fire on the large hulls of the Brazilian ships with fatal effect. One shot, which entered a

port in the *Tamandare's* turret, killed her captain (Lima Barros) and four men, and wounded nearly every other person in the turret, twelve of them severely. The shot is said to have bounded back from the opposite side of the interior of the turret, and have broken to fragments against her sixty-eight pounder, which it disabled, and the vessel herself had to go out of action. The Brazilian squad, after observing the enemy's coast and sounding the various parts of the river likely to be favourable points for landing troops, returned to their anchorage at Corrientes.

The allies had now assembled two hundred boats and rafts, which were calculated to be capable of transporting seven thousand men each trip. There were also seven light steamers, and a launch, supposed to be available for five thousand more, and, in addition, there were the ships of the fleet, if they should be required. Previous to attempting the passage of the river, however, it was necessary to gain possession of the island of Itapiru, situated nearly mid-stream, and so called from being directly opposite the fort of the same name. Accordingly, on February 28th, a Brazilian force of infantry and artillery, 1,200 strong, under Colonel Cabrita, was landed, under cover of a fire from the fleet, and works were immediately thrown up, which commanded the Paraguayan batteries opposite. The fleet now took up their position between the island and the allied camp, keeping up an occasional fire on the enemy at Itapiru. This proved so galling to the

Paraguayans, that on the 10th of March a desperate attempt was made to wrest the island from the hands of the Brazilians. One thousand chosen men were thrown on it, who gallantly stormed the works, but they were met by such a terrible fire that half their numbers were rendered *hors de combat* by the first volley. Their leader and sixty of his men were taken prisoners, while the survivors hastily retreated to their boats, and escaped to the Paraguayan shore. The officer in command of the expedition, Colonel Romero, who was wounded, was considered by Lopez as one of his best officers, and was a great loss to his army. The Brazilian loss, although small, was viewed with much concern by the allied generals, in consequence of the death of the gallant Colonel Cabrita, who was killed, with three officers of his staff (while writing the despatch announcing the repulse of the enemy), by a shell from the Paraguayan batteries at Itapiru.

The allied army now only awaited the signal to commence the passage of the river. At last, to the great joy of the troops, on the evening of the 15th of April, 1866, orders were given for the men to be under arms by midnight, and to cross at daylight. The fleet were in position to cover the movement as follows: the *Brazil*, *Bahia*, *Barroso*, and *Tamandare* (iron-clads) were to closely engage the enemy's works at Itapiru, while the troops, after making a feint of crossing at that point, were to suddenly alter their course, for a landing two miles further down the river, a position which had been carefully reconnoitred some time before by Marshal Osorio him-

self. The wooden ships were drawn up close to the Corrientes side of the stream, ready to tow the flats and operate as occasion might require.

The task the allies had undertaken of invading Paraguay by the Paso de la Patria was one of no ordinary difficulty. This portion of the republic lies between the two great streams, Parana and Paraguay, which unite at the Tres Bocas, and for some distance above the junction of these rivers the whole face of the country on either side of them is covered with dense and impenetrable forests; within the delta of the rivers those portions of the country which are not covered with wood are either marshes or lakes, and altogether it would be difficult to imagine a field for military operations less favourable for an invading army.

There are two distinct roads from Nembuco to Asuncion, one by the Misiones, and the other by the banks of the river (the coast as it is called). The first road is circuitous, but the ground is firm and good for travelling on; the distance is called 130 leagues. The coast road only measures about eighty leagues, but it passes through marshes, swamps, and large sheets of shallow water. The journey by this latter route is well described in Robertson's "Travels." The commandant pressed me to take the circuitous road, but a saving of forty-five leagues tempted me to travel by the other. The commandant, seeing I was determined, picked out the best man he had in his service to accompany me as guide. He was indeed a very fine handsome young fellow, brave,

intelligent, and active, yet modest and unassuming in his deportment. We had only advanced a few leagues when we found ourselves in the marshy land. We waded for hours through apparently interminable lakes or great shallow ponds of water. Patches of dry land were to be seen here and there, with miserable huts on them. We skirted the woods which ran along the banks of the Paraguay, but of the river itself we never got a sight. At the distance of every three or four leagues we came to what were now swollen and wide rivers, though in ordinary times most of them were but rivulets easily fordable. In such cases we had to cross in a balsa or pelota. With great exertion we made our seventeen leagues the first day, and took up our night's lodging at a miserable rancho; the damp mud floor of it being our bed. Two-thirds of the day we had been up to our saddle-girths in water, and I found we had the same sort of travelling to expect till we got to Angostura, nine leagues from Asuncion.

The allied preparations being complete at daylight, Osorio's division (10,000 strong), with eight guns, was embarked and pushed across directly against the Paraguayan works at Itapiru; at the same moment the fleet and batteries opened fire with a deafening cannonade. Osorio held steadily on until within a short distance from the shore, when by a preconcerted arrangement the transports altered their course, in the direction of the intended landing-place, and, dropping down rapidly with the swift current, ran alongside the river's bank on the Paraguayan side.



Here the troops were quickly landed, and formed on a narrow space of land covered on the flank nearest the enemy's troops by an extensive and impassable morass. This skilful movement had completely deceived Lopez, who now, before he could reach Osorio, would have to make a long *détour* to get round the morass.

The Brazilians at once threw out scouts to discover a passage through the swamp, and watch the enemy ; but Lopez, who was still threatened at Itapiru by the remainder of the allied forces, was in no condition to detach any one to molest them. Osorio after some difficulty found a path which led to the interior of the country ; and, placing his guns in the centre, began to force his way through the jungle. In the meantime the Argentine and Oriental divisions embarked, and under cover of a furious cannonade succeeded in landing at the same point as the Brazilians. Lopez now, seeing plainly that it was impossible to prevent the passage of the allies, withdrew his forces from Itapiru (after sending his guns and stores to the rear) to a chosen position at Estero Bellaco. Osorio, pushing on through the swamp, where his men were frequently up to their waists in water, soon encountered the rear and flanking parties of Lopez's retiring army. Some severe skirmishing ensued, but at last the Argentine and Oriental troops having come up under Paunero and Flores, the whole pushed on together for Itapiru, which they found evacuated. Osorio's advance had been attended with many great difficulties :

while his men (who had been up all night) were toiling through the swamp and jungle, dragging their guns after them, a tremendous storm of rain arose, which so thickened the air that they could not see where they were going; their only guide until the enemy attacked them being the sound of the cannonade at Itapiru; in addition to this their march was harassed by the enemy's sharpshooters, who, hurrying down from the main body at Itapiru, kept up a running fire the whole day; and early next morning, on being reinforced by Lopez with 3,000 men, and three guns, they made a desperate attack on the allied encampment, but were repulsed with loss, leaving two out of their three guns in the hands of the allies.

General Mitre, directly the retreat of the enemy was observed, occupied the landing on the Paraguayan side of the Paso de la Patria, and immediately commenced the passage of the artillery and cavalry; this was carried on with such vigour that by the morning of the 18th 35,000 men, with 100 guns, were in position on the deserted Paraguayan lines of Itapiru.

Lopez's position at the Estero Bellaco was exceedingly strong; the narrow and only road to Humaita here passes between an impassable morass on the river side, and equally impenetrable woods on the east or land side. The road itself is composed of fine dusty sand, very deep, affording great facilities for the formation of parapets and other defensive works. This had been ably taken advan-

tage of by Lopez, who had constructed a series of works, at a distance of a few miles apart, right up to Humaita itself. While the main body of the allies remained at Itapiru, waiting for the stores and ammunition to be brought over, the advanced posts were pushed on under General Flores to the Pass of Saint Francisco, on the margin of the Estero Bellaco. Here the watchful eye of Lopez soon detected their exposed position, and, taking advantage of the period when the troops were taking their midday meal and siesta, he attacked them with 6,000 men. These burst with great violence on the unprepared Orientals, overturning their camp, and cutting to pieces the troops and camp-followers, who were mixed up in the most inextricable confusion; the artillerymen cut their traces and rode off on the horses. General Flores had his horse shot under him, and was nearly taken prisoner. Colonel Palleja was also unhorsed, and all were flying in the wildest confusion, when Marshal Osorio, hearing the heavy and sustained fire going on in front, without waiting for intelligence, at once put the troops under arms and hurried up to the front with two infantry divisions and one of cavalry, under Generals Paunero, Victorino, and Netto. These meeting the enemy, who were much disordered by their previous success, soon turned the tide of affairs. The Paraguayans, who were not supported by any reserves, retreated at full speed until covered by the guns of their own batteries, and the allied forces, who did not pursue beyond this point, resumed their original positions. The loss of

the allies on this disastrous occasion, in which the Oriental division was almost destroyed, amounted to 294 killed and 400 badly wounded. Their camp equipage was lost and several guns rendered useless. The Paraguayans, who fought with the most determined bravery, were much cut up in consequence of their unfortunate tactics in not providing a reserve force to cover the retreat of the main body when necessary. Their loss of 500 left on the field occurred principally during the retreat. Three guns were also captured by the allies. A regiment of Argentine cavalry distinguished itself during the pursuit, capturing the colours of a Paraguayan regiment, and the officer who carried them. Both were sent to Buenos Ayres, with the despatch announcing the action.

The position of the allied army was now advanced nearer the ravine of the Estero Bellaco, but the advance-posts remained as before; extra entrenchments were thrown up, and every effort made to prevent surprise. The situation was extremely unfavourable: in front was the narrow pass leading to the enemy's works, which were bristling with cannon and full of men, and on both flanks the ground was so broken up by swamps and woods as to be quite impassable to an advancing army, until roads had been cut through the jungle, while it was well adapted for, and much exposed to, sudden attacks by an enterprising enemy who knew the ground, and who had carefully studied it beforehand. Every night the allied outposts sustained severe loss from the Paraguayan sharpshooters, who, concealed by

the trees and tall reeds, were able to approach close to the lines without being perceived. These attacks were so frequent, and appeared to be accomplished with such ease, that at last Lopez was emboldened by the prolonged inactivity of the allies to try a blow in that direction on a larger scale.

On the morning of the 24th of May, he advanced two columns of 10,000 men, one on each flank of the allied lines. The right Paraguayan column was commanded by General Barrios, the commander-in-chief of the army under Lopez; the left under General Resquim: this latter was composed of 6,000 infantry, 3,500 cavalry, and ten guns. Resquim was ordered to turn the allied right, and dash on for Itapiru, where he was to destroy the allied arsenals and stores, and then, joining with Barrios, drive their armies back to the river. The right column under Barrios was composed of the same number of men as the left, but most of the cavalry were on foot. Its duty was to attack the allied left rear, and prevent any reinforcements being sent to Itapiru. The plan was well conceived and boldly executed, as far as it went, but the means at the disposal of Lopez were quite inadequate for such a task. For while the Paraguayan resources had been strained to the utmost in providing soldiers for their army, boys of from twelve to fourteen years of age having been already called on for military service, the allies, particularly the Brazilians, were receiving reinforcements daily, and now actually had 34,000 effective men in the field, with 120 pieces of cannon, most of which were

Whitworth's rifled twelve-pounders, besides heavier guns of position.

The Paraguayan attack commenced on the morning of the 24th. Resquim burst with great fury on the allied advance-posts on the right, and, cutting up a regiment of Argentine cavalry, stormed and carried the entrenchments in that quarter, spiking the guns and overturning the camps of the Argentine divisions, who were stationed in that part of the line. Passing rapidly through the allied position, he marched on Itapiru, which was garrisoned by the 3rd and 5th Argentine divisions. These, unable to stand the weight of the Paraguayan attack, fell back with great loss, after making a gallant stand, in which their chief, General Paunero, was wounded, and Colonels Roja, Pagola, and Basantimo were killed. The allied right and rear were now entirely in the hands of the enemy, who commenced destroying the stores and reserve parks of the army. But in the meanwhile the attack of the right column, under Barrios, had not been so successful. The Brazilians, who were posted on the left of the allied line, had heard of the attack in time to prepare for it, and although the Paraguayans came on with their usual dash and impetuosity, they were met by such vastly superior numbers, that, with the exception of one division, none of their troops penetrated beyond the outer lines of defence. One division succeeded, under cover of the woods, in getting in rear of the Brazilian batteries, but here they were speedily surrounded, and destroyed to a

man. This repulse enabled Marshal Osorio to send assistance to the right rear, where Resquim's cavalry were sabring the Argentines, and setting fire to the allied stores. The arrival of the Brazilians, however, speedily changed the aspect of affairs. They came pouring in on all sides, horse, foot, and artillery, and opened a tremendous fire on the Paraguayans, who in vain tried to make an orderly retreat. They were obliged, after the most desperate fighting, to disperse in the woods on their flank, and regain their own lines by circuitous routes, through which the allies could not follow them. This success was taken advantage of by General Mitre to push forward his lines to the other side of the "Bellaco" stream, where he intrenched himself in the position of Tuyuty.

The losses of the allies during this severe struggle amounted to 672 killed and 2,645 wounded. Of these the Brazilians lost 413 killed and 2,094 wounded, including amongst the latter Marshal Osorio. The Argentines, who were most severely handled, lost, out of 3,000 men engaged, 126 killed and 388 wounded; the former included 3 *chefs de bataillon* and 15 officers, the latter 1 general, 1 *chef*, and 20 officers. The Paraguayans, who, it is said, refused quarter, lost 4,000 killed and wounded, 4 guns, 8 stand of colours, and quantities of arms, &c.

## CHAPTER VIII.

POSITION OF THE ALLIED ARMY—MORTALITY AMONG THE FORCES—  
TORPEDOES—INACTIVITY OF THE ALLIES—CONTEST FOR THE  
TUYUTY MOUND—DEATH OF COLONEL PALLEJA—BRILLIANT AT-  
TACK UPON CURUPAITI—REPULSE OF THE ALLIES—APPOINTMENT  
OF ADMIRAL IGNACIO—HIS ENERGY AND GALLANTRY—WITH-  
DRAWAL OF THE ARGENTINE TROOPS—MOVEMENT TO TURN THE  
PARAGUAYAN FLANK AT LAS ROJAS.

THE new position taken up by the allied army was separated from the Paraguayan lines by a swamp which extended as far as Lake Piris on the left, and on the right was lost in the Nembuco woods. Beyond the swamp in front was a dense wood, in which the Paraguayan outposts were placed, and farther back, at Britt, eight miles from Humaita, Lopez was intrenched with the main body of his troops; the flanks of the respective armies were covered by impassable morasses and dense woods. Both sides now were much exhausted by their late severe efforts. The constant fatigue was beginning to tell on the new Brazilian levies with fatal effect. A terrible mortality struck down hundreds, and the accumulation of unburied corpses, which, from the nature of the ground, it was difficult to inter properly, became so alarming that the medical officers of the army reported that unless something were done to re-



move the evil, the army would be certainly destroyed by pestilence. On this report vast hecatombs of bodies were made and burnt; but although this measure stopped all immediate fear of the plague, it did not remove the sickness. The new, and often very young, recruits, which, by the great efforts of the Brazilian government, were being continually raised and hurried off to the front, died almost as soon as they joined their regiments. Nor was the sickness confined to the men only. The officers suffered severely. Generals Sampaio and Netto died, and Marshal Osorio, from the combined effects of illness and his wound received in the last action, was compelled to relinquish his command, which was conferred on General Polidoro. The total loss sustained by the Brazilian army alone up to this time was, according to Marshal Osorio's report, 920 killed, 3,200 wounded, and by the end of May 10,000 were in hospital. The number of deaths from sickness is not mentioned; but when we consider that the Brazilian army was only 30,000 strong at that time, the fact that one-third were in hospital shows what ravages sickness was making in their ranks. This fatal epidemic affected the animals also to such a degree that the cavalry and artillery were nearly unhorsed.

The Paraguayans, whose resources were nearer at hand, did not suffer to such an extent as the allies, and as the latter slackened their exertions, the former redoubled theirs. Lopez established a battery of siege-guns at his outposts, and bombarded the allied camp

for three days, causing great destruction of tents and stores, although not attended by any considerable loss of life. On the river he was no less active; torpedoes were sent down on the Brazilian fleet at anchor at Tres Bocas, fitted so as to float down the stream a short distance below the surface of the water; others were brought off by Paraguayan boats, and efforts made to attach them to the screws of the Brazilian ships: the body of a Paraguayan was picked up entangled in the rudder-chains of the *Brazil*, who had been evidently trying to attach a torpedo and had been drowned in the attempt.

The arrangements adopted by the Brazilian admiral for stopping the torpedoes and towing them away before they reached the ships were as follows. The boats of the fleet were divided into three squadrons, which relieved each other in rowing guard night and day; each boat had several grappling irons with long lines attached, with which they hooked the floats to which the torpedoes were attached, and towed them to the shore. Several plans were submitted to Admiral Tamandare for removing torpedoes, but in his despatch after the attack on Curupaiti, he says, "he has found the arrangement with boats the most feasible and effective." It was a service of great danger grappling them: a lieutenant of the *Iraqway* was blown up, with a boat's crew of seven men, by allowing his boat to come down with the tide too rapidly and to strike the torpedo, which immediately exploded. In addition to these precautions, the headmost ships had heavy spars fitted

to project over the bows, and drop in the water, which were intended to stop the torpedo, and explode it clear of the hull of the ship. Only one ship was struck at this time by a torpedo, the *Mearim*, and in her case the precautions taken prevented any damage beyond broken glass and skylights.

In the allied camp affairs were still far from satisfactory ; while the men were weakened by sickness, a sudden rise in the river overflowed the camp and intrenchments, turning the small rivulet of the Estero Bellaco into a swollen torrent, causing considerable loss of life, and sweeping off numbers of horses and cattle. These several disasters, and the inactivity of the army and fleet, caused the greatest impatience at Rio. The extraordinary inaction of the fleet, which had been lying at Tres Bocas ever since the passage of the army in April, in particular, created great astonishment. The late rise in the river had given them a fair opportunity to do something, but the moment was allowed to pass. However, this apathy did not extend to the Paraguayan lines ; for Lopez now began to push forward on the allied left, with a view of cutting them off from their ships on the river. With this intention he began working gradually up to a conspicuous mound of about two hundred mètres square, which rises abruptly from the plain, which, originally dry land, had lately become a swamp, only passable at certain points. The sides of this mound were steep, and covered with tall palms and dense brush-wood.

On the summit was a clear space of about a hundred mètres. The spot thus formed a most desirable military position. It, however, was exactly between the hostile lines, being situated six hundred yards in front of the left of the allied position, and about double that distance from the Paraguayan right flank. If Lopez could have gained this, the allied intrenchments must have been soon made untenable, for any guns mounted on the summit would have enfiladed them from end to end.

