SHEEP FARMING IN BUENOS AIRES.

Of all the countries lately opened up to the enterprise of the farmer and the merchant, Buenos Ayres, perhaps, offers greater attractions than any. During the past fifteen or twenty years, though there have been full and sometimes bad seasons, the country has gone on increasing in agricultural and commercial prosperity. Its vast natural resources, and the gradually increasing liberal tendencies of the Government and best men in the Republic, are good security that this prosperity is not of any transitory character.

The outrage at Tandil, on last New Year's Day, has thrown some odium on Buenos Ayres, causing some who would turn it as a field for settling in to pass by it, as they would a country riddled with robbery and treachery. The question is, for enterprising, active men to be prejudiced to their own disadvantage, for I believe that Buenos Ayres offers to all classes of English people going abroad as good a field as any on which to expose their energy and capital. And, besides, the massacre at Tandil was nothing more than what may happen in any country where a number of men get excited by the appearance of a foreign power keeping it, as they keep all their other fast days—drinking cacao excessively, and getting highly excited upon the subject. And, whereas they kill a few of their number, for, falling out in their cups, and encountering their next-door neighbors in a temper, they kill their knives. Unfortunately, this time it happened that these drunken wretches were easily got in hand by their neighbors, who not only beat them off, but have been well known. Infamed by the cacao, and roamed to sewage fury by the address of this priest, instead of going against the wind, but following the crowd, as is the French settlers round the town, and took their lives. Outbreaks of this kind are possible in all countries; In fact, a person of forty-five from Boston, and thoroughly going fanatic is found, he can always in some way or another find a following.

The attacks and outbats of the Indians are the greatest annoyance, but they are never able to venture very far over the frontier. They make their raids something in the style of the old Border forays—dash suddenly down upon the outlying settlers' flocks and crops, sweep off everything that they can carry away, and then retreat, leaving their dead and their deserted houses, before the tardy National Guard can be called out to arrest them. But anyone who has either watched the progress of the warring Indian invasion: Tandil is a long way from the frontier where these raids are possible. On New Year's Eve, a party of the natives of Tandil, having completed their summer's work, keeping it, as they keep all their other feast days—drinking cacao excessively, and getting highly excited upon the subject. And, whereas they kill a few of their number, for, falling out in their cups, and encountering their next-door neighbors in a temper, they kill their knives. Unfortunately, this time it happened that these drunken wretches were easily got in hand by their neighbors, who not only beat them off, but have been well known. Infamed by the cacao, and roamed to sewage fury by the address of this priest, instead of going against the wind, but following the crowd, as is the French settlers round the town, and took their lives. Outbreaks of this kind are possible in all countries; In fact, a person of forty-five from Boston, and thoroughly going fanatic is found, he can always in some way or another find a following.

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breaches of sanitary law. There never was a city which so thoroughly deserved disease, worked so persistently to bring it, and yet got clear so easily as Buenos Ayres. Being built on ground as flat as the floor of a room, with shallow water for miles outside the harbour, there really was some difficulty in draining. But here did that infatuated city go on from its foundation till last year calmly doing nothing at all in the matter. The saladeros (slaughter-houses) were within it, the sewage ran into pools at the back of the houses, to filter through and impregnate the whole soil; and yet till last year, when yellow fever broke out, there never was any very serious pestilence in either town or country. San Trinidad del Bueno Ayres was the name the Spaniards gave the place, and its fine air has indeed warded off disease wonderfully. There is a curious fact about that yellow fever visit, which bears out that it was the utter carelessness of the town people as to cleanliness and drainage which made its ravages so frightful. Wherever in tropical countries yellow fever breaks out, if it is bad in the towns, it is ten times worse in the shipping. Now, amongst the lighter and river craft of the Plate there was no fever at all, unless a few cases among people who had fled in terror from the city. However, that sure scourge, which swept away a sixth of the population, has taught the Buenos Ayrenses a wholesome lesson. Spanish human nature is not the aptest in the world to learn, but they have begun to move in the right direction, and we may hope that when that great engineering triumph—the construction of the harbour—is finished, that the townsmen will have taken care to find a thorough system of city drainage.

S. A.