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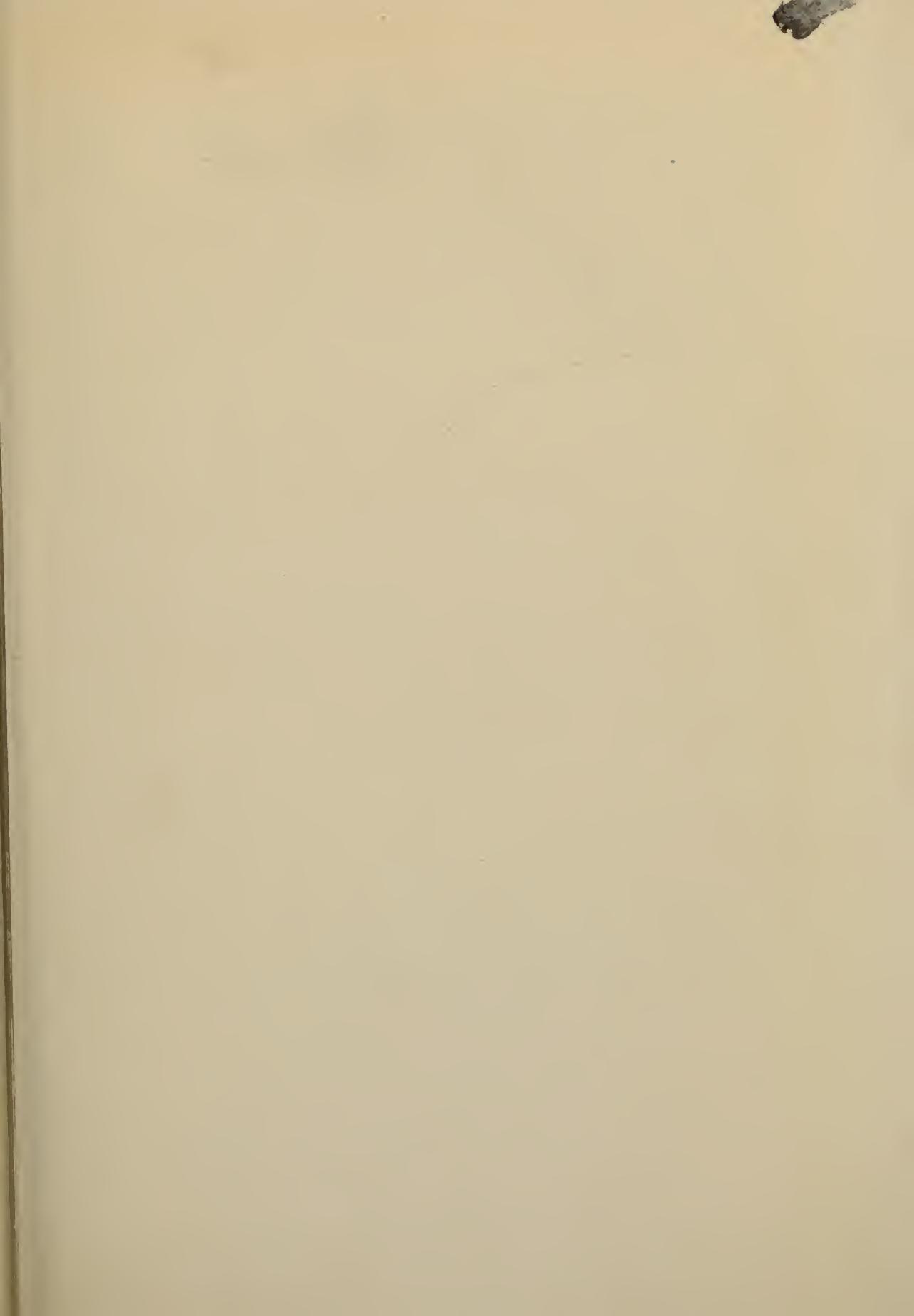


75

SOUTH AMERICA

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# SOUTH AMERICA

PAINTED BY A. E. HERRING  
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ACROSS THE CAMPO IN ARGENTINA.



# S O U T H A M E R I C A

PAINTED BY A. S. FORREST  
DESCRIBED BY W. H. KOEBEL  
PUBLISHED BY A. & C. BLACK  
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*Sketch Map of South America at end of Volume.*

# SOUTH AMERICA

## I

### INTRODUCTORY

IT is probable that the continent of South America is the one which at the present time holds more romance than any other out of the great divisions of the world. Not that it has ever failed in this respect, even previous to the time of its first discovery by Europeans. It is true that at the periods which preceded the fateful Spanish and Portuguese discoveries the greater part of the continent was peopled by tribes, whether nomadic or stationary, who ranked very low in the scale of human intelligence, and whose methods of life were of too primitive an order to leave any permanent relics by which their crude history might be judged.

Agriculture was necessarily to a large extent

unknown to these primitive aboriginal tribes. For their livelihood they depended almost entirely on their prowess as hunters and on their skill as fishermen. In these circumstances a settled life and permanent habitations were undreamed of. The exigencies of existence made it imperative that the beasts, birds, and fishes of their daily fare should be followed in their migrations at the expense of hearth and home, so far as the Indians were concerned. This state of affairs applied, of course, more to the open prairie than to the forest lands. In these latter were fruits and roots which added not a little to the range of such meals as the slain animals afforded, and which thus made it possible to remain more or less permanently in one neighbourhood. Even here, however, the habitations of the sylvan tribes never rose in dignity beyond a structure of boughs and dried grasses.

A remarkable contrast to the habits and customs of these untutored folk was afforded by the kingdom of the Incas. The degree of civilisation which was attained by these remarkable people is now—thanks to the works of Prescott, Markham, and the rest—too well known to need any detailed description here.

Suffice to say that these amazing imperialistic-socialists from their cities and fortresses situated in what is now Bolivia and Peru sent out the tentacles of their power to the north and south, and, to a far lesser degree, to the east. Their rites may occasionally have been bloodthirsty ; but their theories on the whole were essentially wise and humane, and, as a conquering nation, they gave civilisation and benefits to the neighbouring races which they brought beneath their rule. As a set-off to the crude and ephemeral fabrics of the savage tribes the vast ruined monuments of the Incas may undoubtedly claim a place among the steadily growing number of the wonders of the world.

So much for the native races of the continent, about which so much has already been written and about which so much more remains to be said. With the advent of the Spaniards and Portuguese the mass of historical incident becomes too great to justify anything beyond a passing reference here. It is impossible even to pause for any length of time upon such names as Columbus, Magellanes, Americo Vespucio, Pizarro, Balboa, and a dozen more out of the hundred of great men who wrote their signatures in

such bold ink across the history of the New World.

Undoubtedly the immediate result of the first arrival of the *conquistadores* in the continent was a broad smear of blood. This was most deeply marked in the case of the Incas. The civilisation of these unfortunate folk had included within its scope the art of mining. It is true that to them gold was dross ; but it was useful dross for all that, and served its practical purposes. The metal, moreover, was strangely plentiful in the eyes of those who had come from one of the lands where it was valued at its true—or artificial—value. Hence the blood, and hence the enforced toil which completed in more leisurely fashion the work which the slaughter had begun. In those days it was the savage dwellers in the forests and plains unproductive of metals who found themselves the most fortunately placed.

Nevertheless, the shock of these first collisions, terrible as it was, was necessarily but transient. It was followed by the era in which Europeans and South Americans fraternised, and during which the blood of the two races became mixed to a certain extent. Save in the remoter quarters,

little by little the strife with the natives ceased, although in many cases the phase of active warfare was superseded by conditions of enforced labour which left the natives somewhat doubtful concerning the complete blessings of peace. This phase, however, was largely interrupted by the intervention of priests such as Las Casas, and by the foundation of distinct Jesuit settlements such as those of Paraguay. Here alone we have a phase of South American history which is worthy of a far greater number of volumes than have already been written on these absorbing features.

After this we come to the first dawn of the life of modern South America—a very stormy dawn which broke just over a hundred years ago, when names such as those of San Martin, Bolivar, and a host of others, rose up to fame in the struggle for liberty in which the entire Spanish portion of the continent was involved, and which ended with the independence of each of the former colonies. To-day the sole remnants of South America which still acknowledge European authority are to be looked for in the three Guianas, British, Dutch, and French, and the percentage of territory which these represent to

the total area of the continent is quite insignificant.

We may deal now with South America as it actually stands to-day. It is a big subject, one in which romance and enterprise are very strongly blended. The commercial and political status of the continent has risen with a rapidity that meets with no parallel elsewhere. It is only now becoming understood that the tremendous advance of even the United States and of Canada pales beneath the light of the recent history of the South. The reason for this lies in the different manner in which the results have been achieved. The development of North America has endured steadily and continuously for some three centuries, comparatively free from political vicissitudes as it was. That of South America remained in a merely budding condition for almost as long; then, when the time for fruition came, the normal progress of a century and more was compressed within three or four decades.

It is, indeed, only within the last thirty years that the true growth of South America, according to modern conditions, has been brought about. A very few comparisons of the past with the present will make this clear. Three

decades ago no single one of its nations could lay claim to the least genuine influence upon European affairs. The northern kingdoms benefited by a certain amount of its produce. Some diamonds, gold, hides, and similar products were carried in the holds of leisurely vessels to the more populous markets. But with the actual sources of such objects the dwellers in Europe were for the most part profoundly unconcerned. The general idea was that these useful objects came from lands of revolution, snakes, and fever—suppositions that at the time were not without a substratum of truth. It was vaguely imagined that this supposed condition of these dimly understood countries would continue indefinitely.

That was thirty years ago. Now, every important event in the great southern continent is echoed almost instantaneously the length and breadth of Europe and of the United States, and the Cabinets of many nations trim their sails in accordance with the breezes that blow from beneath the equator. The more notable centres are abreast with the rest of the world in legislation, science, and learning, and the chief cities of the more important republics

rival in every respect the finest capitals of the older lands.

Commercially and industrially, moreover, the situation is at least as marked. The demand for English Christmas beef is reflected instantaneously in the prices that rule in the Buenos Aires stockyards, and the cabled reports concerning the São Paulo coffee crop are anxiously awaited in every civilised place. Nations compete in order to supply the various republics with railroads and super-Dreadnoughts, and at the present moment, if a famous European retail house has failed to open a branch in one of the South American capitals, it has undoubtedly failed in its appreciation of the march of events.

In this introductory chapter it is impossible to enter into a detailed description, whether of commerce or culture. The later pages will deal as fully as possible with the republics that now purchase annually almost one hundred and seventy million pounds' worth of British goods alone. They are, indeed, an imposing collection of countries, these. Starting from the south, we have Argentina with its wonderful wealth of cattle and cereals; Brazil with its rubber, coffee, and minerals; Chile with its nitrate and

numerous mines; Uruguay with its cattle that fatten on natural pastures; Paraguay with its timber and cattle; Bolivia and Peru rich in gold, silver, and copper; and the northern republics with their rubber and tropical produce.

But at this point it is futile to attempt even to enumerate the products of South America. These will be made clear in the later pages. There is scarcely an article known to civilisation that the continent does not produce, from timber to gold, from wheat to sugar, from petroleum to coal, and from the guava to the northern apple.

It is the same with the imports. There is no article made in Europe or in the United States that does not find its market in the southern continent. The great wealth accumulated by the inhabitants of the latter has now given rise to a formidable demand not only for the necessities of life, but for the luxuries—a demand which has not yet met with sufficient attention.

Geographically, the interest of South America is at the very least as great as that of any other continent. In the way of mountains it can hold up the tremendous range of the Andes which flings up its tall crests from Panama almost to

Cape Horn. As to plains, it can produce the spreading pastoral areas of Argentina, and the flat, timber-covered, river-intersected expanse of the Gran Chaco. Its lakes, it is true, may not be able to vie in size with those of some other parts of the world; but even here it can produce at least one specimen that is unique: for Titicaca, nestling in its rocky bed some twelve thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, is the loftiest placed important sheet of water in the world. Concerning rivers, the Amazon needs no advertisement here as the greatest inland waterway, and the importance of that vast network of streams comprised by the rivers Plate, Paraná, Paraguay, and Uruguay is second to scarcely any other. Lastly, the continent is not to be denied in its claims to waterfalls of an astonishing nature. The falls of the Iguazú on the borders of Argentina and Paraguay are now acknowledged to rival the great cataract of Niagara itself, while some Brazilian phenomena of the kind, situated in a district which up to the present is practically untravelled, are rumoured to throw all else of the sort in the shade.

Considering its great importance, astonishingly little is known of the inhabitants of this vast

continent. In Europe it is, as a general rule, still held sufficient to classify a man as a South American in order to arrive at a supposed intimate knowledge of his appearance, habits, and customs. It is true that—if you except the Guianas—two European languages alone are spoken throughout the length and breadth of South America. It would be idle, however, to suppose that even in Brazil all the inhabitants of the Portuguese-speaking Republic were given to resemble one another. In the case of the numerous states which originally formed the Spanish colonies, the differences, of course, are considerably more marked.

The main cause for these distinctions lies, naturally enough, in the influence of the various climates. It would be amazing, for instance, if the descendants of the original immigrants to the temperate south had retained the same national characteristics as their brethren in the tropical north. Physically, the difference between the two coincides exactly to the variations of the climate in which they live. In outward appearance it is probably the Chilian who most of all resembles the northern European ; for the natural conditions in the midst of which he

thrives are the most temperate in all the continent. The Argentine and Uruguayan, although equally energetic, recall the Spanish type rather more, while as the northward progress is made the evidence of the pure European strains becomes more and more lost in the duskiess of the local colour.

As regards the mere picturesque, it must be admitted with some sorrow that the progress of these advanced southern republics has been accompanied by a steady and corresponding loss of local colour. Let it be said once and for all that he who seeks the tinkling guitar, the country dance, and the romantic costumes of the far south in Buenos Aires, Santiago, and Montevideo will undergo no small amount of disillusionment. To what extent the sight of the motor cars, electric tramways, and sky signs will console him for this remains to be seen. Indeed, he may find in these particular cities all that he would look for in a capital of Europe—but very little beyond, save a wonderful wealth of flowers, sunshine, and blue sky.

In reality, his cause for complaint on this head is very slight. Industrial progress has never gone hand in hand with heavily silvered

horse-gear, elaborate and drawn-out ceremonies, and, incidentally, a knife that remained ever restless in its scabbard. Ten-storied buildings and lifts have been the death of these, and nearly all else of the kind. And, since the actual inhabitants of these spots are, after all, the most concerned, it may be instructive to the casual tourist to learn that these, on the whole, consider the new era more comfortable and practical than the old.

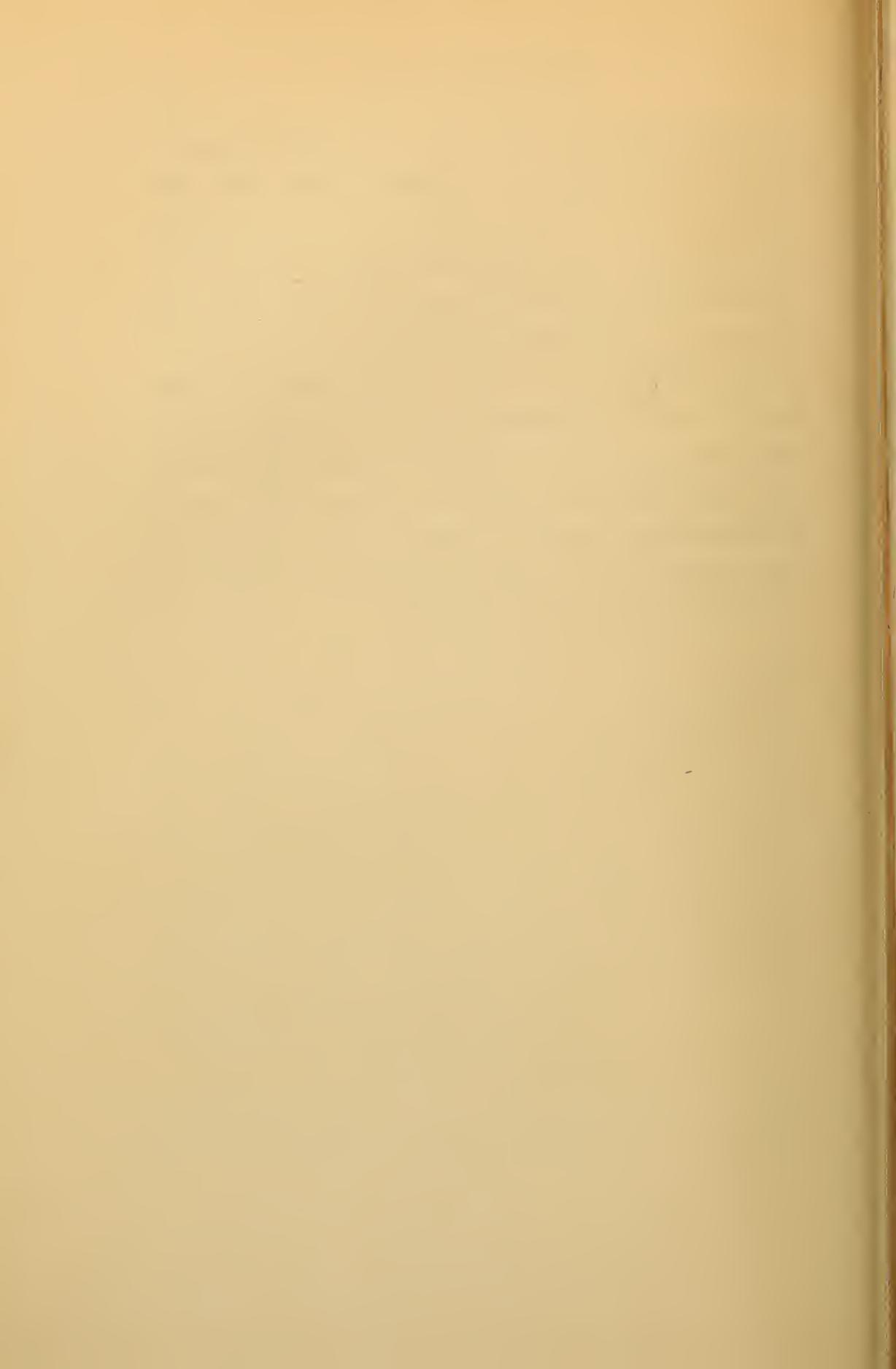
But this, after all, is a matter of opinion. For the other side of the picture it is necessary merely to travel farther north, or to penetrate to the quite remote districts of the up-to-date south. In either case the most inveterate searcher for local colour will meet with a sufficiency to sate his appetite. In such countries as Peru and Bolivia, once away from the capitals and modern industrial centres, the costumes and customs of the inhabitants have suffered remarkably little alteration since the days when the *conquistadores* first established themselves firmly in the land. It is the same, indeed, in very nearly every one of those countries into which the tide of immigration has not yet flowed to any appreciable extent. Here the guitar still

twangs to some purpose, and deeds of love and war still rank among the things which count above all others.

In those places where the influence of Europeans has occurred to an important extent one of the most interesting features of the continent has been exhibited in its power of absorption of the various types of humanity which have entered its frontiers. Whether the immigrant be Italian, Scandinavian, Greek, Russian, or whatever other nationality,—there is not a land in Europe that has not its representative in South America,—is all the same to this surprising continent. Irrespective of race or country, it will take him and his children, and will mould them into its own design, until in a remarkably short while they will have become ardent South Americans who would exchange the country of their adoption or their birthright, as the case may be, for no other in the world. Even in the case of the real South American families of long standing, their patriotism, although of far older date, is scarcely deeper and more sincere.

Thus, in dealing with South America, it must never be lost to mind that the countries which compose it are no mere tracts of territory

separated the one from the other by comparatively meaningless geographical lines. On the contrary, each of these states is imbued with a spirit and a pride of nationality which makes even the smallest a potential factor in the affairs of the world. The forests of Brazil mean as much to the Brazilian as do the broad waters of the Paraná to the Argentine, while the peaks of the Andes represent far more to the Chilian than mere snow-capped mountain-tops. And so it is throughout. South America is no longer an area populated in parts: it is a continent of powerful and growing nations.



## II

### ARGENTINA

THE earlier chapters of Argentina's tangled history are inseparable from Paraguayan records. In 1515, it is true, Juan de Solis set out on the voyage which—for him—ended in death at the hands of savages on the island of Martin Garcia, and the expedition which he had commanded returned to Spain without attempting to penetrate up the river to Paraguayan territory. Argentina is a decade or two ahead of Paraguay in point of discovery.

In 1520 Magellan explored the estuary of the Rio Solis, as the Plate River was called then, and in 1526 Diego Garcia and Sebastian Cabot set out, each commanding an expedition which met the other at the junction of the Paraguay and Paraná rivers. In 1530, after massacres and many tribulations had wrought havoc among the Spanish explorers, Portugal cast eyes of desire on this new land of promise

and—so far—no fulfilment. Martin Alonso de Sousa set out from Lisbon, and Spain, looking about for a man to safeguard her interests, selected Don Pedro de Mendoza to command the largest and best-equipped fleet that had ever left the Old World and crossed the Equator on its way to the New. Storms disabled two of Mendoza's vessels, and the rest came by way of Rio de Janeiro to the River Plate. Here Mendoza founded the first real town in Argentine territory, on the site of which the present Buenos Aires stands.

In little more than a year Mendoza died on the voyage back to Spain, leaving Juan de Ayolas charged with the exploration of the rivers Paraná and Paraguay. Of how Ayolas went north, founded Asuncion, and died; of how the little colony at Buenos Aires suffered and fought and starved and held out; and of how, finally, Irala withdrew the garrison from the mouth of the river and set to work to make Asuncion the capital of the River Plate territories, this is not the place to tell. For these things belong to Paraguayan history. Tangled, tortuous reading that history makes—a maze of intriguing and hard fighting; stubborn resistance

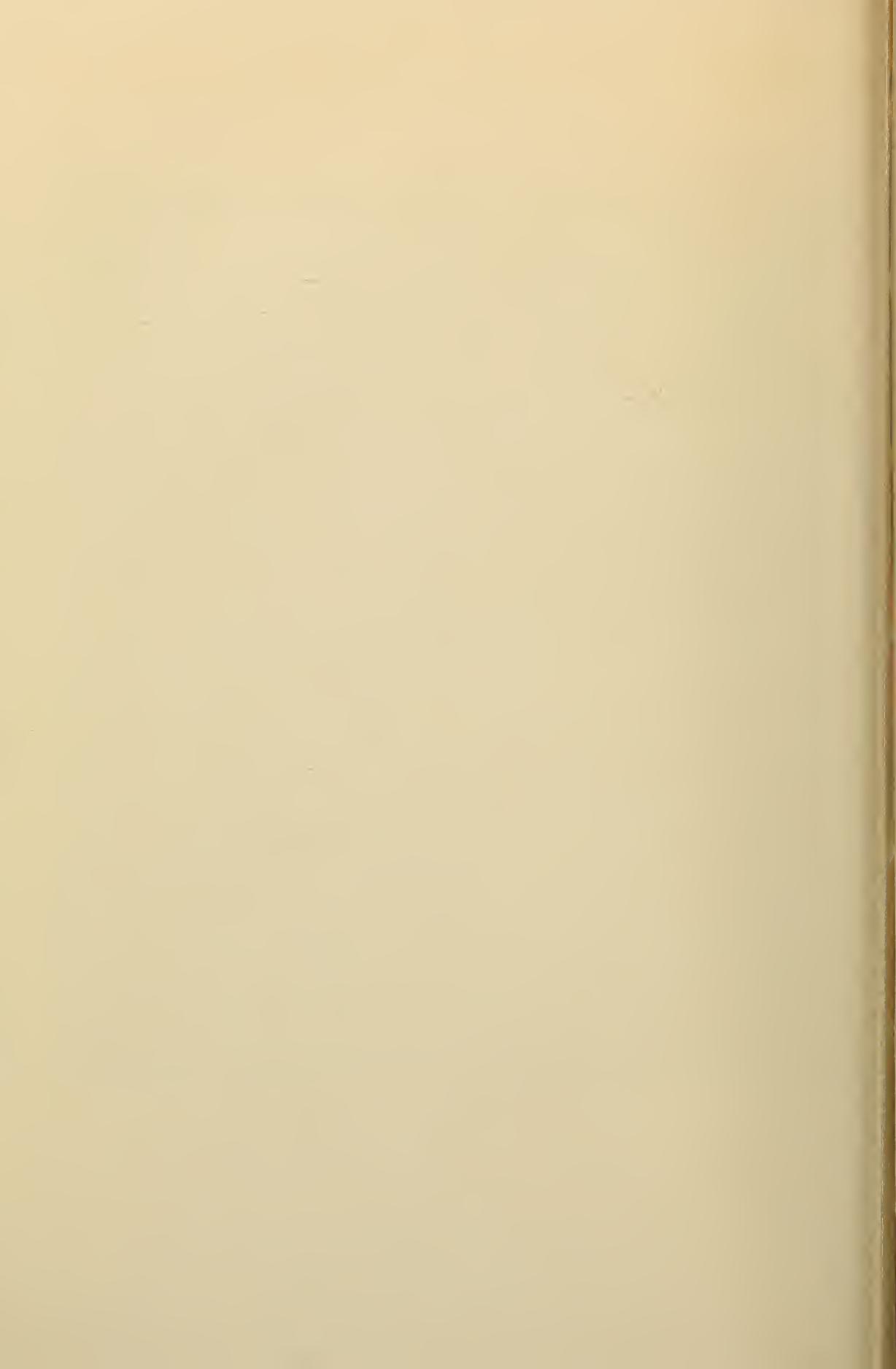


The Tigre is a large river, the water of which is so pure and soft, and so abundant, that it is the only place in the world where the water is so good. The water is so pure that it is fit to drink, and the water is so soft that it is fit to wash with. The water is so abundant that it is fit to swim in, and the water is so good that it is fit to bathe in. The water is so pure that it is fit to drink, and the water is so soft that it is fit to wash with. The water is so abundant that it is fit to swim in, and the water is so good that it is fit to bathe in.

BOATING ON THE TIGRE, NEAR BUENOS AIRES.

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to authority, and desperate loyalty; starvation, treachery, long marches without result, adventures in unknown waterways—a medley of fact before which fiction grows insignificant and from out which towers the figure of Domingo de Irala, the strong man, faithful friend, and implacable enemy, who established and made secure a settled government in the land.

After many happenings higher up the river, Juan de Garay, governor of Paraguay, came to the site of Mendoza's first settlement, and established a town there—a town that has proved permanent and ever-growing, until to-day it ranks among the stately capitals of the world. From thence radiated the strength and influences that have made modern Argentina what it is—Buenos Aires is the heart, and even to the remote frontiers of the republic its pulse-beats are felt.

By way of that mighty warrior, and first colonial-born governor, Arias de Saavedra,—Hernandarias, as he is more familiarly known,—we may come down through the years that bristle with Indian risings, Portuguese aggressions from Brazil, and internal troubles of the colony, to the 25th of May 1810, when the

last ties that bound Argentina to Spain were snapped.

That most memorable date in Argentine history brought, however, a sword rather than peace, for Córdoba, Paraguay, Uruguay, and the great vice-royalty of Peru opposed the new order of things through years of struggle, and not until San Martin, the national hero of Argentina, came in 1812 to begin his work of effectual liberation was there any sign of victory and peace for independent Argentina. Up to 1817 San Martin led troops, planned campaigns, and made of himself a dozen men in one in elaborating and perfecting a great design. Then he struck an unexpected, paralysing blow at the enemies of the republic, forcing his way with four thousand men across the Andes to Chile, where he inflicted a crushing defeat on the Royalist forces.

In three years he had won through to Peru itself, and, in conjunction with Lord Cochrane, who commanded the naval forces, had stripped away the last of Spain's authority from the south and west of the continent. Then, seeing in Bolivar—the liberator of the north—a man with whom he could not work except under constant fear of jealousy and open rupture, San Martin averted



The first part of the book is devoted to a description of the Guarani people, their language, and their customs.

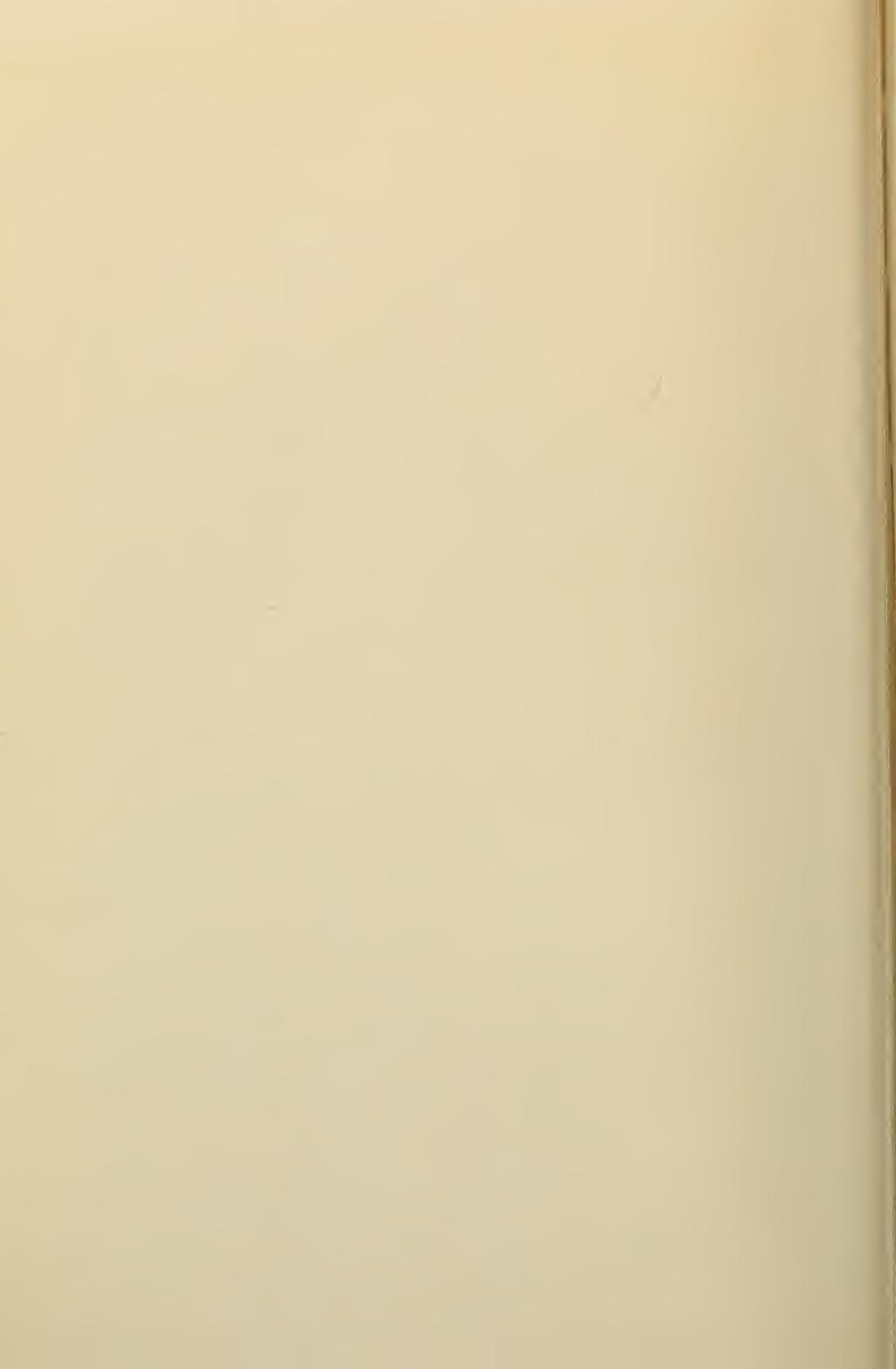
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A LITTLE GUARANI-SPANISH GIRL, CORRIENTES.

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The fourth part of the book is devoted to a description of the Guarani people, their language, and their customs.





the danger by laying aside his laurels at the moment when half a continent waited to crown him, and sailed from Buenos Aires to France, where he lived and died in seclusion. If in his work he was great—and assuredly he was—in that renunciation San Martin was sublime.

There were giants in the land in those days, but, when the great work of independence had been accomplished, the smaller men rose up and made the first decades of republican rule a chaos of internal strife. The history of the years in which Rosas exercised his dictatorship is written in blood, and much of it in the best blood of Argentina. Up to ten or fifteen years ago the future of the republic was a matter of grave concern, bankruptcy or salvation appearing as alternative solutions to the problem. Now, however, prosperity has gripped the country, and, though minor problems remain, the great future that all nations desire is assured here. The new Buenos Aires has arisen, a regal city, flourishing like the land of which it is the capital, and Argentina has come into its own.

The two most notable points in this swift advance are the rapid increase in the value of land in the area of the "inner camp," and the

pushing out of the frontiers of pasturage and agriculture. The central lands, naturally, give less evidence of progress, but the progress is there, nevertheless. By increasing the means of irrigation, by raising the standard of agricultural appliances, and raising also the quality of the stock to the highest possible point, the commercial position of these central *estancias* has been made such as to double, treble, and quadruple the value of the land occupied. And the question still remains whether the highest point of this process of development has yet been reached.

In the matter of extension, progress is evident at a first glance. North, south, and west, enterprise is changing the face of the country. In the north, factories have been established in the heart of the quebracho forests in order to extract the tannin from the wood on the spot; railway extension has developed great tracts of hitherto almost useless "camp" by making it possible to bring their products to market. A railway ferry has linked Entre Rios with its neighbouring provinces; Corrientes and the Chaco have been developed in a way that was undreamed of twenty years ago. Turning to the far south, sheep-farming has grown from small



A SCENE ON AN ARGENTINE ESTANCIA.

Many of these estancias are over 100,000 acres in extent.





beginnings by rapid strides to take a perceptible part in the supply of the world's markets ; and though, so far, less than a fifth of the available land has been developed, the south, like the rest of the republic, has come to its own.

As in all agricultural districts, so here : man can never quite conquer Nature. Floods, drought, and disease, together with other natural phenomena, constitute ever-present perils. Here, however, drought is a sufficiently familiar occurrence for provision to have been made against it, and fatal spells are sufficiently rare to be left out of the reckoning. In any case, wells and windmill pumps have formed sufficient antidotes for this kind of trouble up to the present. The *campo* is not concerned with floods, which confine their destructiveness to the areas abutting on the great rivers ; even here they have but a comparatively slight effect. Disease among live stock is reduced to a minimum by highly scientific methods. There remains the locust, not yet exterminated ; but here again science can do, and is doing, much.

Although from one point of view the population of the republic is cosmopolitan to the last degree, yet from another standpoint it consists

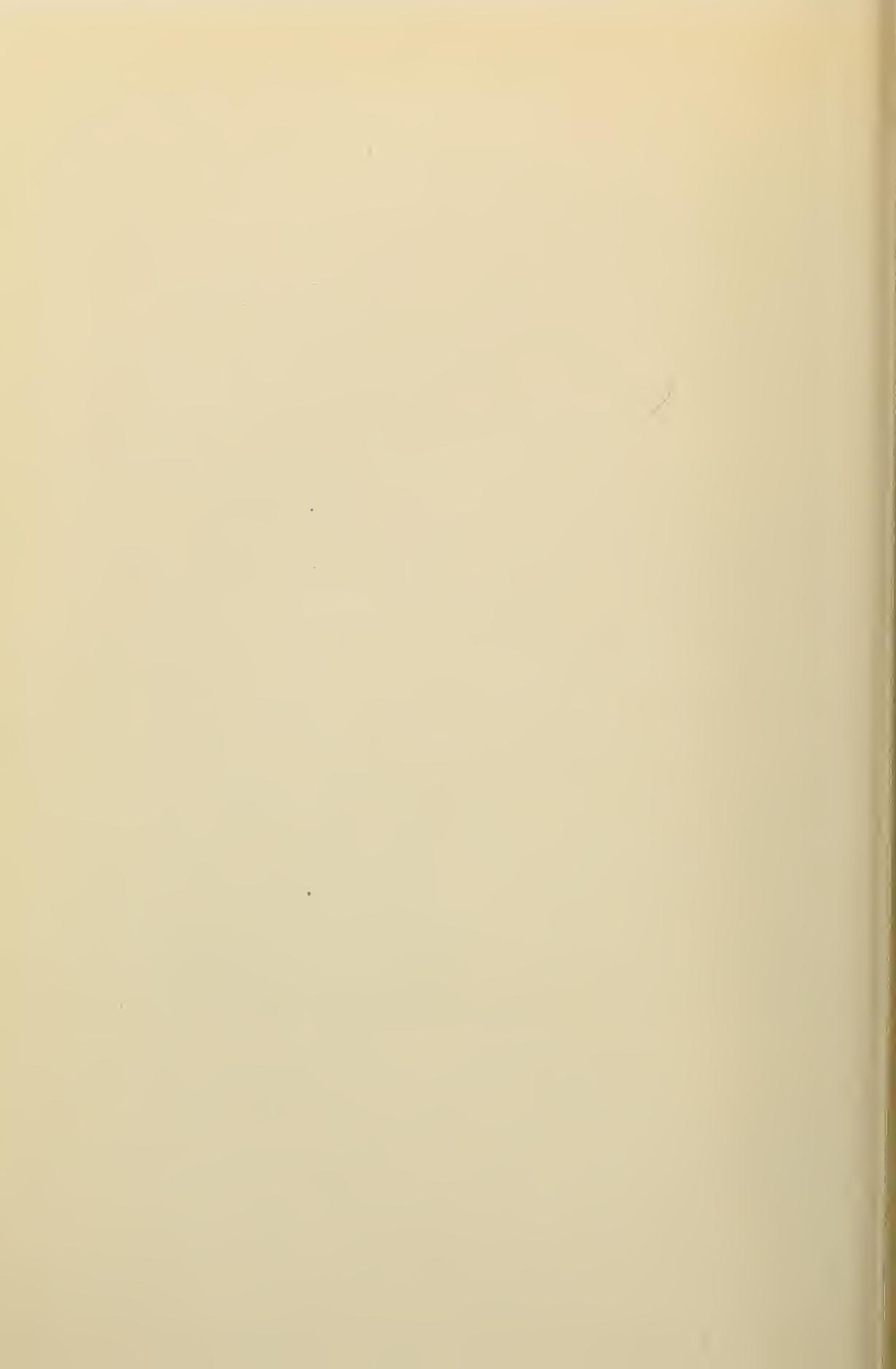
of Argentines pure and simple. The country has a unique way of breeding rapid patriotism, and to-day there are grafted on to the old Spanish families a conglomeration of French, Germans, Italians, Russians, Austrians, Danes, Norwegians, and British,—to mention some of the nationalities involved,—and the result is a distinct nation. The original nationality of these immigrant peoples has not survived two generations—they are Argentines, a distinct new race.

Recent developments in the railway system have given Argentina better traffic facilities than any other South American republic, when the transport arrangements of the great river system of the south are taken in conjunction with the railways. The line which claims the premier place in this great organisation is the Great Southern, whose service is notably above reproach. Considered from the point of view of dramatic interest, the work of the Entre Rios railway stands among the first of the Argentine systems. Up to quite recent times Entre Rios was a solitary province; fertile though it was, it was barred in by the Paraná on the south and west, while the Uruguayan waters performed a like disservice on the eastern



MENDOZA, EVENING IN THE PLAZA.





borders. Water traffic alone provided scant intercourse with the great centres of the south and west, in comparison with that enjoyed by other provinces of the republic. One of the principal consequences of this was that there was no incentive toward a higher standard of breeding in either cattle or sheep; another result was a certain absence of law and order in the province.

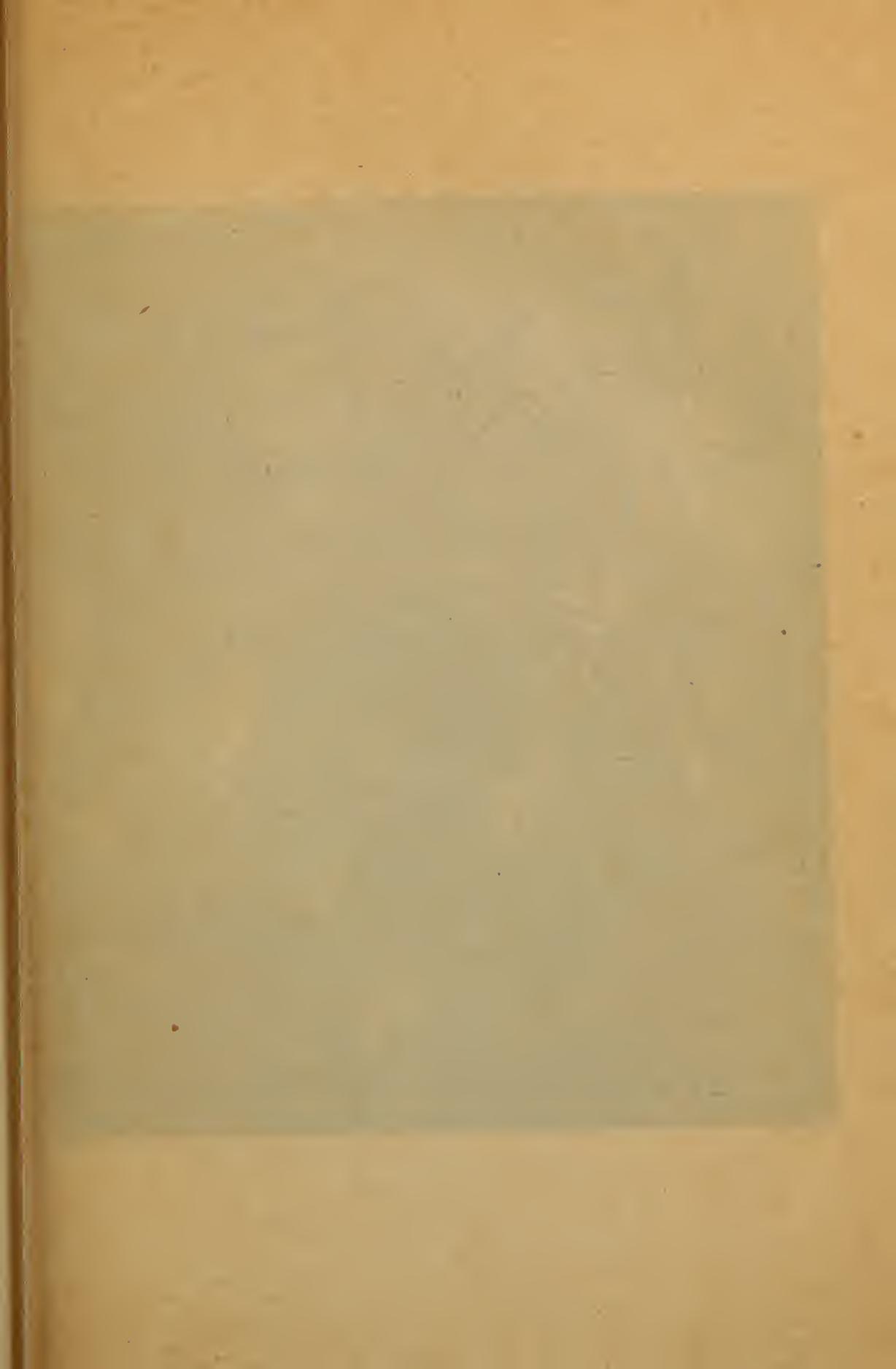
Now, however, a system of great ferry boats takes trains bodily from the Buenos Aires central line at Zárate to Ibicuy, thus bringing Entre Rios into direct communication with Buenos Aires. By this means a tremendous impetus has been given to stock-breeding and other industries in the province—in fact, an industrial revolution has been wrought.

Another great feat has been accomplished by the Buenos Aires and Pacific railway, which, incorporated with the Transandine and Great Western line, leads over the Andes to Chile. This direct connection between east and west is bound to prove a landmark in the history of commercial Argentina. A southern system of this line links up Central Argentina with the south, and the traffic in meat, grain,

cattle, sheep, vegetables, and fruit—to mention only a few items in a heavy transport list—is constantly increasing.

The Central Argentine line extends as far as Tucuman, and connects Buenos Aires with the great river ports of Rosario and Santa Fé, passing through rich agricultural districts on the way. To the transport list of this Central Argentine railway must be added the products of the quebracho forests and a quantity of other hard timber, together with sugar and charcoal from Tucuman. Other lines are the Buenos Aires Western, tapping the fertile country of San Luis—the heart of the agricultural district. The Argentine North-Eastern is another line worthy of mention, inasmuch as it has provided a link—in addition to that of the river—between Argentina and Paraguay. Concordia, Corrientes, Goya, and Santo Tomé are some of the towns served by this system, which is playing an important part in the commercial development of Northern Argentina.

A survey of the transport facilities would not be complete without a brief mention of the Mihanovich steamers, a system of fine vessels plying on the Paraná, and providing means of



GAUCHOS SPREADING HIDES IN ARGENTINA.





travel and conveyance of cargo which rivals that of the railways in every way, and at the same time supplements them and gives Argentina the full benefit of its waterways as a means of travel.

