

### Remonstrance.

IN vain you bind a spirit free as morning,  
 And chain your fancy to a leaden vow—  
 The old emotion breaks through every warning  
 For mighty nature speaks, we know not how :  
 And who so well may trust the fearless mother  
 Whose truthful impulse never led you wrong ?  
 Your pride would match the wit that arms another ;  
 Your open looks were weapons for the strong.

Then, care no more, though every tie be broken  
 Which made you one with those of ruder clay,  
 That which your great heart prompts is rightly spoken :  
 The word that claims a voice is good to say :  
 Your eager lip betrays you by its swelling,  
 Indignant pity sweeps away disguise,  
 A woman's tale is kindled in the telling,  
 And all its passion meets me from your eyes !

DORA READ GOODALE.

### A Reminiscence of Banda Oriental.

THE winter of 18— found me on station in the harbor of Montevideo, capital of Uruguay, as assistant surgeon of one of "Her Most Gracious Majesty's" cruisers. It was my first advent in this part of the world, and naturally every spare moment was given to sight-seeing, exploring the environs, and cultivating the good graces of Spanish Americans, the black-eyed *doncellas* especially. Finally, one of our lieutenants, along with myself, received an invitation from a resident fellow-countryman to pass a few days at his *estancia*, situate some ninety miles up country : an offer by no means to be sneezed at, since it promised unlimited shooting with an abundance of game, to say nothing of a closer acquaintance of what was to us virtually a *terra incognita*. Accordingly, having secured the necessary leave, we packed guns, filled cartridge-cases, and well laden with various shooting paraphernalia, presented ourselves at the railway station, securing tickets for San Jose. Here we found our friend Mac in waiting with a dog-cart and tandem of English thoroughbreds—something rare in this part of the world—which bowled us rapidly over the intervening thirty miles, reaching our destination shortly before sundown.

Mac was, and is, a "sheep herder, but only in a small way," as he assured us. But when one holds six square leagues of land, and is known to be the proprietor of some 20,000 muttons, to say nothing of two-thirds as many horses and wild cattle, we may be pardoned for doubting the latter portion of his statement, and also for wondering what a large *estancia* might be like. His house, too, we found to be on the same liberal scale as his estate. It was a bachelor establishment, comfortably furnished, with a troop of native servants as useless and indolent as servants are wont to be—a regular "Liberty Hall" in fact. Broad verandas surrounded both stories of the dwelling on all sides, while offices and stables were inclosed and almost hidden by a heavy plantation of trees calculated to serve as a protection against the fierce *pamperos* that occur at certain seasons of the year, and which, like most hurricanes, arise suddenly and without warning, continuing until they blow themselves out—an act that requires from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, and sometimes even more. We also noted a fine orchard of English fruits in a thriving condition, as well as one of native products, embracing peaches, oranges, lemons, and figs, while close to the house was a magnificent grapery, and a forcing

house under glass. A good library of English books adorned the walls of the great hall, which with fire-places, trophies of the chase, rugs of skins of wild beasts, and huge old-fashioned settees, did duty as a common lounging room ; while the front veranda, more than twenty feet broad, and so arranged as to be closed in by jalousies, did duty as a dining-hall in warmer weather. Indeed, save for his isolation, the want of suitable society, and the refining influence of a woman in the household, our friend was admirably situated, and already possessed of a considerable fortune. I am happy to say that the one great omission has since been rectified by a visit to Scotland, when Mac took unto himself a "bonny rib frae the Heelan's."

The first few days we did little but explore the estate and its surroundings, and listen to the quaint yarns and hair-breadth escapes from jaguars and other wild beasts, as related by sly old Geordie, the steward and *major-domo*, who always had an odd way of cocking his eye toward the audience when romancing. Of course, our expeditions were for the most part conducted on horseback, since in this part of the world it is considered derogatory for any one with pretensions to refinement or gentility to appear on foot, even if but moving across a village *plaza* ; consequently horses were kept continually saddled and standing before the door during all hours at the service of any and all who so elected. The miracle is that equines have not been introduced into the hall and drawing-room to obviate the fatigue attendant upon a move to the dining-room or to one's apartments—a suggestion, by the way, I freely offer for the benefit of my Uruguayan friends.

