

THE SOUTH AMERICAN YANKEE.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

NATURE never intended there should be a city where Valparaiso stands, but the enterprise of the Chillanos, aided by English and German capital, has built the finest port on the west coast of South America, and commerce has made its head-quarters there. The harbor is spacious, its surroundings picturesque, and ten months in the year shipping is protected, but in midwinter, when "northers" prevail, vessels are often driven from their anchorage, and compelled to cruise about to avoid being dashed upon the rocks on which the city stands. A break-water built across the entrance to the harbor might give ample protection, but the sea is so deep—more than two hundred fathoms—that such a work is deemed impracticable. In the bay, drawn up in lines, like men-of-war ready for review, are hundreds of craft, bearing the flags of almost every nation on the earth except our own.

The foreign trade is controlled by Englishmen, all commercial transactions are rendered in pounds sterling, the English language is spoken on the streets and in the shops, an English newspaper is published, and to a stranger the city seems like one of her Majesty's colonies. There is a strong prejudice against the United States, growing out of the attitude assumed by our government during the war between Chili and Peru, which is stimulated by the English residents. But few Americans are there, the chief of whom are the reverend and venerable Dr. Trumbull and his coadjutors in the Presbyterian missionary work, and two or three merchants.

The name of the city means "the Vale of Paradise," but is a paradox, as there is no vale, and few symptoms of the supernatural. An almost perpendicular mountain ridge forms a crescent around the bay, toward the shores of which descend steep rocky escarpments. Here and there watercourses have furrowed down ravines, or *barrancas*, as they are called, which offer the only means of reaching the outer world. Along the narrow strip of sand which lies between the sea and cliffs the town stretches three or four miles. In some places there is width enough for only a single street, at others for three or four running parallel to each other, but they

only extend a few blocks. The one street, the only artery of commerce in Valparaiso, is the "Calle Victoria," circling around the entire harbor, and skirted by all the banks and hotels, the counting-houses of the wholesale firms, the shops of the retailers, the government buildings, and the fine private residences. The rocky cliffs have been terraced as the town has grown, and the city now extends back upon the hills a long distance, one man's house being above another's, and reached by stairways, winding roads, and steam "lifts" which carry passengers up inclined planes like those at Niagara Falls and Pittsburgh. What roads there are were laid out by the goats that formerly fed upon the mountain-side, and twist about in the most confusing and circuitous fashion. One has to stop and pant for breath as he climbs them, and in coming down, an alpenstock is needed. The hacks in Valparaiso have three horses attached to them, and the teaming is done in carts drawn by four oxen.

An evening view of Valparaiso from a steamer in the bay is quite novel, as the lines of lights, one above the other, give the appearance of a city turned up on end. Electric lamps are placed upon the crests of the cliffs, throwing their rays over into the streets and upon the terraces below, with the effect of moonlight. During the day, however, the irregular rows of houses, of different shapes and elevations, clinging to the precipices, look as if a strong wind might blow them overboard, or an earthquake shake them off into the bay.

The business portion of the city, along the beach, shows some fine architecture, more elaborate than is to be seen elsewhere in Central and South America, there being a rivalry in handsomely carved façades and other adornments. The shops and stores are large, and contain as complete an assortment of goods as can be found in any city in the world. There is no city in the United States of the population of Valparaiso (125,000) with so many fine shops and such a display of costly and luxurious articles. The people are wealthy and prosperous, the foreign element is large and rich, and the place is famous, as is Santiago, the capital, for the extravagance of its citizens. Some of the



THE HARBOR OF VALPARAISO.

private residences are palatial in their proportions and equipments, and millions of dollars are represented under the roofs of bankers and merchants. There are clubs as fine as the average in New York or London, public reading-rooms, libraries, picture-galleries, and all the elements which go to make up modern civilization. The parks and plazas are filled with beautiful fountains and statuary of bronze and marble, much of which, to the shame of Chili, was stolen from the public and private gardens of Peru during the late war. The Custom-house is being torn away to give place to a magnificent monument to Arthur Pratt, an Irish hero of the struggle. His reckless courage made him the ideal of all that is great and noble in the mind of the Chillanos, who have erected a monument to his memory in nearly every town. Streets and shops, saloons, mines, opera-houses, and even lotteries are named in his honor, and the greatest national tribute is to destroy the old Custom-house in order to erect his monument in the most conspicuous place in the principal city.

The oddest thing to be seen is the female street-car conductors. The street-car managers of Chili have added another occupation to the list of those in which women may engage. The experiment was first tried during the war with Peru, when all the able-bodied men were sent to the army, and proved so successful that their employment has become permanent, to the advantage, it is said, of both the companies, the women, and the public. The first impression of a woman with a bell-punch taking up fares is not favorable, but the stranger soon becomes accustomed to this as to all other novelties, and concludes that it is not such a bad idea after all.