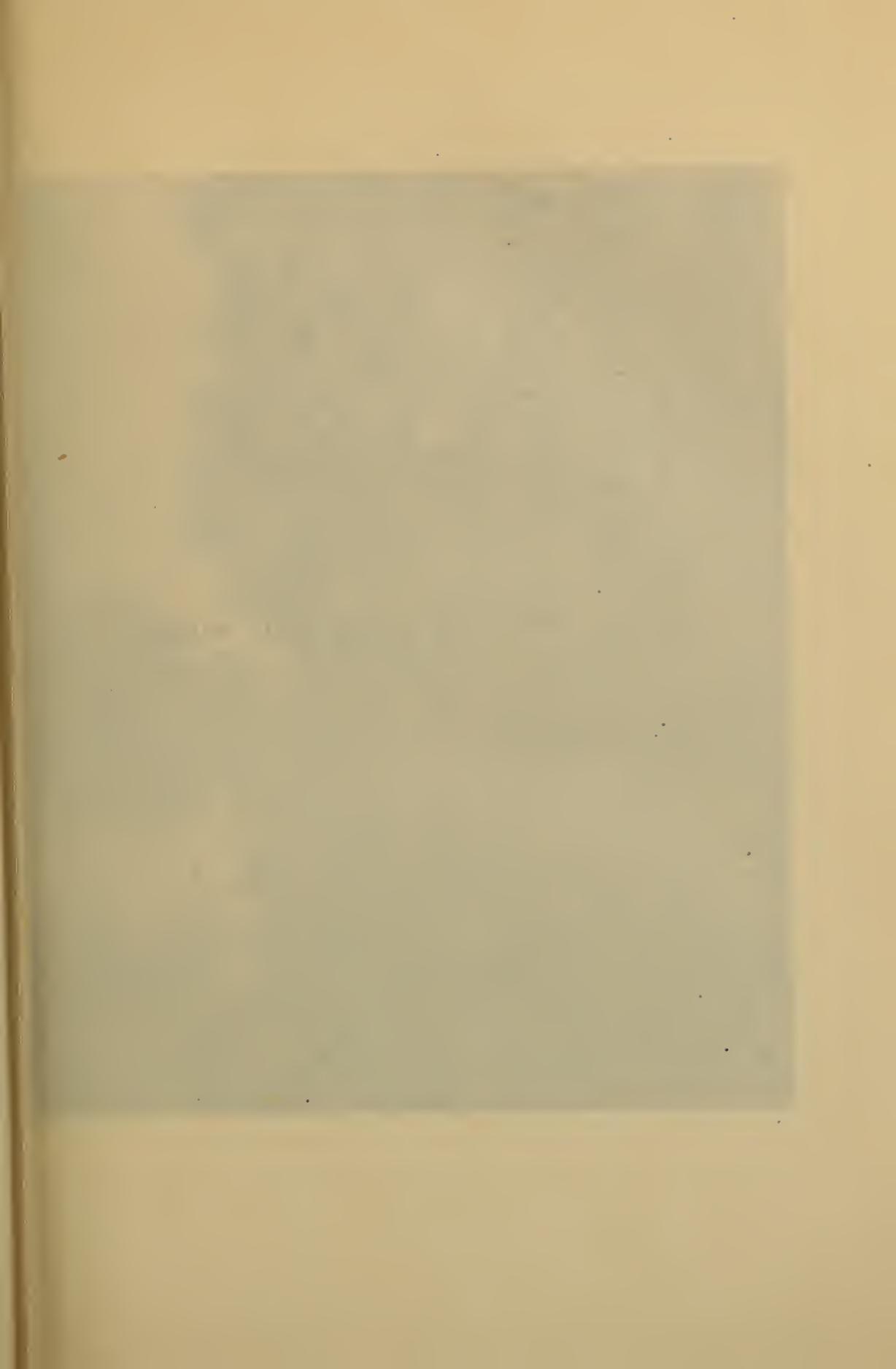
The commercial advance of the republic has not proceeded without development in other ways as well. Argentine literature will yet come to the fore as Argentine commerce has already done. In this, of course, Buenos Aires leads the way. As an instance, we may take the offices of *La Prensa*, the principal daily newspaper of Buenos Aires, a unique institution so far as journalism is concerned. The building is palatial; there are luxurious suites of rooms for the accommodation of distinguished visitors; the paper provides free medical attendance by a staff of trained doctors for such of its subscribers as are able to come and ask for it; and many other accessories to newspaper enterprise unknown in any other capital of the world may be found here. Among weekly newspapers, *Caras y Caretas* is organised almost on the same scale as *La Prensa*. The offices of this latter paper are magnificent—no other word will describe them adequately—and the paper

itself is a huge organisation, a monument to literary, journalistic, and advertising enterprise.

Turning to the city itself and its development in recent times, it is fifteen years since I was first in Buenos Aires. The occasion was nothing beyond a short week snatched from the midst of a voyage from New Zealand to England, but the incidents of the stay remain sufficiently clearly impressed. At the time it was an unusual thing for a steamer homeward bound from the Antipodes to touch at the Plate. Since the Buenos Aires docks were too insignificant for the purpose, the vessel was berthed at Ensenada, at the mouth of the great river, and the journey to Buenos Aires completed by rail.

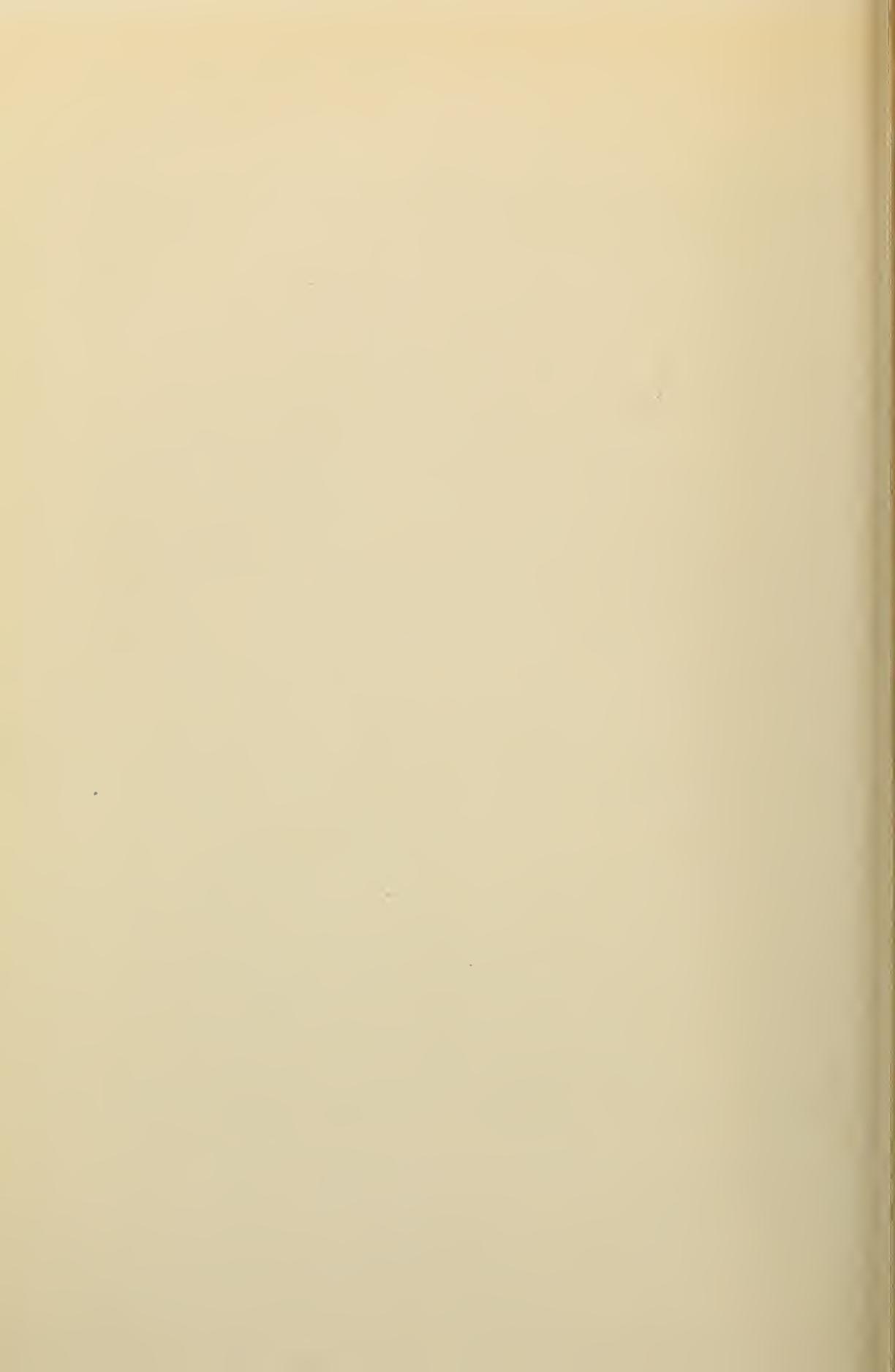
The extent of the population of Buenos Aires as it was then I do not know. Doubtless the urban statisticians have it more or less accurately set forth. Just now I am not concerned with population and figures, but with the aspects of the town and its inhabitants.

In 1897 Buenos Aires was to all intents and purposes a city such as existed in the later Spanish Colonial days. Its houses were lowly and flat of roof, and the single story of which



A BULLOCK TEAM HAULING TIMBER IN THE CHACO,  
ARGENTINA.





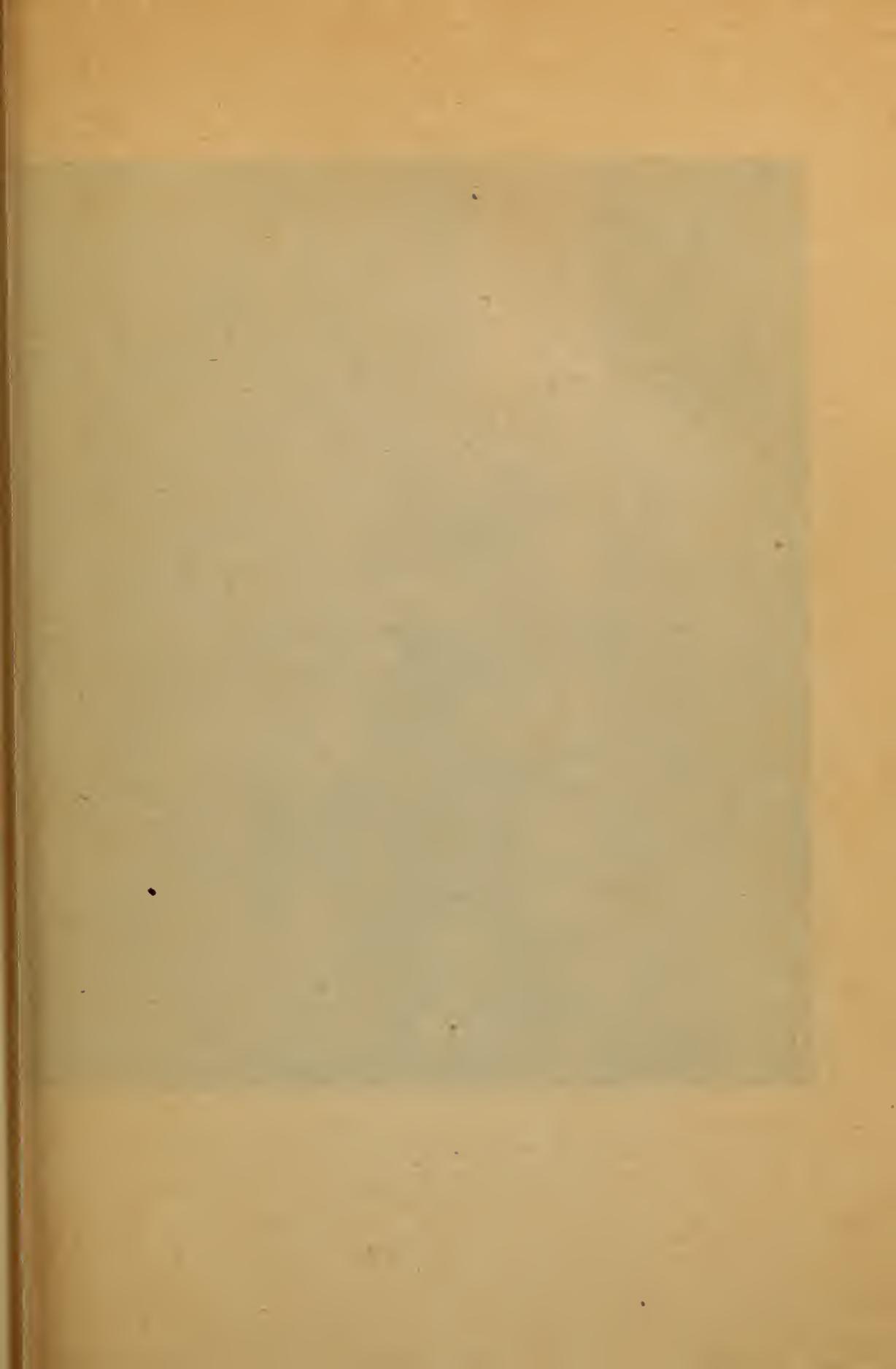
each was wont to be composed was set with lofty windows thickly barred with iron. In the centre of each was a patio—the shaded courtyard softened by palms, shrubs, and flowers. The streets were narrow, and, save in the very centre of the city, notable for a pavement of crude earth, which rose and fell in small mounds and valleys that caused the vehicles fated to traverse them to dip and roll in a giddy fashion. They were adventurous roads at the best of times these, even during those comparatively prosperous intervals when the summer's dust and the winter's mud-holes failed to strew their surface.

Knowing nothing of what lay before it, the town took things very easily in those days. And why not, since, after all, life was intended for comfort, and ease, and shade? An incipient horse-tram or two had begun to ply the more important thoroughfares, it is true; but these were intrusive and unsympathetic things, hostile as yet to the proper atmosphere of the place. It was still the day of the horseman, the guitar, and the serenade, when the señoritas peered coyly out from behind the barred windows, and the *yerba* was drawn up through the silver tube from the *maté* gourd. On the yellow waters of

the River Plate were a few white sails and the smoke from an odd funnel or two; but there was little more to disturb the peace of the waters than that of the land. Indeed, nothing beyond an odd murder, dust-storm, *pampero*, or whisper of revolution could effect this.

That was fifteen years ago. It is easy enough to bridge over the intervening time, and thus to arrive at to-day. But to connect the aspects of the present and of this very near past is not so easy. A few landmarks of the earlier era remain. The yellow cathedral and the pink House of Government, and a certain number of such edifices, continue unaltered, paying for their consistency by suggesting an atmosphere of forlorn desolation which grows more marked with every year. The new town has sprung up with a strength that bids fair to choke the life out of such buildings as these. Great skyscrapers are climbing higher and higher into the sky. Down beneath the surface there is a mighty burrowing and tunnelling that is preparing the way for the new tubes that will soon relieve the congested traffic of the streets.

Within the last few years, indeed, the transformation seems to have increased in rapidity,



GAUCHOS AFTER A LONG RIDE, ARGENTINA.





until it has attained a feverish pace. From an architectural point of view the result is curious. So abrupt and so overwhelming has been the increase in the values of land that no time has been left for any of the wonted grades of transition. This applies more particularly to the outskirts of the town, since the metamorphosis of the centre is now almost complete. Realising this, many far-sighted and speculative souls, in anticipation of what is to come, have rushed helter-skelter to the remoter suburbs in order to play their part with bricks and mortar. So whole-souled have been their labours that just at the moment the jumble of present and past which they have succeeded in bringing about is completely bewildering in its effect.

Here, for instance, in an outlying street, which until recently was innocent of any inhabitants but those of the poorest class, is a row of humble dwellings, single-storied erections with gaunt, square windows, whose walls are painted cream, white, brown, yellow, or blue. There is nothing secretive about these modest homes; in them the family existence is carried on more or less in full view of the street, while of an evening the gatherings about each doorway are

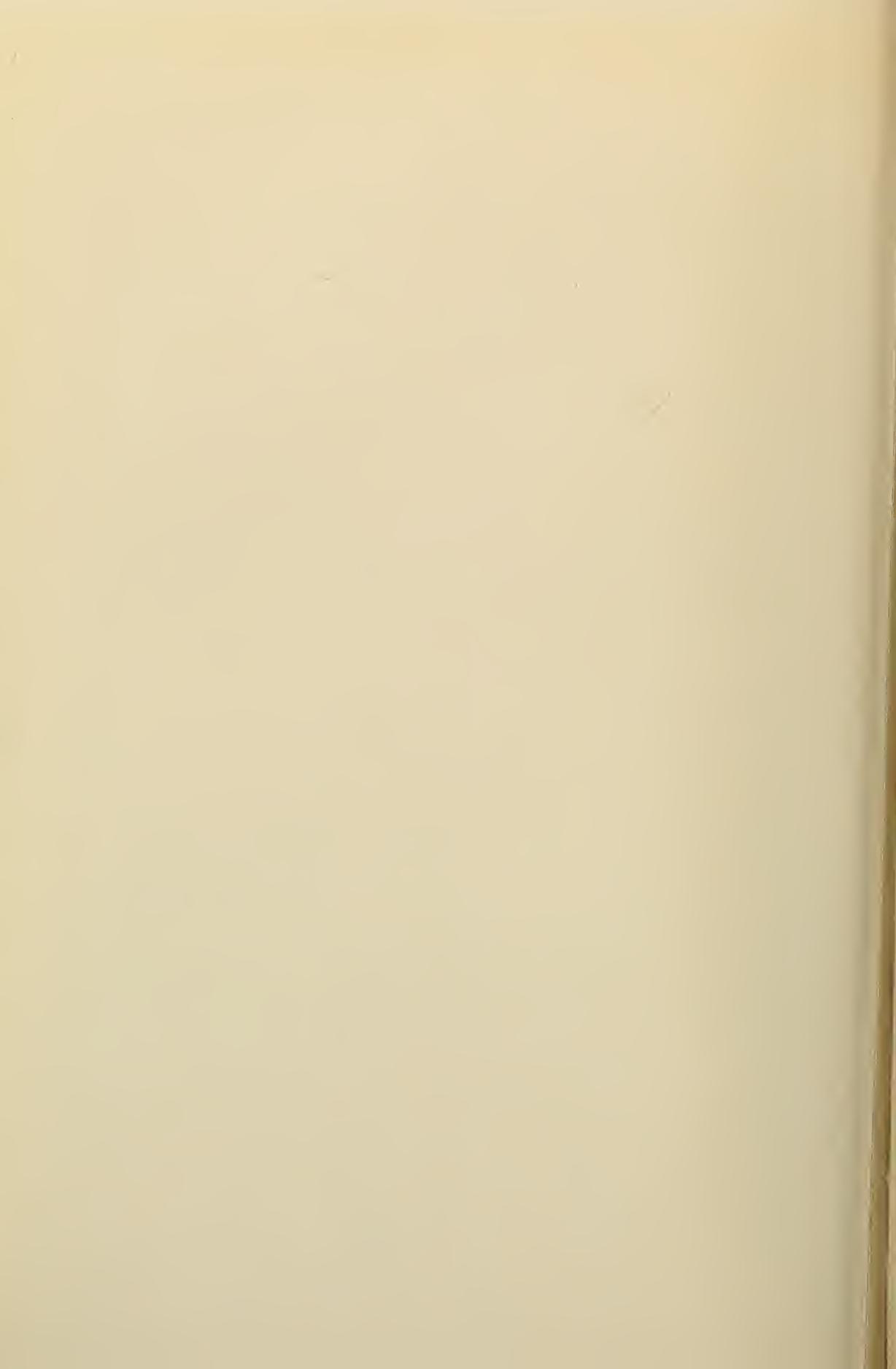
frankly sociable and unembarrassed. In some of the shaded interiors are articles for sale; at the side of others are small yards which hold the implements or vehicles of trade. Some three or four of these houses will perhaps squat comfortably in a row, just as they have squatted for many years past. And then will occur a break in the sequence sufficiently abrupt to startle the passer-by. A lofty white building of many stories, of the most modern design, bristling with carved stone and shining with iron, brass, and paint, has come to raise its pretentious self as much above these others as a sunflower stands over a dandelion. Within is probably a lift, and certainly telephones in plenty.

But beyond this lighthouse of a building the level of the street undergoes a sheer fall, and is carried on again by the lowly houses until the next break occurs. A *quinta*, a brand-new villa set in its own grounds, has jumped in to cause this. Snow white and of rather florid and pretentious architecture, it rises from the midst of the growths of palm, bougainvillea, and flowering shrubs. It is, in fact, a rather elaborately precious thing, this *quinta* that seems to elbow its humble neighbours from its sides.



**BRAZILIAN WOODLAND SCENERY AT SUNSET.**





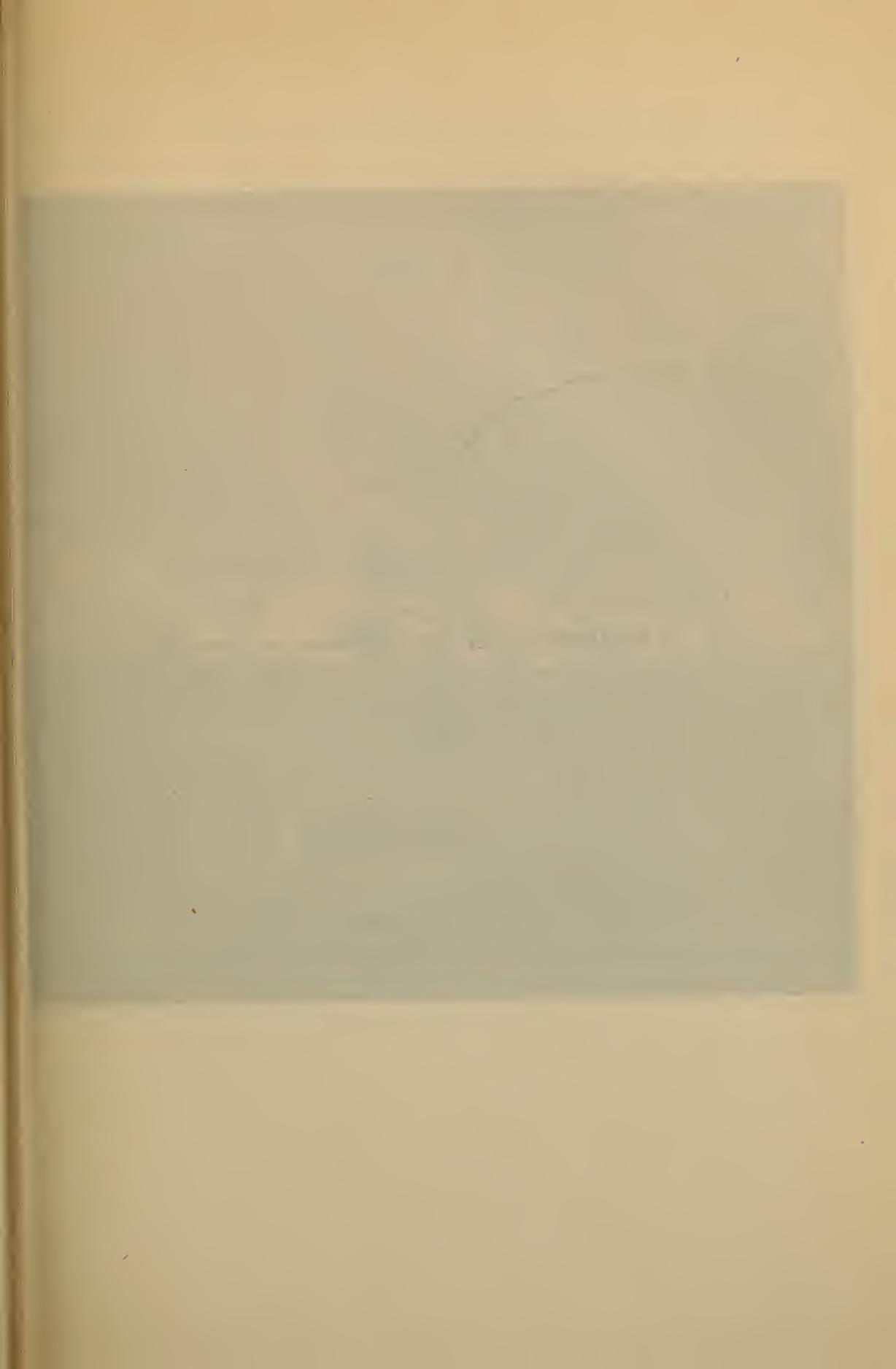
The incongruity of it all would be still more amazing did one not realise that the street already belongs to the tall building and to the villa. The others remain on sufferance alone. Each month will see the lowly walls of some of their number razed to the ground, until in the end the brand-new buildings which shriek their wealth aloud will have swept all the rest away. The street will resound with many motor-cars then; trees will spring up from the side-paths; and, instead of the homely families clustered about the open doors, ladies and men will enter the great gates which clang to, shutting their life completely from the street.

The process is one familiar to every growing town, it is true. It is the pace alone here which distinguishes Buenos Aires from other cities. For, in order to give way to the new, the old walls of Argentina's capital are toppling as fast as apples to the ground. They are only following the example of all else; since the *maté*-bowl has given way to Chinese tea, the *sombrero* to the silk hat and bowler, the *poncho* to tweed and tail-coats—but it is impossible to proceed to the end with the various species of transformations. Suffice it to say that Buenos Aires is

remarkably awake just now, and keeps its finger on the pulse of the world.

Although the fact may only lately have become apparent, it seems that the atmosphere of both the Americas is equally potent in the production of enterprise. A stroll down Florida confirmed this theory. Now Florida—as everyone in South America, and not a few people in Europe, should know—stands for the Bond Street of Buenos Aires. It is aristocratic in the sense that its surface represents one of the few in the town which remain unscarred by tram lines. Not that it suffers from any undue degree of tranquillity because of that. As a haunt of motor-cars, horse-vehicles, and pedestrians, its animation is not to be exceeded in any other town.

The Calle Florida prides itself on this, and on many things beyond. It has no mean opinion, for instance, of the value of its space. When it is concerned with rents, it breathes out weighty figures with an astonishing glibness. There is a large tailor's establishment which occupies one of its corners. The expert will tell you that the owner pays an annual rental of nine thousand pounds for the privilege. Ere you have recovered from the subsequent sense of sorrow and



The landscape in the State of Rio Grande is characterized by a variety of geographical features, including mountains, valleys, and rivers.

The terrain is diverse, with high mountain ranges in the north and west, and lower, more fertile valleys in the south and east. The climate varies significantly, from cold and snowy in the mountains to hot and arid in the lowlands.

A LANDSCAPE IN THE STATE OF RIO GRANDE.

The landscape is a mix of natural beauty and human development, with many towns and cities built in strategic locations.

The State of Rio Grande is a land of contrasts, with its rugged mountains and fertile valleys offering a unique and diverse landscape. The people of the state have thrived in this environment, building a rich and varied culture.





compassion for the poor fellow, a second expert, while admitting the price, will assert with emphasis that the value rendered is one of the best in the thoroughfare. The mere physical aspects of Florida may not impress the newcomer to any great extent, but a more intimate acquaintance with its manners and exigencies will undoubtedly leave him breathless.

All this, perhaps, has little to do with the topic of advertisements as understood in South America, and in Argentina in especial. Yet it was in Florida that I witnessed the pageant which held the eyes of drivers and foot-passengers alike. A dozen donkeys, each swathed in trap-pings, and each led by an attendant man, came pacing sedately down the street, one behind the other, in well-ordered file.

Now to meet with a company of a dozen asses in Florida is no common occurrence. There may yet be some folk in Europe who imagine that herds and flocks abound in the capital of Argentina. Let me assure them that this is not so. The mere presence, therefore, of the long-eared twelve was sufficient in itself to attract no small measure of attention. But that was not all. Victims of some sardonic-

ally minded genius of the advertising world, the beasts had been made the vehicle of insults which bore directly on themselves. On the horse-cloth that adorned the back and sides of each were stamped sentences very plain and clear to the eye.

The particular article to which these sentences referred I do not intend to divulge. I have no desire to add to the publicity so efficiently rendered by the unfortunate beasts. For the present purpose it will serve well enough to call it by any name which occurs—say Garcia's cigarettes. There was not a donkey out of the whole number who, by the instrumentality of his horse-cloth, had not something to say about Garcia's cigarettes.

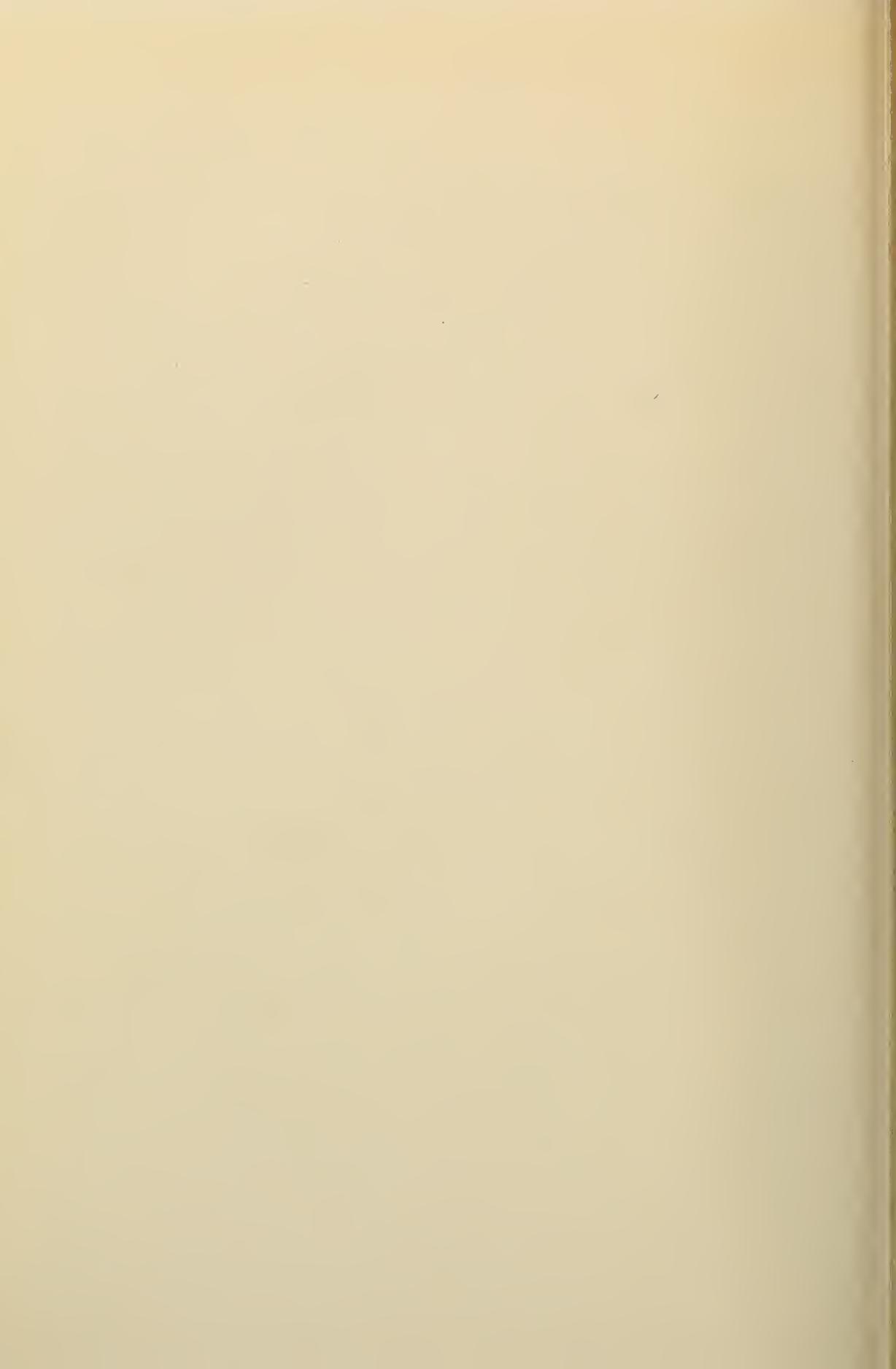
The leader of the company bore on his back a legend which savoured of personal reproach brought very near home. "Were I not an ass," read the merciless words, "I should be smoking Garcia's cigarettes." The dejected walk of the animal seemed to accentuate the bitter accusation. The next in order was in little better case. "No one but an ass such as I," asserted the phrase it bore, "would have his mouth empty of so excellent a smoke as that of Garcia."



PORTUGUESE LABOURERS, BRAZIL.



A. S. Forrest - 1911



Thus it ran all along the line. By a relentless species of logic—or, rather, by a colourable imitation of that virtue—each unfortunate beast was made to cry his own shortcomings, and incidentally to impress the bystanders with a sense of his loss. I, for one, must admit that by the time the last of the twelve had passed my mind was filled with a new compassion for the patient asses—a compassion that by some curious and annoying mental process obdurately refused to dissociate itself from the lack of those wretched cigarettes of Garcia's.

What influence the procession worked upon the remaining spectators I have no means of knowing. So far as the splendidly gowned and hatted ladies who passed slowly by in their glittering motor-cars were concerned, the instigators of the pageant were profoundly indifferent, since smoke and the lips of the Argentine woman have nothing in common. It was to the others that the walking asses spoke—to the young exquisites of the capital, who sauntered up and down the street, or lounged, chatting, on the steps of the Jockey Club, immaculate from the hands of a Bond Street tailor; to the bronzed *estanciero* who, what-

ever his nationality, was intent on making the most of his visit to town; to the bankers, merchants, clerks, and the other inhabitants of the commercial streets that intersect Florida.

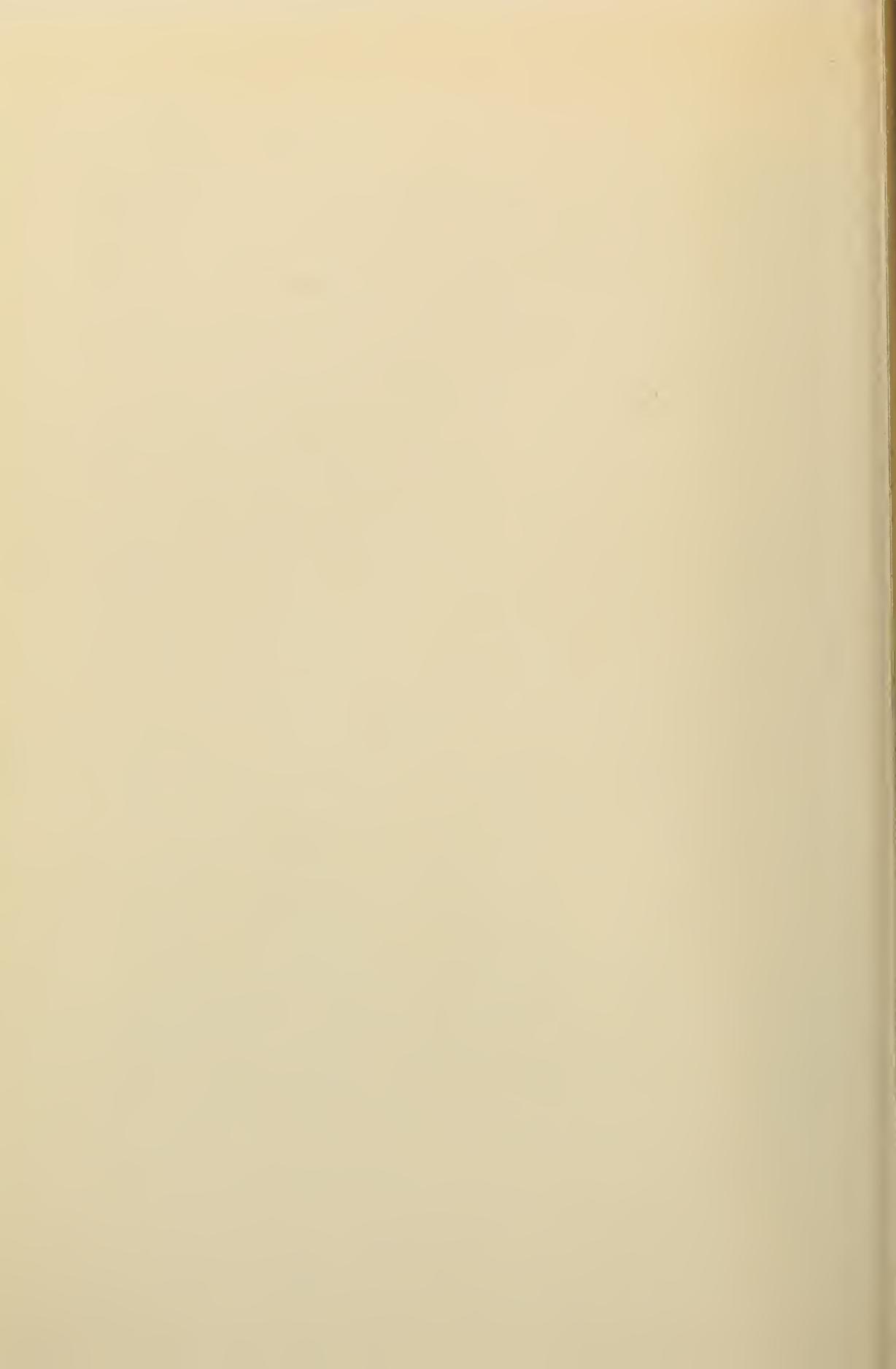
There were some, it is true, to whom the appeal came with lessened force. There was the newly arrived immigrant,—Italian, Pole, Austrian, or Turk,—who, wandering aimlessly, was drinking in the new world with wide-opened eyes. There were the globe-trotters, the first of a rapidly increasing number, who stared about them with more critical and sophisticated gaze. There were many others beyond, too various and numerous to be mentioned here.

Who can tell how many of these became devotees of Garcia's cigarettes? But, whether the appeal of the donkeys achieved its more direct object or not, they remained equally potent as a walking monument of enterprise. They stood, in fact, for the new life of the great new capital of the south. Shepherded at each corner by the policeman on point duty, who held up the traffic in deference to their passage, they moved slowly along. Where, a score of years before, part and parcel of the life, none would have looked at them twice, they were now



PALM TREES AT PIRAPORA, BRAZIL.





in themselves curiosities in a land of electricity and steam, that twenty years ago would have been as exotic as were the asses now. This, to me, was the main feature of interest that the animals presented, since I, for one, did not buy Garcia's cigarettes.

From advertisement to commerce is but a short step, and the commerce of Buenos Aires is a matter of no little importance, not only to Argentina, but to Europe and Northern America as well. Banks and mercantile offices, grain elevators and storehouses, meat-chilling establishments, pedigree-stock yards, and the big central produce market, together with many similar institutions, evidence the fact that Buenos Aires ranks among world capitals.

Such industries as fruit and fisheries are naturally somewhat confined in their scope. Butter, however, forms a fairly regular shipment. Chilled beef naturally constitutes a very large item of the trade between England and the Argentine Republic. In one year alone (1909) well over a million quarters of this commodity were received in the London markets, and one company alone sent the carcasses of nearly a million sheep.

The *mataderos* at Flores is, in a way, the centre

of the meat industry, for it is here that the herds of cattle from the *estancias* come—to their death. Like most markets connected with food products, the *mataderos* transacts its business in the early hours of the day. The extent of the slaughter-yards is amazing, and a visit here in the early hours proves somewhat of a revelation in the matter of the handling of quantities—the *mataderos* does not deal with single cattle, but with scores and hundreds. The daily average is three or four thousand head of cattle, and the way in which these are sold by auction and disposed of effectually redeems Argentina from the accusation of ranking among the *mañana* countries.

By way of the meat industry, we reach the *estancias* of Argentina, which have already begun to loom large in the eyes of the world. It is true that from the untravelled Englishman's point of view these great estates are represented chiefly in the persons of their owners, who now arrive for their regular visits to London and Paris, and whose purses demonstrate the prosperity of their country in a very satisfactory manner to the gratified commercial inhabitants of these European capitals.



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PORCIUNCULA.

A typical country town in the State of Rio.

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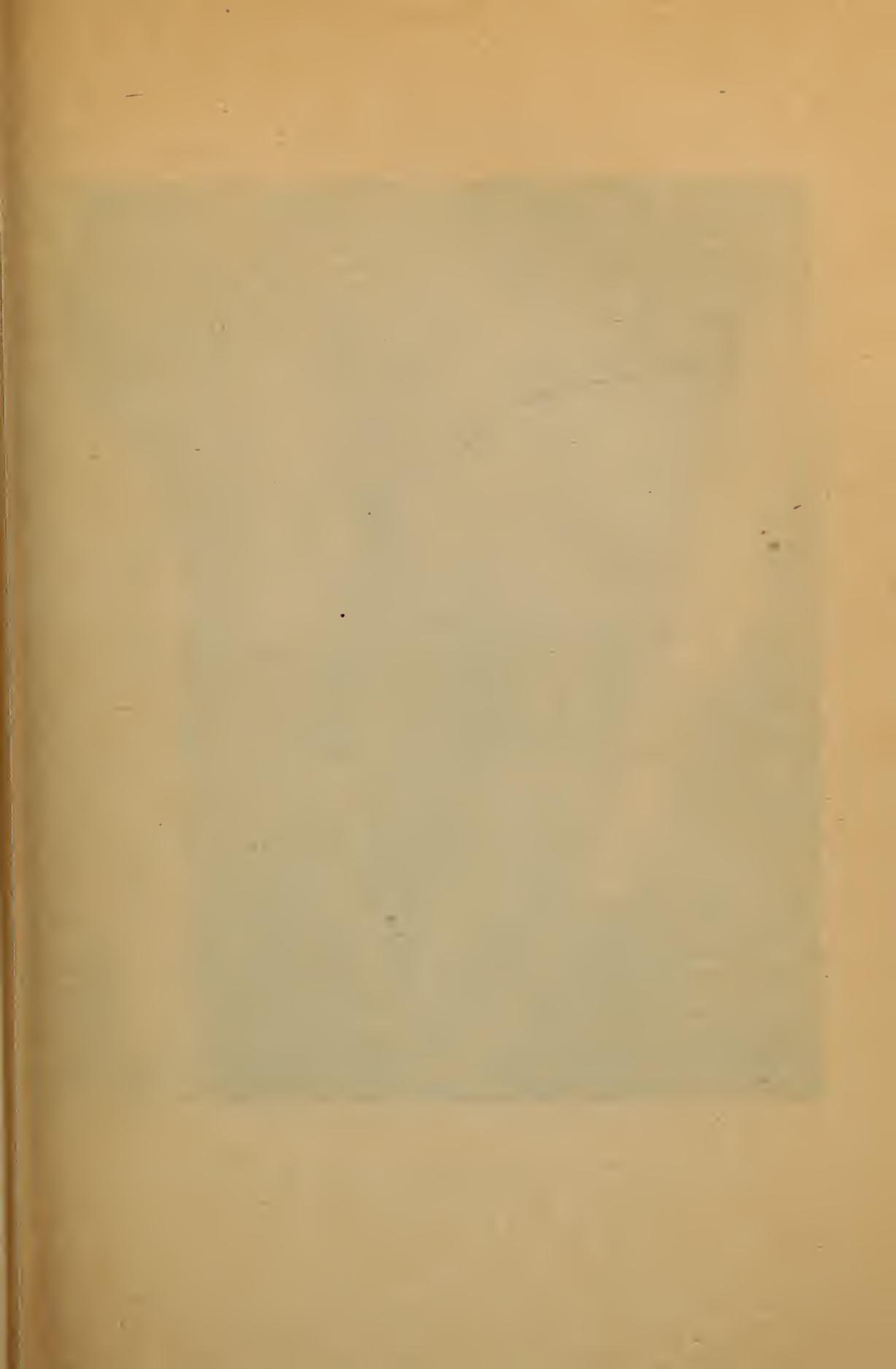
It is undoubtedly a great thing to own land in Argentina ; even in England the occupation was a moderately profitable one until a year or two ago. Now, alas, there can be no doubt that home acres are being exchanged for foreign soil with a feverish rapidity that is induced by the desire to sell while the power of sale is still permitted by a benevolent Government. As a matter of fact, South America represents one of the continents that is benefiting the most from this strenuous loosing of British capital from British industries. From sentimental reasons, the phase is to be regretted ; from the point of view of financial investment, it appears to be showing an eminently satisfactory result.

Although they are now beginning to come within the scope of the European financial markets, not much is known in England as yet concerning the actual working of these *estancias* that now play so important a part in the world's meat supply, and that in the inevitable course of events are destined in the near future to fill a much greater rôle yet. It is no exaggeration to say that many of these are scarcely to be matched in any other part of the world. They are notable not only for the immensity of their

areas but for the amazing modernism and completeness of their equipments.

A moderate estate here may be of the extent of from twenty to one hundred thousand acres, a formidable enough figure even were the land in the rough. But the exigencies of a cattle-breeding concern of this kind permit no such condition. Pedigree bulls and rams demand certain comforts that their owners dare not refuse them in any case; and when it costs many thousands of pounds to foot the bill of a very special pedigree, the demands of the animals become still more exigent.

It is from *cabañas*, such as these, that the general run of the *estancias* in Argentina are supplied with the finer stock that is now raising the ordinary herds and flocks throughout the country to such a consistently high level of type. It may well be imagined, therefore, that, in order to attain this position, the demands on the mother *estancia* have been sufficiently great. It has been necessary to ransack the agricultural shows in England in search of the finest short-horns and Jersey and Lincoln sheep, as well as Clydesdale, Shire, and riding horses. It has been necessary to erect houses, farm buildings, and



BARÃO DE AQUINO.

A mountain district through which the Leopoldina Railway  
winds for miles.





sheds on a scale that causes the headquarters of the establishment to appear as more in the nature of a town than of the centre of a mere pastoral and agricultural establishment.

