THE
FIRST BRITONS
IN VALPARAISO
(1817—1827)

LECTURE

DELIVERED BY

BENJAMIN VICUÑA MACKENNA, Esq.

INAUGURATING THE SECOND ANNUAL COURSE OF PUBLIC LECTURES
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, VALPARAISO
ON THE EVENING OF MARCH 20th, 1884.

VALPARAISO:
GORDON HENDERSON & C.°
CALLE ESMERALDA, 17.
1884

THE FIRST BRITONS IN VALPARAISO

(1817—1827)

LECTURE

DELIVERED BY

BENJAMIN VICUÑA MACKENNA, Esq.

INAUGURATING THE SECOND ANNUAL COURSE OF PUBLIC LECTURES
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, VALPARAISO
ON THE EVENING OF MARCH 20th, 1884.

VALPARAISO:
GORDON HENDERSON & C.º
CALLE ESMERALDA, 17.
1884

VALPARAISO:
W. HELFMANN'S UNIVERSO PRINTING OFFICE,
CALLE DE SAN AGUSTIN, N.° 39 D.

1884.

THE FIRST BRITONS (*)

IN VALPARAISO.

(1817-1827.)

I.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Kindness is an old virtue of English hearts, and trusting myself entirely to this noble feeling of yours, I dare to address you in your native language upon a matter of considerable interest and difficulty, claiming beforehand your kind indulgence in my favor.

I am perfectly aware, ladies and gentlemen, of the audacity of mind required to speak before an enlightened English community in the beautiful, but extremely delicate language which was spoken to mankind by the bard of Avon and the bold eagle of Missolonghi, but I confide myself entirely to your goodness and the generous purposes of your Association consecrated to promote the welfare of Young Men.

(*) I have preferred the word "Briton" to "English" as more comprehensive, as it includes the Scotch, Irish, &c.

To such a noble work I wish to lend my feeble aid, and surrendering myself to your wishes, I will endeavor to recount to you a short summary of the services lent by your forefathers to the liberty, prosperity and civilization of this to-day prosperous city, and at large to this hospitable country so often called "The England of the Pacific."

II.

I do not intend, certainly, to carry you as far back in the course of past centuries as to relate the audacious, but covetous, exploits of your daring sailors of the sixteenth century, during which your illustrious Drake, being the first Englishman who went round the world, suddenly dropped the anchor of his famous little ship, the *Golden Hind*, in this solitary harbor, guided by a native fisherman, on the memorable morning of the 4th of December, 1578, when this brave but unscrupulous commander burnt the only mean mud *bodega* built on the sea-shore, and, in the words of an old English chronicler, "they fell to and feasted right merrilie", with the old and generous Penco wine.

III.

Neither will I occupy your time with the history of the whilom enterprises of your noble countryman, Sir Thomas Cavendish, who encountered at Quintero, misled by another Indian fisherman, the dashing attack of the Chilian warriors ten years after Sir Francis Drake's lucky excursions on this coast. (November 4, 1587.)

And neither would I recall the gallant fight and surrender of the third English adventurer of that century, the unfortunate Richard Hawkins, who bravely attacked by don Beltran de Castro in the waters of Peru, offered, when badly wounded, his sword and his gold as a ransom to his noble captor, but received in return merely the request that when the captured chieftain should reach his native shores he should send "two English pointers" as the price of his freedom.

IV.

I will pause only for a moment in the course of this lecture to recall to mind a circumstance which has not been proved, but which threw a dark shade on the reputation of the last named English commander. The Catholic Spaniards accused him of having thrown into the sea, in this very bay, from his elegant ship, the *Dainty*, a crucifix on account of his hatred of the Roman Catholic religion, which insult, true or false, originated in Santiago a famous procession called "*Del Desagravio*", intended to appease the anger of the Almighty, celebrating every year in commemoration of the offence, and in a solemn and pompous manner, the recovery of the sacred relic by the net of a Valparaiso fisherman.

V.

After the great English circumnavigators of the world of the sixteenth century, whose names we have passed in rapid review, there followed, during the next age, the terrible, but romantic, buccaneers, who furrowed the waters of the Pacific for nearly half a century, not in search of glory, commerce or discovery, but of plunder. "Beauty and booty", was their watchword, and Valparaiso, owing to the fear with which their daring deeds inspired the inland towns, had the advantage of being declared by the King of Spain a "*plaza de guerra*". Subsequently the old fortress called the Castle of *San Antonio*, existing still, but higher up the hill than formerly, was built, and soon after the great but absurd fortress of *San José* with its open battery called the *Planchada*. This ponderous work of stone and brick occupied the centre of the bay, at the same time that the well-planned battery *en barbette*, *La Concepcion*, was built on the most easterly extremity of the old bay and port, by command of the watchful Spanish monarchs against the Sharps' the Davies', the Knights', and a hundred more adventurers, sea-rovers, and sea-robbers of those remote days.

VI.

Nevertheless, the fear of the heretical Britons in this secluded possession of jealous, blind Spain, was not a slender stimulus to national progress, bringing to the sea-shore the whole strength and wealth of the inland cities.

Valparaiso, a miserable hamlet, was transformed into a small but tolerable village through the panic inspired by the daring filibusters who crossed, on foot, the Isthmus of Panama, guided by the gallant Englishman Morgan.

Of great interest would undoubtedly be to you the dramatic record of more noble enterprises carried to a successful issue on these coasts by more illustrious Britons than those just mentioned, and it would afford me a particular pleasure to relate the exploits of the chivalrous Lord Anson, when, in the middle of last century, he unexpectedly blockaded this port and captured one of my own ancestors, to whom the gallant commander presented a sword, which was preserved in Chile as a family relic during many subsequent years. No less interesting, I presume, would it be to you to hear of the adventures of the Chilian captivity of one of the midshipmen of Lord Anson's fleet, who was afterwards a famous admiral and discoverer, Admiral Byron, grand-uncle of the immortal poet who, in our age, revived Shakespeare, and, perhaps, in some of his poems, surpassed him.

VII.

I ask your benevolent patience in order to point out to you in connection with this circumstance, the fact that the Byrons of England have had a mysterious sympathy for this land of Chile, whose gate of entrance was called since its conquest "The Valley of Paradise."

Admiral Byron lived in Santiago, not as an enemy or as a prisoner, but as a youthful guest; his nephew, the great poet, (it has been lately discovered) wanted to come to hide his

sublime melancholy at the foot of the gigantic Andes and what was still stranger, when he died at Missolonghi, defending the liberty of Greece, his successor to the title, Lord, then Captain, Byron, was lying with his ship, the *Blonde*, in this harbor.

Admiral Byron relates further in his "Voyages" that having become acquainted in Santiago with the noble, but to-day almost extinct, family of Jiron, these claimed to be his relations, which was gladly admitted by the young prisoner-of-war, there not existing, in his opinion, any other difficulty to prove the case than that of changing the J of the Jiron into a B of the Biron....

VIII.

But such souvenirs of times past will carry us too far away from the real and limited subject of our theme, and I will try to confine myself to the particular epoch in which the influence of your race commenced to have a legitimate and peaceful field of action, your forefathers aiding us to become free with their steel, and prosperous with their gold.

The era of that mighty help will be everlasting, but its initial point of departure was more properly limited to the time of the struggle of our independence, and more particularly to the era of practical liberty lasting from the battle of Chacabuco, (1817), up to the recognition of our independence ten years later (1827) by the English government.

IX.

This decade is, more or less, the space allotted to this lecture; but in order to mark with more fidelity what the first Britons were and what they undertook on behalf of Valparaiso, I will beg leave to tell you what Valparaiso was before your grandfathers landed on its melancholy and deserted shore.

Do not forget, my good hearers, that I do not pretend to deliver on this occasion an elaborate piece of literature, or even

to present you with an exhaustive historical essay. My intention, and the object of this meeting, are purely domestic. I have come to you as an honest country gentleman (and such is the precise case of my visit to this noble Hall) to communicate privately to you the virtues and benefits of your ancestors, pointing ont to the future the road they followed, that we may imitate their example and consecrate to their memory the warm demonstration of public gratitude.

When the cry of independence was first heard in this country at the end of 1810, Valparaiso was certainly not a city, it was hardly a village. Like the Rome of the French poet, Valparaiso was not in Valparaiso, because its bay, enclosed in the space of a few hundred yards, was considered only as the landing place of Santiago, its proud and aristocratic capital. Valparaiso during colonial times was the port of Santiago or simply "*The Port*", as it was generally denominated.