Immediately the allied generals became aware of this movement they awoke to the danger of their situation. It was at once resolved to attack the enemy, and drive him from his new position. Accordingly, the next morning, the 16th of July, General Souza, at the head of the 4th division of Brazilians, with four guns, and a battalion of sappers, who had passed the night in a wood close to the enemy's works, commenced the attack by storming the advance-trench, and driving out the covering parties, who were taken completely by surprise. The Brazilians, following up their success, made a desperate attack on the enemy's second line; but they were met by such a severe fire that they were obliged to hastily retreat to the work previously captured. Here the sappers had been busily engaged in turning the enemy's works against their late occupants, and, reinforcements having arrived, General Souza was able to firmly establish himself in the captured work. The enemy now opened a heavy cannonade all along their line, under cover of which they sent repeated

columns against the advance-work; but, notwithstanding the violence of the attacks and the heavy loss sustained on both sides, they were repulsed on every occasion. The 6th Brazilian division, under General Victorino, now occupied the advance-trench, and both sides, much exhausted, ceased firing for the night. The capture of this outwork from the Paraguayans removed all fear of the mound being occupied, much as it was coveted on both sides, and the whole of the 17th was spent in strengthening the newly-acquired position.

On the morning of the 18th, the mound was again the object of contention; this time the allies tried to occupy it. At daylight the 6th Victorino division and the 3rd Argentines advanced from their trenches and made a rush for it, while Colonel Palleja, with the Oriental division and a regiment of Brazilian infantry, stormed the enemy's intrenchments beyond, on its left flank. This attack, which was closely supported by the 9th Brazilian division, was at first most successful. The troops dashed over the enemy's works, and captured seven guns; but now a heavy fire was opened on the storming party from the Paraguayan second line, and such was its severity that in a very short time the allies lost half their number in killed and wounded. Colonel Palleja, commanding the Orientals, was killed, General Victorino was wounded, and nearly all the principal officers were either killed or badly wounded. Under these circumstances a retreat was necessary, and General Souza now coming up with two fresh

divisions, the remnant of the storming party were drawn off under cover of their fire, and both sides resumed their original positions. The object of these bloody combats, the Cora Mound, remained, as before, unoccupied by either side. The loss sustained by the allies during the two combats amounted to four thousand killed and wounded; amongst the former was the gallant Colonel Palleja, who commanded the Oriental division, under General Flores. He was distinguished equally for his bravery and devotion in the field, and for his scientific acquirements. He had during the war contributed a series of the most graphic descriptions of the operations of the allied armies to the Monte Videan journals, and his loss was much felt both at home and in the army.

The accession of General Polidoro to the command of the Brazilian troops, on Marshal Osorio being wounded, had been attended with the best results. He was an officer in the prime of life, and well able to introduce and sustain a vigorous policy. He now threw all his energies into the work of opening out his flanks, and establishing a communication with the fleet; roads were speedily cut through the forests, and the lines extended on a much longer front. The fleet also were now stimulated by the presence of Señor Octaviano, the energetic Brazilian minister for foreign affairs. Baron Port Alegre's division, 10,000 strong, which had been for some time at Candelaria, threatening the Paraguayan frontier at the pass of Ytapua, was now ordered up with all despatch to join the main body. General Mitre had long seen

the necessity of a forward movement on the direct road to Humaita, but, before this could be done, it was necessary to secure the Paraguayan fortress of Curuzu, which even now in the present position of the allies almost screened their left flank, and endangered their communications with the Paso de la Patria, where their reserve stores were kept. It was now decided to take advantage of the arrival of Port Alegre's division to make a combined attack on Curuzu. Accordingly, on the morning of the 1st of September, the troops were embarked in transports, and conveyed to a point a few miles below the fortress, on the banks of the river Paraguay, where they landed without opposition. In the meantime the Brazilian fleet, led by the iron-clads *Bahia*, *Brazil*, *Barosso*, *Lima Barros*, and *Rio Janeiro*, steamed up to the enemy's works. Curuzu was a large earthwork surrounded by a ditch and abattis, mounted with thirteen guns towards the river, of various calibres, from eighty and sixty-eight pounders to twenty-fours. It was five miles in a straight line from Humaita, but much farther by the windings of the river. Between Curuzu and Humaita was the large fort of Curupaiti, mounted with forty guns. The fleet proceeded slowly, threading their way through the numerous obstructions and torpedoes until noon, when the leading ship reached the enemy's works. The iron-clads steamed on until all had taken up their intended positions, and then opened fire. An unremitting cannonade was kept up all day and part of the night, without any decisive advantage on either side. Many of the Brazilian ships

were, however, much damaged from shot entering their port-holes. The *Rio Janeiro*, a casemate central battery, four and a half inch plating, built at Rio, had two ports forward on the engaged side knocked into one; a sixty-eight pounder was disabled, and one man killed and seven wounded. At daylight the next morning the combat was renewed, the fleet keeping up a fierce bombardment on the out works of Curupaiti, as well as Curuzu itself. At two p.m. the unfortunate *Rio Janeiro* was blown up by a torpedo, numbers of which were continually being launched by the Paraguayans at Curupaiti, and floated down the stream. Out of her crew of 115 officers and men, the *Rio Janeiro* lost her captain, Mariz Barros, and fifty-three men killed or drowned, and several wounded, who were picked up by the boats of the fleet; the remainder were rescued by the wooden gun-vessel *Itaghy*, which gallantly came to her assistance. The *Itaghy* was now herself disabled by a shot entering her boiler, scalding four men to death, and in her turn had to be towed off.

While the fleet were engaging the river batteries, Baron Port Alegre had been working his way up to assaulting distance by sap, and the next morning at seven a.m. his men made a rush at the enemy's works with the bayonet, the storming parties attacking three sides of the fortress at once, and carrying the position in the most brilliant style. The enemy hastily retreated on Curupaiti, leaving 900 killed and wounded, with all their cannon, in the hands of the victors.

This was one of the best conducted actions of the



whole war. The arrival of the news of the victory was celebrated at the different capitals with great rejoicings, and an early termination to the war was confidently looked for. The allied generals now redoubled their efforts. General Mitre moved down to the support of Port Alegre with 10,000 men, and an advance on Curupaiti was immediately projected. The whole Argentine corps was held in readiness, and the fleet, anxious to follow up their late success, soon repaired their damages, and were reported ready to advance. About this time Lopez sent in a flag of truce, to request an interview with the allied generals. General Polidoro, on the part of the Brazilians, declined, but Lopez was received at the outposts by Generals Mitre and Flores, and a most friendly discussion took place, until Lopez, understanding that his abdication was to be considered as a *sine quâ non*, abruptly broke off the conference.

The next morning the attack on Curupaiti commenced. At daylight, on the 22nd of September, the fleet advanced, led by the *Bahia* and *Lima Barros*, who took up a position to enfilade the enemy's works. The *Brazil*, *Barosso*, and *Tamandare*, with three wooden ships protected by chain-cables, followed by another channel, and at noon succeeded in breaking through the boom and stockade erected by the enemy across the river, and opened their fire. Directly the attack by the fleet had become developed, the allied storming parties advanced. On the left were three Brazilian columns, which were to attack the centre and right of the enemy's works. On the right two

columns of Argentines were destined to storm the left intrenchments. The Brazilians were under command of Baron Port Alegre, and the Argentines under General Paunero, while General Mitre directed the whole operation in person.

The troops dashed on, and gallantly carried the advance-trench; but here they were met by a perfect hailstorm of shot, shell, grape, and musketry, the former delivered at point-blank range, from sixty-eight and thirty-two pounders. However, led by the gallant Colonel Rivas, the Argentines pushed on till they came to the abattis. This was composed of a mass of trees, their branches thickly entwined, and extending over a space of twenty-five yards in depth; inside this was a deep ditch half full of water. These obstacles it was found impossible to overcome. A terrible slaughter ensued, the troops, exposed to a fire from forty guns, were destroyed by hundreds. Colonel Rivas, the leader of the Argentine storming columns, was struck down early in the action; while six *chefs de bataillon* were killed, and eleven wounded. The Brazilians on the left and centre were suffering in an equally severe manner; still the gallant troops remained at the fatal abattis, trying to force a way through by cutting the branches, or setting fire to the trees, but all their efforts were in vain. The most heroic example was set by the leaders, but, exposed as they were to a dreadful fire of great guns and musketry, the latter from the garrison eight thousand strong, drawn up on the parapet, and keeping up a sustained fire, they at last drew off their

shattered columns and retreated to Curuzu. The fleet withdrew at the same time. The allies lost, out of an attacking force of 18,000 men, 378 killed and 1,447 wounded in the Brazilian divisions, and 290 killed and 865 wounded in the Argentine, making a total of 668 killed, and 2,342 wounded.

The news of this terrible repulse, coming so shortly after the victory at Curuzu, created a profound sensation. Mutual recriminations between the different leaders followed. It was said on the part of the Argentines that General Polidoro had failed to support them, by creating a diversion at Tuyuty; that the fleet did not force the stockade early enough, or take up a position where they could direct their fire with advantage. The feeling grew so violent, and the opinion of the public became so strong on the subject, that the Marquis of Caxias, a general of high standing, who had been at the head of the military commission lately held at Rio, on the new organization of the Brazilian army, was appointed commander of their land forces; while Admiral Joaquim Ignacio, a gallant veteran, who had served under Lord Cochrane, was appointed to succeed Vicomte Tamandare in command of the fleet. Baron Port Alegre was superseded in command of his corps by General Argollo, and recalled to Rio to account for his share in the recent disaster; but his explanation was considered so satisfactory by the emperor that he was immediately reinstated in his command. The gallant Marshal Osorio, who had now recovered from his wound, and had been made Baron Herval for his

services, was appointed to command a new *corps d'armée*, which was being raised in the province of Rio Grande, and was intended to carry out the project which was thought of at the commencement of the campaign, that of invading Paraguay by the Ytapua pass.

The new chiefs joined their respective commands in December, 1866, and Admiral Ignacio, taking advantage of the periodical rise in the river now commencing, made an attack on Curupaiti by its front, and also on its flank and rear, by pushing a division of small vessels and bombs into Lake Piris, which, owing to the rise in the river, was now navigable. These latter opened a heavy fire on the Paraguayan works, and did considerable damage; while the ironclads bombarded the fort in front. Under cover of this Admiral Ignacio was enabled to thoroughly reconnoitre the enemy's position, and towards evening, that object having been attained, the ships drew off. Great efforts were made to get one of the ironclads into Lake Piris; for, if it could have been accomplished, the Paraguayan works on their right flank would have been rendered untenable, the waters of the lake flowing right up to the intrenchments, and enabling a ship to get very close. However, it was found that the depth of the small stream which connected the lake with the river Paraguay was not sufficient to admit a heavy vessel; and the small craft and boats which could get in were not built strongly enough to allow of close action with the enemy's batteries with any chance of success.

Admiral Ignacio, having made himself acquainted with the strength of the enemy's position, and having been reinforced by the *Colombo* iron-clad casemate, lately arrived from England, was quite ready to avail himself of the high water in the river to advance on Humaita. But matters were not in an equally favourable state in the allied camp: the army was not prepared to advance; the late severe losses had seriously alarmed General Mitre, and his counsel was decidedly to await reinforcements from Brazil. The English Minister, in his despatch to Lord Stanley, writing from Buenos Ayres on this occasion about the inactivity of the allied land forces, says, "Whether this arises from the jealousy of President Mitre, or from a belief in the speedy exhaustion of the resources of Paraguay, I cannot say; but Señor Octaviano (the Brazilian minister) positively assures me that the allied army numbers 32,000 efficient men, and that the accounts brought in by various deserters of the forces of their opponents place them below 18,000." President Mitre now withdrew, with 4,000 Argentine troops, to quell a disturbance on the Indian frontier of the Confederation.

During this inactivity of the army, the fleet gave the enemy ample occupation on their river defences. On the 8th of February, 1867, the iron-clads again bombarded Curupaiti, and finding the defence had sensibly slackened, a division under Captain Delphim, in the *Bahia*, pushed on past the formidable works to within three miles of Humaita. The fleet was now divided, and Lopez, enraged at finding his batteries

were unable to stop the iron-clads, redoubled his exertions to block up the river. Stockades and torpedoes were laid down in all directions, new batteries were erected, and all communication between the two Brazilian divisions effectually cut off by water. However, Ignacio soon established a road through the Chaco, and the advance squadron was supplied by land.

The energetic proceedings of Admiral Ignacio, and the gallantry displayed by the fleet, had been the theme of universal admiration. They had taken advantage of the usual rise in the river, which, as before mentioned, takes place between December and April, to force their way past all obstacles right up to the Paraguayan stronghold; and there can be no doubt that if the army had been handled with the same vigour in the early part of 1867 as it was in the following year at the same period, Admiral Ignacio could have forced the passage of Humaita as easily then as it was done twelve months later. However, unfortunately for the allied cause, jealousy existed in the camp. The policy adopted by the Argentine government at this time has been most severely criticised; the withdrawal of their troops was a fatal blow to all forward movement, and the action of the Marquis of Caxias was paralyzed by the uncertain plans of General Mitre.

At a time when a new general had been appointed to command the Brazilian army, and a new admiral their fleet, it was to be supposed the new blood would have put life into the proceedings; but the councils

of the Argentine president, who was present with the army, were against a forward movement, and shortly afterwards the withdrawal of his troops effectually stopped all advance for the present; and, in effect, nothing of a decisive character was done until the following year; the lucky moment had been allowed to pass. The Argentine troops were withdrawn to quell a disturbance; but, as shortly afterwards 3,000 men were raised in the provinces without any considerable difficulty, it is reasonable to suppose that, if their enrolment had been hastened a little, they could have put down the disturbance as easily as the 4,000 veterans under General Paunero, whose withdrawal prolonged a war which was costing Brazil about half a million a week.

However much the Emperor Dom Pedro may have felt the lukewarmness of his allies at this period, he took care not to show it, but strained every nerve to reinforce the army. In addition to the decree which he had lately issued, liberating the government slaves on their accepting service as soldiers, 8,000 national guards were called out from all the provinces except Para and Rio Grande, whose resources were already quite exhausted, and hurried on to the seat of war. Marshal Osorio's projected movement by Itapua and Candelaria was countermanded, and he received orders to join with his forces immediately at headquarters. This was effected by July, and he was at once pushed on, with his corps increased to 28,000 men, against the Paraguayan left flank: this was drawn back as he advanced until it

reached Las Rojas. Here it halted, and Osorio took up his position opposite, at a place called Tuyucune, nine miles to the right front of the main body of the allies at Tuyuty. The two positions were at once placed in communication by road and telegraph, but one part passed dangerously close to the enemy's lines at Britt. General Mitre now rejoined, and resumed his post as commander-in-chief; and Marshal Caxias, leaving Baron Port Alegre with 12,000 men at Tuyuty, joined Osorio at Tuyucune, where, with 28,000 men and forty guns, he was preparing to turn the enemy's left flank at Las Rojas.



## CHAPTER IX.

ADMIRAL IGNACIO ENGAGES THE FORTS OF CURUPAITI—CAPTURE BY THE ALLIES OF PILAR AND TAXI—DESPERATE ATTACK BY PARAGUAYAN CAVALRY UPON TUYUTY—ACCESSIONS TO THE BRAZILIAN NAVY—POSITION AND STRENGTH OF THE BATTERIES OF HUMAITA—FORCING THE HUMAITA PASSAGE AND STORMING OF ESTABELCIMENTO—RETREAT OF LOPEZ—RUSE ON THE PART OF THE PARAGUAYANS—ABANDONMENT OF CURUPAITI—DEVOTION OF THE COUNTRY-PEOPLE TO THE CAUSE OF LOPEZ.

THE forward movement on the part of the army was ably supported by the fleet. Directly Admiral Ignacio was informed of it, he ordered an advance and issued a spirited address to his men, which concluded with these words: "Brazilians, be full of hope! The patron saints assigned by the Holy Church to preside over the 15th of August are the Holy Virgin of glory, our Lady of Victory, and the Assumption. Therefore it is with glory and victory that we go to Asuncion!"

On the morning of the 15th of August, the attack commenced by the wooden ships, under Commodore Silva in the *Itaghy*, with fourteen ships, steaming boldly up to the batteries at Curupaiti and opening fire. To this the Paraguayans vouchsafed no reply, but immediately the iron-clads came within range, thirty-five guns, principally 80- and 68-pounders, opened simultaneously. Ignacio led, in the *Brazil*,

now arrived, and this year it appeared to be unusually low, causing the channels in the vicinity of Humaita, at all times shallow and tortuous, to be now quite impassable to ships like the *Brazil*, and the other large iron-clads. Accordingly, Admiral Ignacio (now raised to the dignity of baron) decided on rejoining the main body of the fleet at Curupaiti, and leaving Commodore Delphin in the *Bahia*, with a squad of the lightest draught iron-clads, off Humaita, where, although the communication would be cut off on water by the enemy's works along the banks of the river, between Curupaiti and the before-named fortress, yet the road on the Chaco side was now so much improved as to afford every facility for the transport of stores and provisions; enabling the advance-squad to hold their own without difficulty until the season for action again arrived.

While the fleet was waiting for the river to rise, the land forces were vigorously pursuing their new movement to turn the Paraguayan left flank at Las Rojas. The great numerical superiority of the allies enabled them to detach the force necessary for the operation, without sensibly weakening their centre at Tuyuty; and General Mitre, now relieved from the fear of disturbance at home, having brought up three thousand fresh troops, the plan was definitely adopted of altering the scheme of the campaign, from any direct attack on Humaita, to a complete investment of that stronghold, and its reduction by regular siege. With this view, in the beginning of September, the allies, being now forty thousand strong,

pushed forward a force of three thousand men, of which fifteen hundred were cavalry, under General Nevas, who, making a complete circuit of the enemy's lines by the left rear, attacked the village of Pilar, about five miles north of Humaita, on the banks of the river. Lopez, whose whole force only amounted to twenty thousand men, was quite unable to send any support to the small garrison in the village, and these, after a brave resistance, in which they lost two hundred killed and wounded, were obliged to retire on Humaita. General Nevas, who was a distinguished cavalry officer, and had already done good service during the campaign, was now created Baron Triumpho. The capture of Pilar was immediately followed, on the arrival of reinforcements, by an attack on the position of Tayi, situated one mile nearer Humaita than Pilar, and on a part of the river's bank which commanded the channel to Asuncion. This was also carried, and batteries at once erected, and armed with rifled guns, effectually stopping the enemy's supplies from being brought down by water.

While these movements were being effected on the left of the Paraguayan lines, a force was detached from Port Alegre's division at Tuyuty, to endeavour to force a way through the swamp and jungle on the Chaco side of the river, and cut off the Paraguayan communications in that direction. Meanwhile, the forces of Lopez had not been idle. Everything that brave men could do had been done by that devoted band. They were now reduced to about twenty

thousand men of all arms, and were disposed along a line extending from Curupaiti round by Britt, and Las Rojas, to Paso Poco, on the river above Humaita. The latter fortress was commanded by Colonel Ailen. Lopez was with the main body at Britt, opposite the Brazilians at Tuyuty, and Barrios at Las Rojas, in front of Osorio at Tuyucune and San Solano. The whole force was strongly intrenched, the parapets being six feet high and the same in thickness, with ditches eighteen feet wide, and about the same in depth. Every available point was well armed with cannon, amply supplied with ammunition from the magazines of Humaita close in rear. The position was admirably adapted for taking advantage of the isolated condition of the different allied divisions. The communication between the Brazilian centre at Tuyuty, and the right at Tuyucune, was especially exposed, and was soon turned to account by the Paraguayan cavalry, who, after cutting off several convoys of provisions and stores, at last got so bold that on the 3rd of October, with a courage amounting to madness, they dashed into the allied field-works at San Solano, cutting down the gunners in the batteries, and, after careering through the encampment, sabring right and left, they forced their way through the whole army at Tuyucune, and regained their own lines. These severe cavalry actions were followed up on the 3rd of November by a general attack on the allied centre at Tuyuty. Here Baron Port Alegre was still posted, with twelve thousand men and thirty-four guns, strongly intrenched, and,

totally unsuspecting any advance on the part of the enemy, was quietly attending to the despatch of convoys for the advance-posts on the right, with his troops scattered over a large extent of country, guarding different points of the road. His outposts fronting the enemy were most injudiciously in charge of a brigade partly composed of Paraguayan prisoners and deserters, who had taken service with the allies.