The female conductors are seldom disturbed in the discharge of their duties, and when they are, the rule is to call upon the policemen, who stand at every corner, to eject the obstreperous passenger. The street-cars are double-deckers, with seats upon the roof as well as within, and the conductor occupies a perch on the rear platform, taking the fare as the passenger enters. Street-car riding

is a popular amusement with the young men about town. Fellows who make a business of flirting with the conductors are called "mosquitos" in local parlance, because they swarm so thickly around the cars and are so great a nuisance. The conductors, or conductresses, are usually young, and sometimes quite pretty, being commonly of the mixed race—of Spanish and Indian blood. They wear a neat uniform of blue flannel, with a jaunty Panama hat, and a many-pocketed white pinafore, reaching from the breast to the ankles, and trimmed with dainty frills. In these pockets they carry small change and tickets, while hanging over their shoulders is a little shopping bag, in which is a lunch, a pocket-handkerchief, and surplus money and tickets. Each passenger when paying his fare receives a yellow paper ticket, numbered, which he is expected to destroy. The girls are charged with so many tickets, and when they report at head-quarters are expected to return money for all that are missing, any deficit being deducted from their wages, which are \$25 per month.

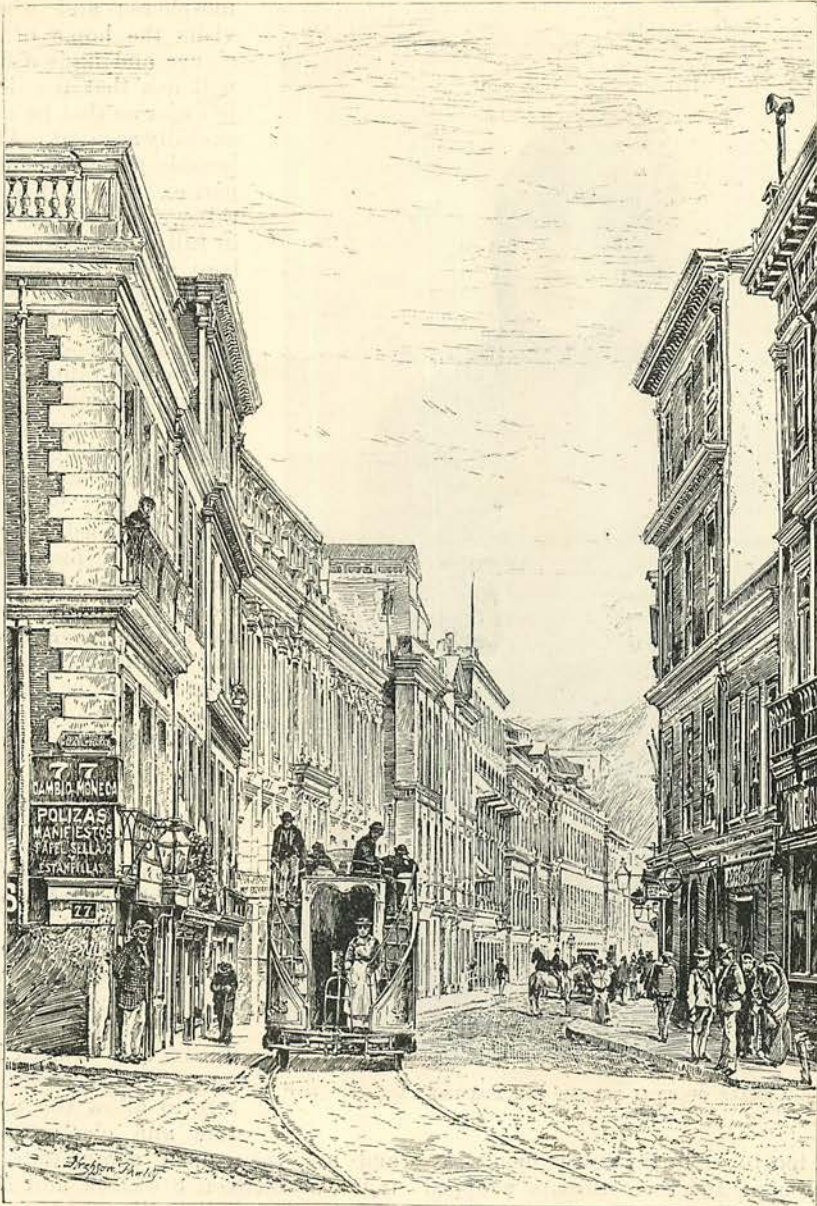
The women of Chili are not so pretty as their sisters in Peru. They are generally larger in feature and figure, have not the dainty feet and supple grace of the Lima belles, and lack their voluptuous languor. In Valparaíso half the ladies are of the Saxon type. Here, too, modern costumes are worn more generally than in other South American countries, and the shops are full of Paris bonnets. But the black *manta*, with its fringe of lace, is still common enough to be considered the costume of the country, and is always worn to mass in the morning. The *manta* is becoming to almost everybody. It hides the defects of homely forms and figures, and heightens grace and beauty. It makes an old woman look young, a stout woman appears more slender under its graceful folds, and even a skeleton would look coquettish wrapped in the rich embroidery which some bear.