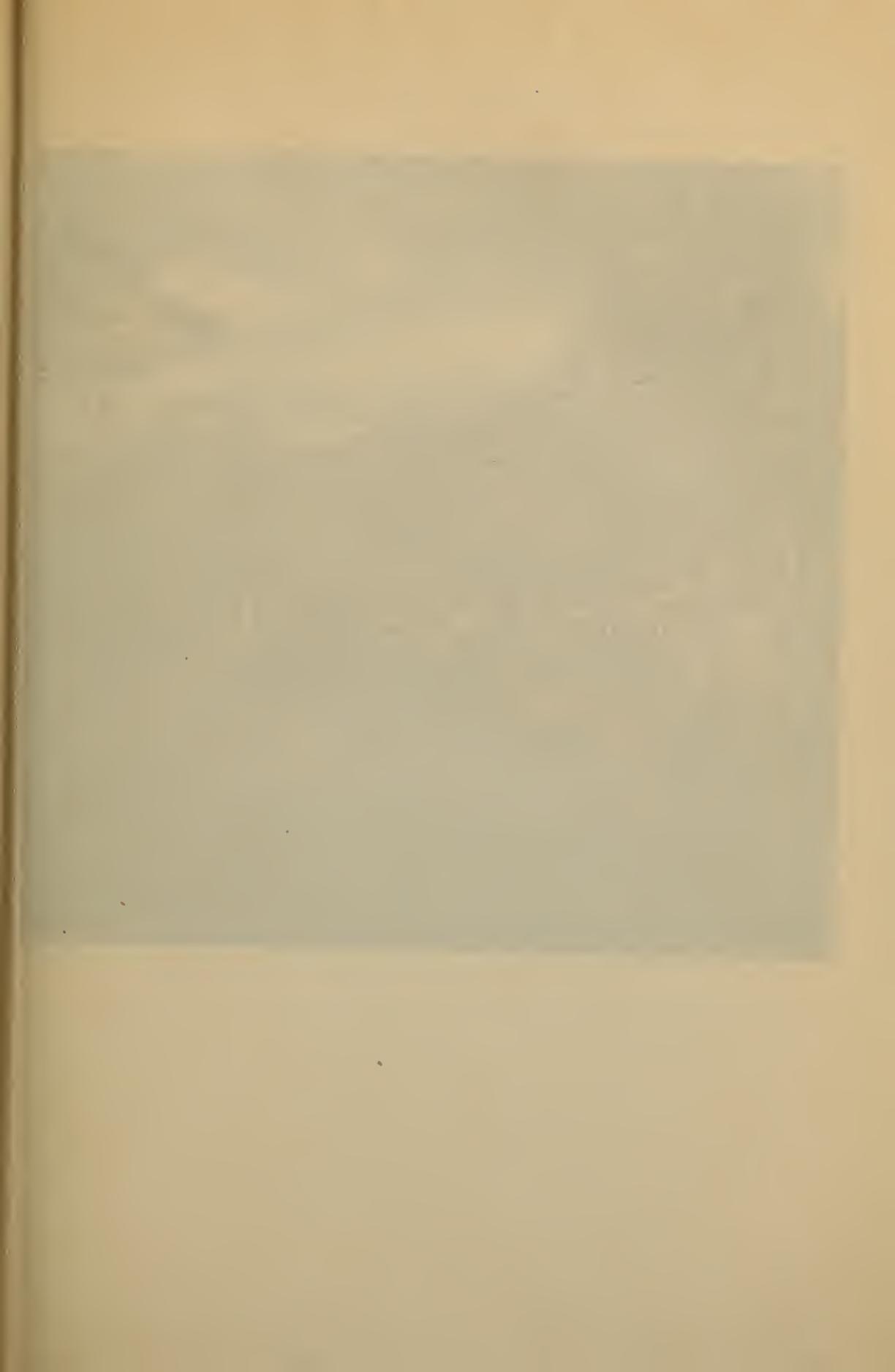
For the efficient manipulation, moreover, of herds and flocks such as these it has been essential that the place should be divided into convenient and comparatively small paddocks. For this reason each of these great estates has been partitioned off into many hundreds of paddocks, each single one of which, by the way, would constitute a very fair-sized farm in England. It is a comparison such as this that demonstrates the true magnitude of the operations that are carried on at *estancias* such as these.

But, indeed, were one to indulge in such extensive calculations, some amazing results must ensue. It might be thought difficult, for instance, to extract anything of general interest from the drinking troughs provided for the animals. Yet when it is explained that the length of those in common use at one *estancia* known to the author amounts to very little less than one and a half English miles, a very different complexion is put on the matter! It is the same throughout. In order to provide shade for these selfsame

animals, over a million eucalyptus trees and more than five hundred thousand trees of other species have been planted. After this it comes as no surprise to learn that we have here buildings for the storage of fodder almost one hundred and fifty yards in length, and dwelling-houses, cattle sheds, agricultural installation, windmills, pumps, and railway equipment all on the same scale; neither does it seem in the least out-of-the-way to hear that one may witness thirty-five ploughs, each drawn by three horses, at work simultaneously in the same field.

Amid such surroundings as these browse the aristocratic herds. For these the native grasses, although they serve efficiently enough in many respects, do not suffice. Large areas, therefore, have been planted with alfalfa, the lucerne that thrives so plentifully in the country, and which frequently yields three or four crops in a single season. English grasses, moreover, such as rye and cocksfoot, have been heavily requisitioned.

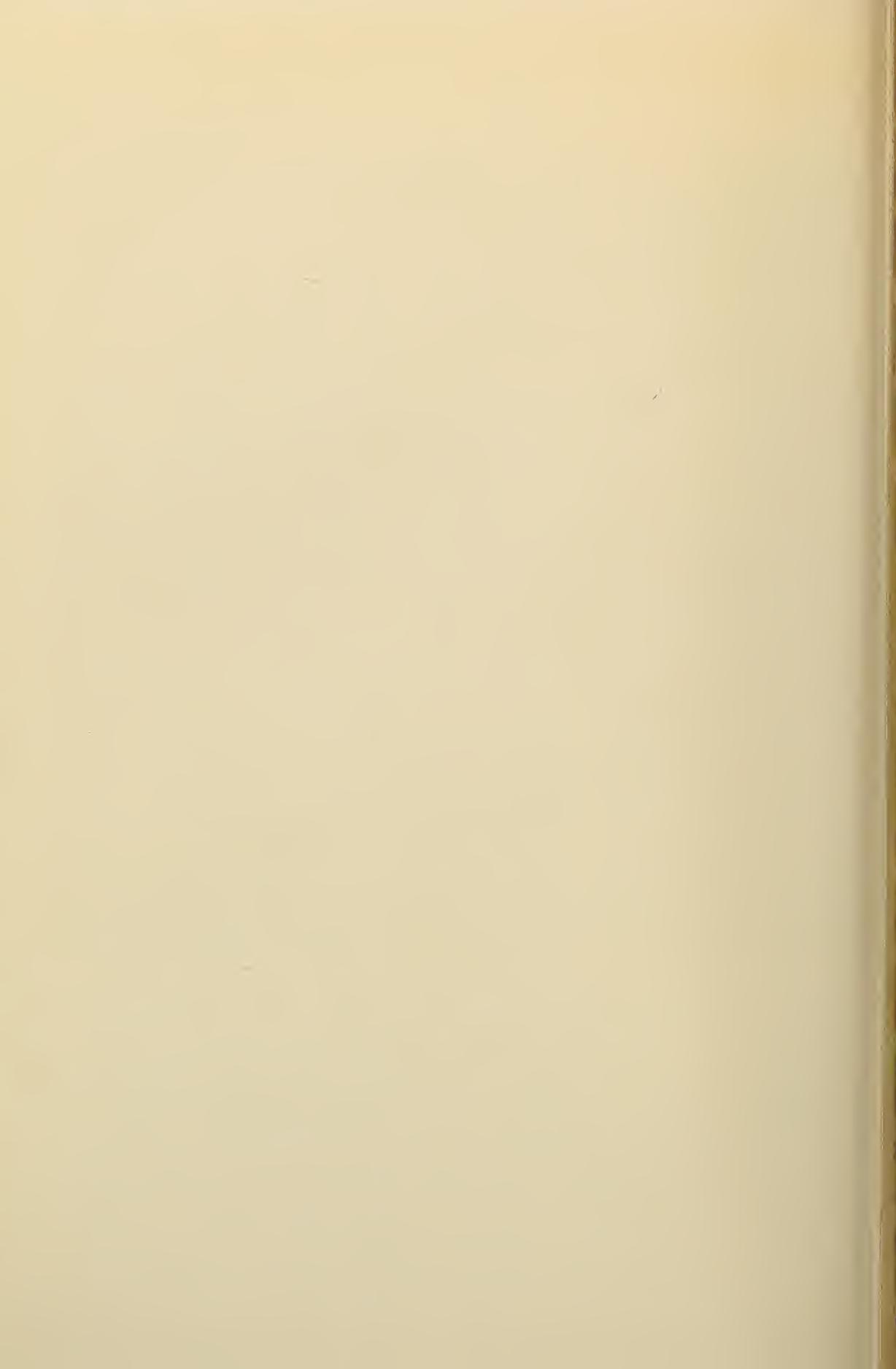
An *estancia* such as one of these is naturally not confined to any single branch of the great main industry. There is, for instance, an important dairy establishment attached to the



THE MACACÚ RIVER, NEAR FRIBURGO.

In the State of Rio.



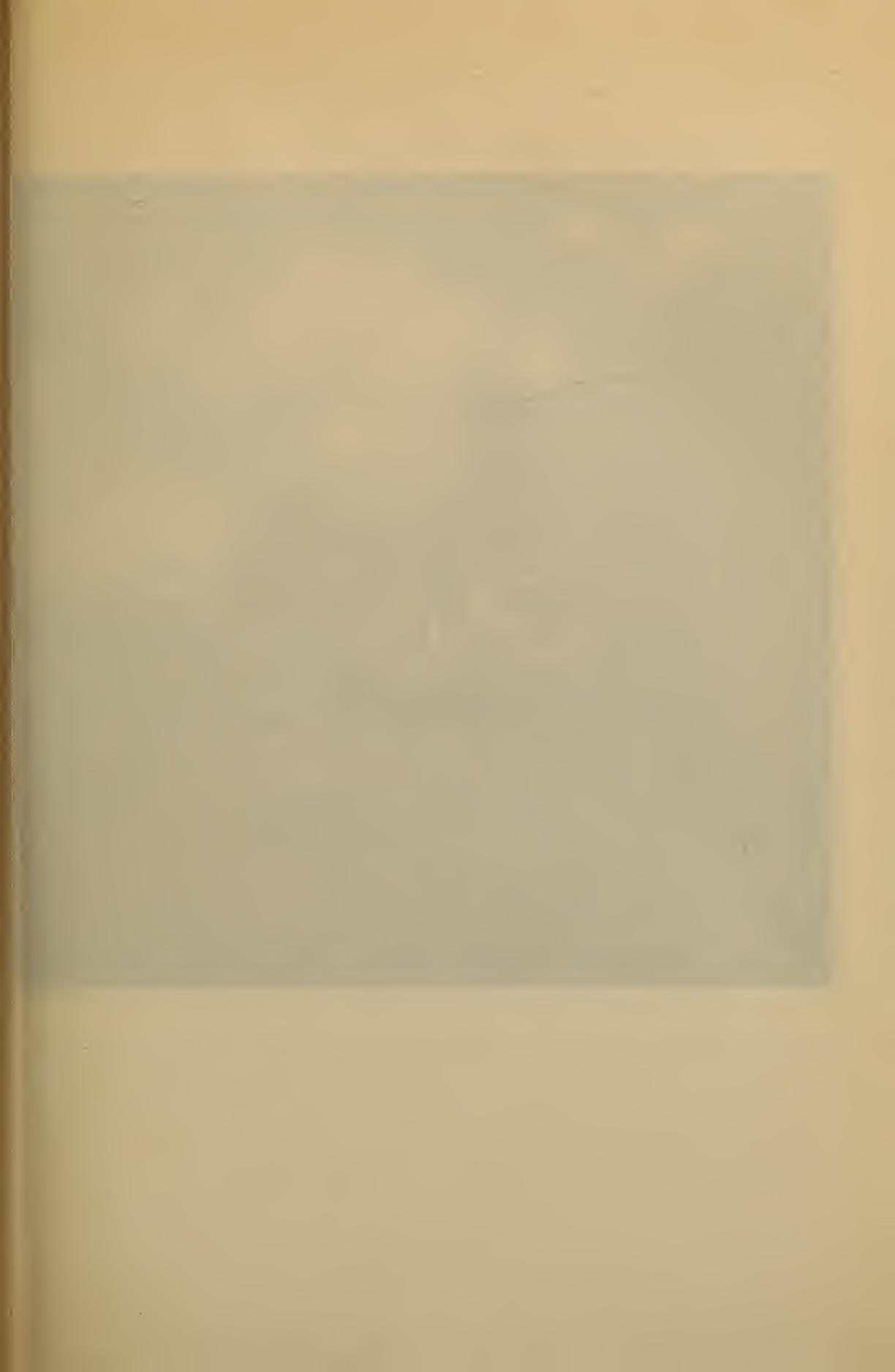


majority of such places, where hundreds of cows are made to supply milk and butter in formidable quantities. Moreover, there is, of course, the inevitable poultry farm; for poultry, although frequently found profitless enough on their own merits, are invaluable in the shape of financial allies of other ventures.

Of greater importance than this latter is the enterprise of pig-breeding that is carried on at *estancias* such as these. As has been the case in so many other branches of these establishments, the industry was started in the first place in a small and haphazard way, merely with the object of satisfying local needs. In due course, the automatic increase in porcine live stock asserted itself with unexpected vigour, and thus were laid the foundations of an important and increasing business. Yet, curiously enough, although a commencement has been made, the true financial promise of this pig-breeding has not yet been accepted at its full value. Undoubtedly a few more years will prove conclusively that there is as much to be mined from a pig's body as from the frames of more aristocratic stock. The commercial results here have already gone far to prove this.

In the descriptions of these great estates it is difficult to avoid a wealth of detail that may err on the wearisome side, yet it is only through details of the kind that the significance of the whole may be gathered. The *estancias* here not only possess their telephone wires, but their private exchange as well, situated in the general manager's house. Thus the establishment is in telephonic communication not only with its own various groups of buildings and outposts, but with Buenos Aires, and various other towns in addition.

Enough has been said now to give some idea of the magnitude of these great breeding establishments. As has already been explained, they are of special importance in that they stand as the feeders of the great Argentine pastoral industry. In order to gauge the progress of this, it is necessary merely to watch the type of cattle bred on the various *estancias*. The result is now evident throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the ordinary *estanciero*, who breeds for market purposes alone, is now justified to the full in proudly comparing his herds and flocks with those of any other country in the world.



A COFFEE PLANTER, SÃO PAULO.





The most picturesque appendage of the *estancia* is the Gaucho, who, however, like all figures of romance, becomes less picturesque as civilisation advances. Law and order and the Gaucho were not invariably good friends in the past, for the latter had a habit of settling his little troubles with a knife-thrust or two, a habit which has had to recede as law and order advanced. In the old days the theft of a cigarette from a Gaucho was sufficient to bring his knife out; now, it takes at least a blanket!

This habit of settling differences in rough-and-ready fashion is not by any means the Gaucho's only notable trait. In the matter of apparel he is little changed, and on a *fiesta* day he makes an imposing figure with his silvered bridle and saddle—for the Gaucho and his horse are inseparable—and his quaint costume. In the matter of horsemanship the Gaucho is certainly surpassed by no other rider in the world, and his displays in this respect are little short of marvellous.

Like all children of Nature, the Gaucho is as sentimental as he is passionate. The guitar plays a large part in his life—in more senses than one—as a means of accompaniment to his

songs of love and adventure, and he is to the full as sentimental by nature as his songs. To this must be added the fact that he is as hard-bodied as he is soft-hearted, and is quite content with a blanket-saddle for sleeping equipment and a horse to carry him by day.

The Gaucho is seen at his best in the course of his daily work, which, for an ordinary man, would amount to a day of severe gymnastic exercise. Rounding up a herd of cattle involves an amount of twisting, turning, and galloping that would unnerve an ordinary rider, while to this must be added an ability to make scientific use of the lasso and to hustle evilly-disposed cattle into quietness. To see a small squad of Gauchos engaged in dividing a huge herd of cattle into two separate herds is an experience worth remembering.

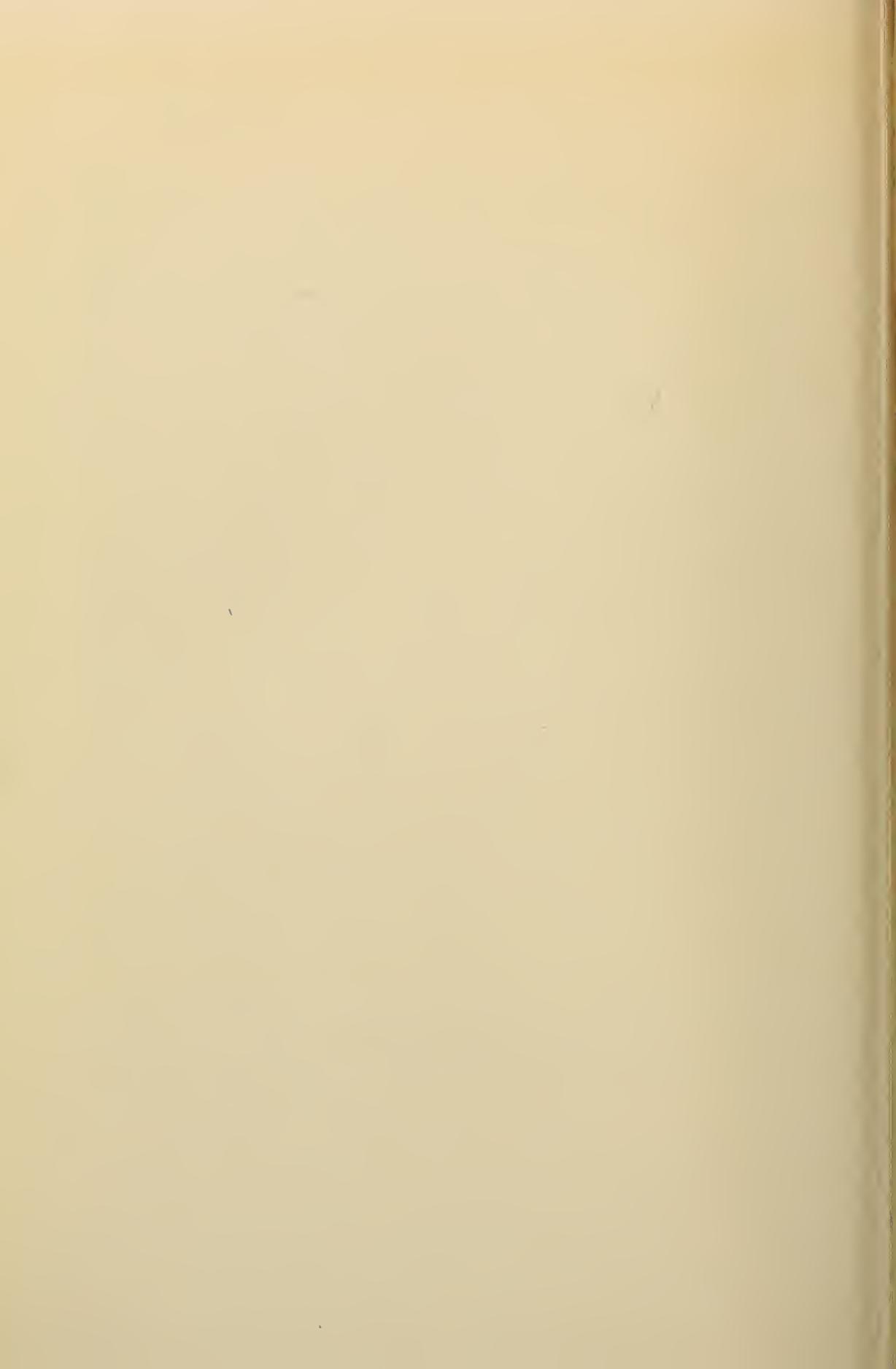
The *estanciero* credits the Gaucho with absolute honesty and devotion to his employer; and in almost every instance there is no doubt whatever that this character is richly deserved, notwithstanding the occasional black sheep that exists within his ranks. In the matter of temperament, this child of the *campo* is so organised that he requires careful treat-



FRIBURGO.

A health resort in the heart of the Organ Mountains, reached by  
the Leopoldina Railway, Brazil.





ment in order to get the best from him : his pride is easily wounded, and, a natural gentleman himself in voice and manner, he requires gentlemanly handling.

If the fact that the *campo* is one of the chief sources of Argentina's wealth be set aside, the *campo* itself still remains worthy of consideration by reason of its inhabitants and natural features. With the passing of time the inhabitants change their ways and come up more nearly into line with the dwellers in the cities ; but, so far, there is still romance in the *campo* for such as care to seek it. The open spaces of the land are instinct with freedom, and thus embody that towards which Argentina as a whole is surely tending with its growth in commerce and the finer arts.



### III

## BOLIVIA

TWELVE thousand feet above sea-level, a height at which in more temperate regions would contain nothing but snow and ice, stands La Paz, the Bolivian capital, unique in the whole world in its situation. Although placed at such a height, the city stands in a cañon a thousand feet deep, a walled-in valley which, save for an outlet on one side, might have served as the original from which Wells imagined his "Country of the Blind."

Looking down from the *alto*, by way of which one approaches La Paz, the city appears to be set in a fairly flat, wide valley, but nearer acquaintance demonstrates the fact that the streets are anything but flat. In the case of the principal hotel of the place, the slope on which the building is set is of such an angle that there are two stories in front and three at the back : most of the streets can equal this.

Summer and winter reign side by side in La Paz. Sometimes a night will lay the city under snow, and an extra blanket will be required in addition to those already in use. An hour or two of morning sunlight, and the snow is forgotten, while all the year round are blossoms and fragrance. The altitude at which the city is set renders the atmosphere exhilarating in its effects, but at the same time renders any sustained exertion a matter of greater difficulty than in lowland countries. The snow crown of Illimani, one of the giants of the Andes, looks down on La Paz, and stands as a wonder of radiance when the sun strikes on its white slopes and glaciers.

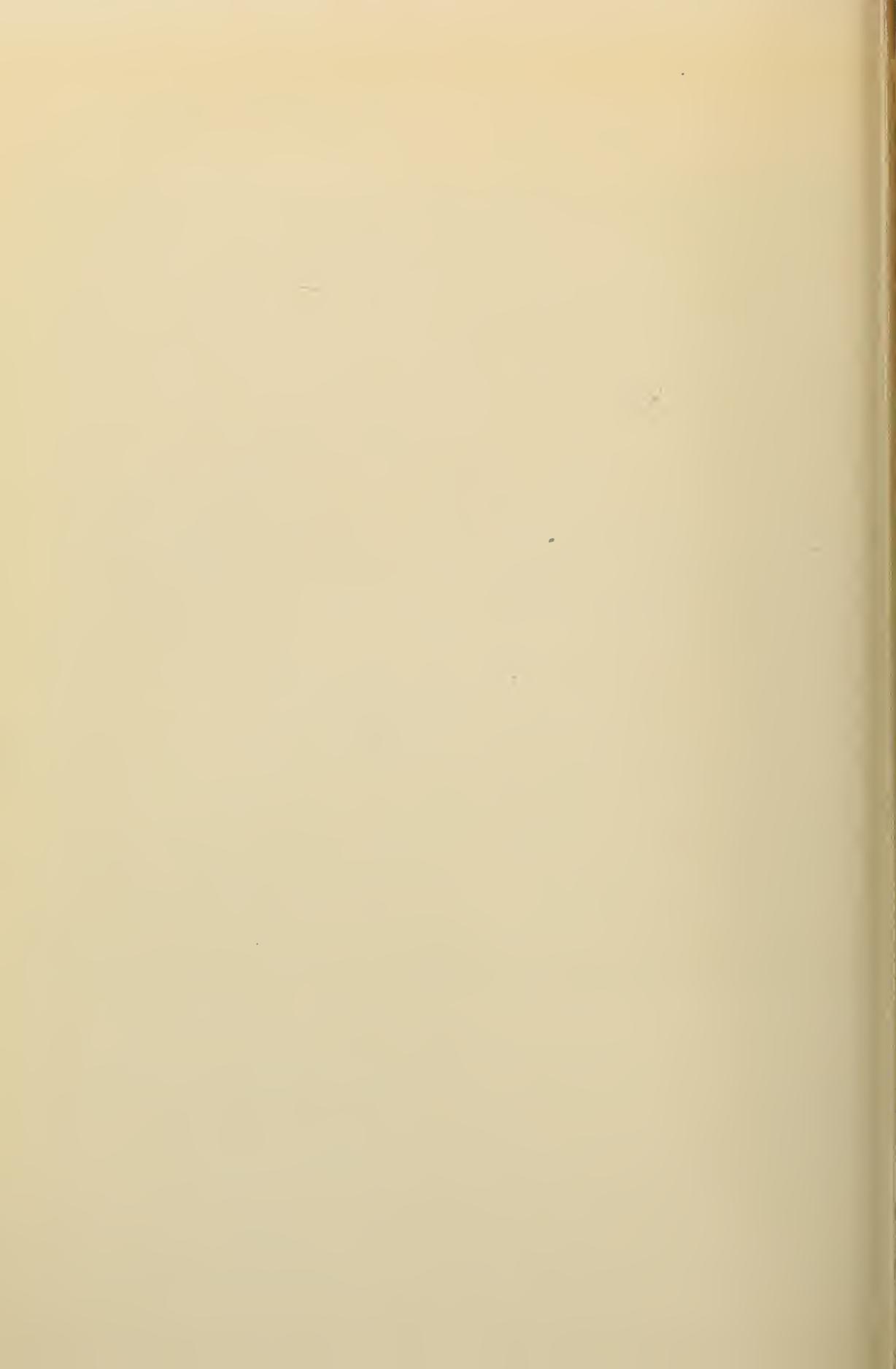
Modernity and the Middle Ages shake hands in the streets of this city ; “ all modern improvements ” is not a safe expression, for in some points La Paz is utterly primitive, and in others it is violently up-to-date. One may go to an hotel and hire a room which bespeaks the utmost luxury in its arrangement — and look in vain for a bathroom or hot-water tap ; one may find architectural work in various buildings eloquent of the refinement which centuries alone can give — and, riding out toward the *alto*, come



THE MARTINHO PRADO COFFEE FAZENDA IN THE  
STATE OF SÃO PAULO.

On this estate there are over two million coffee trees. The earth is of a strong red colour, contrasting greatly with the rich green of the vegetation.





on women carrying on their laundry work by thwacking clothes on flat stones in the bed of a tiny stream, after the manner of semi-civilised washer-people all the world over.

Round about La Paz may be found the burden-bearers of the country : donkeys which, like the Hindu *dhobi's* beast, carry bundles much larger than themselves ; mules, less inclined to stand overloading, and far more active than the donkeys ; and llamas, the graceful, dignified relatives of the camel and the sheep, native to the Andean slopes. It is said in Bolivia that a donkey travels half as fast as a mule, and a llama half as fast as a donkey ; while, as for overloading, if the llama gets one pound more than his regulation weight on his back, he lies down. As a trade unionist he is superb ! Nothing will induce him to rise until the extra weight is removed : beating is of no avail, for he will endure being beaten to death rather than suffer imposition. As it is useless in any case to beat a llama, it is the one animal of Bolivia which may rest assured of uniformly kind treatment.

Except on absolutely desert land, llamas can maintain themselves in good condition. Thus, except where perishable goods are in

question, they form the cheapest method of transport, and consequently the most employed method. They graze on almost any form of vegetation by the wayside as they travel, and a herd *en route*, moving with a dignity that is utterly incompatible with reasonable speed, makes a pleasing picture—except for the man who awaits delivery of the llamas' burdens. One other animal of the country, the vicuña, deserves special mention. It makes a point of remaining at 14,000 feet above sea-level, a custom for which the Andes provide special facilities, and is credited with producing one of the lightest and warmest known kinds of fur. It is about equal in size with a small deer, and prefers its own wilds to human society—only a few cases are on record in which it has been found possible to tame the vicuña. Yet another beast peculiar to the heights of the Andes is the alpaca, the wool of which used to form an important item of Bolivian export trade. Now, however, this particular export business is very small, and both vicuña and alpaca are innocent causes of much fraudulent misrepresentation on the part of certain clothiers and dealers in woollen goods, for the herds of the Andes could not supply a twentieth of the

“ vicuña ” goods advertised as such by certain tailors who ought to know better, and probably do.

The human population of Bolivia, consisting of between two and three million people, is patriotic to the last degree. In the eyes of the true Bolivian, La Paz is the hub of the world, a wonderful city—as, in many respects, it is. With the patriotism is blended courtesy of the first order, and globe-trotters testify to the exceptional politeness they have experienced at the hands of dwellers in La Paz.

The Indians—Aymaras, for the most part—lend an old-time appearance to the country in general. They tend the flocks of llamas in patriarchal fashion, and their women blaze with colour in the matter of attire to an extent that recalls the days when Venice was compelled to restrict the magnificence of its gondolas. This exuberance of colour is most noticeable in the ladies of *chola*, or half-breed class,—the lower middle class of Bolivia,—who wear two or three skirts of various lengths and contrasting colours, shawls of the most vivid hues they can procure, and as much jewellery as they can afford or find room to display. As in the neighbouring countries, among the men the *poncho* is common to all

classes, and serves as a blanket at night, and, with its slit in the middle through which to push the head, as a cloak by day.

The better classes of women contrast strongly with the gaily attired *chololas* in the matter of dress, appearing, when on business bent, in sober, serious black, and, later in the day, when "calling" in a social sense, they are wont to affect the latest that European fashion can produce—the very latest at that.

Down the cañon in which La Paz is set runs the Chuqueyapu, a tiny river on whose banks, a few years ago, a Chilian picked up a nugget of gold valued at over a thousand pounds. Placer-mining still goes on in the vicinity of the town with varying but always small results, and La Paz itself, perhaps, stands on gold. The colours of the surrounding cliffs indicate great mineral wealth, and it may be remembered that a quarter of the world's tin comes from Bolivia, while among other minerals of value, bismuth, produced in very few countries, ranks among Bolivian exports. While on the subject of exports, Bolivian rubber must be mentioned, for it commands the highest price of any on the market.



THE FALLS OF THE RIVER TIETÉ AT PARANAHYBA.

This river has many waterfalls, and the one at Paranahyba supplies all the power and light for the city of São Paulo.





The ruins of Tiahuarnaco, a few miles from the famous Lake Titicaca, form one of the show-places of Bolivia, being regarded by many experts as the most ancient monuments existing in South America, and, it is generally conceded, bespeaking a higher degree of civilisation than any others. They stand on bare brown earth, great granite blocks with five-yard intervals between them enclosing a rectangular space about a hundred and fifty yards long and over a hundred yards wide. Common belief attributes a temple to the enclosure, though nothing remains to place this beyond conjecture.

A mighty gateway, now moved from the position it once occupied, gave access to the enclosure, and still provides matter for curiosity in the way of sculptured friezes almost akin to Egyptian work, and also reminiscent of Assyrian design in the winged human figures of the topmost rows. One great central figure, cut in high relief, was apparently the object to which the great monolith was dedicated, for all the other figures kneel to this. Phrenologists may deduce from this that the bump of veneration has not materially enlarged since the days when Tiahuarnaco was a kingdom, no matter with

what other changes craniology may charge the centuries.

Since the Inca empire affords no clue to the civilisation which evolved these ruins, and there is not even a distant resemblance in the two styles of architecture, and since, when the Spaniards first landed here, the history of Tiahuarnaco was as lost as it is to-day, we may assign a very remote antiquity to these fragments of a kingdom. Imagination clothes the bare plain in verdure, reconstructs mighty temples and palaces from the five great structures whose outlines have been traced by archæologists, and peoples a great metropolis with a numerous, ordered community whose other arts were equal with that which has left us their carven stone. It is imagination only that provides all this, for search among the ruins and study of their features have brought to light no clue regarding the history of the race that peopled Tiahuarnaco—it is farther down in the abyss of the forgotten than Jamshyd and his beaker, for not even a name remains here.

From conjecture among these antiquities to Bolivian history is a very long leap, for it was not until June 1825 that the country began to

make history as a separate state: up to that time it had formed part of the great Spanish viceroyalties of Peru and Chile. But Simon Bolivar—with the exception, perhaps, of San Martin, the greatest man that the period of independence in South America produced—freed nearly half the Spanish colonies from their allegiance; and San Martin, striking north-westward from Argentina, broke Spanish power in Chile while Bolivar was making an independent state of the great colony known as Upper Peru. Thus was Bolivia set apart for separate independence and named after the great liberator of the north.

In the course of his work, Bolivar learned that men are often thankless as brutes, or more so, and, like San Martin, he threw up his official career in disgust when the work of forming a new South America was half completed. Unlike San Martin, however, he came back, and died at forty-seven, at work. Peru and the northern republics are his monuments, as well as the state named after him—what man could ask more than nearly half a continent to his memory?

Since June 1825 Bolivia has moved with the times, through revolutions and internal

difficulties, frettings and confiscations on the part of her more powerful neighbours. The greatest blow to the republic was the war between Chile and Peru from 1879 to 1884, during which Bolivia, totally unprepared for a struggle of the kind, threw in her lot with Peru. Up to that time Antofagásta had been a Bolivian province, giving the country a strip of Pacific coast-line; but at the conclusion of hostilities Antofagásta was ceded to Chile, and Bolivia became, like Paraguay, an inland state.

There is still left a land of such fertility and mineral resources that it could easily support a hundred million inhabitants instead of its present percentage of little over three to a square mile. The eastern slopes of the Andes and the central plains of the republic have already proved their capabilities in the way of producing timber, rubber, cotton, cocoa, maize, and other cereals, while Bolivian cattle pastures are of such an order that this country ought, when opened up, to come within measurable rank of Argentina itself among the meat-producing countries of the world.

The completion of the Arica-La Paz railway, marking the opening of the third and shortest



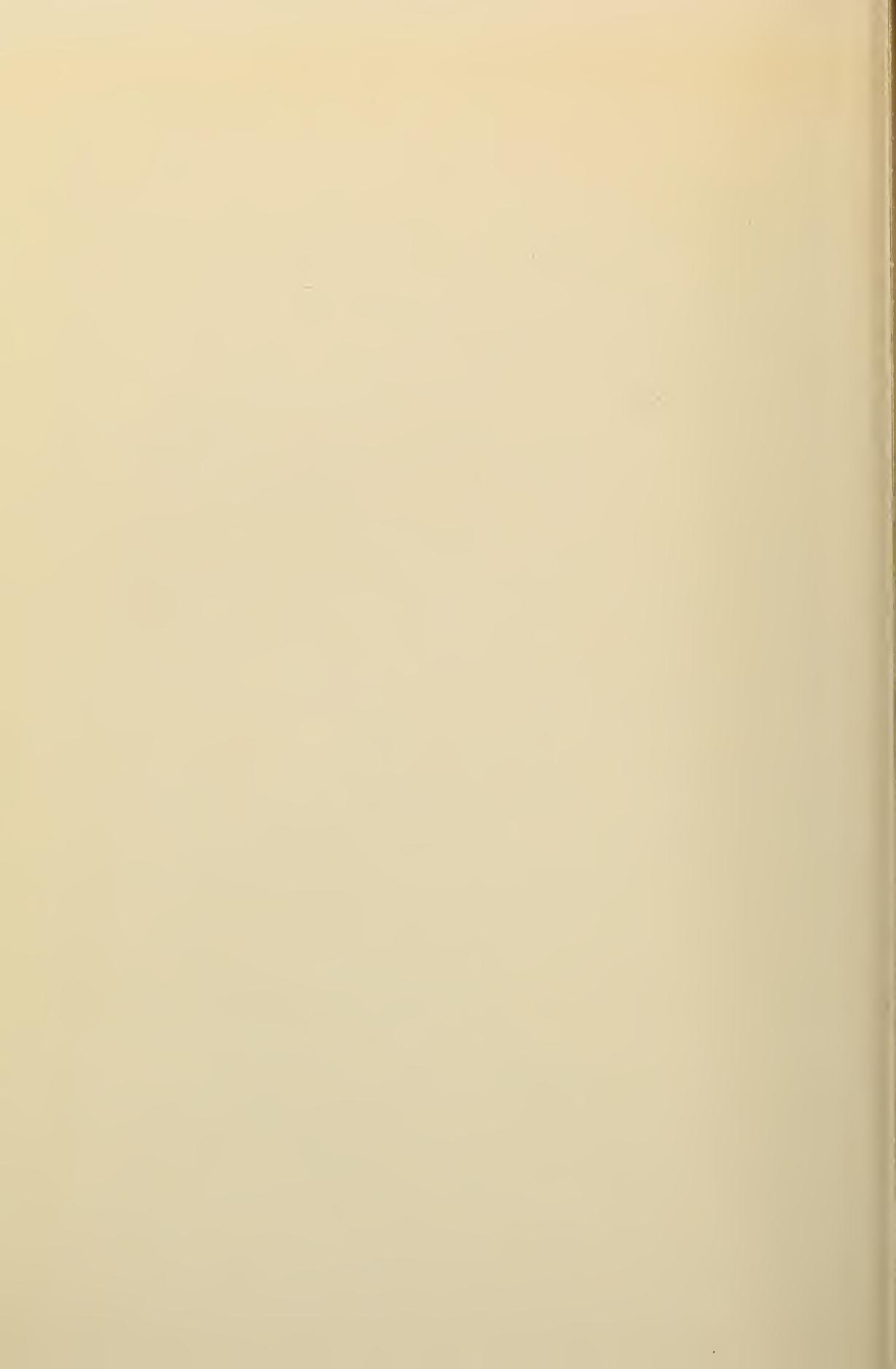
The hills behind Rio de Janeiro are a magnificent sight, especially when the sun is shining brightly. The view is so beautiful that it is hard to believe that it is only a few miles from the city. The hills are covered with dense tropical forest, and the air is so fresh and clean that it is a pleasure to breathe it. The view is so beautiful that it is hard to believe that it is only a few miles from the city. The hills are covered with dense tropical forest, and the air is so fresh and clean that it is a pleasure to breathe it.

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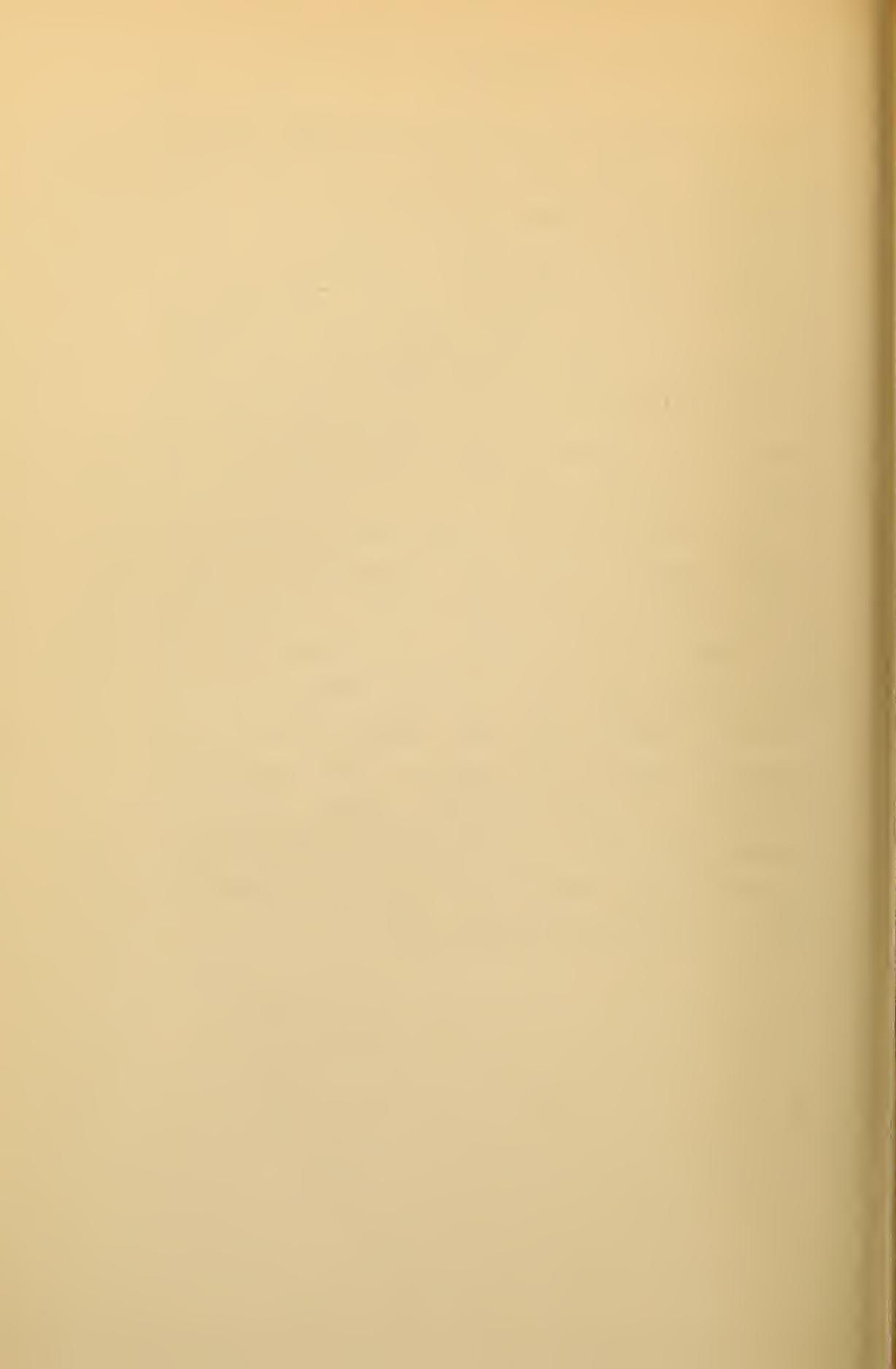
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trans-continental line, should make great changes in La Paz in the near future, as the new route brings the city within fifteen hours of the coast in place of forty-eight hours. Again, the Pan-American route, probably to be regarded at first as a tourist route more than anything else, must eventually develop Bolivian commerce. New York to Buenos Aires by land is a dream that is now approaching practical reality, and Bolivia is on the route.

There are portions of this land, east of the Andine slopes, that wait exploration, even; there are vast districts that await development. The blaze of tropic foliage, the fascination of great plains, the snow-covered silences of the mountain heights, the solid productiveness of a temperate land, the romance and fascination attendant on great mineral wealth, and the mystery and power over man that is the attribute of great things untried—all these are of and in Bolivia, waiting its people's will.



## IV

### BRAZIL

FROM the industrial point of view the popular idea of Brazil is that it is a country of coffee, rubber, and diamonds—as, indeed, it is in reality. But there is far more in this great republic even than these commodities and luxuries. There is, for instance, the owner of these stretches of forests, agricultural lands, and rivers—the Brazilian himself.

Your true Brazilian, descendant of the Iberian pioneers, has frequently a slight admixture of Indian blood in his Portuguese veins. The men who laid the foundations on which stands this largest republic of South America came unprovided with wives, and from their intercourse with the natives arose a race of half-breeds. From among these, succeeding settlers selected wives, and their children receded one degree from Indian stock, and advanced a degree toward the race of their fathers. The con-

tinuation of this process resulted in the Brazilian race, white to all intents and purposes, but with just that slight infusion of native blood which ensures the continuity of a people transported to a foreign and tropical clime. This process, moreover, as regards intellect and mental qualities, has been productive of consequences upon which the race is to be congratulated.

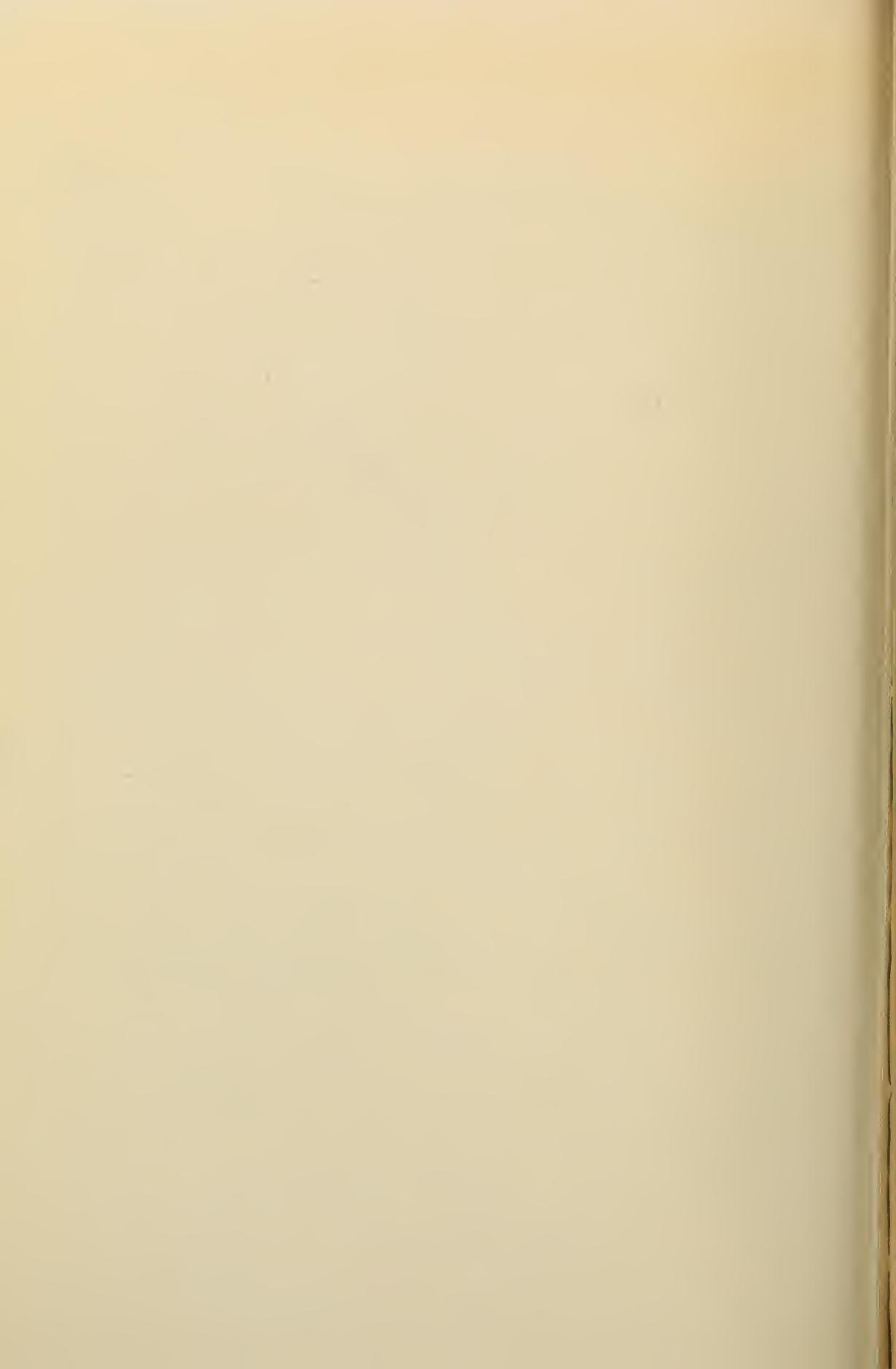
The first settlement in the land was effected by one Correia, who, with another member of the crew of a vessel commanded by Pedro Alvarez Cabral, was marooned by that captain on the Brazilian coast in 1500. Correia's apparent misfortune proved fortune in reality, for when, in 1530, Affonso de Sousa anchored five Portuguese ships in the bay of Todos os Santos, he found living among the Indians a chief and patriarch whom the Indians named Caramurú (Man of Fire), who was no other than the marooned sailor from Cabral's crew. There are many Bahians to-day who claim Correia as their ancestor, and, from the description of the man which has been handed down to us, they may well be proud of their forbear. He raised a little chapel on the spot where Our Lady of Victory stands now ; he taught the Indians such civilised

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EVENING IN RIO HARBOUR.

