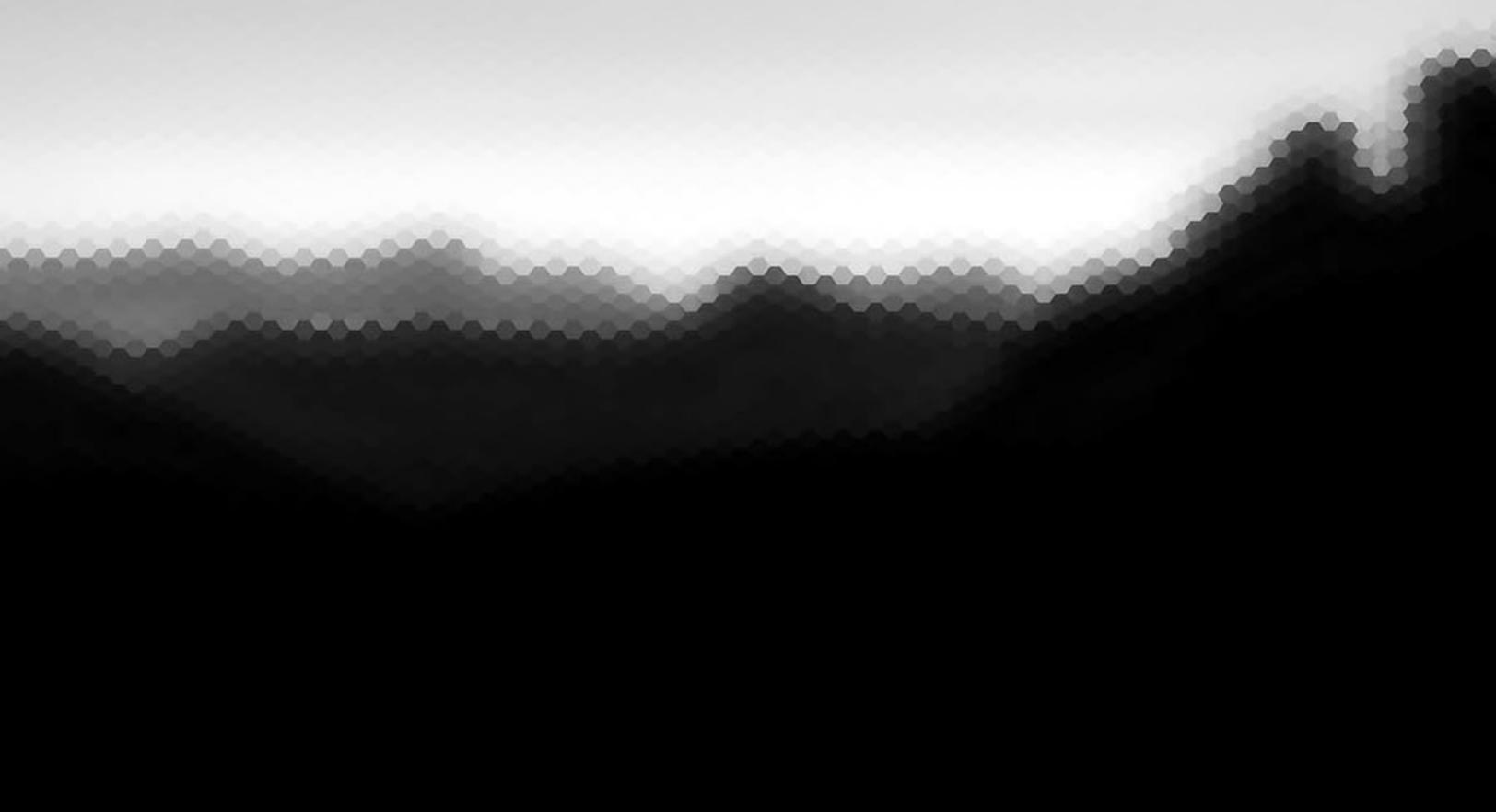


WILLIAM BENNET STEVENSON



**THE NARRATIVE
OF TWENTY
YEARS' RESIDENCE
IN SOUTH AMERICA**

William Bennet Stevenson

The Narrative of Twenty Years' Residence in South America

**Containing travels in Arauco, Chile, Peru, and
Colombia**

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PREFACE.

