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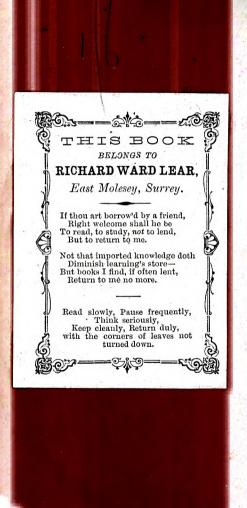


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BY "PETROS."



A PEEP AT BRAZIL.

BY "PETROS."

BUXTON:

J. C. BATES, PRINTER, "ADVERTISER" OFFICF, HOT BATH COLONNADE.

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PREFACE.

HE following passages, written some time since, have only been submitted to the press, at the urgent solicitations of private friends and acquaintances, who kindly urged it on the author of them, to such an ex-

tent, that he could not but comply with wishes so cordially expressed to him. Anyone perusing the same will therefore, he hopes, excuse all faults and blemishes therein, and feel assured that the author's object in writing them was to divert, gratify, and amuse in any small degree those who might care to read them.

The author begs to subscribe himself, as under, for the reason that, with many, it has been their familiar soubriquet.

PETROS.

Buxton, 1876.

A PEEP AT BRAZIL.

CHAPTER I.

MY PASSAGE OUT.

WE left old England in drizzling rain on the eve of a Christmas Day, and the Mersey was clouded with fog, and wrapped in a muggy atmosphere. The external surroundings of the good steamer we were nestled in, did not however prevent us from keeping up a merry heart and good will towards each other, as is usual ashore at the festive season, with Englishmen especially.

We were a mixed nationality aft in the saloon, but we managed to get on cordially together; the captain, officers, and crew were of true old English mettle, right good fellows, and first-rate seamen.

After five days had elapsed, we arrived at Lisbon, a city, whose beauties have been so often described, that I will not attempt to rival any other description. I believe everybody agrees, that the point from whence best to view the city, is from the harbour. A grand view of the whole panorama on both sides is sketched out before the spectator, who cannot but help falling in love with the tout-ensemble and variety of the tableau.

The day we arrived, a Sunday, dawned beautifully, but by the time boats were ready for us to go ashore in, the rain fell and drenched us before we landed. So wet did we get, that we were compelled to return to the steamer for change of clothes.

I mention the following incident with a view to expose the strict vigilance kept up on shore by the custom house authorities, which greatly prevents the enjoyment of foreigners passing by Lisbon. A friend of mine on board, Baron K-. took a bag with him with things for the night ashore, a very small bag it was. The authorities examined it, and actually charged him for letting him land it! I had none. nor was I sorry. I hailed a boat, and, when seated in it. ordered the boatmen to row me to the steamer. They would not unless I paid them beforehand more than their legal fare, threefold! I stuck to their boat, determined, though alone, not to be swindelled by such bare-faced sharks. So after bumping me and trying to upset me against the quay, they landed me. I got into another boat, and adopted the same course as I had pursued in the former boat; and this time to more effect. With a good deal of growling I was taken to the steamer, and then the boatmen got their due, and more than their due. Had it been at night I was told the plan I adopted might have proved perilous to me, as I heard the knife is freely used on such occasions, Portuguese of a certain class being easily roused to any act of violence.

After a day or two, during which we were occupied in discharging and taking in eargo, &c., we proceeded on our voyage, glad to be at sea again.

Nothing particular occurred for two or three days, until one night we encountered a most terrific sea, which swept the wheel right off. Fortunately the man at the wheel, one of our quarter-masters, who had been formerly in the Royal Navy, gallantly stuck to it, and did not let it go overboard. His conduct cannot be too highly praised, but this is only one of many instances of sailors' gallant pluck which landsmen seldom hear of. The steering of the steamer had to be conducted by a system of chains on deck, and the rattle they made was something awful. Right glad were we when the wheel was repaired and fixed up again. The steamer was rolling most frightfully, and I myself was stunned insensible and unconscious by being pitched out of my berth, and bruised in consequence. I came to my senses in the morning, but I scarcely knew where I was. In a few days, however, I was well again, quite recovered. I was most grateful for the kind help afforded me and the good feeling shewn me, not only by the officers and stewards, but also by the passengers, especially my next door neighbour, who hailed from the "Land o' cakes."

Just five days after this frightful night we neared St. Vincent, in the Cape Verde Islands, and anchored at nine in the evening. The weather was beautiful, such a starlight night, and the following day such a hot sun, a perfect contrast to a day in England in January. We were nearly baked, and the coaling was anything but a pleasant operation. There are but a dozen or two of Europeans on the island. Mr. Miller, the cosmopolitan coal merchant, his clerks and employés, and women and children. There are loads of copper-coloured specimens of the human race, and boats come off laden with oranges and cocoa-nuts, and eggs, and such like productions from the neighbouring islands, St. Vincent itself being very barren.

We left at 3 p.m. the following day to that on which we arrived, but, alas! six hours afterwards our engines broke

down, an iron plate in one of the compartments having given way. 'Very luckily for us the sea was very calm indeed, like glass, and this enabled the engineers and volunteers to go to work at the anvil, and beat a new plate of iron into shape. Fortune certainly favoured us, as not only had we sheet-iron as cargo, but we had also men, as steerage passengers, who were first-rate hands at the anvil and well up in machinery. These men worked night and day as hard as and harder than slaves, and by the end of five days we were under steam once more. There being but little wind we got on very slowly during the repair of the engines, making only two or three knots an hour. Our slow progress through the water enabled us to catch some nine or ten dolphins, which had we been going at our usual speed we should have been unable to do.

The dolphin is a most beautiful fish, about the size of an average salmon, but white in the flesh. Its skin shines all hues and colours, and it is wonderful to see the different shades it assumes from time to time till death gradually deadens the splendour. They are caught with flying fish, which almost invariably manage to fly on board, particularly at night, when they are dazzled by the lamps, and fly in at the port-holes of the cabins. Should, however, a flying fish not be at hand, a bit of white rag, nine or ten inches long, will serve as a make-shift on a good stout hook. They are very good eating, fried in steak fashion, but they say they are poisonous if left out at night exposed to the rays of the moon.

Nothing important occurred till the 17th of the first month of the year that followed the certain Christmas. What occurred on the evening of that day was all important and significant and imposing; no less an event than the appearance of old Father Neptune himself, accompanied by sundry of his officials in grand state, announcing that on producing our diploma we should all be welcomed on the morrow to the halls of his Marine Palace of Palaces. Those who had their letters of introduction, and those who had none, were all duly noted down in one of the Marine God's official books. All this gave us to understand that on our crossing the line we should witness a splendid and unwonted display of hospitality, novel to most of us. Consequently with minds full of expectancy and curiosity we retired to our rest, not however without having been regaled with several nautical airs forward and aft, and midships as well. The whole ship seemed full—bursting full—with the reception that awaited her on the looked-for morrow.

The morrow came, breakfast and luncheon passed away; and dinner at 4 p.m. was verging on us, when we were evidently close on the threshold itself of the Palace.

We descended to dinner, however, and having done our best with the knife and fork, "redecked it" (to use a novel phrase), and found all alive and stirring. A great procession going the rounds of "the house" we lived in, from stem to stern, summoning all to attend the Levée, at six o'clock commencing. The barber of his Majesty was fully engaged with his huge razor on those who were novices to the mysteries of the Marine Court, and also wished to perform his kind offices on others who had no inclination to attend. The Portuguese forward, and others on the steerage list of the passengers, for instance, were huddling together like sheep frightened of the shearers. Looking daggers, and vowing threats if molested, they kept up their normal

position, and were neither shaved or permitted to descend to the water surrounding the Grand Barber's Chair of State, for which they did not seem sorry. The process of preparing for the Levée was rather severe for some of the guests-so much so, that the services of the Grand Doctor Marine had to be called in for restoratives, the Steward for refreshments, and the Band of Instrumentalists and Vocalists for entertainments in general. Every party was thus accommodated. I must not forget to say that there was one extraordinary young courtier, a little boy only two or three years old, a retired sailor's offspring, who flew into the arms of the watery god like a bird, in a state of Nature. pink and ruddy as Cupid. He was adopted cum privilegio, by Neptune and Aphrodite, and allowed in addition to his name of Joey, to assume the name all glorious and distingué of Neptune. He was the hero of the day. The Levée lasted some hours, and when over we were addressed by his Majesty, who assured us we should be always welcomed to his court and dominions from that date, and for ever, in fact. whenever we might wish for a change from our terra firma to his most watery element.

Tar barrels were set fire to and illuminations general on our parting company, and when left to ourselves we discussed over and over again what we had seen of the ins and outs of the dwellings in the ocean, mid-Atlantic.

The following day we went on and on our course smoothly and pleasantly. During the night we passed the Island of Fernando Noronha, one of the little islands off Cape S. Roque, on the east coast of Brazil, thus showing us we were nearing our first port of destination in South America, viz., Bahia.

The days were getting intensely hot, and the nights

tropically cold in contrast, as usual, to the heat of the day. The Southern Cross was now our guiding constellation, as the Great Bear is in the northern hemisphere.

It was a gladsome moment for us all when we sighted Bahia, which we did after having been thirty days at sea. Rather a longer passage than usual owing to our misadventures, the breaking down of our wheel on one occasion, and the boiler on another. Thankful were we to be once more ashore.

Owing to the kindness of some friends in England, I came armed with a letter of introduction to a leading mercantile firm in the city of Bahia. I must say I was most hospitably "put up," and shewn about the strange city by my new friends, who lived in a pleasant little retreat across the harbour, access to which is had by means of a little steamer, which is constantly to and fro. This is very handy for the merchants, as they can have a change of scene with little trouble at the end of the day's business and worry.

I only spent one night ashore, and we had a regular merry making.

During the following day I came across the funeral procession of some great personage, but the hearse did not look at all funereal—on the contrary, it was most gaudily bedizened with gilt and ornamentation.

Some of the churches looked to be very fine buildings, but as the weather was hot I did not venture up to the higherpart of the city, the view from which is very fine.

The harbour of Bahia is extremely pretty—in fact, doubly pretty to an Englishman, being besides naturally picturesque, so entirely foreign in appearance. The aspect of the houses so different to an Englishman's, and the foliage and outlines.

of the trees that grow in such luxuriance so strange to the foreigner,

Although we started the day following our arrival, the unfortunate steamer had again to put back into harbour. There was something amiss again with her engines. We were kept at anchor in Bahia Bay for two more nights, during which the repairs were proceeded with. Our anxiety was set at rest at last, and we were pronounced seaworthy again—Sunday, 26th January. All these delays were very aggravating certainly, but the good fellowship existing on board made great amends for our misfortunes. We were joined, too, at Bahia by a very pleasant American, one of the Southern generals in the late unfortunate civil war. He had come out to look out for plantations whereon to make a settlement preparatory to the embarkation of his wife and family from their late happy home, rendered desolate by the suicidal and melancholy American struggle.

Our new chum was full of anecdote and information, and seemed to note down very carefully all he saw and heard, particularly at the entry of Rio harbour.

It was the early morning of the 30th January that we steamed bravely up between the forts of the grand harbour of Rio de Janeiro, and were duly saluted in return for our salutation by the cannon and flags of the said forts.

We had passed the celebrated Cape Frio light during the night while most of us were sound asleep.