At 3.30 on the morning of the 3rd of October, a Paraguayan column, consisting of 6,500 infantry and 1,500 cavalry, under Generals Barrios and Carvalho, burst on the allied lines, driving in the outposts, who fled on their approach, and overwhelming an Argentine division, who in vain tried to arrest their advance. Three redoubts were taken, and the captured cannon sent back to Humaita. Rapidly pushing on and driving the bewildered troops of Port Alegre before him, Barrios entered the allied camp and burnt the commissariat stores, destroying vast quantities of provisions and war material. The allied troops fled in the wildest disorder before the Paraguayan cavalry, who made great havoc in their ranks, until they reached the large redoubt in the rear, which had been built some time before, when the flank movement was first projected.

Here Baron Port Alegre had hurriedly collected a few men, and, manning the works; was able to give the broken ranks time to rally. Barrios now brought up his infantry to storm the works; but the Brazilians and Argentines fought with the courage of despair, Baron Port Alegre killing with his own hand the

leader of the Paraguayan stormers, Colonel Castelli, while he was in the act of planting the Paraguayan flag on the summit of the redoubt.

At last the news of the attack reached Marshal Caxias at Tuyucune. He immediately ordered out the whole army, and, placing himself at the head of the cavalry, galloped off to the scene of action. Meanwhile, Port Alegre, despairing of being able to hold the redoubt against the constant and desperate attacks of the enemy, was making arrangements to cut his way through the Paraguayan troops, and try and reach Tuyucune. At this moment, Caxias came up with the Brazilian cavalry, and at once charged the Paraguayans. This accession of comparatively fresh troops restored the day. Barrios hastily ordered a retreat, which, from the constantly increasing numbers of his pursuers, was speedily changed into a rout, during which great numbers of his men fell by the lances of the Brazilian cavalry. He had previously detached a division under General Carvalho, to complete the destruction of the Brazilian camp. These troops, while firing the sutlers' stores, came on a quantity of liquor, and, being unable to resist the temptation, were soon beyond all control. Great slaughter occurred here as the allied reinforcements came up. Carvalho, collecting the few who retained their senses, rode off; but the rest to a man were destroyed. Barrios, with the scattered remnant of his troops, at last regained his lines, after sustaining a loss of two thousand killed and wounded, seventy-two of whom were officers. The allies, in addition to

the destruction of their camp and magazines, lost nine guns, and all the equipment of the batteries captured. They also lost a thousand officers and men, killed and badly wounded.

This action, in which a force of Paraguayans had been able to attack, and completely rout a body of the allies twice their number, capture their cannon, burn their camp, and destroy the reserve stores of the whole army, was viewed with the greatest astonishment. It is impossible to understand what General Port Alegre was about to allow such a surprise, and certainly the position of the Paraguayan legion at the advance-posts was a most serious mistake. The ease with which the allied lines had been pierced at their most vital point showed the difficulty of maintaining such an extended line of attack (the distance from Tuyuty to Tuyucune was nine miles), and the general insecurity of the allied works. Generals Mitre and Caxias felt most sensibly the immediate necessity for an advance, and a general contraction of their lines round Humaita, so as to bring their posts within supporting distance of one another.

The Brazilian fleet had now, from the arrival of successive reinforcements, assumed most formidable dimensions. Ever since it had been reported to the Brazilian Government, by Admiral Tamandare, that a large number of iron-clads would be required to force the passage of Humaita and the other river defences, they had been untiring in their efforts to produce a navy adapted to the style of warfare about to be introduced; neither trouble nor expense was

spared. The different large ship-building firms of England and France received orders to prepare ships of the most approved form and armament, at any cost, and send them out as soon as possible to the seat of war. The imperial arsenals were worked night and day, building and completing for sea the vessels designed in Brazil, and the constant arrival of heavy rifled guns from England enabled them to be armed directly they were finished, and sent off to Paraguay.

Amongst the most efficient of the iron-clad fleet were the *Lima Barros* and the *Bahia*. These vessels were built by Messrs. Laird, of Birkenhead, and fitted on Captain Cole's principle, the former with two turrets, and the latter with one, each turret being armed with two 150-pounders (Whitworth's). The *Lima Barros*, which left England under the name of *Bellona*, is 1,340 tons burthen, and draws twelve feet of water. She is a twin screw, with engines of 300-horse power, and made twelve knots at the measured mile, with all stores and armament on board. Both ships are plated with  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch plates. The *Bahia* is 1,000 tons, and draws only eight feet of water; she is also a twin screw, with engines of 140-horse-power, and made ten knots at the measured mile. They both made very good average passages from Liverpool to Rio, and were unaccompanied by any escort. Two others also which did good service were built by Messrs. Rennie, of Greenwich, and were named the *Colombo* and *Cabral*. They were sister ships of a peculiar construction, designed es-



pecially for the Paraguayan war, and of the following dimensions: length, 160 feet; breadth, 35 feet 6 inches; draught of water, with stores and armament on board, 9 feet 6 inches; tonnage, 930 tons, the engines, 200-horse power, direct action horizontal, driving twin screws. Each vessel was fitted with two batteries, one at each end, the space between being occupied by the officers' cabins, and accommodation for the crew. Their armament consisted of eight guns, 70-pounders, four in each battery, with a plating of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches of iron. The hull gradually sloped from the base of the battery to within one foot of the water's edge. This slope was plated with  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches of iron, and allowed the guns in the battery above a clear range ahead or astern. The whole of the ship's hull inside, below hatches, was devoted to magazines, store-rooms, and engine-room. Their extreme lowness in the water made it necessary to build a temporary bow and stern of wood, which, fitting closely round the batteries, enabled them to perform the voyage across the Atlantic with perfect safety.

These ships, with the rest of the fleet, were now ready to advance, and only waiting for the periodical rise of the river, which was shortly due, to commence operations. Admiral Baron Inhauma was with the main body at Curupaiti, while Commodore Delphim, with a squad of light-draught vessels, was between that fortress and Humaita. The combined force consisted of the following fourteen iron-clads, and nineteen wooden ships, carrying in all 143 guns, and manned by 3,603 scamen and marines:—

## IRON-CLADS.

Name.	Description.	H. P.	Draught	Men.	Guns.	
Brazil .....	Central battery	250	12	165	11	68. and 70-pounders. Flag of Admiral Inhauma.
Colombo ... } Cabral .....	Two end batteries	200	11	138	8	Whitworth's 70-pounder.
Tamandare ...	Central battery	80	8	105	6	Four 68's and two 32's.
Barosso .....	"	130	9	132	6	"
Silvado .....	"	200	9	139	8	" with four 32's.
Mariz Barros ..	"	200	9	129	4	Two 68's and two 70's.
Herval .....	"	200	11	128	4	"
Para .....	"	30	5	32	1	Whitworth's 70-pounder.
Alagoas .....	"	30	5	32	1	"
Lima Barros	Turret ship ...	300	12	200	4	Whitworth's 150-pounder.
Bahia .....	"	140	9	133	2	" " " " " " " "
Piaby .....	Monitor .....	30	5	30	1	" " " " " " " "
Rio Grande ...	"	30	5	30	1	" " " " " " " "

## WOODEN SHIPS.

Name.	H. P.	Draught.	Men.	Guns.
Itaghy (Commodore de Silva) ...	} 100	7	137	6
Beberibe .....		11	228	8
Mage.....	120	11	227	8
Araquahy.....	100	7½	206	8
Mearim.....	100	8	118	8
Iparanga .....	70	10	120	7
Ita Jahy .....	80	7½	140	4
Iquaterry .....	80	7½	220	5
Ayarey .....	80	6	105	3
Maracana.....	80	7	84	2
H. Martens .....	40	6	83	3
Greenhalgh .....	40	4	90	3
Chuey .....	30	4	60	2
Indoya .....	30	6	30	2
Patria .....	20	5	20	2
Onze de Julio .....	40	5	20	2
Pedro Alfonse... }	Bombs		60 {	1 13-in. mortar.
Coimbra .....				

These ships were distributed as follows. The wooden ships were at anchor below Curupaiti. Admiral Inhauma, with eight iron-clads, was at anchor off that fortress, keeping up an occasional fire, and Commodore Delphim, in the *Bahia*, with five other light-draught armoured ships, was between the main body and Humaita, the communication between the advance and centre squadrons being kept up by land on the Chaco side. It was now determined to force the passage of Humaita, directly the river was reported high enough for the ships to get through the channel. By this time, the Para-

guayans had concentrated all their resources on the fortification of this important position. The first bend in the river was commanded by the London battery, flanked by several earthworks. When a ship had passed these, and while her stern would be exposed to the raking fire, she would suddenly open a large work on the Chaco side right ahead, and armed with 68- and 120-pounders. Supposing these difficulties to have been surmounted, and the torpedoes to have been avoided, the next turn would bring her face to face with the main batteries of Humaita, armed with sixty-five pieces of cannon, and all advance barred by a huge cable, composed of seven chains laid up together, supported on barges across the river, one end secured to large baulks of timber sunk in the ground on the Chaco side, the other brought to a capstan through a tunnel leading into the Paraguayan batteries at Humaita.

It was calculated that the time which would be occupied by the ships in arriving at this point, even supposing no accidents to occur, would be at least half an hour; and it was afterwards found that the squad had been actually forty-two minutes in doing it.

Admiral Inhauma rightly decided that, even if the chains were taut at low water, a sudden rise in the river of two or three fathoms, which commonly happened at this season, would render them slack enough for vessels of light draught to pass over the bights between the barges. Accordingly, it was resolved to commence the attack with the beginning of the

rise, and adopt the same tactics which had been so successful at Curupaiti the year before,—namely, selecting a chosen squadron of ships who were pretty safe to get through the channel, without fear of grounding or breaking down, and placing them under command of a dashing leader; let them run the gauntlet of the enemy's batteries, while the main body endeavoured to distract the attention of their adversaries by a close and sustained bombardment. With this view Commodore Delphim, of the *Bahia* (son-in-law of the gallant Admiral Inhauma), was selected to lead the storming squadron, having under his orders five other iron-clads, selected for their light draught and heavy armament. The attack was ordered for the 19th of February.

The army in the meantime had recovered the confusion consequent on the destruction of their magazines at Tuyuty, and were receiving constant reinforcements, which, pushed on by the unflagging exertions of the Brazilian government, enabled the allied generals to establish intermediate posts between their extended positions, and generally strengthen their lines. It was now decided, on hearing the report of Admiral Inhauma, of his readiness to advance, to make a simultaneous movement with the army, by attacking the Paraguayan position of Establecimiento, an outwork of Humaita, through which Lopez drew his supplies from the country.

Admiral Inhauma, having now been joined by three small monitors lately arrived from Rio, made the signal to weigh on the morning of the 19th,

when the fleet, led by Commodore Delphim, in his well-battered ship the *Bahia* (she had been through the whole war under the able guidance of her present chief), immediately steamed up the river towards the Paraguayan stronghold. The *Bahia* had the *Alagoas* in tow; after her came the *Barosso* towing the *Rio Grande*, and lastly the *Tamandare* with the *Para*. These vessels advanced slowly against the strong current, which now ran with great swiftness, in consequence of the rise in the river. Immediately the leading ship got within range of the London battery, the fire commenced. The iron-clads steamed gallantly on, and all went well until a shot cut the *Alagoas's* towing hawser. The tide swept her away in an instant, and the Admiral, fearing that she would not be able to stem the current (she was only 30-horse power) signalled her to anchor; but her gallant commander (Mauriti), taking on himself the responsibility of disregarding the order, soon got his ship under command, and, although terribly knocked about, he succeeded in joining the fleet again. This delay threw the *Tamandare* and *Para* out, and, in consequence, the enemy, getting their range, handled them so severely that they were obliged to be grounded to avoid sinking. The others had, in the meanwhile, pushed on to the chain, which, as Admiral Inhauma had anticipated, was slack enough to allow his ships to pass over without waiting to cut it. By this fortunate accident the whole fleet were able to get through the passage, and above the guns of Humaita, in forty minutes,

with a loss of only ten wounded. The *Alagoas*, being separated from the fleet by some distance, was now attacked by a cloud of Paraguayan boats, full of soldiers, who expected to be able to capture the little monitor with the greatest ease; but, to their astonishment, on getting on her decks, they found everything strongly battened down, while from the tower on the centre of the deck there issued a rolling fire of musketry, which shot them down almost as fast as they showed themselves above her gunwale. They very quickly retired to their boats, and made for the shore, followed up by the little monitor, which, guided by the skilful hand of her chief, ran them down right and left, until they escaped into shallow water.

At the same time that the fleet were attacking Humaita, Marshal Osorio, with his division, raised to 20,000 men, stormed the fort Establecimiento. This work was surrounded by two deep ditches, and armed with fifteen pieces of cannon, with a garrison of 1,600 men. The Brazilians attacked on three sides, and soon overpowered the Paraguayans, who retreated on Humaita, with a loss of 500 killed and wounded, while the allies lost 600.

The position of Lopez at Humaita was now almost desperate. The fleet, by their gallant passage of the forts, had effectually completed the river blockade, commenced in the occupation of Tayi by the troops; and now the capture of Establecimiento had stopped the entrance of supplies from the direction of Asuncion. The Paraguayan army had been

for some time partially dependent on the Chaco side of the river for obtaining supplies. These were collected at Timbo, a fortified position opposite Humaita, and a short distance farther up the river, and ferried across to the Paraguayan lines by two steamers and a fleet of boats. This was soon stopped by the arrival of the Brazilian iron-clads, which bombarded Timbo and sunk the steamers. The supplies now had to be conveyed by a circuitous route inshore, out of range of the fire of the iron-clads, until opposite Humaita, where the fleet of boats still at the disposal of the garrison brought them across: A strong force of Port Alegre's division had been sent, some time before, to cut a path through the jungle of the Gran Chaco, with the object of stopping this traffic; but the difficulties had hitherto proved insurmountable. However, Lopez now found the present supply of the Paraguayan army at Paso Poco was so precarious, and the daily accession of force in the allied camp so great, that it would be impossible to hold his present position much longer; so, leaving General Barrios with a small rear-guard, in addition to the garrison of Humaita, still 3,000 strong, to keep up appearances and deceive the allies as long as possible, he withdrew silently, with the main body of his army, to a position on the river Tibicuary, near its junction with the river Paraguay. Here he commenced throwing up intrenchments on every available point, which were immediately armed with the heavy guns brought from the lines at Paso Poco, and every



precaution was adopted to prepare a formidable resistance to the allies when they approached. But the latter, deceived by the show of strength made by General Barrios, who mounted wooden guns in the embrasures, and paraded his scanty forces as much as possible, allowed a considerable time to elapse before they discovered this retrograde movement, and gave Lopez ample time to complete his arrangements. But at last the allied generals, having obtained information from various sources (amongst others by means of a balloon) of the fact of Lopez's retreat, ordered a reconnoissance of the whole army. On the 21st of March, General Argollo advanced from Tuyuty on Britt, Osorio from Tuyucune on Las Rojas, while Victorino bombarded Paso Poco from his advance posts at Tayi. This movement was everywhere successful, notwithstanding a stout resistance from the gallant Paraguayans, who, after retarding their adversaries as much as possible, retired to their inner lines of defence at Humaita. While these several operations were going on on land, Admiral Inhauma was lying off Curupaiti with the following eight iron-clads: *Brazil* (11), *Colombo* (8), *Silvado* (8), *Mariz Barros* (4), *Herval* (4), *Lima Barros* (4), *Cabral* (8), *Piaby* (1).

On the morning of the 2nd of March, this squadron was attacked by a fleet of Paraguayan boats, forty-eight in number, lashed in pairs, and divided into eight divisions, full of troops. They were all skillfully covered with boughs of trees, giving them the appearance of floating islands, and approached in

the grey of the morning quite unnoticed, dropping down with the current. They arrived abreast of the guard-boat before any alarm was given, and the next moment were alongside the *Lima Barros* and *Cabral*, the two leading ships. The crews of these vessels were quite unprepared, and lost a number of men before they could get under cover of their turrets and casemates. But the other ships, who had steam ready, rapidly came up, and, after a desperate combat, in which the Paraguayans lost 200 killed and wounded and thirteen prisoners, and the Brazilians thirty-two killed and wounded, the former retreated in the greatest disorder, some swimming, and others in the boats that had survived the shock of the iron-clads' bows.

Meanwhile the squadron of six iron-clads, under Commodore Delphim (now Baron Passagem), had gained undisputed command of the river from above Humaita to Asuncion. The latter city had been reconnoitred; and although the ships were fired on, it was not believed to have any considerable garrison. The Paraguayans now abandoned Curupaiti, which was immediately entered by the allied troops, who at once occupied the inner Paraguayan lines, which extended from Curupaiti to Paso Poco. Heavy batteries were established, and an almost constant bombardment kept up on the beleaguered fortress, where Colonel Ailen and his garrison, three thousand strong, gallantly held out. Their communication with Lopez was entirely cut off, except by means of couriers, who succeeded sometimes in evading the

Brazilian pickets by swimming a lagoon ; while on the Chaco side the fleet and troops stationed there prevented any supplies reaching the besieged from that quarter.

The obstinate resistance of Humaita, however, checked the allies from advancing on the new Paraguayan position at the Tibicuary, and gave Lopez time to improve his condition in that quarter. The inhabitants at this time showed great devotion to his cause. All the available male population of Paraguay had long since been put under arms ; now the women came forward and offered their services, which were accepted, and a camp was formed, composed exclusively of women, at San Fernando, three miles from the Tibicuary. Here they shortly afterwards took part in an action between a force of six thousand Brazilian troops, which had been sent to reconnoitre, and the Paraguayan forces at the lines of the Tibicuary. On this occasion General Caxias had dispatched the before-mentioned force, which consisted principally of cavalry, to ascertain where the best fords were for crossing the river Tibicuary, and also the Jacare, a tributary of the former stream. Here they were skilfully drawn into an ambush by the Paraguayan leader, who, adopting the well-known stratagem of feigning to retreat, drew the Brazilians after him, until they found themselves suddenly assailed in flank and rear by a superior force, who drove them back to their own lines with severe loss. It was remarked that a regiment of "soldadas," or female troops, took part in this action on the Paraguayan side.