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The interest which the late successful revolution in Spanish America has awakened in Europe renders any genuine account of the new world so highly acceptable to the British nation, that it has become an almost imperative duty in those who may possess original matter to communicate it to the public; for it may be said, without the least exaggeration, that although the countries thus emancipated were discovered in the sixteenth century, they have remained almost unknown till the beginning of the nineteenth.

Fully convinced of these facts, and being urged by my friends, when I was on the eve of again crossing the Atlantic, to publish my collection of notes and memoranda—the gleanings of a twenty years' residence—in order to contribute my quota to the small stock of authentic matter already laid before an anxious public, I have been induced to postpone my voyage, and to embody my observations in the manner in which they now appear.

It is undoubtedly of great importance to become acquainted with the features of a country which has undergone any remarkable change in its political, religious, or literary career, before that change took place; and it is equally important to know the cause of and the means by which the change was effected. I have therefore given a succinct history of the state of the colonies before their fortunate struggle began to germinate, by describing their

political and ecclesiastical institutions; the character, genius, and education of the different classes of inhabitants; their peculiar customs and habits; their historical remains and antiquities; and lastly, the produce and manufactures of the country.

My opportunities for obtaining materials for the formation of this work were such as few individuals even among the natives or Spaniards could possess, and such as no *foreigner* could possibly enjoy at the period of my residence.

Dr. Robertson's celebrated history renders any account of the discovery and conquest of America unnecessary; but as the Spanish authors from whom his work was collected always kept in view the necessity of lulling the anxiety of general curiosity with respect to the subsequent state of the countries under the Spanish crown, that work cannot be supposed to be better than the materials from which it is formed would allow; to which I may add, that the different books published by the philosophic Humboldt are too scientific, and enter into too few details, to become fit for general perusal.

I am induced to believe, that my descriptions of tribunals, corporate bodies, the laws, and administration, the taxes and duties, will not be considered unimportant, because the newly-formed governments will follow in great measure the establishments of Spain, modified by a few alterations, perhaps more nominal than real. Indeed, the present authorities have already determined, that so far as the Spanish codes do not interfere with the independence of the country, they are to be considered as the fundamental laws of the different tribunals.

The Plates are from original Drawings taken by Don Jose Carrillo, a native of Quito, now in England.

Should the following pages merit the approbation of the British public, the author will feel highly gratified by having fulfilled his duty in both hemispheres; nor will this reward in the old world be accounted less honourable than that which he has already obtained in the new.



CHAPTER I.

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Arrival at Mocha.... Some account of Mayo, one of the Cape de Verd Islands touched at on our passage.... Description of Mocha, its Productions, &c.... Leave Mocha, and land at Tucapel Viejo.... Description of the Indians, their Dress, &c.... Indians take me to their Home.... Description of the House, Family, Food, Diversions.... Appearance of the Country... What Trade might be introduced.

On the 14th of February, 1804, I landed on the Island of Mocha, after a passage of upwards of five months from England, during which we passed between the Cape de Verd Islands, and touched at one of them called Mayo, for the purpose of procuring salt, which appears to be the only article of commerce. It is produced by admitting the sea water on flats, embanked next to the sea, during the spring tides, and allowing it to evaporate: the salt is then collected and carried off before the return of the high tides, when the water is again admitted, and the same process takes place. The sea water is here strongly impregnated with salt, owing probably to the great evaporation caused by the intense power of the heat, which also aids and hastens the process on shore. The inhabitants whom I saw were all blacks, with the solitary exception of a priest, and many of them in a state of nudity, even to an age at which decency if not modesty requires a covering. A small quantity of bananas, the only fruit we could procure, and some poultry, were

brought from St. Jago's, another of the islands, visible from Mayo.

The Island of Mocha, situate in $38^{\circ} 21' S.$ and that called Santa Maria, lying about 80 miles to the northward of it, were the patrimony of a family, now residing at Concepcion, of the name of Santa Maria, who lived on the latter, and sent some people to reside at Mocha, but after the commencement of the war between England and Spain, in 1780, the family, as well as the whole of the inhabitants, were ordered by the government of Chile to quit the islands, under the pretence that these were a resort for smugglers: a pretence derived from the common error, that privacy is preventive of contraband.