Such a host of porpoises came out to receive us, and you cannot imagine the unearthly puffing and blowing they made as they emerged from the water close up to the vessel's sides. You could have had fine practice at them with a saloon pistol, so near at hand were they!

We were thus as nearly as possible thirty-seven days out from Liverpool, having called at Lisbon, St. Vincent, and Bahia on our way. This is far longer than the average passage of Lamport and Holt's steamers—and our's was one of this magnificent fleet—which usually accomplish the distance in far shorter time. We must, however, always be prepared for accidents, such as befel us on our otherwise happy course, and we ought to be thankful to Providence that we escaped so well.

The harbour of Rio is so intensely grand and extensive as to almost surpass in reality the accounts written of it. Three is such a sweep of bold outline, the ridges, and the picturesque mountains that almost surround it, standing out in such grandeur against the beautiful azure sky, so constantly seen in these parts. first and foremost amongst them being the celebrated "Corcovado," some 2,500 feet above the sea level. Crowds of vessels ride at anchor in the bay, too glad of such a haven, hailing from all parts of the old world and the new, men-of-war, merchantmen, every kind of craft, including a fine lot of smaller but very commodious steamers engaged in the passenger traffic and otherwise of the Bay itself. There is also the State steamer of the Emperor himself, a very ornamental affair indeed.

Then came the shaking hands and leave-taking of our old compagnons de voyage, the majority of whom were going further south to Monte Video and Buenos Ayres. It was a sad parting, too, with some of us, not knowing whether we should ever meet again! The friendships made on boardship are often lasting, everybody is so dependent on the other for a pleasant voyage, and all so soon find their level, good sterling worth being soon found out and appreciated duly.

Luckily a friend came out to welcome me ashore, and it was owing to this that I got comparatively easily through the Custom House, which is certainly miserable as a landing place, such odours and dust saluting your nostrils, fresh from the sea breezes!

It was awfully hot in the sun and almost stupefying the tout ensemble. Three hale and hearty niggers (I presume of African extraction) were engaged for my trunks, and with these on their heads we formed quite a procession along the streets to the office of my friend, where we learned the Exchange Hotel in the Rua Direita would be my best place to put up at. Thither accordingly I repaired, duly escorted by the blacks, and I found mine host, Mr. McDowell, a most worthy man, and especially good to fresh arrivals and young Englishmen. An Irishman by birth (but who, I believe, has been a good deal in the West Indies), by his long residence in Brazil is fully qualified for the important post he holds, the Exchange being the chief English hotel in Rio, though there is another very nice one opposite kept by Mr. Seaton, a kind friend in every way. Mr. McDowell's kindness I am sure will be long remembered by myself, and also by numerous English visitors in Rio and others whom he has assisted in many ways, and sometimes out of his own private pocket.

I spent four very pleasant days in Rio, which, owing to the heat, and not feeling quite the thing in health, I determined to leave, and try the higher and cooler air of Petropolis, my journey to which, and residence therein, I will endeavour to describe in my next chapter.

I just looked in now and then at the "Alcasar," a very pleasant lounge and theatre, kept up by a French company,

who went through sundry French operas in very good style.

If you want to meet anybody go to the "Alcasar," and there lounging about you will find many an old friend's figure whom you have not perhaps seen for years!

It is astonishing how many old friends' faces I recognised, never dreaming of falling in with anybody at such a distance away.

One finds French and German very useful in Rio, and if you are good at Latin as well, you can soon pick up the "lingo" of the country.

There were very heavy thunderstorms, and some of the narrow streets were turned into streams of water, so deep that blacks were stationed at the crossings to *shoulder* you across for a dump (40 reis, a penny), or some such trifle, and dry footed, they landed you on the other side!

CHAPTER II.

DEPARTURE FROM RIO AND ARRIVAL IN PETROPOLIS.

The day of my departure from Rio was very hot, and right glad was I to be on the sea again, if only for an hour or so, just to cross the little bit of sea between the Maua Railway terminus and Rio. The little steamer was very comfortable, and I had the good fortune to be escorted by a very good fellow indeed, hailing from Yorkshire, Mr. W. Morritt, the owner of the Hôtel Inglesé at Petropolis, and a shareholder in the great company, "Uniao è Industria," which has formed the magnificent road from Juiz de Fora and through Petropolis to the foot of the "Serra" (where the railway is), in fact, the greatest road in Brazil. To this gentleman's kindness I shall have to refer constantly hereafter.

A short journey on the railway was the next performance, and then from the foot of the "Serra" up to the hills of Petropolis we were driven by four mules in a sort of hackney coach. These mules are fine animals, and stand high, and go at a rattling pace. They do their ten miles an hour easily in the coach, and give us (Englishmen) rather a different notion of what mules really are, to what we are accustomed to think them in old England. We reached Petropolis towards dusk, after having occupied some five hours in the transit. Very commodious quarters we found at the Hotel Inglesé, though somewhat rougher than our home notions would deem comfortable. The house was rather tumble-

down. Mine host introduced us to divers friends and members of his own family with great cordiality, and I was soon "at home" in my new quarters, and also had the run of mine host's private residence, a very nice, comfortable, modern-built, and almost English house.

A great part of the inhabitants of Petropolis are Germans, it being in fact quite a German colony, and most industrious people they appear to be. There is a great German brewery there, Kremer and Co., and they brew a great quantity of beer called "Cerveja Nacional," and very fair drinking it is. There is in addition a large French brewery, which also turns out very good beer. There is a celebrated mart also, kept by a German family, where you can procure most beautifully carved walking sticks, work-boxes, cabinets, and different ornamental articles, all of the different beautiful varieties of wood for which Brazil is so famous. Some of these articles were very cheap and well executed—capital mementoes of one's visit.

Petropolis is a wide spreading town, and is chiefly represented by a long straggling street, intersected in the middle by the stream which is the origin of the river Parahyba. This stream, running down the middle of the street, with a roadway on each side, backed by houses, the chief shops, hotels, &c., has a very pretty effect, and the bridges crossing it make it very picturesque.

In Petropolis there is also the Palace of the Emperor, where often resided the Count d'Eu and his wife, the elder daughter of the Emperor, and they were to be seen constantly walking in the streets together with the Duke of Saxe, who married the other Imperial daughter (since dead, sad to say.) These latter also had a mansion on the outskirts

of Petropolis, a nice house, formerly the residence of Mr. Thornton (now Sir Edward Thornton, C.B.), previously English Minister in Brazil, but now in the United States as our representative. The Palace is a wide spreading building in the centre of the town, in the midst of a nice garden, but is a wretched tumble down place apparently, and far from our notions of anything palatial. The Emperor and Empress were scarcely ever there during my stay, owing to their presence being so constantly required in Rio by reason of the Paraguayan war.

The drives and walks in the neighbourhood are charming. The scenery amongst the hills is very wild and grand, and the foliage of the flowering trees, &c., is surpassingly pretty. All colours salute the eye, and there is a very pretty purple lilac tree called the "Lent-tree," as it always shines forth during Lent. One of my first drives was to a place called Padre Correas, some eight miles out, down the valley of the Parahyba, and there are some beautiful cascades there—the "falls" as they are called. There is much beautiful woodland scenery on each side of the river, and the sound of the rushing water is most refreshing in the hot scorching sun. Countless butterflies salute your eye everywhere, and some of them defv capture: they only visit the tops of the gigantic trees. There are numerous snakes, too, the coral snake being the most beautiful—to those who fancy such reptiles! It is a beautiful mottled red and black, and looks very well preserved in spirits!

On our route we passed by one of the bullock slaughterhouses, and you cannot imagine what a collection of vultures there were awaiting the refuse of the butchers; and they were ugly, dirty looking brutes, but they are of untold value as scavengers.

Somewhere towards the middle of February we were on the look-out for a happy pair just married, who were to spend their honey-moon in Petropolis, and we made all possible preparation to give them a warm reception. Mr. Liddicote, of the British Consulate in Rio, was to bring his bride to the Hotel Inglesè, having been married that same day in Rio. Being a great favourite with the English residents, of course he got quite an ovation from us all. As I had just made his acquaintance on my arrival he was a very pleasant acquisition to our society on the hills, and we made sundry little excursions together. I am personally much indebted to Mr. Liddicote's courtesy, as also the Consul, Mr. T. L. Hunt's, for when I arrived in Rio I found the captain of the steamer had not got my passport after being viséd in Liverpool, as I concluded, and I was in rather a fix, but these kind friends soon put me straight, and procured me a fresh one. Owing to the Paraguayan war, the authorities were very particular at that time. I cannot help also alluding to the kindness and hospitality of our English Minister, Mr. C. B. Mathew (now C.B.), to whom I brought a letter of introduction. He is very much liked out there, and he afterwards took a house in the outskirts of Petropolis. When I first saw him he stayed at the Hotel, kept by Mr. McDowell, of Rio. He had only just got appointed to be Minister of Brazil, having previously been our representative at the Argentine Republic. Altogether there was some very pleasant society in Petropolis, and besides there were always travellers passing through, a great many from the diamond mines up-country, and their head quarters were in the Hotel Inglesè, which some nights must have contained untold wealth in diamonds, etc., en route to Rio.

I had the opportunity of seeing the Carnival on a small scale in Petropolis. On the Shrove Tuesday there was a great turn-out for the size of the place, and a procession was formed, the chief feature in which was a huge miniature man-of-war, mounted on wheels, duly rigged out in full fig, drawn by fat oxen, and manned by a noisy set of gaily dressed fellows, who tuned up their instruments and "did" Carnival to their hearts' content. A good many carriages full of masks and dominoes came from Rio, and plenty of toys and sweetmeats were shied about gratuitously, seemingly with the object of advertising different large shops' merchandise in Rio, as most of the carriages were placarded with advertisements and caricatures. The town was quite gay with balls also. I went to one just out of curiosity. We were not "dressed," but went in any fashion we pleased, and there was such a mêlée, peasants from the country round, a great many Germans, as well as the town's folk, in gay Carnival costume, some of them. It took place in one of the large rooms of a corn mill, and was very numerously attended.

The charge of admission was small, and the proceeds were devoted to the support of the cemetery of Petropolis, a very sensible arrangement. The cemetery is situate very handy to the town, but it is on a high hill, the ascent to which is very tedious; most people prefer to walk up it, as the road is on the edge of a very rugged and steep incline, and a carriage might easily topple over. I regret to say I had to attend two funerals there—one, that of an old English civilian, and the other of the child of an English resident in Petropolis, whose acquaintance I had made.

The Brazilians themselves do not go into mourning for

children under seven years old or so, but rather look upon the event as a happy release to the child, over whose grave very pretty garlands and wreaths of flowers are strewn.

Lent succeeded the carnival of festivities, which collapsed immediately Ash Wednesday dawned. All was gloom then where mirth and laughter had previously reigned.

The contrast was very great. On Good Friday they have a curious custom. They make effigies of Judas Iscariot, just as we do of Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November, and horrid figures they are! These effigies are hawked about all day, and kicked about, too, when towards evening they are either hanged on a tree, blown up with gunpowder, or pitched ignominiously into the river!

The Brazilians are very fond of fireworks, and on every announcement of a small victory in Paraguay hundreds of rockets ascended to testify the joy it was hailed with, and many were the vivas! for the Emperor, and the generals, and the admirals engaged in the war!