In Chili mantas and skirts of white flannel are worn by "penitentes"—women who have committed sin, and thus advertise their penitence—or those who have taken some holy vow, and go about the streets with downcast eyes, looking at nothing and recognizing no one. They hover around the churches, and sit for hours crouching before some saint or crucifix. In the great cathedral at Santiago

and in the smaller churches everywhere these "penitentes," in their snow-white garments, are always to be seen on their knees or posing in other uncomfortable postures, looking like statues. They cluster in groups around the confessionals, waiting to receive absolution. Ladies of high social position and great wealth are commonly found among the "penitentes," as well as young girls of beauty and winning grace. Souls that cannot be purged by this penitential dress retire to a convent in the outskirts of the city, called the "Convent of the Penitentes," where they scourge themselves with whips, mortify the flesh with sackcloth, sleep in ashes and upon stone floors, and feed themselves on mouldy crusts, until the priests, by whose advice they go, give them absolution. For those who are unfitted under the social laws to associate with the pure, other convents are open.

In the orphan asylum at Santiago there are said to be 2000 children of unknown parentage, supported by the Church, and this in a city of 200,000 people. There is a convenient mode for the disposition of foundlings. In the rear wall surrounding the place is an aperture, with a wooden box or cradle which swings out and in. A mother goes there at night, places the little one in the cradle, swings it inside, and the nuns on guard, hearing a bell that rings automatically, take the infant to the nursery. However this plan may be regarded by stern moralists, it is certainly an improvement on infanticide—a crime almost unknown in Chili.

Santiago is reached from Valparaíso by a railway run on the English plan, and similar in its equipment and system of management to those of Europe. The scenery along the line is picturesque, the snow caps of the Andean peaks being constantly in view, and Aconcagua, the highest mountain on this hemisphere, can be seen nearly the entire distance. A few miles from Valparaíso, and the first station on the road, is Vin del Mar, the Long Branch of Chili, where many of the wealthy residents of the country have fine establishments and usually spend the summer. It is by far the most modern and elegant fashionable resort in South America, and reminds one of the popular haunts along the Mediterranean. The journey to Santiago is made in about five hours, and one finds in the capital of Chili the finest city on the continent.



VICTORIA STREET, VALPARAISO.

Although the climate of Santiago is about that of Washington or St. Louis, the people have a notion that fires in their houses are unhealthy, and, except in those built by English or American residents, there is nothing like a grate or a stove to be found. Everybody wears the warmest sort of under-clothing, and heavy wraps in-doors and out. The peo-

ple spend six months of the year in a perpetual shiver, and the remainder in a perpetual perspiration. It looks rather odd to see civilized people sitting in a parlor, surrounded by every possible luxury wealth can bring except fire, wrapped in furs and rugs, with blue noses and chattering teeth, when coal is cheap and the mountains are covered with timber. It



A BELLE OF CHILI DRESSED FOR MORNING MASS.

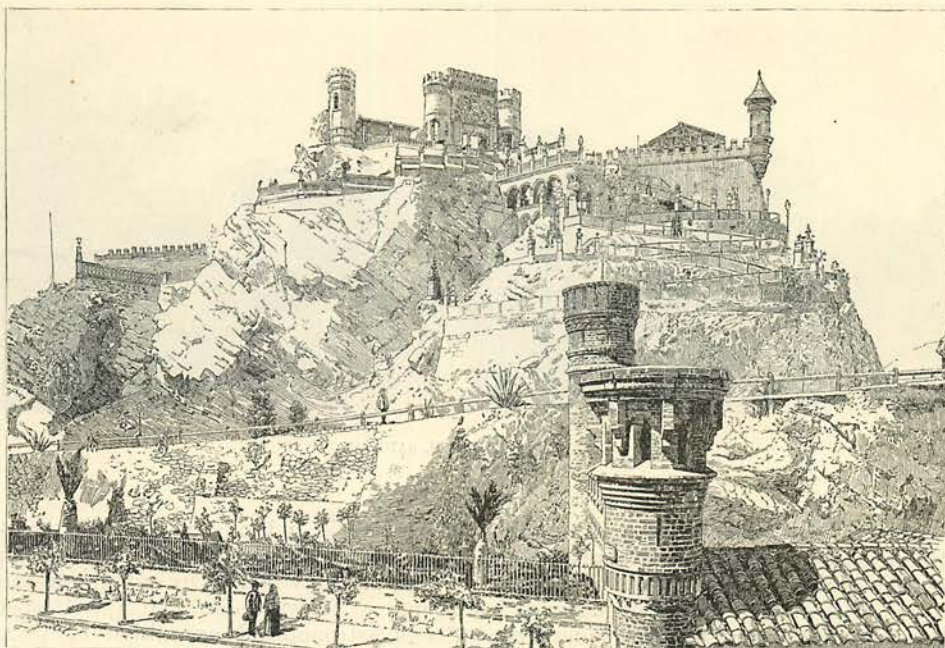
is odd, too, to see in the streets men wearing fur caps, and their throats wrapped in heavy mufflers, while the women who walk beside them have nothing on their heads at all. During the morning, while on the way from mass or while shopping, the women wear the manta, as they do in Peru; but in the afternoons, on the promenade or when riding, they go bare-headed. Although the prevailing diseases are pneumonia and other throat and lung complaints, and during the winter the mortality from these causes is immense, the Chillano persists in believing that artificial heat poisons the at-