During the time that Mocha was in the possession of the Santa Marias a number of the original indian inhabitants, belonging to the tribe found on it when first visited by the Spaniards in 1549, resided there, but they were also removed to Concepcion.

These two islands having been once inhabited, there are yet to be found some few remains of cattle, which have continued to procreate: on Mocha are horses and pigs, and some barn door fowls. Mocha is about fifteen miles in circumference, hilly in the centre, and sloping towards the coast, more so on the western side, where a tolerably good anchorage and a safe landing place, on a sandy beach, may be found. Fresh water flows from several springs; wild turnips, mint and other herbs grow in abundance; the trees on the hilly part are principally the white cinnamon, named by the Spaniards *canelo*, the magui, the luma, a tree called *espino*, and others. Here are also apple, peach and cherry

trees, with a variety of wild strawberries, and myrtle-berries. Some solitary seals yet remain on the rocks on the south side of the island.

I left Mocha after remaining there alone thirty-two days, and landed from the brig Polly at Tucapel Viejo, the residence of one of the Caciques, or Ulmenes, of the Araucanian indians, by whom I was most hospitably treated.

The male indians who appeared on the beach were of a reddish brown or copper colour, few of them reaching to the height of six feet. They were finely shaped and very muscular, having a round face, well formed forehead, small black eyes, flattish nose, moderately thick lips and good teeth, but no beard. The whole of the countenance is expressive of a certain portion of vivacity, and not uninteresting; the hair is black and strong, all of it being drawn behind the head and platted. The women are lower in stature than the men, their features similar, and some of the girls, if I be not allowed to call them handsome, I cannot abstain from saying are very pretty. The females wear their hair long, and platted behind their heads: it is afterwards wrapped round with a tape about an inch and a half broad, to one edge of which are attached a number of small hawks' bells: the plait is allowed to hang down the back, and not unfrequently reaches below their knees.

The dress or costume of the indians at first appeared very singular to me. In the men it consisted of a flannel shirt, and a pair of loose drawers of the same material, generally white, reaching below the calves of the legs; a coarse species of rug about two yards wide and two and a half long, with a slit in the middle through which the head

was passed: this garment, if so I may style it, hanging over the shoulders and reaching below the knees, is called a *poncho*. The common ones seemed to be made from a brownish sort of wool, but some were very fancifully woven in stripes of different colours and devices, such as animals, birds, flowers, &c. Of the poncho I shall have occasion to speak again, as it is universally worn in all the provinces of South America which I visited; but I must say here, that I considered it as an excellent riding dress; for hanging loosely and covering the whole body, it leaves the arms quite at liberty to manage the whip and reins. The hat commonly worn is in the form of a cone, without any skirts; for shoes they substitute a piece of raw bull's hide cut to the shape of the sole of the foot, and tied on with slender thongs of leather. The females wear a long white flannel tunic, without sleeves, and an upper garment of black flannel, extending below their knees, the sides closed up to the waist, and the corners from the back brought over the shoulders and fastened to the corners of the piece in front with two large thorns, procured from a species of cactus, or with large silver brooches: it is afterwards closed round the waist with a girdle about three inches broad, generally woven in devices of different colours; very often, however, nothing but the white tunic is worn, with the girdle, and a small mantle or cloak called *ichella*. The favourite colour among the indians appeared to be a bluish green, though I saw few of their garments of this colour at Tucapel, but remarked afterwards, at the town of Arauco, that all those who came to sell or barter their fruit, &c. wore it. The females generally have nothing on their heads or feet, but

have a profusion of silver rings on their fingers, and on their arms and necks an abundance of glass bead bracelets and necklaces.

The occupation of the men, as in most unenlightened countries, appeared to be confined to riding out to see their cattle, their small portions of land, cultivated by the women, and to hunting. The females were employed spinning wool with a spindle about ten inches long, having a circular piece of burnt clay at the bottom, to assist and regulate the rotary motion given by twirling it with the finger and thumb at the upper end. They generally sit on the ground to spin, and draw a thread about a yard long, which they wind on the spindle, tie a knot on the upper end, and draw another thread: though this work is very tedious, compared to what may be done by our common spinning-wheels, yet their dexterity and constancy enable them to manufacture all their wearing apparel. Weaving is conducted on a plan fully as simple as spinning. The frame-work for the loom is composed of eight slender poles, cut in the woods when wanted, and afterwards burnt; four of these are stuck in the ground at right angles, the other four are lashed with thongs at the top, forming a square, and the frame is complete. The treadles are then placed about a foot from the front, having a roller at the back of the frame for the yarn and another in front for the cloth, both tied fast with thongs; the sleys, made of worsted, doubled, have two knots tied in the middle of each pair of threads, leaving a small space between the knots through which to pass the warp. After all the yarns are passed through the sleys the ends are tied in small bunches to the roller, which is turned round by two