The country about was one vast *pampa* or prairie covered with green and luxuriant turf—a series of long rolls or undulating swells, broken here and there by lines of forest growth that invariably betokened the presence of a stream or rivulet ; and along the larger water-courses, the woods were frequently so dense as to constitute veritable jungles.

Sheep were seen in countless numbers, but in isolated flocks, sometimes attended by native herders on horseback, but oftener quite guiltless of human supervision, their sole guardians being the huge wolfish shepherd dogs of the country, that take to their tasks intuitively from having been reared from puppyhood by ewes. Cattle, too, were met in all the wildness of true feral life ; but we were grievously disappointed in not seeing one of the far-famed Niata breed, while horses, in numbers sufficient to mount a score of regiments, raced hither and thither in accordance with their own sweet pleasure, not one of which had ever felt spur or bridle.

Twice we essayed a turn at snipe up and down the banks of the small river that separated a league and a half of wheat land in splendid cultivation from the ranges of the stock. But our successes were rather on the indifferent order owing to a lack of trained dogs suitable for the sport, while the birds themselves were as wild and shy as on any English moor. Duck flew few and far between, yet an odd one was secured now and again, more through accident I opine than exercise of skill, and also a few lonely partridges.

A word here regarding these same Uruguayan partridges. They are birds nearly as large as the pheasant of English preserves ; in nature and form partaking more of the Messina or migratory quail, but entirely different from either species in coloration and markings of plumage. There is a second variety of a deeper gray color, given to haunting both open and wooded country with slight preference for the higher and dryer lands ; in fact, its distribution is almost universal, regardless of topographical features. In size it corresponds more nearly to the Virginia quail or colin, but is by no means to be compared to the latter for sport, since it is so stupid as to be captured without the aid of traps or fire-arms. The

natives hunt them on horseback, riding round and round in a circle gradually contracting its orbit until sufficiently near to strike with a stick, or secure by means of a running noose on the end of a bit of cane; a boy mounted on a steady horse will thus take fifteen or twenty brace in a day, the birds sitting perfectly motionless and apparently bewildered by the manoeuvres. Some of the predaceous tribes, the wild dogs and foxes particularly, are said to be given to like practice in order to draw sufficiently near to pounce upon the foolish bird, and from whom the Guachos claim to have derived the art—an assertion I am neither prepared to affirm or deny, though as a rule, all assurances of these gentry, of whatever nature, are best digested with the customary “grain of salt.” Neither of these forms of partridge go in covies, but singly or in pairs; and both are slow to take wing, preferring if possible to secure safety on foot or by skulking in the weeds and grass; but when fairly put to it, they first ply their legs to good purpose, then bound suddenly in the air, and are off with swiftness most surprising. Both are equally good for the table, while their eggs, of a beautiful purple color, are esteemed great delicacies.

On another occasion we tried a large swamp, some six miles away, for duck, conveyed thither by our host in his wagonette, accompanied by old Geordie and also by two natives to act as beaters and retrievers.

Stationing the steward and myself on one side, Mac and the lieutenant betook themselves to the other, announcing their arrival by signal, when the natives entered the slough at its lower border—it was nowhere more than four feet deep—and proceeded to beat it systematically from end to end. We soon found ourselves little if any better off than the beaters, since we were forced to toil through mud and water half-leg deep, now and again taking a header, or plunging into some unexpected hole that submerged us to the waist, perhaps to the armpits, our progress constantly impeded by reeds, clinging weeds, and obtrusive rootlets; and we were soon wet to the buff, though with trifling inconvenience, thanks to the dry and equable character of the climate.

First, the natives put up to us a flock of *pecaso* ducks, beautiful birds with heavy black and white plumage, the largest known to this region, four of which fell at the fusillade, one to each barrel of our double guns, Geordie and I dividing both honors and game regardless of killing. Next came a brace of brown teal, easy shots both, and which I am ashamed to say I missed in the most disgraceful manner, while they were bagged a moment later by my companion, followed by no end of sly hints, innuendoes, and chuckles at my misfortune. Out of a flock of blue teal, a little later, I at long range scored five cleverly, wiping the eye of old Geordie, much to his chagrin, and turning the laugh as well, since he failed to stir a feather at point-blank distance. Our friends, meanwhile, were apparently meeting with great sport on their side, since they were getting two shots to our one, if the reports of their guns could be taken as evidence.