At first, in the sixteenth century, this now prosperous commonwealth was a dependency of Quillota, whose *corregidor* was obliged to mount his mule whenever a ship appeared in the offing of the port, once or twice a year, or when the captain asked for permission to go back to Arica or Callao, the only trading ports then open, by royal authority, to our products of wheat, *charqui* and tallow. Such was the condition of the port of Valparaiso under the political *regime* of the Spaniards in this country.

From a religious point of view Valparaiso, it will hardly be believed, was a dependency of the curate of Casablanca, who at Lent time (which is also harvesting time in Chile) was bound to come to say Mass to the sailors of the one or two ships lying in the harbor, and carry back to his poor dismantled church the alms of the generous toilers of the sea.

X.

Under such depressing circumstances Valparaiso could not pretend to rise to any importance as a city or as a sea-port. It was half a convent and half a dilapidated fortress, but nothing more.

Every hill between the two geographical limits of the place, that is to say, between the Castle of *San Antonio* and an easterly point, called since that time the *Cruz de Reyes*, was crowned by a convent; first *Santo Domingo*, which up to 1767 was the residence of Jesuits; next *San Francisco*, still existing, with a small square in front, in which inclosure the French traveller, Frezier, saw a bull-fight; and lastly, *San Agustin*, converted afterwards into a theatre destined in time to witness a most tragic event, the account of which will bring this lecture to a close.

In the centre of this cluster of churches, of cloisters, and fortresses, the friars, disputing for the small area of level ground with the soldiers, built the old parish church, a miserable country chapel preserved to posterity by the faithful pencil of an English artist, the celebrated Mary Graham, afterwards Lady Calcott.

XI.

The convents of the hills left, nevertheless, sufficient space for the clumsy tile-roofed huge *bodegas* of the shore, from which the national products, the *frutos del pais* were embarked directly in their *costales*, or hide bags, to the ships, there being no other wharf in the bay than the shoulder of the rude *arriero* who brought the wheat or *charqui* from the interior valleys. And yet, many of these *bodegas* were the property of the nuns of Santiago, and up to a recent period there still existed those of the *Clarisas* and *Agustinas*, near that of the *Estanco Viejo*, existing yet and known to many living English in this city. The wealthy family of the Iñiguez, and those of Manterola and Varela occupied with their *bodegas* the whole length of the present *calle de Prat*, divided at the *quebrada del Almendro* by a rude wooden bridge, the *puente de Varela*, having, every one of those enormous *adobe* and tile-roofed buildings, a large *corral* for the mules and *costales* extending to the water's edge. These *corrales* formed in later years Cochrane street, when the government, after protracted lawsuits, recovered possession

of the vacant land which the sea, in retiring, had left vacant. Before that time the sales of lots for building purposes had invariably these singular and peculiar limits: "*Hasta las arenas del mar*", and "*hasta donde el comprador cabe el cerro*". The hills, even *Cerro Alegre* and *Cerro de la Concepcion*, had no value whatever.

At the same time, most of the vessels visiting the harbor for the purpose of landing sugar and rice from Lima and taking in exchange grain, jerked beef, hides and negroes, had the names of saints, such as, for instance, *Nuestra señora de Dolores, Mi señora del Carmen, Las Mercedes*, while one of those old hulks rejoiced in the name of *El Santo Cristo de Lero*, and another in that of *El gran poder de Dios*. The latter, in spite of her pompous name, was afterwards captured, during the war of independence, by the heretical Anglo-Chilian privateer, *La Fortuna*. (1818.)

In fact, the old inhabitants of old Valparaiso did not need printed almanacs in their abodes, as all had the particular saints of their devotion on spread on their rocks, their churches, their fortresses, their *bodegas*, and their ships.

XII.

In the narrow space left between the cliffs and the shore, which before the modern and abrupt volcanic uprising of the land and the artificial embankment of the harbor, touched the foot of the hills, scarcely leaving room for a single crooked lane, proudly called "a street", the puny residences of the inhabitants, a few hundreds in number, were scattered in most picturesque but irregular confusion. The houses were nearly all of one storey and had a corridor of rough pillars, *(horcones)* cut in the still thickly wooded *quebradas*. With respect to the footpaths or *aceras* it is known that up to the first years of the present century, the pious neighbors who every Sunday morning attended mass at *San Agustin*, had to climb their way along a slippery footpath protected on both sides of the

actual *Plaza de la Justicia* by a line of *espino* posts, until the parties interested in finding a remedy for this state of affairs called a public meeting, and collected *three dollars* for repairs.

XIII.

We have previously asserted that the City and Port of Valparaiso did not reach further than the Cruz de Reyes, a stony promontory, a kind of *cuesta* like the one called *Alto del Puerto* in the capital, which derived its name from a wealthy Portuguese merchant of the seventeenth century, owner of the first ship belonging to the Kingdom of Chile, whose name was don Gaspar de Reyes, secular proprietor of that abrupt defile. The people used to call the place *La Punta de Reyes*, but the ship, *Nuestra Señora de la Hermita*, having been wrecked on the outermost rocks of the reef on September 9, 1769, with the loss of many lives, the good people of the neighborhood erected a memorial cross with the spare yards of the ill-fated vessel, and hence its actual name of *Cruz de Reyes*. Perhaps it would have been more correct and more significant to have called it *Cruz de la Hermita*.

XIV.

From that place up to the mouth of the *quebrada de San Juan de Dios*, for more than half a mile, all communication disappeared with the rural, sandy beach called the *Almendral*. The rough and bold point, *del Cabo*, at the foot of the *Cerro del Chivato* was, like Cape Horn, Cape Cod, or the Cape of Good Hope, an almost impassable barrier between the two suburbs, and this in such a manner that in old plates, as those of Frezier, Le Gentil, and Feuillée we see plainly marked the winding pass that not only the *arriero*, but the inhabitants of both extremities used to avoid the tremendous intervening surf. It is singular enough to call for remark at this point that the most central, lively, and prosperous street of modern Valparaiso was once a solitary, narrow rod, hourly disputed to man and beast

by the infuriated ocean, and rendered still more dangerous by the assaults of brigands hidden in the recesses of the lonely defile.

The *calle del Cabo* (to-day *Esmeralda*) was dreaded like the *Cerrillos de Teno*, or the *Pan de Azúcar* at Colina, up to modern times, and nobody ventured to pass this lonely, rough way unarmed or without being escorted by the *sereno*, until the shooting of a daring ruffian by a brave man cleared the pass of the dragon. This liberator, worthy of St. George, was an Englishman.

XV.

It was only during the present century that an enterprising Biscayan merchant, don Joaquin Villaurrutia, the Edwards of his time up to the battle of Chacabuco, built on the narrow spot now called *Plaza del Orden* a *bodega*, a solitary, ugly house, along with a rough stone wharf, 32 varas long, at the foot of the Cerro de la Concepcion. General Mackenna, when a captain of engineers, had the idea of taking advantage of that central position and its jetty for the erection of a low battery; but the Biscayan's powerful influence defeated the scheme. Some years afterwards another Briton, a man of genius, more than a man of skill, (Mr. Searle) proposed to Governor Portales to enlarge the city by blowing down into the sea by one gigantic blast half of the Cerro de la Concepcion, but the fear of the inhabitants would not allow of the execution of such a bold undertaking.

XVI.

Villaurrutia's wharf was the artificial link of communication between the Port *(el Puerto)* and the Almendral; but this outskirt of both villages, the maritime and the rural one, did not properly begin until the *quebrada* where the convent and the San Juan de Dios Hospital (to-day Commodore

Latorre's block of buildings) stood in an isolated position amongst almost primeval woods, irrigated by an abundant rivulet, a source of wealth and revenue to the friars.

From thence followed eastward an uneven, lone, sandy space used as an *alojamiento de carretas*, when these rude vehicles were detained off the Port by the dangerous shadows of the night or the changeable caprices of the tide. It is owing to this that *San Juan de Dios* street, yet retains the form of the wave, with the visible mark of the advancing and retiring water. The *alojamiento de carretas* of Valparaiso, in a similar way to the *basurero* of the *Cañada* of Santiago, was converted afterwards into the *Plaza de la Victoria*, and from this open, dirty space commenced the real Almendral, irrigated at turns by the waters of two rivulets which almost enclosed its area from the *Rinconada de Pocuro* to the sea-shore.