mosphere; and when he visits the home of a foreigner and finds a fire, he will ask that the door be left ajar so that he may be as chilly as usual. At fashionable gatherings, dinner parties, and that sort of thing, I have seen women in full evening dress, with bare arms and shoulders, with the temperature of the room between 40 and 50 degrees Fahrenheit. They often carry into the salon or dining-room their fur wraps, and wear them at the table, while at every chair is a foot-warmer of thick llama wool, into which they push their dainty slippers. These foot-warmers are ornamental as well as useful, have embroidered cases, and are manufactured at home, or can be purchased from the nuns, who spend much of their time in needle-work.

Every lady seen on the street in the morning carries a prayer rug, often handsomely embroidered, which she kneels upon at mass to protect her limbs from the damp stone floor of the churches, in which there are never any pews.

The shops do not open until 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, close from 5 to 7 P.M. to allow the proprietors and clerks to dine,

and are then open again until midnight, as between 8 o'clock and 11 P.M. most of the retail trading is done. The finest shops are in the arcades or portales, like the Palais Royal in Paris, and are brilliantly lighted with electricity. Here the ladies gather, swarming around the pretty goods like bees around the flowers, and of course the haughty and impertinent Dons come also to stare at them. It seems to be considered a compliment, a mark of admiration, to stare at a woman, for she never turns away. To these nightly gatherings come all who have nothing serious to detain them, and



SANTA LUCIA.



the flirtations begun at the portales are the curse of the women of Santiago. The shops are full of the prettiest sorts of goods, the most expensive diamonds, jewelry, and laces, and are finer than can be found in American cities of a similar size. The Santiagans boast that everything that can be found in Paris can be purchased there, and one easily believes it to be true. There is plenty of money in Chili, the people have a refined taste and luxurious habits, many of the private houses are palatial, and the toilets of the women are superb. The equipages to be seen are equal to those of New York or London, and the Alameda on pleasant afternoons is thronged with handsome carriages with liveried coachmen and footmen, like Central Park or Rotten Row.

The Alameda is 600 feet in width, broken by four rows of poplar-trees, and stretches the full length of the city, four miles, from "Santa Lucia" to the Exposition Park and Horticultural Gardens. In the centre is a promenade, while on either side is a driveway 100 feet wide. The promenade is dotted with a line of statues representing the famous men or commem-

orating the famous events in the history of Chili, a country which has assassinated or sent into exile some of her noblest sons, but never fails to perpetuate their memory in bronze or marble. On the Alameda from three to five o'clock every afternoon during the season several military bands are placed at intervals of half a mile or so, and the music calls out all the population to walk or drive. During the summer the music is given in the evening instead of the afternoon, when the portales are deserted for the out-door promenade.

Fronting the Alameda are the finest palaces in the city, magnificent dwellings of carved sandstone, often 100 or 200 feet square, with the invariable court-yard or *patio* in the centre, and its fountains and flowers. Houses which cost half a million



EXPOSITION BUILDING, SANTIAGO.

dollars to build and a quarter of a million to furnish are common, and there are some even more expensive. The former residence of the late Henry Meiggs stands in the centre of a park 800 feet square, surrounded by a forest of foliage and a beautiful garden. It is a conspicuous example of extravagance, having cost a mint of money, every timber and brick and tile being imported at an enormous expense. It is at present unoccupied and in a state of decay, there being no one since the death of Meiggs with the courage or the means to sustain such grandeur. But though the magnates seek the boulevard of the city to display their wealth and architectural taste, some of the side streets have residences quite as grand, and even more aristocratic. These more retired quarters have an air of gentility the Alameda has not acquired, a sort of established aristocratic repose, a riper, richer, and more honorable quiet, that suggests something of social distinction and haughty exclusiveness, venerable solitude and commercial solidity. Another monument to the extravagance of men is known as "O'Brien's Folly." It is a magnificent structure, modelled after a Turkish palace, and its cost was fabulous. The owner was an Irish adventurer, who discovered one of the richest silver mines in Chili, and lived like a prince until his money was gone. His castle is now unoccupied, and he is again in the mountains prospecting for another fortune.