Soon a flight of *barosos* came flying crossways, and low down, putting us in better humor, since our two doubles scored nine, besides two wounded that were subsequently retrieved by the beaters. This is a species of pintail, of a uniform brown or rufous plumage, with bright yellow bill, and sulphurous legs, a very tasty bird indeed, whether on the wing or the table. And we were scarce reloaded ere our eyes were dazzled by a couple of swan which rose hurriedly, almost out of gunshot, wheeling and darting off across the slough. Though too quick for me, they were not able to elude old Geordie, who, in spite of his seventy years, brought one to the water with a loud splash. And how it did fight when he went after it, using bill, wing,

and feet, until the good old man, who hoped to have secured it alive, was fain to wring its graceful neck. These are beautiful creatures, utterly unknown in the northern hemisphere, and somewhat smaller than European and American swans, and marked by snowy white bodies, glossy black necks and heads, bright scarlet bills, and flesh-colored legs. They are also quite scarce and notoriously wary and shy hence this was an unexpected trophy, and one of which any one might well be proud. A kindred form of pure white is more often met, with like haunts and habits, of which we saw a number, though not one graced our bag.

Thirty-seven and a half brace of duck rewarded the united efforts of our party, all picked up before two o'clock in the afternoon; besides each secured a few snipe, sandpipers, plover, and partridge, the last obtained by walking them up in line. I was also fortunate enough to kill a specimen of the scissor-bill, so called from the unique character of its beak, along with a brace and a half of *terru-terru*, as the spur-winged plover is here denominated, and which, when disturbed rises in noisy circling flight, wheeling about the head of the intruder uttering its peculiar wild shrill cry, acting for all the world as if meditating an attack. A brief stay at three other ponds or lagoons, considerably smaller than the first, added somewhat to our toll of duck, including three beauties of the *overo* variety with their handsome and variegated plumage. The *overos* are the smallest of native *anatida*, the most charming of all South American water-fowl, and more generally esteemed, being the least abundant.

Among the larger game birds of Banda Oriental or Uruguay is the rhea or so-called “ostrich,” but not an ostrich at all, though a near relative and member of the same family. It is game calculated to tempt either the stranger or the novice, and is said to be by no means bad for the table in proper season if artistically prepared by a competent *chef de cuisine*; but its feathers and plumes, unlike those of its South African congener, possess little or no commercial value; indeed it is hunted chiefly for the excitement the sport affords, and for the trophy of its skin.

Naturally an ostrich was our ambition, since we have never met the bird on its native heath, or indeed elsewhere outside of the limits of the London Zoological Gardens; and the lieutenant became so enthusiastic thereover that he threatened to break his leave and brave the terrors of a court-martial rather than return without one. Consequently the last day of our stay but one was devoted to these creatures.

In hunting the rhea, fire-arms bear no part, being forbidden by custom, and deemed derogatory to gentility and true sportmanship. Instead, we secured the services of two natives with their *boleadores*, and two half-bred native mongrels with a greyhound strain. The *boleadores*, by the way, must not be confounded with the *bolos*; for though there is a similarity, they are different weapons. The *bolos* are two heavy spheres of stone incased in rawhide and connected by a thong of twisted and plaited mare's-hide some ten feet in length. The *boleadores*, on the contrary, consist of three smaller spheres of any suitable substance, wood, stone, or metal, two larger than their fellow, and corresponding in size to billiard balls, all united by thongs five feet long to a common center. When in use, the other Guacho holds the smallest in his hand, whirling the others rapidly about his head until sufficient momentum is acquired, when revolving like chain shot they are let go at a tangent striking any mark he lists, around which they wind, crossing and re-crossing, until firmly hitched. While on foot, the art of hurling either *bolos* or *boleadores* is by no means difficult to acquire; but on horseback it is quite another affair, since one must learn to keep them wide apart, and always revolving at the same relative speed, even when at full gallop,