females, one at each end, whilst another attends to the balls in front; the other ends of the yarn are then tied to the roller in front. The thongs connected with the treadle are fastened one to each of the sleys, and a thong being made fast to the upper part of one of them is thrown over a loose slender pole, placed on the top of the frame and then made fast to the other sley, so that when one treadle is pressed by the foot it draws down one of the sleys, holding every alternate thread, and the other rises, carrying with it the other half of the warp. Instead of a shuttle the yarn is wound round a slender stick, of the necessary length, and passed through the opening formed by the rising of one of the sleys and the falling of the other; the contrary treadle is then pressed down, and a slender piece of hard heavy wood, longer than the breadth of the cloth, is passed across, and the weaver taking hold of both ends drags it towards her and compresses the thread. This piece of wood, shaped somewhat like a long sword, is called the *macana*, and has often been resorted to as a weapon in time of war. The same rude mode of weaving is common, though not universal, in South America. The manner of weaving ponchos I shall describe when treating of the town of Arauco, for what I saw here did not deserve attention.

Besides the laborious occupation of spinning and weaving, and the usual household labour, each wife (for polygamy is allowed, every man marrying as many wives as he choose, or rather, as many as he can maintain) has to present to her husband daily a dish of her own cooking, and annually a *poncho* of her own spinning and weaving, besides flannel for shirts and drawers. Thus an indian's

house generally contains as many fire places and looms as he has wives, and Abbé Molina says, that instead of asking a man how many wives he has, it is more polite to ask him how many fires he keeps.

The females are cleanly in their houses and persons; dirt is never seen on their clothes, and they frequently bathe, or wash themselves three or four times a day. The men also pay great attention to the cleanliness of their persons. The females attend to the cultivation of their gardens, in which the men work but little, considering themselves absolute masters—the lords of the creation, born only to command, and the women, being the weaker, to obey: sentiments which polygamy supports; plurality of wives tending to destroy those tender feelings of attachment which we find in countries where the law allows only one wife. The principal part of the labour of their farms is performed by the women, who often plough, sow, reap and carry to the thrashing floor the wheat or barley, which, when trodden out by horses, is thrown into the air, that the wind may blow away the chaff. I saw no other grain at Tucapel or its vicinity but wheat and barley, in small patches; but I was told that they produced a hundred fold.

The care of the offspring is entirely committed to the women. A mother immediately on her delivery takes her child, and going down to the nearest stream of water, washes herself and it, and returns to the usual labours of her station. The children are never swaddled, nor their bodies confined by any tight clothing; they are wrapped in a piece of flannel, laid on a sheep skin, and put into a basket suspended from the roof, which occasionally receives a push

from any one passing, and continues swinging for some minutes. They are allowed to crawl about nearly naked until they can walk; and afterwards, to the age of ten or twelve years, the boys wear a small poncho, and the girls a piece of flannel, wrapped round their waist, reaching down to the knees. The mother, after that age, abandons the boys to the care of the father, on whom they attend and wait as servants; and the daughters are instructed in the several works which it will ere long become their duty to fulfil. To the loose clothing which the children wear from their infancy may doubtless be attributed the total absence of deformity among the indians. Perhaps some travellers might suggest, that confinement in any shape would be considered disgraceful to the haughty Araucanians, who are pleased to call themselves, "the never vanquished, always victors."

The house to which I was conveyed by the indians was about five leagues from the coast, situated in a ravine, towards the farther extremity of which the range of hills on each side appeared to unite. A stream of excellent water ran at the bottom of the small valley, winding its way to the sea, and fordable at this time of the year, but visibly much deeper at other times, from the marks of the surface water on the banks and on several large pieces of rock lying in the stream.

