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Rambling Notes.

THROUGH THE ARGENTINE, CHILI, AND PATAGONIA.

IN one of his earlier letters, Mr. Patterson tells us of his arrival at Rio and the exciting but harmless experience of being under fire in the harbour there. We give his own words.

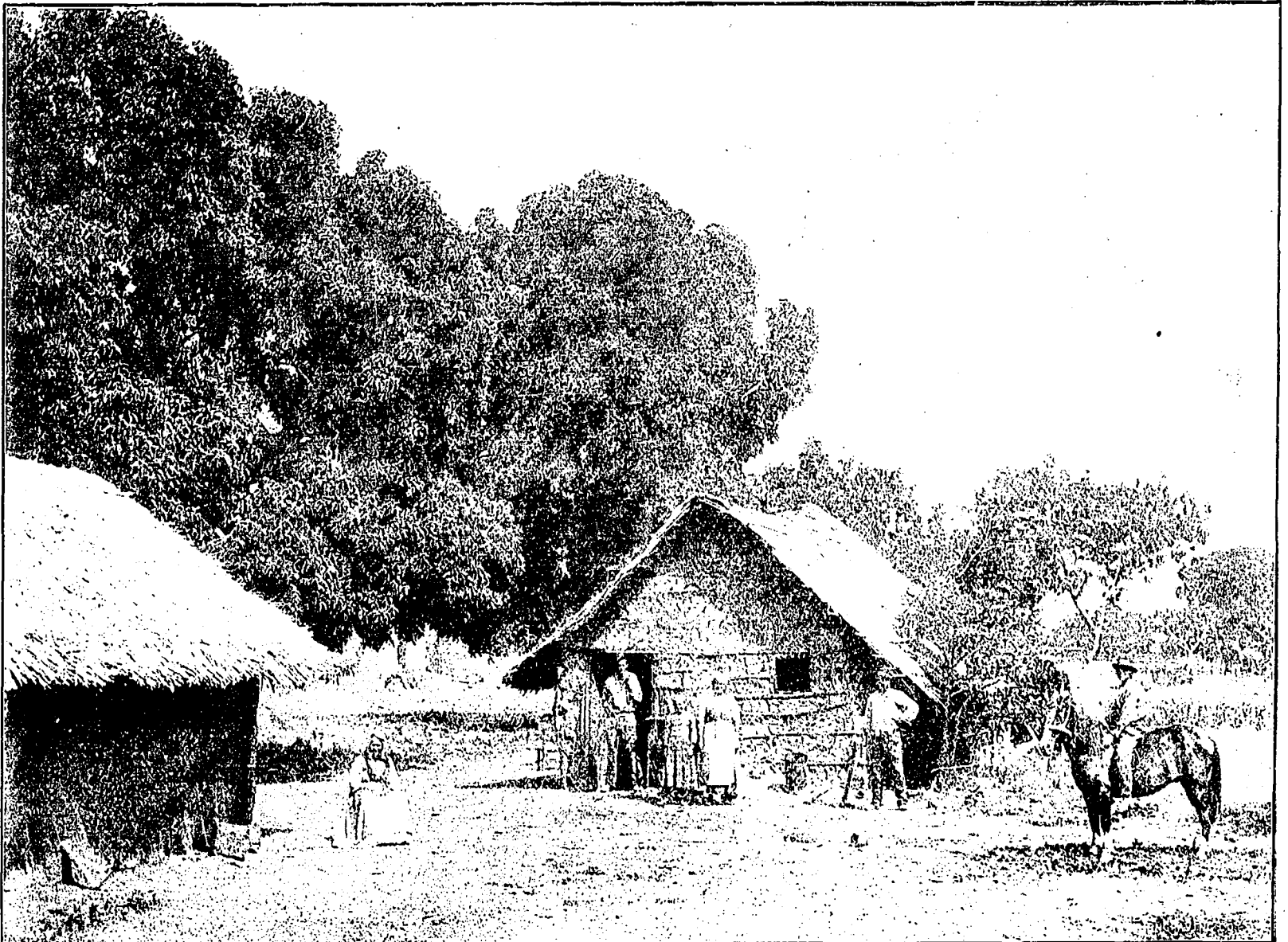
"At Rio we lost one day and two nights by being sent 60 miles to quarantine at Ilha Grande. This of course was merely a formality as the beds only were fumigated. The blankets and all our traps were let severely alone. I did not object to the detention however, as the harbour and hills at Ilha Grande would in themselves repay one for many a hundred miles journey. It gave me my first impressions of real tropical country. Palms, bananas, etc., were everywhere and though we could not go

ashore we were anchored only one hundred yards or so away, and with our glasses enjoyed all that was beautiful around the Island.

"Entering Rio we were stopped by shot from Fort Santa Cruz and were delayed a couple of hours until a small Government tender came alongside with officials to inspect our ship and search for possible revolutionists. Just as we at last entered the harbour firing from the Insurgent ships and forts became general. One solid shot went directly over the *Sorata*. We ran as quickly as we could to anchor beside the British Fleet, *Serius*, *Racer*, and *Rambler*, while one hundred yards astern of us were the *Newark*, *Detroit*, and *Charleston*, of the White Squadron, and near us were twelve other foreign warships. During our stay about two hundred and fifty solid shots and shells were fired. We could see not only the flash from the forts and ships, but as well where each shot struck. Field glasses were then at a premium, and I would not have parted with mine for one

hundred dollars. Not more than six or seven of the two hundred and fifty shots fired were effective, but for all that it was exciting to hear the roar of the cannon, and see the shot and shell hitting here and there in the water all around the ships and forts. Part of one shell skipped right along and did not stop until within one hundred and fifty yards of us. This was a bit exciting as it came straight on.

"Rio harbour and city are beautiful beyond description. After leaving it we did not stop again until we reached Ilha del Flores, which is quarantine for Monte Video and about twenty miles from that city. It is simply thirty acres or so of barren volcanic rock tossed out of the sea, and not gently tossed either. Fortunately through the kindness of a Brazilian officer who came on the ship at Rio, in the night I escaped the lazaretto proper, and with this gentleman and another, we secured a room about fifteen feet square in a shed used as a signal station and quarters for some of the juniors on the



AN HOMESTEAD IN THE ARGENTINE.