Looking across the bay to Nictheroy from the Praia da Lapa.





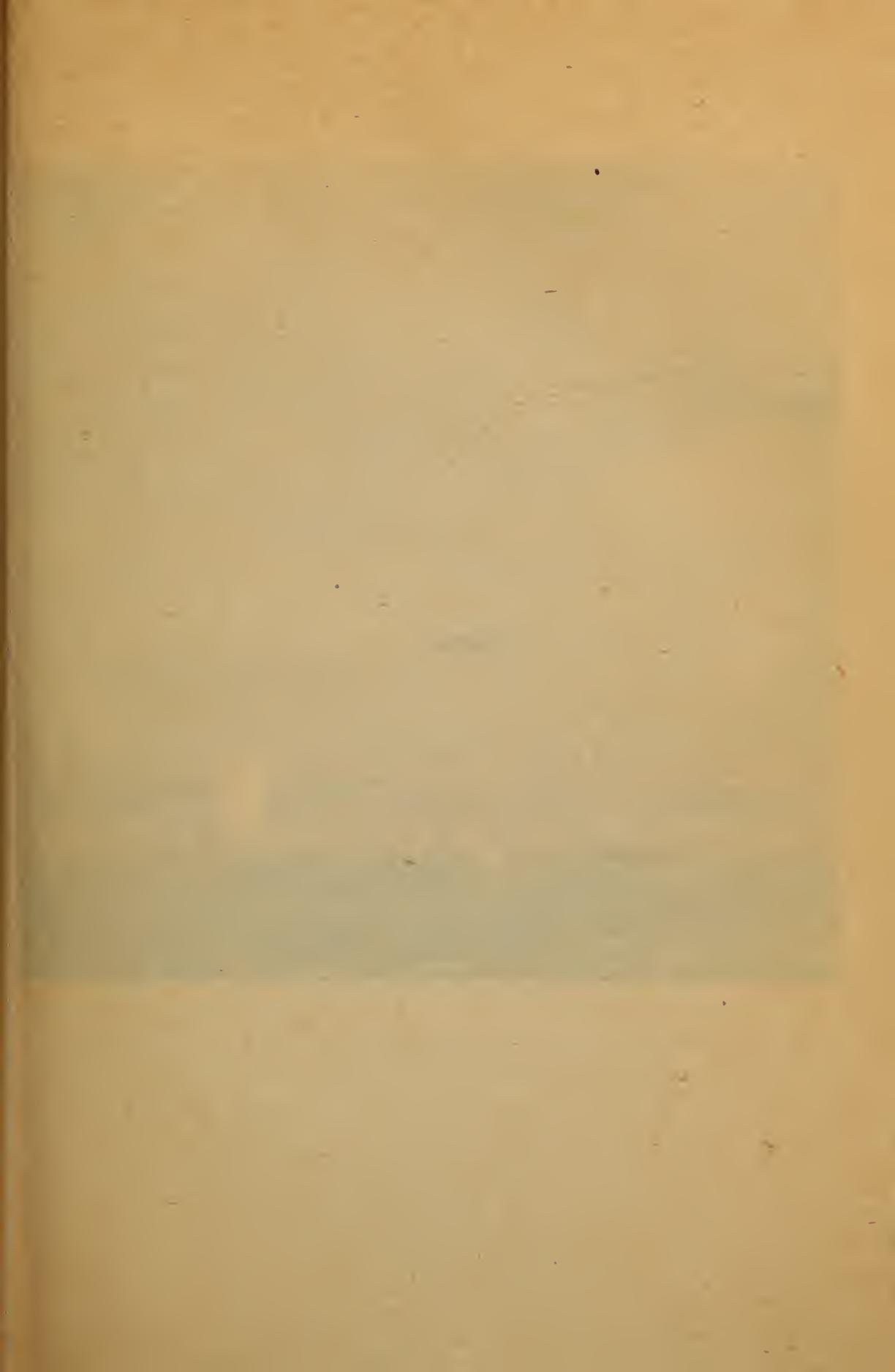
arts as he was able to impart to them ; and, like a pious Catholic of the olden time, he made of himself a lay missionary to some extent, Christianising to the degree which, we may surmise from his history, just fell short of interference with his personal well-being.

De Sousa's arrival in 1530 marked the first definite attempt on the part of the Portuguese Crown at colonising Brazil. The coast-line was divided into fifteen *capitaneas*, each occupying 150 miles of coast, and extending as far inland as the colonists cared to go. Each *capitanea* formed a kind of feudal fief, bestowed on such of the subjects of Portugal as chose to undertake the conquest and settlement of the new country at their own cost. De Sousa apportioned the boundaries to the coast divisions and himself founded Bahia and the fortified post of San Vicente, near Santos. The feudal system, however, proved a failure in most cases, and the Crown was obliged to step in and found a royal *capitanea* for the protection of the whole.

The difficulty of writing a history of Brazil is best proved by the fact that no really comprehensive history has yet been achieved. Whether

as failures or successes, the *capitaneas* existed, and from each arose an almost separate people; add to these the lawless wanderers of São Paulo, the stream of adventurers drawn by gold-lust to the Minas territories, and the welding influence of Portuguese authority, never quite failing and just as surely never quite succeeding, and it will be seen that a detailed history of the early settlement of this colony, fifteen times the size of France, is a colossal task.

Geographically, Brazil is a great country, and one of large things. It were idle to adduce the Amazon in support of this statement, but one may turn to the splendid, impenetrable forests of the Amazon basin, and of the Atlantic coast-lands between Espiritu Santo and Rio Grande, for the world's largest woods; yet one must not suppose that Brazil is all forest land awaiting clearing, for beyond these mighty tree-covered stretches are open spaces equally vast, unclad prairies where the termite ants build their nests and flourish, and the mountain ranges of the states of Minas and Bahia. To these, again, must be added the belt of swamps along the coast, poor in soil and bearing stunted, parasite-infected forest growth, and the vast



BAHIA.





stream-intersected country about the mouth of the Amazon.

Many travellers have noted the conflicts of the forests, the everlasting struggle for light and air between plant and plant, tree and tree. This, however, is due mainly to man's coming, and is most noticeable beside the clearings he has cut. Down in the depths of the woods, the struggle is far less fierce, for nature gives as little chance to the weaklings of vegetable life as to unfit animals, and only the fittest rear up from density and semi-darkness to fight their way to the sun. The victory of the strongest, the survival of the fittest—it is the natural law of all living things, though man has seen fit to replace it with other laws; and its result, exemplified in the heart of the Brazilian forest, is peace rather than conflict. On the edges, where the weaker get their chance, is struggle.

The existence of these forest growths is a matter almost entirely independent of man and his works. From time to time the Indians have wrought destruction by lighting fires that got beyond control on the savannahs; but, so far as growth is concerned, climatic conditions alone have determined what shall be forest and what

open country. Wherever the slopes of the hills held sufficient richness to compensate for drought, and wherever the rainfall was sufficient to produce the humidity the woods require, there the struggle began, the fittest survived, and an evergreen mantle covered the tropic earth.

Farther southward, such forests as exist are less dense and luxuriant, and different in character. The great pines of the Paraná, straight-trunked, flat-crested, and grey of foliage, stretch down beyond the Paraguay River. Here, in place of the twilight of tropic forests, sunlight filters through the branches, and at times there is white frost on the leaves before sunrise. Here only in Brazil are the words summer and winter understood as in Europe, for farther north is neither winter nor summer.

The cycle of the seasons in North and Central Brazil is defined by "dry" and "rainy," for the temperature is equal from January to December. From September to March the rains fall and vegetation awakens, and for the remaining six months the earth waits for rain to come again, and grass turns brown on the scorched plains.

This, however, excludes the seaward slopes



The docks at Santos are a fine example of modern architecture. The buildings are of a light color and are very well adapted to the climate. The docks are very large and are capable of receiving the largest vessels. The docks are very well equipped with all the necessary facilities for the handling of cargo. The docks are very well situated and are easily accessible by rail and road.

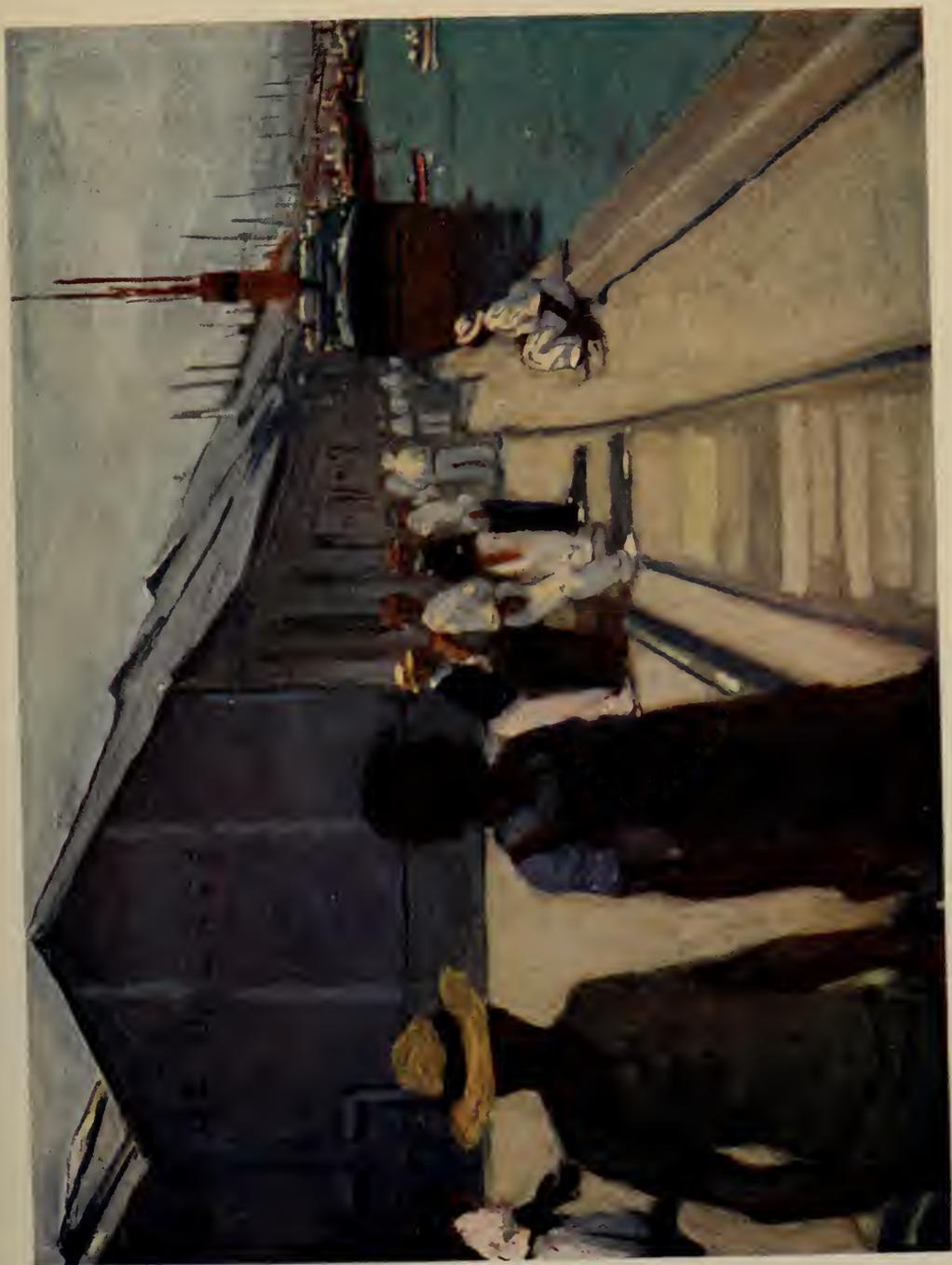
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of the *serra*, where rain falls all the year round, and plant growth is everlasting, unresting. The intense humid heat of these regions prevents definite settlement of the territory, and, from the earliest times, colonists have climbed the *serra* and passed onwards to use their efforts on the great stretches of country that offered a more favourable climate. Inland, agriculture is gradually conquering forests, but they remain unmastered between the seaboard cities and the central plateau, forming an uninhabited frontier barrier, rich beyond description in appearance, but inevitably tenantless until some miracle of changing poles shall swing Brazil into a temperate zone. Behind this screen Brazilian life goes on.

There is an untranslatable term in connection with the almost untouched stretches of the interior, the *sertão*, which expresses all the romance of new and untrodden worlds. Engineers, prospectors, hunters, and pioneers travel beyond the bounds of civilised life to virgin country, where there exist no traces to show that man has ever been before. There is no comfort beyond what man may make for himself, no guide but the compass, no means of sustenance but the rifle and the sack on the pack-saddle: that is

the *sertão*. Its bounds are always changing, and its extent is always diminishing; but so vast is Brazil in proportion to its population that there will be a *sertão* for the born wanderers of the earth here for many years to come. And there are men to whom this free, lonely life appeals with a strength that draws them out from cities and away from their kind—men who, apart from prospectors and commercial pioneers, love the *sertão* for its own sake, and regard a hamlet as an English rustic regards London—to these a hut is a palace.

To come back from the wilds to the settled country, one is faced in Brazil by two staple industries—coffee and rubber. South America grows from four-fifths to five-sixths of the world's coffee, and Brazil has contributed so largely to the total that the Government stepped in to regulate the price with a view to fostering the industry.

A Belgian monk brought a few trees with him to Rio de Janeiro in 1774, and from 1800, when the export of coffee commenced, up to the present time the trade has increased steadily, until the 1906-7 crop produced  $19\frac{1}{2}$  million bags. The Government had in 1900 passed a law prohibiting



THE PALACETI PRADO.

One of the fine residences in São Paulo.



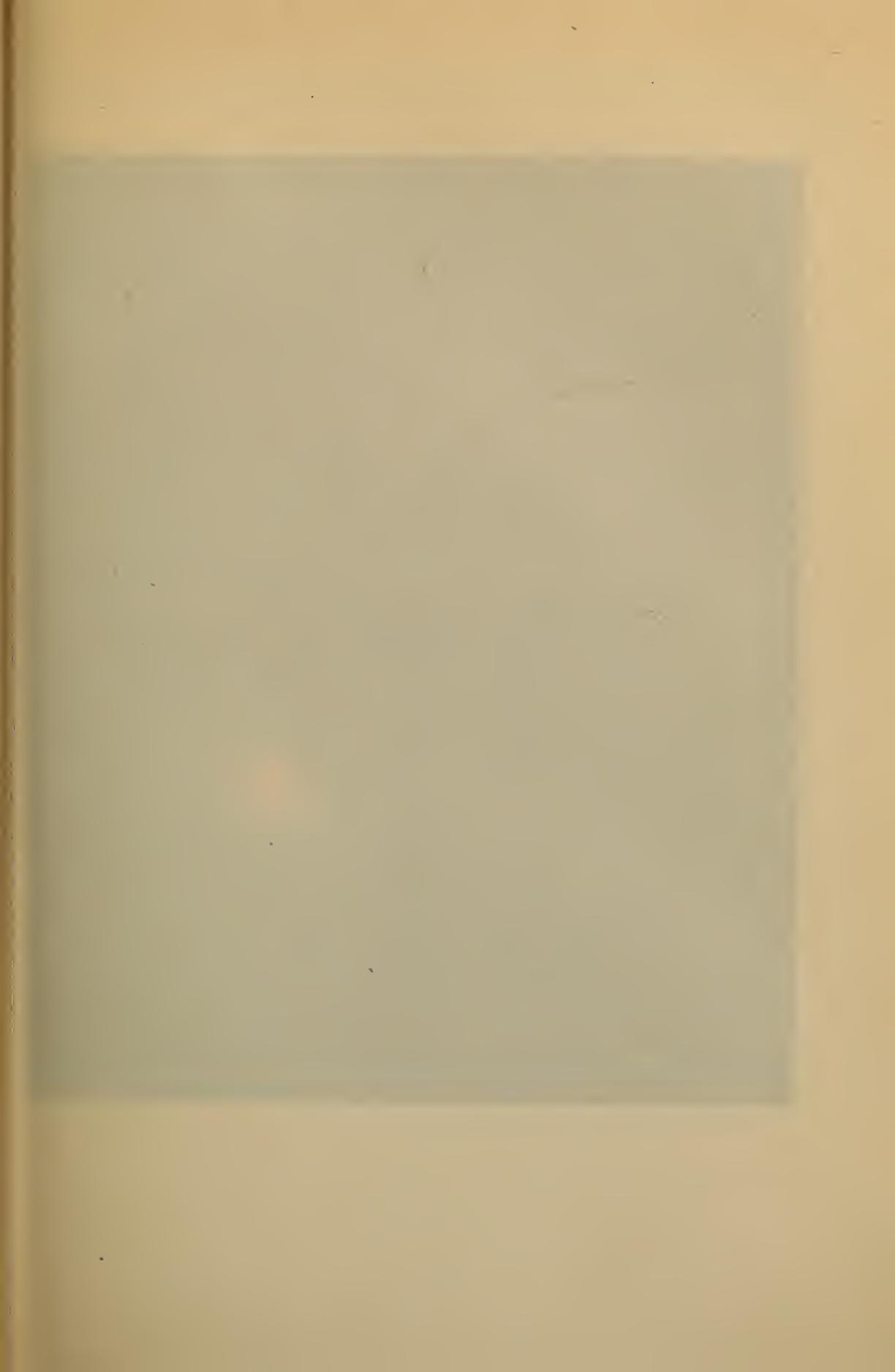


the opening up of fresh plantations, and this record crop is the result of care and industry bestowed on existing trees rather than the planting of new areas. The action of the Government was due to the tremendous increase in the area under cultivation in the years 1895-1900, following on a period of high prices. It was a risky experiment, but the result has been eminently successful: planters have set to work to improve the type of existing trees and to renew worn-out areas, with an improvement in the quality of their output, and consequently enhanced profits.

From the fifth to the fifteenth year is the productive part of a coffee tree's life, and in the first and second year the young plants require all the attention that can be given them. The best ground is that at an altitude of 3000 to 5000 feet, with a seaward exposure, and here on the slopes of the hills a coffee plantation is one of the world's wonders of beauty while the flowering season lasts. The rich olive green of the leaves, amid which are set star-shaped, jasmine-like white flowers, appear like a sward half covered with snow, but that the colours are more brilliant than those of any temperate

climate, and the sight as a whole gives such a sense of luxuriance and profusion as only the tropics can show.

With regard to rubber, more than half the world's supply still comes from the Amazon basin, the two great centres of the trade being Belem de Pará and Manáos. Contrary to the rule of Eastern plantations, where young trees are planted and tapped with scientific precision, Brazilian rubber is obtained by opening up virgin forests and tapping trees which nature alone has planted and fostered. It is estimated that the amount of Brazilian forest yet to be opened up in this way is at least equal to that already under exploitation; but since the extreme life of a tapped tree is only twenty years, planting must be resorted to if the "best Pará" is to remain permanently more than a name in the rubber world. Possibly the Government, having saved the coffee industry from the evils of over-production, will step in and put rubber on a permanent basis in the near future. In any case, the problem is not likely to press acutely on the present generation, save in the increasing cost of transport, as rubber seekers, having exhausted the supplies near at hand, are forced farther afield.



MOONRISE OVER A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CHURCH  
IN SANTOS.



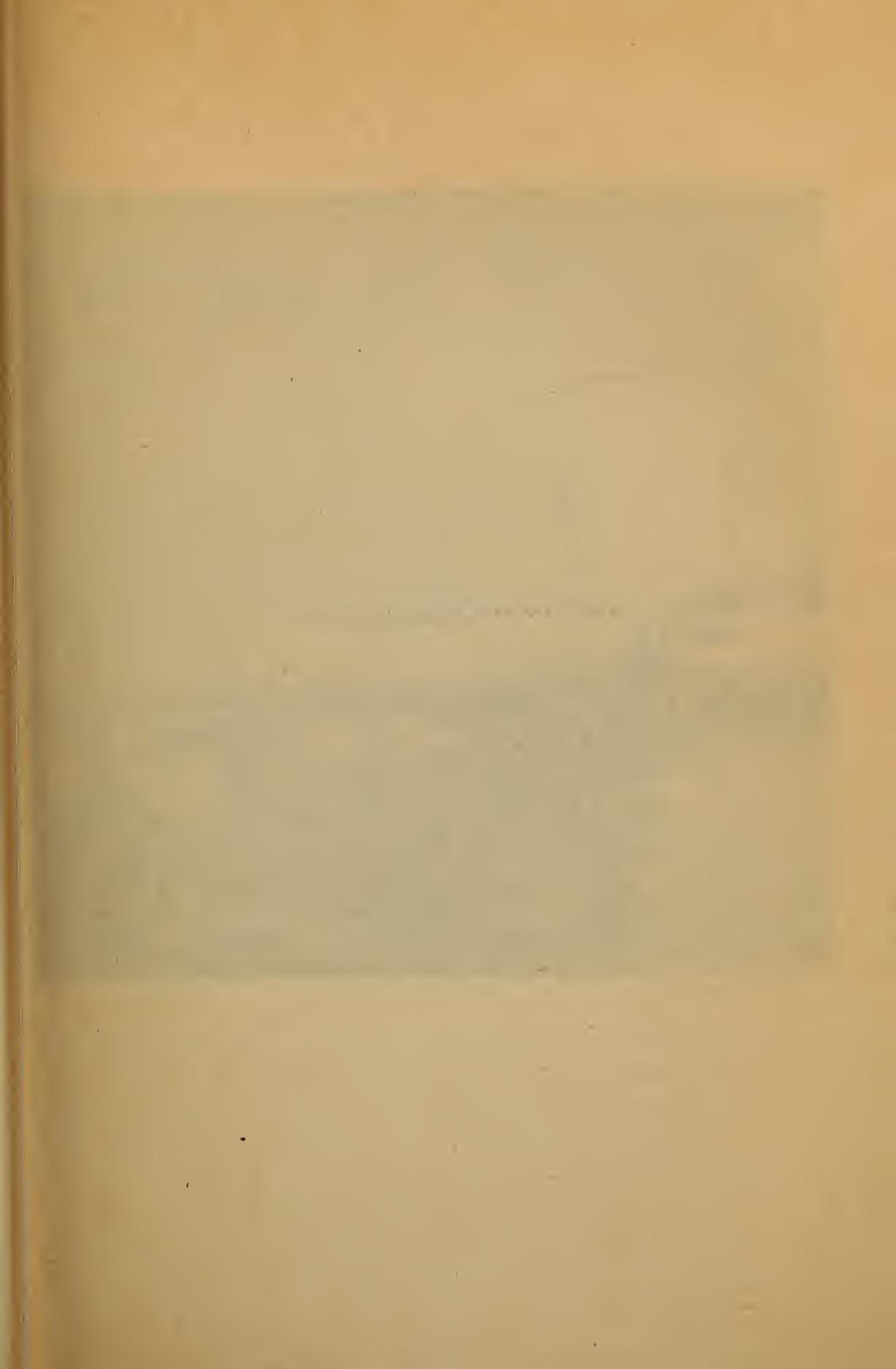


Physiographically, Brazil has been described as a vast upland, and, considering it as such, one is drawn inevitably to the cities of the great inland plain, different as they are in character from the cities of the coast. A typical example of these upland towns is Bello Horizonte, which sprang into existence as the capital of Minas Geraes at the decree of Dr. Penna, president of that state. The name of the town is perfectly appropriate, for the clear air of the plateau renders the mighty stretch to the horizon a thing of singular beauty. In that light and atmosphere, distant objects are rendered with an almost telescopic perfection; and to stand, as one may stand in this and other inland cities of Brazil, on an elevation of the tableland and look for miles across the plains to the far-off edge of the world, is an experience that must be felt, for it can never be described.

The town itself was planned at the outset for a population of more than a quarter of a million, and spaciouly planned at that. Like its vast horizon, it is large; and though, in common with all new cities, it is made up of incongruous elements at present, this capital of Minas Geraes is settling to a large beauty that will be in

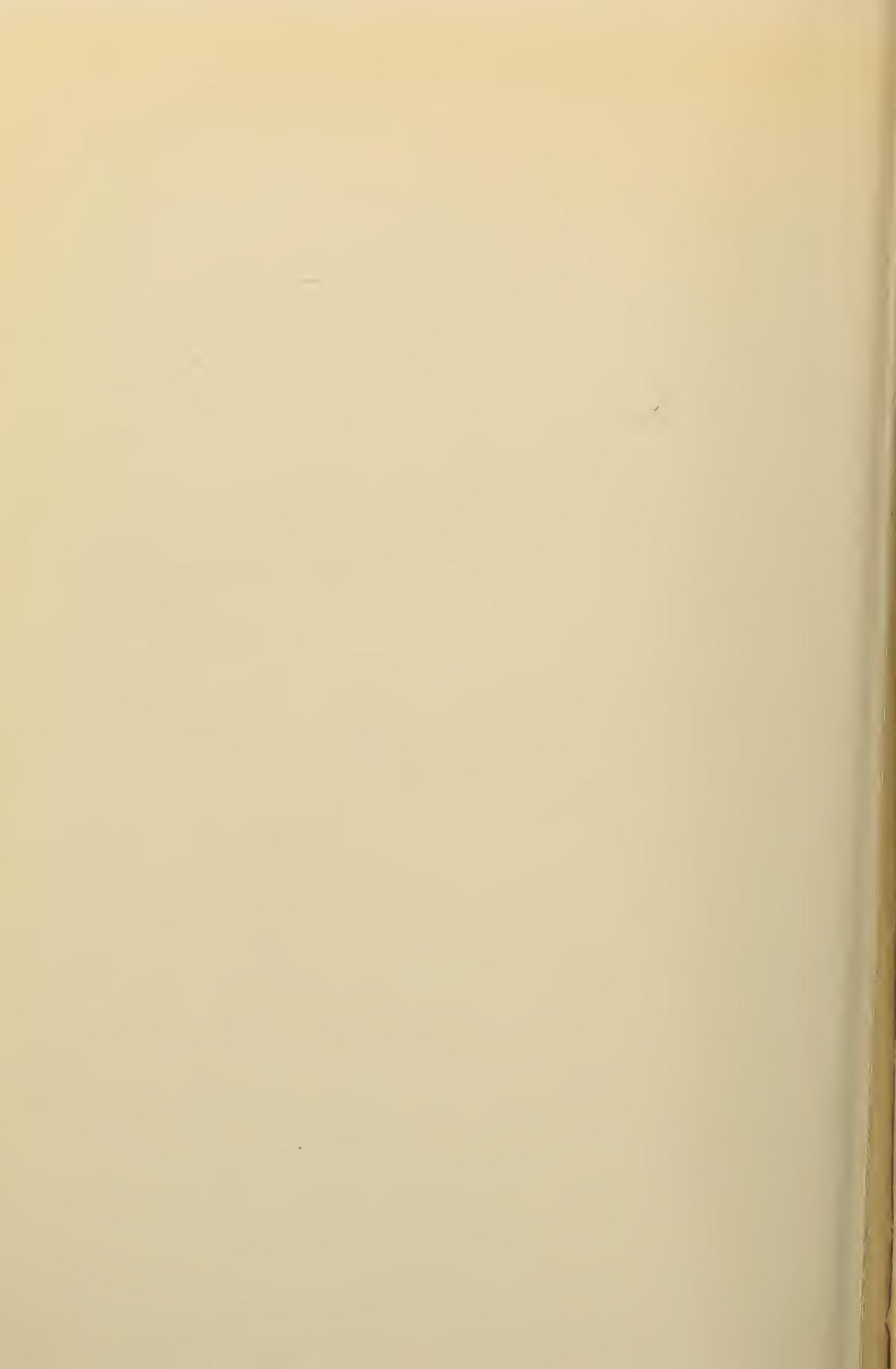
keeping with its surroundings. São Paulo, which claims for itself the rank of third most important city in South America, is another example of these plains' cities, set in clear air, a city of great distances, where every attribute conduces to large ideas and thoughts. They live and dream and think coffee in São Paulo, which, although set at an altitude of 2300 feet above sea-level, is only two hours by rail from Santos, the second port of Brazil and the outlet for practically the whole of Brazil's chief article of commerce.

The towns of the coast are different from those of the uplands in the matter of age and individuality. Here in the lowlands each site has its own peculiarities—each city is a thing apart from the rest, rather than the representative of a type. Bahia and Pernambuco, towns of Brazil's old history, have each their own settings of palms and hills; the coast towns of the south are picturesque, dignified, old, each in its individual way; the towns of the Amazon district, especially Manáos and Pará, are fine in their fashionings, and, like a sun among stars, Rio stands unrivalled among South American cities for natural beauty, rank and



BOATS IN THE PORT AT BAHIA.





brilliant vegetation surrounding its white-walled buildings—well may Brazilians be proud of their capital.

In many respects it is difficult to compare Rio de Janeiro with any other harbour town. Throughout the length and breadth of the various continents, one other capital alone, Sydney, can claim to rival it in the beauty of its natural surroundings. Until recent years it must be admitted that the fame of Rio depended rather on its situation than on any particular merit of urban design. Now all that has been changed with a boldness that stands almost alone in the history of capitals. Rio, determined to bring itself more than abreast with the times, by a single architectural stroke shed its old-world air, and exchanged its narrow streets for a superb collection of avenues and squares. The result can be appreciated to the full only by those who have visited the spot.

As the incoming steamer approaches Rio, the scene is a remarkable one ere the harbour itself is entered. Piled along the shore is a confusion of round-topped mountains—the queer, tall cones peculiar to Brazil. In places is a thick curtain of palms and verdure; in others

the bare cliff sends its great, smooth sides sheer down into the sea, where the white curtain of the breakers goes foaming high up the rock. Here and there a majestic island rises out from the ocean in the neighbourhood, a solitary fragment of mountain exactly resembling those of the mainland in type.

It is not until the vessel draws quite near to the shore that a break in the frontier mountain chain becomes evident. But there it is, a gorge opening out between the tremendous sentinel peaks on either hand. The giant vessel herself grows dwarfed and fragile as she enters the channel. A low, rounded stone fort peers menacingly from the surface of the blue waters; another, set near the foot of one of the mountains, frowns from the mainland to face the first. Then the channel broadens again, and the glorious vista of Rio Harbour is to the front and on all sides.

All about are the peaks and swelling cones of the mountains, while the still waters themselves are thickly studded with enchanting islands. At one point in the vast circumference of the bay, where a smooth stretch of ground extends itself by the water's edge, lies the city itself—lines of houses, spires, and domes, all in pure



GARDENS ON THE BEIRA-MAR.

The six mile long boulevard of Rio.





white. In the background are other buildings, equally immaculate, that climb the lower slopes of the mountains in the rear. The effect of the whole is utterly astonishing to one who sees it for the first time. If ever there was a radiant city in an enchanted setting, that city is most assuredly Rio.

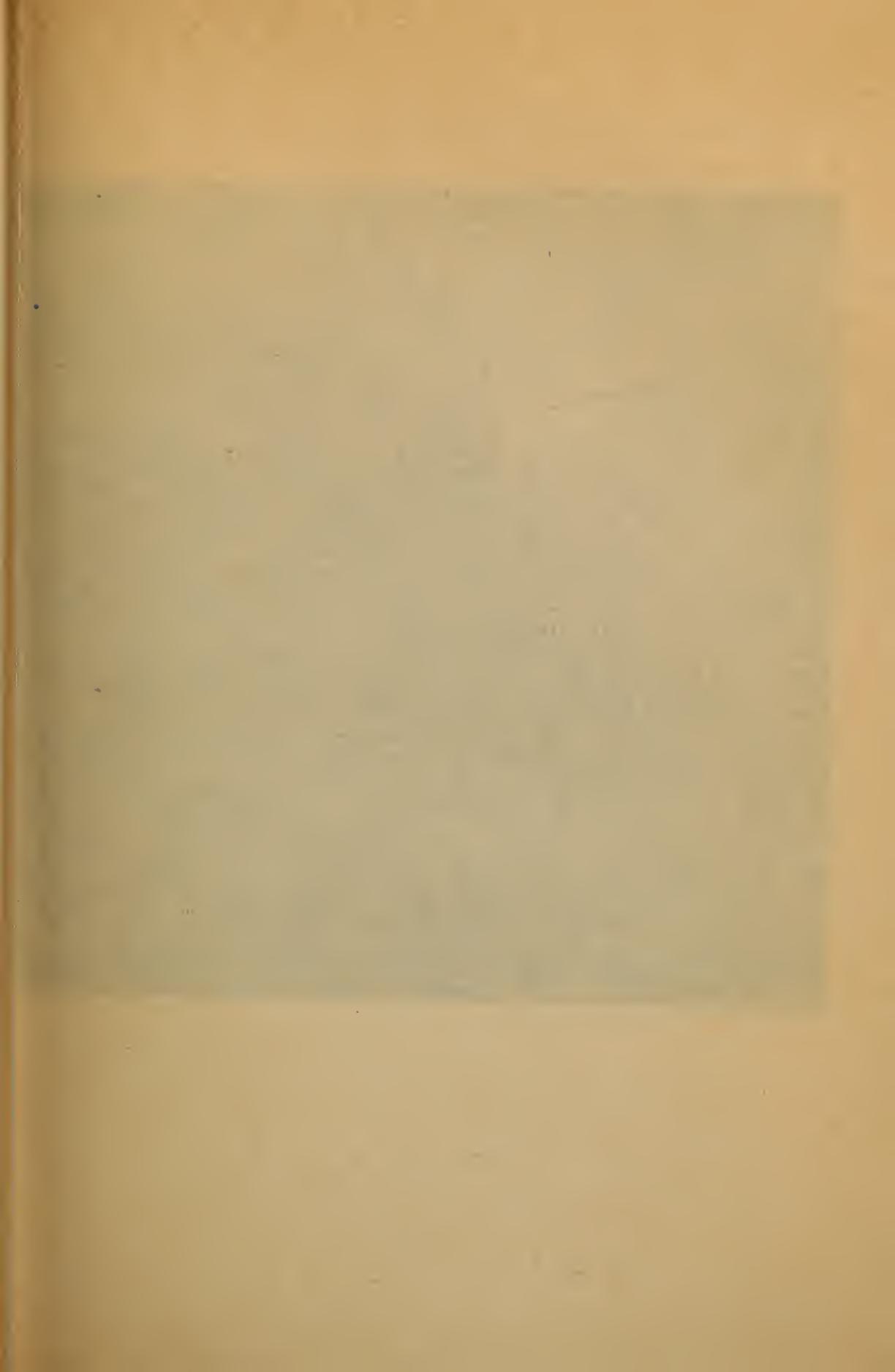
Rio has its own methods of greeting the incoming steamer. Ere the vessel has come to anchor the first launches have already sped out from the shore. In the wake of these hasten others, until the shining waters are churned by the main body of the graceful craft that whistle their welcome with ear-splitting cordiality as they come. Rio is almost as famed for its launches as for its natural scenery. Magnificent craft, with lavishly upholstered cabins and shining brasswork, they surround the great steamer by the score, steaming in circles and conversing with their whistles all the while, until the health authorities give permission for them to come alongside.

First impressions of Rio are apt to be received by the traveller with a certain amount of scepticism. As he paces the astonishing Avenida Centrale, and is whirled in a motor-car the length of the finest waterside promenade in the

world, the Avenida Beira-Mar, it is a little difficult to believe that the effect is not due to the mood of the moment rather than to the actual permanent beauty of the place. But it is all real and all permanent, as he will realise fully enough at the end of a week, or a month, for the matter of that. The explanation is wonderfully simple. The Brazilian by a supreme effort has brought his capital as nearly up to the amazing level of its surroundings as is possible in mere stone and bricks.

Rio Harbour is as replete with Brazilian pride as it is with water. The enthusiasm centred on the great landlocked, island-studded bay is legitimate enough. A South American will inform one that it is the finest of its kind in the world. And his claim will pass unchallenged provided there is no Australian present. If there is, he will at once assert that Sydney altogether outclasses Rio in charm. In one respect, however, Sydney must certainly yield. Indeed, as to the number of steam launches and the volume of noise made by them there is probably no other port in the world which can compare with Rio de Janeiro.

The actual entrance to the harbour is a suffi-



RIO HARBOUR—EVENING.





ciently placid performance. A liner may steam tranquilly enough by the outer hills and mountains, past the bar and the island fort, whose stonework still bears traces of the battering dealt out to it during the last revolution. But when the towering, verdure-clad cone of the Corcovada has come abreast and has been left behind it is different. Once well within, one may spy a flotilla of small craft that come racing out from the shore towards the steamer. They are steam launches, one and all, and each bears a family resemblance to the rest. Though the colour schemes differ, there is in every case the awning above, shaped to fit the lines of the boat's hull, through which the funnel protrudes. They are graceful craft, large of their kind, that hail from European yards. But their northern characteristics have become lost in the spirit of the south. As they draw near, their whistles give tongue and the air is rent with sudden volleys of screeches. With true Brazilian fervency each is anxious to outdo its fellow in the piercing warmth of its salutation. So they come on in astonishing numbers, white fountains at their bows and with brasswork and paint glittering in the sunlight, to circle

round and round the large vessel as she slowly moves towards her anchorage. Then, when the clatter of the anchor chain has sounded, and the Royal Mail flag is drooping in the still air, they make for her in dozens. Each is battling for precedence, and it is as though each were endeavouring to fend off its neighbours by the force of its protesting blasts.

As the boats come together, the green, white, yellow, and brown sides mingle in confusion. There are official launches, in which uniformed men are seated beneath the Brazilian flag; small private concerns, whose engines beat with a hollower rattle; and gorgeous craft, with perfectly upholstered cabins, bedecked with a wealth of tropical flowers. The energy of all is alike, but the crews of these latter, dusky imitations of men-of-war's-men, fight the most zealously on behalf of their varnish and paint.

In the neighbourhood of the gangway the sea is hidden beneath the spread of white awnings, with the variegated funnel tops above that sway from side to side as the small vessels bump together. The whole scene, with its grinding and its seething, denotes nothing beyond a superabundance of welcoming energy.



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THE SUGAR LOAF, RIO HARBOUR—MIDDAY.

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A. S. FERRERES - RIO

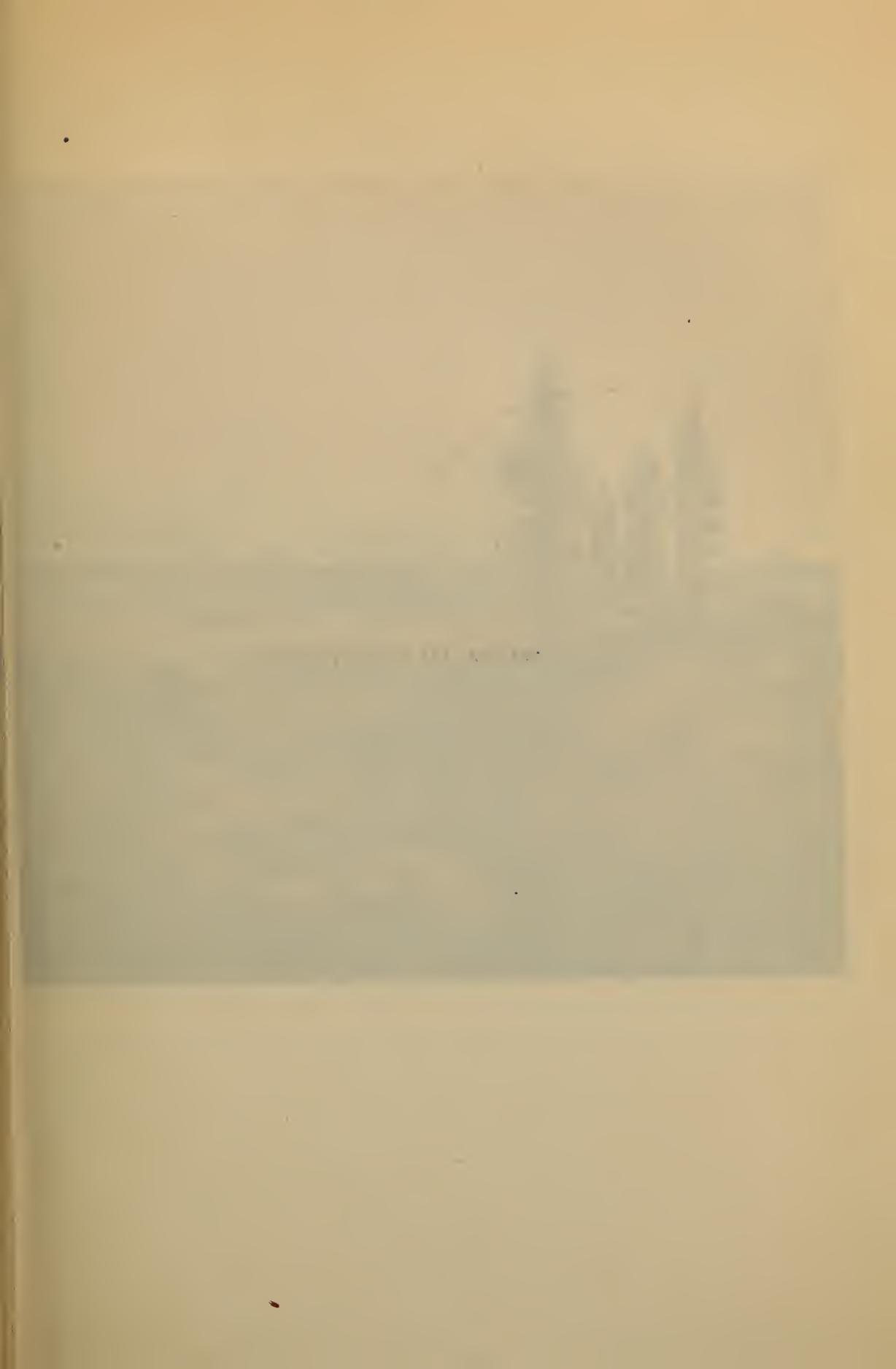


The occupants of the launches have scrambled their way at length from boat to boat to the decks of the ship itself. There are greetings between them and the passengers, denoted by the simultaneous claspings about the shoulders and clappings on the back which stand for the Brazilian embrace. One had thought the pandemonium beneath at an end. But even now it is not so. A large bully of a launch has been shut out from the neighbourhood of the gangway by the rest. Bent on securing a more favourable position, she is endeavouring to force her way between the noses and sterns of the others. She is bursting with the noise of her claims; the rest reply with their shrieks of defiance.

At length, one by one, the craft sheer off, leaving half a dozen of their number to wait in comparative peace by the side of the liner. The rest are panting eagerly over the waters of the bay. There is one in trouble now. She has struck upon a shoal in the centre of the harbour. She is blowing in frantic anxiety for aid, and obtains it after a while. For a Samaritan launch, fussing up to her, hauls her backwards into deep water again, at the expense of a couple of broken hawsers. But the incident has passed almost

unnoticed, for the waters teem with an astonishing wealth of the craft. Now scurrying in the distance amidst the maze of lofty wooded islands that stand for one of Rio's charms, now drawing nearer once again, they are ubiquitous, buzzing like flies.

There is something almost comic in the tremendous energy of these small vessels, that are as characteristic of Rio as its peaks and islands. They are unflagging to the last, moreover. For when the liner is on the point of departure they come out in full force once more, to circle about her and to sound their farewells. At length they have fallen behind, with the exception of one, the agent's boat, proud in the possession of a flag similar to that of the liner. Then she in turn blows out three long shrieks, and this time the huge steamer condescends to answer. Her horn blares out suddenly in a deep roar, once, twice, thrice. The volume of it would seem to frighten the small craft. At all events, they go scurrying towards the shore in a fever of bustling. And as the vessel steams out between the towering mountains in a newly won silence that the thudding of the screw only serves to accentuate,



SÃO PAULO FROM YPIRANGA.





the exuberance of the Rio launches has become lost in the maze of waterside houses.

The intensely powerful vegetation of the tropics presses hardly on Rio; immediately adjoining the city is forest—there are comparatively few fields, and few signs beyond the city itself that man has ever attempted to conquer the soil and force it to yield other than its indigenous produce. Conquest is limited to the city, and even here, where the slope of the hills has rendered building impracticable, the green and flower-starred mantle of growth contests human dominion, while the gardens are masses of luxuriant growth, needing control rather than fostering.

Less than ten years ago, a summer spent in Rio involved a considerable risk of death from yellow fever: the mortality in 1902 alone amounted to 984 cases; to-day the city is immune, for by 1909 medical science had eliminated the fever-carrying mosquito from the surrounding district, and in that latter year not a single case was recorded. Rio of to-day counts among the world's healthiest cities.

In point of growth, enterprise, and sanitation, the city of São Paulo—to return to the uplands for

a brief space—stands as an object lesson. If Rio represents the art and culture of Brazil, São Paulo stands for commerce, and, incidentally, for cosmopolitanism in the republic. There are Orientals of every kind to be found in its streets; Arabs, Malays, and the peoples of Asia Minor rub shoulders with Brazilian folk, and wax fat in the land, even to the proprietorship of big business houses.