I set off one fine morning for a walk down the Serra, and a charming route it is, such magnificent views of the Bay of Rio, and the mountains all round, and then at the end to find the hospitable quarters of my friend, Mr. It. Haydon, a leading civil engineer in Brazil, who, after entertaining me at tiffin, took me down the line and back again on the engine, from which I had a capital peep at the country. There was great excitement at Maûa at the arrival of a huge road traction engine which had been named "Don Pedro II." This huge monster was to draw a train of some four carriages, monstrosities also (and I should say some three or four times as large as an ordinary railway carriage), of different classes. I believe there were also trucks for goods

and luggage to follow, but this was only the trial trip for a few privileged passengers. It was to run on the celebrated roadway of the Uniao e Industria Company without any tramway, and consequently had to be most dexterously steered up the windings ascending the hills of Petropolis. It was no trifling matter on the edge of some of the precipices. Luckily there was no accident of any kind. though it "stuck" in several places on the route to Petropolis. The following day it went along much better, having got more on the level, and a large party of ladies and gentlemen went as far as Correas with it, reclining very comfortably on the roof, or inside one of the carriages. It was brought to Brazil by Senor Mariana, one of the leading gentlemen in the company. He saw it at the great International Exhibition at Paris in 1867, and it was manufactured by an engineering firm at Nantes. I doubt if it has proved a successful experiment, but it certainly created an immense sensation amongst the natives, who flocked in crowds to watch our progress.

Towards the beginning of June we were invaded at the hotel by a number of Cornish miners who had been burned out from their work at the St. Jean Del Rey gold mines. There had been a great fire, which for a time suspended all operations, so these fine fellows thought they would make the best of it, and have a trip to England. This I hear the Cornish men are in the habit of doing when they have accumulated sufficient means. Then when they have thoroughly enjoyed themselves in the old country, and probably spent their earnings, they return to their labours abroad again. I had the pleasure of seeing some very nice specimens of the gold procured by them.

I have never been the whole length of the road of the "Uniao e Industria," but I believe it extends considerably over a hundred miles, it being about 107 miles from Petropolis to Juiz de Fora.

However, I went, accompanied by my friend, Mr. Morritt, as far as Entre Rios, some fifty miles from Petropolis, and returned the same day easily. This is very good travelling, considering no horses were used, mules doing the work, and a very fine breed, too! A coach-and-four starts in style every morning early from Petropolis, and by this coach (the "Mazeppa," I believe) we went, outside passengers, of course, and a most delightful day's trip it was. The driver was a very intelligent German. The road was all that could be desired, beautifully hard and level, and the weather magnificently fine. The cool of the evening was delightfully refreshing that greeted us on our return to Petropolis after the heat of the sun all day long. We were not sorry when we sat down to our evening's repast, and did ample justice to the good fare.

A word or two here may not be uninteresting about this great company that the road belongs to—the "Uniao e Industria," as it is called. Although the passenger traffic of the coaches is large, the principal income of the company is derived from the carts or waggons, drawn also by the celebrated mules. These carts are numbered and named, and all of similar build. They have generally five mules attached to them, with perhaps a spare one or two to relieve.

Though constantly met with on the road, they are soon moved on one side, on a whistle being given, on the approach of the coach, or any other fast vehicle. The drivers have a great knack of cracking their whips, and seem to pride themselves in doing so, the loud reports sounding almost like fireworks, and resounding very comically with the echoes of the hills.

The company reap about 15 per cent. on their outlay, a very handsome return, and we hope the Don Pedro II. Railway which runs to Juiz de Fora will not interfere with their income, for such enterprise deserves reward. The road requires constant attention and repairs, and there is plenty of stone for the purpose, which is properly laid down by the Portuguese immigrants, and capital labourers they appeared to be for that hot country. Towards June, I had fallen in with two very pleasant English gentlemen, whose names I need not mention, but whom I will call Mr. X. and Mr. Y., who had been in treaty with the Viscount de Lages for a coffee plantation of his up the country. They had succeeded in getting the lease of it, and were negotiating a scheme for engaging the services of several of the British immigrants who had come out to Brazil, led by some golden dream of making their fortune there, or "gulled" most likely by some emigration agents in the old country. Certain it is, there were plenty of these poor fellows, with their wives and families, too, in some instances, in 'the city of Janeiro huddled together like pigs, with all their hopes thrown to the winds on their arrival, and ready to "bite at" anything in the shape of employment, or prospect of a rescue from their sad plight and distress. It was quite a pity to see them, as I afterwards did in Rio.

Messrs. X. and Y. having come up to Petropolis, partly on pleasure and partly on business, put up at my hotel, the Hotel Inglesè, and this is how I fell in with them. Knowing that I wanted to see some things of the country, they



proposed to me to pay them a visit up at the plantation or "Fazenda," as the Brazilians call it, that they had just taken. Thinking well of the chance I had of seeing new life in a new country, I accepted their kind invitation.

Accordingly I made up my mind to leave my pleasant quarters and kind friends in Petropolis, and set forth for this new country.

I fixed to go by the 12th of the month, and the leavetaking was again very trying, the worst part of the undertaking, for the months I had passed in Petropolis were very agreeable months.

However, Mr. Morritt kindly said he would go to Rio with me, so that eased me considerably. Dr. Gunning, a very pleasant and most affable English "medico," who had a large estate some miles from Rio on the Don Pedro II. Railway, also accompanied us, making it doubly pleasant.

CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE FROM PETROPOLIS, AND ARRIVAL IN RIO, &C.

We made an early start at five o'clock in the morning. and delightfully cool it was, so that we might breakfast at the foot of the Serra with our old friend, Mr. R. Havdon, who had been constantly in Petropolis, and who gave us a most warm and hearty reception, and duly refreshed and regaled us. After a pleasant little journey we got to Rio about half-past ten, and I put up my luggage at the Exchange Hotel, where I met Mr. X. afore-mentioned, who said he was quartered at a French hotel just across the bay. at San Domingo, and advised me to repair there in the evening, which I accordingly did, and found it far cooler and more comfortable than staying in Rio. The steamers are admirably constructed for ferry boats, and can take horses and carriages without unharnessing or preparation, and any quantity of passengers. Two hundred reis, or the fifth part of a milrei (two shillings), will pay your ticket—a very neat institution, as these tickets pass as well as coin current in the city, and are handier sometimes than small coins or big copper dumps to carry about.

San Domingo is a very pretty little place, and well adapted for the villas of merchants in Rio, who find it a pleasant retreat from the city.

Dr. Gunning very kindly invited Mr. X. and myself to spend Saturday and Sunday with him at his pleasant retreat. He had quite a party of friends going down to visit him, which is, I believe, of no unfrequent occurrence, Dr. G. being noted for his hospitality, as I have no doubt many a young midshipman or stranger in Rio can testify. At noon or thereabouts on the Saturday we accordingly went to the terminus of the Don Pedro II. Railway, a very fairly built station, and one of the many improvements to be noted of late years in the city, and we found that the members of our party could more than fill one compartment of the train, so numerous were the guests. The train was crowded. but the carriages were comfortable, and we went at a very fair speed. The view was very beautiful-after a preliminary peep at the outskirts of the city, which, containing huge slaughtering sheds, &c., were not very attractive. glimpses among the hills and valleys were charming. The railway is a wonderful piece of engineering skill, so steep is the ascent to the hills, but it winds and climbs up these hills in a wonderful manner. Sometimes we seemed to be almost on the brink of a precipice, so close on the edges of the slopes had the lines to be constructed. The ascent commences somewhere near a station called Belem, where we substituted a powerful American engine for the smaller locomotive, and a very peculiar half whistle-half gong sound-emanated periodically from the monster's steam.

jaws! There were plenty of plantations of Indian corn, mandioca, coffee, sugar, &c., on the route, and some of these on the sides of the hills added greatly to the picturesque nature of the scene. We traversed no less than nine tunnels on our journey of some four hours, and attained an altitude of 1,300 feet or thereabouts.

On our arrival we found ourselves in a very pretty country, dotted here and there with villas and cottages, and undulating most beautifully. First and foremost among these was our host's (Dr. Gunning's) house, and there we were soon welcomed, as it stood only a few minutes' walk from the station, just pleasantly out of the way. We soon made friends with our hostess, whom we had not met before, and who proved herself in every way hospitable and kind.

As there were not beds enough in the house for all the party, my friend X. and myself were most comfortably "put up" at the house of the Milfords, American friends of the doctor, immediately facing him on the opposite side of the valley, and very good friends they proved to be.

The American stars and stripes were flying in grand style the following day, Sunday, and, of course, were immediately joined by Dr. Gunning's Union Jack in front of his house.

The doctor lives quite in his own "country," his territory extending for miles round him, and the plantations, I believe, yield him a fair income. He has plenty of blacks on his estate, but I believe no slaves, as he has freed them all. The valley just below his house is called The Valley of the Monkeys, though we ourselves did not fall in with any. The doctor builds continually cottages on different spots, and now and then a bigger house or villa; and I wonder there is not more demand for such in so charming a spot, and at comparatively such a short distance from the city.

We saw a fine variety of butterflies, and they were very beautiful. We saw some, too, that had been preserved.

Brazil seems a great country for insect collectors, and I am sure some of the butterfly specimens we saw would amply repay transportation to old England. Mr. Milford greatly amused us with showing us a huge skin of a most horrible snake, some feet long, that his wife had found one day coiled up on their drawing-room sofa—a desirable companion!

We met some very pleasant and agreeable naval officers amongst the doctor's guests—some from the "Narcissus," "Egmont," and "Sharpshooter," &c., at anchor in the Bay of Rio. Altogether it was a delightful party, which we were hardly willing to leave on Monday morning, when we were bound to be in Rio. We were not long in getting to the city, and the heat and dust formed a vile contrast to the fresh air of the hills.

And now I had to make the necessary preparations for my journey to Macahé, and thence to the Fazenda of Monte Lages, which my friends had taken the lease of. Mr. Y., I found, had already wended his way there on mule-back, and Mr. X. was to follow him shortly by the same mode of travel. Being not much given to mule-back and roughing it myself, X. advised me to go by sea to Macahé, and thence by river boat. It would be a novel journey to say the least of it. So I engaged a passage on board a Brazilian brig, the "Condé Primeira," as also did two other English friends who had been engaged by X., and a party of emigrants also engaged by him. Worst of all, I had the bother of getting a fresh passport, my Liverpool passport having been mislaid. I soon got one from the British Consulate. That was no

trouble, but then I had to have it visé-d, and had to be inspected myself in the Police Office. Well! there was no help for it, and after toiling again and again (I had to pay no less than three visits), I succeeded in getting all the requisite signatures, and passing through the whole ordeal, in which I was greatly helped by a friend who accompanied me. All this trouble for going a few hundred miles distant from Rio, and all in the empire of Brazil!

Thus, I was fully prepared by the 19th of June for my new adventure, and in the ensuing chapter I will describe my experiences of a Brazilian brig and arrival in Macahé.

CHAPTER IV.

SAIL TO MACAHE AND ARRIVAL AT MONTE LAGES.

We got under sail about twelve o'clock on the 18th June. The midday sun was oppressively hot, but the sea omened well, being pleasantly calm, with a slight breeze. We had the pleasure of seeing the "Sharpshooter" set sail for old England, some of whose officers I had met at Dr. Gunning's.