The first of these rivulets or *estero* called *de las Piedras*, had its title changed at the beginning of the present age for that of *Jaime*, the name of a good man (don Jenaro Jaime) who had a kiln for burning bricks and tiles in the Rinconada, and who built for the use of his heavily laden *carretas* a solid bridge of his own material.

The second *estero* divided the Almendral from Polanco a narrow strip of land belonging to don Santiago Polanco, to whose *chácara* the good families of the Port, shut up as in a prison, used to go in *carretas* to partake of strawberries when the summer made its welcome appearance. An abrupt and sombre hill called the *Morro* (now the *Baron* Hill) closed the bay and the plain in that direction.

XVII.

The Almendral had in its early times been granted to a Castilian conquer on as a reward for past services lent in many bloody battles with the Araucanians; his name was Diego de Ulloa, and the date of his legal title 1613. But a century later the Prior of the Merced, Jerónimo de Vera, a pushing man, associated with the curate of the Matriz, bought the whole lot

for two thousand dollars, and sold it for *quintas* and *chácaras* to the *arrieros* of the Port of Santiago. In fact, at that time, the *Almendral* was a village entirely independent of the village called *el Puerto*. The French botanist Feuillée, who visited it in 1712, in speaking of it says:—"The village of the Almendral lies a small league *(petite lieue)* away from Valparaiso; and until recently, when any one went to the Port to have a legal deed inserted in the public register, he never omitted to declare himself—"*vecino del Almendral*"—just as he would have declared that he was a citizen of the city of the Seine or of London." The time is even within the limits of my recollections, when the inhabitants of the Almendral used to send every morning to the stables belonging to an Italian (opposite to the Merced and where the theatre now stands) to enquire if the diligence for the Port would leave that day and at what hour....

Up to the days of the war of independence the land in the Almendral was almost valueless for building purposes, owing to the fear of irruptions of the sea, which had happened three times (earthquakes of 1647, 1730 and 1751) in the course of a century.

For such good reasons the land in the Almendral was devoted to the cultivation and rearing of vegetables, melons, pumpkins, barley, olives and peaches, and, in fact, all kinds of trees *except almonds*. The real Almendral had existed in the Cabriteria, and it is curious to know that the broad and handsome calle de la Victoria owes its actual form to the circumstance of its having been the race-course of those good simple *arrieros* and muleteers. On one side of the long street the Fathers of the Sacred Heart sowed in one of their little enclosures, or city *potreros*, three *fanegas* of barley, only seventy-five years ago.

XVIII.

Respecting the houseless hills around the Port we have said that the one opposite to the Planchada was occupied by the enormous, but useless, *Castillo blanco* or *de San José*, which was utterly ruined in the earthquake of 1822; the level

plain of the cerro de la Concepcion had another battery, whilst on the cerro Alegre there existed a *cancha de chueca* allotted as a play-ground to the Indians of the Rinconada, whose last *cacique* was Alonso Ventura. These were the surviving fishermen of the tribe of Quintil, (the Indian name of Valparaiso) to which Juan de Saavedra, the brave vanguard chief of Almagro, born in Valparaiso, in Estremadura, where a convent of San Fernando still exists, remarking the similitude of that woody hollow to the shady *quebradas* of the bay of Quintil gave to it the name of his romantic birthplace. Besides that there are in Old Spain six or seven places that bear the welcome name of Valparaiso, that is to say, *valles del paraiso.*

XIX.

Such was, or as it would be more correct to say, such were the two little towns that formed the old port of Santiago, when the dawn of the century appeared with a brighter horizon. The Almendral was the city of the land-carriers, *arrieros*, *pescadores*, *carreteros*, and those who used to let their horses for hire for inland travelling. In the Port, close to the sea, lived the ocean-carriers, and those that hired their ships for the unavoidable voyages to Callao, to Penco, and very seldom and reluctantly to the *presidios* of Valdivia and Juan Fernandez. The anchorage was so small, yet sufficiently large enough for the poor trade of those days that some years ago (1868) I was shewn by an old resident (don Manuel Blanco) the precise wooden post, with the iron rings attached, to which the captains of vessels used to make their cables fast, nearly in the centre of the present Plaza de Echáurren.

"Between the base of the hills and the sea", wrote a traveller of British extraction who visited Valparaiso in the month of August 1802, trying to describe this, then miserable place, "is a street of moderate breadth, which is bounded on the west by high and precipitous hills; and on the east, is continued to the adjoining village of Almendral. In this street are the best houses; some of which are two stories high, of brick plastered,

and of ordinary structure and appearance. Crossing this street at right angles, are others in the deep chasms between the hills, which soon cease to be streets, and become crooked and narrow paths, leading up, on either side the hills, to cottages and huts of very mean appearance. The church, which is a very ordinary structure, is situated on an elevation in one of the cross streets, and near the centre of the town. The castle, including the Governor's residence, fronts on the bay, and is a dilapidated enclosure, unworthy of the name."

XX.

The author of the passage we have just quoted was the celebrated Captain Cleveland, a native of Salem, Mass., and one of the most adventurous sailors known in the Pacific at that time.

He adds that he found anchored in the harbor four American ships, all suspected of being English, and consequently detained under the guns of the three castles of the place. One of the suspicious ships was the *Hazard*, Captain Rowan, a brave and determined man who refused to deliver up a number of his muskets to the Governor of Valparaiso, Garcia Carrasco, the same narrow-minded man who ruled the Colony when our glorious forefathers changed it in a single day into a Republic; and it is interesting to remember how the resolute sailor behaved towards the petty tyrant before we had to deal with his supreme will. On the refusal of Captain Rowan to deliver up his muskets "the troops of the garrison", says Captain Cleveland, "about thirty in number, with drums beating, and colors displayed, were seen marching from the castle to the seashore, in the afternoon of the day on which the muskets had been refused. Rowan, who was on the alert, saw them embark in a large launch, accompanied by the Governor, and prepared himself for resistance.

"The launch, which with rowers and soldiers, was excessively crowded, approached the *Hazard* with the royal colors flying. When within hail of the ship, the Governor stood up,

and demanded if he might come on board. Rowan replied, that he should be happy to be honored with his company, but that he would not permit any one of his soldiers to come on board. The launch approached nearer to the ship, to enable the parties to converse with more ease. The Governor again formally demanded the surrender of the arms, and was again refused. He remonstrated, and urged the consequences of resisting the authority of the King's representative. But it was all unavailing, and perceiving that neither threats nor persuasion had the desired effect, armed sentries were stationed at the gangways of the ship, and the proper precautions, taken against a *coup de main*, he returned to the shore with his soldiers, deeply mortified, excessively irritated, and vowing vengeance.

"The soldiers of the garrison and the populace were busily engaged, under the direction of the Governor, in placing cannon, in every direction, to bear on the ship. The inhabitants of the houses, in the vicinity, left them, and retired to the hills. The activity and bustle of business, had given place to the preparation and excitement of war; and the confusion and apprehension could hardly have been exceeded, if the town had been on the point of being taken by assault."

XXI.

And then, suppressing what is neither dramatic nor prophetic in the rising storm of 1802, his historian and eye-witness thus relates the course which events took: —

"While all, both on shore, and on board the shipping, were watching with intense interest, the result of this threat, a man was observed on board the *Hazard*, engaged in nailing the colors to the mast. About two hundred ruffians, armed with pistols, swords, and knives, embarked in the launches used for carrying wheat, and boarded the *Hazard*, on each side, while her men were entirely off their guard, unsuspicious of any cause of hostility. To save their lives, such of the crew as were able made a hasty retreat to the hold. But there were two poor fellows lying sick in their hammocks; and these were

both dangerously wounded. Rowan was screened from the vengeance of the banditti by the interference of an officer, taken immediately on shore, and sent to the castle."

The ominous conduct of the Governor of Valparaiso towards the citizens of a free country, which was at peace with Spain, could not be more blameable, and "it produced", proceeds the writer who has preserved its interesting and unknown records, "an interchange of several letters, the purport of which was, on one side, to deny the right of any foreign vessel to traverse these seas, which, his Excellency said, like the territory, belonged *exclusively* to his Catholic Majesty; on the other, to refute the absurd doctrine of any nation's possessing an exclusive right to any particular sea, and giving chapter and verse in the treaty, not only for our right to sail where we please, but to enter their ports and demand succour. His Excellency closed the correspondence by expressing a hope, that if we did not admit their exclusive right to these seas, we would at least, allow them to be masters in their own ports."