São Paulo is built on coffee. The past thirty years, which have witnessed the growth of the Brazilian coffee industry, have increased the town's population from 60,000 to 300,000 inhabitants, and have given it some of the most spacious *avenidas* and palatial buildings in the country. Here, as at old English fairs, the labourers congregate to hire themselves out to work on the various plantations—only, instead of making yearly or half-yearly contracts, these men assemble in great numbers every week in the market-place. The cheap labour obtainable in this way has made São Paulo the industrial centre of Southern Brazil, yet has not destroyed the value of the town as a centre for the coffee industry which set it on the way to expansion. Like the state of which it is the capital, São



THE PENTEADO INSTITUTE, SÃO PAULO.  
One of the many educational establishments in the city.





Paulo's industrial activity has made it abnormally receptive; and, of the stream of immigrants constantly arriving from Santos, not a few stay here to work and win success, rather than go on to the plantations.

Cosmopolitanism, so marked in the south, does not prevail to the same extent in the north, for here the natives of the country are best fitted to withstand the climatic conditions of the Amazon basin. Ceara, with its half-breed people, has colonised Amazonia, sent men out into the rubber-gathering districts, and provided a backbone of labour for the second great industry of Brazil.

The motive behind the exodus from Ceara has, from the inception of the movement, been drought and following famine. The year 1877 ended a long period of prosperity for this province, and witnessed the beginning of a three-years' drought which is still remembered as a great calamity. At that time the fat years had brought about a tremendous increase in population and the area under cultivation—mainly in cotton—while no precautions against drought had been taken. When the rains failed, the cattle suffered first; after them, the human

population of the province began to feel the pinch. The Government instituted a system of relief, but the affected area was too large for adequate provision to be made, and, as a last resort, the starved people went in search of food. The sufferings endured during that period are unwritten, but it is on record that the people were reduced to eating grass and leaves, and even to grubbing for semi-poisonous *mucuna* roots. At Fortaleza, where one refugee camp was established, smallpox broke out and reduced the number of hungry ones by nearly 60,000 in the year 1878.

When, in 1880, the rains came again, the exiles had lost all desire for return—they feared another visitation. All the prosperity of Ceara, its cattle and cotton plantations, had gone, and there was no object in going back for these people. Such as returned found their worst fears realised in 1900, when the rains failed again, and Fortaleza became once more a huge refugee camp. Public rations, relief works, and all the efforts of the Government brought but insufficient relief, and failed utterly to remove the fear of the impoverished people that calamity would overtake them just as they were about



THE MUNICIPAL THEATRE, SÃO PAULO.

One of the finest and most costly buildings in the whole of  
South America.





to win back their former prosperity. There remained one remedy in the form of emigration, and this was assisted by President Campos Salles, who incurred the accusation of transplanting the entire population of the province through his efforts at assisting to empty Ceara of the people it could no longer support.

Para and Amazonia generally benefited most by this emigration. Its results are seen in the development of Manáos from an almost inaccessible little village to a busy centre of trade with regular steamboat services; in the exportation of rubber, which created wealth throughout the lower reaches of the Amazon, making it one of the great commercial waterways of the world; and, with the coming of the rubber boom, in the desertion of cocoa plantations, cattle-raising establishments, and all other sources of prosperity for the great game of rubber-hunting—it was not an unmixed blessing, for Amazonia to-day has ceased to support itself, has given up all for rubber, and become a market for the food products of other Brazilian states.

Brazilian railways, to turn to another aspect of the country, deserve not merely a chapter, but a book to themselves. The beginnings of

a railway system in the republic are reminiscent of the system of *capitaneas* under which Brazil was first colonised, for as the holders of the *capitaneas* drove inland from various points along the coast, so have the railways been driven in toward the interior. From Pernambuco, Bahia, Santos, Rio, and other points, networks of railways have extended inland, in some cases causing development, in others following it, but always making for increased prosperity.

In the north, the linking up of these various systems is the work of the future, but in the south it is already practically accomplished, for the coffee of the south was a business of commercial magnitude when the rubber and other enterprises of the north were infant ventures—and then, the north has the waterways of the Amazon basin for its trade. Projected lines here will link up the branches of the big river when present plans become realities, and in one case, that of the Madeira-Mamoré line, the accomplishment of the plan has opened up a vast stretch of rich, new country, by providing means of conveyance by the side of the two hundred and ten miles in which are situated twenty-two falls on the Madeira River, impracticable for water transport above



THE GARDENS OF THE PALACE OF DOM PEDRO II.  
AT RIO.

Now turned into a National Museum.





Porto Velho. Like the great Panama enterprise, this venture failed once through the deadly fevers of the district, but in the end a little army of doctors brought down the mortality rates sufficiently to admit of the completion of the line.

In the south of the republic recent railway enterprise has placed the crowning seal on the process of inland union. It has consolidated the various isolated lines into a comprehensive system. It is now possible to undertake a direct train journey from Rio de Janeiro to Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, on the River Plate, and from thence to Buenos Aires. The significance of this new condition of affairs cannot be overestimated. The mere fact of the possibility of journeying rapidly overland from Rio to Montevideo is of supreme importance to the long-distance traveller. But this is only one, and probably not the most notable, aspect of this remarkable enterprise. The opening up of the very rich lands of Southern Brazil and the interchange of traffic between the various states cannot fail to be of infinitely greater moment than the comfort and advantages derived by any mere passenger, however great these may be.

Running southward from São Paulo, the

railway undoubtedly taps a land that can boast the finest climate and some of the most fertile soil in all Brazil. Beginning with the coffee lands of São Paulo itself, it proceeds south through the agricultural and lumber districts of the state of Paraná, crosses Santa Catherina, equally prolific in crops, after which it enters the most temperate region of all, that of Rio Grande do Sul, where the breeding of fine cattle is now becoming so important an industry. Continuing southwards, the line runs to Santa Cueva, the frontier town of Brazil, after which the burden of the route is taken up by the Central Uruguayan Company, which runs due south until its course is ended by the waters of the River Plate.

Immense services are rendered by the system to the south. Its connecting force in the more northern districts is at least as apparent. At São Paulo a link is established with the Central Railway of Brazil, which serves São Paulo, Rio, and the country to the north and the Mogyana and Paulista railways, which spread out northward from São Paulo, as well as the São Paulo Railway, which connects the great coffee town with the port of Santos, and beyond this the North-West Brazil line, which advances to the



A LITTLE BIT OF OLD RIO.





west. This line, by the consolidation of various systems, has opened up the three chief agricultural provinces of Brazil, and, as it has in hand a colonisation scheme embracing agricultural settlements, its activities should help to develop further the states in question, a fact that in turn should materially help the successful progress of the railways.

From aspect to aspect, and from enterprise to enterprise, one may survey Brazil and find interest piled on interest—the scope of the country is endless. As a final picture of the land one may turn to Bahia, one of the oldest of Brazilian cities, and take away a memory of one of its most salient features, its lift—a convenience to which are now added more modern specimens of the kind. This, however, is a sketch of the one known as the “castor-oil” lift.

The atmosphere of the quay is breathless. Though the sun has dropped near to the horizon, the heat of the midday, far from abating, would seem merely to have added an overwhelming sullenness to its power with the fading of the intense glow. The leaves of the trees that dot the small wharf and line the narrow street that borders it are innocent of the faintest trembling,

as motionless as the men and women beneath. For, were it not for an outbreak of reluctant activity that occurs from time to time by the water's edge, the groups of humanity might well represent chiselled and statued repose. Men have found for themselves beds, couches, or easy-chairs in the roadway, in accordance with the varying angles of the uneven flagstones. A knot of gaudily attired negresses alone stir themselves to an occasional burst of chattering. But the conversational efforts of even these are spasmodic just now. More frequently they have sunk back into silence—the massive silence of the justly celebrated largest owners of *avoir-du-pois* in South America.

The street would be entirely deserted were it not for the form of a policeman in linen uniform, who leans in a restful attitude against a wall. As one draws near, a wide opening is evident on the left side. Within it machinery is clanking and throbbing as the great arms of steel move and revolve. It is the engine-room of the lift, opened widely to the street for all the world to see—for the lift itself, and its home as well, is the *Pride of Bahia*. Reclining amid the beds of steel are its guardians, a couple of men adequately



THE PALACE SQUARE, SÃO PAULO.

With Government Buildings.





smear'd with the oil and grease of their trade. To all appearances they are slumbering just now ; but the unabated thudding of the engines points rather to a mere dozing interval. As a prospective passenger, one's hopes incline strongly to the latter surmise. The undoubted wakefulness of the official at the pay-box, moreover, tends to confirm the more comfortable theory.

Once within the body of the lift itself, a difference in the atmosphere is immediately perceptible. Without, one had perspired with the effort of walking ; here, the mere power of breathing is won at the same cost. The interior of the box is little else than a steamy bath of heated vapour, charged to an overpowering extent with the odour of castor-oil. Beyond this, it holds its full complement of mankind. A couple of well-to-do Brazilians stand by the side of a fruit-seller, whose costume is limited to patched trousers and to the remnants of a shirt. There are a couple of negresses beyond, a poultry-dealer, whose wicker basket is filled to overflowing with his stock-in-trade, a few long-shore loafers, and a Customs official returning from the scene of his labours.

The doors have been closed for some while :

five minutes have passed, then ten, but still the lift remains motionless. One is tempted to believe that the *Pride of Bahia* is asleep. Then at length comes a shudder of the fabric and a premonitory trembling underfoot. The lift has commenced to mount—with an earnestness of straining that is disconcerting. It rises, nevertheless, in spite of its creakings and jerks. After a while comes a burst of bright light. The dark wall on the seaward side has fallen away, permitting a glimpse of the bay and of the craft upon it, already a surprising distance beneath. A second interval of darkness precedes the opening of another long window. There are more yet, and at each glimpse the vessels beneath have diminished in size.

The course of the lift seems interminable, but one gathers that it is tiring. Its upward progress, at all events, is undisguisedly feeble now. And, as one watches it straining onwards a few inches at a time by a series of weakening jerks, one is reminded with unpleasant emphasis of the jocular legend concerning it to the effect that the Brazilians have discovered an occasional accident to be cheaper than a regular course of inspection. But at length, inch by



AN OLD CHURCH, RIO.





inch, it wins its way to its upper harbour, and then, having uttered a final pant, would seem to cling to it in the silence of utter exhaustion. Passing out at length from the stifling, castor-oil laden atmosphere, one can at least sympathise with its efforts.

Viewed from the small plateau that juts out from the houses of the upper town, the scene beneath is panoramic. Peering down the face of the precipice, the roofs of the quarter below are toy-like things; while the bay beyond, with the liners at anchor upon it, has extended itself in that glorious sweep that it refuses to reveal to those beneath. And, after all, one has to thank the Pride of Bahia for this.



## CHILE

LOOKING back as they do on practically unmixed Spanish ancestry, Chilians are characterised to a marked degree by that quality known as pride of race. No Latin South American, in Chilian eyes, has such cause for complacence in looking up his family tree as the Chilian himself, who fought the Araucanian Indians from the days of Valdivia down to the time of the independence, and always found foes worth fighting. Ercilla, who took part in many of the battles against the warriors of Arauco in his time, has left to Spanish literature *La Araucana*, considered one of the finest examples of Castilian epic poetry. Romance and history are combined in the multitudinous pages of Ercilla's work, concerning which Prescott remarks that "never did the Muse venture on such a classification of details, not merely poetical, but political, geographical, and statistical, as in this celebrated Castilian

epic. It is a military journal done into rhyme.”

Mention of Ercilla and Valdivia takes us back to the days of Spain's greatest conquest—always excepting that of Mexico—the days when two adventurers and a monk sat down in Panamá and divided the spoils of Peru. The two adventurers, Almagro and Pizarro, won the spoils after six years of incredible happenings, and then they quarrelled. Almagro considered—with some reason—that his share of the booty was insufficient, so, having obtained a royal licence to explore, conquer, and annex the territory now known as Chile, he left Pizarro in Peru, much as Abraham left Lot, and set out to cross the Andes by way of the stark Despoblados region. He had with him, at the start, five hundred Spaniards and fifteen thousand Indians.

It was not long before the implacable Andes laid hold of their victims. Some were snow-blinded, some frozen to death, some slain by mountain sickness, some merely starved out of existence. In the end Almagro took a few of the best men who remained to him and pushed on to Copiapó, whence he sent back food for the rest. The bones of ten thousand Indians, over



THE SNOW CLAD ANDES.





a hundred and fifty Spaniards, and half the horses of the expedition were left to bleach in the Andes' passes, and those who remained to Almagro passed on into fertile Copiapó and on to the Rio Claro. Thence, disappointed at having found no gold, the expedition returned to seize Cuzco and bring about the civil war which ended only with Almagro's death after the battle of Las Salinas had ruined his faction.

In that battle Pedro de Valdivia played a prominent part among the victors. So marked a personality was this Valdivia that Pizarro bestowed on him the dignity of Lieutenant-Governor over still unconquered Chile. It was a safe method of disposing of such a man, thought Pizarro, for if Valdivia succeeded in his mission, he himself stood to gain by the adventure, while, if Valdivia failed, there was one powerful personality less among those who might make trouble in Peru.

In 1536 Valdivia set out to make for his kingdom, and so well was his march conducted that not a man was lost on the way. He piloted his convoy of men, women, and children across great intervening deserts and on by way of the Rio Atacama to Copiapó, whence, after conquering the natives

with slight losses, he pushed on and founded the city of Santiago del Chile in 1541.

So far, matters had proceeded quietly, but in September of 1541 there came about a great Indian rising which left Valdivia and his Spaniards with little beyond arms and accoutrements. In the course of a fierce battle Santiago was destroyed, and, though Valdivia and his followers drove off their assailants in the end, theirs was a dearly bought victory, for stores and provisions were reduced to a handful or two of wheat and half a dozen animals. They planted the wheat, nurtured their animals, and lived on rats and roots and the hope of better times, which began when in 1543 a ship arrived at Valparaiso with provisions, reinforcements, and clothing to supplement that which the pioneers had worn since the burning of Santiago. The next two years were spent in colonising Chile as far south as the Rio Maule, and then Valdivia came into contact with the Araucanians for the first time.

Nowhere in the continent had the Spaniards met such fighters as these, and after two hours' trial of strength with these mighty foes Valdivia retreated, leaving his camp fires burning, and made his way back to Santiago. There he



AN ARAUCANIAN INDIAN.





announced that all who wished to leave Chile could do so; and when all these people had placed their gold and valuables on the ship by which they hoped to depart, Valdivia invited them to a farewell banquet. While the banquet was in progress, the wily host boarded the ship and ordered the anchor to be weighed. Thus the wealth of his guests on shore went, minus its owners, to Peru, to buy aid against the fierce warriors of Arauco.

After various adventures in Peru, including the negotiations which preceded his confirmation in the Governorship of Chile by the Licentiate La Gasca, Valdivia returned to his country in 1550 and began the long Araucanian war.

After a few Homeric contests and some unspeakable cruelties on both sides, peace was concluded with the semi-civilised Indians, who appeared to be reduced to sullen subjection. By means of small forts throughout the country the natives were enslaved and driven to work in the mines until the unnatural life proved too much for them, or brought about their death through hunger in the performance of other tasks. Concepción, Imperial, and, farthest south, Valdivia, were founded as central cities of the

system of forts, and all went well for the Spaniards until Lautaro, a one-time personal servant whom Valdivia had taken from among the conquered race, came to manhood and to the councils of the Araucanian rebels. Then the settlement of Tucapel was destroyed, and Valdivia set out from Arauco to avenge and punish.

Near Tucapel the battle was fought. The Spaniards hurled back two Araucanian divisions, and then, knowing that success was impossible, fought to the end—the full story of the contest is written in *La Araucana*. No Spaniard returned alive to tell the story of that field. Valdivia himself was captured and killed with all the cruelties that the fierce victors could devise. There is a legend that molten gold was poured down the throat of the unfortunate *conquistador*, by way of inculcating a lethal and moral lesson. But this is now generally discredited. Indeed, such comparatively subtle measures were scarcely to be expected of the contemporary Araucanian character. With the exception of the three central stations, every fort in Araucanian territory fell before the devastating savages.

Ruin threatened the Spaniards of Chile.



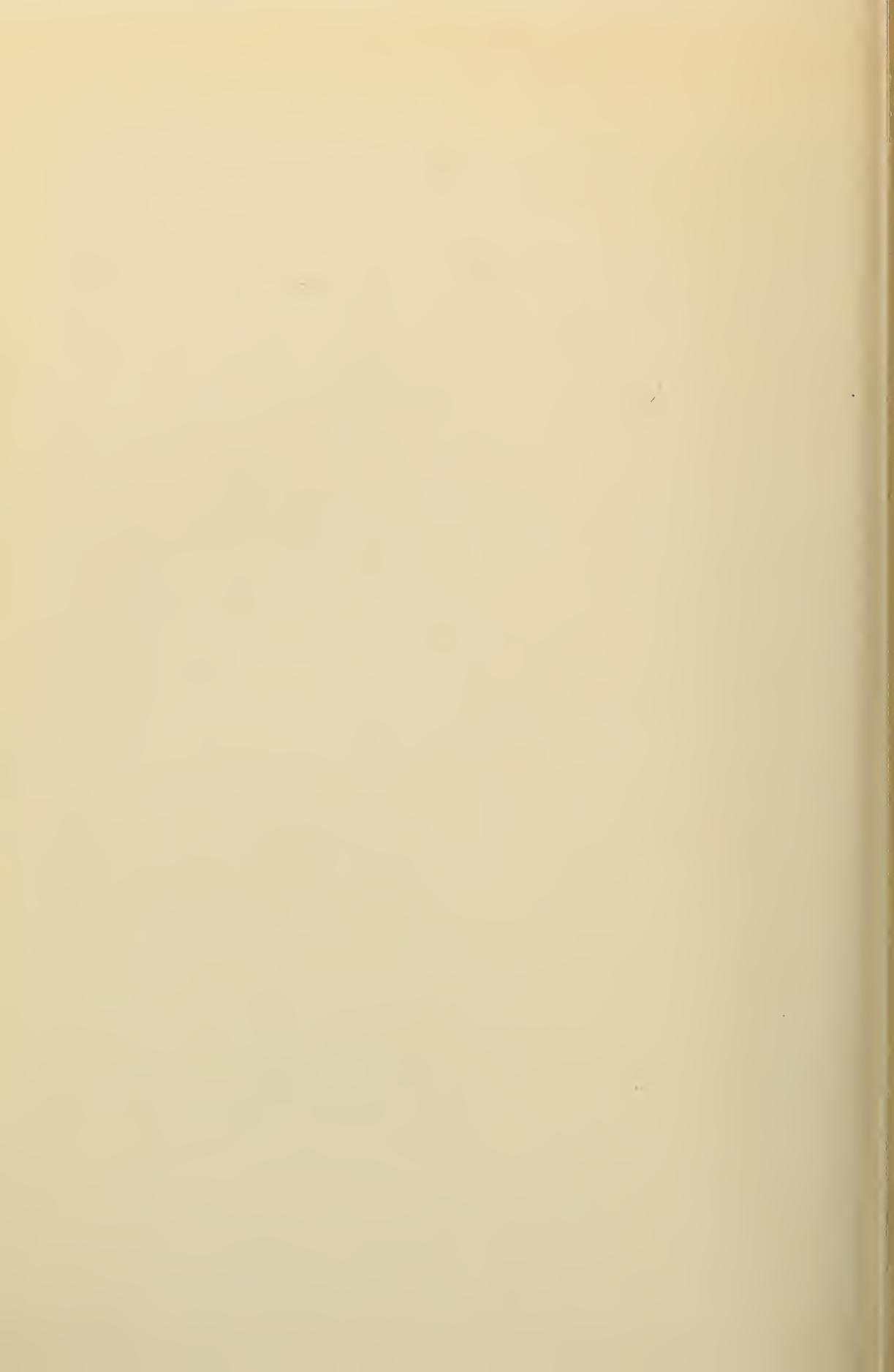
The river is a fine example of a typical  
 river of the region. It is a wide, shallow  
 stream, with a sandy bed and a soft  
 mud bank. The water is clear and  
 the banks are covered with a dense  
 growth of trees and shrubs. The  
 vegetation is a mix of tropical and  
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**A RIVER NEAR CONCEPCION.**

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 walk along.

There is a small bridge over the river near  
 the station.





Applications for assistance from Peru met with no response, for Peru itself was torn by civil war. At last Francisco de Villagran was appointed governor, and, profiting by the pestilence and starvation prevailing among the Indians at the time, he carried on the war against Lautaro, with honours more or less equally divided, until the latter—the most skilled Indian tactician who ever took the field—was killed in a surprise attack.

Then for generations the Araucanians, never quite defeated and never quite victorious, assailed the colonising Spaniards with guerilla tactics which broke the hearts of governors and embittered the already implacable enmity between the two races. Tortures of various kinds were practised by both parties : captured Indians were sent to work at the mines after each had had one foot cut off, and captured Spaniards were killed—it is once again said—by pouring molten gold down their throats. There were periods of peace, succeeded by general risings, and these in turn were followed by renewed hostilities, the routine being varied by descents of English and other pirates on the Chilian coast. There was not much rest for a Spanish

colonist in Chile throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The story of Chilean independence is rendered noteworthy to English-speaking people by the exploits of Lord Cochrane, whose naval genius, second only to that of Nelson, met with such insignificant recognition at the hands of his own countrymen that he left the British service in disgust and won for himself a greater meed of fame by evolving a Chilean navy from nothing. His impish daring was responsible for the planning and successful execution of amazing feats; the capture of Valdivia, annexation of Spanish ships, and terrorising of the Peruvian coast, are due to the skill of Cochrane, who made seamen of Chilean peasants and inspired his crews with his own audacious spirit. In conjunction with the resolute Chileans, with San Martin, the hero of Argentina, and with O'Higgins, first President of Chile, Cochrane worked as a true patriot for the country of his adoption through the years that marked the breaking of Spanish power.

Thence we may take a leap across the years into Chile of to-day, a prosperous country peopled by a hardy, virile race, perhaps more nearly



The view from the Corcovado is a magnificent one, showing the bay of Rio de Janeiro, the mountains, and the city. The bay is filled with ships, and the mountains are covered with trees. The city is built on a hillside, and the houses are white with red roofs. The view is very beautiful, and it is a good place to see the city from above.

THE ATLANTIC FROM THE CORCOVADO, RIO.

The Atlantic Ocean is very large, and it is a good place to see the ships. The ships are of many different sizes, and they are going in many different directions. The water is blue, and the sky is clear. The view is very beautiful, and it is a good place to see the ocean from above.

The view from the Corcovado is a magnificent one, showing the bay of Rio de Janeiro, the mountains, and the city. The bay is filled with ships, and the mountains are covered with trees. The city is built on a hillside, and the houses are white with red roofs. The view is very beautiful, and it is a good place to see the city from above.





allied to England than is any other republic of South America. The Chilian navy enjoys special privileges in that six of its officers are taken to serve every year in the English navy, their places being taken by six more as soon as their term is completed.

Quite apart from officers and men of the militant marine, the Chilian makes a most efficient sailor. The long coast-line of the country, and the numerous ports engaged in nitrate, grain, lumber, and other industries, have called into existence a race equal in sea-going abilities with any that sail the seas of the world.

In the southern fertile zone of Chile the apple flourishes—another link with the English, this, for the fruit is found in none of the more northern latitudes of South America. Yet another link may be found in the isolation which the country enjoys. A map of Chile shows a long, narrow strip of territory on the west coast of South America, bounded on one side by the South Pacific and on the other by the mighty barrier of the Andes, which divides this country from Bolivia and Argentina as effectually as any sea.

In a general way, one may divide this strip into three portions, and mark each portion off

as a country existing under separate and distinct climatic conditions, different from the other two. In the north, reaching down from sun-smitten Arica to Caldera, is the nitrate zone—rainless, of course, or there would be no nitrate—made up of works which extract the mineral from the earth and send it out to be utilised as a fertiliser in all parts of the world. In between the nitrate areas are deserts which in bleakness and aridity can boast pre-eminence over all deserts : stretches of desolate country, where nothing grows save a little yellow lichen, and that but seldom—dead lands where such tracks as exist are lined by the bones of beasts and men. Across this bleak region Almagro brought his men in the first of the historic marches on Chile.

Up to a few years ago the nitrate cities were dependent for their water-supply on tank steamers and condensers, but now pipes have been laid across the nitrate wastes to the Andes and Arica. Thus Iquique and its neighbours enjoy a better and more certain water-supply than of old. Many ships come to these ports, for the nitrate industry is the greatest source of Chilian wealth.

The central zone of the country offers a smiling



The Organ Mountains are a range of hills in the northern part of the State of Texas, extending from the Red River in the north to the Brazos River in the south. They are composed of a series of rounded hills, each with a flat top, and are separated by deep, narrow valleys. The hills are of varying heights, the highest being about 1,000 feet above the level of the sea. The soil is generally sandy and fertile, and the climate is semi-arid. The Organ Mountains are a popular resort for the people of the State, and are especially so during the winter months. The hills are covered with a growth of scruboak, and are a favorite haunt of the quail and other game birds. The Organ Mountains are a beautiful and interesting part of the State, and are well worth a visit.

THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS FROM THERESAPOLIS.

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contrast to the nitrate area, for here the fertile soil and humid atmosphere make up an ideal agricultural and fruit-bearing country. Wheat, maize, barley, oats, and flax represent some of the cereal growths, while the cattle farms provide nearly sufficient meat for Chilean needs. The balance is imported from Argentina, and here the new Transandine railway renders service to Chile in that cattle arriving by rail reach Santiago in fine condition, whereas in the old journey on foot across the mountain passes much valuable meat was lost by the exposure and exhaustion of the beasts. For the most part, however, Chile produces its own cattle in this great fertile central zone.

Farther still to the south, the "evergreen land" reaches down to Tierra del Fuego, and in this zone is centred the lumber industry of Chile. The rainfall here is very heavy, and great tracts of country are thickly wooded, coniferous trees and the antarctic beech predominating. Ferns and splendid fuchsias make up a dense undergrowth, and the general aspect of the forest here much resembles the fascinating bush of New Zealand.

In the far south is the settlement of Punta

Arenas, first founded as a convict station, but now a thriving, prosperous district of sheep farms, with a few parties of gold prospectors intermingled among its more settled population, and some few who depend on timber for their livelihood. In 1904 there was a boom in sheep-farming shares in this district, which in its own way went to as frenzied lengths as the English South Sea Bubble of ancient memory, and, collapsing with equally disastrous results, caused speculators to fight shy at the mention of Punta Arenas for long afterwards. But Patagonian wool is equal to that of any other sheep-rearing country, and forms a steady and growing source of income; while frozen meat has begun to take a place among the prominent exports of the district, ranking next to that of wool. The rigorous climate of this locality makes for good health among the population, though its most fervid advocates could not describe it as other than trying.

Eastward beyond the summits of the Andes a longitudinally running valley, known as the Valley of Lakes, reaches down from Lake Nahuel Huapi to the Otway Water. In quite modern times a dozen or so of lakes have been discovered

in this fold of the eastern Andes' slopes, and there still remains a great tract of untrodden land in the valley, which is as fertile, and capable of supporting as large a population, as the great central zone of Chile. Already vast flocks and herds are to be found in sections of the valley, but there is room in plenty for more settlers and more cattle. With the gradual crowding out from the world's densely populated centres, it may well be that a century or so will see this beautiful valley as well known and as productive in fact—as it is in possibility—as Central Chile itself.

Chile may thank the Andes for the isolation which has assisted in producing so sturdy and independent a race as inhabits that country to-day, but the necessities of commerce have modified this isolation in recent years. There is now a Transandine railway from Buenos Aires by way of Mendoza to Valparaiso, and the next few years will see other lines piercing the great mountain barrier to the southward of that already in operation. The benefits accruing to Chile from this railway may be judged from the fact that, in place of the old journey of weeks across the mountain passes, Buenos Aires

is now two days' journey distant, and Europe is consequently only three weeks away from the western seaboard of South America.

Cochrane, the founder of the Chilian navy, maintained that with a band of chosen Chilians he would penetrate into any corner of the world; and no man knew the Chilian better than did Cochrane. It is a race of intense virility, self-styled the English of South America, proud of its army and navy, which are kept in a state of thorough efficiency, and proud of its pastoral and agricultural industries. Although these latter will not bear comparison with the enormous *estancias* of Argentina, they are of far greater importance than is generally realised in England, and gain in prosperity from the temperate climate which prevails westward of the Andes chain and which proves so admirable for pastoral purposes. Even in Valparaiso or Santiago an overcoat is indispensable on a wintry day, while in corresponding latitudes east of the Andes the temperature will be found many degrees higher.

Politically, Chile is the country of South America which has refrained more than any other from the luxury of revolutions, and the result is a distinct and refreshing sense of order

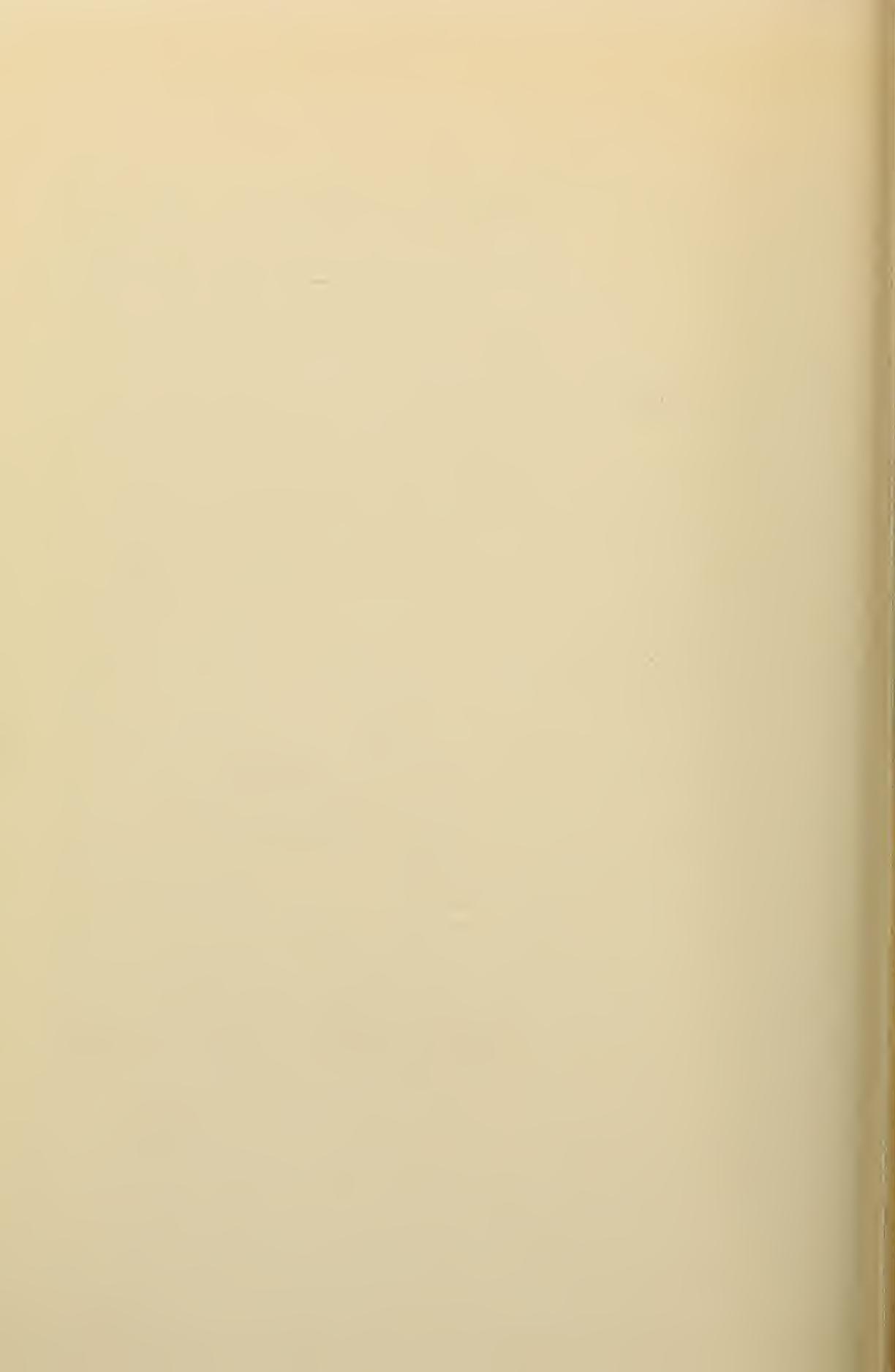


VIANNA.

One of the beautiful islands in Rio Harbour.



Les Grottes



and discipline. We might add, of course, that this is the normal state of the great republics to-day, but Chile prides herself on having preserved this fortunate condition when the majority of South American states were sinks of discontent and political unrest. There were periods, as is only to be expected in a new country, when the kettle boiled over. The unfortunate days of Balmaceda are nearly forgotten now, and, in the ordinary course of events, any such political upheaval would seem most unlikely to occur again.

Nature has compensated for the scarcity of revolutions by providing convulsions which work even greater havoc in the country from time to time than political unrest. The last great earthquake shattered Valparaiso, utterly destroying a large proportion of the buildings of the city and doing damage to the extent of twenty millions sterling. Railways were wrecked for miles, and the disturbance extended so far as even to affect in a lesser degree Santiago and places farther south. The roll of killed and injured was estimated at three thousand or more.

Yet, in spite of the magnitude of the disaster, hardly a trace of that day's great trouble remains

in Valparaiso of to-day—the virile Chilians have rebuilt their city to such purpose that one might imagine the country had never known an earthquake shock. The records of the country tell of other calamities of the kind, apparently recovered from with equal vigour and swiftness. In 1570 Concepción was destroyed; in 1575 Valdivia suffered demolition, and a tidal wave swept three miles inland, destroying and ruining; 1642 saw Santiago wiped out, hardly a house remaining intact, and in 1647 the city was again ruined, a thousand people being killed. A Sunday morning in July 1730 witnessed the destruction of Valparaiso, Santiago, Córdoba, and Tucuman. With facts like these in their history, there is little cause for wonder that Chilians abstain from revolutions to a certain extent.

The land is one of varied and picturesque scenic effects. From every point the barrier of the Andes is visible, and, with the exception of the fertile central valley and the nitrate deserts, the whole country is a confusion of hills and valleys down which the broader rivers run and a multitude of little creeks rush tempestuously during the rains, dwindling to a trickle in dry weather. A typical landscape is made up of

the snow-covered Andes' peaks, the lower hills starred and lined by cactus growth, and the middle and near distances occupied by rich, fertile valley country in which all things grow with extraordinary luxuriance. As for the roses of Chile, they make banks and walls of splendid colour in their flowering time.

The people of the country are equal in picturesqueness with their surroundings. The Chilean countryman retains his *poncho*, his enormous spurs, silver-embossed saddle and bridle; and these, although of quite a different pattern from that beloved by the Argentine *gaucho*, render him a noteworthy figure. Chilean ladies of the higher class still wear the *manto*—the long black cloak shrouding head and body which is the national female garb—for purposes of church-going and like ceremonies. Among the peasantry this *manto* is in everyday use for all purposes, and it may be noted that highly artistic effects are obtained in the draping of this garment. Yet possibly the effects are not all due to the *manto* itself: the grace of the figure wrapped in its folds must be reckoned as a factor.

Santiago, the capital of Chile, can lay claim to a certain amount of individuality, rather a

rare thing in these days when big cities tend to uniformity of design. The Alameda, the chief thoroughfare of the Chilian capital, is one of the most magnificent streets in the world, being almost three miles in length and of spacious, unusual width. In the centre of the city a peculiar rocky hill, the Cerro Santa Lucia, has been converted into a public park, made up of terraces at various altitudes after the manner of the terrace cultivation practised on the hills by forgotten races of prehistoric South America. From here a fine panorama may be obtained of the town and the surrounding hills, while from almost every point of the city the unchanging white of the Andes' crests may be discerned.

Although its buildings are of a lesser order than those of the capital, Valparaiso is a very fine town, the houses lining its bay with very pleasing effect and making a spectacle by night, when the lights reflect on the water, sufficiently effective to remain in the memory long after one has sailed from Valparaiso and the Chilian coast.

The mineral wealth of Chile is, so far,—with the exception of the nitrate fields,—an almost undeveloped source of national revenue. The



A WINDOW IN RIO.





country, as a matter of fact, is peculiarly rich in minerals, scarcely a metal in existence being excluded from its list. Gold and silver wait mining enterprise from the Magellan Straits almost up to Arica; platinum and copper, tin and iron ores, streak the rocks of the Andes; and greater treasure than that for which the lives of countless Indians were sacrificed in the hard days of early Spanish rule may yet come out from Chile. The lumber industry is a growing source of trade; and when, in the course of another hundred and fifty years or so, the nitrate fields are exhausted, Chile will in all probability have proved so rich a country in other ways that the loss will be little felt.

With the development of the railway system under Government control, agriculture is becoming an important factor in Chilean business. The Transandine railway is waking the rest of the world to consciousness of the fact that there lies in the Far West a great new country of possibilities, a land of more substantial things than milk and honey, worthy of free expenditure of capital and energy. It may well be that in the far future, when Europe is decrepit and outworn, and the continent of

to-morrow is taking its turn as the world's headquarters, that this "England of South America" will stand as one of the richest, stablest, and most influential of the world's great states—for the means and the men are here. Anticipating yet further, it may be that the descendants of Chilians of to-day will, by virtue of their inherited virility and the qualities which led Lord Cochrane to call their ancestors great, circle and watch over the Andes heights and the lands beyond, rulers of the air in the new world of things to be, when "rulers of the sea" as a title shall have gone to rank among memories of a dim past. But Chile's present scope is sufficient without such imaginative feats as these.

## VI

### GUIANA

IMAGINE four broad steps of which the lowest is level with high-water mark, and, broadly speaking, you have a mental picture of Guiana. Save for certain spots where gold and like temptations have proved irresistible magnets on the three higher plateaus, only the seaward edge of the lowest step has been thoroughly exploited.

To descend from metaphor to fact, Guiana is virgin and its resources are almost untaxed, except for the strip of rich, low-lying soil along the northern coast. Gold-lusting Spaniards passed by this country between the Amazon and Orinoco in early times, or, landing, found not enough of surface wealth to justify—in their eyes—a settlement. And, in this continent of great to-morrows that must necessarily follow on awakenings of to-day, Guiana's to-morrow is farthest off of all; for somehow the development, increase of population, and upward growth that

have marked the years for Latin-American states have passed by Guiana as did the Spaniards of old, leaving little or no mark on the only "colonies" remaining to the South American continent.

Raleigh, who first told England of Guiana as a virgin country, found in it sufficient to stir his adventurer's pulse and give zest to his voyages. Somewhere inland from the mouth of the Orinoco lay a wonderful city, "the golden city of Manoa," in the land of El Dorado, toward which his questing footsteps turned each time he landed on the muddy Guiana coast. Fruitless as Ponce de Leon's search in Florida was that of Raleigh, who, led by faint rumours and the lure of far horizons, kept his belief in the existence of El Dorado—until death took him far from those new seas and lands upon which he had written his name in such ineffaceable letters.

It is on record that in 1530 a certain Pedro de Acosta attempted to form a settlement on the river Barima, but the Caribs were too fiercely inimical to permit of the success of the attempt. Later, after Raleigh had paid his first visit to the coast, came Captain Keymis, who first thoroughly explored the country lying near the shore, and rendered an account of his travels,



EVENING ON THE ISLAND OF VIANNA, RIO HARBOUR.





which included a chart showing the mouths of the various rivers he had passed.

Then came the Dutch, who by 1620 had established trading posts on the Barima, Corentyne, and Essequibo rivers. These posts were established solely for the purpose of trade; for the Dutch were not a little addicted to tobacco and a few other luxuries which Guiana could provide. Farther eastward, however, on what is now the border of French Guiana and Brazil, certain hardy Englishmen had sought to establish plantations for the growth of cotton and tobacco; but this more ambitious project resulted in failure. Meanwhile the Spaniards in Trinidad endeavoured to awaken the mother country to the danger of allowing English and Dutch to settle here, but nothing was done in the way of driving out the colonists.

By 1663 there were four thousand English inhabitants established round about the town of Tararica, under the control of Lord Willoughby, the then governor of Barbados. France came into the muddled history caused by the conflicting interests of three nations by grasping at Cayenne, which they took and held and lost and held again from 1613 onward, harassed as they were by can-

nibal natives, hostile Dutch, and even the tyranny of their own governors. French and English had certain "rights" granted to them by their respective home Governments, each infringing on the other, and the Dutch West India Company was granted powers enabling it to maintain armies and navies, make wars and treaties on the east coast of America, including the Guiana shore. The Dutch trading factories on the Essequibo failed to prove remunerative, but were kept in operation by the company; a settlement on the Pomeroon grew sufficient sugar to make an export trade possible; and the Berbice River was colonised by a little party under one Abraham van Peere. Thus the Dutch took root, while the French established themselves about Cayenne, and the English colonised the coast strip about the mouth of the Surinam River.

So matters stood in 1665, when the war between England on the one side and France and the Netherlands on the other created havoc in Guiana. The governor of Surinam made the first move by capturing one French and one Dutch settlement, and after that the fortune of war inclined all three ways by turns, until the

Netherlands sent out a fleet under Crynnsen, which forced the surrender of the British colony at Surinam. Then came an English fleet which captured Cayenne and restored Surinam to English hands—only to find its work undone by a treaty between the belligerent powers which handed that colony to the Netherlands. Out of the transfer arose such trouble that in 1672 France and England joined hands against the Netherlands, and when that war ended the only real power left in Guiana was Dutch, with the tiny exception of a French grip on useless Cayenne.

Here we may leave the dry details of history, which shows Dutch influence paramount almost up to the time of the Napoleonic wars, and come to a consideration of one of the great problems vexing Guiana since the days of the earliest settlements—the problem of the runaway slaves. In no part of the world has the African negro proved more intractable and dangerous than here, and the history of Guiana is splashed redly with revolts and outrages on the part of these semi-animal beings, who, outnumbering their masters by twenty to one, were as much a source of trouble as of utility up to 1763, when a general

revolt of the slaves took place. Plantations were burned and plundered, and their owners slaughtered—three thousand negroes made up the rebel force—and for a time all Guiana was in a state of abject fear.

Berbice was utterly ruined as a colony before dissensions among the rebel leaders brought about their downfall; and after the dispersal of their force, there remained bands of predatory negroes in the unexplored territories beyond the plantations, waiting to come down and destroy whenever a plantation offered them a chance. Guiana of those days offers a rich field for the novelist in a multitude of hairbreadth escapes, days and nights of breathless uncertainty on the part of the planters, homes cut off from the chance of relief and holding out—or falling in flames that obliterated blood-stains, desperate endeavours and heroic sacrifices.

Through the days of the Napoleonic wars, when Guiana was Dutch and French and British by turns, these incursions on the part of the bush negroes continued, a constant menace to exposed plantations, and a danger even to large settlements. In 1782 Georgetown was founded by the French; in 1784 the town was handed



WORKMEN ON A FORT AT THE ENTRANCE TO  
RIO HARBOUR.





back, together with the control of the colony, to the Dutch, as a result of the signing of the Treaty of Paris. By 1796 a British fleet had made Guiana an English colony again, and by 1802 the Dutch colonies had been handed over to the Batavian republic and taken back under British rule. While this game of battledore and shuttlecock went on, sugar, coffee, cotton, and rum grew from small industries to an extent which placed Guiana among the coming countries of the world, until in 1807 the slave trade was abolished; and though high prices made cultivation worth the planter's while, it was impossible to extend the area under crops without additional labour.

Perhaps, after all, quite apart from the morality of these proceedings, there was something to be said for the age of slavery, as exemplified here. For one thing, there was no poverty among the plantation negroes, for their masters were forced to keep them, sick and able alike. There was—in spite of Mrs. Beecher Stowe and others of the anti-slavery party—no ill-treatment of the slaves so far as Guiana was concerned, for they were too valuable for their owners to take risks. Had such been the case, the faintest shadow of an excuse for the traffic would be criminal in

itself. As it was, the agitation of the anti-slavery party brought about riots in Guiana at the time of the emancipation in 1834, and from then onward the imported negro has been a source of more anxiety than use to the colony.

As in the Southern States of North America, ruined plantations and bankrupt planters were the first results of the emancipation. East Indian and Chinese coolies were imported, and by decreasing the cost of manufacture, Demerara sugar was brought to the markets in sufficient quantities to make it a household word; but before the end of last century beet-sugar had become such a formidable rival, owing to the cheap rate at which it could be produced, that the Demerara output fell off again, and this diminution continues to the present day.

Passing eastward over Dutch Guiana—which, to tell the truth, emerged from the liberation of its slaves in far more creditable and prosperous fashion than the British colony—we come to a glimpse of the French dependency. Here all interest centres in Cayenne, whose population is made up in a great measure of ex-convicts and their descendants. From the earliest days of French occupation the colony has been in ill

repute with its mother country, and to this day the odium attaching to its name remains.

Convicts are wont to serve a term of punishment, and are then granted their freedom within the colony: they are not allowed to leave it. They have no means, no experience of free life in a tropical country, no—or very little—hope that life will become worth living again; in the main they become thieves and vagabonds perforce, and the penal settlement, with its inevitable result, proves a curse to the country, debarring the immigration of settlers who might make this fertile land an asset to France. Except for gold, which amounts to nearly half a million sterling yearly, the exports of French Guiana are a negligible quantity. The slave problem was never acute here as in the British and Dutch settlements, owing to this importation of convicts, which continues up to the present day.