"Santa Lucia" is the most beautiful place in all South America—the most beautiful place I have ever seen. It is a

pile of rocks a thousand feet high, cast into the centre of the great plain on which the city stands by some volcanic agency. It was here that the United States astronomical expedition of 1852, under Lieutenant Gillis, made observations. Before that time, and as far back as the Spanish invasion, it was a magnificent fortress, commanding the entire valley with its guns, and tradition has it that the King of the Araucanians had a stronghold here before the Spaniards came. After the departure of the United States expedition, Vicunae McCenna, a public-spirited man of wealth in Santiago, undertook the work of beautifying the place, and by the aid of private subscriptions, with much of his own means, sought all the resources that taste could suggest and money reach to improve on nature's grandeur. His success was complete. Winding walks and stairways, parapets and balconies, grottoes and flower beds, groves of trees and vine-hung arbors, follow one another from the base to the summit, while upon the west, at the edge of a precipice 800 feet high, is a miniature castle and a lovely little chapel, in whose crypt Vicunae McCenna has asked that his bones be laid. Below the chapel 300 or 400 feet, on the opposite side of the hill, is a level place on which a restaurant and out-door theatre have been erected. Here on summer nights come the population of the city to eat ices, drink beer, and laugh at the farces played upon the stage, while bands of music and dancing make the people merry. This is the resort of the aristocracy, while the poor people go to

Cousiño Park at the other end of the Alameda, drink *chica*, and dance the *cua-ca* (pronounced quaker), the Chillano national dance.

At the other end of the Alameda are the Exposition grounds and Horticultural Gardens, laid out in good style and improved to the highest degree of landscape architecture. There is a fine stone and glass building—a miniature copy of the Crystal Palace in London—used as the National Museum of Chili, whose contents were mostly stolen from Peru during the late war. A Zoological Garden has been added to exhibit the animals brought from Peru, like the curiosities of the museum, as contraband of war. The elephant died from the severity of the climate, two of the lions are missing from the same cause, and the rest of the menagerie are suffering from exposure and cold to which they are unaccustomed.

The Opera-house at Santiago is owned by the city government, and is claimed to be the finest structure of the sort in all America. It certainly surpasses any we have in the United States in size, arrange-

ment, and gorgeousness. It is built upon the European plan, with four balconies, three of which are divided off into boxes, upholstered in the most luxurious manner. The balconies are supported on brackets, so that there are no pillars to obstruct the view. The boxes are sold at auction for the season each year, under the direction of the Mayor, and the receipts given in whole or in part as a subsidy to the opera management.

Everywhere one goes in Santiago and other cities in Chili are to be seen the ornaments of which Peru was so mercilessly plundered—statuary and fountains, ornamental street lamps, benches of carved stone in the parks and the Alameda, and almost everything that beautifies the streets. Transports which were sent up to Callao with troops brought back cargoes of pianos, pictures, furniture, books, and articles of household decoration, stolen from the homes of the Peruvians. Lamp posts torn up by the roots, pretty iron fences and images from the cemeteries, altar equipments of silver from the churches, statuary from the parks and streets, and



STATUE OF BERNARD O'HIGGINS, SANTIAGO.

everything that the hands of thieves and vandals could reach, were stolen. Clocks were taken from the steeples of the churches, one of which now gives time to the market-place of Santiago, and even effigies of the saints were lifted from the altars and stripped of the embroideries and jewels they had received from their devotees. In the court-yard of the Post-office at Santiago are two statues of marble which cause the American tourist to start in surprise, for George Washington and Abraham Lincoln stand like unexpected ghosts before him. Their presence is not announced in any of the guide-books, which is accounted for by the fact that they, like almost everything else of the kind in Chili, were brought from Peru.



PATRICK LYNCH.

But the new hotel is the finest ornament in Santiago in the eyes of foreigners who have been compelled to stop at the old ones. It is a magnificent structure, with \$300,000 worth of furniture from Paris, and a \$5000 cook from the same place. The rooms all have grates for fires, which is an innovation, and are furnished as handsomely as any of the hotels in New York, while the restaurant is as good as Delmonico's.

The Chillano is the Yankee of South America, the most active, enterprising, ingenious, and thrifty of the Spanish-American race, aggressive, audacious, and arrogant quick to perceive, quick to resent,

fierce in disposition, cold-blooded, and cruel as a cannibal. He dreams of conquest. He has only a strip of country along the Pacific coast, so narrow that there is scarcely room enough to write its name upon the map, hemmed in on the one side by the eternal snows that crown the Cordilleras and on the other by 6000 miles of sea. He has been stretching himself northward until he has stolen all the sea-coast of Bolivia, with her valuable nitrate deposits, all the guano that belonged to Peru, and contemplates taking actual possession of both those republics soon. He has been reaching southward by diplomacy, as he did northward by war, and under a recent treaty with the Argentine Republic divided Patagonia with that nation, taking to himself the control of that valuable international highway, the Strait of Magellan, the unexplored country between the Andes and the ocean, and thousands of islands along the Pacific coast, whose resources are unknown. By securing the strait, Chili acquired control of steam navigation in the South Pacific, and has established a colony and fortress at Punta Arenas, by which all vessels must pass. Reposing tranquilly now in the enjoyment of the newly acquired territory along the Bolivian and Peruvian border, and deriving an enormous revenue from the export tax upon nitrate, the Chillano contemplates the internal dissensions of Peru, and waits anxiously for the time when he can step in as arbitrator, and, like the lawyer, take the estate that the heirs are silly enough to quarrel over. It is but a question of years when not only Peru, but Bolivia, will become a part of Chili, and the aggressive nation will want to push her eastern boundary back of the Andes, and secure control of the sources of the Amazon, as she has of the navigation of the strait.

