



THE TRILLAR, OR SOUTH AMERICAN SUBSTITUTE FOR THRASHING.

AGRICULTURE IN CHILI.

THE progress of science, and its application to the ordinary business of life, is shown by the marked improvements which have been achieved in agricultural economy. Not only has chemistry instructed the farmer in the secrets of the soil, teaching him how to remedy that which is defective, and to improve that which is good, but our agricultural implements have been changed, and human labour economised, by the introduction of steam power. Corn and seed-dropping machines, haymaking machines, reaping machines, thrashing machines, are now in the hands of the farmer; and every year exhibits still further improvements. Those who recollect the old-fashioned systems of farming, or who may in some parts of the country still observe the working of the old-fashioned way, can only properly appreciate the real value of these inventions. By a very compact and simple arrangement, and with very little power to drive it, a thrashing machine is made to perform the manual labour of many hours.

But the reader may ask, what connection have these agricultural instruments with the singular scene represented in the engraving? The connection is this—the scene represents the method of thrashing common amongst the Chilians of the present day. The wild horses, flying around within the inclosed space, like so many Mazeppas, are doing very imperfectly the work of the simple apparatus to which attention has been drawn. This operation is known as the *Trillar*, a word derived from the Spanish, and applied to the thrashing of wheat. The origin of the expression may be traced to the Romans, whose thrashing implement was called *tribulum*. When we take into account the promptitude with which the South Americans have adopted most of our industrial inventions, it appears singular that they should continue so primitive an agricultural fashion; and probably their old custom will yield to the better principles of modern science. One excellent reason for the Chilians still retaining

this practice is found in the immense number of horses which they possess, and which are thus readily turned to a profitable use.

How this wild scene of excitement would bewilder an English farmer, or any one else accustomed to the quiet and order of our agricultural operations! Here is a company of gaily dressed cavaliers, gathered about a ring fence, shouting and hallooing as a troop of apparently wild horses course madly over the golden grain.

Chili has an excellent and prolific soil. At some parts the eye is delighted with the richest and most luxuriant foliage; but at others the hills are poorly clad with verdure, and the valleys are almost barren. Fertility increases as we proceed south. But whether his land be fertile or barren, the Chilian knows and cares little about agriculture. Everything connected with it is greatly in arrears. Part of the trunk of a tree, the fore part being wedge-shaped, and having nailed to it a pointed flat plate of iron, serves as a plough. Oxen are yoked by their horns. A heap of bushes, weighed down with stones, is the substitute for a harrow. Very little attention is paid to weeding, but when performed, it is with the hand or the bladebone of a sheep. No manure is ever used. A rough sickle serves the reaper; and the corn, as we have already noticed, is thrashed, or rather trodden out, by horses' hoofs. After this operation, it is left in the open air for the wind to winnow, and is housed just before the commencement of the rainy season.

It is a matter of regret that a country so productive as Chili should remain in a state of semi-barbarity, for such is the fact with regard to that country. Its low condition under Spanish authority; the struggle for independence, which was finally achieved by the victory of Maypu; the subsequent troubles to which it has been exposed, have contributed to hinder the progress of the peaceful arts. Internal dissensions alone postpone its future of national prosperity; when these shall cease, Chili will rise to a noble position in South America.

all that time, he had been the only real, sympathising friend she had had. Might she not love the wrecker's son?

With a deep groan the wanderer leaned back against a rock, and bowed his head upon his hands. What should he do? He pondered long and anxiously—pondered in pain and anguish, and in heart-rending suspense. At length he clasped his hands above his head, and within himself he swore that he would see Carrie Thornton, at the price of whatever peril. But how should he proceed? Whither should he first turn his steps? The night was dark—not cloudy, but no moon—and the stars shone but feebly, a thin mist seeming to hang over the coast. He feared that he might lose his way if he attempted any new route; and, further, there might be nothing gained thereby, even if he succeeded. At length he determined to return to the point where he had emerged from the cavern, and there study further. He would feel safer there, as he could seek refuge in the vast subterranean chamber, should there be need of it. Accordingly he started to retrace his steps, and ere long reached the narrow pass, between two high rocks, which led directly to the mouth of the cavern. He had entered this pass, and was moving cautiously along, when a sound like the falling of a foot fell upon his ear. What was it? Could it be a human being, or was it only an echo of the beating waves? Had he better move on, or turn back? Hark! the sound came from behind him.

"My soul!" he gasped, "am I to lose all thus?" for, as he turned, he beheld a dark form approaching him; and he could not flee, save to the entrance of the cavern. But he drew his cutlass; and he drew one of his pistols, too, and cocked it!

(To be continued.)

HUMAN glory is not always glorious. The best men have had their calumniators, the worst their panegyrist.