XXII.

The hostile incursions of foreign and more active races against the tardy Spaniards were, indeed, so frequent on these coasts that it was customary with English-speaking crews to learn and repeat as a forced salute, on the high seas, the Spanish phrase: "*No pelea! No pelea!*"

One year after the American conflict in Valparaiso, there occurred one of a more serious character in Talcahuano with the ship *Thomas*, which was boarded after two hours' fighting, and shortly afterwards the British brig, *Folger*, was attacked by the Spanish *Cantabros* in the Port of Coquimbo and all of her crew were massacred. At the taking of the *Thomas* the mate, an English hero named Moodie, when hoisting the flag and shaking out the sails to leave the port cried to his men:— "Out she goes or down she goes!" And down she went!

The Spanish legislators supported *bona fide* their pretensions to be the sole masters, rulers and spoilers of the Pacific,

and with such candid arguments as to consider it, since the time of its discoverer Basco Núñez de Balboa, a kind of patent or *privilejio esclusivo* granted by the King to his faithful subjects. The great ocean was thus for them a *mare clausum*, a Spanish lake, in such a way that when don Pedro de Sarmiento, pursuing in vain the heretical Drake through the Straits of Magellan, on his arrival in Spain, Philip II, asked him if it was possible to close hermetically that passage with a chain and a padlock...

XXIII.

Fortunately for these distant countries the hour of freedom was close at hand, as is foreshadowed by the author we have so frequently quoted, to shew the powerful influence of foreign ideas, in taking his farewell of these coasts so far back as the second year of this century. "During our sojourn," he says, "at Valparaiso we had become acquainted with, and were in the habit of visiting on familiar terms, several interesting native families; for the native inhabitants sympathized with us, and condemned the unfriendly course manifested towards us by their rulers. They seemed, generally, to be awakening to a sense of the abject state of vassalage in which they were held by their European masters; the posts of honor and profit being exclusively in possession of Europeans, to the great annoyance of the creoles. Bursts of indignation, at these and other grievances connected with them, would sometimes escape them, which were generally accompanied with a hope that the period of emancipation was not very distant."

XXIV.

The country had not, indeed, to wait long its hour and when destiny struck it, the voice of the metal was heard clearly all over the world, the Britons, as a matter of course, being the first in the field. Free trade with all nations being established by the liberal law enacted in 1811, two English brothers,

Messrs. John and Joseph Crosbie of London, had the honor of being the pioneers of Anglo-Chilian commerce by fitting out on the Thames the first legal expedition to our ports. The brig *Fly* arrived in Valparaiso in the course of the year of the *comercio libre*, loaded with a full cargo of the commodities most wanted in this remote corner of the globe; English hardware, iron tools, woollen, cotton and linen goods, and with instructions to take back hemp and copper, articles which obtained very high prices in the European markets, owing to the continental wars of the epoch.

XXV.

The well-assorted cargo of the *Fly* in 1811 was quite a novelty, almost a marvel for the Chilians of that period. We have seen many original invoices of the articles exported from our *bodegas* at that time, and I think it will be illustrative of our trade in those days to mention some of them. For example, those of the ship *Rosalia* for Peru were: *Ponchos*, 355; cheese, 210; baskets of potatoes, 100; sticks of firewood, 7,500; wooden stirrups, 306; jerked sides of ribs, 134; sheep skins, 400; cakes of laver, 385; nuts, 15,000; cakes of *alfajor*; (sweetmeat made of almonds, &c.,) 12; ayuyas (small cakes of bread made with grease) 200; dried tongues, 24 doz.; and slaves who had no tongues, 14.....

XXVI.

Here is another contemporary invoice of the *Valdiviano*: Petacas (trunks made of raw ox-hide) 78, containing 250 pairs of wooden stirrups; 37 seroons of lentils and 8 of canary seed for the birds kept in golden prisons by the beautiful and lazy limeñas.

With respect to the English goods imported, generally by smuggling, during the colonial era, it will be sufficient to say that in 1809, the ream of paper, (as a result of the eternal wars

with England and its fortunate cruisers) fetched in Santiago 37 dollars, the insurance premium being 40 and 50 per cent. between Cadiz and any of the South Pacific ports.

XXVII.

In the position of supercargo of the *Fly* there came from London an enlightened young man of clear mind, generous feelings and benevolent purposes who became a Chilian in after years, marrying a Chilian lady, and leaving honorable sons as good citizens to his adopted country. That noble-minded Saxon, who met with a melancholy death in the full bloom of manhood, was Mr. John James Barnard, a native of London, then in his thirtieth year, and a near relative to the principals of the *Fly*, the two before-mentioned brothers Crosbie.

Satisfied with the handsome profits of his first trip, Mr. Barnard returned to London and immediately organized another and more considerable expedition, fitting out the English ship, *Emily*, Captain Dart, with a valuable cargo composed principally of firearms. The expected hour of conflict had arrived, and when the *Emily* anchored in Valparaiso in August, 1813, war had been declared against Spain and battles after battles were being fought in the south of Chile, the first General Pareja having landed his troops from Lima at San Vicente.

Two noble friends accompanied Mr. Barnard in his second expedition, and like him they made a home of this distant but hospitable land: their names were Andrew Blest, a respectable merchant from Sligo, Ireland, and a young Spaniard, don Joaquin Iglesias, who came out as interpreter on board the *Emily*, and who kept up to the last days of his life the customs, habits and dress of an English gentleman,—low shoes, dress coat and white linen cravat.

XXVIII.

Mr. Barnard's second voyage was as successful as the first, and while anchored in this bay he had occasion to witness the

famous and truly heroic fight between the English frigate *Phœbe*, Commodore Hillyar, and the United States corvette *Essex*, Captain Porter, which remarkable sea encounter took place in our neutral, but by no means respected, waters, on March 29, 1814.

The *Essex* left the Delaware to cruise in the Pacific on October 27, 1812, and made her first visit to Valparaiso on May 15 of the following year, on which occasion the Americans, or the *Bostonenses* as they were generally known in this country, received a warm welcome. After cruising nearly a year, Captain Porter returned to Valparaiso, having wantonly burned no less than twelve English ships, most of them whalers, and destroyed property of the value more or less of six millions of dollars.

The English Admiralty could not allow such a loss and such an outrage to continue with impunity, and dispatched the *Phœbe* and the brig *Cherub* to attack and destroy wherever found the bold ship of the Stars and Stripes. Luckily for them they arrived at Valparaiso eight days after the *Essex*: the lion had caught the eagle at the entrance of her den...

Commodore Hillyar, declared a Chilian citizen a little afterwards for his well-intentioned services to the rising republic, had a noble heart, and was as determined a soldier as a good and devoted spirit. He was resolved not to let his prey go free to continue his cruise of havoc, but feared to violate the law of a foreign country. Consequently he waited, and it is said that both captains frequently met at the festive house of the governor-general, saluting politely and even conversing of indifferent matters, but keeping each of them, through the neutral windows of the castle, a sharp eye to their respective ships lying one next to the other in the bay. It was the leopard and the fox that had met suddenly in the bush...

Captain Porter wanted to escape by all means from the superior forces of his foe. The English commander would not let him escape at any rate, and this singular maritime adventure was followed every hour in its romantic course by the inhabitants as if it had been a dramatic play represented on the stage. Every night the breeze of the ocean brought to the shore the tunes of "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia,"

to which the sailors of the *Essex*, close by, responded defiantly with "Hail Columbia" and the popular song "Yankee Doodle."

At last, on the day already mentioned, taking advantage of the fresh morning breeze of the season, Captain Porter slipped his anchor and made straight for the north. But the *Phœbe* and the *Cherub* were too well on the alert to let the *Essex* go, and following instantly in her track engaged her opposite to *Punta Gruesa*, a notable promontory now perforate by a tunnel.

The Americans defended their flag with truly heroic resolution, but when their noble ship was on fire and she had lost more than half of her crew, the brave Porter struck his colors and surrendered, delivering his sword to an English officer who on boarding the *Essex* fainted.... such was the horror of the havoc made in three hours of hard fighting by 81 British guns. Admiral Farragut was a midshipman on board the *Essex* on that memorable occasion, and he used to tell me, fifty years later, in Washington, that he had never seen during his daring life of a sailor a more terrible scene of carnage.

XXIX.