## CHAPTER X.

GALLANT REPULSE OF AN ASSAULT UPON HUMAITA—ITS EVACUATION AND SURRENDER OF ITS GARRISON—CONDUCT OF LOPEZ—STRENGTH OF ALLIED FORCES—PLAN OF OPERATIONS—ABANDONMENT OF TIMBO BY THE PARAGUAYANS—ADVANCE OF THE ALLIED FORCES UPON ASUNCION—ESCAPE OF LOPEZ TO CERO LEON—OFFICIAL DECLARATION OF END OF CAMPAIGN—REVIEW, AND REFLECTIONS THEREON.

HUMAITA had now sustained a constant and close bombardment, both by land and water, for four months. Several projects had been submitted to Marshal Caxias in favour of an assault, but he had so far preferred to adhere to his original policy of reducing the place by famine. However, on the 16th of July, he was induced to depart from this opinion by a report from the fleet that the garrison were retreating from Humaita to the Chaco, boats full of men having been seen going across the river. In consequence, orders were given to assault at daylight, after a severe cannonade all night. Marshal Osorio was to direct the operation with his *corps d'armée*, closely supported by the second corps and an Argentine division. Viscount Caxias, with a reserve of infantry and a cavalry division, would remain ready to sustain the attack. The Paraguayan Governor of Humaita now observing these preparations, immediately stopped all arrange-

ments for the evacuation of the fortress (which in reality had been determined on), and made ready to receive the assault. At daylight (after a heavy fire had been kept up on the position all night), Osorio advanced at the head of his corps, ten thousand strong, expecting to find the Paraguayans in full retreat; but instead of that he was received with a tremendous fire of great guns and musketry, issuing from the works on all sides, while the large body of troops drawn up to arrest his progress showed that the garrison were quite prepared for the assault.

This unexpected check made it necessary to send for reinforcements; but immediately Viscount Caxias heard that the enemy were in force, a retreat was ordered, and the gallant Osorio, much chagrined, moved his men slowly to the rear with colours flying, amidst a decimating fire from the Paraguayan batteries, which cost him in a very short space of time six hundred officers and men *hors de combat*.

While Humaita was thus showing the allied generals how little its capture depended on force of arms, famine was slowly doing its work. The expeditionary force on the Gran Chaco side of the river, which had for some time been trying to cut a path through the forests and swamps which line the river in that direction, had now effected a landing on a point just below, and out of gun-shot of Humaita. Here, on the 30th of April, a brigade of Argentines under General Rivas, twelve hundred strong, commenced working their way through the dense jungle towards the road which communicated with the Paraguayan

position of Timbo, and along which the only supplies that could reach Humaita were conveyed. After two days' hard work they struck the road, and at once established field-works, sending out reconnoitring parties in the direction of the enemy.

On the 1st of May, having been joined by a Brazilian division of infantry under General Falco, two thousand strong, the whole force moved along the margin of the river, supported by a squadron of ships under Baron Passagem, in the *Bahia*, and very shortly after encountered the Paraguayan troops hastily advancing from Timbo, to preserve their communications; but the front attack by the troops, aided by grape and canister from the iron-clads on their flank, proved too strong for them, and notwithstanding three desperate attacks, by the evening of the 3rd the allies were firmly established on the Timbo road, effectually cutting off the last hope of the Paraguayan stronghold. The garrison, now reduced to the last extremity, nevertheless showed the most undaunted spirit. Their Governor was badly wounded, but the next in command, Colonel Rodriquez, gallantly conducted the defence.

On the 18th of July, the Argentine division, under General Rivas, in attacking a Paraguayan outwork, suffered a disastrous repulse, in which they lost the whole of their advance column, including the officer in command, who was taken prisoner. But nothing could now save the fortress; their food was exhausted, and all prospect of the siege being raised by Lopez was entirely out of the question; in

fact, he had given the Governor directions to endeavour to retire on Timbo at the first opportunity. Accordingly, on the night of the 26th of July, 1868, having previously disabled the works, by throwing the guns into the river, and preparing trains to the magazines, the garrison silently withdrew in boats across the river, to a neck of land on the Chaco side. From here their leader and two thousand men succeeded in reaching Timbo, but the remainder, hemmed in on all sides, and exposed to a heavy fire from the Brazilian fleet, were, after bravely resisting several severe attacks made on them by the allied troops, compelled to surrender, and on the 6th of August they laid down their arms. Their numbers were now reduced to 95 officers, and 1,325 men ; but these, with 250 pieces of cannon, and immense quantities of stores and ammunition, formed the trophies of the victors.

The whole line of defence at Humaita extended over a space of seven and a half miles ; within this area were included barracks, a church, and the General's house, and three lines of works. In the General's house, a conspicuous building near the church, Lopez communicated to his assembled officers the news of the fall of Uruguayana, which occurred early in the war. This intelligence was received by them in mute silence, whereupon he fell into a great rage, abusing them in no measured terms, and finishing by kicking them all out of the room, saying, that when any calamity befell the father of a family, it was the duty of his children to show some sign of sorrow. An officer who had been present, and who now

related the story, added with great ingenuousness : "After all, he was right, as it was a great omission on our parts not to express our condolence."

On entering the fortress, the allies found guns, stores, ammunition, muskets, and accoutrements lying about in the wildest confusion. The magazines had not been fired, the retreat having evidently been hurried at the last moment, but a quantity of loose powder was lying about prepared for firing the stores.

The London battery was a casemate with sixteen embrasures, pointing on the river ; only one gun was found in it, a breech-loader, which had been burst on the evacuation of the forts. Near the northern extremity of the works was found the large gun cast at the Paraguayan arsenal at Asuncion, in 1867 ; it fired 10-inch spherical solid shot of 150 pounds in weight, numbers of which were by its side. The gun had been thrown over the cliff, and was partly in the water.

The news of the fall of Humaita, following immediately as it did after Osorio's disastrous repulse, was received with great satisfaction. One of the two objects of the war had been gained, namely, the opening of the river Paraguay to free navigation, and the destruction of Humaita. Now the other no less important point (the capture of Lopez) had to be accomplished. Nothing short of this would satisfy the Emperor of Brazil. It was well known that the singular and despotic government to which the inhabitants of Paraguay had for so long been subjected rendered it impossible to open



their eyes to the advantages of a civilized government, so long as their chief, whom they were accustomed to view with almost reverential awe, was at large.

Several of the larger powers now interfered through their diplomatic agents, with the hope of being able to stop further bloodshed, and bring about an adjustment of affairs. America was particularly energetic. Her minister, Mr. Washburn, who had on several occasions unsuccessfully attempted to reach the Paraguayan capital, now achieved his object; but such was the ferocity and suspicion of the Paraguayan chief's temper, that the minister was speedily accused of trying to raise a conspiracy in the capital, and narrowly escaped with his liberty, on board a ship lying at anchor near. His successor, the present envoy, General MacMahon, who, after some difficulty succeeded in gaining personal communication with Lopez, has been in his hands ever since, and for a considerable time was, it is believed, cut off from all intercourse with his own government. Amongst other eminent foreigners who were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of Lopez at this time, was Señor Carreras, an eminent Oriental diplomatist, who had some time before been in the Monte Videan cabinet as foreign minister. He was now accused of fomenting disturbances in Paraguay, and seized by order of the Paraguayan chief (while in the house occupied by the American minister at Asuncion), was hurried off to the camp, when, after being tortured, he, his private secretary, and servant were

shot. The suspicious temper of Lopez grew so outrageously violent at this time as to induce him to imprison his two younger brothers, and put their servants to death.

The allies under command of Marshal Caxias now showed an effective strength of 40,125 of all arms, as follows:—

	<i>Brazilians.</i>	<i>Argentines.</i>	
Staff	3,963		
Line	28,229	7,933	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	
	32,192	+ 7,933	= 40,125

In addition to these there were 10,806 sick and in hospital. The total number of men sent from Brazil to Paraguay during the war, up to the capture of Humaita, amounted to 84,219 men; while the deaths from various causes were estimated by the minister of war to have been 10,229 during the same period. The march on Asuncion (the Paraguayan capital) now commenced. Caxas divided his troops as follows: two columns each, 14,000 strong marched by Pilar; these, under command of Osorio, were intended to attack the Paraguayan lines on the Tibicuary. General Rivas, with his corps increased to 6,000, was to continue on the Chaco side of the river, and advance through Timbo, so as to operate on the enemy's right flank; the general plan of the several movements being to turn the Paraguayan right flank, which rested on the river, and by the assistance of the fleet drive the forces off the road to Asuncion, while the main body

of the allies advanced steadily in front. The fortress of Humaita was left in charge of General Argollo, with 2,000 Argentines, who had directions to destroy the river batteries, but retain the land defences as a new base of operations for the army. The reserve stores, which had until now been kept at Itapiru, were now brought up; and Admiral Inhauma (now Viscount, in consideration of his late brilliant services) having speedily removed the chain-boom across the river at Humaita, and also the various other obstructions placed in different positions of the channel, a free navigation was opened to all vessels. Transports, foreign men-of-war, and merchant vessels soon came flocking up, eagerly availing themselves of the increased facility for communicating with the allied armies.

The forward movement commenced on the 22nd of August, the Paraguayans abandoning Timbo as the allies advanced. On the 26th the Paraguayan outposts on the Jacare (a small stream running into the Tibicuary) were driven in, and the allies, rapidly pushing on, stormed an advanced redoubt on the Tibicuary itself, at the same time that the fleet bombarded the Paraguayan lines on their right, while Rivas and his corps advanced as rapidly as possible on the Chaco bank. Lopez immediately fell back before this vigorous attack, and took up a fresh position at Villeta, about eighteen miles from Asuncion. Here he again intrenched himself, with his whole army, now reinforced by the Timbo garrison to 15,000 men. The allies, after destroying the Tibi-

cuary lines, again advancing in the same order as before, passed through the Paraguayan town of Villa Franca, and on the 22nd of September arrived opposite the enemy's outposts at Villeta. The Paraguayan position was covered in front by several lakes and swamps, while the flanks were secured by dense woods, causing the allied generals to halt at a distance of five miles from the main lines; while the fleet, which had closely followed the movements of the army, found themselves stopped by the enemy's batteries on the Angostura Pass, situated near the Paraguayan right flank.

On the 23rd the Brazilian vanguard advanced on the enemy at the Piquiciri Bridge, and after some severe fighting forced them to retire, but were unable to retain their advantage, in consequence of Lopez having inundated the country in the vicinity, by opening some sluices prepared beforehand.

On the 1st of October, Marshal Caxias ordered a reconnoissance in force, and early on that day twenty thousand men advanced under Marshal Osorio, having under his orders General Guimares. The troops advanced across the Piquiciri, and divided into two columns. Guimares on the left stormed and carried a redoubt, while the fleet, under Baron Passagem, pushed on and attacked the forts of Angostura, which after a severe action were passed, one of the iron-clads having been badly hit by several 150-pound shot. The movement on land was not carried beyond the outer lines of the Paraguayan intrenchments, and in the afternoon the

troops withdrew to their own encampment. The result of this observation of the enemy's works was that Viscount Caxias resolved to defer any front attack until the troops under Rivas, on the Chaco side, were more advanced on the Paraguayan flank. The force in this direction was now strengthened to twelve thousand men, and placed under command of General Argollo. These vigorously worked their way through swamp and jungle until, on the 24th of October, after great exertions, they succeeded in effecting a junction with the fleet at the pass of San Antonio, on the right rear of the Paraguayan army. Immediately this movement was completed, preparations were made for a general assault; but Lopez was in no condition to resist the attack of fifty thousand men advancing on his front, flank, and rear; so, after destroying his lines at Viletta, he retired by his left (away from the river) to the mountain fastnesses of the Cerro Leon, driving the inhabitants of the different villages before him.

The hills of the Cerro Leon are a range situated about twenty leagues north-east of Asuncion, and here Lopez could maintain a desultory warfare as long as his men remained faithful to him. The road to Asuncion was now clear to the allies. Argollo's corps, advancing without opposition, were ferried across by the fleet, and entered the Paraguayan capital at the same time as Caxias, with the main body, approached by the road from Viletta. The rejoicings on the termination of this arduous campaign were much damped by the escape of Lopez

and the remnant of his army ; for, with followers so devoted there was no knowing what he might not accomplish ; however, it could be but a question of time and perseverance on the part of the allies, for all intercourse was cut off from the outer world, and the supply of ammunition in the Paraguayan camp had for some time been short.

The campaign was now (November, 1868) officially declared to be over. Marshals Caxias and Osorio, with Admiral Inhauma, who had fought side by side during this long and arduous war, retired from their respective commands, and returned to Rio Janeiro, where they were received with the distinction due to their gallant services. Inhauma and Osorio were created viscounts, while Caxias was honoured with a special and solemn audience by the Emperor, who conferred on him the title of duke, and presented him with a gold medal, for personal valour shown at the battles of Establecimento, Tuyuty, and Rojas. General Argollo, whose flank march through the jungle had contributed so much to the final successes of the allied armies, was created Viscount Itaparica. The gallant Inhauma had relinquished command to his son-in-law, Baron Passagem. The veteran chief, who had so long and so ably commanded the fleet, having effectually removed from them the reproach of "always being behind the army"—who had successively stormed all the Paraguayan strongholds on the river, engaging them over and over again, until their walls crumbled under his fire—was now prostrated by the fatigue attendant on such a protracted

and arduous service. He had received all the honours his country could bestow, but did not live long enough to enjoy them, gradually sinking until the following March, when he died.

The military governorship of Asuncion had been left in the hands of General Souza, but now the Emperor appointed his son-in-law, the Comt d'Eu, to command the army of Paraguay, with General Polidoro as second. These officers left for Asuncion on the 30th of March, 1869, with full instructions to regulate the military affairs of the country; while Señor Parhanos, minister of foreign affairs, accompanied them to preside over a commission assembled to determine on the new form of government for Paraguay.

On reviewing the events of the Brazilian campaign in Paraguay, so far as they are connected with the naval operations, we cannot fail to notice the apparent difficulty experienced by the officers in manœuvring their fine iron-clad squadron. The ships had been designed by the most eminent naval architects of England and France, according to the latest and most approved models; neither trouble nor expense was spared in their fitting and armament, and their crews were composed of the picked men of the Brazilian navy, who had on all occasions shown the most conspicuous gallantry. Yet with all these advantages a want of confidence in their power has been plainly observed, and shows at once the vital necessity of having a large practical knowledge

at command, in order to develop the capabilities of the ships of the present day. The dash and energy of the Brazilian fleet were paralyzed by a want of experience in the powers really inherent in the ships. The reasons assigned by the Brazilian admiral for not advancing in the early part of the campaign are in no way connected with doubts as to the probability of being able to overpower the fire of the enemy's batteries, but refer more particularly to the awkward size of the ships, the imperfections of their steering apparatus, and their draught of water; all of which objections may be very reasonably attributed to want of practice in handling vessels of that particular description, and a knowledge of the variety of new openings they have afforded to naval operations. Certainly the Brazilians had some excuse for showing an absence of skill at the beginning of the campaign, in the fact of their not having possessed an iron-clad navy before the war commenced, which prevented the officers acquiring that facility in handling their ships which they otherwise would have done. But we may now look at the question as far as it applies to ourselves, and ask how many officers in Her Majesty's navy are there who could, or who have had an opportunity of learning how to, manage one of the modern iron-clads in a narrow river with a strong current running, and, while keeping under weigh in company with several other ships in close proximity, engage an enemy's battery with confidence? Few have been able to study that class of evolution, for our naval tactics appear to have been



arranged for the requirements of ocean warfare, to the exclusion of river and close harbour exigencies, where a captain would be called on to run his ship into a position only to be maintained by great skill and special knowledge in the management of a ship in a confined space; yet the latter mode of engaging may be found to be of great value, and as commonly necessary as the former in a future war.

On the Paraguayan side the modern application of the torpedo was largely used during the war. The president of the republic had organized a staff of engineers, composed principally of Europeans; these were employed in the cannon foundry and arsenal at Asuncion, and also at the iron mines and works of Ibicuy. They were amply supplied with proper material for manufacturing warlike implements, and had, by order of Lopez, carefully prepared a large number of torpedoes, which at the commencement of the war were handed over to the naval authorities for application; and these on their part did all that courage and devotion to the service could achieve. On one occasion a Paraguayan sailor was found entangled and drowned under the screw of one of the Brazilian iron-clads, who, from his position and the rope he had with him, must have been trying to secure a torpedo by diving, when he lost his life. The torpedo was observed floating some distance astern: so it was evident that something more than courage was wanting; for, notwithstanding the large number of torpedoes used by the Paraguayans during the three years the Brazilian

ships were in Paraguayan waters, only one was successfully exploded; yet the application of electricity was well understood in the camp, their army having been supplied with a field telegraph arranged for a distance of five leagues.

Here again we see a valuable modern instrument of warfare rendered comparatively useless by a want of knowledge in its application; and we may ask ourselves how many of us are there who would know how to pick up a torpedo without getting blown to atoms, like the lieutenant of the Brazilian ship *Iraquay*, who was destroyed with a boat's crew of seven men in grappling one he was sent to secure—much less know how to place one so as to stop an advancing enemy; yet it is a service we are very likely to be called on to perform; and of all the contrivances for acting against torpedoes which were submitted to the Brazilian admiral, he considered none to be so effective as the simple one of a boat with an intelligent crew.

The arrangements for boarding and repelling boarders received considerable development during the river operations. The Paraguayan navy was so small and so totally unequal to the task of combating the Brazilians, ship to ship, that the Paraguayan sailors early directed their attention to boarding, and on several occasions were very successful. At the battle of Riachuelo, the *Paranahyba*, a Brazilian corvette, was carried by boarding, and her colours hauled down; but, being surrounded on all sides by fresh enemies, the Paraguayans were unable to preserve their prize,

and shortly afterwards she was recaptured by the Brazilians. But the turret-ships effectually defied all the efforts of the Paraguayans, notwithstanding the desperate gallantry with which they were made, and the large number of men brought to the attack. At the passage of the forts of Humaita, in February, 1868, the little single turret *Alagoas*, with a crew of only thirty men, was boarded by a squadron of Paraguayan boats full of troops, at a time when she was quite separated from her consorts, who were themselves hotly engaged with the enemy. The boats came on with great confidence, expecting to make an easy capture of the little vessel; but the crew, carefully battening down hatchways and skylights, and closing all apertures except the ports, retired to their turret, and received their assailants with such a warm fire that they were beaten off with severe loss to their boats, and retreated in great confusion, followed up by the *Alagoas*, which ran them down right and left until they escaped into shallow water.

Again, in the case of the *Cabral*, an iron-clad end battery, which had not, like the *Alagoas*, time for preparation. She was lying at anchor off Curupaiti with the fleet, under Admiral Ignacio, and happened to be the headmost ship of the line, when the enemy came down in strong force, and boarded her, just before daybreak. The Paraguayans deceived the guard-boats by covering themselves with branches of trees, arranged so as to resemble floating islands, and, dashing alongside the headmost ships, cut down their crews as they started from sleep; but the

arrangements for resisting boarders were so complete, and the arms and ammunition so close at hand, that a very few seconds sufficed to enable the men to rally at their posts, and arrest the progress of the enemy. The *Cabral*, being fitted with a battery at each end, was able to get the enemy between two fires. They in vain tried to storm the defences; there was no opening; and at last, the physical difficulties being found insurmountable, they retired to their boats, where, being met by the rest of the Brazilian ships coming to the assistance of the advance-guard, they were driven off with great slaughter, numbers of boats, full of men, being sunk by the iron-clads running them down.