The sleeping accommodation we found rather limited, being some sort of deck cabins, more like Indian palanquins than anything else, and which, with the folding-doors shut, were anything but pleasant quarters.

The Brazilian captain and mate were nevertheless very civil and obliging, and made everything very comfortable, as far as in them lay. The captain greatly amused us at his attempts to speak English, and had provided us, he said, with "bifstek and batatas" (Brazilian for potatoes) for our dinner, which, he said, he was sure the Englishmen would want.

Towards night, as the vessel was rolling a good bit, I thought I would sleep with some others under the tarpaulin of a huge boat, situate in the middle of the main deck. Here I lay very snug, though, of course, with my clothes on, all the night, and slept sound. The vessel was evidently an old tub, as her timbers creaked most frightfully. On Saturday morning we found ourselves tacking off Cape Frio, where the wind kept shifting a great deal, and somewhat interfered with our progress. We amused ourselves how-

ever with the fishing lines, which the mate kindly lent us, and we caught several fish, though none very big, which were very good eating. Mr. X. had sent a cow with us, and her milk was in great request—quite a luxury—and I am afraid she was "tapped" on the sly by a good many on board. There was also a goat for Monte Lages.

We had to take our meals on a sort of cover at the gangway of the hold, on which a cloth was spread, and at which we had to eat standing. It was a comical sight to watch the Brazilians using their knives, just as we do our spoons. We often wondered they did not cut themselves, so rapidly did the knife go into their mouths!

After three nights of this slow sailing work we duly arrived at Macahé, situate in a very pleasant bay to the north of Cape Frio, and having shown our passports, proceeded to the Hotel de Commercio, to which we had been recommended. There we made a rattling good dinner, for we had tremendous sea appetites, and passed a very pleasant afternoon, wandering about the town. In the evening we amused the Brazilians ashore by letting off a lot of rockets, of which they are very fond, as a testimony of our joy at our safe arrival. I think some must have thought there had been another Brazilian victory in Paraguay!

Twelve o'clock at night we were summoned to the river boat, or long punt, which was to bear us up to the Fazenda, or some few miles short of it. We were punted along very steadily all night, and we slept very fairly. There were my two English friends besides myself, and a Frenchman and his wife and child. The dawn of the following morning revealed enchanting scenery to our gaze, both sides of the river being well clothed with trees and bushes and plants of

all kinds, and flowers of all shades and hues. Of wild birds we saw a great number, and would have shot some had we had the means of retrieving them. The boughs of the trees hung so closely over our heads that several times we got "bonneted" when we stood up in the boat! When we got up as far as Sapoguia we halted and recruited ourselves with refreshments at the "Venda" there.

In the afternoon we were off again, and towards nightfall we came to anchor up a little creek of the river, as it was considered dangerous to go on in the dark, the stream being rapid, and there being several difficult banks and sunken trees in our course.

It was very dark, and the dew was tremendously heavy, lying almost in buckets-full on the tarpaulin which had been thrown over our luggage, and over ourselves, too, as well as possible. A fire was burning on an old boat lying between us and the shore, on which also the pilot or captain lay asleep. I was so cramped with the cold of the dew that I could not sleep, and therefore made up my mind to get ashore if I could, and tramp about a bit; and if possible get into a hut. So I got up without waking any of the sleepers, and put my foot on the boat between us and the shore, by which means I hoped to get to the bank.

The boats being somewhat insecurely moored parted, and with them my legs parted—one on one boat and the other on the other! I was nearly parted myself! I had no alternative but to give a spring in the air, and get my "understandings" together again. I did so, and went straight down into the water between the boats; such a splash as you may imagine, when I tell you I had greatcoats on, with pockets full of "dumps" and papers, and keys and what-nots! I

luckily managed, just as I was sinking in the mud at the bottom, to catch hold of the top of the boat I left with only the tips of my fingers and hauled myself aboard again, dripping wet! You may imagine what a start my friends got, as they were awakened by the splash! They could not make out what on earth could be the matter, and loud was the shout of laughter when I narrated what had befallen me! However, I felt the water of the river much warmer than the horrid dew, and passed the night, though dripping wet, in greater comfort, but sleep failed me. I luckily got my pipe alight, and that was a great consolation!

By daybreak next morning we were punted off again, and reached the terminus of our river journey. By the time we arrived my clothes had got quite dried again by the rays of the hot sun! At this little river station. Mundeos, we found our friend X. with mules and niggers all ready for our transport to the Fazenda de Monte Lages, about eight miles away. We loaded the mules with our trunks, and also mounted others ourselves, and away we trotted. I had a nigger behind me who kept up a whack-whack perpetually on the slow steady animal I was riding, and helped me on considerably. The road, though very rough in places and so boggy that there was almost danger of our baggage sticking in the mud altogether, was very prettily skirted by mountains, and wended amongst trees and plantations as well. We were, indeed, rejoiced when we got to the house of the Fazenda, which looked like some old barracks-a onestoried building, with cellars, or rather out-houses for cattle, &c., underneath, and was entered by stairs outside. about were the dwellings of the slaves-who were some fifty to sixty in number, old and young-which were included in the letting of the estate.

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Of course I was very stiff after my night on the river, and I had caught cold, and was laid up with rheumatism for a few days. The delightfully fine weather soon pulled me round again, and I began to look about me in my new abode. I had very comfortable quarters, considering we were on a Fazenda. They were somewhat rough, and the greatest drawback was that the floor was rather in holes, and underneath slept some pigs, whose grunts were not very musical at night. I shared a room with a young Englishman who had come with me from Rio, and who had been almost wrecked coming out in the "City of Limerick." This made a great impression on him evidently, for he would walk about in his sleep, and shout "save me," &c., imagining all the time he was on board ship again, and going to be drowned. However, he was very good company, and that is everything to be desired.

Besides the slaves, there were numerous immigrants— English, Irish, American, French, and Portuguese, a medly crew. These did not mess with us, for besides Messrs. X. and Y. there were some nine or ten of us gentlemen, some of whom had come to look out for land themselves, if possible, to settle down on; and a farm bailiff, his wife and children, who had come out to manage for Mr. X.

The said wife was the only English lady for miles round, and she superintended the ménage of Monte Lages in firstrate style.

Monte Lages was situate very pleasantly amongst the hills, with a very large plain before it, covered with underwood and grass, which was good pasture. It was well surrounded by coffee plantations on the hill sides, and beautiful orange groves, whose fragrance was exquisite. There were besides plantations of Indian corn, mandioca,

and also a little sugar. There were several varieties of oranges, citrons, and limes, and most refreshing was it to sit under the shade of these trees in a hot sun, regaling oneself with the grateful orange juice, and other times blowing a cloud from the friendly pipe, an especial luxury in a hot climate, and very cooling, too! Every now and then a flock of green paroquets would break in upon us, and scream with alarm at the sight of us. The monkeys, too, of which there were plenty in the woods, but who never came within reach, kept up a perpetual yowling chorus, such a chattering in the distant hills, and sometimes sounded close at hand. Perhaps also the pigs would disturb our reverie! Semi-wild they come, rooting about under the orange trees to pick up what fruit had fallen to the ground, and grunt, and squeal, and fight for the wished-for luxury whenever they "spot" it. Many a pleasant hour have I spent in the orange groves.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AT THE FAZENDA DE MONTE LAGES.

The slave-roll was called over every morning at six o'clock, when all the slaves were paraded, and had to answer to their names. Any of those missing, or who had been flagrantly idle, or were caught running away, or thieving, were sentenced to so many lashes of a whip, or so many strokes—say twenty-one—of the "palmatorio," an instrument with a handle about a foot and a half long, and a piece of wood at the end, round, and about the size of the palm of one's hand, with a few holes in it. This was applied to the palms of the culprit with considerable force, and generally raised blisters. I think it was a very absurd way of punishing, as it must, perforce, have disabled the slaves from working.

After the roll was called the slaves were told off in gangs, under the different factors or drivers, to their respective works. If it were wet they were set to work in the sheds; if dry to gather coffee or Indian corn, or else till the ground preparatory to the harvest season.

We ourselves breakfasted at eight, dined at one, and supped at seven, or thereabouts. Our meals were very occasionally graced with fresh beef, which was considered a great luxury, and very seldom had we bread, flour being scarce in those parts. However, we got fresh pork now

and then, and we had rare chases after the semi-wild pigs. and often had to use our guns to bring them down. We had a very good supply of mandioca, farina, and feijão (the celebrated black bean). Our staple animal food was the "Carne Secca," or dried beef, from the River Plate. This. when not tainted, was very good food, indeed. It had to be well steeped in water a long time previous to cooking, which made it swell, and took the dryness out of it. I wonder the English labourers do not go in for it in England. as we managed so well on it, and it is a very cheap article of food. We also had poultry now and then, often buying some from the slaves, who were allowed to keep poultry, Now and then we would shoot some snipe, nigs. &c. pigeons, and other birds, and occasionally have a fry of small fish from the river.

Close by the house was a very nice little hill stream, flowing down past the house almost, in which there was a capital plunge bath for the swimmers under some falls, and another for those who suffered from cramp, as I did, without any fear of going out of one's depth. These baths were most refreshing on a hot day, just before dinner. On the way thither, half dressed as we were, we often met horrible snakes in the path, which we, of course, as soon despatched; some of them were very pretty. There was also a huge sort of crayfish prawn caught by one of the swimmers in the upper bath—a pleasant bathing companion.

Had I had a good setter or pointer I should have had very fair snipe-shooting in the plains, as there seemed to be plenty, but they were difficult to put up, and when I had shot them I found it very difficult to find them in the jungly grass that they fell into.



The plain covered with underwood beneath the house was assailed by most of us, who went vigorously to work to clear it, and make it a good pasture land, and possibly turn it gradually into fallow as well. It was great fun cutting down the trees and making huge bonfires.

It was general on saints' days to give the slaves a holiday. and St. John's Day (the Baptist's) falling on the 24th June was duly observed by us, the slaves having their form of worship-Roman Catholic-to themselves in their little chapel, and afterwards in the evening turning out and dancing and singing round fires lit up in the large yard where the coffee was generally put out to dry. A kind of eccentric music, too, they set tune to, to our no small delight. The Jesuits having been the original pioneers, I believe, in Brazil, gave them their religion, though they are mostly of African origin. I used to amuse the slaves greatly by crowing in imitation of a cock. This always tickled them, and made me a great favourite with the poor creatures. They were always asking me to crow, and this led to their nicknaming me Senor "Canto Gallo," as they invariably had a nickname of their own for everybody. A friend of our's, whose name was Cowley, was called Senor "Vacca" (cow) for instance.

A funny race were these slaves, and they could work well, too, when they had a mind. The Christian names of the women were very fantastic and lengthy as a rule—"Josephina," "Alexandrina," &c., &c. On the whole, they seemed well fed and cared for.

Some of the immigrants very shortly became dissatisfied, as they expected to have pieces of land allotted to them, and all that kind of thing, which, however, my friend X. found to be impracticable.

This led to the departure of several—some of them regular good-for-nothings, and others good hard-working men.

On the 4th July, of course, the Americans must have a spree, and jolly well drunk did some of them get, almost to fighting pitch. The chief American said he was almost teetotaller the year round, but on the day of American Independence he must have his fling!