These exploits have been more or less known in the pages of history; but what you, my kind hearers, will learn by the first lines in relation to them is that the supercargo of the *Emily*, provided the victorious commander with a pipe of delicious Madeira wine of the value of £63. "I enclose you," wrote Mr. Barnard to his principals in London on the 12th of April, 1814, that is to say two weeks after the battle of the *Phœbe*, "a bill for £63 for the pipe of Madeira delivered, at his request, to Captain Hillyar. We must be a little diplomatic.

"Now mind you get acquainted with him when he returns. A good man and a successful one never wants friends and through them he may do you good... I think every little assistance is a good thing."

Undoubtedly it is so; but I submit that if it was a clever piece of diplomacy to send the bill for the pipe of Madeira

home instead of presenting it right away on board, would it not have been a great deal more *diplomatic* not to have sent the bill at all?

XXX.

Mr. Barnard was an intelligent well-bred man, and in the same letter, already quoted, he asks his cousins of London for some music for the daughter of the Governor, and a pair of spectacles with the address of the *Administrador de la Aduana de Chile*, in which last order, perhaps, there was not the slightest cunning... The *Emily's* supercargo was an ingenuous, openhearted, and energetic man; and having been put in prison in later years for refusing to pay to the Treasury of Santiago a tax he considered unjust, refused himself to leave his imprison ment in order that he might chastise his judge, and wrote a stinging pamphlet with his own epitaph for a motto as follows:

HIC JACET BARNARD ANGLIUS.
LEGES ET LIBERTATES VINDEX
TYRANNORUM FLAGELLUS.

Mr. Barnard's London partners in previous years had also feared and almost predicted to him the troubles of the Spanish bigoted despotism. The first Britons in Chile did not fear so much the sea and the waves (*la mar y sus olas*), as it was customary to say in mercantile protests, but a great deal more the ignorance and the fanaticism of these distant peoples. "So long as you have escaped the pangs of the Holy Inquisition," wrote one of the Crosbies to their supercargo on his second voyage to Valparaiso, "it is all well."

We have yet to add that a Chilian Catholic bishop, (Andrew i Guerrero) having taken passage in the *Emily* for England, good Barnard, a zealous Protestant, made him pay seven hundred dollars for the voyage. The Crosbies were thus fairly avenged of their fear of the Inquisition!

XXXI.

There also occurred to Mr. Barnard in those days an adventure almost as warlike as that of the *Phœbe* and the *Essex*, the *casus belli* being a dog, and his foe the celebrated American consul, Mr. Joel Poinsett, a bold and intriguing personage, who left the country soon after the surrender of the *Essex*. The case was that the supercargo having brought out in the *Emily* a fine English pointer, doubtless the first of his race known in Chile, unless the adventurous Hawkins sent from England, when released, to the chivalrous Beltran de Castro the two hounds of this breed asked for his ranson, two hundred years back....

We cannot now say if it was a mistake or an act of reprisal for the prisoners made by the English in Valparaiso, but Mr. Poinsett took with him on his trip home first to San Francisco del Monte, to bid adieu to his friends, the Carreras, and thence to Mendoza, Mr. Barnard's dear pointer, and this circumstance originated the angry correspondence we beg leave to read to this respectable audience as characteristic of the times and of the gentlemen referred to, and which for the first time came to light through the courtesy of a friend who has provided me with a most valuable supply of family papers.

The letters alluded to were almost a challenge and were worded as follows:—

MENDOZA, 13 May, 1814.

Sir:—A fine English pointer followed me into the country from Santiago, and not knowing the owner I brought him here. I have since understood from Mr. Beterson that the dog belongs to you, and would immediately have sent him, but his feet are much cut crossing the Cordilleras, and as the arrieros are not very humane, I fear that he would be lost. I shall therefore take him to Buenos Ayres, and will deliver him to any agent of yours in order that he may be sent to you by the first vessel bound to Chile.

Your most obedient servant,

J. R. POINSETT.

Al Sr. D. Juan D. Barnard, Santiago de Chile.

J. R. Poinsett, Esq.,

Buenos Ayres.

Santiago de Chile, 25 May, 1814.

Sir:—I have received your letter of 13 May dated from Mendoza by which what I had previously heard is confirmed:—that my pointer followed you along the Cordillera. As an English pointer is so different from the dogs of the country, I should have supposed that it would have occurred to you that it must have an English owner, that you would, therefore, have left it at the Monte or in Santiago previous to your leaving Chile, as I had heard that it was seen in your company on the road from the city to the Monte. In England it is customary *with gentlemen* when strange dogs follow them to drive them back, or to leave them at the first convenient place that they may be restored to their owners, and they do not want to be informed that such a dog is the property of another person. I had hoped that a similar feeling would have influenced those who certainly have passed enough of the world to know the generally received opinions on these little points, and I am sorry that my hopes are disappointed by your feelings of humanity in wishing to spare my pointer's feet. Under these circumstances I have to request that you will deliver up my dog to my friend Mr. James Kendall in Buenos Ayres, who will feel pleasure in advising me that he has received him for my account.

Your obedient servant,

John James Barnard.

To J. R. Poinsett, Esq.—Buenos Ayres.

Buenos Ayres, 30 June, 1814.

Sir:—I presumed that you had been informed by your friend and countryman, Mr. Beterson, that your dog had been left at Mendoza in the hands of Brigadier D. Juan José de Carrera, charged to forward him to you by the first opportunity or to deliver him to your order.

It you had taken pains to inform yourself of the means used to ascertain the owner of the dog and to restore him, you would have found no reason for those illiberal conclusions and indecorous remarks contained in your letter: any man may be impertinent at a distance of four hundred leagues, but I trust, sir, that we may some day meet, when, *I promise you not to forget your lesson of what one gentleman owes to another.*

I have the honor to be,

Your most obedient servant,

J. R. Poinsett.

John James Barnard, Esq.—Santiago.

XXXII.

Returning now to more serious topics, the country had been lost at the fierce battle of Rancagua (October 1, 1814) and recovered at that of Chacabuco gained by the patriots under San Martin on February 12, 1817, after twenty-eight months of barbarous captivity; and it was then, and only then, when the real flood of noble, robust, self-thinking, and self-acting British blood and British brain commenced to reach our shores.

Before that time, in consequence of the continuance of war between England and Spain, there had not been properly speaking any Britons in Valparaiso. There were hardly a few *gringos*, thrown by the chance of smuggling or of shipwreck along the coasts; but singular enough the most ancient of these was a man who had the name of the first apostle and of the first being of creation. He called himself, Peter *Adam*, and his profession was buying prize-money. In latter days he found according to some deeds in our public registers a sweet Eve (as I trust many of you may do...) in this Valley of Paradise...

XXXIII.

It is perhaps becoming at this part of this lecture where the life and action of the First Britons in Valparaiso really com-

mence, to mention that poets, travellers and critics have given to the epithet *gringo* a quite mistaken origin, because it certainly does not proceed from the Scottish song "Green grows the rushes O," and less yet of the fancy of Lieutenant Wise in his book *Los gringos*, when he pretends that the name came of "greenhorns," an epithet applied in the English navy to young and inexperienced sailors.

The word *gringo* is indeed many centuries old and had its real origin in Spain, or more properly in Greece, because the Old Spaniards used to say proverbially of anything they did not understand in another language "to speak in Greek" *(hablar en griego)*. The latter word became by popular corruption *gringo*, and hence the old Spanish custom of calling all foreigners, no matter what their nationality or language are, *gringos*. Even to-day, our country people call the French and Germans, the Danes and Italians, *gringos*, just as well as the thoroughbred English.

XXXIV.

It does not come within the limits allotted to this lecture to pay a tribute of admiration and gratitude to the noble Britons who, sword in hand, and the love of liberty in their indomitable souls, came to our rescue. That is a matter of our history and the country knows it well. We have not forgotten indeed the names of the O'Carrols (two brothers), the Miller, the O'Brien, two heroes with one name, the brave Charles, killed at Pisco, the Bell, the Vic Tupper, the Paroyssien, and that of him who was the first to offer his life to his adopted country, leaving to his grandson the love of honor and virtue as the most dear and everlasting inheritance, General Mackenna, a native of Drogheda, Ireland.

XXXV.