suddenly wheeling, or bringing the steed to a sudden stop; any remissness in these particulars is pretty sure to retort upon the unexperienced, bringing the balls knocking unpleasantly about his head and neck, or the head of his horse. The impetus acquired by the weapon, too, is something surprising, since they are hurled with unvarying accuracy and efficiency for thirty and even forty yards while standing, and nearly double the distance while dashing at full speed. The  *bolas*  or the  *boleadores*  were formerly deemed essential to the equipment of every soldier, being used to stay or check opposing cavalry charges, or to harass and entangle the fleeing; and General Rosas, when Dictator of Buenos Ayres, had the horses of certain regiments, intended to operate against the Indians of the pampas, so broken that they would run and leap like rabbits, thus defeating the very object these weapons were originally intended to accomplish.

There were six of us in the party, to say nothing of Pedrillo, a half-breed boy who was charged to meet us at a certain spot soon after mid-day with a remount of fresh horses. One of the natives, Enrique by name, and to all appearances as villainous a piece of human flesh as ever threw a knife or wore horsehide boots, and a thorough Guacho, in that he would not cross a street save in the saddle, had charge of the dogs; while Juan, his companion, and only a shade more prepossessing, assumed the office of guide. Both bestrode young horses of three or four years, but recently taken up from the pampa, neither of which had been bitted, but in lieu thereof both were ridden by means of a rawhide thong passed through the rings of the headstall and tied about the lower jaw. This is the usual South American custom when the education of a young horse is undertaken, and is continued for some months, thereby insuring a good mouth.

After riding a dozen miles from the house, and finding ourselves in the midst of a high  *pampa*  or prairie known to be frequented by the rhea, a sharp lookout was kept. Soon our Mephistophelean friend, the master of the hounds, made a sign indicative of game afoot; and pointing away to the left he directed our attention to a  *bandada*  of seven birds, not more than five hundred yards away, busily engaged in feeding. It was a beautiful sight, one we had been anxiously awaiting, and now it caused a sudden thrill of exultation, with throbbing pulses and quickened heart-beats, and we were only too anxious for the fray.

The wind was blowing from the birds, and directly in our faces, a circumstance greatly in our favor, since the species is accustomed to depend upon the sense of smell rather than sight, to detect the presence of foes; moreover, we had long been riding behind an intervening, gradually rising swell, which accounts in a measure for our near approach. We advanced slowly and cautiously, desirous of gaining all the ground possible before making a dash. We had proceeded scarce a hundred yards, however, ere the huge male that led the flock, and who from the proud and imperious way in which he paraded his accomplishments evidently thought no small beer of himself, caught sight of us and gave the alarm to his harem. Now the hunt was up! Away he went in a shuffling sort of a sling trot that appeared anything but fast, but yet, to our great surprise, quickly developed the very best elements of speed, the entire  *bandada*  at his heels, all going at a slashing pace that required all the mettle of our cattle, aided by whip and spur.

For half an hour the group held well together, going in fine style; but as we pressed them closer, the strongest went to the front, when the weaker were fain to break off one by one in various directions, until soon only the cock bird and one lone hen remained in front of us, they the very finest, as they were the most enduring of the lot. Now the dogs were slipped, and the real race began!

On and on the couple went, holding their own fairly, and going as if such matters as winding and fatigue were unknown. We pursued at a hand gallop, riding well together, the dogs bounding over the pampa wild with excitement, three-score of yards ahead of the horses, the game away twice as far again. The speed had become terrific as horses and men warmed to the work, and equaled racing pace; mine host leading on a coal-black stallion of great beauty and power; I, close at his heels, bestride a grand roan, all bone, muscle, and sinew, making a good second, followed by the lieutenant and Geordie; while the two natives, in spite of the youth and sorry look of their cattle, held their own on either flank. There was plenty of room, and the ground good for galloping; moreover, these native horses are accustomed to travel all day and at high rates of speed without their masters once drawing rein, and that, too, over country that would quickly pound the best English hunter or Kentucky thoroughbred. Meanwhile we gained perceptibly, and the natives, loosening their  *boleadores* , prepared for action.

In a few moments the hen broke away to the right in a fruitless endeavor to escape. At the same instant Juan pulled his horse together, and with a quick wheel, and by a free application of spur and thong, brought himself sufficiently near for his purpose. Now the  *boleadores* , after a few flashing circles about his head, left the hand, going straight to the mark, and, entwining the legs of the unfortunate creature, brought it rolling and tumbling in the most helpless manner to the sward.