Gradually most of the immigrants left; some stood firm, and amongst them was a very nice English family, the father being a first-rate bricklayer and brickmaker, and his services were almost always in request. He rather surprised the Portuguese workmen. His wife, too, got on capitally in the house, being up to work of all kinds. Our washing was very well done by the women slaves, though there was no starching much done, and but little was it required. On Sunday morning we had a short Church of England service to ourselves, and this always put us in mind of old friends at home. On Saturday evening, too, we always toasted "wives and sweethearts," and had a regular merrymaking, each of us singing the songs we knew, and chorusing in grand style. These weekly gatherings were always most pleasant, and tended much to our harmony.

We were occasionally visited by Brazilians from neighbouring Fazendas, and this was very pleasant and serviceable, too, as they often gave X. and Y. very good hints and wrinkles as to the coffee, &c., on the estate.

One of them in particular, Antonio, the son of Senor Antonio Olavo de Costa, from the neighbouring Fazenda of Madre Silva was particularly pleasant and kind.

He talked French, and so was very good company for me, as we could understand one another very well. He often

came over to see me, either to have a day's shooting or fishing, and one day he heard it was my birthday, and he immediately had a regular dainty spread, sent over by his mother, for me—cakes and fowls all ready cooked, and bottles of wine and no end of good wishes. He used to amuse me out shooting, as he could not understand why I shot at the birds flying, particularly snipe, as he always shot them sitting. I told him that in England we reckoned it unsportsmanlike to shoot a bird sitting! After that he took to flying shots, and did very well in a while. I am certain he got more shots at snipe, as it is so seldom you can see them sitting on the ground.

The pigeons and the little green paroquets were very good eating! I shot a variety of birds of all coloured plumage, but had no means of preserving them, though I kept some of their feathers. There were some little birds all red, and very pretty; others green and yellow; some with yellow tails and black in the body, and there was a great variety of the hawk tribe. I never saw any eagles, though. Of vultures, of course, there were plenty immediately the carcase of any wretched animal fell a victim to the hand of Death; and in a dead line they came, sweeping straight along from all points of the compass.

There was another animal we used to hunt after sometimes, and that was the guana, an animal of crocodile shape, and often some feet in length. It was very good eating when cooked—something like rabbit!—and a variety on our table. I got a few specimens, but I rather repented killing them when I was told they were harmless, and very useful in killing snakes and other reptiles.

I never saw any hares or rabbits running about, and I was



not lucky enough to fall in with a tapir, though I heard there were some tapirs in our neighbourhood. It is a kind of water-pig. I killed some water-hens, and also a blackish green variety of the crane.

And now a few words anent coffee, as that was our chief article of cultivation up at Monte Lages. The coffee tree is a very handsome shrub, so to speak, a beautiful evergreen, something after the laurel style only a darker green-rather more like a bay tree. It bears a very pretty white flower, which makes the trees quite gay in the spring. This is succeeded by the berry, which turns red when ripe, and is about the size of a rose seed berry, and when it is dried in the sun it splits into two halves, and these are the valuable coffee grains so much prized all over the world. When the coffee is ripe it is carefully gathered by the slaves in baskets. and conveyed to the storehouses of the estate. There it is kept for fine days, when it is all turned out and spread on the clay parterre of the yard, and carefully exposed to the rays of the burning sun. You can then hear the shells cracking away, as the berries burst themselves from the heat. At the end of the day, if fine, the coffee is tenderly raked up into heaps, so as to have as little of the dew on it as possible, and the process is repeated again and again, day by day, until it is perfectly dried. The next process is the sorting and sieving of the "corns," so to speak, from the shells or husks. This the slaves are great adepts at, tossing the coffee high up in the air, and catching it in their sieves again, and blowing away the refuse. I doubt if Europeans could do this half as well, and this is why I think it is a mistake for the ordinary English labourer to emigrate to Brazil, as at all this kind of work the slave is more up to his

business. It is all very well if the man be a navvy, or a skilled mechanic, or anything in that line; then the emigrant would do well I have no doubt. It is a great pity that so many go out there with mistaken notions, as many poor labourers did at this time to their own cost. There is a great and increasing demand for skilled mechanics, engineers, navvies, and such like, and these would find it to amply repay them to emigrate, and would greatly benefit Brazil.

Pardon my digression. Well, the coffee being cleaned from all its husks, and dirt, and stones, is now sorted, as there is a peculiar shaped "corn" which is sold for "mocha" and fetches, consequently a great figure in the market. These "corns" are generally smaller somewhat than the others, and rather darker colour, but are not flat on one side, but almost rounded the same as on the other with the exception of a crack down the middle! Such are the tricks of trade! Better than adulteration at any rate!

This process of separating the husks from the "corns," hitherto performed by the hands of the slaves, was shortly afterwards worked by a wonderfully clever American machine, which did the business admirably.

It consisted of a system of sieves, and was a somewhat complicated affair, but certainly turned out the coffee with wonderful rapidity, and would amply repay the outlay expended on it. It was worked by water in a shed, the waterwheel of which had hitherto been employed to saw timber! My friend X. was very proud of the performances of this machine, which was bought in Rio, and had taken considerable time and expense to erect.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE AT THE FAZENDA DE MONTE LAGES (CONTINUED.)

The months spent at the Fazenda were certainly pleasant, most pleasant months. There was always something stirring. something fresh, some amusing incident or another. We were, on the whole, a most united family, squabbles being few and far between! We led a truly free and easy life, but by no means an idle life, for there was always plenty to be It was a great treat to wander in the wild forest. gun in hand. The trees were very fine, and of great variety, some flowering and others bearing fruit. Flowering plants there were of all colours, and some very beautiful; and would that I could have transplanted some to the greenhouses of old England. I recognised some old friends among the plants which had already been transported beyond the seas. Some of the trees were gigantic, one monster on the estate taking seven men with extended arms to surround it! Some of the timber was very valuable, but of what use was it up there? Had there only been a cheap and easy means of conveying the timber from these up-country stations what fortunes might be realised! Everyone knows what valuable kinds of timber come from Brazil. I am sure it would pay any enterprising party well to open up a communication with the interior of the country, if only for the timber alone. But there are so many other classes of production in the interior of Brazil that merely want an easy outlet! Here there is a field for judicious enterprise. The resources of Brazil are gigantic. It only wants an expenditure of capital and the careful study of an enterprising band of pioneers to develop and utilize such resources, and I am sure it would be an interesting undertaking to embark in! I, for one, shall watch any attempts made in this direction with great feelings of pleasure and anticipation of a tremendous success.

Some trees are great curiosities, sometimes covered with most beautiful parasitic plants in all kinds of fantastic shapes, most rare orchids being found appended to the boughs that would excite great envy in the breast of an English collector.

Whilst in Petropolis I came across more than one man who had been sent out from the old country on purpose to collect orchids, and I believe these collecting expeditions. were most interesting and exciting.

A kind of cotton tree was another curiosity. There was one that grew close to the house at Monte Lages. When the ripening season commenced it lost all its leaves, and a large quantity of nuts were exposed to view, each nut being about the size of a large pear, only somewhat egg-shaped. These nuts were as hard as iron almost, and so firmly attached to the boughs that even with a good charge of shot discharged at them from a gun we could not make them drop.

Left to Nature, the shells split open in due course, but hang for some time without altogether falling. On a breezy day the cotton could be seen wafted away in fleecy clouds till at length allowed to settle, where, if left, it would form the germ of other trees. In the cotton, of course, was carried away the seed, and one nut contained an immense number of seeds, about the size of ordinary cotton seed, and like that, also, of a blackish colour.

It is easily separated from the seed; more easily than the common cotton that I have seen, and when collected you find it to be fairly long in the staple, and very silky in texture. I should say it would turn out very well in the spinning-jenny. You may wonder why I should have shot at the nuts to try and bring them down. Well! they are very high up, as a rule, the tree being as big as an oak or an elm. That is the first obstacle, but the fatal obstacle is, that the entire bark is covered with huge prickles and thorns, so much so as to defy the monkey even; and I believe that from this it is sometimes called the monkey tree! It defies poor Jacko!

I do not think I have as yet spoken of the humming These birds are very numerous in Brazil, and certainly there was no lack of them at this Fazenda. And now, it strikes me, a Yankee said to me very truly, when he said, "What a humbugging name you Britishers give the little bird, 'humming-bird.' Isn't the Brazilian name for it much prettier and more sensible, 'Kiss Flower' (translated into English)?" I could not help agreeing with him, and I have no doubt you will do the same, reader. Our name (humming-bird) is derived from the fact that the little thing makes a peculiar whirring noise with its tiny wings when in front of a flower, seeking the honey therefrom. The motion is so rapid that you can scarcely see the little fellow poised in the air. They are of all hues and colours, as you may have seen by the numerous stuffed specimens in England, some much bigger than others. I had not a proper apparatus for killing them scientifically, and had I killed them I had no means, as it happened, of preserving them. Those few I did lay hands on I simply stripped as well as I could, and salted the skins! The slaves had a way of flipping them down with a lashy switch, which they used with great dexterity, and I believe a sort of air gun or tube is also used, which hurls some fine dust at them sufficient to knock the little things over. Sometimes I had not the heart to take their lives, and on turning them loose off they would go, not straight away, but straight up like a rocket, almost invisibly up into the air, as if "thanking their stars" on their lucky escape!

Another bird we shot now and then was the toucan, a bird with a huge bill, as you may know, almost as big as its body in some species, very hard, and peculiarly bent. They look most ridiculous when they are flying; I never saw anything approaching the singularity of its appearance then, so much so that I missed the first flying shot I had from laughing, I believe! The breasts of some are very handsome, and I got a very handsome gold and yellow one which I was able to preserve tolerably.

One of our other amusements was an attempt at fishing in the river, which was, I think, called the "Prâde," or some such name. I say attempt, as we had but poor tackle, and what we had was quite perchance, as few of us expected that our piscatorial art would be called into play. We began by trying with worms and paste for small fish, and soon caught some, but one of the slave drivers coming up to us by the river side, being also a fisherman, soon put us up to a far better "wrinkle." He told us when we had caught our little fish we should chop them up into pieces, say half

an inch square, and bait our hooks therewith. This we did, and caught some very fair fish—a pound or two, sometimes more, in weight. These fish were peculiarly shaped, not like any English fish; something like the shape of a chub, only a different mouth altogether, which was "not chubby," but rather of the pike nature, not so long though, and abounding with formidable teeth. They were very good eating.

Had we had proper tackle for live-bait fishing I have no doubt some large fellows would have fallen victims to our sport! I certainly never before heard of this means being adopted to catch fresh-water fish. In sea-fishing it is commonly the thing to bait with pieces of other fish.

It was very pleasant of an evening sitting by the water side among the underwood of that foreign land, and then perhaps returning afterwards laden with a supper that would, at any rate, prove a change of diet to our isolated community.

We seldom had anything to disturb us at night; now and then the dogs would bark, and let the slaves know they were on the alert, but that was all. In our little room, however, my friend and myself were occasionally greatly annoyed with rats, who used to take a peculiar fancy to our elastic-sided boots, or the grease of the blacking thereon, or something of the kind. We could not allow our ears to be inattentive listeners to the havoc that was being perpetrated on our favourite "beetle-crushers," for these rats always managed to eat down the stitches of the elastics, thus rendering them comparatively useless. So one night when the rats were "hard at it" we shut our door and window, lit the lamp, and set to work, and had a regular rat hunt, for we knew

there were no holes in the room, save one or two on the flooring which we had stopped. We wielded our sticks, and nearly "pinned" them several times, but all "no go," for in and out of the beds, blankets, washing-stand, and everything would they dodge. We gave up in despair until I suggested the cat, which I no sooner brought than our enemies were despatched, and gave us no further trouble. I have no doubt it was the so-called blacking that attracted them, as the slaves not understanding the art of preserving leather or cleaning boots, each man looked after his own, and we often used a kind of dripping when blacking was not to be had, which, although it did not polish the boots, preserved the leather very well.