These among others were the heroes of our battle fields, but the heroic liberators of the country who opened for Chile and the world the waves of the Pacific were countless as their ex-

ploits. First there arrived Guise and Spry in the *Hecate*, then Wooster in the *Columbus*, and a few months after the battle of Maipo the immortal Scottish chieftain, who in English hearts is second only to Nelson, and in Chilian hearts second to none, (except a rising sublime name), and who is considered as the redeemer of the seas, Thomas, Lord Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald.

XXXVI.

Escorting the dashing hero of Basque roads there arrived in this port a brilliant host of brave men who followed his banner and his example; and amongst them his flag-captain and brother-in-law, Captain Forster; Wilkinson, first commander of the *Lautaro*, who died in this city too early for his glory; Illinsworth, captain of the ship which brought on board from Boulogne the fugitive champion of the nation, just by then disgraced with the name of "ungrateful England"; the gallant Grenfell who lost an arm in the Pacific and gained the flag of an Admiral in Brazil; the obstinate and brave Cobbet, nephew of the great political writer, who disappeared with his ship, the frigate *O'Higgins*, in a terrific storm off Cape Horn; the Scottish Gordon, the cunning detector of the hidden treasure of the island of Anana; Carter, Sander's, the two Delano and their father, Prunier, and counting the few that were spared, the chivalrous Simpson and the fighting Bynon, whose last breath passed over the Ocean when another generation of brave boys had sent round the universe the fame and the glory of their prowess, by their ancestors unsurpassed....

XXXVII.

We had forgotten to say that the name of the bark which brought Lord Cochrane to Valparaiso was the *Rosa*, and this ship bought by the united army of Chile and the Argentine Republic, made, with the name of *Rosa de los Andes*, and under

the orders of the gallant Captain Illinsworth, a most daring and successful cruise in the Pacific. Her brave commander was afterwards made a general in the Ecuadorian army.

Most of the privateers who were the forerunners of Lord Cochrane's exploits in the Pacific had English or Scotch names, and we cannot refrain from mentioning in this connection the famous Mackay, a daring Scot, who took by assault the Spanish ship, *Minerva*, lying at anchor in the bay of Llico, under the most extraordinary circumstances. Mackay received forty thousand dollars as his share of the prize money, and his twenty four comrades who accompanied him from Valparaiso in an open lighter to strike the blow got little less. Mackay bought for three times its real value the brig *Catherine* just arrived from the Thames, and this was the celebrated *Fortuna*, which we have already said captured off Callao the ship, *El gran poder de Dios*.

XXXVIII.

Such was the generous help lent to Chile by the free men of free England, to which was soon added a heavy loan of five million dollars in gold. But the responsible commanders of the powerful fleet sent successively by the English government to protect the rising commerce of British subjects in the Pacific, were at their turn by no means adverse to the progress and freedom of this land.

We have already mentioned that Commodore Hillyar was made a citizen of Chile for his services to the patriots, and there soon followed him as chief of the Pacific station, Commodore Bowles, a great and intimate friend of General San Martin, and, finally, passing in review only the superior commanders, Captain Hardy, the friend and flag-officer of Lord Nelson on board the *Victory* on the day of Trafalgar.

Commodore Bowles came to Valparaiso in the *Amphion* soon after Chacabuco and before Maipo. Soon after Commodore Hardy was chief, and he watched the bold operations of Lord Cochrane on the coast of Peru, and neither of them made any

mystery of their personal sympathy for the cause of the Independence of Chile.

A similar line of proceeding was followed by their inferiors in rank, by Captain Prescott of the *Aurora;* Captain Falconer of the *Tyne;* Captain Searle of the *Hyperion;* Captain Mackenzie of the *Superb;* the celebrated Captain Basil Hall of the *Conway;* and finally Captain Hickey of the *Blossom*, whose officers played the first Cricket Match on the old *cancha de chueca* on Cerro Alegre, dispossessing of their ground the last aborigines of the old *cacique* Ventura, then miserable potters in the *Rinconada.*

XXXIX.

Perhaps the least friendly of these representatives of neutral England in these seas, was Captain Sheriff of the *Andromache*, an amiable, handsome and courteous officer, whose gallantry towards beautiful women raised a cloud on the brow of a great commander.

But fortunately for us, history has preserved a document of the utmost delicacy which we take the liberty of reading in its original language, upwards of sixty years after it was penned, and this with the sole object of hearing the voice of an accused woman, and of paying public homage to the noble Britons who publicly defended her offended honor. The authoress of this personal defence was Lady Cochrane herself, who thus expressed her feelings in a letter addressed to the English residents in Santiago :—

"Lady Cochrane

"To the Gentlemen Residents, &c.

"Santiago, December 5, 1819.

"Gentlemen:—I cannot describe in terms sufficiently warm the feelings I entertain for the kindness and interest you have evinced in my behalf in the spontaneous expressions

so honorably made by your meeting of the 3rd instant; be assured that I feel this act of kindness the more as it has been displayed at a time when the absence of my husband has left me defenceless against attacks so wickedly designed to injure me in the public opinion. It has, however, proved to me that although the interests of this country may have for a while deprived me of my natural protection, I may ever depend upon your shielding me against the shafts of scandalous and malicious slander.

"With regard to the production itself, I fully coincide with you in having considered it as deserving of the most decided contempt, though I trust the despicable author will soon be discovered, that he may receive those public marks of degradation which you, gentlemen, have so generously determined upon, by rejecting him from a society for which he is so evidently unfitted, and in which I cannot believe he has ever been placed.

"I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,

"Your obliged and obedient,

"CATHERINE C. COCHRANE."

XL.

We have yet to add that Lord Cochrane was received by the Chilians with unbounded confidence and proper rejoicings. At one of the balls that were offered to the hero, "the presiding belles," says an eye-witness who softly pressed their waists in the waltz (General, then Major, Miller) "were Lady Cochrane and Mrs. Commodore Blanco, (*née* Cármen Gana) both young, fascinating, and highly gifted. The first was a glorious specimen of the beauty of England, and the second was perhaps the most beautiful and the most lovely woman of Chile. To these stars of the first magnitude might be added Miss Cochrane (now Mrs. Forster), who, if she yielded somewhat in personal charms, remained uneclipsed for amiability. There was not a single foreign officer that frequented those happy parties who was not more or less smitten by charms and manners absolutely irresistible."

And undoubtedly such was the case, because quite half a century afterwards, I heard at Spa baths an old English Admiral, while going along the garden, singing this then well-known tune:

Zapato blanco,
Media de lana,
La culpa tiene
La Cármen Gana.

XLI.

Lord Cochrane returned the compliments received from the *porteños* by a dinner given to them on St. Andrew's Day, in honor of the patron saint of Old Caledonia. His Lordship presided at the table in full Scotch costume. "Extraordinary good cheer," says Major Miller, who was present on the occasion, "was followed by toasts drank with uncommon enthusiasm in extraordinary good wine. No one escaped its enlivening influence. St. Andrew was voted the patron saint of champagne, and many curious adventures of that night have furnished the subject of some still remembered anecdotes."

XLII.

Perhaps I shall not trespass too much on your patience if I add to the preceding table anecdote, a laughable affair which occurred to Lord Cochrane a little after when invited to dine by the rich Frenchman Dubern, a conspicuous merchant in Valparaiso. One of Dubern's clerks, an excellent and worthy man, whom many of us knew in his venerable old age, don José Santos Cobo, sat also at the table, and being of very neat habits he used to tie to a button of his dress coat a corner of the hanging table-cloth in lieu of a napkin; but as in those days there had occurred the frightful earthquake of 1822, Mr. Cobo, who was of a nervous nature, could not restrain the panic that

the convulsions of the earth produced in his system, and being frightened by some one who hurriedly traversed the floor of the next room, rose and flying down stairs, left the table converted into a heap of ruins. The *terremoto* had been in this case Mr. Cobo's legs. So at least, one of Dubern's guests tells the story, Captain Lafond de Lurcy, who was present, and who published it twenty years later.

XLIII.