The low part of the ravine (at first more than three miles wide, and gradually closing as we rode up towards the house) was cultivated in small patches; and among the brushwood were to be seen clusters of apple, pear and peach trees, some of them so laden with fruit that their branches were bent to the ground. The sides of the

mountains displayed in gorgeous profusion the gifts of nature; the same kind of fruit trees, laden with their ripe produce, enlivened the view, and relieved the eye from the deep green of the woods which covered the landscape, save here and there the naked spire of a rock washed by the rains and whitened by the sunbeams. The situation of the house appeared to have been chosen not so much for its picturesque beauty, as for the facility of defending it: the only approach was the road which we took, it being impossible to descend the mountains on either side—an impossibility which appeared to increase as we drew nearer to the house.

Four or five of the young indians, or *mosotones*, rode forward to the house, and when it first opened to our view a crowd of women and children had ranged themselves in front, gaping in wild astonishment at my very unexpected appearance. We rode up to the house, which stood on a small plain, about thirty yards above the level of the stream, and alighted amid the din of questions and answers equally unintelligible to me. The wild stare of curiosity, sweetened with a compassionate expression of countenance, precluded all fear, and I could not avoid saying to myself, Great Author of Nature, I now for the first time behold thy animated works, unadorned with the luxuries, and free, may I hope, from the concomitant vices, of civilization!

The house was a thatched building, about sixty feet long, and twenty broad, with mud walls seven feet high, two doors in the front, opposite to two others at the back, and without windows. The back part on the inside was divided into births, the divisions being formed of canes thinly

covered with clay, projecting about six feet from the wall, with a bed place three feet wide, raised two from the floor; the whole appearing somewhat like a range of stalls in a stable. Opposite to these births, and running from one end to the other, excepting the spaces at the two doors, the floor was elevated about ten inches, and was six feet wide: this elevation was partly covered with small carpets and rugs, which with five or six low tables composed the whole of the household furniture. The two doors on the back side led to the kitchen, a range of building as long as the house, but entirely detached from it: here were several hearths, or fire-places, surrounded with small earthen pots, pans and some baskets made of split cane; and over each fire-place was suspended a flat kind of basket holding meat and fish, and answering the purpose of a safe: it is called by the indians a *chigua*. The horses were unsaddled, and the saddles placed on the floor at one end of the house.

The family, or what I conceived to be the family, was composed of upwards of forty individuals. The father was between forty and fifty years old, and apparently enjoyed all the privileges of a patriarch. There were eight women, whom I considered to be his wives, though during my stay he appeared to associate with only one of them, if allowing her to wait upon him whilst eating and receiving from the others their respective dishes (which she placed successively on the small low table) can be called association. The young men eat the food brought to them at different tables, or in different parts of the house. The women and children adjourned to the kitchen, and there partook of what was left by the male part of the family. From

the first day of my arrival to the last of my stay I always ate out of the same dish with the Cacique, or Ulmen, for his rank I did not exactly know. Our fingers supplied the place of forks, and large muscle shells that of spoons: knives I never saw used at table.

Our food chiefly consisted of fresh mutton, jirked beef, fish, or poultry, cut into small pieces and stewed with potatoes or pompions, seasoned with onions, garlic and cayenne pepper, or capsicum. Our breakfast, at about sunrise, was composed of some flour or toasted wheat, coarsely ground, or crushed, and mixed with water, either hot or cold, as it suited the palate of the eater. This flour is produced or manufactured by first roasting the wheat or barley in an earthen pan placed over a slow fire, until the grain takes a pale brown hue. When cold it is ground on a flat stone, about eight inches or a foot wide, and two feet or more in length, as they can best procure it. This is put on the ground, with the end next the female raised about four inches. She then takes another stone, which reaches nearly across the first, and weighs from six to ten pounds; this she presses with her hands, and bruises the grain, which is crushed to a state somewhat like coarsely ground coffee. At the lower end of the stone is generally placed a clean lamb skin, with the wool downwards, which receives the flour, called by the indians *machica*. Our dinner (made up of the stews or messes which I have mentioned) was generally served at noon in calabashes, or gourds cut in two, being three inches deep, and some of them from twelve to twenty inches in diameter. Our supper, which we took at eight o'clock, was milk, with *machica*, or potatoes.