You see by this how independent we were; we were "Jacks of all trades" sometimes. There was no false pride amongst us; we always did what we wanted, and said what we felt. Abroad one drops all that stiffness and "hauteur" which is so much observed at home, and leads to so much false sham in life, and must tend to debase moral character. We are not ashamed of our fellow creatures out there, but constantly look up to one another for support. When one is down there is no going to the wall, but a general sympathy exists, and there is an immediate rush to the rescue. There is no employment for the tongue of scandal, no lofty tower for pride to isolate itself in, and jealousy and envy have to flee to other latitudes. Would that more of this fellow feeling of man for man existed in good hearty earnest in old England what happiness would be the result!

When we travellers come back to the old country we often find that our cosmopolitan notions are at variance with orthodox home precedents and principles to the utmost degree, and our easy going outspoken manner excites frequently contempt and derision, and throws downright cold water on our newly-acquired and adopted notions not easily to be reconciled to our reconstituted natures. A man who has travelled and seen the world can always be told from a home bird; social intercourse with other nations than a limited sphere has had its effect on him, and taken away in a great measure that self-importance, idiosyncrasy, and pride so peculiar to the stay at home, and yet so fatal to true happiness and enjoyment.

Mosquitoes did not trouble us much at Monte Lages I am glad to say, for in the city of Rio and elsewhere they were great pests. We were a good deal bothered however with cockroaches, or, as the Brazilians call them, "barattas." These aggravating wretches would take a delight in demolishing our leathers, or any odd and end they fancied. They are such dirty wretches, too, haunting all kinds of dirty places, and then turning out at night and committing their depredations. Sometimes they even venture to gnaw your hair or the nails on your feet! The little lizards to be seen everywhere on the walls are most useful creatures; they prey on the "barattas" and mosquitoes, and kill great numbers of them. They spring long distances, and thereby catch their prey, often up perpendicular walls; and occasionally on the ceiling they come to grief, and fall down perhaps on the face of the sleeper in repose underneath. It is rather an unpleasant start to get, but one is not frightened at it, knowing the cause. The little creatures are perfectly harmless, and often salute you in the night with a noise like that which one makes to a horse to trot on!

There is a horrid worm, a parasite in Brazil-"bichu" is



the term they use for it—that gets into the flesh and eats it away, depositing a bag of eggs therein! It is particularly fond of undermining the nails of one's feet, and most painful are these incursions. One sees a sort of red swelling, with generally a little black head about the size of a pin's head. This is the dreaded "bichu," to extract which you must engage the services of one of the slaves, as they understand the delicate operation to a nicety, and extract the "bichu" by the aid of a pin or a needle, which they delicately work round the intruder till he is forced to succumb. to attempt to dig them out yourself you would most likely break the bag of eggs, and thereby cause the spread of the Some poor little English children suffered infliction. martyrdom with them, their poor little feet being riddled with holes that had been so unpleasantly tenanted. I think they are picked up in the dust of the ground, and one has to be very careful after bathing about putting one's foot on the ground. It is the best plan to get your feet covered as soon as possible. There were bits as big as peas and bigger taken out of our feet, as I have frequently witnessed. The irritation they cause is intense.

Take it all in all, we had very few disagreeables to put up with, though the life was a rough one it is true. Great was our regret when we heard that our friends, Messrs. X and Y., had come to grief in a financial point of view. We knew not the cause, but were none the less sorry. We conclude that they had over-speculated in the engagement of so many emigrants' services.

It was a melancholy fact, however, that Messrs. X. and Y., who had left for Rio, were not going to return to the Fazenda, and that their creditors were about to seize on their

effects at Monte Lages. I was particularly sorry, as had they only been able to hold over the commencement of their undertaking I feel convinced that ultimately they would have met with the success their praiseworthy enterprise deserved. It seemed very hard on them, just as the American coffee machine was in full swing, and had already turned out several sacks of good coffee for the market, that they should come to grief!

I just got warning in time, and my friend, Senor Antonio Olavo de Costa, kindly invited me to go and spend a time with him at his Fazenda at Madre Silva, and take refuge from the impending storm at Monte Lages. I gladly availed myself of so pleasant an invitation, and immediately packed up my "traps," thinking that if I allowed them to remain where they were they might be seized along with my unfortunate friends', Messrs. X. and Y's.

My departure from Monte Lages and arrival at Madre Silva, and my life in that Brazilian home I will recount in my next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

DEPARTURE FROM MONTE LAGES, AND ARRIVAL AT MADRE SILVA.

It was a sad, sad morning to me, when I took a last survey of the place, where I had been domiciled so pleasantly, for some four months, and where I had been initiated so much into the life of a Brazilian Fazenda, and picked up so much useful information of the produce of that foreign land; and last, not least, made so many pleasant acquaintances. The slaves, too, seemed particularly cut up at the sad news: they were very sorry to lose us, as I fancy they found their English masters more kind to them than their former owners! There was a general weeping and wailing. and it was with a sad heart that I mounted the cob that had been kindly sent over for me, by Senor de Costa, who had also asked his nephew and niece to ride over for me, and accompany me back. Such great kindness I fully appre-The Brazilians have warm hearts, I assure you. The pair who thus honoured me by escorting me to their uncle's Fazenda were newly married. Their nuptials had been recently the occasion of great rejoicings at Madre Silva, and they had given a dance, to which some of our fellows had been invited. I got a wedding card as a souvenir of the event, and it ran thus--

"D. JACINTHA MARTINEZ FREIRE DE CARVALHO."

"JOAO RODRIGUES FREIRE DE CARVALHO."

The bridegroom was a lieutenant in the Brazilian army, and had not long since returned from the Paraguayan War, in which, I believe, he distinguished himself considerably. He was a fine tall handsome young fellow, and fair complexioned, for a Brazilian. He was a very pleasant companion, and his bride was as agreeable as she was attractive, and good looking. After a ride of some few miles, we arrived towards dark at the house of Madre Silva. As we neared the approach, however, we encountered several difficulties, as owing to recent rains there were considerable floods, and wading, it was quite guess-work as to the road, but luckily my cob was a sure-footed beast, and seemed to know his road without much guidance. A most hospitable reception I got at the hands of our host and hostess, who were waiting for us with their son Antonio. The latter, as I said before, could speak French, as did also the lieutenant, and so I could make myself very well understood. Even with the elders of the household I could make myself tolerably understood, having picked up a few words of the Brazilian "lingo;" but it was fortunate always to have an interpreter at hand. I sat down to my first Brazilian dinner proper with a very keen appetite, and I must say the viands were most tempting, and the cooking excellent. The "Vino de Lisboa" was very fair tipple, and of course the coffee was first-rate. The slaves, who perform every household office, certainly do their work admirably, and making coffee is thoroughly understood by them. laundry too here was attended to in grand style, everything most clean and white, and well starched too! In Brazil, with the Brazilians, it is the custom to salute one another, as the sun sets, with "good night," and the usual good wishes,

instead of as we do rather when we separate for the night. I was rewarded with a good night's rest after my ride, and not condemned to a solitary chamber, as I shared a very comfortable room with my friend Antonio.

The house was built in the bungalow fashion, all ground-floor, the reception and dining-rooms being of very good size, and with plenty of light. One room in particular was a very fine one, and admirably adapted for a "hop" such as had recently taken place there, on the occasion of the wedding. Of course in one of the vestibules there was a Virgin Mary; in fact, in almost every cottage even, you meet with some Saint's image or another, chiefly the Virgin, and that is often decorated with jewels and rings of the most costly description! The Jesuits have certainly done their work out there, and left their traces everywhere. In Brazil, however, all religions are strictly respected, and you can worship anyhow you will, without molestation. It is a very free country in this respect.

But to return to the house, situate as it is, in the middle of the plantations, it commands a capital view of all that is going on. It would have been better had it been built on a hill for some reasons, but for the purpose of being joined or contiguous to the level flats of the farm-yards so to speak, where the coffee, &c., is dried, and on the opposite side of which are the "godowns," or store houses, and the dwellings of the slaves, it is most convenient. At the back of the house is the garden, where grow flowers, fruit, and vegetables, some of the latter rather new to me, but very palatable and wholesome for all that. The garden is bordered by a very pleasant and rapid flowing stream, at times very clear, but often mudded by the heavy rains of

the violent thunderstorms which so suddenly burst forth, and create at times so much havoc and destruction. In this stream we had a most pleasant dip every day, as there was a capital bathing-place of very fair depth, and you could go overhead if you wished.

There was a very handy little summer-house to dress and undress in, with a footpan always ready to wash off the sand, picked up in transit from the river, in case those horrid "bichus" should be on the move, with dire intent! By the way, I saw a poor dog's back covered with huge lumps as big as marbles. These were actually "bichus" which had to be squeezed out, by main force! Sometimes I tried to perform the operation, but the dog would only allow his master to do that, and even him only under compunction! He of en showed his teeth, and must have suffered a deal of pain.

Every kindness and attention was paid me by my Brazilian friends; in fact, I was made "at home," and more than "at home." Everything that was at command was at my disposal, and I picked up a good deal of most useful information, and got pretty fairly conversant with the lingo, and manners and customs. I could make myself fairly understood.

Snuff-taking (amongst the gentlemen of course, I mean) is very common in Brazil, and you must always take the proffered "pinch" with the left hand; to present the right would be a breach of etiquette, and might give cause of offence! The Brazilians are noted for their politeness, and also for their hospitality to strangers. I think also, they like the English particularly well. I myself certainly never was more hospitably entertained anywhere.

Every now and then we had a visit from one or more of

the few that were left in the lurch at Monte Lages. They had no means of going back to Rio. However, with the kind aid of mine host and his son, I was able to provide them with the means of procuring transport thither, for which they were very grateful. One of the English gentlemen, R. W., also was left behind, and he and I agreed to go to Rio together in a week or two! He was in a sorry plight; however, I could help him, and he could help me too! Besides we were brother-masons, and bound to one another by the mystic tie! The lieutenant was also a free-mason, I am glad to say; in fact, freemasonry seems to have spread far and wide in Brazil.

Antonio and myself went constantly out shooting together, though there was no big game to be had. I managed to bowl over a fair number of snipe, and very pretty sport it was. My friend, I am glad to say, gradually left off "potting" at the birds "sitting," and got to be a very fair hand at flying shots. So I flatter myself I made a sportsman of him, in thorough English style! The great drawback was having no dogs. Many a time I regretted not having brought a dog with me, he would have been so useful to me in many ways.

The hours of meals were much the same as at Monte Lages, the mid-day dinner being the chief—par excellence.