Here we see an overwhelming number of men, brave to desperation (it is said the Paraguayan boarders frequently jumped overboard with their adversaries in the mortal struggle, and clung to them until both were drowned), completely defeated by a small crew, who had no time to make any preparation for defence beyond the established fittings of the ship, which were ready at hand. No mention is made of unusual precision or strength of fire; nothing is said about manual superiority in the hand-to-hand combat. The success was due to the permanent obstructions placed in the enemy's way, which it was found impossible to surmount; and although a part of the deck was gained, yet the crew held possession of the important points, and while they could keep up a heavy fire on the enemy, and effectually prevent any attempts at moving the ship, they them-

selves were perfectly safe behind their casemate. The most successful weapon of offence used by the Paraguayans in their boarding expeditions appears to have been the hand-grenade, which frequently did considerable damage, when thrown down funnels, ventilators, &c.; but latterly the excellent state of preparation in which the Brazilian ships were kept was so well known to the Paraguayans that they gave up all attempts at boarding as hopeless.

The experience gained by the Brazilian officers during their protracted campaign on the subject of "river warfare with iron-clads" would prove most instructive. For a considerable time the fleet was lying at anchor, actually in the centre of the adversary's position, and within a few hundred yards of his outposts; this, too, in a narrow stream, surrounded on all sides by an active and enterprising enemy well provided with all the modern instruments of warfare; a situation imperatively demanding a permanent system of defence against boarding attacks, and not simply an arrangement which left all to the individual bravery of the crew. In fact, the position of the Brazilian fleet was well calculated to develop expedients of all kinds connected with river service, and it is to be hoped the dearly-bought experience will not be lost or forgotten. The advance-squadron, under Baron Passagem in the *Bahia*, acquired great skill and confidence in their movements, throwing themselves as it were into the midst of the enemy's works; and the high state of efficiency these ships arrived at in their arrangements

for repelling boarders is no doubt due to the absolute necessity they were under of having a well-concerted system of defence, including strong and permanent rallying-points.

We may very fairly take a lesson from this ourselves, for although, no doubt, should a squadron of our ships be placed in a similar situation, some scheme would be rapidly organized and ordered for general use, still at present there is a considerable disposition to trust, like the Paraguayans, to physical strength and courage, without waiting to reflect whether force will ever be able to dispense with science. Certainly, if it ever could have done so, one would have supposed the devoted followers of Lopez deserved to be successful.

The moral of all this (a deduction from which has been attempted) is that it is bad policy for a country having any pretensions to, or intention of using, a military force to wait for the commencement of hostilities before preparing for battle. The fact is obvious enough, yet the mistake is commonly made, and not always by powers like Brazil only. But Brazil had an excuse. Being comparatively a new country, with incomplete organizations, it was impossible for the government to prepare for war on a large scale (no matter however clearly they may have foreseen the necessity) until the public mind was thoroughly roused to consider the matter in the same light as themselves. The merchants and other wealthy people could not be

persuaded of the coming storm until it actually burst on them; and consequently a war which, with its attendant expenses and terrible loss of life, might have been brought to a close in one year, if the resources of the empire had been promptly used, has, instead, been allowed to extend over a period of four; and even now the termination is anything but satisfactory or certain.

## CHAPTER XI.

DEPARTURE FROM CORRIENTES—RETURN TO MONTE VIDEO—EXPEDITION UP THE RIVER URUGUAY—ENGAGEMENT WITH PILOT—DESCRIPTION OF THE RIVER URUGUAY<sup>1</sup>—GENERAL URQUIZA—VISIT TO HIS PALACE AT SAN JOSE—DINNER—THE GUALEGUAYCHU WATER.

IN February, 1866, we received orders to rejoin the admiral. We were sorry to leave Corrientes, for during our two months' stay there with the Brazilian squadron we had formed many very agreeable friendships, and, notwithstanding the confusion and unsettled state of affairs, the interest attached to the movements of the allied armies had been very great. However, after calling on the Brazilian and Argentine naval chiefs to say good-bye, offering at the same time to take anything down the river for them, we started on our voyage to Monte Video.

We now had the current in our favour, and thoroughly understood, as the pilot said, that if it were dangerous running on a sand-bank coming up the river against a strong tide, what must it be flying down the way we now were? for, with the screw only turning to give steerage-way, we were darting past the points of land so swiftly that we felt confident if any accident should occur we must inevitably go to smash.



Fully impressed with this idea, I told the pilot I would hang him if he put us ashore, and got a good-sized anchor over the stern, with cable all ready for letting go at a moment's notice; and, as frequently the man at the helm or quartermaster did not understand the pilot's motions or orders, and as I might not be looking myself for the moment, I armed him with a couple of small flags to wave when he wanted the engines stopped or to go astern, the two most important evolutions—red to stop, and green to go astern—while a wave of the hand was to signify that all was right, and go ahead. This being arranged, away we went certainly at a marvellous rate. We found roughly a difference of about ten feet in the general depth of water between the soundings taken coming up and going down, the river being now deeper; but our speed over the ground was so great that it was impossible to sound any particular passage without anchoring, as it was fatal to stop or get broadside on, for banks were on all sides, and we had a most disagreeable recollection of our adventure on the passage up in December, 1865.

We anchored at Parana on the second evening, and I took advantage of the circumstance to call on the governor, who resides here, and who, next to General Urquiza, is the chief officer of the province of Entre Rios. But his excellency had unfortunately lately been bitten by a dangerous kind of snake which exists about this part of the country, and was unable to receive any one.

The rest of our passage was accomplished in a few

days, and, after calling at Buenos Ayres to discharge our pilot, we left for Monte Video, where we arrived the following day. I found, on reporting myself to the senior officer, that the admiral had gone on a cruise to the Falkland Islands, and was not expected back before March. We now landed together and called at the admiral's quinta, near Paso Molino, to pay our respects to the Honourable Mrs. Elliot, who had not accompanied her husband the admiral on his trip, after which we crossed the water, landing at the Custom-house, and strolled through the town, making a few calls. There was a large American squadron at anchor in the bay, and it was amusing to watch the intense friendship which appeared to exist between the men of their ships and those of ours. The large parties of liberty-men who generally landed of an evening frequently got into scrapes with the vigilantes, who, armed with swords, quite outraged all notions of ordinary policemen. On these occasions the American seamen always assisted our men when a row occurred, which support would be duly returned if necessary. Numbers of them were to be met in the evening walking about together.

When the *Narcissus*, having Admiral Elliot on board, arrived, an expedition up the river Uruguay was announced. I was ordered to prepare to accompany, ready for the shallow passes where the ship the admiral was going in could not get over. This promised to be a most pleasant trip. Having seen the Parana, I now should have an opportunity of exploring the Uruguay. Admiral Elliot was going

in the *Triton*, and my vessel was to follow. As we were to start in a day or two, a pilot was the first consideration, and after a long search a man was found, who appeared steady and up to his work; so I marched him off to the British consul to get the terms ratified, all agreements of that nature, when government money is to be paid, requiring his cognizance.

After my experience with the consul at Buenos Ayres, I thought to myself, "It will be all settled in a few minutes, and I shall be able to get on board to make arrangements for sailing." So, walking quickly up to the consulate, with my pilot following, I sent the messenger into the office to say what I wanted; but here all prospect of getting the business done promptly vanished; there was nothing for it but to wait.

After some delay I was shown into the sitting-room used as an office. I told the pilot to come after me, but noticed that he appeared strangely shy, although a man some six feet high, and stout in proportion. However, at last getting him in the doorway, I pointed him out to the consul, and explained that he had offered his services as pilot. The wretched man began to tremble immediately the consul's eye was fixed on him.

"Well, sir, you are a pilot, eh? What do you want for taking Her Majesty's ship up the Uruguay?"

"Well, señor——"

"Now, no nonsense; what is your proper tariff?—how much a week?"

"Thirty dollars, señor."

“What!” starting up in his chair, and causing the terrified pilot to back out precipitately into the passage—“what! you have the impudence to ask that! and in my very office? You are a robber, sir; all of you are impostors. Be off, sir!” raising his voice in a way that made the poor pilot shoot like a rocket down the staircase.

What was I to do? I had orders to be ready for sea in the morning, and if I lost this man I should not have time to find another; so, without waiting to explain matters to the consul, I went off in pursuit, and, after a sharp chase, caught him up, when, after some discussion, it was arranged that he should present himself on board the ship the following morning; in fact, his demand was not so much as my Parana pilot asked: and at this time such was the demand for pilots to navigate the transports supplying the army, that it was difficult to find one disengaged. However, he was now willing to come, and promised to be ready at daylight the next morning. Nothing strikes a man with a moderate income more than the cool manner in which these pilots, and other people whose services you require in South America, ask for such large sums of money. Everything in the way of personal service is most exorbitantly dear, and, as there is no fixed tariff, one gets plundered right and left. The only way in which a man could save money in the country would be to act as his own pilot, his own servant, and his own tradesman until a fortune has been made; then of course he can fall into the ways of the country.

The next morning early, the expedition prepared to start. Several officers of the flag-ship accompanied us, and I put up as many as possible in the gun-boat, while others went in the *Triton*. Guns, game-bags, railway wrappers, &c., came on board by boat-loads. We did not get away before that afternoon ; but by the next evening we had reached Martin Garcia, and anchored for the night. Admiral Elliot and several of our party landed to see the remains of the fortifications on the island, and the next morning at daylight we again started, entering the river Uruguay shortly afterwards. This stream, unlike the Parana, is broad at the entrance—so broad, in fact, that one bank is out of sight of the other. The land on the east side is elevated and beautifully green, while the left or west side is swamp. We steamed slowly along, passing thriving little villages, with numbers of river-craft at anchor off them.

The current in the Uruguay is very moderate in speed compared with that of the Parana, and the general scenery of the river quite different. The sources of these two large streams rising in a totally-different sort of climate to that found at their mouths, all sorts of strange and foreign shrubs, seeds, and occasionally animals, find their way down with the tide. This is more noticed in the Parana than the Uruguay, and the delta of the former river would prove a most interesting field of research to the botanist or naturalist. The channel of deep water in the Uruguay is narrow, although the river is so wide ; and at a part where the stream is four miles broad,

the channel is narrow enough to make a mistake of a few yards on either side fatal, the sand-banks being close, and most difficult to get off if you unfortunately run on them.

We were now coming to the most fertile parts of the river. Large estancias with countless flocks of sheep grazing, the small white dots on the green surface looking most pastoral and homely; numerous herds of cattle also were scattered about. The most uncommon object to notice was a human being; except in the immediate vicinity of a village or large house we never saw any one. The vast numbers of valuable animals all appeared to be taking care of themselves. Occasionally a solitary gaucho might be observed in the distance galloping along, but the general aspect of the scene was one of quiet repose.

For about a hundred miles the river is sufficiently deep in the main channel to admit vessels of twelve or fourteen feet draught at medium river, but between Conception and Pysandu several shallow passes occur. The *Triton* anchored at the former place, and the Admiral and flag-captain went overland to Pysandu, while I went on in the gun-boat, ready to meet them on their arrival. Pysandu is on the left or Oriental side of the river, about 130 miles from the entrance; and the town, situated on the side of a steep hill, from the numerous bombardments it has undergone, presents a very dilapidated appearance. Here Garibaldi, in 1844, with a small garrison of 300 men, sallied out, and

totally defeated 3,000 troops of Rosas' army, who were besieging him: at that time Garibaldi was on the so-called Liberal side, now styled Colorados.

On the arrival of the Admiral and Captain Campbell, we weighed, and steamed down the river to Concepcion again, where we arrived early in the evening. Near this place, which is considered one of the principal towns of Entre Rios, is situated the celebrated country palace of San José, where Urquiza, the ex-president of the Argentine Confederation, lives in splendid retirement, taking, it is said, a silent, though by no means unimportant, part in the questions of the day; his enormous wealth and independent character giving great force and weight to his opinions. He was born in Concepcion during the beginning of the present century of humble parents, and commenced life as a gaucho (the general term for a country-life). His talents and perseverance soon found an opening during the stormy days of the revolution, and, by the year 1842, he had raised himself to the position of governor of his native province, Entre Rios. He now took an active part in the revolutionary wars of the period; at first on the side of Rosas, but afterwards, when that savage ruler's cruelties became unbearable, against him.

In 1852 he commanded the army, which, assisted by a Brazilian force under General Caxias (the late commander in Paraguay), defeated Rosas in a pitched battle outside Buenos Ayres. He was elected president of the Confederation in his place, and retained

this post, although not residing at Buenos Ayres, where the Rosas faction still had great weight, until 1860, when, the want of the city of Buenos Ayres as a seat of government being found indispensable, Urquiza again attacked it, and drove out the remainder of the Rosas party. He, however, did not retain the post of president, preferring to retire to his government of Entre Rios. Since then he has not actually taken any part in the administration of public affairs, although his liberality and influence have been largely used and appreciated. His political feelings are believed to be against the Brazilian interests, in so far as she is mixed up with the affairs of the Confederation and Uruguay; but he has not taken any active part in the present war, although holding the rank of Captain-General of the Confederate forces. He now, hearing of Admiral Elliot's visit to the river Uruguay, invited him to come to San José; this invitation the Admiral accepted, and very kindly gave several of the officers of the squadron an opportunity of accompanying him.

The palace is about twenty miles inland, situated in the midst of a vast grassy plain, over which roam the enormous flocks and herds of Urquiza. We found, on landing, everything prepared for our reception. Carriages drawn up on the river-bank, and several persons connected with the General's household awaiting our arrival. In about half an hour we started at a smart trot through a pretty little village situated near the landing-place, the people cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs



with great excitement as they saw Urquiza's carriages approaching. The Admiral, with Dr. Victoriano (a son-in-law of the General), the secretary, and myself, were in the leading carriage. The flag-captain and other officials in the next, and so on; there being six conveyances in all. Leaving the village behind, we soon came on to the grass-land, where the road was quite undistinguishable on the soft smooth turf. The sensation of driving over grass is always pleasant, but we had, in addition, a fine slightly-undulating plain extending for miles around us, with nothing to check the fresh, cool breeze. It was most inspiriting, and we chatted away in Spanish as if we had been all born natives of the country.

Urquiza's private secretary, who was a clever, agreeable person, did the honours, pointing out the different objects of interest as we passed along: flocks of ostriches, wild geese, ducks, and game of all description, in great quantities, started up on all sides, and appeared to be very little disturbed at our near approach.

The country is thinly inhabited; and from such a thing as a gun going off being almost unknown, there is nothing to startle the game. The natives very rarely take the trouble to catch the birds; when they do, a long slender stick with a loop of cord at the end is used, which they slip over the bird's head.

There are two kinds of partridges; the large, about as big as a middling-sized fowl; and the small, which is more the size of the English bird, only

feathered like a grouse. The large are well-flavoured, but the small dry and insipid. Ducks and geese are in great variety, and all equally good eating. Ostriches were also said to be much prized by hungry connoisseurs, but we had not as yet had an opportunity of forming an opinion on the subject. We saw numbers of teal, widgeon, snipe, &c., feeding in the pools and marshes as we drove along, all getting on most amicably with the cattle and sheep. Flocks of ostriches could be also seen, but were rather more shy than the other inhabitants of the plain.

About half-way to San José we changed horses, the new animals being caught and driven in from the open country. This operation occupied some little time: however, after a deal of galloping on the part of the gauchos, the new horses were put to, and cantered off with us in good style. In about three-quarters of an hour, we saw the palace looming in the distance like a large ship under sail, the two lofty miradors, at the angles of the building, increasing the resemblance. The total absence of any other houses or trees in the neighbourhood, and the vast sea of level grass all around, gave a most striking effect to the scene. As we approached nearer we saw an encampment near the palace. These were the General's household troops, who were said to be cavalry in first-rate order. Further on was the outside wall or enclosure of the palace, and offices connected with it. The whole establishment covers about five acres of ground, in addition to which there are gardens, lakes, and numerous out-buildings.

We drove up to a large stone gate, with sentries posted inside; beyond this were stores of different descriptions, for the establishment includes shops in which the numerous labourers and persons connected with the palace can purchase articles of food or dress without having to go to town, while on the right stands the family chapel, a neat little edifice, gorgeously decorated inside. In fact, everything appeared to be on a most complete scale; the retainers live there altogether, the two villages of Conception and Gualaguaychu being twenty and thirty miles off, and scarcely within reach of people having daily labour to perform.

We were received on arrival by an officer, who conducted us through a large entrance into the courtyard, on the left side of which was a long open veranda, with rooms opening into the house from it, similar to the arrangement of the patios of town houses. Urquiza met us here, and shook hands with the Admiral, who afterwards introduced the officers; and then we followed into a reception-room where Madame Urquiza welcomed us. The General (as Urquiza is styled) is stout, hearty, middle-sized, very firmly put together, square head and determined features, with black hair, and no moustache or whisker. His manner appeared quite plain and homely, and altogether he would not be unlike a genial Yorkshire farmer in appearance, but for the stern unrelenting expression of his features, which plainly show the desperate scenes through which he has passed during his stormy life. Madame

Urquiza is much younger than her husband, and a fine, handsome woman. She is a Porteña, which is as much as saying she is good-looking, for they are all celebrated for their beauty. Miss Lola Urquiza was also in the room. She was a pretty girl of about sixteen. The rest of the family at the palace consisted of two sharp boys of eight and ten, and a little girl still younger. The small boy of eight was a particularly fine lad, and evidently the pet of the family. We were told he could vault on his pony's back, throw the lasso and bolas, and was wonderfully plucky amongst horses and cattle. His father was anxious the boys should learn steam-engineering, and intended having a small steamer on the lake he was constructing behind the house. The boys had a German tutor, who lived at the palace, and his wife was governess to the young ladies.

The General only spoke Spanish, so the necessary compliments were exchanged through the medium of a gentleman (Dr. Victoriano), who, as before mentioned, was a connexion of Urquiza, interpreting for those who could not speak the language. We found most comfortable rooms prepared for us. Everything was on a large scale; the palace was large, the rooms were large, with high windows to match. Coffee and cigarettes were sent round; but as we were told dinner would be served in half an hour, most of us reserved our appetites.

Soon after, a bell announced dinner, and under guidance of the secretary, we assembled in the

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patio to await the arrival of the chiefs, the ladies having already proceeded to the dining-room. When the General and Admiral appeared, we all followed them into the room, and, after bowing to the ladies, sat down in the seats told off for us, the secretary doing master of ceremonies. Urquiza was at the head of the table, and, after a short grace, sharpened his knife in the orthodox style, ready for business. The Admiral was on his right, then came Madame Urquiza, then I came; next to me was the secretary, and an officer of the household troops occupied the foot of the table. There were about thirty in the party; several ladies, relations of Urquiza's, and wives of the officers of the regiment, many of whom were present.