I cannot refrain from describing a favourite preparation of milk, called by the natives *milcow*. Potatoes and a species of pompion, *zapallo*, were roasted, the insides of both taken out, and kneaded together with a small quantity of salt, and sometimes with eggs. This paste was made into little cakes, each about the size of a dollar, and a large quantity was put into a pot of milk, and allowed to boil for a quarter of an hour. I joined the Indians in considering it an excellent dish. Their poultry, fed on barley and potatoes, was fat and good; their fish, both from the sea and the river, capital; and their beef and mutton in fatness and flavour were far above mediocrity.

The beverage at this time of the year, there being abundance of apples, was principally new cider, but it was sufficiently fermented to produce intoxication, which I had several opportunities of observing among the men: to the credit of the women, however, I must say, that I never saw one of them in a state of ebriety. I was informed that at other times of the year they fermented liquors from the maize, the process of which I shall afterwards describe. Their cider is made in the following rude manner:—a quantity of apples is procured from the woods by the women; they are put into a species of trough, from eight to ten feet long, being the trunk of a large tree scooped into a shape somewhat similar to a canoe. A woman then takes a stick, or cane, nearly the length of the trough, and standing at one extremity, beats the apples to pieces. They are afterwards collected at one end, pressed with the hands, and the juice is received either in large calabashes (dried gourds) or in prepared goats' hides. It is now carried to the

house, poured into an earthen jar, and left to ferment. The jars are made by the Indians of baked clay:—some will hold upwards of a hundred gallons, which shews that these people have some skill in pottery.

The only in-door diversion which I witnessed among the Indians at Tucapel was what they certainly considered a dance. About sixteen men and women intermixed stood up in a row, and following each other, trotted about the room to the sound of a small drum, which was made by drawing a piece of the fresh skin of a kid or lamb over an earthen pot used for cooking. This diversion I saw but twice, and in both instances after supper. Indeed the Indians are not calculated for this kind of amusement. They associate with each other but little. The females are considered inferior to the men, and consequently no harmony or conviviality appears to result from their company. The principal out-door diversion among the young men is the *palican*: this game is called by the Spaniards *chueca*, and is similar to one I have seen in England called bandy. Molina says it is like the *calcio* of the Florentines and the *orpasto* of the Greeks.

The company divides into two sets. Each person has a stick about four feet long, curved at the lower end. A small hard ball, sometimes of wood, is thrown on the ground: the parties separate; some advance towards the ball, and others stand aloof to prevent it when struck from going beyond the limits assigned, which would occasion the loss of the game. I was told that the most important matters have been adjusted in the different provinces of Araucania by crooked sticks and a ball: the decision of the dispute is that

of the game—the winner of the game being the winner of the dispute.

At Arauco I heard that the present bishop of Conception, Roa, having passed the territory belonging to the indians with their permission, (a formality never to be dispensed with) on his visitation to Valdivia, was apprehended in returning for not having solicited and obtained a pass, or safe-conduct from the *Uthalmapu*, or principal political chief of the country which he had to traverse, called by the indians, the *Lauguen Mapu*, or marine district. His lordship was not only made prisoner but despoiled of all his equipage; and it became a matter of dispute, which nothing but the *palican* could decide, whether he should be put to death or allowed to proceed to Conception. The game was played in the presence of the bishop: he had the satisfaction of seeing his party win, and his life was saved. The propriety, however, of keeping the booty taken from him was not questioned by any one.

That part of the country which I had an opportunity of visiting with some of these kind indians was not extensive, but extremely beautiful. The soil was rich, every kind of vegetation luxuriant, and some of the trees were very large: the principal ones were the *espino*, the *luma*, the *maque*, and the *pehuen*.

I was informed that the indians have both gold and silver mines, and that they are acquainted with the art of extracting the metal from the ores. One might presume that there was some foundation for this report from the ornaments made of the precious metals seen in their

possession: they are of Spanish manufacture, and perhaps either the spoils of war or the result of barter.

A trade of no great importance might be established here. The wool, which is good, and timber, with some gold and silver, would be given in return for knives, axes, hatchets, white and greenish coarse flannel, ponchos, bridle bits, spurs, &c.



CHAPTER II.

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At about three o'clock, on a moonlight morning, in the month of April, I left the house of my kind Toqui, with five indians. We were all on horseback, and travelled till after sunrise, when arriving at what appeared to me to be a common resting place, we alighted, and I witnessed a most romantic scene.