Although Argentine is making more rapid strides toward national greatness, there is no doubt that at present, in all the conditions of modern civilization, the Chillanos lead the Southern continent, and are the most powerful of all the republics in America except our own. Their statesmen are wise and able, their people are industrious and progressive, and have that strength of mind and muscle which is given only to the men of temperate zones. There is a strong similarity between the Chillanos and the Irish. Both have the same wit and reckless courage,



AN INCA QUEEN AND PRINCESS.

the same love of country and patriotic pride. Wherever a Chillano goes he carries his opinion that there never was and never can be a better land than that in which he was born, and although he may be a refugee or an exile, he will fight in defence of Chili at the drop of the hat. There is something refreshing in his patriotism, even if it be the most arrogant vanity. Our people are becoming ashamed of their Fourth of July, and the Declaration of Independence is the butt of pro-

fessional jokers. The Chillano will cut the throat of a man who will not celebrate with him the 18th of September, his Independence Day, and there is a law in the country requiring every house to have a flagstaff, and every flagstaff to bear the national colors on a banner by day and a lantern by night, on the anniversaries of the republic. All the schools must use text-books by native authors, all the bands play the compositions of native composers, and visiting opera and concert singers are

compelled to vary their performances by introducing the songs of the country. It is said that a Frenchman can never be denationalized. The same is true of the Chillano. There has not been a successful revolution in Chili since 1839, and although there is nowhere a more unruly and discordant people, nowhere more murders and other serious crimes, in their love of country the haughty Don and the patient peon, the hunted bandit and the cruel soldier, are one.

Many of the leading men of Chili are and have been of Irish descent. Barney O'Higgins was the liberator—the George Washington—of the republic, and Patrick Lynch was the foremost soldier of Chili in the late war. The O'Learys and McGarrys and other Chillano-Irish families are prominent in politics and war and trade. There is a sympathetic bond between the shamrock and the condor, and nowhere in South America does the Irish emigrant so prosperously thrive.

As a soldier the Chillano is brave to recklessness, and a sense of fear is unknown to him. He will not endure a siege, nor can he be made to fight at long range; but as soon as he sees the enemy he fires one volley, drops his gun, and rushes in with his "curvo." His endurance is as great as his courage, and no North American Indian can travel so far without rest or go so long without food or water as the Chillano peon, or "Roto," as the mixed race is called. As the "Cholo" in Peru is the descendant of the Spaniards and the Incas, so is the "Roto" in Chili the child of the Spaniard and the Araucanian Indians, the race of giants with which the early explorers reported that Patagonia was peopled—"menne of that bigginess," as Sir Francis Drake reported, "that it seemed the trees of the forests were uprooted and were moving away." They have the Spanish tenacity of purpose, the Indian endurance, and the cruelty of both. Each soldier, in the mountains or the desert, carries on his breast two buckskin bags. In one are the leaves of the coca plant, in the other powdered lime made of the ashes of potato skins. The coca is the strongest sort of a tonic, and by chewing it the Chillano soldier can abstain from food or drink for a week or ten days at a stretch. The Chillano soldier is not easily subjected to discipline, and outvanders the vandals in the destruction of proper-

ty, as the present condition of Peru will prove. He burns and destroys everything within his reach that has sheltered an enemy. No authority can restrain his hand. The awful scenes of devastation that took place in Peru have nothing to parallel them in the annals of modern warfare. On the battle-fields nine-tenths of the dead were found with their throats cut, and the Chillanos took no prisoners, except when a whole army capitulated. They ask no quarter and give none. The knowledge of this characteristic, and the fear of the Chillano knife, was a powerful factor in the subjugation of the more humane Peruvians.

While the Chillanos are quick to learn and have much native mechanical ingenuity, they cannot be trusted as machinists. The magnificent cruiser *Esmeralda*, one of the finest ships of war afloat, was built in England for the Chili government at a cost of \$1,500,000, but she had not been in the hands of native engineers six weeks before her engines needed repairs and her boilers were ruined. She has since been sold to the British government, with her two torpedo boats, for the original cost, and is now manned by British officers and seamen. The Chillanos have a line of steamers running from Valparaiso up and down the coast. They are the finest ships on the Pacific, built on the Clyde, with all modern improvements, but the engineers and captains are Englishmen or Scotchmen. The government owns and manages the railroads in the republic, but the locomotive drivers are foreigners. Every three or four years, usually before a Presidential election, these men are discharged and natives employed in their stead, but until election is over and the old engineers are restored to their places there is a carnival of accidents, and passenger travel is practically suspended.