Let it be understood that this brief résumé of the settlement of Guiana concerns a strip of land along the coast extending about twenty miles inland, pestered by mosquitoes, liable to floods, fever-haunted until medical science was brought to combat that evil, and to-day scarcely

started in the race towards prosperity, but rather awaiting some fresh impetus. Beyond, untouched in the main, untrodden save by gold-seekers and a naturalist or two, lies virgin Guiana, jungle and plain, hill and river. There are tracts yet unexplored that might contain Raleigh's golden city of Manoa; there are pastures in the uplands that might, for all one knows, rank with any in South America for cattle-breeding and sheep-farming. Above all, there are forests that might make Guiana one of the great timber-producing countries of the world, given the means of transport and the men to exploit them. Indeed, there is no doubt that there are natural wonders inland that make up an Eden fair enough to afford limitless prosperity to a tourist agency.

On the edge of the hinterland dwells the bush negro, the descendant of those runaway slaves who rendered insecure the lives of settlers for nearly two hundred years. He is inclined, this bush negro, to look down on his brother of the settled community, as he himself owns no master; in his turn he is looked down on as a savage by the negro of the towns. He has brought into Guiana the ways and habits that were his in



THE VILLA PENTEADO.

One of the most modern and beautiful residences in São Paulo.





Africa, and a settlement of bush negroes in Guiana is little different from a native village on the Congo bank.

Which brings us to the colour question. There are many colours in Guiana, for negroes have intermingled with natives, who in turn have mixed with East Indians, and black, brown, and white together have yielded a mulatto race, while these half-breeds have intermarried and produced a race whose nationality by parentage is a matter of inextricable confusion and little beyond. The tendency among the coloured people is to marry into the families which contain the largest percentage of European blood, and thus there is arising a race so nearly white that parentage alone determines the separation between them and pure-blooded Europeans.

The negro of the darkest shade has advanced himself to aggressiveness of late years, and shines chiefly in the rôle of political agitator.

He is much addicted to the "tub-thumping" style of oratory, and may rely on the unbounded sympathies of his coloured audiences when he permits his somewhat exotic imagination to run riot on the topic of his grievances, real or

imagined—usually the latter, it must in fairness be said.

The half-breed, three-quarter-breed, quarter-breed, and other shades of colouring, are less blatant and obtrusive, and in the main more useful to the community. It is undoubtedly, however, the Chinese and the East Indians who render the greatest services to Guiana. The native Indian is vanishing before the advance of civilisation and rum, the latter having proved a more destructive vice to the race than the cannibalism which its ancestors practised a century or two ago. Feather work, which attained to the importance of an art in Aztec Mexico, is also known among these natives of Guiana, the best work being done by the tribes near the Brazilian border. The art is dying out, however, and good specimens of feather work are becoming rare.

Abundant rainfall in such proximity to the equator results in vegetation of a luxuriance such as is paralleled in few countries of the world, and the interior of Guiana presents scenes of wonderful grandeur and beauty. There are plains carpeted with brilliant blue and yellow and red, and scented with extraordinary fragrance;

mighty waterfalls, framed in luxuriant growths of palm and fern; and in the "sandstone region," on the Brazilian border, are fantastic rock castles, carved by the rains of centuries into walls and ramparts of romantic form and fairy-like beauty. Roraima, source of tributaries to the Amazon and Orinoco as well as to the Essequibo, is a castle in red sandstone that will, when better known, rank among the world's wonders, for when sunlight illumines the mists that play about the waterfalls down its slopes, Roraima forms an Olympus such as Homer never dreamed.

To the northward of Roraima lies the jungle, more fascinating than hills or coast, unending in its interest, strangely cruel in its nature, and akin in its effect on its inhabitants to the legendary devil-weed, that draws only to destroy. It is alive, night and day, with silent creatures, some intensely beautiful, but the majority grim and pitiless, that prey on things smaller than themselves, until paws or teeth of a larger kind rend and destroy them, to be rent in turn by teeth larger and stronger still—up to the panther, who goes free and immune till some boa-constrictor reaches down from his hiding-place and laps a coil or two about the forest king.

Not all things are silent, however, for the howling monkeys send out their awesome chorus by night; beasts of the cat tribe disturb the stillness when angered or afraid, and by day parrots and macaws furnish a ceaseless chorus, while the bell-bird sends out his solemn note from time to time, as if to mark the passing of another life in the jungle war.

No twig falls to the ground here but there are leaf-cutting ants to devour it, and termite ants to cap the wounded branch with a nest. To that nest comes, sooner or later, the ant-eater, waxing fat in preparation for the day when some one of the carnivora will come upon him to destroy him for a passing meal. All beasts walk warily here from force of necessity, and seek protective colouring in vegetation, for the laws of the forest are relentless and harsh—life pays for a transgression. They must be cautious even when they go down to drink, these watchful beasts, for in pools of the rivers are the perai, most savage of fish, and the animal that endeavours to swim a perai-haunted river never reaches the farther bank—the devils of the water drag him down.

As with the animals, so with plants: the



IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, RIO.





war goes on night and day. The rich soil, impregnated at every yard with the blood of some slain jungle inhabitant, forces the plant life to grope and fight a way upward for light and air. Above, however, are great trees already shutting out the sky, laced together by lianas—the monkey bridges of the forest—and crowding each other in efforts to get more sun and room for growth. In every space between them, save where forest creatures have made paths and lairs, is dense undergrowth, fighting as the trees fight for space and air and light.

Some day, man will come and clear away the growth, drive back beasts and reptiles, and make war of another kind on Nature that he may provide for his own species. Until he comes, there are the cultivated belt of coast and the silent splendour of the inland hills, and, between the two, framed in marvellous beauty, a glory of blossom and leaf, and wonder of perfume, is the unending, hidden mystery of the forest.



## VII

### PARAGUAY

FROM the ascetic point of view Paraguay leaves little to be desired. It is a land glowing with flowers and even with forests that send their tropical luxuriance over the mountains and plains, and that fringe with their heavy verdure the numerous rivers and streams which water the valleys. It is a country of strange beasts, curious birds, and of a wealth of legendry which matches these as well as the humanity with which the republic is peopled.

The atmosphere of Paraguay is generally that of romance, a romance that is only now beginning to be tinged by the modern influences of commerce and industrial exploitation. It is true that the history of Paraguay is unconcerned with the fevered hunt for gold and silver that marked the early days of such countries as Peru. Nevertheless it was on the soil of the republic that were founded the first permanent settle-

ments of the Spaniards who had won their way from the south of the continent. It is, indeed, not the least remarkable of the many episodes of the age of discovery that the *conquistadores*, unable to withstand the dearth of provisions and the continual attacks of the Indians on the Buenos Aires coast, forced their craft up the intricate passages of an unknown river system, and finally found a haven a thousand miles inland.

At a later period, moreover, it was in Paraguay that the Jesuits established the greatest missionary field that the world has ever known. Here a nation of Christianised Indians was established, a large and populous republic that owned thirty towns, whose inhabitants were skilled not only in agriculture, but in the finer arts. Of the towns nothing now remains but ruins choked by the triumphant forests; of the intricate Indian civilisation, too, very few traces survived for more than a decade after the expulsion of the Jesuits. As to the ruins themselves, for generations they have been looked upon as casual masses of masonry in rather wild and unpopulous districts. Now, with the awakening of Paraguay, they bid fair to become show places and the goal of numerous tourists. Thus,



#### YPIRANGA.

The great National Monument of Brazil, built on the site where  
Brazilian Independence was proclaimed.





in obedience to the irony of fate, they have in one sense come into their own again.

Coming to comparatively modern times, Paraguay can claim to its bitter cost one of the most sanguinary wars that has ever drenched South American soil. From 1865 to 1870 the small state, mercilessly forced on to the task by its tyrannical dictator Francisco Lopez, fought single-handed the armies of Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay. So incredibly desperate was the struggle that the end of the war saw less than one-fifth of its former population remaining to Paraguay.

Notwithstanding its frightful cost in human life, the result of the war proved beneficial in at least one sense. Dating back almost to the first days of her severance from Spain, the policy of the republic's despotic rulers had been to make a hermit state of the country in order that they might work their will upon its unfortunate territories. The conclusion of the war saw the frontiers of Paraguay thrown open once again to the world, and the flow of trade, although tragically lessened in volume, began afresh along the great inland waterways.

Geographically, Paraguay is one of the two

South American states which possesses no ocean coast-line of its own. In compensation it is served by the magnificent stream which runs a thousand miles from its capital to join the sea at a point, roughly, between Montevideo and Buenos Aires. Fortunately for the inland republic, these broad waters are navigable for large river passenger steamers as far as Asuncion, and for less imposing craft of this kind as far as Concepcion, some couple of hundred miles to the north of the capital. Thus the state, though lacking a seaboard, is amply served by water.

Curiously enough, although so many stirring happenings have occurred within its frontiers, Paraguay in times of peace has something of the reputation of a lotus-land. Its own residents are the first to admit its idyllic but rather slumbrous atmosphere. It is indeed a fact that until now the effect upon a newcomer who settles within the country is to make him supremely content with his surroundings at the cost of a considerable loss of interest in all the affairs of the outer world. He will live upon his estancia or Yerba Maté estate, and after a while he will be found to accuse himself frankly of considering Asuncion, the capital, as the hub of the universe.

He is not so foolish in this, after all. Asuncion, in its own way, is one of the most delightful capitals in South America.

Since matters are altering so rapidly in Paraguay the conscientious describer of its life should perhaps, for the case of strict accuracy, employ the past tense rather than the present ; for it is possible enough that, where each month threatens an alteration, the circumstances that obtain may have changed even between the time of writing and of the appearance of the matter in cold and hard print. Still, the picturesque aspects of Asuncion can scarcely have altered within the last few months. Even should this very unlikely contingency prove in the end to have come about, we will daringly employ the present tense, since, to use a convenient bull, the present is so very recent !

Resting on the banks of the Paraguay River, the charm of Asuncion has seldom failed to impress itself on the visitor. Seen from the low-lying shore of the Chaco district on the other side of the stream, the panorama is especially pleasant. In the neighbourhood of the capital the red cliffs, crowned with verdure, jut out boldly from the water. Just to the north of these, the flat roofs, domes, and spires of Asuncion

spread themselves along the bank, rising and falling with the contour of the land. There are many cities as fair as this from the outside, which, once entered, have little beyond disillusion and disappointment to offer. Fortunately, this is not the case with Asuncion. The town, from its picturesque cathedral to its many arcades, is especially rich in old-world charm, well endowed, too, with gardens ablaze with tropical flowers, while the whole is set within the great palm avenues and banana plantations of its surroundings. It may be that the air of the place is balmy almost to the soporific, but there is plenty of life in Asuncion. If you would catch a brief glimpse of this, there is one place in which it is to be found condensed to a delightful and convenient degree. This spot is known as the Belvedere.

The Belvedere is the chief public social centre of Asuncion. Technically, the Belvedere answers to many descriptions. It may be termed a restaurant, an open-air café, a tea-garden, or a general lounge. Its classification is of no importance, since in many respects the place is unique of its kind. Situated at some distance from the main town, the Belvedere fronts an



SUNSET ON THE PARAGUAY RIVER.





important strategic point on the main road. It is just here that the system of mule-drawn trams ends, and the journey of the heavier cars, with their steam-engine in front, begins.

Thus, should you reside well away in the outskirts, you may enter one of the quaint little cars in the centre of the town and go swaying and clattering behind the crowd of mules along the tree-lined roads, until you discover that the vehicle has come to a more or less permanent halt, upon which you may alight very much at your leisure, and on no account should you fail to enter the Belvedere. As a matter of fact, it is most unlikely that you would attempt such a thing, even as a newcomer ; as an experienced resident, to dream of such a procedure would be inconceivable.

Having passed through the gate in the iron railings, you will seat yourself at one of the tables in the shade of the trees. Above are the graceful leaves of the palms and the spreading branches of the blossoming trees ; all about glow the colours of the bougainvillea, frangipani, and a host of other flowers. The view of the high road is nevertheless unobstructed, and from this point of vantage the life without may be watched at one's ease.

Should you arrive at the spot between the hours of five and six of an afternoon, you will be rewarded by the sight of all Asuncion. In this case "all Asuncion" may be taken more literally than is usual with the term. Paraguay is unusually and delightfully free from the elements of sycophancy and snobbery. Here you will find a Cabinet Minister seated at the next table to an itinerant retail merchant of the humblest pretensions, and there you will see the smart uniforms of the military officers, trained after the Prussian school, outshining the modest garb of a couple of tramway officials in their neighbourhood.

But this is not all. From a cynical point of view it may be said that there are here everybody worth knowing in the capital—and the others as well. The Paraguayan notabilities are present in force: the ministers and consuls of all nationalities; the foreign mercantile residents; and, of course, the ladies, young and handsome, elderly and rather less handsome! It is a wonderful magnet, the Belvedere. Obedient to the sociable instincts of the country, each knows the other, and the greetings and bows on the part of the comers and goers are perpetual.



THE ROOFS OF ASUNCION, WITH THE DOME OF  
THE UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL.

One of the many buildings started by the tyrant Lopez in 1864.





The life beyond the railings is at least as interesting as that within it—in many respects more so, since the variety is infinitely greater. Groups of salesfolk are seated here and there—it does not matter where, since the friendly usages of the spot permit a resting-place for the body wherever is earth or stone, and there are few places where such do not exist. Others pass on horse or foot in an intermittent stream. Here, for instance, comes a woman whose head is burdened with a basket filled with live fowls, each bird fastened by the leg to the receptacle. There is a man on muleback, an enormous leather drum on either flank dwarfing the animal: within it may be anything from cigarettes to vegetables or bread. Behind him comes a woman whose mule is laden with mercantile drums of a less enormous size. Next, a smart police trooper goes by in his white uniform; following him rides a boy charcoal-seller, with the bells that signify his trade ringing from his mule.

The sight of the curious and brilliant cakes of the vendors seated on the kerb, fascinating objects that stand quite apart from the comparatively prosaic bananas and fruits in the

neighbouring baskets, brings the boy to a halt, and a leisurely bargaining ensues, a little disturbed by the advent of a smart ralli-cart that draws up at the gates of the place to set down a couple of smart and modern young Paraguayan ladies.

But in the space permitted an attempt to describe the whole scene is obviously impossible ; still more so the effect that ensues when the fall of night lends an added glamour to the scene. Then everything is quite fairylike in the Belvedere. The illuminations of the place strike softly upon the roof of palm leaves and flowers ; the fireflies with their glowing green balls of fire go sailing majestically through the air ; all the while the song of the frogs and the odour of the blossoms grow in volume. In its soft delights the Belvedere is typical of Paraguay.

From all this it may be judged that Paraguay is not wanting in colour and life. From the artistic point of view there is no doubt that the conservatism of the people has proved of infinite value. It is a land where the peasant does not fear to go barefooted. But, as compensation for this, both men and women—more especially,



A TYPICAL STREET IN ASUNCION, THE ROMANTIC CAPITAL  
OF PARAGUÁY.





of course, the latter—are given to deck themselves out in peculiarly brilliant hues.

Even for this peasantry Paraguay proves itself a land of easy comfort. It is true that you will find very few notes in the possession of one of these barefooted men and women. Even were they to own a considerable number, it does not follow that they would be wealthy in the ordinary sense of the word; for the intrinsic value of the Paraguayan paper dollar only represents a few English coppers, after all. Yet, with the mandioca root, the banana, and a hundred other fruits and vegetables to be had practically for the picking, or for the asking, no such calamity as want in the actual necessities of life can ever occur. It is possible that the effect of all this may be to destroy something of the peasant's enterprise, since why should he trouble to labour hard when so much is ready to his hand?

Beyond Asuncion, the resources of the land are to a great extent untouched. There is room for the scientific botanist in Paraguayan forests, where drugs and dyes await exploitation: one herb, for instance, has the curious property of hardening animal fats, and imparting to them

a rich yellow colour. The preservation of butter in hot climates suggests itself at once.

The cultivation of *yerba maté* is, of course, one of Paraguay's oldest industries, and armies of *peones* are engaged by various large companies which virtually control the output. The praises of *maté* have been sung to an extent which renders a further single note unnecessary, but it may be noted that that ancient custom of a circle of drinkers imbibing from the same gourd, by means of the same tube and mouthpiece, prevails to this day—among the *peones*. Asuncion has more modern methods to show.

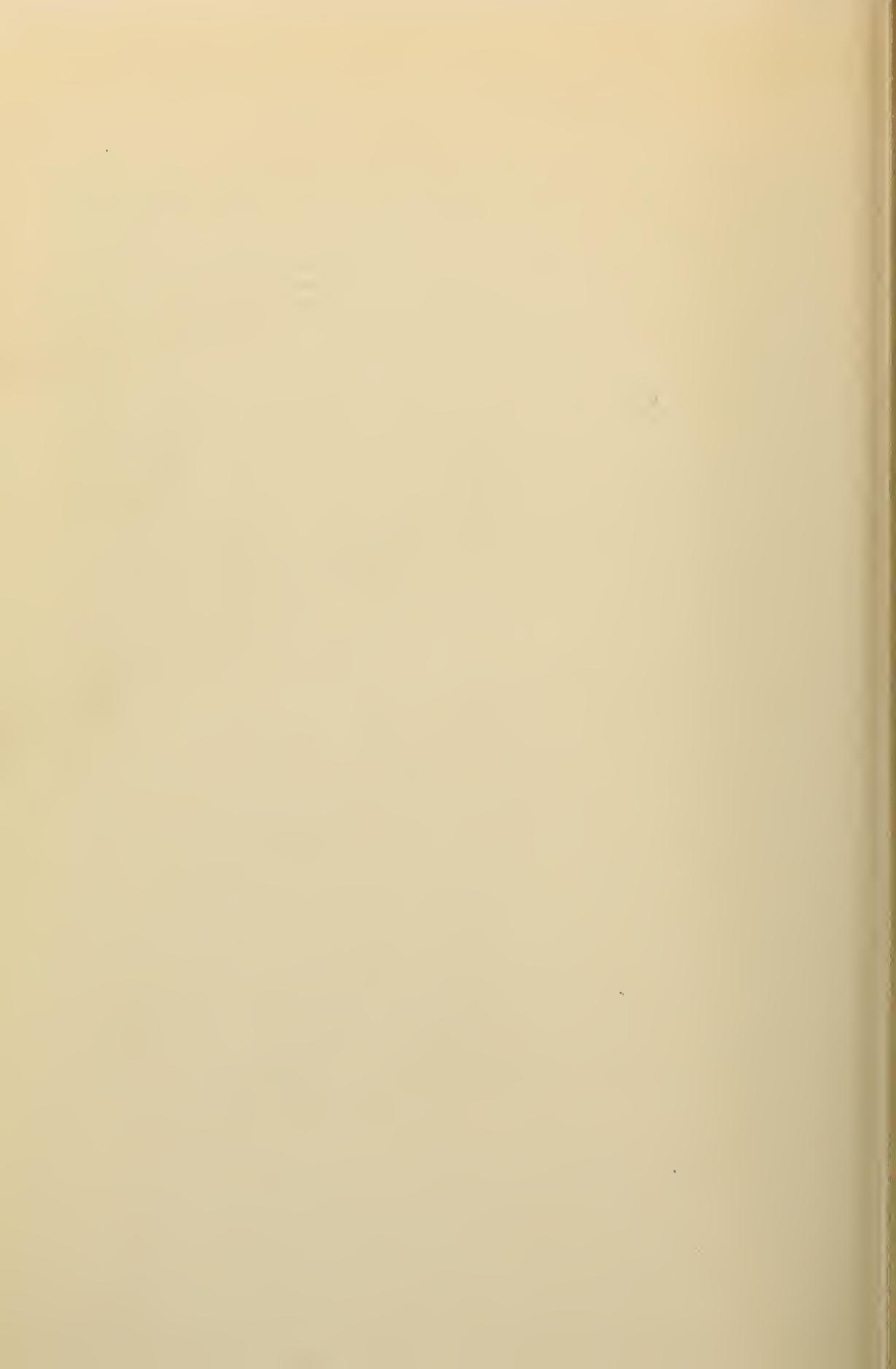
Paraguay is essentially a tobacco country. Indeed, the fragrant leaf grows with unusual luxuriance within its frontiers, and, as a result, almost every Paraguayan is a smoker. This does not apply only to the men, but to the women as well. It is rare enough to see a female of the humbler classes who has not a cigar stuck between her lips from which she puffs the smoke with indolent enjoyment.

The alternations of *campo* and forest, of which the country is largely made up, provide a paradise for sportsmen. There are five varieties of deer, three of which haunt the woods only,



ON THE BANKS OF THE PARANA RIVER.





while two may be found in the open *campo*. Wolves and jaguars are fairly plentiful, and the peccaries are numerous enough to make a good bag if one has sufficient hunting instinct to get near them. The heavy *carpincho*, or water-hog, abounds too, but, for the purposes of the chase, he affords too easy and cumbrous a prey.

The ungainly ant-bears of the country are also to be had, and a curious fact in this connection is that the sportsman who drops an ant-bear will, on inspecting his quarry, find that the animal is a female in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. The skill of the male in concealing himself, or the preponderance of the females over the males of this genus,—it is impossible to say which,—render the peculiarity of “kills” so marked that the natives of the country persist in affirming that the animal is bi-sexual and that there are no male ant-bears.

Tapir are to be had with the aid of dogs to run them to a water-hole; otherwise, it is practically impossible to sight them for the chance of a shot. One of their notable points is that of overcoming the natural antipathy to fire, inherent to all wild animals; and Paraguayan hunters tell stories—the majority of which are

sufficiently credible—of camp fires extinguished by tapir which jumped and danced like demons possessed of other devils in stamping out and destroying that which they regarded as a natural enemy.

The ants of Paraguay, to leave sport for entomology, deserve a book to themselves: perhaps no country, with the exception of Brazil, can show such a number and variety of species as this, for there are insect-eaters, wood-eaters, grass-eaters, leaf-eaters, flesh-eaters, and omnivorous ants; subterranean dwellers, dwellers on the surface of the earth, dwellers in wood, in mounds, and in thatched “tenements” of hard-baked red clay—and all these may be divided and subdivided into a multitude of classes. Solomon’s advice, taken literally, would probably lead to bewilderment rather than wisdom in this ant’s paradise, for the many “ways” of the various kinds—save that they eat, work, and, in common with all things, die—are of a nature to lead to any feeling but that of emulation.

They are both interesting and exasperating, these ants. If, while on the march at night, they come on a camp of mere human mortals, the latter turn out at once—not through any feeling of



The river is a magnificent sight, and the surrounding country is a beautiful one. The water is clear and the banks are green. The sky is blue and the sun is shining. The air is fresh and the breeze is cool. The people are happy and the life is good.

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A TROPICAL SCENE ON THE PARANA RIVER.

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scientific interest, but as a matter of compulsion. The red leaf-eaters have a social organisation of a high order, and extend from a central nest to a radius of half a mile or more by means of a network of tunnels, connecting cross-roads, large excavations which act as air spaces, and numbers of ventilating shafts reaching to the surface of the ground. The provisions for these colonies are obtained by properly organised labour, one squad of leaf-cutters climbing the branches to choose and nip off the tender shoots and fresh leaves, while another squad, acting as carriers, pick up the spoil and take it home for distribution and consumption.

It is practically impossible to stop the raids made by these leaf-eaters on plantations and gardens. Filling up the holes with hot ashes, and flooding them with hot water, two of the first remedies that occur to the exasperated sufferer, are useless, for the indefatigable ants make fresh holes at once, and, if plagued in the daytime, wait for nightfall and then come out to reap their harvest.

Turning to the history of the country, the romance of the Plate River is bound up with the history of Asuncion and the river Paraguay.

When Mendoza founded the city of Buenos Aires, in the sixteenth century, Juan de Ayolas went up the great waterway of central South America with the idea of winning through to Peru, and to that expedition Asuncion owes its existence. On the death of Ayolas at the hands of treacherous Indians, Domingo de Irala, one of the strongest and subtlest of the Spanish *conquistadores* who ever set foot on the continent, took control of the infant colony, was compelled to cede his authority to Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, and after a year or two of patient intriguing overthrew Alvar Nuñez, imprisoned and deported him to Spain, and assumed the government of Paraguay. Following on this came the rise of the Jesuits and the establishment of their wonderful system of benevolent despotism, which was overthrown by the expulsion of the priests about the middle of the eighteenth century.

Secession from Spanish authority in 1811 brought about the development of a species of state socialism under Dr. Francia, first president of the new republic. Carlos Antonio Lopez succeeded him and continued his form of government up to 1862, when Lopez the younger brought insatiable ambition—and an intriguing woman—back from



A CATTLE CAMP IN PARANA.





Europe to Paraguay on the death of his father. Between the ambition and the woman, Lopez became dissatisfied with the prosperity of the country to such an extent that he invaded Brazil after capturing a warship belonging to that state, and finally involved his little landlocked republic in a war which lasted five years. For that period Paraguay held at bay the armies of Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, and its people underwent incredible privations in pursuing the war, cut off as they were from the outer world by their enemies.

Hostilities concluded with the death of Lopez at the battle of Cerro Cora in 1870, and impoverished, half-shattered Paraguay set about the task of reconstruction. Latin races are proverbially mercurial, and though, for a few years, the survivors of the war lived hardly and by the sweat of their brows—men and women alike—the country recovered in a way that is little short of amazing.

It is true that the prosperity which has come about in Argentina has not yet overtaken Paraguay, and equally true that the political problems of the inland state are still in a state of flux, so much so that no man can prophesy

what will be the outcome of the struggle between parties contending for power in the land. Still, as regards natural resources, east of the Paraguay River is an almost untouched wonderland, bound to obtain recognition as one of the gardens of the world in the near future.

As regards the general progress of Paraguay, it is certain that nothing beyond internal quietude is needed in order to bring about an era of prosperity to which the land has been a stranger now for many generations. At the present moment symptoms of a more peaceful condition are not wanting. Indeed, there are signs that the peculiar violence of the last revolutionary outbreak, which occurred less than a year ago, has sated the ambition of even the most ardent politician. This once effected, the forests and agricultural lands will yield up their produce freely, and then—since in these days all matters must apparently be judged by their material results—content will at length settle upon this curious land of romance.

West of the Paraguay River, which cuts the country into two parts of curiously different nature, lies the Chaco, a mysterious, hardly known land of swamp, morass, and reeking, luxuriant forest



GUARANI INDIANS, NORTHERN PARAGUAY.



W. G. FRENCH  
1914



growth. Between climatic conditions and the Indians, beasts of prey and venomous reptiles, effective exploration and settlement have missed this territory, in spite of its vast possibilities, up to quite recent years. The fierce and intractable tribes of Indians, still in the stone age in point of civilisation, and without exception inimical to white expeditions, must be held mainly to account for the absence of development here ; between these wild men of the swamp lands and the gentler, more amenable tribes east of the river there is little in common.

Now, however, industry and intelligence are beginning to penetrate even this wild territory, and the quebracho timber, valuable for the high quality and large percentage of tannin which it contains, is being exploited in a way that has already made up a great commercial enterprise on the western bank of the Paraguay. Save for a few small and unimportant districts, the tree is rarely found east of the river. One quebracho undertaking alone employs eight thousand souls and owns and leases over two million acres of land.

In this one industry alone is proof—if proof were needed—that the wakening of the inland

state is at hand. Paraguay is a lotus-land of romance, of a varied history of trouble of which the last chapters are possibly still unwritten, but—and this not possibly, but certainly—a country with a great prospect of prosperity.

## VIII

### PERU

STERILE reaches adjoining the shore, with its infrequent ports, and occasional stretches of irrigation, which produce fertility from the original desert, make up for the most part the Peru that Pizarro and Almagro first saw. From Paita, the petroleum port, down to the nitrate regions of Chile, these deserts extend, a matter of more than fourteen hundred miles. Some few rivers, descending from the Andes to the sea, are the cause of some natural strips of vegetation, but elsewhere the desert is waterless. There is an old joke at Paita that rain falls there once in seven years, but that, having missed the last shower, the place is undergoing a fourteen-years' drought. This description is equally applicable to all the Peruvian seaboard, a fringe of country eighty to a hundred miles wide, unclad and waste. Yet the Spanish-American people have made oases in the desert, and Lima, the

original centre from which Spanish viceroys ruled the continent, is a great city in many ways. Here was set up the first printing press, and here was established the first university of South America. Lima of to-day is worthy of its inheritance, a fine city of nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants, with many traces in its streets and buildings of early Spanish rule.

Beyond the coastal desert lies the Andine region, characterised by heavy falls of rain and snow, and made up of treeless, barren tablelands ten thousand to sixteen thousand feet above sea-level; sheltered gorges and ravines in which the intense heat causes a tropical luxuriance of vegetation, and temperate uplands here and there. Farther inland still, east of the peaks of snow, is the *montaña*, a land rich in timber and rubber, fertile and alive with the rich plant-life of an equatorial country, and the cradle for a multitude of infant rivers, among which the Amazon must be numbered.

Thus, topographically speaking, one may summarise Peru. When one turns to the historical aspect of the country, one is faced by a complexity that defies summarising, a medley of fact, legend, and conjecture that grows more



THE CATHEDRAL, LIMA.



A. S. Koster.



and more fascinating as investigation proceeds. For in Peru race after race appeared and left monuments to attest their existence, until Pizarro and his Spaniards came to sweep away the Incas, the last great native civilising force. All over the Andes Cordilleras, and to a lesser extent throughout the coastal region, remain mementoes in stone and sun-dried brick of these people who, sprung from sources which are now entirely dim and nebulous, descended on the land, wrought their work, and fell before the next to come.

Around Lake Titicaca these remains are most numerous. Cuzco, once the capital of the Inca government, is situated at about two hundred miles from the lake, and here the masonry is of such a character that time has hardly touched it. The fortress of Sacsaihuaman here must count as one of the wonders of the world in architecture. Prescott describes it as set on a lofty eminence, a spur of the Cordillera overlooking the city. "It was defended by a single wall of great thickness, and twelve hundred feet long on the side facing the city, where the precipitous character of the ground was of itself almost sufficient for its defence. On the

other quarter, where the approaches were less difficult, it was protected by two other semi-circular walls of the same length as the preceding. They were separated a considerable distance from one another and from the fortress; and the intervening ground was raised so that the walls formed a breastwork for the troops stationed there in times of assault. The fortress consisted of three towers, detached from one another. One was appointed to the Inca, and was garnished with sumptuous decorations befitting a royal residence rather than a military post. The other two were held by the garrison, drawn from the Peruvian nobles, and commanded by an officer of the blood-royal; for the position was of too great importance to be entrusted to inferior hands. The hill was excavated below the towers, and several subterraneous galleries communicated with the city and the palaces of the Inca."

The great wall remains, built of enormous stone polygons irregularly shaped, but so well fitted into each other that, although no mortar or cement was used in the construction, it would be hard to introduce even a knife-blade between them. It seems difficult, viewing

this mighty wall to-day, to conceive that the enormous masses of stone of which it is composed were hewn and fashioned by a people entirely ignorant of the nature and uses of iron; and yet more difficult to realise that they were brought from quarries miles distant by human labour alone—for in the days of the Incas there were no efficient animal aids to human effort in Peru.

Yet in spite of such drawbacks these blocks of stone were “transported across rivers and ravines, raised to their elevated position on the sierra, and finally adjusted there with the nicest accuracy, without the knowledge of tools and machinery familiar to the European,” to quote again from Prescott the indefatigable. The same authority informs us that twelve thousand men were employed in the construction of the fortress and its defence, and fifty years went to the completion of the work. The Spanish hunger for gold caused much work of this nature to be destroyed, for a rumour went the round of the conquerors that gold and silver were used, as well as stone, in the construction of temples and other buildings.

The amount of truth behind this rumour is

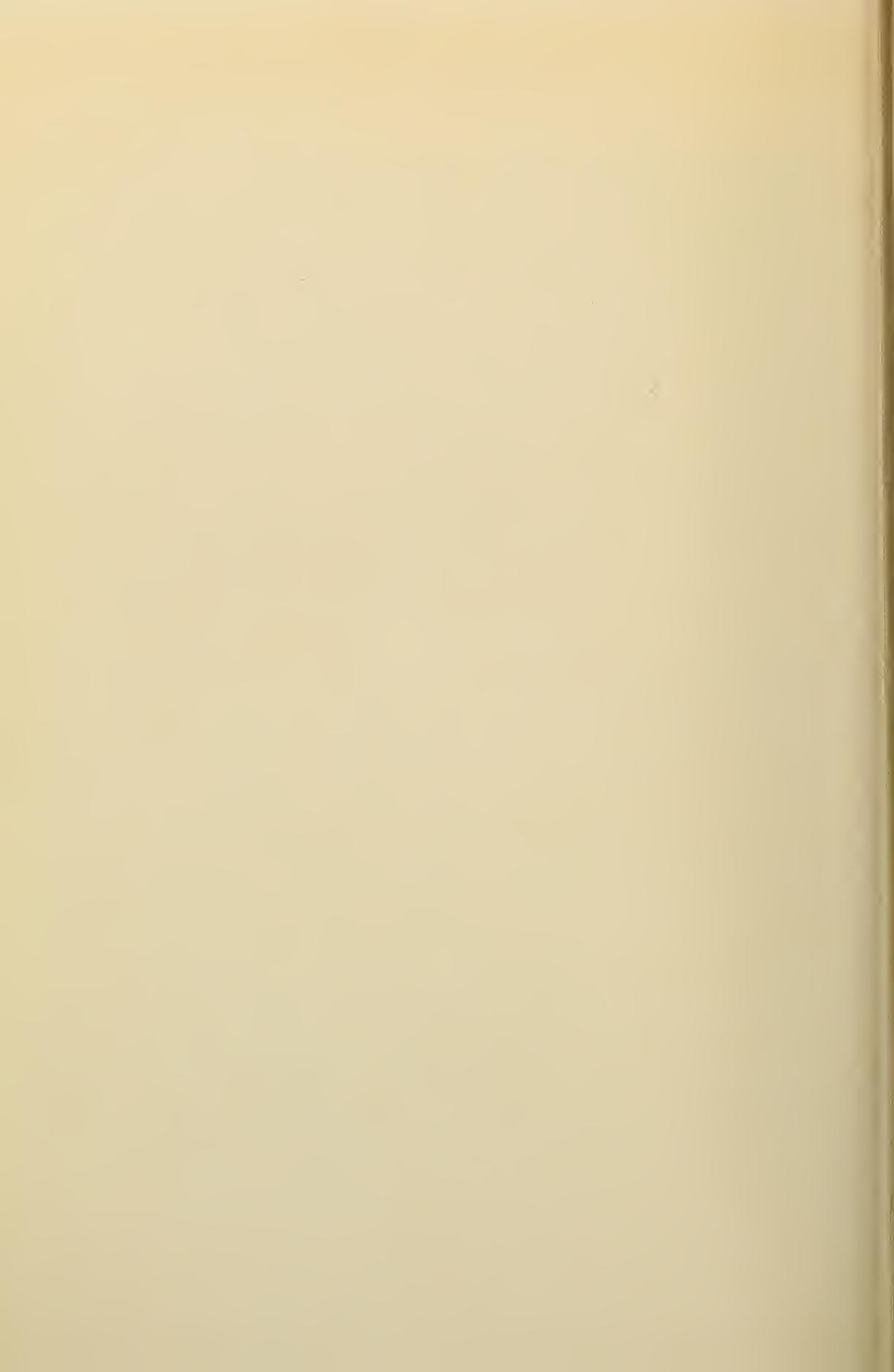
doubtful, but it is certain that gold and silver were largely used for decorative purposes in Peru under the Incas. The Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, for instance, literally blazed with gold when first the eyes of the Spaniards looked on its interior. So rich was this temple that it was known as "the Place of Gold," and its walls glowed with burnished plates and studs of the metal, while even outside the building a broad frieze of gold was let into the stonework. All the vessels used in the service of the temple, all the utensils, and even the agricultural implements used in its gardens, were of the same metal. Since Peru of those days had no need of coinage or any uses for the precious metal save those of decorative effect, these things were possible, for the wealth of the Peruvian mines was known to the Incas, and these mines were worked as systematically, though not as scientifically, as at the present day.

This is merely one aspect of the civilising force which once held sway over a territory that included Peru and portions of modern Ecuador and Chile. Survey of the force itself reveals a startling example of the inevitable development that would follow on the establishment of a social-



PERUVIAN INDIANS.





istic government in any nation, though the Inca rule missed out the socialistic phase and started with despotism. There was the ruling class, pure and simple, and the people; and these are the logical outcome of socialistic experiment carried to its end. The despotism was of mild, benevolent order; but it was despotism, nevertheless. Every vital act on the part of the people was regulated by the State, and the temperament of the people, as a whole, singularly unambitious,—content in effect, if not in principle, to be obedient in all things to the power that governed them,—made the experiment a success.

Peruvian legend has it that the first Inca rulers were sent by the Sun, which is represented in the mythology of the country as the parent of mankind. Taking compassion on Peru at a time when the country was in a state of utter barbarism, the Sun sent two of his children—Manco Capac and Mama Oello Huaco, brother and sister—to teach the arts of civilisation and raise the people from a state in which they made war their pastime, and slaughtered their captives to obtain materials for cannibal feasts. These two founded Cuzco, and while Manco taught the men agriculture, Mama initiated her own

sex in the arts of spinning and weaving. The advent of the celestial pair is placed at about four hundred years before the arrival of the Spaniards.

So runs the legend. The amount of material truth underlying it is a matter for later consideration; for the present we are concerned with the influence exerted on Peru by the Inca government. So imperfect are the records which have come down to the present time that it is scarcely possible to disentangle fact and fable until a century before the arrival of Pizarro. Cuzco formed a centre from which, by means of a wise and temperate policy, the Incas gradually won over surrounding tribes to their allegiance. As they grew stronger, they were able to rely more directly on force; but though the sword pointed the way to the extension of their empire, they still proclaimed peace and civilisation as their objects, with no small amount of justice for the claim.

Lacking cohesion, the barbarous tribes among whom the Incas pushed their outposts fell one after another under the sway of the government centred at Cuzco. In the middle of the fifteenth century, Topa Inca Yupanqui, grandfather of

the monarch reigning at the time of the Spanish invasion, sent his armies southward across the wastes of Atacama, and fixed the southern boundary of his empire on the river Maule. His son, Huayna Capac, equally ambitious, marched northward along the Andes Cordillera, crossed the equator, and added the kingdom of Quito to his dominions.

Meanwhile, Cuzco, admirably situated with regard to climatic conditions and a central position in the empire, had been growing in size and solidity. It was the royal residence and the home of the highest nobility; and, as the wives of each Inca numbered from four to seven hundred, and all his descendants ranked among the great nobility, Cuzco had many to house in state by the time the Spaniards came.

The Inca himself was a sacred personage. Even the highest among the nobility, claiming descent from the same divine source, could only enter into the presence of royalty barefooted and with a small burden on his shoulders in token of his abject submission. The Inca was at the head of the priesthood as well as of the State, and presided over the chief religious festivals. He raised armies, usually commanding them

in person ; he imposed taxes, enacted statutes, and provided for the carrying out of laws by appointing judges, whom he could remove at pleasure. All dignity and power was his—no despot of the Orient ever enjoyed a more supreme authority.

The chief means of keeping in touch with the outposts of the empire was a royal progress, undertaken by the reigning sovereign at intervals of years. “They travelled,” says Prescott, “with ease and expedition, halting at the *tambos*, or inns, erected by the Government along the route, and occasionally at the royal palaces, which in the great towns afforded ample accommodation to the whole of the monarch’s retinue. The noble roads which traversed the tableland were lined with people, who swept away the stones and stubble from their surface, strewing them with sweet-scented flowers, and vying with each other in carrying forward the baggage from one village to another. The monarch halted from time to time to listen to the grievances of his subjects, or to settle some points which had been referred to his decision by the regular tribunals. As the princely train wound its way along the mountain passes, every place was



A FRUIT STALL IN MOLLENDO, PERU.





thronged with spectators eager to catch a glimpse of their sovereign; and when he raised the curtains of his litter and shewed himself to their eyes, the air was rent with acclamations as they invoked blessings on his head. Tradition long commemorated the spots at which he halted, and the simple people of the country held them in reverence as places consecrated by the presence of an Inca."

The royal palaces, planned on a magnificent scale, were scattered at intervals throughout the country, and the interior of each was adorned with gold and silver ornaments, the amount of metal expended in this way being enormous. The favourite residence of the Incas was situated at Yucay, about four leagues distant from Cuzco, and here the great gardens were watered from aqueducts of silver and basins of gold. Beside the many plants were set their replicas worked in gold and silver, the Indian corn, with its golden ear among silver leaves, being particularly noticeable among the various forms as a triumph of craftsmanship.

"If these dazzling pictures stagger the faith of the reader"—I quote from Prescott—"he may reflect that the Peruvian mountains teemed

with gold; that the natives understood the art of working the mines to a considerable extent; that none of the ore was converted into coin, and that the whole of it passed into the hands of the sovereign for his own exclusive benefit, whether for purposes of utility or ornament. Certain it is that no fact is better attested by the conquerors themselves, who had ample means of information and no motive for misstatement. The Italian poets in their gorgeous pictures of the gardens of Alcina and Morgana came nearer the truth than they imagined."

The death of an Inca was made an occasion of much solemn pomp, the immolation of a number of royal concubines, sometimes as many as a thousand, forming a part of the rites. A year of general mourning was proclaimed throughout the empire, and bards and minstrels celebrated the glories of the departed one in order to perpetuate his memory. The body was skilfully embalmed and placed in the great Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, where, kings on the right and queens on the left, dead Incas sat, blazing with the adornments they had worn in life, in golden chairs. As in Egypt, embalming was carried to a high point of skill in ancient

Peru, and at the time of the Spanish conquest most of these mummies were removed and secreted by the people beyond reach of desecration at the hands of the invaders. If tradition may be believed, they remain secreted still.

So much for the rulers and their ways. Next in order of importance were the higher nobility, composed of those akin to their lord and master. They wore a peculiar dress, spoke a peculiar language, and most of them lived at court, sharing many of the privileges of the sovereign. A step lower were the *Curacas*, caciques of the conquered nations, and their descendants. Sons were taken from their families as pledges of their loyalty, and educated at the capital, and their patrimony was usually transmitted from father to son, their authority being always subject to the jurisdiction of the great overlords of the higher nobility.

From thence the descent consists of one step more. The general masses of the populace came next and last in the scale. The complex and delicate machinery of administration regulated the lives of the people from birth to death, ordained their hours of work, their holidays,

their festivals, and conduct. Laws were simple and severe. Theft, adultery, and murder were capital crimes, though extenuating circumstances were taken into consideration. Blasphemy against the Sun and maledictions against the Inca were also punishable with death. Rebellious cities or provinces were laid waste, and the inhabitants exterminated. Torture, the pastime of the semi-civilised, was not practised. The tribunals of the country rendered reports to Cuzco, and underwent periodical inspections by a board of visitors—justice was cheap and effective in those days, as the Spaniards, used to long-winded suits and slow decisions, were quick to recognise and testify.

The land was divided into three portions of doubtful relative size—one for the Sun and for the priests of this sacred body, one for the Inca, and one for the people. The proportion of the last-named third varied according to the populations of the various districts. The law provided that every individual should marry at a certain time. To this end he was furnished with a dwelling, and was allotted a portion of land to till. For every child born, an additional grant of land was made. Perhaps the practical



ARICA, IN THE PROVINCE OF MOQUEGUA.

Between Peru and Chile.





wisdom of these laws has never been more fully realised than by quite modern statesmen.

In the cultivation of the land, that belonging to the Sun was first attended to by the people ; then the ground belonging to the aged and infirm, to soldiers engaged in active service, and to all who from any cause were unable to attend to their own needs, was tilled and planted. Then each man was permitted to attend to his own soil, after which he was called on to cultivate the land belonging to the Inca. This last was done to the accompaniment of chants setting forth the prowess and heroic deeds of the Incas, and was made to resemble a festival as much as possible.

Manufactures—such as they were—were conducted in precisely the same fashion, save that all llamas and their wool were appropriated exclusively to the use of the Sun and of the Inca, complex and minute regulations being prescribed for the welfare of the flocks. Each family received from the officials of the Crown sufficient wool and cotton for its needs, and the work of weaving, divided into three parts like that of agriculture, was thoroughly supervised by inspectors, who, appointed for that

purpose, entered every dwelling to see that there was no waste and no slackness in working. A small portion of the community was instructed in mechanical arts, others were employed on roads and public works, and the nature and amount of service required from each province were all determined at Cuzco by commissioners thoroughly cognisant of the resources of the country and the character of the inhabitants of different provinces. Surveys were made at intervals to ascertain the quality and fertility of soils, the varieties of mineral products and their extent,—all the physical resources of the empire, in fact,—and, though the Peruvian civilisation knew not the art of writing, effective records were kept at Cuzco by means of the *quipus*—knotted cords of varying colours, which an educated Peruvian read more or less as we read printed matter.

Trades of the mechanical order, requiring a certain amount of skill, were apportioned to a large extent to defined districts. One district supplied those toilers best adapted to working in the mines, another the most ingenious workers in wood and metal, and so on. Artisans were provided by the Government with their materials,

and nobody was required to give more than a certain portion of his time to the public service, during the course of which he was maintained at the public expense. According to Ondegardo, a high authority among Spanish chroniclers, it was impossible to improve on the system for the distribution of labour, so carefully was it accommodated to the condition and comfort of the artisan and working classes.

A large proportion of the revenue allotted to the Inca found its way back through the channels of public service into the hands of the people. For the rest, there were the needs of the ruling class and their great establishments; and there were vast magazines and granaries at Cuzco, wherein the Spaniards found, on their arrival, stores of all the products and manufactures of the country—maize, *coca*, *quinua*, woollen and cotton stuffs of the finest quality, with vases and utensils of gold, silver, and copper, and with every article of luxury or use within the compass of Peruvian skill. Prescott notes that the magazines of grain would have sufficed for the consumption of the adjoining district for several years. An inventory of the various products of the country, and of the quarters whence they

were obtained, was taken each year by the royal officers; the records were transmitted to the capital and submitted to the Inca, who could thus see at a glance the results of the national industry and the state of his empire.