Dinner commenced: soup, fish from the river Gualaguaychu, *entrées*, &c. After these had been disposed of, we saw the necessity of the previous knife-sharpening process, for in came a superb ostrich. This was placed before Urquiza, who helped every individual at the table from it, a feat difficult to surpass in powers of carving endurance. One knows how tired the wrists get after manipulating a tough goose: what must be the feelings after dislocating the joints of a biped standing, when alive, some four feet in its claws? I was surprised to find the flavour so delicate; perhaps my portion was a favourable example, being off the breast; some of our party I saw lower down the table, with drumsticks, were not getting on so well.

The General worked like a man, and polished off

the huge bird in no time, keeping the servants trotting up and down the table with plates as fast as they could go. During this time I had been conversing with Madame Urquiza; she had known several English families at Buenos Ayres, and was good enough to say she liked the English very much, that they had done a great deal for the country. In the course of conversation, I remarked how very healthy the air must be at San José, everybody looked so well and robust, particularly the General himself, whom I was surprised to find so young in appearance. Madame said, "Oh, yes, we are all very healthy here; there is no doctor within twenty miles. The General attributes his good constitution to the fact of never drinking anything but a particular kind of water, which comes from a spring near the Gualeguaychu."

"It must be," I said, "a valuable beverage, for I never saw any one look better than the General does. What is it like?"

"You shall judge for yourself," said Madame. "Antonio, bring the aqua Gualeguaychu."

Antonio went to the side-table, and returned with a bottle (or decanter) of mud and water, about half and half consistency, and, pouring out a tumbler-full, presented it to me. I thought to myself, "Ah, no filter in the country," and put it down on the table to settle, looking seriously at it.

The General's attention was now attracted. He said: "I see you are trying the Gualeguaychu water. You had better drink it while it is fresh."

All eyes were now on me, so I thought I must do something, mud or no mud; so taking it up, I brought it slowly to my mouth. But it was too much! The smell was abominable. I put it down with unmistakable signs of disgust, amidst loud laughter. Even the General gave a grim sort of smile, and said: "Yes, it of course takes time to get used to it, but it is a fine thing. The deep colour is caused by the sarsaparilla plant. I have been drinking it for many years, and find it very wholesome."



## CHAPTER XII.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE SPANISH IDIOM—THE BALL AT THE GENERAL'S, ETC.—METHOD OF CATCHING PARTRIDGES IN LA PLATA—ENTERTAINMENT AT GENERAL URQUIZA'S FARM-HOUSE—BREAKING IN WILD COLTS—THE DORMADOR—SHEEP-FARMING IN LA PLATA.

Soon after dinner the ladies rose to go, and as the gentlemen never sit after dinner over their wine, we followed them. Cigars were handed round, and while some sat down under the veranda, others went into the gardens. It was a charming evening, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of the orange and pomegranate trees, now loaded with fruit. The gardens were tastefully laid out. I noticed some handsome standard roses, and the General told us that most European flowers would grow there. We saw a lake he was forming. Two hundred men were employed in digging it out, and the water would be brought from a river five miles off. He was going to have a small steamer on it when completed, for his sons to learn how to manage a steam-engine.

The two boys now came running up to join their father. I asked one how he liked the steamer idea. He said if there were plenty of real fire and smoke, it

would be a fine thing; but he preferred horses, and liked riding down ostriches on his pony. After inspecting the corrals and other farm-buildings—for the establishment includes palace, farm, camp, and shop department, all in the same enclosure—we returned to the patio, where, under the veranda, coffee was being served.

The ladies now joined us, and were most amiable in their efforts to help us on with our bad Spanish. Most strenuous efforts were made to do the agreeable; and, by the laughter of the señoritas, they must have been highly amused at our attempts, even if they did not understand what was said.

One of the party was leaning over the back of a garden-seat, talking to a pretty girl, in a mixture of English and Spanish, and trying to explain how very embarrassing it was not being able to express his feelings in as strong language as he could wish. He had got as far as the word “embarrassing” (*mucho embărazado* he rendered it), when up started the young beauty with a face as red as a peony, and ran for her life. Our unfortunate friend saw he had made some *faux pas*; but stood there quite bewildered.

“What is the matter, man?” said I. “What have you been up to?”

“I be hanged if I know; I thought I was getting on pretty well, when all of a sudden she bolted like mad! Never saw such a thing in my life.”

“Why, you must have said something wrong.”

“Me! no; I said she was *lindá*, *hermosá*, and all that sort of thing. I said it two or three times;

for I looked them out in the dictionary before-hand, and she seemed to like it. I can't fancy what it can be."

"Well, never mind, I'll get hold of the secretary, and ask him to see the young lady, and tell her you didn't mean it."

"Mean what? I tell you I have said nothing the most virtuous young woman in the universe might be ashamed to hear. I shall go and find her, and explain."

While I was looking for the secretary, he suddenly came up to me bursting with laughter, and said, "One of your fellows has frightened Rosa C—— out of her wits. He told her she was *embărazado*." At this he exploded with laughter again. I was just as wise as ever, and could not see the joke. He said,

"Don't you know *embărazado* only applies to married ladies under certain conditions? Poor Rosa! she is in an awful rage."

"But what in the world are we to do?" said I, laughing. "She will think it was an intentional insult. C—— has gone to look for her to explain. He will be making a worse mess of it."

"I'll manage it," said the secretary. "Your friend won't see Rosa again for some time, and I will get it all arranged by the evening. You have heard the General gives a ball to-night; the girls are capital dancers, so you had better get ready. They commence at nine."

I found C——, and told him we had arranged his

business, and that he was not to appear to notice the mistake; as of course he could not be expected to know of such an extraordinary idiom. When I told him the literal translation of the expression he was completely "taken aback."

"By Jove! I wonder what she'll think of us all. I must find her out this evening, and make it up. How I shall ever face her I don't know."

The excitement was now increasing; servants were rushing about, and rooms being cleared out. By-and-by the band arrived, and began to tune their instruments. When we had finished decorating our persons, we strolled into the ballroom; no one was there yet except the children. It was a large handsome room, with a cut-glass ceiling, which reflected the chandelier lights, producing a most brilliant effect. About nine the people began to arrive, and soon after Madame Urquiza and her daughter Miss Lola came in, with the General and Admiral. After they had spoken to the strangers, a signal was given for the music to commence, when, with a crash like an earthquake, the band (consisting of at least thirty men playing brass instruments, and assisted by three drums, one of them a big one) burst out all together, close to us, in an ante-room. The effect was so stunning, that even the wax, which was shaking out of the chandeliers and flying about like a snow-storm, failed to arouse one. At last I heard a voice scream in my ear, "Will you dance this set of quadrilles?" I put my hand up to my mouth, as one does when hailing aloft in a gale of wind, and shouted out, "Yes,"

and engaged a lady whom I had been introduced to before. We had the flag-captain and Miss Lola Urquiza as *vis-à-vis*, the secretary and an officer, with their partners, completed the set. My partner, I found, was a niece of the General; we managed to get a word in here and there, during the lulls in the music; but it was awful work when the drum came in. The secretary after the dance was over said he thought the music was rather close, but that the General liked to hear the full melody, and that was the reason they were in the ante-room. However, he afterwards got them shifted out to the veranda, to our great comfort.

The General was very proud of his band. The bandmaster was an Italian, and he got music from Europe for them. They were very well, but more adapted to the open air than to a room.

After that dance I waltzed with Miss Lola. She told me she was fond of music, particularly Italian; her music mistress was a German, who with her husband (the tutor to Lola's little brothers) were both very good musicians. I inquired if we might hope to have the pleasure of hearing Miss Lola sing during the evening; she did not know, perhaps if the dancing was not kept up too late.

All our people were now dancing away, talking Spanish, and amusing their partners and themselves, as if they had known each other all their lives. Rosa was then all smiles and blushes, her partner looking rather sheepish, and evidently careful about his Spanish.

About eleven the band happily gave signs of fatigue, and were sent to supper; we also all adjourned to a refreshment room, prettily decorated, where there was everything but ice: however, the claret cup had been cooled in an earthen vessel, placed in a draught of air, and was very good.

The señoritas had their lemonade, and then returned to the ballroom. The caballeros managed to get some bottled beer in addition to the claret cup, and awaited the music; but the band, having some distance to march back to camp, departed after their supper, so the dancing was over.

I now reminded Miss Lola of her promise to sing, which (after asking Madame Urquiza, and explaining that the band had gone) she did. The tutor accompanied her in a piece from "Trovatore," which was sung very well, Miss Lola having a powerful soprano voice, although, naturally, before so many strangers, rather nervous. After the song, I joined the General, who was sitting at a table by himself. I took the opportunity of expressing the pleasure this visit to San José had afforded me. The General said he had often experienced hospitality from British men-of-war, and was glad of an opportunity of returning it. He then, opening a drawer, presented me with his photograph, as a souvenir of my visit. I told him of my recent trip to Corrientes, and stay there in company with the Brazilian fleet. He asked what I thought of the Brazilians. I told him they had some good ships, but that the crews were very poor as yet, and would require a deal of brushing up

before they tackled Humaita. He looked a trifle less grim, but nothing more. I well knew he was no admirer of the Brazilians.

We now rose and joined the party at the piano, where some German songs were being sung. The people had been gradually going away, and before twelve all strangers had gone, and the gates were closed. People keep early hours in Entre Rios, so we soon retired to our rooms, where the smokers kept it up well into the small hours.

We had arranged to start the next day on our return; but Urquiza had persuaded the admiral to halt half-way, for luncheon, and to see some of the country sports, taming wild horses, &c.; so we turned in, under orders to be ready for the march at daylight, and soon everything was perfectly still and silent.

We were up early in the morning, for it was impossible to sleep with such a glorious sun shining in through the window, and after breakfast the carriages were ordered round, when, after taking leave of the ladies, we started for a country-house belonging to the General, where he had ordered preparations to be made for our arrival. He and his two boys accompanied us on horseback; there was also an escort of mounted gauchos. As we were driving along, one of them showed us the method of catching partridges. He rode on ahead to where he saw a covey of the birds on the ground, and commenced circling round them; the birds, curiously enough, do not attempt to fly, but try to run away. The horseman keeps on narrowing his circle, until he

at last gets near enough to drop a loop, attached to the end of a withe, over the bird's head, then, whipping him up, rides off. The man brought the bird up to the carriage-door and put it inside. It was not injured, and some time afterwards, when put out of the window, it flew away as strong as ever.

We arrived at the farm-house about noon, and found Urquiza waiting for us, he having ridden on in advance. We were to have a luncheon served in country fashion, the meat cooked in the hide, and other rustic dishes. A large barn had been prepared, with several tables laid out. Here we were served by gauchos, with carne cum quaro, asado, cocida, carnero; in fact, beef and mutton in every form, and in addition, in consideration of our well-known habit of eating bread with meat, we were allowed some small hard loaves: but this was quite an innovation, and unorthodox. Of the different dishes carne cum quaro was decidedly the favourite, the meat being well-flavoured and full of gravy. Urquiza and his boys went at it true gaucho fashion, with silver-mounted knives, cutting the notches of meat out of the hide without losing a drop of the gravy. We were told a young cow makes the best asado; but the meat is spoilt to English taste by the slovenly way in which it is cut up. Such a thing as a joint of meat is unknown in the country villages, and in large towns it would be necessary to make a special demand for and give an explanation of what was wanted. Nothing surprises a stranger in the country more than the vast quantities of animal food consumed by the natives, and



this without bread or vegetables of any description, and often without salt. The constant life in the open air enables them to work it off, one must suppose, for it is a rare occurrence to meet with a sick gaucho.

We were all anxious to see the wild horses, and the men who were going to break them in; so after luncheon we walked down to the corrals. In the first one were about fifty very handsome colts, quite wild, and staring about in a great state of alarm. The dormador and several attendant gauchos were standing near, waiting for the General to arrive and give the signal to commence. The dormador was the principal performer. He was to lasso the animal selected by Urquiza, saddle it, and ride it round the camp until tamed. He was a tall, thin man, with long black hair and moustache, and was celebrated for his daring feats of horsemanship. He had stripped to his boots ready for the hard work before him; that is, he was without poncho or sombrero, but had a thin cotton shirt on, with a scarf round the waist, also a huge pair of boots armed at the heels with spurs about six inches long. Here he stood with his lasso coiled up, thrown carelessly over his arm, looking the picture of a camp caballero. He was a handsome fellow, and evidently thought no "small beer" of himself, as he glanced here and there, giving directions to the gauchos. A short distance off I saw a gaucho saddling a smart active-looking horse of about 14½ hands, and was told he was going to accompany the wild colt when it started, to keep it going in the right direction; so, as I particularly wanted to learn the

saddle arrangements of these celebrated horsemen, I walked up to see him get ready. He first put on a flannel cloth, then came the recado (a slight outline of the seat of a saddle, made of hide, without any flaps). This was well lined with lamb's skin, having the fleece on; after this the surcingle, called "cincta," was buckled round. This is the principal item of the dressing; it is made of stout hide, and very broad on top. The ring for the lasso is on the left side of the recado, well up, and the stirrups are secured close back to where the surcingle comes. The rider sits on a sheep's skin, or rug doubled up, fastened on by a slight band. The lasso, being first secured to the ring, is then coiled up and fastened behind until required for use. The bit is very powerful, with single reins: all the head gear is of hide, but carefully prepared, and tassels with other ornaments are added according to the taste of the rider.

The saddling being complete, the gaucho, who was in full riding-dress—sombbrero with a coloured band, poncho with long tassels at the corners, huge steel spurs, and heavy thong of hide by way of whip,—vaulted into his seat, and, after a few curvets to show off the paces of his horse, cantered off to the entrance of the corral. We followed, and found the General and Admiral had arrived and taken up their position by the side of some palings, rather lower than the rest of the stockade, where they could see over. We divided, and some looked over, others climbed on top, and looked down on the operations.

The dormador now came up, and, saluting Urquiza,

asked which colt he would like brought out. A strong, fiery-looking animal was selected, and the dormador entered the corral, several gauchos closing the entrance to prevent the horses darting out. The dormador, now walking up to the mass of animals huddled up in a corner of the corral, waved his lasso round his head. The horses dashed off at full speed for the entrance; here they were turned by the attendant gauchos, and continued their career round the corral. They galloped round twice, their wild eyes and waving manes giving great interest to the scene; at last the dormador, whirling the lasso lightly round, threw it over the head of the selected horse, at the same time sinking down smartly on his left knee, and holding the lasso close down with both hands. The horse no sooner felt the lasso on its neck than it gave a bound in the air, and dashed off with a force sufficient to break a cable; the dormador, sliding and crouching along the ground, played him with admirable skill, and, detaching him from the other animals, in a very short time brought him into the centre of the corral, plunging and rearing, but with his tether much shortened. Another gaucho now appeared on the scene with his lasso, which he cleverly threw on the ground under the horse's fore-feet, as he was plunging, and by an upward jerk tightened round his legs. At the same instant the dormador let his lasso run out freely, which the horse feeling, immediately dashed off again at full speed; but the leg-lasso brought the poor beast to the ground with a shock sufficient, one would have thought, to have

broken every bone in his body. It did stun him completely, for the animal lay perfectly motionless, and there was no need for the gaucho to run up and sit on its head. However, he did so, while the dormador hobbled its off fore and hind legs together. It was now kicked and punched until consciousness was restored, and the poor beast, after some convulsive plunges, got on its legs again; two more gauchos now came, and partially led and partly dragged the animal to a post outside the corral, where he was saddled and bridled. This operation caused a violent struggle, the horse, now regaining his strength, plunged, kicked, and bit with all his might; but the gauchos knew their work, and appeared perfectly fearless, getting out of the way of a kick or bite as if by intuition. The dormador now, fastening a handkerchief tightly round his head, watching his opportunity, jumped into the saddle, and signed to the men to throw off the leg-lasso. This they did, and the horse, feeling the weight on his back and his legs free, jumped straight off the ground, and then commenced to buck, plunge, and dash out, in a way that made one's back ache to look at. However, the dormador stuck on, and a gaucho, coming up behind, with a long cutting whip, administered such a lash on the horse's quarter, that, with a snort like a scream, he started off at full speed, the mounted gauchos on each side keeping him straight.

The country was open and level for miles, so away they went, the unbroken horse occasionally stopping to buck and kick, but each time his attacks became

fainter, until at last he was ridden up to us quite exhausted, eyes bloodshot, covered with foam and blood, and looking perfectly bewildered. The dormador dismounted, and turned him over to the gauchos on foot, who unsaddled him, and tied him up to a post. Poor beast! he looked as much broken down as broken in.

The dormador was complimented by us all on his skill; and certainly it must have required muscles of iron to go through such peculiar exertion. The General told us there were only few gauchos could stop a horse like he had done, alone and on foot. The riding was considered good, but nothing very extraordinary.

The small boy Urquiza, who was perched up on top of the palings, and greatly excited during the proceedings, said it was nothing. He had seen Carlos, the dormador, mount horses twice as strong and wild. This one was a *mancita*. He would not be afraid to mount him himself. He was a plucky little chap, and his black eyes were full of animation as he told us what wonders he performed on his own pony, running down ostriches, &c.

We now prepared for starting. Carriages and horses were ordered round, and after a cordial farewell to our hospitable entertainer and his family, we left for Concepcion, where we arrived the same evening, and returned to the ships. We were all charmed with the trip, having seen the La Plata estancia-life on a princely scale. The whole thing was quite new to us, and certainly most interesting.

Every one in the country spoke of Urquiza's talent and ability as a landed proprietor. He encourages settlers as much as possible, and particularly Englishmen, who are supposed to be the best sheep-farmers of any foreigners who come out. He is most liberal in his terms, engaging to give land and a portion of stock to any respectable person bringing an introduction, the value of which is to be paid for on the settler becoming rich enough to do so: but it is said that sometimes the sanguine settler, having started his business, would find his stock, cattle, or sheep mysteriously disappear in the course of a short time.

He would naturally go to the generous benefactor, who had so liberally given him the wherewithal to commence the foundation of a fortune, and tell him all his troubles: but now the case would be different. The sympathy could no longer be extended; the settler must have been careless or improvident; nothing now could be done for him, and any further communication must go to the agent. The unfortunate would go. The agent would be indignant beyond measure at such mismanagement and waste of the General's generosity, insinuating that the settler must be either a fool or a rogue. The wretched man most likely has some small capital, and is now so bewildered that he is glad to offer it for another supply of stock, which further supply probably comes, in some strange manner, from the exact direction in which his lost cattle have strayed; the animals having found their way back by some unknown agency to their original and native pastures.

## CHAPTER XIII.

“THE GENTLE SHEPHERDS”—THE WELSH COLONY OF CHUPAT—  
ADVICE TO INTENDING EMIGRANTS—LIFE IN A LA PLATA ESTANCIA  
—PREPARATION OF PRESERVED BEEF AT FRAY BENTOS—VISIT TO  
A SALADERO—THE ACTION AT THE PASS OF OBLIGADO—DEPARTURE  
FOR RIO JANEIRO.