In trade the Chillano is a Yankee. At market or in the native shops the buyer is not expected to pay the price first asked. He is expected to enter into a *negocio*, and the seller is disappointed if he loses an opportunity to show his shrewdness in the barter. There is no regularly established price for any article.

Most of the hotel-keepers are women whose husbands are engaged in other occupations, but all the servants, including the cooks and chamber-maids, are men. There are better cooks and better classes

of food than in other South American countries, and one seldom fails to find a good inn even in the country villages. The markets of Chili, too, are better; the beef, mutton, and other meats have the flavor that is only to be found in temperate climates, the fish are not so rank and coarse as those caught in tropical waters, and while vegetation is not so prolific, the fruits of the earth have a finer taste. There are oysters equal to those of New Orleans or Mobile, clams and lobsters, and plenty of shrimps, called *camarons*.

Another oddity is the milk stations. Every few blocks on all but the principal business streets is a platform upon which a cow is tied, and milked to order by a dairy-maid whenever a customer calls. On a table near by are found measures, cans, and glasses, and often a bottle of brandy, so that a thirsty man can mix a glass of punch if he likes. In the morning these stands are surrounded by servants from the aristocratic houses, women and children with cups and buckets, awaiting their turn, while as fast as one cow is exhausted another is driven upon the platform.

In Chili, as in all other Spanish-American countries, every man and woman is named after the saint whose anniversary is nearest the day on which they were born, and that saint is expected to look after the welfare of those christened in his or her honor. These names sound fine in Spanish, but when they come to be translated into unpoetic English, there is an oddity, and often something comical, about them. For example, the name of the recent President of Chili is Domingo Santa Maria, which being interpreted means "Sunday St. Mary." The name of the President of Ecuador is Jesus Mary Caa-maño (apple), and that of the Governor of the province of Valparaiso is "Sunday Bull" (Domingo Torres). The use of the Saviour's name is common, even upon the signs of stores and saloons in cities, and in the nomenclature of the streets. I met a girl once whose name was Dolores Digerier (Sorrowful Stomach).

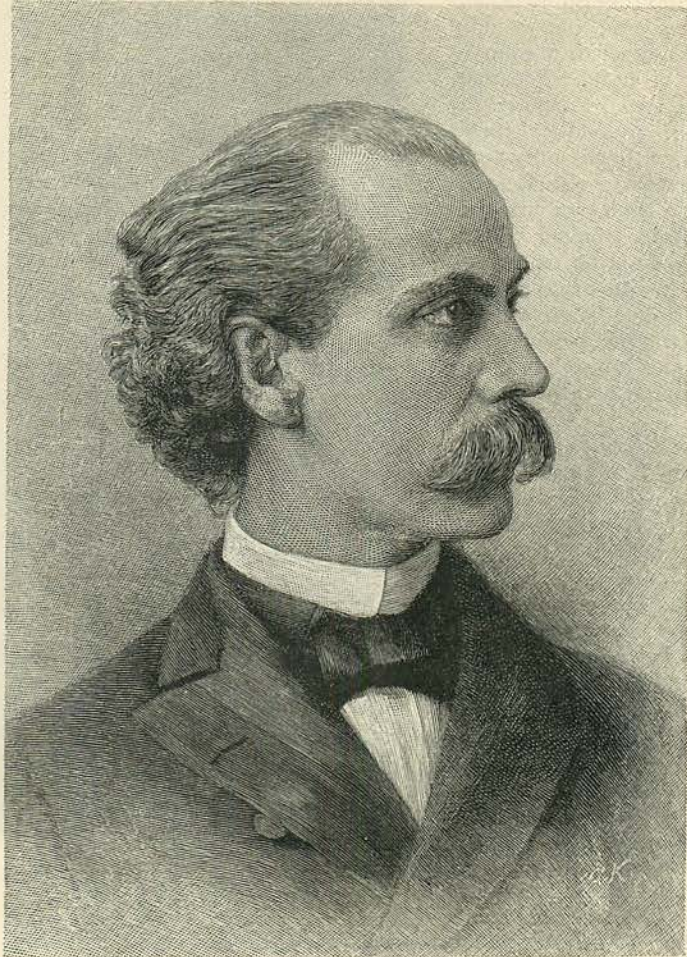
The Croesus of South America is a wo-



SEÑORA COUSIÑO.

man, Doña Isadora Cousiño, of Santiago, and there are few women or men in the world richer than she. Her property consists of millions of acres of land, flocks and herds that are numbered by the hundreds of thousands, coal, copper, and silver mines, acres of real estate in Santiago and Valparaiso, a fleet of ships, smelting works, potteries, and other manufactories, a railway or two, and other trifles of productive value, which are all under her own management, and yield an income of several millions a year, that she tries very hard to spend, and under the circumstances succeeds as well as could be expected.