The indians were habited in their rude costume, the poncho, the sugar-loaf hat, the hide sandals, and spurs with rowels at least three inches in diameter. Their horses were as uncouthly caparisoned: a deep saddle was covered with three or four sheep skins, over which was spread a bluish rug of long shaggy wool, the crupper with a broad piece of leather hanging across the horse's rump, and a broader strap attached to each side of the saddle passing round the

horse behind, about midway down the thighs, and fastened to the cross piece to prevent its slipping to the ground. These straps were fancifully stamped, and cut into various shapes and devices. The huge wooden box stirrups were large enough to hold the feet of the rider; and the heavy-bitted bridle had beautifully platted reins, terminating in a lash or whip of the same workmanship, divided at the end into eight or ten minor plaits, forming a tuft resembling a tassel.

The spot at which we arrived was enchanting. The branches of a large carob tree extended themselves above our heads, while the beautifully green sward was spread under our feet. A small stream of water worked its way among the pebbles on one side, and in the distance on the other the Pacific Ocean, silvered with the rays of the newly risen sun, heightened in brilliancy by the intervening deep green of the woods, presented itself to our view. What an awfully grand collection of the works of nature! He who could behold them without feeling his bosom swell with such sensations of delight as tongue cannot utter nor pen describe, cannot be made by this faint description to partake of what I felt at that moment.

After the indians had alighted, part of them ran to the brook and brought some water, in bullocks' horns, which they always carry with them for this purpose. They divided it among their comrades, each receiving about a pint. Every one now took from his girdle a small leather bag, the skin of an animal of the size of a cat, and putting a handful of roasted flour into the horn with the water, stirred it about with a small stick and eat it. I followed their example, and

this mixture constituted our breakfast. We then pursued our journey. About noon we arrived at Tubul, and went to a large house belonging, as I supposed, to the Toqui, or Cacique. Here are several other houses, forming a small hamlet, all of whose inhabitants are indians.

We were regaled with the usual fare at dinner, with the addition of a lamb, which was killed after our arrival, cut into halves, and roasted over the embers. What may be considered as a certain portion of civilization made its appearance at Tubul: the roasted lamb was laid on a large ill-fashioned silver dish, some silver spoons and forks were placed on the Toqui's table: not a knife was to be seen, but the drinking horns had bottoms. Besides the cider some strong ill tasted brandy and thick sweet wine crowned the board.

My indian comrades or conductors occasioned much sport after dinner, by playing what they call the *peuca*, which Molina says serves them as an image of war. Fifteen *mosotones*, young Indians, took hold of each other by the hands and formed a circle, in the centre of which a boy about ten years old was placed. An equal number of young men were then engaged in attempting to take the boy out of the ring, in which the victory consists. The indians forming the ring at first extended their arms as wide as they could, and paced gently round. The others rushed altogether on the ring, and tried to break it, but their opponents closed and the invaders were forced to desist. They then threw themselves into several groups of two or three in each, advanced and attacked at different points, but were again baffled in their efforts, and after many unsuccessful trials to

break the ring, and take the boy, they were obliged through fatigue to abandon their enterprise. When the game, which lasted at least three hours, was finished, abundance of cider was brought, and the effects of drinking it were soon visible. Wrestling parties commenced, in which great strength and agility were shown: the first throw decided each contest, and the horns of cider were freely circulated to cheer the drooping spirits of the youths. The females and children stood in groups to witness these sports, and interest and enthusiasm were strongly marked in their countenances.

After a supper of *milcow*, roasted potatoes, milk, &c. we retired to our beds, which were formed of five or six clean white sheep skins, and some white flannel. We rose at an early hour the next morning; five more young indians were attached to my escort, and we proceeded on our way to Arauco.

There is a roadstead and good anchorage at Tubul, and in any emergency ships may procure an abundance of bullocks, sheep, and excellent vegetables, in exchange for knives, axes, buttons, beads, &c. The water at the mouth of the river is salt, but good fresh water may be easily obtained a little way up on the north side, where a rivulet joins the Tubul.