Lounging in the gardens was very pleasant, studying the different (to me) novelties in fruits and flowers. The peaches, though small, were very good, and made capital preserves; but the guava, to my liking, was the best preserve. I shall never forget the hornets in Brazil, horrid long black wretches; they build their nests out of sight, in among the leaves of the orange trees, and to my cost, one

day, I accidentally, in getting some oranges down, poked a large hole right bang into the midst of one of their nests. What followed can scarcely be described, such a buzzing. and a cloud of hornets appeared, and no sooner appeared than I was off like a shot, as quick as my legs would carry me, for dear life. They were after me with a vengeance! I never, I think, ran faster, and luckily I did so, for I outwitted them at last! In my course I kept my hands at work, wafting the sides of my face and head, thus saving myself from more than one sting in that quarter. My arm did not get off so luckily, for one wretch had come straight down the pole into my sleeve before I had time to think, and this brute stung me so severely that I still have his mark on my biceps. I almost yelled out with pain, so sharp was the sting. I had the satisfaction of killing this hornet, and I did it with a will, but the sting was so firmly implanted in my flesh that on removing his "carcase," there, sure enough, was the sting, poison-bag and all, firmly seated on my delicate skin, on the inside of my arm, just by a vein! This was a narrow escape! for had they all fallen upon me, or had I stumbled, I doubt very much if I should have ever penned these lines in Old England! I could hardly help laughing all the same, when all was over, though I felt very thankful to have escaped such a danger.

The fire-flies at night were quite a spectacle. Talk about fireworks! These made no noise, but pranced about like fairies over the ground and up in the air, in the quiet still of a serene evening, in myriads, emitting such beautiful flashes. The whole air seemed alive with them. Now and then they would pop in at the open window and fly to the light of the lamps, and thus give us an opportunity of

inspecting them. I caught a very big fire-beetle one night. It was about two inches long, and very hard and horny, and you could bend it almost double by the joint in the middle of its body, in which position it would remain for some time on the table, and then come to again with a spring, like a jack-in-the-box, jumping a foot or so in the air by the simple force of the spring. It carried a very fine lantern with it, and I had not the heart to keep it.

Some of the beetles you meet with, in the day time, are very handsome, beautiful green and gold wings, some of a roughish texture, and others quite smooth; there are also blue varieties, and variegated too. I have no doubt the reader has often come across them in England, mounted in studs and pins, they being of a peculiarly hard nature. I saw some very large moths, as well as butterflies: some were nearly a foot from tip to tip!

Walking along the roads at night, one is very apt to stumble over the huge frogs or toads: they are prodigious in size, as large as bricks in some instances, and such a croaking do they make. One kind is nicknamed the undertaker, for the noise made is just like the hammering of nails into the metal sides of a ship, or, by a stretch of the imagination, a huge coffin! A pleasant noise for those stricken down with fever!

It was a curious thing, wherever I had been, I had not come across the far-famed Brazilian nuts. I never saw any of them growing, and I conclude they must come from some other part of the Brazils.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEAVE-TAKING AT MADER SILVA, AND JOURNEY
TO BIO.

According to agreement R. W. arrived at Madre Silva, from Monte Lages, one day during the middle of November, and I made my preparations to pay my adieu to my hospitable friends, the Costas. I was very loth to leave them I can assure you, for we had made great friends with each other, especially Antonio, who gave me his photograph as a keepsake, and I have it now in my album. Both Antonio and the lieutenant came with us on horseback as far as Mundaös, where was the Venda, from which our punt-boat was to start. They loaded us with provisions for the day or two's journey to Macahé and further gave a free passage to the English bricklayer, his wife and three children, of whom I made mention previously as being at Monte Lages, and they accompanied us. I believe, afterwards, they succeeded in getting employment in Macahé. We took a Portuguese. who had been also left in the lurch, as far as Rio, and thankful he was to us for the assistance. We got down the river without accident, very easily, as of course it was much less trouble going down-stream than fighting up against it, with the punt-poles. We had a night or two to wait at Macahé for the sailing of our vessel, the same old brig, the Condé Primeira, which had brought me to Macahé, pre-

viously. The captain and crew seemed very glad to see me again, and the former again gave vent to his chaff about the Englishman's "bifstek e batatas." It was a very slow affair getting back: it was very calm, and many were the tacks we had to make before we reached Rio. This time we took possession of the hold as sleeping quarters, and sacks of coffee formed our beds. Though better than being on deck, it was intensely hot and close down there. ingress and egress was affected too in a most comic manner. there being no steps or ladders. The deck was very dirty. as there were some nasty pigs on board. They had no pens on deck to keep them in, and so they wandered about where they liked, but they got most unmercifully kicked and cuffed about. I thought one of them would have turned savage.

We had to go through the pass-port business again. having had the necessary visés at Macahé. It was the sixth day after we left Madre Silva that we arrived once more in Rio, and it happened to be on a Sunday, and wewere not in very nice plight to put in a Sunday appearance ashore, not having the proper means of dressing or washing aboard the Brazilian brig! However, we made the best of it, and beat our way to the Exchange Hotel, where we found several friends, including some from Monte Lages, and where we gladly put up, under such a host as Mc.Dowell. I thought I could here look about me a bit, and see if therewere any chance of finding a way to another Fazenda, where I might myself embark in a coffee plantation with somerespectable partner, as if I could do so, I was in no hurry to get back to England. I should on the contrary have been too willing to stay in Brazil, could I only find healthy employment for my time. Rio was too hot for me, and I

did not like the life in the city at all, else I did originally think of embarking in commerce in Rio. The mercantile offices are not very nice places as a rule, and rather disappointed me after what I had seen of mercantile offices in Calcutta, for instance, where everything is properly and conveniently adapted for the exigencies of the climate.

The import trade, though extensive, seemed to me to be generally of a more retail character than the grand wholesale style of business I had previously been acquainted with in Calcutta. The mercantile community of Rio albeit, is very wealthy, and they are as a rule a fine set of men. Some of the merchants are very pleasant fellows, and most hospitable, and among them I made several very agreeable acquaintances. I will not mention anybody by name, but I could name several, who paid me every attention in their power, and at whose hands I experienced much kindness.

After a few days at the hotel, R. W. and myself removed to a house in one of the suburbs of Rio, Catumby, easy access to which was had by omnibus. This was a boarding house, kept by a German lady, and was a fine large building, though somewhat out of repair. It stood two stories high, and the rooms were airy and lofty. There were some Germans and Swiss, besides ourselves, and we all messed together, but each of us had a separate sleeping-room. As I could speak a little German, I got on very well with the other inhabitants. Our landlady spoke first-rate English luckily, as she had been in England a good deal, I understood.

It was far cooler up here than in Rio, some five miles or so away, as far as I remember, the house being pleasantly situate at the side of a hill, and overlooking some market

gardens, of which there are abundance in the vicinity of Rio, and these market gardeners make their fortunes. Fresh vegetables and fruit go every morning early into Rio, and coming "home" late at night, we often met the carts starting on their journey, scenting as fresh as possible. was rather awkward sometimes returning home at night, as the latter part of the road was somewhat lonely, and there were several suspicious-looking customers about. On one occasion I was accosted by three or four desperadoes, evidently bent upon mischief, and the worst of it is, that out there, the use of the knife is very common. I saw their game, and so bethought me it would be best to divest myself of my studs, and ask them to keep them for me till the morrow, as it was a lonely road. This "took," but, of course, I never saw my studs again; but I flatter myself I saved myself unpleasant consequences by the stratagem. On another occasion I was robbed, but this was in broad daylight; my watch and chain were very cleverly abstracted from my waistcoat pocket. certainly never felt the thief. I rode in on an omnibus to Rio, and had not long dismounted when, opposite a great clockmaker's shop in the Rua do Ouvidor, I felt for my watch to compare the time, and found it had disappeared. I told the police on the spot, and offered a reward, but I never saw my things again. I could hardly believe I had been robbed, as I understood pocket-picking there was almost unheard of, as a rule. Certainly the Brazilians themselves are most honest, but then there are some sad specimens of the "riffraff" of humanity from all parts to be found in Rio.

Mail days are great days for the foreigners in the city; everyone is on the qui vive on the arrival of the mail

steamers, and good news from home is often asked for and obtained with glad face and beaming countenance!

We managed to keep up the Christmas festivities with the usual spirit, and "absent friends" was the most heartily drunk toast. Many thoughts of the firesides at home were indulged in, and it seemed very strange to keep old Christmas without any fireside! A fire-place in Rio would be rather out of place! The city was very gay notwithstanding, and there seemed to be no lack of good cheer. The sailors in the ships in the harbour especially made great merry-making and "to do." Talking of Christmas puts one in mind naturally of the Church, and it may perhaps interest you to know that there is one very nice English church in Rio, of which the Rev. Mr. Preston is chaplain. He is a most worthy man, and deservedly esteemed by the members of his congregation. I found the church very well attended, and there was a very good choir and a very fair organ. I believe large sums of money have been spent on this edifice by the English community and others, who have most liberally subscribed to its support. Since I came to England I heard that the first bishop of the English Church had visited Rio de Janeiro, and had consecrated this church, and also the British cemetery.

The population of Rio is variously estimated, and there is no means of ascertaining accurately the real number of its inhabitants, but I believe between 500,000 and 600,000 to be pretty near the mark. They are of all races, and I fancy the white portion and the coloured are pretty nearly equal. There are British, Americans, French, German, Dutch, Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians—in fact, almost all nations are strongly represented.

The modern streets are great improvements on the wretched narrow streets of the old parts of the city, in some of which not more than one carriage can pass at a time! The modern streets will rival those of any other city in the world, both in width and construction. Great attention has also been paid to the drainage, which in old days was most wretched, and tended, no doubt, to increase the epidemics that used to be so frequent, but now-a-days have been so considerably diminished. Not only are all the streets in the city itself well lit up with gas of good quality, but the suburbs for miles round are illuminated every night, thus adding to the safety and convenience of transit. The City Improvements Company deserve especial thanks for the way in which they carry out their magnificent schemes, and may success continue to reward their exertions! It is quite a pleasant trip to go sliding along so smoothly as you do in splendid cars on the tramways, at such a speed, too!

CHAPTER IX.

EXPERIENCES IN RIO DE JANEIRO.

I mentioned in the last chapter the extreme narrowness of some of the old streets in the city. This renders them very dangerous in cases of fire, which are by no means of uncommon occurrence. I was on the point of leaving the city one evening to return "home" when I heard the firebell ringing loudly, and on inquiry soon learned the locality of the fire, whither I soon repaired. I found a regular blaze in one of the narrowest and most wealthy commercial streets of Rio, off the Rua do Onvidor. I made up my mind to render what assistance I could, and show them what stuff an Englishman was made of! With this idea I divested myself of my coat and waistcoat, and left them at a neighbouring house, taking care to have a card of the address. was soon in the midst of the fire, as far as prudence would allow me to go that is, and set to work in earnest, rolling out heavy iron casks of petroleum and wines, and such like, and carrying all kinds of furniture, books, and valuables out of reach of the flames. It was hard work, and I strained my back rather badly over some of the heavy weights, and was unlucky enough to get burnt or scalded on the top of my head! I had for a long time a bald patch, and I was afraid the hair would never grow again! There were sailors from the men-of-war in the harbour-English, Americans, and French-who worked at the water-buckets, &c., with a hearty good will, trying to rival each other evidently. The fire-engines seemed to be very poor affairs, but some of them

were effectually worked, and after a length of time, towards four and five in the morning, the flames were almost overpowered. The fire was not out, however, before some five or six houses had been burnt down and thoroughly gutted. were no lives lost, but at one time we feared some one, at least, was being roasted! We heard most piteous cries-alas! it was a poor monkey, some old pet likely enough, who was chained up, and thus met a most miserable fate! Several of the people in the neighbourhood kept open houses, as far as refreshment went, for those who had volunteered their services at the fire. I myself could not even partake of a glass of wine! I tried some spirits, feeling very faint, but no! I could not swallow any; I was too sick! The fire had a peculiarly nauseating effect on me, which I did not get over for a day or two. I drove to my lodgings in a "Tilbury" (a sort of gig, à la Indian buggy, with a hood over it, the driver of which sits by your side), minus my coat and waistcoat, and my landlady could not make out what I had been up to! Sometime later in the day I tried to find out by the card I had where I had left my clothes the night before, but could not for the life of me by myself! Fortunately, a Brazilian volunteered his assistance, and I was not long then in getting them back, and I got further congratulated on the assistance I had rendered.