The struggle between the liberal element and the Catholic Church which has been going on for a number of years in Chili, as in the other South American republics, is now at its height. There has so far been no confiscation of property, as in some of the other states, and at



PRESIDENT BALMACEDA.

the capital there are still two thousand monks and nuns. The Jesuits were expelled several years ago, but the other monastic orders were allowed to remain and conduct the political policy of the clerical party. The liberal party has a majority in Congress, and has passed laws by which the authority and power of the priests have been seriously crippled. The archbishop was banished for resenting these measures, and the appointment of the bishops has been given to the President instead of the Pope by act of Congress. Free non-sectarian schools have been established, and the rite of civil marriage only is recognized by the courts. At the last Presidential election, which occurred in June, 1885, Balmaceda, the liberal candidate, was elected, although bit-

terly opposed by the priests, who realized that his success would be their permanent discomfiture, and there were riots attended with much bloodshed and many fatalities. A decree of banishment has been issued against all priests who refuse to recognize the civil marriage act, and the confiscation of church property will probably be the next step. It is said that fully one-third of the real estate in the country is owned by the Church, and the most of it, by a curious custom, is held in trust for the saints to whom it was presented or bequeathed by their devotees. Saint Dominic, for example, is almost as rich as the widow Cousiño, and has an enormous income from his estates, which are ably managed by the order of Dominican Friars.



PEONS OF CHILLI.

Protestantism is making more rapid progress in Chili than elsewhere in Spanish America, which is due to the increase of education among the common people, and the missionary work of Dr. Trumbull and his associates under the direction of the Presbyterian Board. There are several missions throughout the country, a number of self-supporting churches, and Protestant schools, a college, a theological seminary for the education of native preachers, and a young ladies' seminary. But the great majority of the people still cling to the superstitions of the Dark Ages, and believe in miracle-working images that are set up in the churches and used to extort money for the priests.

Farming in Chili is conducted on the old feudal system. The country is divided into great estates, owned by people who live in the cities, and seldom visit their *haciendas*, as they are called. The tenants are permanent, and have retainers in the form of little cottages and gardens, for which they pay no rent. If the landlord requires their services, they are always subject to his call, and are paid by the day or month for whatever labor they perform, generally in orders upon the supply store or commissary of the estate, where they can obtain food, clothing, and other articles, and rum—especially rum. They are given small credits at these stores, and as the law prohibits a tenant from leaving a landlord to whom he is in debt, the former is never permitted to settle his account. The peons never get ahead. They live and die on the same estates and in the same cabins where their fathers and grandfathers lived and died, and know nothing of the world or the conditions of men around them. Although they are badly treated in most cases, they are always loyal to their masters, and take their peonage as a matter of course. The war with Peru had a demoralizing effect upon the agricultural population, from which the army of Chili was recruited, and it will require many years to recover from it. When they returned from the war it was found almost impossible to get the men back to the *estancias*. They were enamored of military life, had got a taste of city dissipation, and a large proportion of the army, when it was mustered out, became thieves, beggars, and highwaymen. There is not enough labor in the country to work the farms, and the lack has not only caused

higher wages to be paid, but has done much to break up the old system. Immigration is encouraged, labor-saving machinery is being introduced from the United States, and new conditions are promised. But the *estancieros* who adopt labor-saving machinery have to get some immigrant to operate it, as the native can seldom be induced to do so, and when he does, usually smashes the implement at the first trial.

He who wishes to make the journey from Chili to the Argentine Republic has a choice of routes. He may go by vessel through the Strait of Magellan, or may climb the Andes on the back of a mule. Either journey is delightful in the summer season. By land it takes five days, three of which are spent in the saddle, amid some of the grandest scenery in the world. The highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere is Aconcagua, which rises 22,415 feet above the sea, and is in plain view from both Valparaiso and Santiago when the weather is clear. Chimborazo was until recently supposed to be the King of the Andes, and in geographies published thirty years ago was described as the highest mountain in the world. No one has ever reached the summit of either monster, but by triangulation Aconcagua has been determined to have an advantage of 2000 feet over old "Chimbo" in stature. When the city of Mendoza, on the Argentine side of the Cordilleras, is reached, one can make the rest of his journey to Buenos Ayres in a Pullman car.

The road over the mountains is always dangerous, and trained mules only can be used. There are some bridges to be crossed whose construction does not commend itself to the timid. They are made of braided cowhide, stretched across the chasm after the manner of modern suspension-bridges, and a floor of poles laid, just wide enough for one mule to pass. The oscillation of these slender structures, which often overhang gorges thousands of feet deep, is very great, and the sensation of the novice in crossing is not repeated for pleasure. It is remarkable that so few accidents happen, and when they do, it is usually from the carelessness of the traveller. The route is historical, and has been in use for centuries. There is not a mile without some romantic association, scarcely a rock that some tradition does not cling to.

MOUNT ACONCAGUA.