Meantime the cock held steadily on, followed by men and dogs, the latter running into the game a mile beyond. Having killed, and secured his skin, we returned to his helpless and kicking mate, when she too was dispatched and in like manner despoiled of her jacket. The carcasses we were obliged to leave to the wolves and vultures, since the birds were found in a semi-moulting state that rendered their flesh utterly unfit for food.

It was a pleasant and most exciting run over the smooth turf in the bracing air of the pampa, and better by far and more exhilarating than a ride to the hounds at home; and though I have knocked about the world considerably in my time, both before and since, and tried nearly everything from pig-sticking in India and at the Cape to bison running on the great plains of North America, I do not recall a more enjoyable gallop. From the point where we routed the  *bandada*  to the kill was fully a dozen miles as the crow flies, if Enrique is to be trusted, though, as before intimated, these Guachos are notorious liars. However, I am not inclined to cavil; it was a neat run at all events, considering the time, the place, the unaccustomed mounts, and the infrequency with which a naval officer seats a saddle.

We now jogged leisurely to the rendezvous, where we found fresh horses awaiting us, and Pedrillo busy over a crackling fire superintending a huge  *asado* , or round of beef, spitted on an iron pin, a mode of pampa cookery by no means despicable. Mac now set himself to prepare  *maté* , or Paraguayan tea, a beverage in constant use and application, and without which no social gathering is complete in this part of the world. And these, along with plenty of bread and cheese, washed down with a little  *caña* , constituted a wholesome luncheon.

Along in the middle of the afternoon the fresh mounts were put in service, a cream-colored hammer-headed brute, possessing no little will of his own, falling to my lot, and with whom I did not come to a full understanding without various protests on his part, met by free application of whip and spur on mine. He threw me twice, forever disgracing me in the eyes of the Guachos I expect, though I trust to ultimately survive the infliction; and fortunately no serious injury resulted, thanks to the horsemanship inculcated in my

boyhood, which enabled me to "take the ground soft." In time a truce was called, after which *bayo blanco* and I got on very well together, and I was in a measure compensated by finding him even faster than the roan I bestrode in the morning.

We now set out for a region where we hoped to find one or more of those strange and musky fallow-deer, *cervus campestris*, described by Mr. Darwin in his *Voyage of the Beagle*. These haunt the vicinity of forests watered by the larger rivulets and streams, appearing in the open only at dawn or for a short period before night-fall, at which hours they feed. Though abundant in some localities, here they were no way common, and withal, extremely shy; but as they were little hunted, Mac assured us we might reasonably hope for one more bracing gallop before leaving the field.

After a couple or three miles had been traversed, we drew up a trifle, moving more slowly and cautiously, the Guachos in advance, and closely scanning the horizon in every direction. At last, as a line of trees down to the right came fairly into view, Enrique halted, beckoned us forward, announcing a herd of deer feeding near a copse he pointed out close to the edge of the river that formed the western boundary of the estate. Although we strained our eyeballs to the utmost, and the lieutenant and I were especially loath to acknowledge the optics of a sailor inferior to those of any landsman, we were forced to confess our inability to detect the copse, much less any moving object. But these Guachos have eyes like hawks, being remarkably gifted in this one direction through training and constant association with the *pampas*, where they are early accustomed to distinguish objects and colors at seemingly impossible distances. Having decided on the mode of warfare to be adopted, Juan was sent off by a circuitous rout to place himself between the deer and the river, and thus drive them toward us; while Enrique was ordered to catch and leash the dogs ere they could get sight of the game and break away prematurely. The rest of us, knowing that some little time must elapse before the game would be afoot, dismounted, lit *cigaritos*, and set about tightening the girth of our *recados* (pampa saddles), and otherwise preparing for the coming spin.

After a half-hour or little more Enrique announced a commotion amongst the game, and later that they were in motion. Fortunately they came our way, and soon were in plain view, led by a magnificent hart that from the size and breadth of his antlers appeared a veritable patriarch among his kind. This we determined should be the object of our pursuit, which rendered it necessary that he should be cut off from his hinds and driven well to the front ere the dogs should be slipped, since they hunted by sight alone. Accordingly we separated into two parties leaving a wide lane leading out into the pampa in the direction we hoped they would take.