The marriage regulations of the country were as original as the rest of its institutions. The Inca and his nobles were permitted the luxury of polygamy, and convents of "Virgins of the Sun" were established throughout Peru, the Inca's wives being selected from among their occupants. For the people, a day was appointed each year when the inhabitants were called together in the squares of their respective towns and villages, and the cacique of each district united in marriage all men who in that year reached the age of twenty-four with all women who had attained to eighteen or twenty years. The method of selection is left to our imagination by the chronicler, but we will conclude that the caciques were kind enough to bear in mind personal considerations as well as the duties of the parties concerned toward the State.

Regulated thus, the lives of the people were ordered and certain. There was no poverty,



ISLANDS IN RIO HARBOUR.





for idleness was not merely a crime, but practically an impossibility under the close supervision exercised by the Crown officials. But the burdens of the people were heavy: they supported not only themselves, but also every class above themselves; for the members of the royal house, the great nobles, the public functionaries, and the numerous body of the priesthood, were all exempt from taxation in any form.

This in itself was not all the burden endured by the populace, for the Peruvian had no chance of bettering his condition. However industrious he might be, he could not add a square yard to his possessions, since the State ordered what property he should possess; nor could he advance himself an inch beyond the position allotted him by the State. As he was born, so he was to die; progress meant no more to him than the march of time, for his own state knew no progress—it was immutable. As he had no money, he paid his taxes in labour and time; and to waste time meant not to impoverish himself, but to rob the exchequer.

On the other hand, if no man could become rich in Peru, no man could become poor. The law was enforced to the direction of steady

industry and management of affairs. If misfortune reduced a man to want, the State stepped in and at once supplied the want. Ambition and discontent might exist, but the State ruled so far as to rob those two vices—or virtues—of any practical effect. Passive obedience and outward tranquillity, a perfect acquiescence in the established order of things—these the Incas inculcated in the minds of their subjects; and Spanish historians concur in that such a form of government was admirably suited to the temperaments of the peoples whom it affected.

In that—the passivity of temperament of these Peruvians—lies the key to the success of Inca rule. It seems certain that, were such a system of government to be attempted in any European state, anarchy and ruin would result almost at once, since we of the Old World are ambitious rather than passive. Circumstance and temperament permitted that in Peru the full outcome of socialistic theories should be tested to its last point—that of unmitigated despotism and State control of life in every detail of that life.

The perfection of the system is attested not only by Spanish historians, but by the ruins that remain in Peru. There are temples, palaces,

fortresses, observatories for astronomical purposes, terraced mountains, great military roads, aqueducts, and other public works still standing in varying degrees of perfection, grand in design and massive in construction. These great roads of the empire, one of which reached across the country by way of mountain passes and the great plateau of the Andes for over fifteen hundred miles, were ranked by Cieza de Leon, who saw them before ruin came on Peru, among the greatest wonders of the world.

Regarding all these things at their true value, we may dismiss as fable the legend which allots four hundred years to the growth of so complex a civilisation. The grammatical structure of the Quichua language, which in the time of the Incas was the language of the court and capital, and was gradually and designedly introduced into each new territory as soon as it was conquered, evidences, according to linguistic experts, a growth of civilisation extending over at least ten centuries. Monuments and language alike bespeak a civilisation prior to that of the Incas, and the architectural remains of the country place the centre of that civilisation in the vicinity of Lake Titicaca. Who these people were,

whence they came, and what weakened their evident power to an extent which permitted the Incas to gain ascendancy over their country, is, and will probably remain, one of the mysteries of this mysterious land. That there were other pre-Inca civilisations, anterior even to this, is almost equally certain.

Turning from this brief survey of a vanished civilisation and its sources to modern Peru and its history, we are faced by the amazing story of how Pizarro and Almagro, with a handful of desperate adventurers at their backs, overthrew the Inca rule, capturing and killing the last sovereign of the country, the ill-fated Atahuallpa. Prescott and others have told that story at length, and it needs no further recapitulation here. As is well known, Pizarro and Almagro quarrelled; Almagro went south to discover Chile, and returned to renew the quarrel and to lose his life. Pizarro himself found death in the faction fights which rent the new country for ages after his great discovery, and the wise La Gasca, first President of the Royal Audience of Peru, was unable to quell all the fires of rebellion and rapine which the riches of Peru set alight. His departure was the signal for



EVENING SCENE AT PIRAPORA.

On the Francisco River, Minas Gerães.





renewed strife among the *conquistadores*, and many years passed before his successors could bring peace to the land.

Peru won independence with the rest of South America, and at the conclusion of the war with Spain took her place among the important republics of the continent. The darkest chapter in the history of the country as a separate state is that of the four years' war with Chile, which resulted in the nitrate province of Tarapacá being annexed by the latter state in 1884. Bolivia, Peru's ally, was deprived of Antofagásta, her only coast province, at the same time. By 1886, Caceres, a skilful soldier and a shrewd man, had attained to the Presidency of the country, and with a reconstructed financial department Peru set out towards recovery from the war. There was a revolution with some hard fighting in Lima in 1895, and since then, with the exception of a few minor disturbances, Peru has become a land of promise.

It is in mineral wealth that Peru of to-day must find its prosperity, for, with the exception of tin, there is scarcely a metal that is not to be found in rich seams along the hills of the Andine region. Petroleum, too, abounds; and Paita has

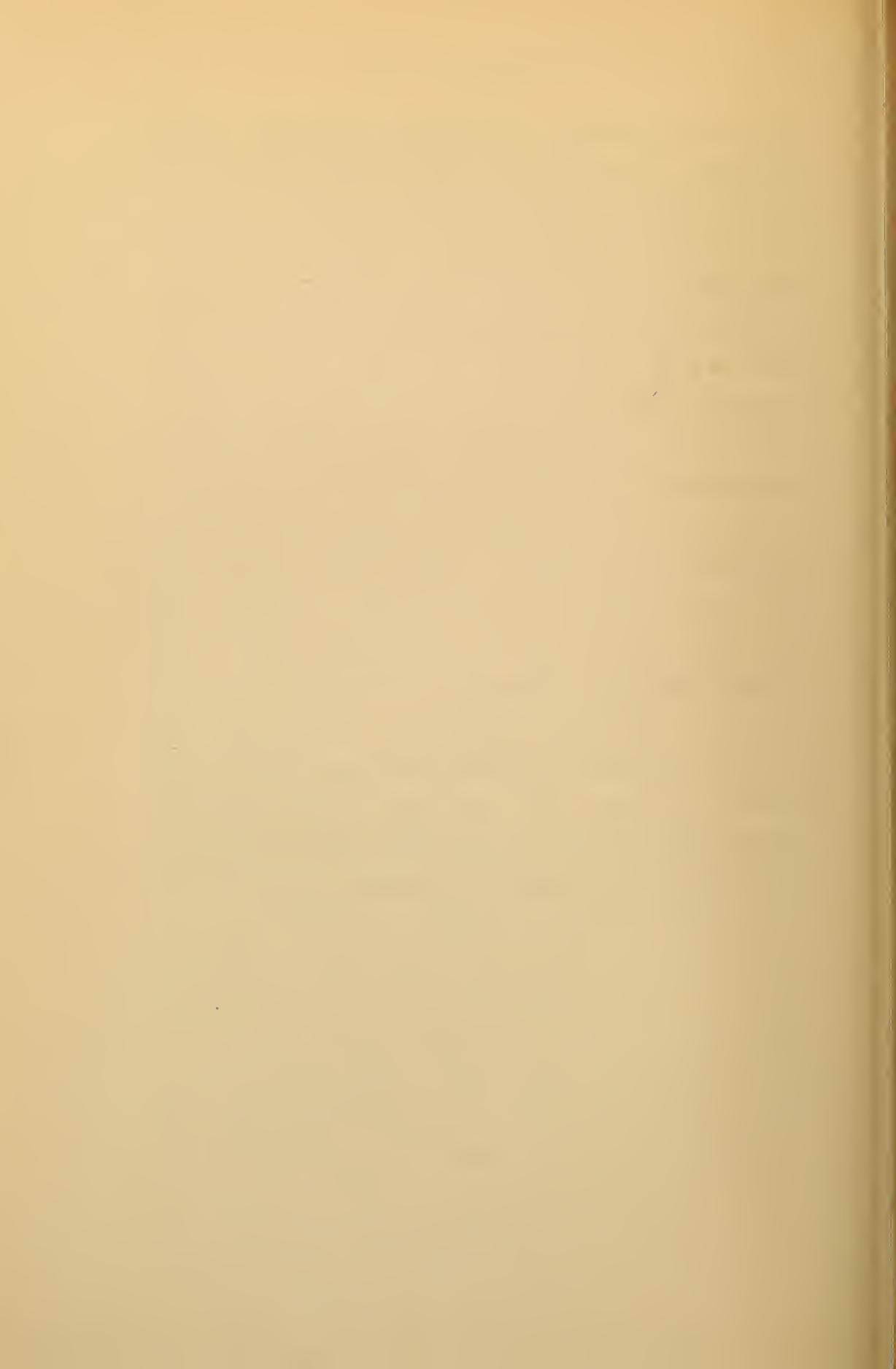
already become a place of importance as the port whence crude oil for fuel goes out to nearly all the other ports of the South Pacific coast. Altogether there are over six hundred wells already working in various parts of the republic, mainly in the Negritos oil-fields and the Zorritos district.

The department of Loreto in the Amazon district yields huge quantities of rubber. Its chief city, Iquitos, is situated on the Amazon at a point where other navigable rivers are within easy reach, and is in direct shipping communication with the Atlantic and Europe. There are suggestions of a railway from Paita to Iquitos, and if that project materialises, it will form an equatorial link across the continent of almost equal importance with the trans-Andine railways farther south.

Agricultural products in the coastal region are, in the main, confined to the naturally watered valleys, though irrigation has been introduced here and there with varying success. Cotton, sugar, rice, and maize form the main crops here. Lima boasts a few cotton factories, and there are two or three more in other parts of the country, but on the whole Peruvian manu-

factures are rather a negligible quantity. Railways are in their infancy—or rather, in a weak childhood, stimulus to growth being needed in the form of increased capital. From this must be excepted the Oroya line, which reaches a height of nearly sixteen thousand feet in its journey of over two hundred miles, and includes a number of marvels in the way of engineering work, as well as the advantage of bringing the magnificence of the Andes within easy reach of travellers.

There is in Peru much of interest and much of great natural beauty. There is as rich a field for the antiquarian as any country of the world can offer, and as great an opportunity for the mineralogist and capitalist as these can find elsewhere. The sun that they worshipped has set on the Incas and their subjects, and on the mysterious races that preceded them, but the Peru of these days is progressing fast in its turn, according to the tenets of modern times.



## IX

### URUGUAY

THE mention of Uruguay is rather apt to turn the mind of the uninitiate listener to Fray Bentos, ox-tongues, and beef extract; possibly also to a poster whereon a sad-eyed beast is inquiring of a railway guard as to whether he is "right" for a certain marketable commodity. But the initiate in South American affairs knows that there is more than these things in Uruguay.

A little to the north of the island of Martin Garcia, Juan de Solis, first explorer of the Uruguay River in the days when Spain was finding new countries, landed on Uruguayan soil to meet his death at the hands of Charrúa Indians. These same fierce savages destroyed the first Spanish fort in that country, and slaughtered a good part of its garrison, a few years later. In 1552 Juan Romero, one of the great Irala's lieutenants, made an attempt at founding a settlement, with the aid of a hundred and twenty men; but again

the Charrúas proved too strong, and in two years Romero abandoned the attempt. Zárate, another great man of his time, tried to get a footing on Uruguayan land twenty years later, but was driven back to the island of San Gabriel with the loss of over a hundred men. Juan de Garay came next with an initial victory over Zárate's triumphant enemies, but in the end these fierce aggressors drove him out as they had driven all others.

Even Hernandarias, skilled leader and mighty man as he was, suffered crushing defeat at the hands of the Charrúas in 1603, but, with the wisdom of the colonial-born, he prepared Uruguay against the day of the future European occupation. He took from Buenos Aires a hundred head of cattle, and an equal number of horses and mares, and turned them loose to eat their fill of Uruguayan grass. Knowing, perhaps, that the men of his time could hope for nothing from this casting of meat across the waters, he was content to provision the country for succeeding generations of his countrymen.

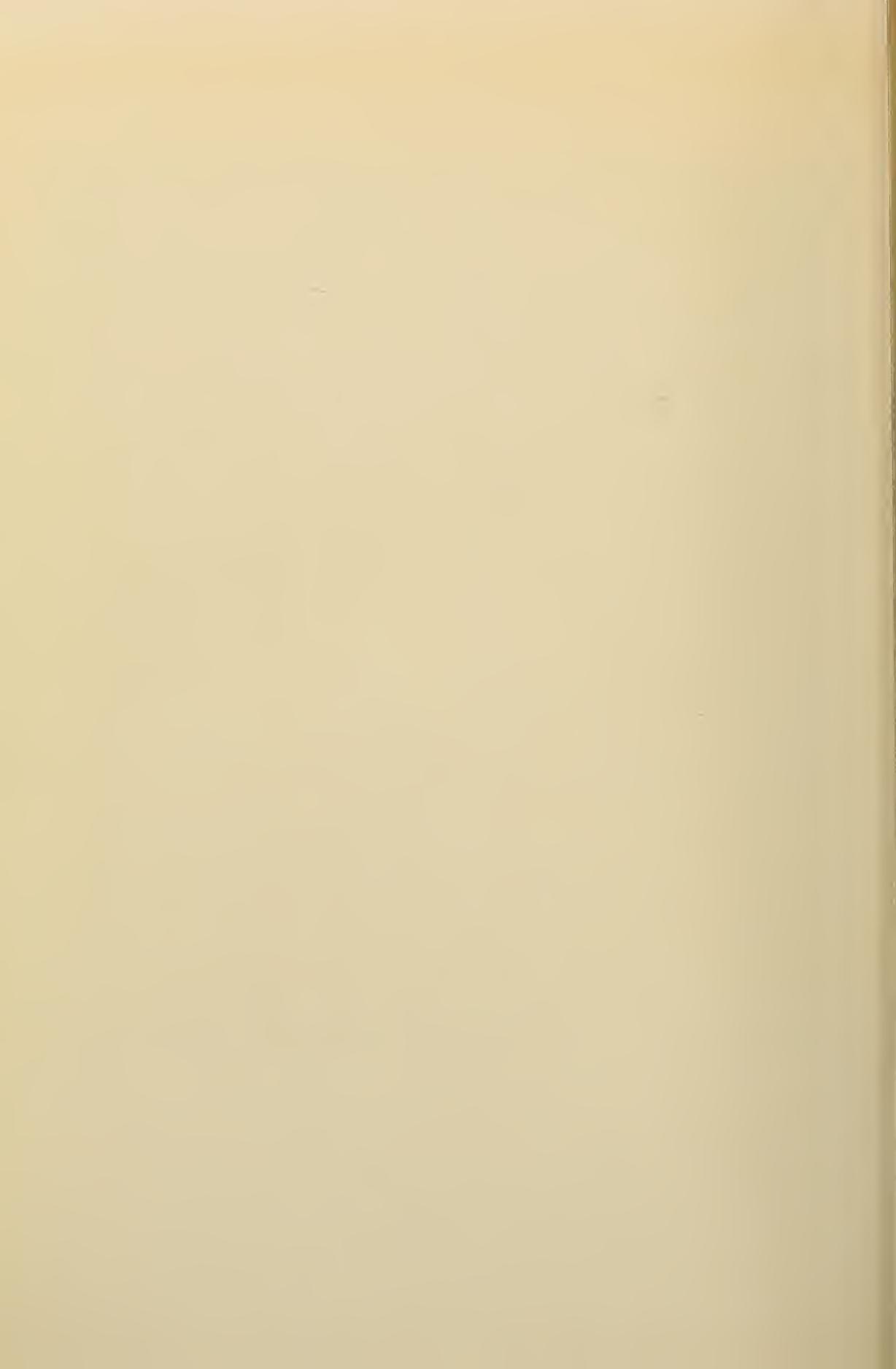
These herds fulfilled the scriptural injunction in that they became fruitful and multiplied to such an extent that the settlers in Argentina



ROUNDING UP A HERD OF LEMCO CATTLE.

On the Bichadero Estancia, Uruguay.





soon began to make periodic visits across the river to collect hides. Gradually these men established themselves along the banks of the river, paying tax to Buenos Aires for their traffic, while unlicensed outlaws from Brazilian territory in the north gave the needed spice of adventure to commerce by sundry intrusions on the hunting-grounds of the law-abiding hide-seekers.

In the meantime the Jesuits had done more toward actual colonisation than any of the trading adventurers. Beginning in 1624 in the south-west of Uruguay, the fathers soon established missions of which traces remain, at least of one, in the name Soriano, which is one of the most important provinces of modern Uruguay. As in Misiones territory, the work of the priests was directed towards the civilisation of the native tribes. The larger stations in the north, founded shortly after the first had taken root and begun to flourish, actually came under the general heading of the Paraguayan missions. The Indians were trained to agriculture and cattle-raising, and Northern Uruguay started on the way toward definite settlement and order.

The beginning of the eighteenth century was

marked by a campaign against the Charrúas, who had maintained their fiercely aggressive attitude towards the colonists from the day that they slew de Solis. In this war, the race was practically exterminated in the neighbourhood of the river Yi, together with a people known as Bohanes, allies of the better-known and larger tribe.

Meanwhile there had grown up an illegitimate source of revenue to these early Uruguayans in the smuggling of goods across the river to Buenos Aires. Up to the days of South American independence this avenue to prosperity remained available, owing to the short-sighted policy of Spain in restricting the commerce of the Argentine port, and it was no reproach but rather a source of pride to an Uruguayan to hear himself classed among successful smugglers. Artigas, the national hero of the country, ranked in this adventurous band, as did many others whose names are still household words in Uruguay. One may imagine how the element of chance in every adventure would appeal to the natures of these intensely imaginative, sensitive, yet hardy men, and how every boat that set out to cross the upper waters of the Plate estuary would

carry a greater cargo of strained hopes and suppressed fears than of commercial articles.

Colonia, occupied by the Portuguese, became such a noted smuggling headquarters that in 1705 the Spanish Government ordered its recapture. The order was carried out, but rescinded by the Treaty of Utrecht, which, seven years later, handed the town back to Portuguese control.

Montevideo was born, so to speak, in 1726, and within two years was all but razed to the ground by Charrúa Indians, who were only turned aside from their purpose by Padre Herán, an intrepid Jesuit father, after they had inflicted defeat on the Spaniards of the place, killing a hundred or more. Then came Portuguese incursions from the north, due to the restlessness of the descendants of those lawless hide-hunters who had come down to spoil the hunting-grounds of Argentine adventurers in early years.

Then followed Indian risings and further Portuguese incursions, varied by strokes of mistaken diplomacy on the part of the Spanish Government, which did little more than rob the colonists of the fruits of their labours— one instance was the exchange of Colonia for the northern territories of Uruguay, which were

handed over to Portugal. But this was not the end of Colonia's vicissitudes, for the place swung like a pendulum between Spanish and Portuguese authorities almost up to the days of the Independence.

Before those days came, the long-troubled town suffered ruin at the hands of contending Spaniards and Portuguese. Ceballos, in command of the Spanish forces, captured Colonia after a siege which lasted only a few days, and destroyed its fortifications and most imposing buildings. The ruins still remain, fine specimens of South American architecture and mementoes of Spain's great days on the western continent.

Since a dozen volumes would not suffice for the story of the wars—for one war was not sufficient to free Spain's colonies—of independence, it were fruitless to attempt the telling of those happenings here. Montevideo, the seat of the Spanish viceroyalty, kept Uruguay quiescent until other states had risen to throw off allegiance, but in 1811 the flame broke from long-smouldering discontent, and the struggle for liberation began. The dominating figure is that of Artigas, the hero of Uruguay, who rose from the obscurity of Gaucho life, flamed like a star across his country's



The first part of the paper is devoted to a description of the various kinds of cattle raised on the farm, and the methods of raising them. It is a very interesting and valuable paper, and one which every farmer should read.

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### A STORM ON A CATTLE FARM IN URUGUAY.

The following is a translation of a paper published in the "Gazeta de Uruguay" on the 10th of August, 1850, describing a storm which occurred on a cattle farm in Uruguay. The paper is very interesting and valuable, and one which every farmer should read.





history, and sank again to obscurity and finally to rest in Francia's Paraguay. In the course of the long struggle between royalists and patriots, Montevideo underwent a two years' siege, during which Artigas, sick of the disputes in which Buenos Aires refused to recognise the independence of Uruguay, separated himself and his men from the besieging force and formed a third party.

With the fall of Montevideo in 1814 Spanish power in the provinces of the River Plate came to an end, but Montevideo found in her new masters from Buenos Aires equal tyrants with those sent from Spain. Artigas held Northern Uruguay, and proved himself such a force that the Buenos Aires Junta found it expedient to treat with him for peace—a peace that resulted in Montevideo being handed over to Otorgues, Artigas' lieutenant. But the troubles of the country were not yet ended.

Alleging that Artigas' rule had brought anarchy in place of liberty, the Portuguese came down from Brazil to the number of twelve thousand men, and by 1817 that army had taken Montevideo. Artigas, brilliantly daring, carried the war into Brazil; but one after

another of his chiefs deserted him, and at last, with two hundred men only remaining faithful, he went northward for the last time and dwelt in peace, while faction-torn Uruguay became part of Portuguese Brazil.

A lofty column has been raised to Artigas on a flat-topped hill overlooking the waters of the Uruguay River, where in old times the boats of the smugglers, who numbered young Artigas among them, went their stealthy, profitable ways. It is noticeable that very few of the great men of the independence period won recognition for their deeds in their lifetimes. San Martin sought obscurity in France; Bolivar died in harness; and Artigas, having given his best years to the service of his country, was driven, a beaten refugee, across its borders into Paraguay. There is something ironic about that tall column on the river bank.

It was Juan Antonio Lavalleja who, setting out with thirty-two others from Buenos Aires, freed Uruguay from Portugal with the help of Admiral Brown of Argentina. By 1827 Uruguay was an independent state, with Lavalleja as dictator, and the "thirty-three" who made up his band have been immortalised in

the name of a province and in various other ways by Uruguayans. In 1829 Montevideo was formally entered by its new national authorities, and Uruguay started on its career as a recognised independent state.

Through the days of Rosas, the Argentine tyrant, Uruguayan soil absorbed many bloodstains. Lavalleja, Rivera, and Oribe are the names that stand out most in revolutions, insurrections, and war against the Argentine republic, for up to the battle of Monte Caseros Uruguay was seldom at rest.

Events since the flight of Rosas consist in the main of revolutions, for political unrest has caused party to succeed party and president to follow president until a year ago, when the country came to a pause under the presidency of Don José Batlle, with whom the task of government remains. Few countries can show such a battle roll as can Uruguay, or point to so many changes of party and power in so short a time—the history of the country for the past century is little more than a military kaleidoscope.

Yet there is a separate history of commercial progress, best told in the present state of the

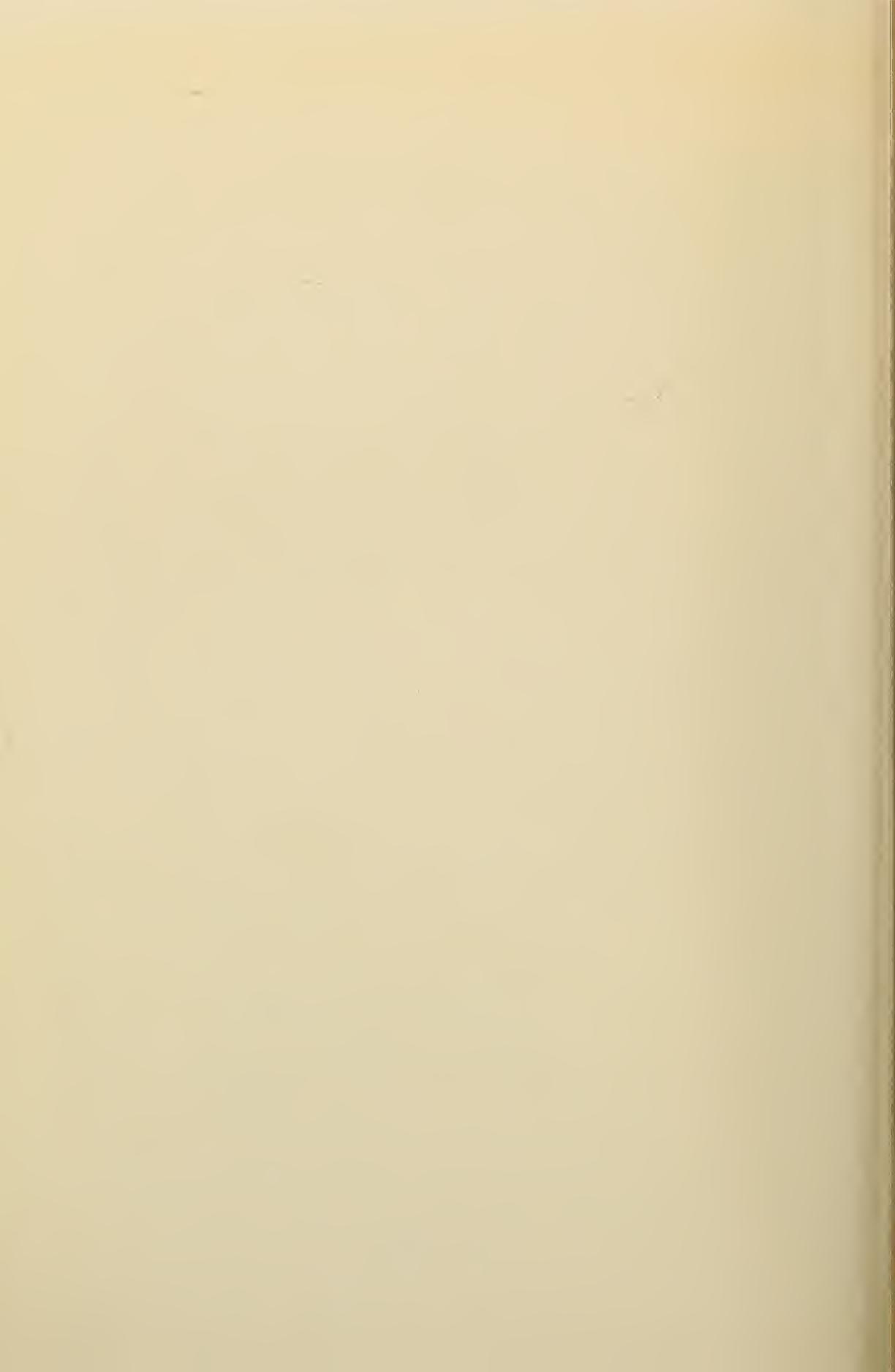
country. There are fifteen hundred miles of railway line open to traffic in the republic to-day; there is gold in the province of Rivera, with iron and enormous deposits of manganese near by. Silver, copper, sulphur, and asbestos are some of the other stores of wealth to whose possibilities the various provinces are awakening, while Uruguayan amethysts and topazes include some magnificent specimens of both these stones. There are vineyards of some importance in the south; there is an important sealing industry, an ostrich-feather industry, and, greatest of all, stock-breeding. Fray Bentos and Paysandú are world-known names, for Uruguay comes second only to Argentina in the list of South American cattle-producing countries.

Two leading characteristics of the people are courtesy and hospitality. With the former is mingled a democratic spirit which places a cabman on the same level as his fare, an hotel porter on terms of equality with the guests of the hotel—in some things. The latter trait makes for enjoyment of life, and Uruguay is a cheery country to visit—there is always something going on somewhere, and one may



GAUCHOS PREPARING YERBA MATÉ.





be assured of a welcome and a pleasant time. The traveller landing at Montevideo needs but few introductions to find himself in clover.

Montevideo itself is a city of beautiful surroundings, and is laid out in a style worthy of a capital numbering four hundred thousand inhabitants. The commercial portion of the city is set on a peninsula, which guards the actual port to the eastward, and holds back the long South Atlantic rollers, while the historic Cerro juts out to the west of the bay and forms an ideal harbour. Beyond the port are reaches of white sand that exercise a magnetic influence over Argentines as well as Uruguayans, and draw crowds across the river to luxuriate in this great pleasure resort of the Plate estuary.

Spaciously and well planned, the thriving, active city has a deceptively restful appearance. The meat industry of the republic and the trade of the port together make of this a busy town, but on the surface it gives no sign of these things—bustling crowds such as characterise Buenos Aires are conspicuous by their absence here.

It is in the surroundings of the capital that its beauty is most apparent. Half an hour by

tram from the commercial portion of the city lies the Prado—vivid green slopes shaded by trees of many kinds, flower-beds wherein old-fashioned stocks and pansies luxuriate side by side with arum lilies and rioting sub-tropical foliage and blossom, groves in which lilac and orange trees are neighbours and magnolia and mimosa are twined with ivy, a rare plant outside the colder regions of the temperate zone, but far from rare here. Like mirrors in their frames, the waters of little lakes and ponds shine flower-encircled, and there are shaded walks where Uruguayans tell a very old story, known to all the world, spacious drives, and quiet seats in sheltered corners—well may Montevideo be proud of its Prado, for the great park has in it all that goes to make such a pleasure-ground desirable.

Farther out, a distance of eight miles or so by tram from the centre of the city, lies Colon, made up of magnificent eucalyptus avenues, vineyards, orchards of peaches, and gardens beautiful as those of the Prado. Among the varied wealth of flower and fruit are set restaurants where one may lunch and dine in comfort, hotels, a casino, and some of the

*quintas*—the villa residences of the Montevideans—with which the route from the city to Colon is lined. In the *quinta* gardens, as in the Prado, flowers of temperate climate flourish side by side with those of tropical growth; and in October, the Southern spring, the result is a picture of fragrant splendour.

All these things lie eastward from the city, for Montevideo has reversed the rule of the world's capitals, which look westward for pleasure and recreation as a rule. Beyond Colon are Ramirez and Poçitos, fashionable bathing-places, at least as well equipped as the nearer suburbs with restaurants and the means of enjoyment.

The tramway service connects Montevideo with all these places, and on its westward run circles the port on its road to Villa del Cerro, the "east end" of Montevideo in many ways. Yet from the summit of the Cerro hill a wonderful panorama is visible—wonderful in more senses than one—for this hill is the only eminence of the kind between Montevideo and Asuncion in Paraguay. Standing here, one may survey the Uruguayan capital, the port and its shipping, the undulating country beyond, the

line of coast diminishing in clearness as it recedes, and the ocean across which de Solis came in old time to find this new land, and to die. Westward are the yellowing waters of the Plate estuary, beyond whose horizon lies Buenos Aires and Argentina, linked to this harbour by a daily and nightly steamer service.

Westward, too, taking a leap of a hundred miles or so, is Colonia, the tortured town of the days when Uruguay was a battle ground almost from border to border, but a sleepy, old-world spot to-day. Mixed with the grey ruined walls and battlements, the brighter colours of more modern buildings shine in the picture that Colonia presents to the river front. Among the ruined fortifications, that have known no tenants since Ceballos came shattering here, great trees and shrubs have grown up—as if, now that men have ceased to fight over the town, Nature would war on men's works and win back her own.

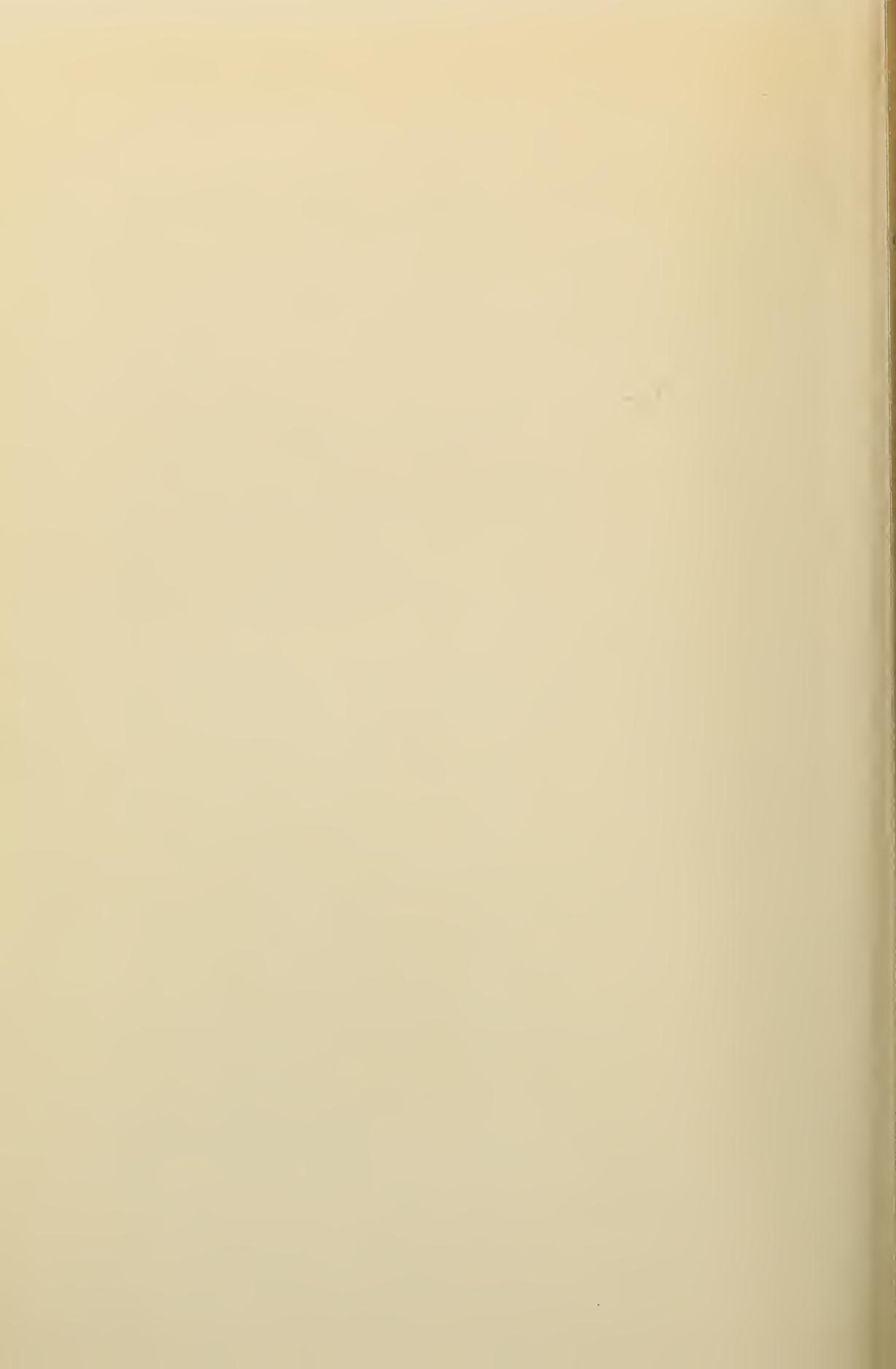
There was a time when Colonia was garrisoned by British troops; General Whitelock's expedition to the Plate is, fortunately for our pride of race, forgotten by most British people, but in 1807, and the years which touch on that one,



PEDIGREE HEREFORDS ON THE BICHADERO ESTANCIA.

The stock on the great Lemco ranches is replenished by  
the best cattle from England.





Montevideo and Colonia were in British hands. Even in those days the Uruguayan trait of hospitality must have been fairly well marked, for the invaders left the country with real regret on both sides, and esteemed by the people on whom they had quartered themselves. Not many invading armies can boast of such a record as this.

In the ruined quarter of the town is much of interest. Side-walks are guarded by ancient cannon stuck breech downward in the earth; the streets are paved in places with fragments of ruined houses, and at times one comes on an old grey shell that was once a mansion, with shields and heraldic devices still plain upon its front. Behind its frowning doorway is a mass of broken masonry, from which plants and shrubs thrust out toward the sky—the only remaining roof to a once great house. Beside the lighthouse tower, the mighty fortress wall, over a yard thick, still rears up, with crumbling embrasures showing against the sky, like a tottering old man who would cry aloud that in his youth he knew great days, but who cries not, since his is a voiceless old age.

If the dead who died by violence return to the

scene of their slaughter, then these ruins must hold a crowd of ghosts at times, for of all the battle-reddened soil of Uruguay Colonia is the reddest spot. Indians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Argentines, and Uruguayans have fought and died here, half a dozen sieges have made these grey walls echo, and the place has passed from victor's hand to victor's hand like a ball tossed by players. Yet it would be hard to find a spot which suggests in less degree the bloody history of this. The grey old ruins smile sleepily at the river, whence little green islands smile back—lotus-isles, they appear to be.

Flower-starred masses of foliage back the glittering sand of the river front, covering the harsh outlines of boulders and ruined heaps of masonry like things of healing power, as if, where repair cannot be effected, they would soothe and cloak from sight. With such salves as these to compensate for ancient dignity, Colonia drowns in its senility.

But three miles away is Real de San Carlo, a mushroom town that bids fair to attain permanence, and presents a strangely sharp contrast with its drowsy neighbour. There is a bull-ring, a pelota-court, and a pier which in

its proportions suggests a future for San Carlo ; there is also and inevitably an hotel. And there are excellent bathing facilities, together with cafés and a steam tramway to conduct visitors thither from the pier.

Across the river sits Buenos Aires, whence many steamers bring crowds of visitors to this—as yet—naturally beautiful spot. Beyond the beach and the buildings are real country lanes leading inland, with honeysuckle hedges, passion-flower clumps here and there, and grassy, shaded spots—a boon to the weary and to the pleasure-seekers alike.

No sketch of Uruguay, however slight, would be complete without a word or two concerning the river which affords such noteworthy facilities for communication between the various coastal provinces. The luxurious Mihanovich steamers ply between the capital and up-country ports, and from Montevideo up to the last point at which navigation is possible there is traffic in plenty for these and the lesser craft of the great waterway, for Western Uruguay is made up of the most fertile lands in the republic. So wide is the river that the Argentine shore is not sighted until Nueva Palmira is passed on the northward

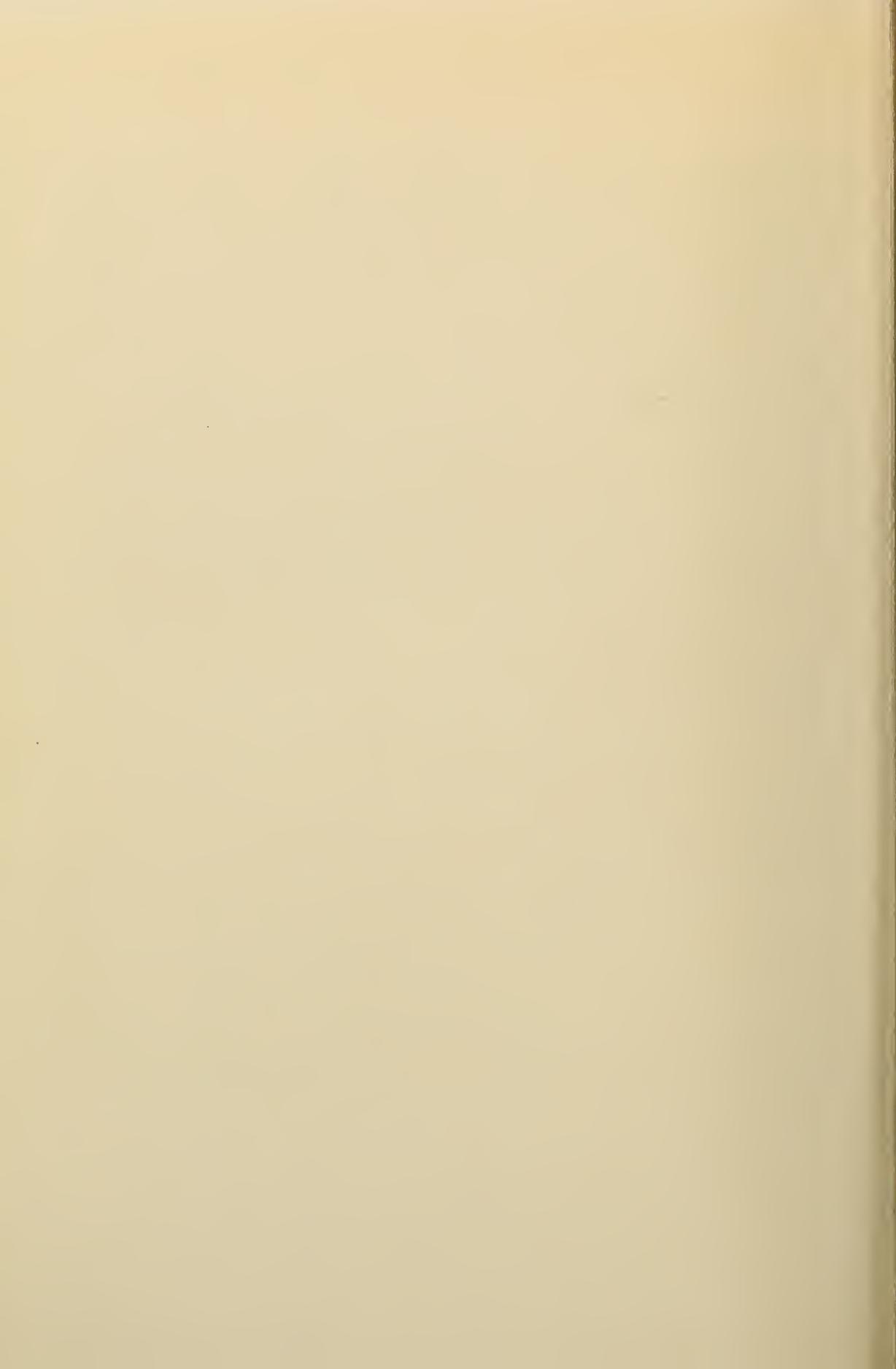
journey. To the right, on the Uruguayan bank, are vast cattle pastures, starred on the hills by *estancias* amid groves of eucalyptus, and between these two shores are topsail schooners laden with timber and food-stuffs, big dredgers that keep the channel clear, fussy Government tugs, now and then a stately ocean-going monster—and always the Mihanovich steamers, swans of the Uruguay river. Salto, occupied by the first falls on the river, forms a barrier to the vessels of the lower stream, but beyond this point lighter craft take up the work and carry it on northward. Ocean-going boats may run up to Paysandú and cross to Colón on the Argentine shore, taking in Fray Bentos goods on the return journey.

All along the river, islands are forming from the growth of water plants which foul the soil and remain on the shallows, and, since the waters must flow to the sea, other islands are being swept away. Beyond Fray Bentos and its everlasting scent of a gigantic soup-kitchen, the river narrows sufficiently to bring the characteristic features of both banks into clear view from the deck of a passing steamer; bold, hilly contours replace the flatter country about the Plate estuary, and so one comes to Salto, a big town



A CORNER OF AN URUGUAYAN CAMPO.





pleasantly situated in sub-tropical surroundings—for already the approach towards the equator from Montevideo has its influence on the climate.

Higher still the river loses its yellow tinge, and becomes brilliantly blue from Brazilian springs, flowing through the crowded vegetation of tropic forest land. And here, from a scenic point of view, is the best of the Uruguay river.

The Uruguayan *campo* has been termed “the purple land,” for, as one looks from some height across to the horizon, a purple veil lies over the middle and far distances—a hazy, slight curtain, whose beauty is mainly in its faint suggestiveness. Yet, despite the soft appearance of these purple horizons, the air is fresh, clear, and enlivening. One has only to witness the untiring energy of the Uruguayan Gaucho to understand that the climate must be bracing to produce such a being. *Estancia* life is vitalising, strenuous at times, enjoyable always, and the Gaucho and his master bear testimony in their carriage and appearance to the healthfulness of Uruguayan plains.

The cattle of the Uruguayan *campo* have won so much attention from various writers, and so many places on advertisement hoardings, that

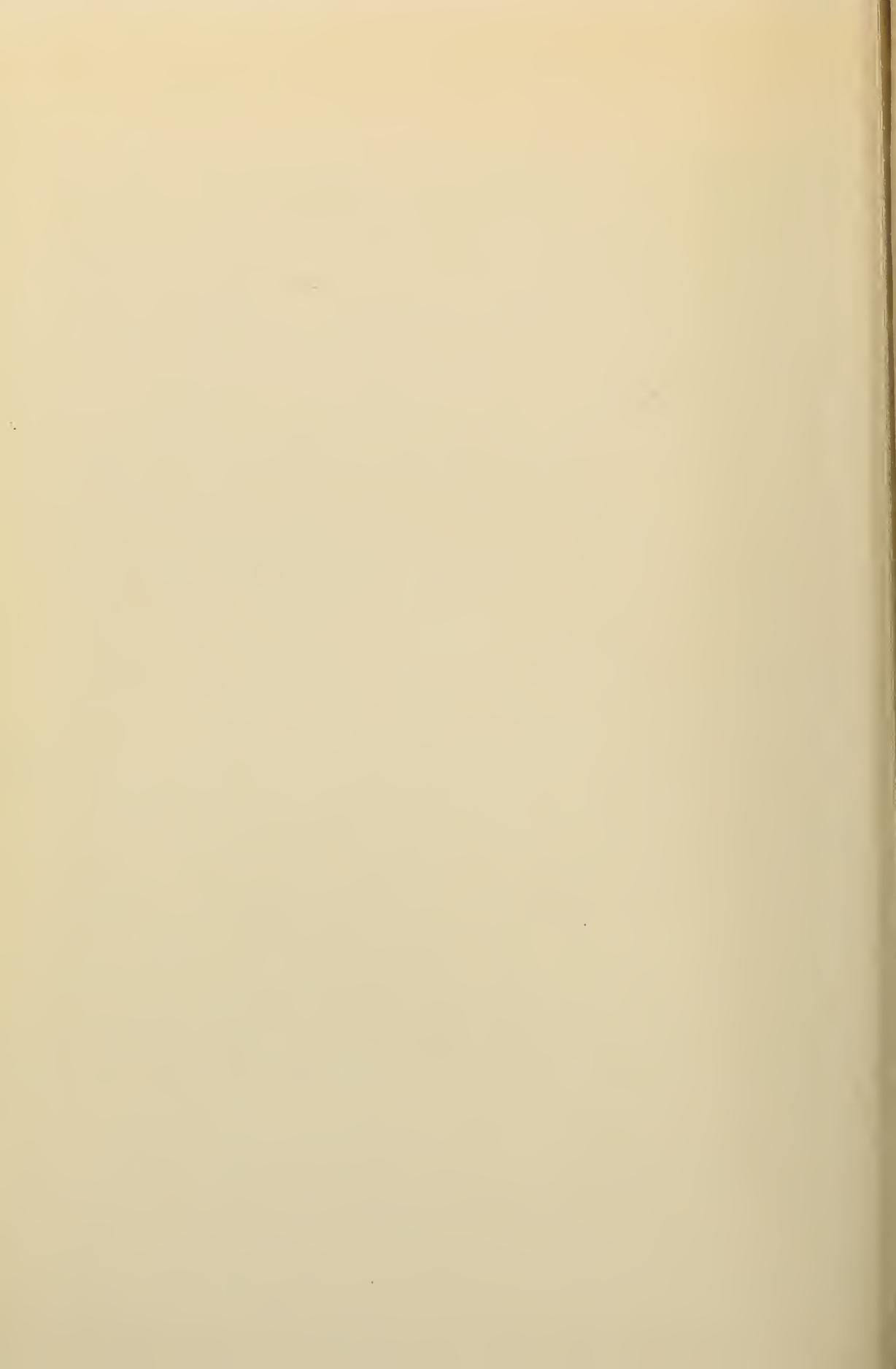
further mention of this great source of Uruguayan wealth would be superfluous here. For the rest, Uruguay is a land of beginnings, as are so many of the states of South America, and of some completions; a rival, though in somewhat complementary fashion, to Argentina.