It appears to be the generally received opinion that any man who is ambitious enough to wish to become a proprietor at once on settling in the country must have one of two things, either very large capital or very large experience; failing in these, and only having moderate means and skill, he would do much better to get an introduction to some well-established estanciero, and commence work in a subordinate capacity, than to risk his all on a venture.

During the years 1865 and 1866 nearly every mail that arrived at Monte Video brought out numbers of handsome, well-dressed, well-educated, gentlemanly men, many of whom had been in the army and navy, and had sold out or had left the service; they were, as a rule, remarkably good fellows, and used to be at once christened “the Gentle Shepherds.” Their arrival was celebrated by a dinner at the “Oriental,” and *recherché* little suppers used to prevail about that time. Their costume was eagerly criticised in order to establish the correct thing in knickerbockers,

and the latest cut for a shooting-coat, and other items of a sporting get-up. These men had come out as sheep-farmers, usually with a few (very few) thousand pounds a piece. The first inroad on their capital was the hotel bill—"Hang it! a man must live somewhere, and who would have thought the rascally proprietor would have cheated in such a — way?"

This goes on for some time, for the purchase of land and sheep cannot be effected in a moment. Agents have to be employed, and paid information has to be purchased, &c. At last the remnant of capital is invested in a piece of land and a stock of sheep. A respectable puestero is engaged to start the thing, and Irish labourers and natives hired to attend the flock. As soon as the farm implements and other necessary rolling stock have been collected, a start is made. But soon trouble begins to loom on the horizon. The shepherds are stupid fellows, and let the sheep out too soon in the winter and too late in the summer. Rot and other diseases get amongst them, and the first season is a failure. Next year a drought comes on, "such a drought as had not been known in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the country," &c.

This finishes our sanguine and swell shepherd, who either collapses and returns to his friends, or, as is more generally the case with young Englishmen, turns to with a will and starts afresh in a more unpretending and subordinate capacity. You very possibly meet the same man in the streets of Monte



Video after his adventure, as good a fellow as ever, but vastly changed in appearance and costume. He is now dressed in a coloured flannel shirt, scarf round the waist, and big boots, and probably is purchasing farm gear for the estanciero under whom he is now serving.

To settlers in the more humble paths of life, who are equally likely to be deceived in their golden ideas of South America, the narrative of the sufferings experienced by the Welsh colony of Chupat on their arrival in the country may prove instructive.

In the beginning of 1866 it was reported to the British minister at Buenos Ayres and to Admiral Elliot that a number of persons were in a starving condition at the Chupat river. A ship was immediately sent to their assistance, accompanied by an officer of the English legation, who was to ascertain the facts of the case. These were found to be as follows.

In 1863, a committee appointed by Mr. D. Jones, of Bala, left Wales for South America, to request the Argentine government to assist them in forming a Welsh colony at Chupat. This was acceded to as far as the authorized government grant to emigrants went, viz., 100 acres of land to each family. On this the committee returned, and published a notice, in which they, unfortunately, exceeded facts. They invited emigrants to embark under the inducement of receiving from the Argentine government, not only 100 acres of land, but also horses, cattle, wheat, and farm implements. The notice said there will be at least five horses, ten cows, twenty sheep,

two pecks of wheat, a plough, and several fruit-trees for each family. This statement was readily accepted by the persons who were invited to go, and on the 31st of May, 1865, 153 men, women, and children started in a ship named the *Mimosa*.

On the 28th of July they arrived at Bahia Nueva, with a loss of five children, who died on the passage. Bahia Nueva is the nearest safe anchorage to Chupat, and is distant seventy miles by sea and forty by land. Here the ship left them, and as the land route was through dense woods, and quite impracticable to women and children, they had to wait for a month, until a small schooner was procured. They now divided, the women and youngest children going in the schooner by sea, and the men and boys through the woods over-land. The schooner had no sooner got outside than a storm arose, which drove her off the coast for seventeen days, during which time five more children died, and the rest suffered great privation from being shut up in the small hold of the schooner, and unprovided with food for such an unexpectedly long passage. In the meantime the men and boys, unaccustomed to travelling, had been wandering about in the forests for five days, almost without food, before they could find their way to Chupat. At last the schooner arrived, and the settlers were once more united. But now they found that the promised supplies were not forthcoming, and were informed that they must look to their own resources. These were very small; they found themselves in a wild and uninhabited part of South

America, with little or no food, and totally unaccustomed to the life of a backwoodsman. They endured great hardship and suffering until the beginning of 1866, when the survivors, reduced by famine to 130, succeeded in making known their miserable condition to the English minister at Buenos Ayres. Assistance was now afforded them by the Argentine government, to the extent of over £5,000 worth of supplies. But in 1867 the British minister at Buenos Ayres, Mr. Matthews, reported that the failure of the crops and general poverty of the Chupat settlement had led the Argentine government to consider it advisable to remove them to the province of Santa Fé, but this measure was afterwards reconsidered, and the people still remain at Chupat.

This history of mismanagement and distress is well calculated to make an intending settler pause before embarking on his adventure. However correct and sound a project may be in theory, unless the practical management of it is carefully and energetically carried out, it certainly fails. In the Chupat expedition, nearly every trade was represented, it appears, except the most important one of husbandry. Consequently the talents of the colonists would have been employed to a much greater advantage to themselves, if they had gone to one of the large cities of La Plata, instead of undertaking a task which required the capacity of backwoodsmen.

A splendid field for enterprise must, for very many years to come, exist in the interior of the

La Plata provinces. Railways are rapidly penetrating to the Andes on the west and Patagonia on the south, opening out daily new and rich countries, only waiting for the hand of man to utilize them. To this day, in that almost unknown region, the Grand Chaco tribes of wild Indians roam over the country, living on the simple and natural produce of the land. There is plenty of scope for overcrowded populations; and those persons who imagine that the world is getting too thickly inhabited, would do well to visit the Pampas of La Plata, and their fears would be speedily removed.

In emigrating, as in any other undertaking, it is well to look the difficulties straight in the face, and thoroughly accept them, before thinking of the pleasures. However, when once the disagreeables are overcome, there is a wonderful charm in a settler's life. Nothing could be more pleasing than to remark the evident health and prosperity of the English residents on the banks of the river Uruguay. Most of the valuable estancias on this river are in the hands of Englishmen. The names of Grenfel, Phillipson, and other well-known naval and military families, are to be noticed as the founders of large estancias, now amongst the most flourishing in the country.

Shortly after our visit to St. Jose, we had an opportunity of observing the inner life at an estancia, for some of our party who had been shooting in the neighbourhood of the ships now returned, bringing with them one of the residents of the farm-

house which we could see on a distant hill. He was a young fellow, an Englishman of good family, and had evidently been well educated. He proved a most agreeable companion, and described to us his life as a puestero. He had come out a short time before with an introduction to the owner of the estancia he was now on, and was working his way steadily up. He was dressed in the coloured shirt and scarf with knife; but said he still kept his civilian costume and black hat for the periodical trips to Buenos Ayres which he was allowed to make occasionally. We asked him to stay to dinner, but he had his flock to gather in for the night, and promised to come to our service on Sunday, and stay to luncheon instead.

The next morning the manager of the estancia called on us and invited us to come up to the house, and shoot over the estate after breakfast. He explained that the owner of the estancia (a man of fortune) lived in Buenos Ayres; but he was sure he would be glad to offer us his hospitality if he were present. Horses were to meet us at a puesto about a mile from the beach. We were glad to accept the invitation, and quickly getting our guns ready, away we went to a point just abreast of the ship, about a quarter of a mile off. We landed on a shingly beach, and started off to the puesto, where we were to get horses. The country all round appeared to be a vast natural park: as far as the eye could reach was one sea of soft turfy grass, with clumps of mimosa trees dotted here and there. The ground

slightly rising and falling, formed small hillocks, which were generally covered with sheep browsing. Numbers of partridges were getting up and flying away at every step; but such was the profusion of small game that we did not care about killing them, preferring to wait for the large birds in the hollows, where, amongst the tall reeds, they were to be found in great abundance.

A short distance farther on we came to a track of coarse and high grass. Here we had capital sport; three deer were put up in the first cover, but, being loaded with partridge shot, we did not fire. They were fine fellows—a dark dun colour, about the same size as a fallow deer—and bounded off to the jungle at the edge of the river directly they were turned out of the grass. We knocked the birds over right and left as we worked our way up to the house, and found the sport so exciting that we preferred shooting our way up instead of mounting at the puesto. At last, after a capital morning's sport, we arrived at the farm, where we found a most acceptable breakfast awaiting us. The house was one story high, with numerous outbuildings, all arranged in a simple and convenient manner, totally devoid of show. On entering at the front you found yourself in the dining-room, with chambers leading out of it on two of the sides. The establishment was fitted entirely as bachelors' quarters, the owner only visiting his property occasionally, and then his wife never came with him. The manager in charge was also married, but his wife preferred Buenos

Ayres to a camp life, so only the people belonging to the estancia lived in the house; these consisted of the manager and three principal subordinates. They described their life as being monotonous, and looked forward to their yearly trip to Buenos Ayres with great delight. They took it in turns to go away on leave; and, as their salary was high, and they had no means of spending money in the camp, they were able to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content during their holiday. Some of the puesteros, we were told, save money, and in time become owners of sheep themselves; but the majority do not, and the cafés and theatres of Buenos Ayres reap the benefit of their labours.

The estancia we were now visiting was not considered a very large one, having only a frontage on the river of six miles, and running back ten, while some of the larger ones (combined sheep and cattle estates) are thirty and forty miles in extent. The frontage on the river is of course exceedingly valuable, on account of the water supply, which is so important during the droughts which frequently occur in summer. We remarked, during our walk up, that the land appeared very parched, but the manager said it had not been an unusually dry summer. Sometimes (he told us) the owners of estancias situated inland were obliged to drive their flocks down to the large rivers when their own small streams dried up, and the number of animals that died on the road formed a very serious item in sheep-farming losses. The air of the campo is singularly fresh and

pure, and estancia life altogether is considered most healthy. The nearest doctor was 180 miles off; so it is a case of sink or swim if you do get ill or break any part of yourself, as you would certainly come to grief before the doctor arrived; however, they told us he had only been wanted once in five years, on the occasion of a man breaking his leg, and then he did not come for three days, by which time the man's leg had been bandaged up, and they would not let the doctor reset the limb. It appeared on this occasion the operation turned out successfully, although one would have been more inclined to anticipate a crooked limb.

Two members of the household had been sent out to the estancia expressly for the benefit of their health. One, a connexion of the owner, had been in a merchant's office, and was found to be gradually falling into a decline. His friends procured this situation for him, and sent him off at once to the country; and now he certainly looked well enough, and said himself that he felt twice the man he did. In town he could not eat, had no appetite; here he tackled his asado, well-done or under-done, with equal relish, and could ride his eighty or hundred miles a day with ease. Another virtue said to be possessed by the camp air is its power of strengthening the eyesight. The gauchos are all celebrated for long and quick sight, and persons who in town suffered from weakness of the eyes generally recovered in the country. Possibly these numerous good qualities attributed to the camp climate are as much



due to the regular and early hours people are obliged to keep, and the daily occupation in the open air, as to any peculiar quality of the element itself. However, they all agreed that, although their life was rather monotonous and tiresome, yet it was very healthy, and occasionally, at the shearing season, when they visited each other at the neighbouring estancias, amusing.

We were now doing justice to a substantial breakfast, or rather luncheon, of beef and mutton, of which there was any quantity, but not a piece of bread or vegetable of any description ; nothing but beef asado, beef cocido, and mutton cooked in the same manner. The drinkables were coffee, brandy, and pale ale ; however, we got on very fairly until one of our party asked a strapping gaucho for the bread. This created a great laugh from our hosts, who explained that they never used it, and seldom saw it, except when they went to Buenos Ayres. Most of us knew that it was not the custom of the country to eat bread, but one looks for it so naturally that the demand slipped out inadvertently. When the laughter had subsided, our host recollected that he had a tin of biscuits stowed away somewhere, and now very kindly undertook to dig them out for his epicurean guest. It appears strange to people who have been accustomed to bread and salt all their lives to find any one who does not feel the necessity for them. Yet we were assured that the gauchos never eat bread, and rarely take salt with their food ; while the quantity of solid matter they consume in the

way of beef and mutton is astounding. Our host here returned, blowing the dust off a tin of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, evidently, from its ancient and mouldy appearance, not having expected to be obliged to take a place on a luncheon table.

Amusement was very rare in camp life. Occasionally during the shearing season, when they go to help each other, a dance is got up, on which occasion people would think nothing of riding their eighty miles. The country is so perfectly smooth and level, that, as long as you don't lose your direction, it is a mere question of endurance.

A journey on horseback is performed with a "tropilla of cavallos mansos" (geldings), who follow a trained mare, and, as the traveller tires one horse, another is lassoed and mounted. Journeys of two hundred or three hundred miles are thought nothing of. As a rule, the natives are excessively cruel to their horses, commonly working them to death, cutting the poor beast's throat when no longer able to carry its master. Their savage ferocity of temper also shows out during the sheep-shearing season, for, getting irritated at the struggles of the animal during the process, unless closely watched by the manager and his assistants, they would put a knife into the beast, or cut such a mass of flesh off with the wool as to kill the animal. At this particular period it was also necessary to be well armed with revolvers, &c., for the gauchos are so accustomed to do everything with the knife, that the slightest provocation is resented with a stab, unless the adversary is well armed.

pointed out to us, with little settlements dotted here and there, as if people were squatting on the ground; but these were various members of the same family, each with their particular portion divided from the others, while the fine old house in which they had most probably been born and brought up was in ruins, no one individual of the circle having sufficient means to maintain it.

Our route passed now through a range of hills surrounded by mountains on all sides. The roads in this direction are narrow and unequal, with chasms on the side farthest from the cliff, which, although exceedingly picturesque to look at, with their dark green foliage, looking nearly black at the bottom, where a mountain stream is rushing along, are awkward places to fall into. However, we left it entirely to the horses (by advice), wiry little animals, who appeared to know what they were about. As we neared home, we noticed dense masses of clouds rolling over and down the sides of the mountains on our right, and it became a question whether we should get housed before the storm came on. We pushed ahead as fast as possible, an occasional clatter of stones behind tumbling down the precipice, showing how loose and dangerous the path was. But we were bound to get on, for it was equally hazardous to be caught by the gale on such a narrow path, with sheer bare cliff on one side, and an abyss on the other, so we spurred away. Very soon the clouds came over, adding darkness to our difficulties, and we could hear the roar of the wind in the distance

amongst the trees. At last, it got so dark, and the clouds settled down on us in such a threatening manner, that the horses became frightened, and uncertain in their steps, so we thought it time to dismount; and, fortunately, the path widening slightly at this moment, we were enabled to place our horses and selves some distance from the edge of the chasm on our right. Here we awaited the coming squall.

It was most interesting to watch its approach. The large black clouds were now only one valley off, and the roar of the wind in the distance (for we were still in a dead calm ourselves), and the grand way the giants of the forest were bending their crests on the hill-side opposite, made altogether a splendid scene. But now we had to look to ourselves; we felt the wind to be close to us, and gripped our horses' heads firmly, when, with an angry roar, the storm burst—peals of thunder, vivid flashes of lightning, a deluge of rain, and gust after gust of wind, bringing with it branches of trees, stones, and earth. I never witnessed such a scene before. The noise of the thunder echoing through the valley was almost deafening, and made our poor beasts tremble all over; they were too frightened to stir, but crouched close to us, as we clung on to the bank, holding their heads away from the wind as well as we could, and keeping a sharp look out for the stones and branches which were flying about in all directions. This lasted about half an hour, when it gradually began to clear, leaving us in a most miserable state of dirt, caked all

over about an inch thick in mud, which had been showering down from the cliff overhead during the squall.

We now spurred on, safe or not safe, and after a sharp ride reached the hotel, which looked doubly comfortable in our half-drowned condition. However, a good rubbing-down both for man and beast soon put all to rights, after which a comfortable dinner sent us happily to our beds, to sleep the sleep of the honestly tired.

The next day was fine and clear again, so after breakfast we started off on a botanizing expedition. Orchids were the great objects of our ambition: they always appeared to grow in the most inaccessible places. At last, after two or three rather stiff climbing bouts, I succeeded in securing a very fine specimen. It was rather larger than a tiger lily, with most brilliant colours; principally a very bright and rich yellow, shading off into red of nearly a crimson tint at the extremity of the petals. I tried hard to preserve it until I reached England, but it got so knocked about in the steamer during the passage that it was destroyed.

Nothing can be more enchanting than the scenery about Tejuca. All nature is on a grand scale; lofty mountains surround you, splendid trees start up from deep glens, looking for the sun, with parasites of all kinds and colours clinging to them, sometimes binding two or three huge monsters together, bending their branches into fantastic shapes; then far down at the bottom of the glen winds a mountain

stream, shining like a silver thread in the distance, while the sides of the dell are richly clothed with tree-ferns, some of which are as large as young palms. All this forms a picture so charming that one feels sorry to leave it.

However, notwithstanding our having yet to visit the "Chinese View," before our Tejuca programme could be called complete, we were obliged to leave early the following morning for town, having arranged to meet another friend there, and join him in a trip to Petropolis; to reach which it was necessary to start early in the forenoon, the journey occupying the whole day. So the next morning found us in that irritating conveyance, the Machin Bomba, on our way to the Hôtel des Etrangers, where we were to pick up our friend.

## CHAPTER XV.

VISIT TO PETROPOLIS—DESCRIPTION OF TOWN, PEOPLE, ETC.—MULE TRAINS—VIEW FROM THE SIERRA—VISIT TO THE RIO BOTANICAL GARDENS—PASSAGE IN THE “RHONE”—THE PASSENGERS—VISIT TO BAHIA—THE SALOON SERVANTS—HOME TO ENGLAND.

THE first part of the Petropolis journey is accomplished by steam-boat, which takes you from the city wharf to the Maua landing-stage at the head of the bay. From here the railway, which runs close down to the water's edge, carries you to the foot of the Estrella mountains, in a gorge of which is situated the town of Petropolis. The remainder of the road, a succession of zigzags, reaching to an elevation of 3,000 feet above sea-level, is performed either on horseback or by diligence, both of which descriptions of conveyance you find awaiting your arrival at the terminus.

The steamer was appointed to start at ten the following morning, but we did not get away before eleven, having in the meantime to wait on a wharf perfumed with all the vilest compounds of Rio, and a thermometer standing at frizzling heat. We were told it did not matter so far as meeting the train at Maua was concerned, for they always waited for the steamer. At last we effected a start, and got off at

a rattling pace, soon leaving the foul atmosphere of Rio behind.

The scenery at the head of Rio Bay is quite as striking as at the entrance. You are surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, which appear as if they had been scarp'd abruptly down to the strip of plain which divides them from the sea ; while closer round numerous small islands, covered with most luxuriant foliage, start up in different parts of the bay. These, again, are attended on by still smaller islets, not yet having any soil or trees on their surface, giving them an exceedingly quaint appearance, with their bald heads just showing above the water.