But along with the warriors and the sailors there came to Chile the real Britons of Valparaiso, the founders of its commerce, the pioneers of its civilization, the soldiers of peace and brotherhood. Mr. Andrew Blest had settled together with his two learned brothers; Mr. Barnard had returned for the third time from London; Mr. John Sewell and Professor Richards, amongst many others had sailed from the distant Orient in search of copper, an article so much wanted by industrious India, and others had flocked from all parts of the world like the Donegal, the two enterprising brothers Cood, Mr. John Barton who accompanied the heroic O'Brien, another generous Briton who lost his life in boarding the *Esmeralda*, off Valparaiso; Mr. Henderson, business companion of Lord Cochrane, the good Scotchman Macfarlane, his farm manager; Bourdon, the first auctioneer of Valparaiso; Lyon, clerk to Dubern; Parker, Parish Robertson, and a few others who, like Alexander Miller, Caldclengh, Samuel Haigh, the noble Richard Price, a clever merchant, had crossed the Andes, figuring yet foremost in their company a man whose name I would invite you to hear pronounced standing up as he was the real founder of modern Valparaiso, and because he saw in his last venerable days his honorable name and his white hairs insulted by vile usurers: that name is that of Joshua Waddington, a young gentleman from London, who arrived in this city at the age of 25 years in 1817, and died in it when he had reached the age of the patriarchs of the Bible.

XLIV.

But the real patriarch of the Britons of Valparaiso before Mr. Waddington was a man of the most kind and upright nature, a benefactor of the poor who lived poor himself and had been made a citizen of this country by the most singular tie, caught by the *lasso* of an adroit hacendado Mr. Otaegui in the year 1803, embarking in his boat at a place in the neighborhood of the Laguna after having left on shore a quantity of catle collected for provisions, in spite of the Spanish authorities of the port close by. This honored name was Mr. Grosvenor Bunster, and his family and that of his brother Humphry prosper now in this country under the shade of the virtuous name of its founder.

XLV.

The beneficent and almost instantaneous influence of the English colony was notorious to all from its first start. Foreign capital coming in abundance in search of legitimate trade immediately caused a rise in the price of native produce, confined before to the poor and forced market of Callao, which had made of Valparaiso a simple *bodega* and counting-house of Lima; the condition of labor was elevated by higher wages; our mines received unusual impetus through the effort and resources of several English companies; the value of property was increased to four or five times its colonial price; the population was almcst doubled in two or three years; and what was more important, direct communication with the outside world, formerly prohibited by a selfish, blind and bigoted administration, now opened to us a wide and deep channel to the ideas, principles and customs destined to complete in its course the revolution that had commenced only a decade previously. "The most striking feature presented," said a traveller who had visited Valparaiso in the second year of this century and saw it again

in August 1818, (Captain Cleveland) "to mark the difference between that period and this, was the harbor, in which there were then two or three merchant vessels, with the royal flag hoisted. Now the harbor was crowded, and besides the Chilian vessels of war, the flags of many of the European nations, as well as that of the United States, were seen displayed."

"The admission of foreigners and their commerce", adds the same traveller, "gave an air of life and activity which was never before known."

According to John Miers, whom we have not considered a real Briton of Valparaiso, because he was a gratuitous and bitter enemy of Chile, to whose people he ascribed his own personal errors, the population of Valparaiso, which before 1817 had not exceeded three thousand souls, was increased to ten thousand in 1818, and to fifteen thousand in 1823. Mr. Miers, who was an English gentleman of Concon rather than of Valparaiso, always ready to bring down the level of all that was favorable to us, considers the numbers just quoted exaggerated, and entertains the same opinion about the number of three thousand English and other foreigners settled in Valparaiso only fifteen years after the outbreak of the revolution.

In the meantime, and particularly through the channel of the cheap English commerce, the Chilians had become familiar with many of the commodities of which England is a careful collector and distributor all round the world; the clumsy *ollas* of the Indians of the Rinconada de Pocuro had been replaced by the neat earthenware of Staffordshire, the *tacho* by the teapot, the heavy silver dishes by the light elegant cheap porcelain, the ugly wooden balconies of the houses by comfortable shutters or pillars. There is yet standing in this city, half way between the Merced and the Delicias, the house in which one of the companions of Lord Cochrane had the first sashes put to the outside window for the comfort of his wife, (Lord Cochrane's sister) who came, like him, in a delicate state of health.

The simple and tasty foreign custom of meeting for several useful purposes public or domestic, as happens here at this very moment, was also of English importation, as had been an advantage and a fashion introduced direct from India the use

of tea as a clean and aromatic substitute for the unhealthy and insipid Paraguayan mate.

Sold at first in druggist's stores as a sudorific, tea was really so scarce in Chile that when the inventory of the *Estanco* was made on November 1st, 1826, for establishing that monopoly, there were only 5,583 pounds of tea, green and black, and *seven* pounds of *té perla* computed at 3 dollars a pound. In exchange there were found in the rooms of the Government 79,810 packages of cards...,

XLVI.

Out in the wild country things were much worse for the tastes and pleasures of the English consumer, and there is a well-known anecdote of Mr. Richard, a famous and rather eccentric teacher of the English language in Santiago, who when on his way from India to that capital, through Valparaiso, in 1819, being as fond of tea as the victorious General Baquedano, took care to carry with him a good portion of the best samples to be served in a hot and clean teapot on a cold night in the posada de Curacaví; half way on the old road between the Pacific and the cordillera. So, alighting from his tired horse, Mr. Richard, who was a very tall, massive, hungry man, ordered the cook to prepare him his delicious beverage, and you may imagine his horror when it was presented to him fried with grease in an iron pan. The poor Curacaví cook had simply mistaken the best Chinese tea for a parcel of dry *luche*, or sea weed...

XLVII.

We have shown in the course of this lecture, which happily is approaching its termination, that the value of property was almost nominal in Valparaiso, there not existing a single house worth perhaps a thousand dollars before 1817. But we find in our public registers that after that date the yearly rent of many

of those mean adobe and corridor buildings, almost exceeded their real value. In this manner, Mr. Peter Adam rented to don Vicente Castro three or four neglected rooms on the spot occupied by the present post-office for 300 dollars; at the same time the family Iñiguez rented their *bodega de la quebrada del Almendro* to Mr. Andrew Blest for 1,500 dollars, and that of Manterola, in the close neighborhood, was let to a Mr. Callhoun, contractor to the fleet, for 1,450 dollars. Even the rocks of the famous *cueva del chivato* were sold to Mr. A. Blest by the friars of San Juan de Dios to establish there the first brewery in Valparaiso, they giving as a reason for their sale the dangers of an infuriated sea (*"la furia de una mar embravecida"*). The price adjusted was 400 dollars at a redeemable census of 4 per cent.

XLVIII.

The Almendral, always labouring under the apprehension of a probable inundation of the sea, was less favoured. At least we know of quite a large property of doña Bárbara Astorga, which enclosed an orchard of 340 peach trees, 143 vines, 30 pear trees, 8 orange trees, and 342 olive trees, which was rented to a Mr. Padwick for six years for 500 dollars a year. It is perhaps worthy of remark that the *escribanos* of those times ill-treated English names so badly that instead of Padwick they wrote *Pachica*, for Houston, *Hontaneda*, for Parry, *Perreas*, and for Bernard, *Bernales*, following the same orthographic rules that in old colonial days had changed an Irish Evans into *Ibañez*, and in our own times the Basque gentleman Duosurrosa into *dulce de rosa*...

XLIX.

Along with this local advancement of the Port, the Planchada had been converted into the fashionable place of commerce, and the poor *tiendas* of the Candamos and the Hontaneda

and other native petty merchants, who became millonaires through miserly habits, had ceded their places to the commodious *almacenes* of Cea and Portales, Aycinena, Sanchez and other enterprising Chilians who, through honor and dignity became poor.

L.

Even the lonely hills that encircled the Port commenced to enliven their abrupt sides with elegant cottages, two English carpenters having been the leading men in that picturesque and salubrious extension of the low old colonial city. Their names were Mr. William Bateman and Mr. John Martin, the last of whom died only lately leaving a large fortune to his heirs.

Perhaps it would be of some commercial interest to remark here that one of the most profitable businesses of those good old times was that of making wooden boxes to ship by thousands, by hundreds of thousands, and even by millions, the hard Mexican and Potosí dollars taken by the English merchants as the only means of exchange for the unsettled commerce of these parts of the universe. So far from the system of Bills of Exchange being practised, the English men-of-war converted along the Pacific coasts into a kind of floating banks received in temporary and safe deposit the merchant's boxes of silver for the consideration of one or two per cent. allowed to the captains for such a heavy responsibility. And in connection with this subject it has been not forgotten that on one occasion an honorable English commander, Captain Mackenzie of the *Superb*, signed by error a duplicate invoice and the Bank of England obliged him to pay 80,000 dollars. This misfortune, combined with illness, caused the death of the unfortunate and too confiding sailor.

LI.