GAUCHOS BREAKING IN A YOUNG HORSE.

On the Bichadero Estancia, Uruguay.





## X

### THE NORTHERN REPUBLICS

#### COLOMBIA

WE have it on the authority of Mr. R. B. Cunninghame-Graham that "Bogotá to-day is without doubt the greatest literary centre south of Panama." Its school of Philosophy and Letters was founded in the days of the Spanish Conquest; its libraries contain the treasures of three centuries; its astronomical observatory is the second highest in the world; and its public library is of pre-Carnegie origin, representing, indeed, the first institution of its kind that was founded in South America. Thus, on the score of learning, Bogotá has no cause for self-reproach.

Bogotá is a mountain city, nearly nine thousand feet above sea-level, set in a flat-bottomed basin of that giant arm of the Andes which reaches out toward Venezuela. The basin is a fairly extensive one, for one may stand in the city and look out

on a fertile savannah which extends for miles, lovely in appearance and set in a climate which permits the existence of nearly all temperate and sub-tropic growths.

The city is somewhat inaccessible, owing partly to its situation in the heart of the hills and partly to the slow development of railroads in this country. There is a line, now, which runs from Bogotá to Girardot, a little way toward the west coast, and this has facilitated communication to some extent—but far more than this is needed before Colombia can grasp its chances. The republic needs linking up, and when that has been accomplished, there is no reason why Colombia should not rank among the important countries of the world.

Its chief source of wealth in the future will probably lie in gold, platinum, emeralds, copper, and coal, for the deposits of these minerals in the country are enormous—but unworked for want of capital. The emeralds of Colombia have no superiors in any mining district of the world; the supply here, located within a hundred miles of Bogotá, might be to the emerald market what Kimberley and the name of De Beers represent to the diamond trade. As for gold, the ore of the



A COLOMBIAN SEÑORITA.





Choco district, of Riosucio, and of Marmoto is of such a nature and extent that Colombia has it in her to follow on the Transvaal as the world's gold centre, when the falling grade of ore in the deeper levels of the Rand mines has made those mines no longer payable. Platinum is estimated to exist here as plentifully as in Russia.

It is curious to reflect that all this, or almost all, lies as idle as a sleeping beauty. The fairy princes needed here are population and capital, for Colombia, nearly four times the size of the United Kingdom, has a population of very little over four and a quarter millions, which represents ten persons to the square mile. The opening of the Panama Canal will probably stimulate the trade of Colombian ports, both on the Pacific and Caribbean coasts, and add to the general prosperity of the country.

There was a time, not long since, when the republic of Panama formed a part of the United States of Colombia. Secession came about—details of this occurrence are unnecessary, since they are well enough known—in the days when the northern United States were embarking on the great Canal enterprise, and the history of that secession is bound up with those of other countries

besides Panama and Colombia. Of course, the loss of the concessions in the area known as the Canal Zone made the separation of Panama a pecuniary as well as a territorial loss to Colombia, and on the whole this was a piece of international jobbery of which the less said the better. In the end, however, it is likely enough that Colombia herself will derive enormous benefit from the monumental work now in progress.

At a remoter period, Ecuador and Venezuela seceded from these very loosely United States of Colombia. That, however, was in 1830, when practically all of South America was in the melting-pot, and was due to less commercial causes than the loss of Panama. Now, having shed these three slices of territory as a crab sheds claws, Colombia is a little inclined to drowse, waiting perhaps for the first ship to pass across the great Gatun Lake. Then, the vibration of the screws may waken her.

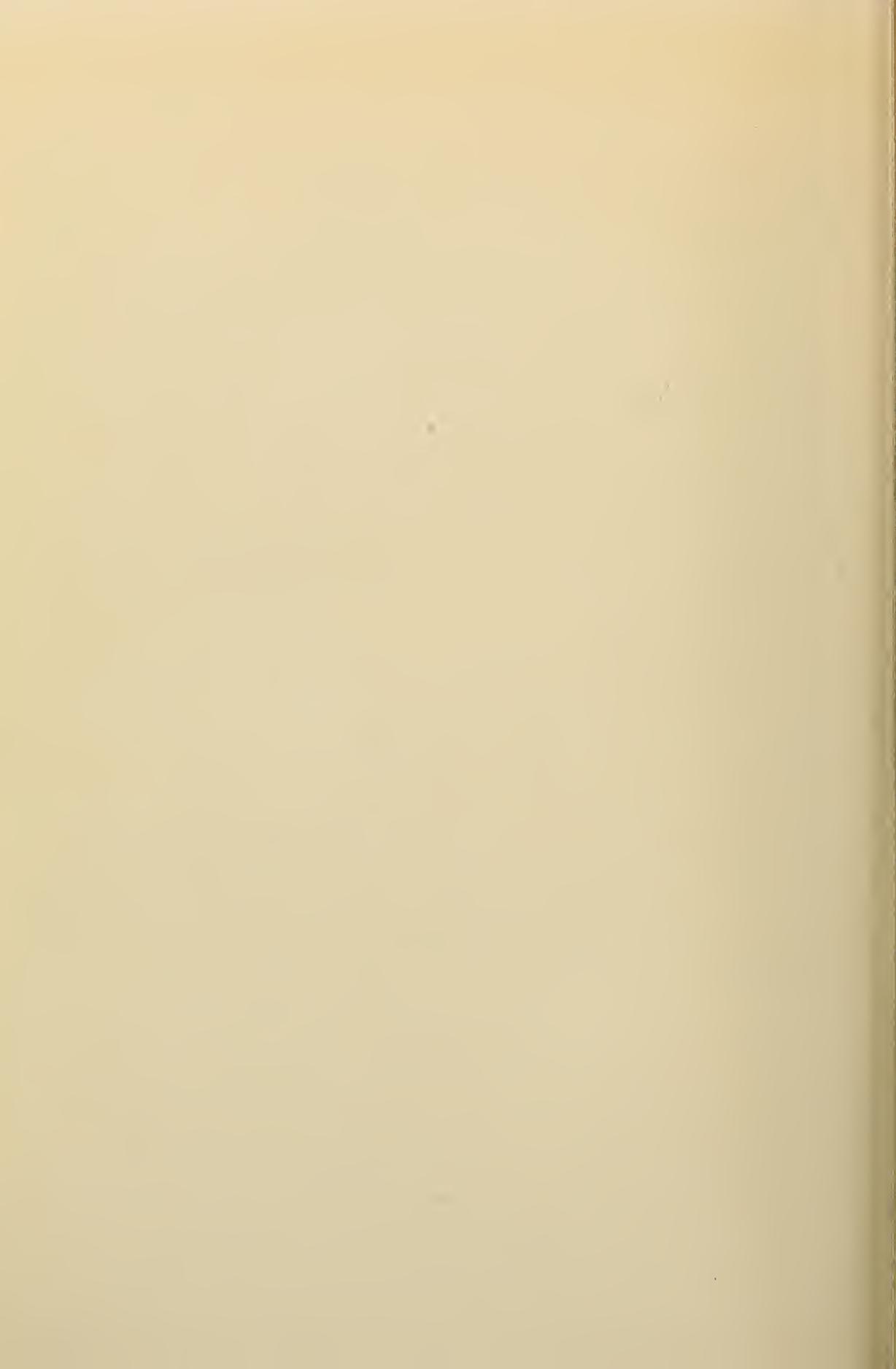
Physically, the country embraces every grade of climate from the temperate to the tropical. Bogotá stands on its lofty foundations in an average temperature of sixty degrees, and thence to the coast prevails every variety of gradually increasing heat. There are uplands in Colombia



CARTAGENA.

All shades of colour and many strong contrasts are seen  
in the streets.





which, were transport available, could produce wheat in sufficient quantities not only to supply double the present population, but for export as well. Already coffee figures among the exports of the country, being a product of a somewhat lower level than that of the cereal-bearing plains, and down toward the coast cacao, rubber, and bananas represent important possibilities, the last named being already a subject of Government encouragement.

The Amazon and Orinoco both gain in volume from this country, several rivers flowing to join these two great waterways from the Colombian plains. The chief river which the country has all to itself is the Magdalena, and a project is afoot to dredge the bar from the mouth of this possible means of communication with the interior. When—or if—that is accomplished, it will make a great difference to Colombian trade. Another important river of the republic is the Atrato, which was once suggested as a means of ingress for one of the many trans-continental canal schemes, alternative to that of Panama.

Colombian history is a negligible quantity, save for the existence of the great Simon Bolivar. When the War of Independence broke on South

America, this great patriot came to lead the northern colonies in their struggle, and New Granada, comprising what is now Colombia, Ecuador, and Venezuela, flung off Spanish authority for ever after the historic fight at Boyaca.

Bolivar's death, eleven years after the battle, was the signal for the splitting up of independent New Granada into its three present constituent parts, and, with the exception of the loss of Panama, little has occurred since to mark the years in this north-western corner of South America. Colombia drowns, as has been said, waiting some impetus from without to waken her. Doubtless, as impetus and resulting progress have come to nearly all the rest of the continent, so they will come here.

For the present, Colombia is less known to the outer world than any other South American state, so far as scenery, resources, and natural advantages are concerned. A considerable amount of British capital is invested in the railways—such as they are—of the country, but Lhassa is as well known to the man in the street as Bogotá, and the Timbuktu country is more spoken of than the rich districts of Choco



A COLOMBIAN INDIAN MOTHER AND CHILD.





and Antioquía ; while who knows, beyond jewellers and gem-dealers, that the world's best emeralds are mined at Muzo ? Some few travellers have gone up the Magdalena, and, like Mr. Cunningham-Graham, visited the greatest literary centre south of Panama and admired its architecture and surroundings ; but to the great majority of the outside world Colombia is *terra incognita*, and in reality it is a country whose history and expansion have not yet begun.

### ECUADOR

THE chief port of Ecuador, Guayaquil to wit, is not a coast town at all—the approach to the equatorial republic is marked by a contradiction in terms at the outset. One passes by the island of Puna, where Pizarro waited for more men and supplies to reach him from Panama, before setting out to the conquest and destruction of an empire ; beyond the island are the waters of Rio Guayas, up which the Guayaquil-bound steamers go. There is probably no part of the world in which the grandeur of mountain scenery is so stupendous and majestic as here. The mighty peaks of the Cordillera reach up, cloud-

wreathed and impressive, on either hand ; foothills extend almost to the water's edge, and beyond them massed ranges tower, magnificent, sky-piercing, summit beyond summit.

As along the banks of all tropic rivers, vegetation is rank and close-packed beside the Rio Guayas. Behind the marsh growths on either hand the great trunks of the jungle press thickly ; the matted undergrowth houses the wild things of the forest, and from out the tree-tops parrots and macaws screech with voices of an inverse ratio of attractiveness to that of the brilliancy of their plumage.

The steamer passes on, and soon one sights Guayaquil, a city of dazzling, fairy-like whiteness. Here in the harbour lie native *balsas* of identical type with those rude craft that amazed the Peruvian *conquistadores*, who never dreamed until they saw these that any race of South America had mastered the art of sailing with the wind's aid. In addition to the *balsas*, there are boats of modern build in the harbour, for Guayaquil is just across the river from Duran, the seaward terminus of Ecuador's only railway, and steamers and sailing vessels alike dump their cargoes on the quays here for transport inland.



AT THE BACK OF THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS.

On the way to Novo Friburgo, the summer health resort of Rio.  
Nearly 900 metres above sea level.





Fruit comes here in huge quantities to await purchasers, and on cases of more solid goods that await removal by train one may read " Quito " in the address, for that city is at the other end of Ecuador's only railway line, which extends for nearly three hundred miles inland and climbs across the western ridge of the Andes on its way. There are other lines projected and even under construction, but Ecuadorian finance is not the best point the country can show, and railways—in company with some other undertakings—grow slowly in consequence.

Landing at Guayaquil is a bitter disappointment. The white fairy palaces prove to be mere dwellings of whitewashed plaster. Nevertheless, the cathedral has some pretensions to architectural value, and even the plaster huts merit a second glance when one reflects that they have been built with a view to the possibility of an earthquake disturbing their inmates. The framework on which the plaster is applied is of light bamboo, and the complete structures are as earthquake-proof as a Japanese paper house. But Guayaquil from within is a disappointing town; it is best viewed from the distance, which, in this case, certainly lends enchantment to its outlines.

Orellana, the hero of the first Amazon expedition, founded Guayaquil in the first half of the sixteenth century, since when the town has experienced many earthquakes and many fires; for it is much addicted to fires. It also suffers from the scourge of yellow fever, which is in the course of being stamped out now. In olden days it was a favourite spot for piratical raids, having been a town of importance on the Pacific coast almost since Orellana's time.

The building of the railway from Duran, opposite to Guayaquil, to Quito, occupied a period of nearly forty years, and cost Ecuador nearly twenty million dollars before the first through train was run in 1908. The first part of the journey is made up of the fertile scenery of the plains, rice and sugar being among the noticeable products. Ecuador, as a matter of fact, is credited with possessing vast tracts of the best cane land that can be found. The chief agricultural industry, however, consists in the cultivation of cacao, which the republic produces and exports at a rate that has been unable to keep pace with the demand, so far. There is room for capitalists here; for unexploited ground is available to almost any extent.

On leaving the cultivated plains, the railway runs up across the shoulder of Chimborazo into the heart of the Andes region, and as the train ascends the thermometer falls, until ice is seen on the waters of streams, and the sweltering heat of the tropics has changed to wintry chilliness—almost on the equator! Herrera tells of how, in the early days of Spanish conquest here, the men who followed Alvarado on his painful march across the Puertos Nevados were frozen as they rode. As a result, Alvarado left a fourth of his Spaniards and two thousand Indians as food for the condors of the heights.

From the Puertos Nevados onward is a desolate journey for miles; but Quito, set on a fertile plain, compensates in its appearance for the bleak approach. Volcanoes tower round the plain and city, which are set in a bracing atmosphere of perpetual spring—and spring, moreover, at its best, evergreen and fragrant. The city is one of fine architecture amid ideal sylvan charms, a home of learning,—there were colleges in Quito when the sixteenth century was young,—and, now that the railway has brought it into closer contact with the outside world, a city of increasing energy and enterprise.

Mention of the volcanoes surrounding Quito recalls the fact that Ecuador is crowded with these world's safety-valves. Herrera tells how an eruption at the time of the Spaniards' arrival here proved highly auspicious to their undertaking, for the Indian priests of Quito had predicted that the bursting of the volcano would synchronise with the reduction of the people to government by an unknown prince, and belief in that prediction robbed the resistance of the natives of half its force or more.

That fortunate eruption is the first one on record on the part of Cotopaxi, which in periods of activity spouts clouds of ashes that darken the sky over the Pacific, and in one eruption—that of 1877—wrought terrible destruction by means of an outpouring torrent of mud and water, which swept with avalanche force across the plains beneath. Molten lava falling on the snow at the summit of the volcano produced a volume of mud and water whose destroying force was far greater than that of the slowly flowing lava itself.

The first recorded civilisation of the "kingdom of Quito" was due to pre-Inca influence, for a Quichuan race called the Caras ruled here for nearly five hundred years until Huayna Capac



THE SUGAR LOAF AT SUNSET, RIO.





conquered them and made Quito an appanage of his empire. The Inca triumph here, however, was short-lived, for Atahualpa, Huayna's son and successor, fell into the hands of the Spaniards. But these incidents are part and parcel of Peruvian history. There remain in and about Quito monuments to the civilisation of the Caras in the form of ruins, but archæology has made little progress in Ecuador up to the present, and how far back into the past these traces of civilisation extend is still a matter for debate.

Throughout the days of Spanish rule Ecuador, with Quito as its capital, was a province of the great Peruvian viceroyalty. In 1822 the state was declared a part of the independent republic of Colombia, but secession came twelve years later, and since that time the equatorial state has stood alone; not always steadily, for the first fifty years of Ecuadorian history, as that of a separate state, are marked by corrupt administration, unscrupulous government, revolutions, and occasional periods of just and sane rule. The assassination of President Moreno in 1875 threw back Ecuador when it was on the point of advancing to steadiness and real progress, and incidentally delayed the completion of the

Guayaquil-Quito railway for nearly a quarter of a century.

The southern limits of the republic are hard to define, for a boundary dispute is still unsettled between this country and Peru, a controversy which involves the right to an immense tract of fertile and valuable territory round the headwaters of the Amazon—a district of rubber and minerals, the loss of which would be heavily felt by either nation. One valuable asset which the republic of Ecuador can boast consists of the Galapágos Islands in the Pacific, a group of fifteen little stretches of territory of extreme strategical importance to the whole of the west coast of the southern continent.

With the exception of Guayaquil, the busy chief port of the country, nearly all the important towns of Ecuador are situated in the Andes tableland, well in the earthquake belt, and in sight of, if not within, the danger zone of the great volcanoes. These kettles of the inferno are ranged practically in two lines, being set for the most part along the twin chain of summits into which the Andes divide here.

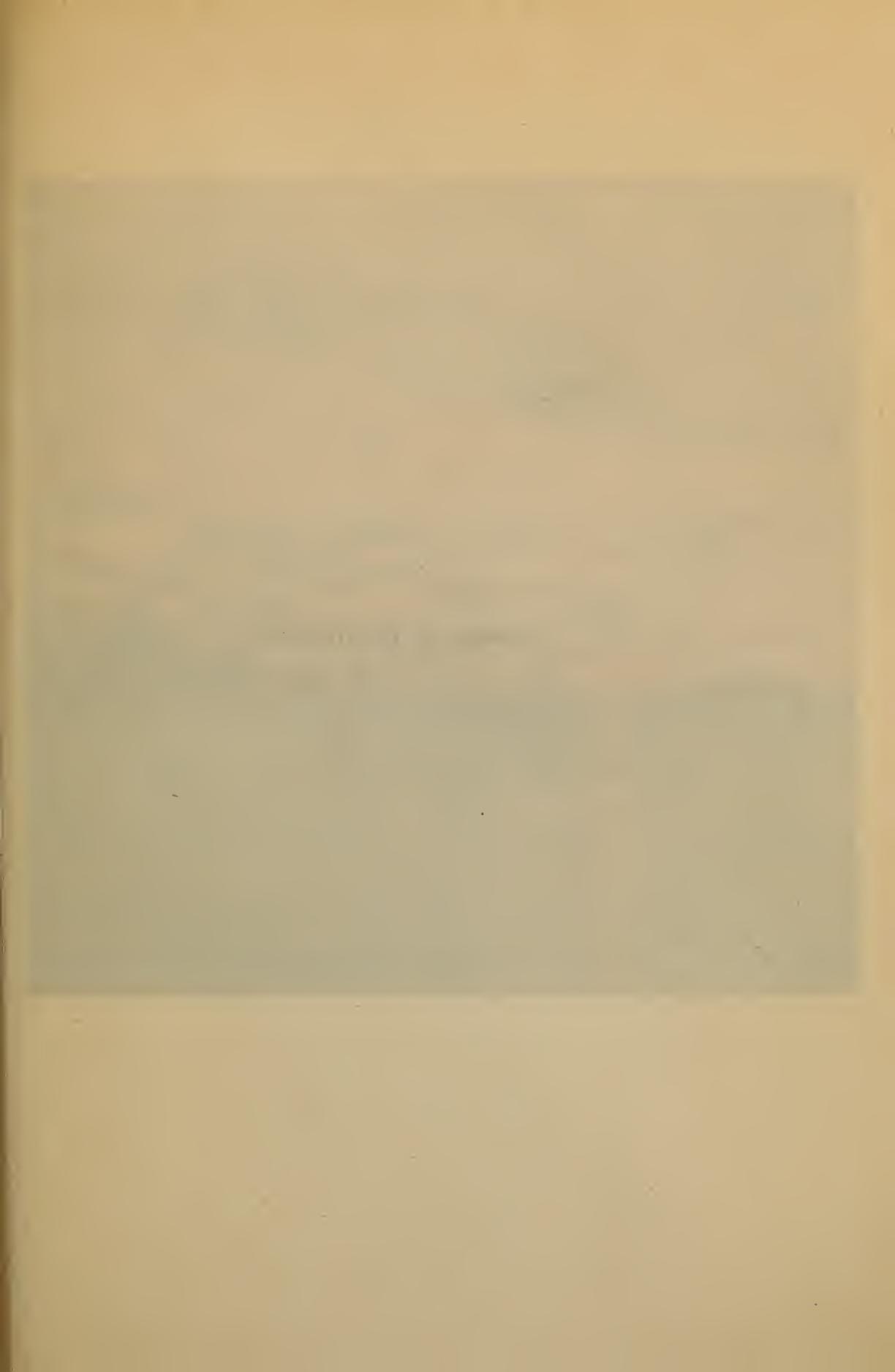
In the shadow of terrible and beautiful Cotopaxi stands Latacunga, an important town

of Ecuador in point of size—and the dreariest and coldest, beyond question. Its streets of houses built of pumice-stone tend to make it even more cheerless in appearance than was the original intention of nature, and it exists merely from earthquake to earthquake, a city of squat, strong, determined-looking buildings, defying its terrible neighbour and sitting stolidly prepared to endure and survive the worst that Cotopaxi can do. Much of the country hereabouts has been sterilised by frequent eruptions, a circumstance which adds as little to natural beauty as to the utility of the lands about Latacunga. The town's best days, probably, were in the time when it formed the northern terminus of the railway; but now that the line has been pushed through to Quito, this bleak town is giving evidences of commercial activity.

Of all the craters of this volcanic region, that of Sangai enjoys the most unenviable notoriety. Volcanic dust and sand cover the country in its neighbourhood, and its eruptions are said to last for years at a time, the slow-moving lava streams flowing eastward in such volume that they penetrate to the borders of the Amazonian forests. Disasters credited to the account of

Sangai include the destruction of Riobamba, the second city of Ecuador, at the close of the eighteenth century, a catastrophe of such complete and sudden nature that twenty thousand people perished and the whole face of the surrounding country was changed beyond recognition by the survivors. At a still more remote period, in the sixteenth century, a village of nearly five thousand people was swallowed up in a convulsion of the earth here, so completely and utterly that not a trace of its site was left.

Thus, in considering Ecuador, one is reminded again and again of its volcanoes and their deeds of violence, though there are other aspects of the country to be considered as well. There is mineral wealth probably equalling that of Peru, though little has been effected as yet, in a commercial way, to reap the wealth of the country's mines. There is soil of extraordinary productiveness, immense tracts of it, waiting the hand of the labourer; and at the present day, with nine-tenths of its resources untaxed, Ecuador is able to show a list of exports, with cocoa and vegetable ivory—a species of nut used in the manufacture of buttons—as its two most important items, the total annual value of the



The sun had just set, and the sky was a deep, dark blue. The water of the harbour was calm, reflecting the last rays of light. The buildings along the shore were dark, their lights just beginning to glow. The air was still, and the only sound was the gentle lapping of the water against the rocks.

SUNSET IN RIO HARBOUR.

The sun had just set, and the sky was a deep, dark blue. The water of the harbour was calm, reflecting the last rays of light. The buildings along the shore were dark, their lights just beginning to glow. The air was still, and the only sound was the gentle lapping of the water against the rocks.





list exceeding three millions sterling. And, although statistics are wont to prove nothing, and, at the same time, can be made to prove anything, commercial facts such as these show clearly that there is a future awaiting Ecuador.

### VENEZUELA

SUPPOSING that the voyager elects to go to Venezuela from any English port, his first sight of the country will consist of green-clad hills that reach down to the water's edge as he passes through the Bocas on his way to Port of Spain in Trinidad—for practically all the La Guayra-bound steamers call at Port of Spain. The hills that he sees extend westward and form a backbone across northern Venezuela, a sort of barrier against the waters of the Caribbean, which renders this coast distinctly different in character from that of the Guianas. On the coast-line, where the hills' foundations soak in the tides, mangroves grow in their usual tortured-looking fashion, and on the roots of the mangroves tiny, delicious oysters attach themselves, so that one may go and cut a branch of oysters—should one know where to look for them.

Sailing past Trinidad down the mirror-like waters of the Gulf of Pará, one comes to the western mouths of the Orinoco, whose great delta lands stretch eastward far beyond Trinidad—those who live in sight of the Thames find it hard to realise that the eastern mouth of the Orinoco is over a hundred miles from its western outlet to the ocean, or that the mud and matter brought down by this second largest river of South America have formed, in the course of centuries, a creek-marked island which, even supposing it were all composed of solid, level ground, would take days to ride across on horseback. One notes in steaming along the north coast of Trinidad, long before one sights Venezuelan territory, that the brown, muddy outpouring of this great river tinges and spoils the blue of the sea. This, indeed, is one of the first evidences of a mighty river.

One learns in Venezuela, as well as in a number of the more southern republics, to believe in vampire bats, however shadowy and legendary they may have appeared before. There is a story told in La Guayra of a vampire bat, and of the just retribution which overtook it, which will bear repetition. The tale begins with a

coolie who was bitten in the toe by a tarantula spider, and who, when he went to bed that night, stuck his swollen, tortured foot outside the bedclothes in order to get what relief he could from the cool night air playing on it. In the night a vampire bat came, saw that big foot sticking out invitingly, and fastened on it for a meal. Morning found the coolie practically recovered from the tarantula bite, though weak from loss of the blood which had been drained from him along with the spider's poison, and with his foot reduced to its normal size. Under the bed lay the dead vampire bat, a victim to gluttony and tarantula venom.

This account of the rather complicated tragedy is told to newcomers at La Guayra, partly by way of warning and partly to ascertain whether the newcomers have spent any time in Port of Spain. For in Port of Spain exists an English version of the same story, with a pitch-lake labourer to replace the coolie.

Since the early colonising days the cattle plains of Venezuela have been known, but never made to yield their full value. Here is a land that might rival almost any other in the world's meat markets, given the men and the enterprise.

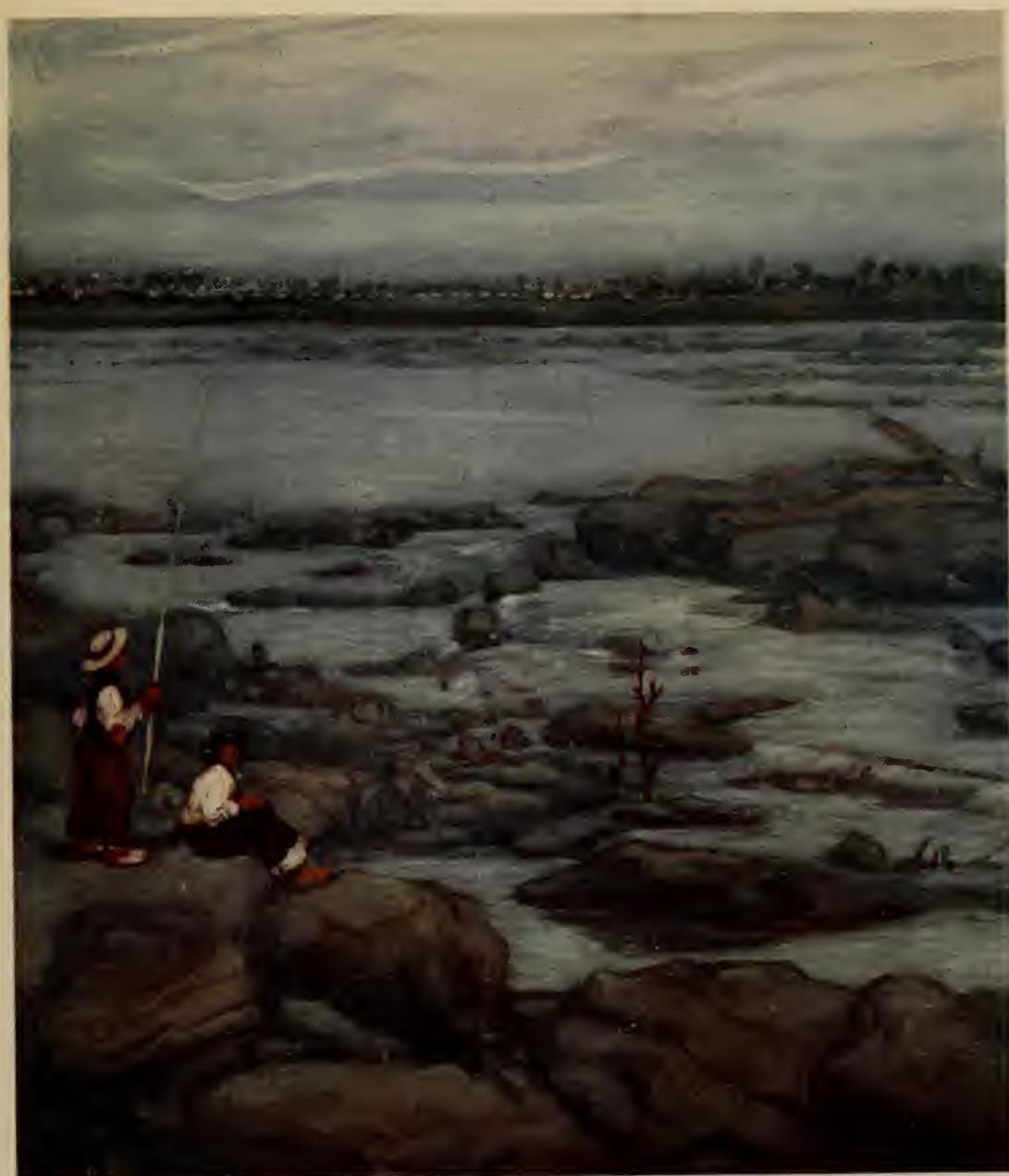
One company only has taken advantage of these natural facilities, and has begun to export cattle from Puerto Cabello, the western terminus of the Caracas railway. The success of the venture ought to be sufficient to induce others to follow suit in the near future, for already the products of this company's refrigerating houses are known and appreciated in European markets.

As in Ecuador and Colombia, there are uplands in Venezuela capable of producing far more of coffee, cacao, maize, and sugar than the present inhabitants of the country attempt to raise. Indeed, so unenterprising are the inhabitants of this undeveloped land that Venezuela, possessing ideal tracts for the cultivation of maize, actually imports quantities of that cereal from North America to feed the lower classes, among whom it is one of the principal items of food-supply. The sugar industry is handicapped by antiquated and cumbrously inefficient methods of working, and practically every industry has suffered in the past, until ex-President Castro left the country, for the betterment of its people and for their partial liberation, from hampering restrictions and taxation at the hands of the Government—or rather, misgovernment.



THE RIVER SAN FRANCISCO AT PIRAPORA.

The farthest outpost of the Central Railway of Brazil.





The possibilities of the country are obvious to the most hurried globe-trotter, and have been evident since the days when the great Sir Walter sailed up the "Oronooko" in search of the golden city of Manoa, and brought back word of the fair country that he desired for a British colony. There are excellent harbours all along the coast; there are splendid agricultural and stock-raising opportunities—the vast *llanos* of the Orinoco and Apuré rivers are made up of soil as good as any in the entire continent of South America—and the country is well stocked with minerals, though not so highly favoured in that respect as those states which lie altogether in the Andes regions.

Venezuela, for all that, has its mountain section, where the minerals chiefly lie, but much of the country is taken up by the great basin of the Orinoco. As twelve hundred miles of the river are navigable, and abut on some of the richest agricultural and grazing lands in the world, the possibilities of the country are fairly evident to the casual visitor. The interlacing tributaries of the great river provide a multitude of navigable arteries, and make up a system of transport facilities hardly equalled in any country.

Among all its drawbacks, Venezuela suffers most from the lack of population. Its area of almost 400,000 square miles is tenanted by only two and a half million people, an average of just over six to the square mile. Capital for development is badly needed, and the late, but lightly lamented, President Castro, who is pictured to this present day as cruising about the Caribbean in an attempt to compass an effective landing on the shores of the country he left so hurriedly, did not rule in a manner likely to attract capital. To the evil of misgovernment one must add that of small-pox, which has troubled the country to a large extent. Altogether, it is a land of difficulties, though the present constitutional President appears to have gripped the reins of government at the right point, and to be guiding the country to more settled and prosperous times. It is too early yet, though, to judge of the result of his work, for so much of Castro's doings remain to be undone.

Looking back toward the time of Venezuela's struggle for independence, one is made aware of President preceding President, and revolution preceding revolution, until the cause for the backward state of the country to-day is more

than evident. No state of South America can show such a perpetual ferment, such a fog of unrest and strife hanging over and choking its development, as this. The present Constitution of Venezuela is not yet three years old, but three years of peaceful progress is a long period in the history of this country, and there is reason to hope that it has found a suitable statesman to guide its affairs at last.

The chief town of the republic, Caracas, lies about ten miles from La Guayra and the coast, and three thousand feet above the level of its port, with which a railway connects it. The town can boast a pleasant site, a number of well-planned streets and squares—little else, as yet, unless memories of earthquakes and a multitude of revolutions form causes for boasting. Yet the ruling powers of Venezuela to-day have realised the country's possibilities and its need for pushing on to the level of other South American states, and it may be that the next few years will have a different tale from that of the past to tell.

However South America may rate Venezuela to-day, the continent owes this last of its states in point of progress a debt that centuries cannot efface, for Venezuela yielded to South America

Simon Bolivar, the hero of the northern republics, and, with the exception of San Martin, the greatest figure in the struggle for freedom from Spanish rule.

He was born, this Simon Bolivar, in the city of Caracas, in the year 1783, and was descended from noble Venezuelan ancestors. In the course of sundry wanderings in Europe, he became an eye-witness of certain scenes in the French Revolution—a good training, this, for one destined to play a leading part in the revolutions of a continent. He married, lost his wife through yellow fever on returning home, went back to Europe, and returned again to his birth-land, where, in 1809, he made himself one with the already noticeable party of independence. By the time Venezuela declared its independence in 1811 Bolivar held a colonel's commission among the insurrectionists; but Spain gripped the land again with too firm a hold for the revolution to prove a success, and, in company with many others, Bolivar fled to Curaçoa. The time of his power had not yet arrived.

In 1812 he returned, and, with a following of five hundred men, raised the revolutionary flag in western Venezuela. The populace swelled his



COLONISTS, SÃO PAULO.





ranks to thousands, and, having inflicted crushing defeat on the Royalist forces at Lastoguanes, Bolivar entered Caracas as its deliverer from Spanish oppression in August of 1813. This domination, however, was checked rather than extinguished, and the Royalist forces rallied sufficiently to admit of a number of severe but indecisive actions being fought during the following year.

Eventually Bolivar was routed on the plain of La Puerta and driven from the country, together with his devoted adherents. Caracas was recaptured by the Royalists, and by the end of 1814 it appeared that freedom was as far off as ever from the northern colonies.

With indomitable resolution, Bolivar declined to entertain the thought of failure, and planned and schemed in exile until in 1816, after one unsuccessful attempt at regaining the mastery of his country, he formed a provisional government at Barcelona, not far from the Gulf of Pará, and assembled an army of eager revolutionaries. Two crushing defeats were inflicted on the Royalist forces that same year, and by the beginning of 1817 Bolivar had pushed on to Angostura in the Orinoco basin and established

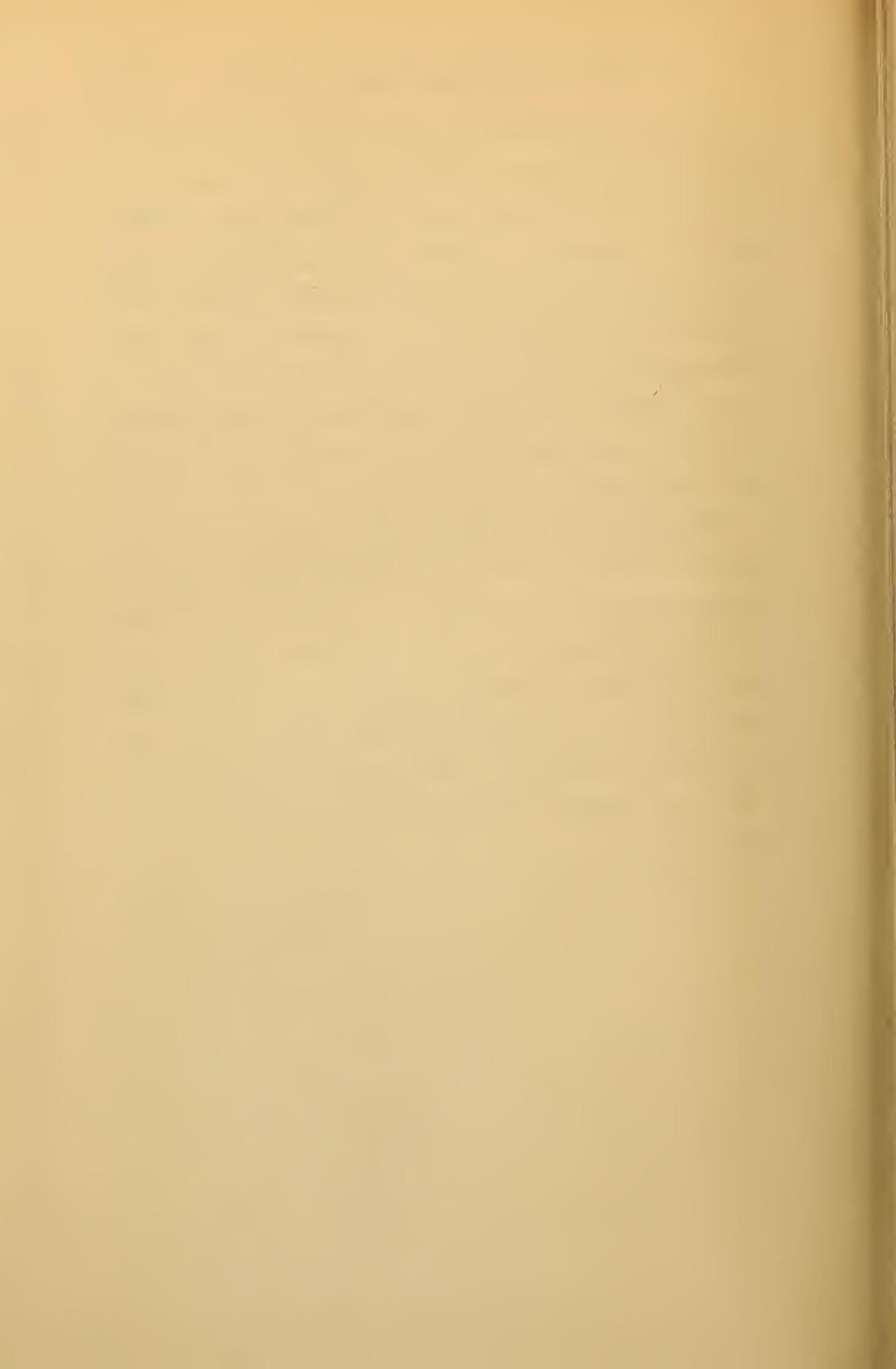
his headquarters there. Two years and more of steady progress led up to the final conflict, the great battle of Boyaca, which established for ever Bolivar's military prestige. His administrative genius was already beyond the reach of criticism.

The formation of the republic of Colombia, which embraced the states now known under that name together with Venezuela and Ecuador, followed on the actual liberation of the country. The last great battle with the Royalists took place at Carabobo in 1821, after which not even a shadow of Spanish authority remained in the north. In August of 1821 Bolivar was formally appointed President of Colombia.

In Ecuador, however, Spanish authority still held good, and a year or less after being appointed to the Presidency of Colombia, Bolivar had the satisfaction of hearing that his co-worker, Sucre, had freed that country by the battle of Pichincha. Bolivar himself entered Lima after Quito had fallen before the republican advance, and took on himself absolute power as dictator. The battle of Ayacucho ended the Spanish domination of Peru, and Bolivia was formed into a separate state, named after the liberator of half a continent, in 1825.

The rest of Bolivar's career was taken up by matters of administration, in the supervision of which he spent nearly all his own great wealth. On one occasion he retired in disgust, merely to return to the strenuous life of political administration as President of Colombia. He died, lacking one single coin of public money as a return for his splendid services, at San Pedro in the closing days of 1830, having given all his life to the service of his country.

Bolivar made three great states free; he made justice a reality rather than a name, restored arts and sciences to a place in the lives of his countrymen, and made real nations of mere colonies. Saving always the great San Martin of the Southern Republics, the last continent to come into the march of civilisation may well regard Simon Bolivar as its greatest man.



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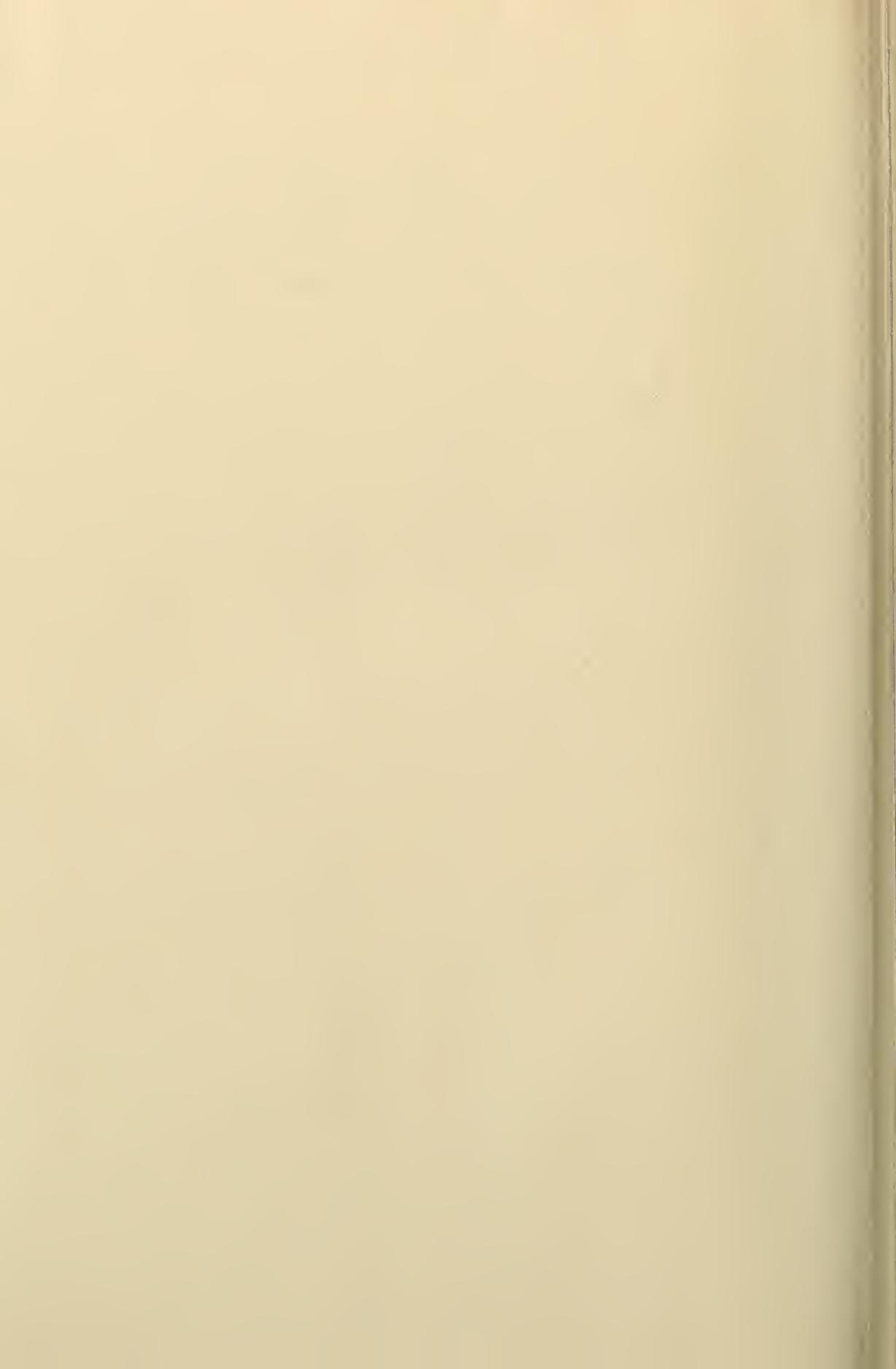
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