The ruse proved successful, and the game passed us at a spanking trot heads and tails held well aloft, but not yet sufficiently alarmed to develop full speed. Putting spurs to our steeds we quickly closed the gap behind them, and after a brief run had the satisfaction of finding the hart alone leading us. The dogs were now cast, and the real excitement of the chase began. On we flew at increased speed, constantly gaining. The going was good, the ground better than that of the morning, if possible, a fortunate circumstance, since *bayo* was too fiery and excitable to be trusted over a very rough country. Our host, as usual, held the van on a favorite lasso horse, a deep brown, that every now and then pricked up his ears and ducked his head as if expecting to hear the whirr of the thong. Next came the lieutenant and old Geordie, neck and neck, and riding as if their very lives depended upon being in at the death, the latter a veritable boy again in his excitement, while I followed in the rear

of Enrique vainly endeavoring to steady my wayward cream, who could not, or would not, understand his being kept back and refused his head. The deer was both fleet and determined, and as he had a good start, at the expiration of the first mile the hounds found it somewhat difficult to hold their own.

Soon we were all riding abreast and close together, the horses going with tremendous strides scarce three lengths behind the dogs. With the close of the fifth mile the ground dipped a little, the hart slowly losing. Presently, when horses and men were fairly on the dogs, and the latter less than a hundred yards behind the game, a bit of rough ground lost us the advantage, the deer recovering correspondingly. Two miles farther and we were bounding over a close greensward smooth as any shaven lawn, gaining again with every stride; and now we went thundering up a hollow or sort of *cul-de-sac* among the swells, hemmed in on three sides by low hills or ridges that separated it from the forest and stream, which here made a great detour to the east. Near the extremity the hart breasted the ridge, and at it we went also, unmindful of possible winding of our cattle, plying both whip and spur, and encouraging with whoops and demoniacal yells. *Bayo* now taking the lead, which he kept in spite of all the efforts of his rivals, and for a few seconds it was questionable who would win, since we might whistle for our quarry should he once top the barrier and reach water or covert. A few yards from the summit, however, and when less than a score of leaps would have insured his safety, one of the dogs came up, and being ably seconded by his mate, seized poor *campestris* by the throat and brought him heavily to the ground. To spring from the saddle and complete the conquest by passing a knife through his waist, was but the work of a moment, and a loud cheer announced that race and prize were mine.

Enrique quickly despoiled the quarry of his skin, when we betook ourselves homeward, well satisfied with the enjoyments of the day, arriving soon after dark and just in time to do justice to a table groaning with good things.

These pampa deer are smaller than the Virginia variety common to the United States, or even the fallow-deer of Europe; and the flesh of adult males is so strongly tainted as to preclude its ministering to the appetites of any save the most obscene and depraved. Even the Guachos, who have no scruples regarding wolf and jaguar meat, or even half putrid beef and game terribly "high," will not touch it, while dogs accept only with manifest reluctance. The skin is in great demand, however, as a covering for *recados*, a purpose it answers well; and that of this particular animal still ornaments a saddle that, with bridle and silver trappings, bears me company as a memento of the genial Mac. The antlers also, a noble pair, do duty in the hall of the lieutenant's ancestral mansion.

Of other creatures encountered during our holiday, little need be said. Golden plover were met with in great profusion, along with hordes of sandpipers and kindred wading classes, including a few herons, little egrets, rosy spoonbills, and flamingoes, the last two, however, far from common. There were numerous members of the vulture and hawk tribes, and two species of eagle; scissor-tails, so called from the peculiar character of their *caudæ*; interesting oven birds; a small green gray-breasted parakeet found only in the forests, and a handsome wood-pigeon, most excellent in a pie. Twice we coursed foxes with little success, and once a pack of wild dogs (*canis jubata*). We several times feasted on armadillo, and developed a decided *penchant* therefor; and I also secured a specimen of the *carpincho*, or tailless water-hog—but thereby *hangs a tale* that must be reserved for a future occasion.

G. ARCHIE STOCKWELL, M.D.