The Maua wharf and railway-station, at which we had now arrived, was particularly rickety and dirty, scarcely deserving to be connected in any way with such a distinguished name. However, here we had to land, and drag out our traps, rush about for porters, crowd round the ticket offices, secure seats, &c., with just as much bustle and excitement as if we were going through the orthodox performance at an English pier and railway-station. We regretted that we could not impart a little of our energy to the engine. The passengers, having taken their seats, were panting and blowing after their exertions, but the engine gave no signs of life, and the guards, having locked us in our respective carriages, had relapsed into the *cigarette* stage. Heads were thrust out of the windows, and eager questions asked ; but it was evidently no one's business to answer them. However, at length the engine-driver took pity on



us, and, sauntering up to his engine from a shed where he had been reclining, made a long, dismal whistle, and then went back to the shed. We had all composed ourselves in our seats on observing the advance of the engine-driver; but now, on witnessing his retreat, out went the heads again, and loud complaints were heard. Eventually, after considerable delay, during which we had time to get cool and hot again, an official appeared with the mail-bags, and we started.

The road, which runs through a dismal swamp the whole way, is about twelve miles in length. The view on looking out of the carriage-window was painfully suggestive of alligators and fever; thick swampy jungle on either side full of the tall Brazilian reed, standing some twenty feet in height. An occasional hut was to be seen on a patch of dry ground which happened to be in the neighbourhood; but one only wondered how any human being could possibly live in such an atmosphere. In three-quarters of an hour we arrived at the terminus, situated at the base of the Estrella Mountains; and, on walking out of the station, gazed up in amazement at the stupendous barrier in our front: it appeared as if a dense black wall reached up to the heavens, cutting off all further progress: the evening shades so deepened the gloom of the dark foliage on the mountain side that no means of ascent could be distinguished, all looked so black and perpendicular.

Several neat-looking carriages now came rattling down to us, besides a number of saddle-horses; so,

selecting a light four-horse open vehicle, we placed ourselves in the hands of the driver without having the vaguest idea where he would plunge into the darkness. The road which leads over the Sierra at this point, and passes on to the interior of the empire, is considered one of Brazil's greatest achievements: the expenses of building it amounted to over £60,000, and the admirable state of repair in which it is kept must involve a considerable yearly expenditure. Along this route the produce of the country north of Rio is conveyed, and large trains of mules were streaming down the side of the mountain as we ascended. Our horses (active little animals) kept up a smart trot notwithstanding the steepness of the incline; and after our eyes had become accustomed to the gloom of the forest, we could distinctly trace the road in its various windings. The effect through the trees of the carriages at different angles of the zigzags, with the drivers shouting to each other, and passengers alighting, to cut off some corner in the ascent, scrambling up the cliff, was very novel and interesting. Occasionally we came to some very fine pieces of scenery, the whole plateau of Rio Janeiro being extended at our feet. At a distance of about half-way to the summit we changed horses, the new team trotting up to the gorge in no time; from here the road gradually descends until you reach Petropolis, a mile farther on. We drove up to the hotel with a great cracking of whips and shouting on the part of the drivers; the arrival of the daily express being a great event in the

country, and not to be passed over without due ceremony.

We found the door of the hotel wide open, and servants ready to receive us in the most hospitable fashion. My room looked out on a refreshing garden, where they had succeeded in producing violets by the side of a cinnamon-tree, and strawberries in a bed adjoining some pine-apples; while camellias and magnolias were scattered about in the most luxuriant disorder.

We found that, besides ourselves, Mr. Pakenham, our secretary of legation at Rio, and a gentleman who was travelling in Brazil, were the only visitors staying in the house. We met together in the evening at the *table d'hôte*, and after dinner found the wind so cool that a fire was unanimously voted for, the rooms being large and lofty, while the night mists were damp and chilly. We sent for the servant, and consulted him on the subject. He agreed that there was a fire-place in the room, but it had not been used for a long while, and it was doubtful whether the chimney would work. However, we overruled that objection, and passed on to the item of fuel. Coal was not to be had—quite out of the question; there was wood in the yard, but very damp. Certainly there was a fire in the kitchen-range, and possibly, if the wood was well cleaned, and the centipedes shaken off, the cook would allow it to be put in the oven; but it was pitch dark, and snakes sometimes got amongst the wood at night. However, we volunteered to assist, and finally, Mr.

Pakenham's energy and perseverance overcoming all obstacles, we were rewarded by seeing, and feeling with considerable comfort, a fine large fire crackling on the hearth.

These two delightful sanatoriums—Tejuca and Petropolis—are of great value to Rio, affording, as they do, a distinct change of climate within an afternoon's journey; and during the hot months they are always well filled with visitors. The Emperor of Brazil has a palace here, a large square building cased with straw-coloured cement, and enclosed by stiff and formal gardens, which look to great disadvantage by the side of the splendid forest scenery which surrounds them. The town consists of one long and rather broad street, with a river running through the whole length of it. On the north and west sides of this the hills rise abruptly, but on the east a level space extends for a short distance. On this are built the villas of the Brazilians, who come up from Rio for the hot season, and disport themselves and their families under the shade of the orange-groves and palm-trees with which the houses are enclosed.

The view on entering the town is rather pretty; the houses are painted a variety of colours, generally red, and are screened in front by an avenue of trees, planted on the bank of the river; while this, well turfed at the edges, is crossed at intervals by ornamental bridges, the whole filled in with a background of mountains and wood.

The manners and customs are of course German,

it having been originally a German settlement, although now a number of natives reside there, and enter into the business of the place. An air of the most profound quiet prevails everywhere; and, as the Emperor is exceedingly reserved in his habits, little change takes place even when the court arrives at the palace. The sole distraction the people have is the arrival of the mail-trains, which halt here on their way over the Sierra. Petropolis being on the high road, is a convenient post for refreshment and gossip; so, directly the mule-bells are heard, all hands flock up to the wayside inn, when the drivers alight and mutual inquiries are made, one party giving the latest news from town, the other delivering messages from friends or relations up the country.

Mule trains are divided into troops of six animals, each troop in charge of a trocador, who manages the obstinate brutes with great skill. It is a most awkward thing to meet a train of these amiable creatures in a narrow road: they edge down on you and kick and bite in the most vicious manner, while their packs effectually prevent you trying to hold your own, by returning push for push.

The merchandise brought by this road consists of diamonds, gold-dust, coffee, and cotton; but the most considerable portion of the produce of the interior is brought down by the Dom Pedro railway, which enters Rio from Entre Rios, on the west side of the city.

The good people of Petropolis are exceedingly loyal. Most of the remarkable points of interest

round the town are named after the royal family. The morning after our arrival, we rode to the "Empress Mountain," from the summit of which there is supposed to be the finest view of any in the neighbourhood (when you can see it, as our guide considerately told us). We found out afterwards that five days out of seven the mountain is enveloped in mist, and, on arriving at the top, instead of finding an extensive panorama displayed before you, most probably clouds would be all that could be seen. Our day unfortunately turned out to be a misty one, so we saw nothing but the Empress herself, and she did not appear to advantage in a fog.

We rode up to the top of the Sierra the following morning, to see the curious effect of the clouds which settle down on the Bay of Rio before the sun clears them off. The appearance they have is certainly most extraordinary, and unless you knew that the bay and town of Rio lay at your feet, you would say the Arctic Ocean had been suddenly transplanted to the tropics; for as far as the eye could reach, looking down from the top of the Sierra, was one vast sea of white fleecy clouds, broken here and there by jagged masses, which answered admirably as icebergs, and all looked so solid and real that at last, when the sun gained strength, and first one berg, and then another, ascended and floated away into thin air, one felt quite disappointed that such a charming illusion could be so easily dispelled.

The view looking inwards from the top of the Sierra is also very fine. Immediately below you, the

valley and river of Pialana stretch away to the northwest, with the Union Road, looking white and glistening through the trees, running along one side, on its way to the provinces of the interior, while farther to the right you see the remains of the old Minas road, now disused, except by the neighbouring villages. Landslips are of common occurrence here during the rainy season. We were pointed out a part of the old road where, a week before, a family had been buried by the cliff falling during the night, while they were asleep.

The country inland of Petropolis is broken up into districts of hill and dale, and it gradually descends from a height of 2,500 feet above sea-level, at Petropolis, until it reaches the tract known as the Campos; here it rises again, and in parts attains a height of 4,000 feet.

The paths and mountain tracts in the vicinity of Petropolis are very beautiful. The country is much wilder than even at Tejuca, and birds are in greater variety. We saw several tucanos, handsome fellows, with black and yellow plumage, while the humming-birds were darting about in all directions: but the birds rarely sing—in fact, there is a most depressing silence about these South American forests.

We had time before the packet was due to visit the Rio Botanical Gardens, which are situated about three miles beyond the town, in the direction of the Sugar-loaf Mountain. The first part of the ride passes through Gloria, the “Belgravia” of Rio,

where we saw numbers of handsome villas, with gardens arranged in terraces up the sides of the mountains, which tower over them close in rear.

On entering the Botanical Gardens, the most striking object is the celebrated Palm Grove, one of the wonders of the vegetable world. Many of the trees are upwards of a hundred feet in height, and are arranged with mathematical symmetry, forming an avenue which is said to be unequalled anywhere. The other parts of the gardens, although interesting, having several specimens of rare plants, are quite put in the shade by the Palm Grove. From the Gardens you see the Sugar-loaf on your left, and the Corcovado on the right: both these mountains are celebrated in the history of climbing achievements, and generally form one of the first expeditions undertaken on arriving at Rio.

The only approach to the former is by means of a boat, which lands you on a narrow ledge of rock; from here the ascent is almost perpendicular, requiring in many parts the assistance of a rope, which is thrown over the projecting rocks, in passing which the climber is suspended over a chasm some 800 feet in depth. The Corcovado has a good road all the way up, and is especially favoured by people looking for good points of scenery.

Our ride back from the Gardens brought us close to the aqueduct which supplies Rio with water. It is a handsome and costly erection, having forty-two arches. The sides of these, as they show out from the dark background of foliage, are covered with the



Osmunda fern, while quantities of the verbena plant grow between them. Rio is well supplied with water, for, besides the Corcovado aqueduct, a stream enters the city from the north-west, brought in from the neighbourhood of Tejuca.

We returned to town just at the time of the evening promenade. Numbers of people were shopping in the Rua Direta (the Regent Street of Rio). The only specialities we could find at all worth investing in were the golden beetles and feather flowers. Some of the latter are very brilliant, and well made. We met several Spanish naval officers in town, who, poor fellows, looked terribly ill after their late severe epidemic of scurvy. The squadron had just returned from the unsuccessful campaign on the coasts of Chili and Peru. The ships bore traces of the severe handling they received at Callao and Valparaiso from the Republican batteries, particularly the *Numancia*. The loss of life in the squadron from that terrible scourge, scurvy, was reported to have been very great; so much so that for some time there was scarcely a sufficient number of sound men to look after the sick. The *Resolucion* had been so much disabled by sickness amongst her crew, and damage in various parts of the hull, that she was in danger of drifting on shore at the Falkland Islands, during her passage to Rio from the Pacific. Fortunately, she was observed in time, and H.M.S. *Spiteful*, being sent to her assistance, towed her into harbour.

The ships now having been painted and generally brushed up, appeared fine handsome vessels. The

*Villa de Madrid* was not unlike our frigate the *Mersey*, and looked in such smart order that it made one quite regret that such handsome models of naval architecture should have gone out of fashion, to make way for the iron-clads. Great activity prevailed at this time in the Imperial Dockyard, fitting out the small monitors destined for service in the river Paraguay, and we were much interested by a short visit we made them.

The next morning we went off to the packet, to secure our cabins and arrange for the passage home. One other naval man was going to England besides my friend and myself.

The *Rhone* was our ship, similar in size and appearance to the *Douro*, the vessel I came out in the year before. There were very few passengers going home this time. The late Governor of the Falkland Islands was on board; also the Brazilian minister at St. Petersburg, who was returning to his embassy, after a visit to Brazil. He and his family and his servants mustered in strong force. His youngest son, a boy of ten years old, was a perfect prodigy in the way of languages: he had picked them up during his father's diplomatic career at the various courts to which he had been attached — English, French, Italian, German, Swedish, besides Portuguese and Spanish. It was really surprising to hear such a child conversing fluently with the passengers of the different countries on board.

On the 7th of August, 1866, we started for England, leaving the Sugar-loaf and Villaqanon behind, and,

passing Cape Frio, in three days we were at Bahia. Here we were to coal ; so directly after breakfast the passengers turned out in straw hats and umbrellas, ready for the shore. The mail-agent, who happened to be going in his boat to the Custom House, very kindly gave our party a passage. We got away as soon as possible—for the coal-dust was beginning to be anything but agreeable—and landing together at the Custom House, started off to make the most of our time. Bahia, a fine handsome town, is considered the favourite city of the empire ; but it is built on the side of a precipice—no other word can convey the steepness of the incline. We were, however, bound to see it, and, after a stiff bout at climbing, reached the top ; here we were amply repaid for our trouble, in the magnificent view which opened. We passed through the gardens, and sat down on a bench under some fine palm-trees (large even for Brazil, where they grow to such a size), and thoroughly enjoyed the scenery. At our feet we could see the whole extent of the bay spread out like a panorama, with a long white sandy beach fringed with shipping occupying the foreground ; closer round us were the villas of the Bahians, who live up here, clear of the business part of the town. On our way back to the landing-place, we passed through the market, partly to buy oranges and partly to see the Bahian Negresses, who are celebrated as being the finest specimens of their class in the country. They were certainly strapping great women, jet-black and glossy. They stand some

five feet ten inches in height, while, from their custom of carrying weights on the head, their figure is perfectly upright and firm. The men are also large, but not so striking in appearance as the women.

We returned on board in the evening, and shortly afterwards started for Pernambuco, arriving on the second day. There we found the sea running so high that few people attempted to land: one was certain to get ducked, if not capsized altogether, besides, the passage on shore occupied so much time that those passengers who did venture only landed in time to see the signal hoisted for sailing again. We weighed the same evening, and started for St. Vincent, passing through a terribly hot ordeal as we crossed the Line. However, the *Rhone* was fitted with two large coaling ports forward on the saloon-deck, which, being kept open all day and part of the night, cooled the ship considerably by the thorough draught they caused; and the passengers generally preferred sitting near them, instead of going on deck, where the sun struck through the awnings with great strength. We soon reached more temperate weather, as the speed of the ship was very good, keeping up her eleven and twelve knots an hour.

Six days brought us to St. Vincent, where we coaled again, and continued our voyage to Lisbon. The cool breezes of the northern Atlantic now began to revive us a little; but we noticed that the amusements on the passage home varied considerably from those in fashion coming out. Whether it was the

people were used up by the hot climate, making the exertion of reading too much for their exhausted frames, or that the railway novels were worn out, certain it is the occupations were quite different. Even the cane-bottomed easy-chairs had a worn appearance, and evidently wanted refreshing in Europe. Eating and drinking, however, retained their pre-eminence, and, if possible, went on with increased vigour, particularly the latter, which now, out of compliment to the new world we had been lately graduating in, involved cocktails and other ingenious compounds.

One portion of the crew of a packet always awakens considerable interest in the mind of a passenger. The saloon servants are a remarkable body of men. They are to be seen in the morning (if you rise early enough) in a semi-nautical dress, scrubbing decks; a little later they are silently preparing one's dressing materials, outside the cabin-door; again at breakfast they appear behind your seat, in a neat morning costume, dexterously moving about with piles of dishes and plates, silently giving each individual what he wants, regardless of the language an order may have been given in; again at luncheon they are equally busy, and by the time you have finished that meal and have composed yourself in an easy-chair on deck, placed so as to catch the cool breeze out of the main trysail, there they are again, in the semi-nautical costume, standing in line, with a bucket and blanket each man, it being their business, on the alarm of fire, to immediately repair to the

scene of action with those articles, and promptly put it out. In the evening, at dinner, they have relapsed into the quietly-dressed waiter again, and are indefatigable in supplying the wants of the hungry German and thirsty American, appearing to understand thoroughly the requirements of the respective nationalities. No sooner have the evening meals been swallowed, and one begins to look for something more, than our friends march aft, in all the circumstance and costume of a brass band of the period, and commence discoursing sweet music for the passengers to dance to, should the vessel be in a sufficiently good humour to allow of that amusement.

When one considers the various accomplishments of these men, the multiplicity of their occupations, the number of different languages they are called on to understand, the extreme tact necessary in dealing with cases of sea-sickness—for where a sick Frenchman would require care, attention, and sympathy, an Englishman would most probably tell an officious servant to go to blazes,—one wonders how they get paid, and how much they receive for such important services; for, although the passengers make up a purse on leaving to recompense them for the musical entertainment, and also pay them individually when they act as private servants, still it is to be hoped they get something more than that for such constant employment.

Our end of the dinner-table was much enlivened by the conversational powers of an American gentleman,

who was on a pleasure trip through the world. One has often heard the expression "seeing the world," but, as far as carrying the idea out literally is concerned, one so rarely has the opportunity of doing it in an ordinary lifetime. This we mentioned; but our citizen friend was going to do it, and intended seeing the very thick of it; starting from the Charing Cross Hotel, which he understood to be the largest, busiest, and noisest house in England. After that he was going to Paris, which he expected to exhaust in about a week, and so on to the various other capitals.

Eleven days from St. Vincent brought us in sight of the Burlings, and the same evening we arrived at Lisbon. Here again we coaled, and eagerly inquired about the war news; not the Paraguayan war; everybody appeared to have forgotten the hard fighting we had just left, and was still raging, between Brazil and Paraguay. Our present curiosity was for the campaign just then commencing in Germany, between the Austrians and Prussians, the result of which was still an open question. We started the following evening, and a few days after entered the Channel.

Nothing appeared to surprise the foreign passengers more, on our getting inside the Eddystone Lighthouse, than the numbers of yachts we saw all round us. "What are they doing?" was the constant question, and, "How much do they make by it?" The fact of doing nothing in particular for pleasure appeared to be quite an unknown luxury to the inhabitants of the New World; and when we arrived between Portland

and the Needles, it being then just the height of the yachting season, their astonishment was most amusing. They actually saw señoritas almost out of sight of land, in a small sailing boat, and positively looking as if they liked it.

We arrived abreast the Needles a short time before sunset, and after passing those desperately red forts opposite Hurst Castle, the Isle of Wight could be fairly seen in all its beauty. It really made one feel quite justified in being proud of one's country, to hear the bursts of admiration from the foreigners, who, having just come from a part of the world celebrated for the richness of its scenery, might be expected to be critical judges. But the charms of the Isle of Wight strike the senses in quite a different manner to the gorgeous and majestic style of South America. The bright green tints of the foliage in the grounds round the palace at Osborne were most refreshing to the eye after the gigantic brown vegetation of Brazil, and suggested to one again and again the old adage, "There's no place like home."

And, in fact, home did look pleasant, as it always does after an absence, no matter how short it may be. And very glad we were the next morning, after the Custom-house authorities had satisfied themselves with our luggage, to find ourselves in a railway carriage, and Southampton, with its masts and shipping, looming behind far in the distance.









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