We consider this also a fitting opportunity to establish the singular fact that during the first twenty years of our indepen-

dence the enterprising Americans, who, under the name of Bostonenses, preceded the more cautions English in their dealings, had gained a considerable advantage over the latter, their respective balances with us being thus represented in 1832:—

English vessels, 111, 20,155 tons.
American do., 83, 20,700 do.

But ten years later (1842) the balance of commerce had been so altered that as against 79 English vessels with 23,695 tons the Americans had only 22 vessels with 7,499 tons, a decline never recovered. The first known American ship which arrived in Valparaiso with a cargo direct was the brig *Harriet*, Captain Cullen, from Baltimore in 103 days, on February 13, 1818.

LII.

Another curious circumstance peculiar to the decade of years and occurrences we have taken into consideration in relation to English commerce was, that this trade was not exactly in Valparaiso but in Santiago, where the Custom-House was kept in perfect Spanish style, in the *Plazuela de la Compañia*, opposite to the famous and three times burned church of the same name.

It was due to this extravagant anomaly that Santiago was at that time a great deal more heretical than its seaport, owing to the presence, wealth and influence of the leading men of the English colony. Mr. Ingrham, the great friend of Portales and his disinterested adviser on financial matters; Mr. Begg, the wealthy but unfortunate successor of the more unfortunate Salcedo in the Puno mines; "Patriot Barnard", and his cashier and brother-in-law Mr. Robert Budge who as a midshipman was in the guard-boat which rowed round the *Bellerophon* when Napoleon was a captive on board; the two brothers Dreweckem, gentlemen of great social distinction; Mr. De Putron, Mr. Mc

Clure, Mr. Kirk, Mr. Newman, all highly educated young gentlemen who married Chilian wives; Mr. Nathaniel Cox, a physician and benefactor of the people; Mr. Appleby, who ran in Chile the first English race; Mr. Kennedy, to whom the proud secretary Portales gave the title of "*Boca libre*" for his bitter but harmless criticisms on his policy, and a hundred more gentlemen lived in peace and labored on the banks of the Mapocho, and who, from the outset, had formed a National League and Committee to represent and guard their interests according to their wise Saxon instinct.

LIII.

"Patriot Barnard" was appointed chairman of the English Committee of Santiago, and to him in his capacity of the representative of his countrymen, before the first English consul, (Mr. Nugent) was appointed in 1824, were addressed the two following official notes which we will now read as an example of English loyalty and of their foresight for the protection of their commercial wealth. The first of these documents, never yet published, is as follows: —

To John James Barnard, Esq.

"*Hyperion*," Valparaiso, 10 March, 1820.

Sir:— I have to announce to you, as Chairman of the Committee of British Merchants residing at Santiago de Chile, the melancholy news of the death of our much-lamented Sovereign, King George the Third, (and the accession to the throne of George the Fourth) to whose memory I hope every British subject in this part of the Globe will pay that tribute which is so justly due to his memory.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant

T. Searle—Captain and Senior Officer in the Pacific.

The other note is as follows:—

To John James Barnard, Esq,

We, the undersigned, British Merchants, beg leave to request that you will be pleased to call a General Meeting of the British Merchants resident here, for the purpose of taking into consideration the subject of the new regulations of confiscations, as well as any other matters touching their Commercial interests, and in order to determine upon the propriety of adressing the Senior Officer on this Station on the subject.—

We are &c.

Santiago de Chile, September 5,/820.

Joshua Waddington
William Orr
John Begg & Co.
James Ashesoft & Co.
Lawson, Macnab & Co.
McNeill, Price & Co.

Santiago de Chile, 6 Sept., 1820.

In consequence of the above Requisition I request the British Merchants will meet to-morrow at twelve o'clock precisely, for the purposes therein stated at the House of their

Obed. humble servant

John James Barnard.

To the British Merchants &c.

LIV.

Cultivating social and highly respected connections the English residents in Santiago had also formed a gay circle under the title of the "Gentlemen Buffers," and they used to

offer pleasant parties almost every week to the Chilian society, and now and then a sumptuous ball, such as that given in Mr. Barnard's house, corner of the Compañia and Morandé streets on the night of July 17, 1821, on which occasion, as there was not carpeting enough in Santiago to cover the floor of the ball-room completely, the director of the feast was obliged to nail down a bale of rose colored baize, and it happened that with the centrifugal velocity of the waltz, the soft down of the flooring climbed up the elegant dresses and formed a soft web or new garter round the fair dancers,... thus giving occasion to their countrymen to say with their old King Edward:— "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

LV.

But the English community did not forget amidst its pleasures their sterner duties, and after the dance was over, they rightly thought of the dead.

The great Santiago ball of 1821 cost them 1,200 dollars (a fortune in those days), and two years afterwards they established at a cost of 1,136 dollars 15 cents the burial ground within whose enclosure many of the founders now sleep in peace. The honored suscribers to that benevolent work were: Mr. Waddington, Mr. Bunster, Mr. Patrickson, Mr. Miller, Mr. Blest, all well-known citizens, and the third American Consul after Poinsett and Judge Prevost, the honorable Mr. Hogan.

And, melancholy thing to remember!, the first man buried there was a Scotch pawnbroker, Mr. James Stewart, who came to this country from Calcutta, and was only known by the name of the *calcuteño*. This unhappy man first inhabitant of the lonely Cerro Alegre was assassinated by his servant under the supposition that he was immensely rich.

The Chilian government, paying due respect to the foreign colony, had the culprit tried, and being convicted, caused him to be shot at the door of the victim's house on the cerro Alegre, and so honored the national law with an act of national justice.

LVI.

But the law of England was destined also to be soon put to a trial in an eventful and painful bloody case, which tragedy occured in the most refined place of the city, confirming by its results, as with a seal of honor and equity the alliance of the two countries. Its brief but faithful record will consequently be the closing scene of this perhaps too long review of the past.

LVII.

It was the night of the 9th of September 1827, the month of pride and rejoicings of independent Chile. The Valparaiso theatre, built inside the walls of the old church of San Agustin, was crowded with enthusiastic young men, foreigners and Chilians, the English prevailing, principally officers belonging to three men-of-war lying in port under the command of the brave and high-minded Admiral Sir John Gordon Sinclair. The vessels were the frigate *Doris*, 40 guns, and the corvettes *Ranger* and *Jassieeur*.

Suddenly, in the midst of a calm, patriotic play, a pistol shot was heard in the pit, and the sergeant of the theatre guard, José Maria Muñoz, fell dead at the feet of Lieutenant Fullerton of the *Doris*.

What had happened? Fullerton, after a dinner party, probably more gay than sober, in the Almendral, had picked a quarrel with his neighbor; the guard had interfered, and Sergeant Muñoz had intimated arrest to the proud and violent officer, when the latter, drawing a pistol, sent a bullet through the faithful heart of the Chilian guardian.

The countrymen of the victim then rose like one man, and calling for revenge ran to the barracks, climbed the *cerro del Castillo* near at hand, and brought down to the shore four or six field pieces.

At the same time the officers on guard on board the English vessels hearing the clamorous uproar in the city and re-

ceiving exaggerated news of the danger, landed their marines to the number of two or three hundred with two guns; and when owing to the angry feeling that prevailed, a battle seemed imminent in the darkness of the night, peace was restored by the simple interposition of Admiral Sinclair and Governor Lastra, the former of whom was visiting the latter when the conflict occurred.

The next day the English culprit was placed at the disposal of the Chilian authorities, and Lieutenant Fullerton was tried by a court-martial of Chilian general officers, and was soon afterwards expelled from the English service.

LVIII.

Such were already the firm ties of English and Chilian friendship, consolidated in the short period of ten years of reciprocal and honorable dealings, in commerce and society, and in war.

Fortunately that intercourse was so far advanced on the day of the tragedy of September 1827, that a week later the recognition of the independence of Chile was officially announced by Consul Nugent as a closing act of the clever and high-minded policy of the illustrious George Canning towards the republics of South America.

At that memorable hour (October 10, 1827) that truly great man was already dead, but before closing his noble career as a statesman he had spoken to the nations of Europe those words, which neither the powerful empire of Old Albion, nor its good subjects in Chile will ever forget: — "I called the New World in to existence to redress the balance of the Old."

Words of a sublime prophecy which will be a fact everlasting as the Chilian now broad shores of the Pacific, as there will continue to exist on the surface of both nations these two immortal things:

"British loyalty and Chilian honesty."