Having travelled about six miles, we descended to the beach of a very extensive bay, and saw the island of Santa Maria in the horizon. At the foot of the promontory which we had crossed was a small stream and three neat cottages with pretty gardens before them. My guides took me to the first of these cottages, where we were received by a white woman, the wife of a sergeant stationed here as at a kind of

advanced post. The sergeant soon made his appearance, and although I had been so very kindly treated by the good indians, I felt a pleasure at finding myself once again among people of my own colour, similar to that experienced by a person who is relieved from an apprehension of danger, by being satisfied that it does not exist. Some dispute arose respecting the indians leaving me and returning home; but it was adjusted by the sergeant sending two soldiers with us, with orders to present me to the commandant, at Arauco. After breakfasting on roasted jerked beef and bread, we proceeded towards Arauco, and arrived there at noon.

The country over which we travelled was every where covered with vegetation, the valleys or bottoms of the ravines with grass and shrubs, and their hilly sides with wood. After descending to the beach, several small ravines opened to the right, containing a considerable number of neat thatched cottages. Quantities of wild vines climbed from tree to tree, laden with grapes as yet green; and clusters of apple, pear, and peach trees adorned the sides of the hills, while the low land from their bases to the sea side was divided and fenced in with branches of trees—cattle, principally milch cows, feeding in the enclosures.

On our arrival at Arauco I was immediately taken to the house of the commandant, who ordered me into his presence, and the soldiers and indians to return. I was not a little surprised at the extravagant appearance of this military hero, who undoubtedly considered himself, in his present situation, equal to Alexander or Napoleon, and but for his figure I should have conceived him to be a second Falstaff. He stood about five feet six inches high, was

remarkably slender, and had a swarthy complexion, large Roman nose, small black eyes, projecting chin, and toothless mouth. His hair was combed back from his forehead, abundantly powdered, and tied in a cue *a la* Frederick. He wore an old tarnished gold laced uniform of faded blue, with deepened red lappels, collar and cuffs, his waistcoat and breeches being of the latter colour; bluish stockings, brown shoes for lack of blacking, and large square brass buckles. A real Toledo was fastened to his side with a broad black leather belt and a brass buckle in front: an equilateral triangular hat covered his head. Such was the visible part of this soldier. His red cloak was on a chair near him, while his worship stood, bolt upright, in his vast importance *personale*! Never did chivalrous knight listen with more gravity of countenance, measured demeanour or composed posture, to the cravings of a woe-begotten squire, than did my old commandant to my ill-digested narrative. But what a contrast presented itself in his goodly lady, the *comandanta*, whom I could compare to nothing better than a large lanthorn! She stood about four feet six inches high, and as nearly as I could conceive measured the same round the waist, which was encompassed by an enormous hoop, at least four feet in diameter, having a petticoat of scarlet flannel, sewed into small folds, the bottom of which was trimmed about a foot deep with something yellow. She wore a green bodice, and the sleeves of her undermost garment just covered her shoulders, and were edged with green ribbon and white fringe. Her hair was all combed back from her forehead, and tied behind with a broad black ribbon. On the top of her head appeared a

bunch of natural flowers. It might with propriety be said of this goodly dame, that it would be much easier to pass over than to go round her. There were also present the curate of the parish, two Franciscan friars, and some of the inhabitants, one of whom, Don Nicolas del Rio, compassionating the fate of a boy, (for I was then only seventeen) asked the commandant to allow me to be his guest. This request being granted, the chief put on his red cloak, walked with us to the house of Don Nicolas, and, not forgetting one iota of etiquette, presented me to the family, composed of the wife of Don Nicolas and three daughters; their only son being with an uncle, who was governor of Angeles. During the time I remained at Arauco I was treated in every respect as one of the family by these kind and hospitable people. Visiting parties to their gardens, orchards, and vineyards, followed each other daily, and all possible care was taken to render me happy—and not in vain, for I was happy.

Arauco is situated at the foot of a rocky hill, accessible only by a winding path from the inside of the walls by which the town is surrounded. On the top of the hill were four brass guns of eighteen pounds calibre, with a breast-work of stone, a large house for the soldiers, forming their barracks or guard-house, and a small watch tower. The town is a square of about six hundred yards, and is surrounded by a wall of eighteen feet high on three of the sides, the hill forming the fourth; two small breast-works are raised at the corners. An arched gateway stands in the centre of the north side, with a massy wooden door, which is closed every night at eight o'clock, and opened at six in the morning.