I must not forget to make mention of the "Fourth Estate of the Realm," the press, which is most ably represented by two first-class daily papers—the Jornal do Commercio and the Diario. Besides being full of news, especially on the arrival of the mail steamers, they give first-rate reports of the speeches in the Chambers of the Legislature. There is also a very good English paper published—the Anglo-

Brazilian Times—which is very useful to English residents, and also to friends at home.

Weeks passed pleasantly on, nothing remarkable occurring save a violent thunderstorm now and then. A thunderstorm in Rio is well worth witnessing. It is quite a spectacle; the lightning is intensely vivid, lighting up the whole place, and the peals of thunder are something awfully grand. The deluges of rain that accompany these storms are frightful, some of the streets being turned into rivers of water in no time, sweeping away all the filthy accumulations of dirt which would otherwise be most offensive. In this respect the thunderstorms are regular godsends, and I believe considerably add to the health of the city.

The "Café Americano" in the Rua Direito, kept by the Messrs. Graham, very pleasant Americans, is a favourite lounge, not only with the habitués of Rio, but also with visitors, who may be perhaps only anchoring for a day or two in the harbour. Here you get all the latest news, and, further, very likely meet with some old friend quite unexpectedly! It is a regular meeting place, and most refreshing are the various beverages and American "drinks" concocted there!

"The "Alcasar" was my chief place of amusement, and some of the French operas were well worth listening to. Mdlle. Aimée was the leading star at the time I speak of, and she was a great favourite, and drew large houses every night. It is a great advantage in the "Alcasar" that there are vestibules, some of them al fresco, where you can chat and smoke, and promenade to your heart's content. That is the place to fall in with any stranger in Rio, and the charge is very trifling.

Thinking that a few statistics anent the trade and commerce of Brazil may not be uninteresting to some of my readers, I extract the following from the *Manchester* Courier:—

"The report presented to the Foreign Office by Mr. Phipps on the trade and commerce of Brazil states that the value of the exports from Brazil to foreign countries during the fiscal year 1870-71 amounted to £16,801,875, while the official value of the imports into the empire during the same period amounted to £17,020,082, thus evidencing a surplus of imports over exports of £218,207. In the year 1869-70 the value of the exports exceeded that of the imports by £2,881,951; in 1866-69 by £2,948,426 (at the exchange of 18s, to the milreis), and in 1867-68 by £3,246,704 (at the exchange of 17s. to the milreis). The total amount of the value of the imports in the year 1869-70 was £16,124,370, while in the last it was £17,020.082. The enumeration of the various articles of import to Rio de Janeiro, and their official value during the years 1869 and · 1870, contains the following:-

		LE ST	imate or		
				value in £	
	Value in m	ilreis o	sterling of		
	Value in milreis of articles imported into Rio de			articles	
	Janeiro in the years			imported	
				intoBrazil	
	1869.		1870.	in 1871.	
Manufactures :	Milreis.		Milreis.		£
Cotton	23,652,512		13,630,240		3,960,692
Wool	7,124,340		195,984		1,205,208
Linen	3,891,079		2,026,480		551,788
Silk	2,757,330		1,435,972		454,604
Hardware, iron, &c	3,950,335		1,917,905		472,376
Earthenware, glass,&c.	1,176,580		825,250		153,868
Machinery	992,094		1,996,118		467,972
Furniture, woodwork,	•				
&c	995,119		728,658		111,24 0
Paper, &c	1.621.800		1,039,107		225,968
Lace, &c	218,370		275,471		53,632
Ready-made clothes	1,443,357		1,194,142		143,100
Wines	4,840,325		3,703,010		932,168

The following table shows the countries of Europe from which Brazilian imports were derived in the following years:

					imated	
					lue* in £	
	Value in £ sterling of			sterling of		
	articles imported into			articles im-		
	Rio de Janeiro in			ported into		
				Brazil in		
	1869.		1870.		1871.	
Great Britain and pos-	£		£		£	
sessions	3,052,875		2,621,000		8.720.000	
France ditto	1,407,440	********	1,007,600		1,125,000	
Rio de la Plata	583,441	********	659,330		1.120.000	
Germany	363,371	•••••	212,960		830,000	
United States	314,744		275,000		956,000	
Portugal and posses-	,		,	***********	000,000	
sions	253,819		275,000		780,000	
Spain ditto	128,035		210,800		770,000	
Belgium	168,138		100,760		312,000	
Italy	48,997		45,800		230,000	
	28,661		13,740		50,000	
Sweden and Norway		•••••		•••••		
	12,851	•••••	27,500	•••••	72,000	
	9,079	•••••	1,557	•••••	19,600	
Russia	471		1,466	•••••		
Pacific	13,185	•••••	91,100		40,000	
Paraguay	12		41/2		8	
Other countries	92,399		24,740		2,800	
* In round numbers.						

The official value of goods imported from Great Britain into Brazil, it, therefore, appears, may be estimated at £8,000,000 for the year 1871, and exhibits a great increase over 1870. That amount would convey, however, naturally an unjust idea as to the natural imports from Great Britain, for a considerable quantity of German goods are shipped in English vessels for Brazil, and to a lesser extent French and other goods also. To prove this, it may be stated that three or four years ago the actual value of the imported articles of German produce to Rio de Janeiro alone was estimated by the German consul—himself at the head of a large house—at £690,000, and he now believes it to have increased, at least, 50 per cent. This calculation would put the German import trade with Brazil at over £2,000,000, instead of at a little over £800,000. In respect to British exports to Brazil,

I have been enabled by the courtesy of some of the largest importers-English and foreign-of textile fabrics for the Rio de Janeiro market to make, guided by their experience. some interesting comparisons in their warehouses with regard to the competition of France, Germany, and Great Britain in these articles, and though I fear but of a superficial character, the information may possibly be interesting to British manufacturers, owing to the considerable consumption of such articles in tropical countries. In the article of black casimirs, in all qualities, Germany is said to be in a fair way to monopolise the market. They are prepared in a peculiar way for South American sale, especially for Brazil, where substances of that description must have a peculiar gloss on them, which, however, a shower of rain spoils. In stout cloth pilots, &c., England stands alone. In silks and common satins England has, since the war of 1870, made great progress, especially in a sort of tissue of silk and linen, or silk and cotton, called "Japanese silks." These are principally in demand when only one-third of silk, in consequence of being thus tariffed lower. In cotton and silk velvets the German fabric is said to be comparatively cheaper, and appears to be of a deeper pile than the English. Black appears to be the colour most in demand. England it is stated the orders for velvets from this market cannot be carried out quick enough. In "faille" and taffetas, French and German productions are said to be pretty much on a level. In alpacas, coloured, black, and figured, England stands alone; Germany has tried to compete, but never succeeded.

In the hosiery trade Germany has made great progress, and even gone ahead of Great Britain, except in the highest

qualities. Silk stockings are still imported exclusively from France. Bareges have, since the war of 1870, been imported from Manchester. Mousseline-de-laine is still an article which the French manufacturers produce cheaper and better than any other country. With regard to merinos, or "cache mire d'Ecosse," the lower qualities are made in Germany partly of cotton. They are cheaper, but less durable than the French merinos made of fine wool. In checked and striped gingham stuffs, the English manufacturers have beaten the Germans out of the market. During the American war, when cotton was dear, the German manufacturers of this article done principally by hand weavers bid fair to replace the English, but now that cotton has resumed its normal rate the German competition has ceased. Swiss muslins are, as a rule, made cheaper in England than in Switzerland, but the opinions of importers differ in this respect, as also in regard to Turkish red handkerchiefs (largely used among the lower classes in Brazil), in which the best sale is said to be, as a rule, commanded by the Swiss production; the competition on the part of the English goods of that description is, however, allowed to be considerable. In cotton prints-9-8 and 7-England commands the market, but the better qualtities, such as printed jacconet, are made cheaper in France or in Alsace. Coarse drillings and "regattas" for ticking, &c., are imported, though not very largely, from the United States. Percale, at one time a French production, is now made in England. The total value of the exports in 1870-71 amounted to £16,801,875, being a decrease on the preceding year of £2,934,445. It will be observed that the province of Rio de Janeiro is the only one which exhibits a remarkable increase, which may be accounted for by the impetus given to coffee exports. Naturally, a large portion of the exports credited to Rio de Janeiro are merely shipped in the ports, and not the produce of the province. The most considerable decrease in exportation is observable in the province of Pernambuco, which may be accounted for partly by the considerable diminution in the amount of cotton produced."

This will show you the extensive nature of the trade of the Brazilian Empire, whose resources have yet to be so greatly developed. Its commerce must have received a considerable check during the progress of the Paraguayan war, now happily some time since brought to a close.

One of the Acts passed since the Peace was signed was no less a one than the abolition of slavery, a step certainly in the right direction. It met with a good deal of opposition naturally from the slave owners, but they were somewhat appeased when they found that existing slaves were not to be freed, save under certain conditions. All born of slaves after the passing of the Act were free. Brazil was one of the very last countries to uphold slavery, and it is a great triumph in her civilization that she has at last abolished slavery. I must say that from what I saw the slaves were humanely treated, and well fed, and cared for.

Thanks to Brother Peter Augustus Miller, an English merchant, and a Mason of very high standing in Rio, I was introduced to several of the Masonic craft out there. I have before mentioned that Freemasonry had spread far and wide in Brazil, and I now had several opportunities of witnessing the working of different lodges in the city of Rio de Janeiro. I was a privileged visitor on several occasions, and can bear testimony to the zeal and perseverance of the brethren in

that far away clime. They have a magnificent building in the Lavradio, where several lodges hold their meetings, and where also the Grand Orient has its meetings. I had the pleasure of visiting the Grand Orient, and on one occasion was present at the installation of the different officers, which was a most grand spectacle. They have a very nice custom of presenting the brethren on grand occasions with exquisite bouquets of artificial feather flowers, made, I believe, by the nuns of Rio. I was presented very kindly with two or three of these prizes, and I almost regret that I did not bring them home with me. As it was, not thinking that I should be returning to England so soon, I gave them away, for what use could they be to me in my bachelor's lodgings? I met a great many brethren from the United States of America, and they were most kind and very accommodating to me, as they were able often to interpret for me what was said in the lodges in the Brazilian language, at which I was not at all au fait.

I must devote my next chapter, amongst other things, to an account of the Carnival.

CHAPTER X.

CARNIVAL IN RIO DE JANEIRO.

Viva! the Carnival! Every one in the city turns perfectly mad. Carnival-time. All seem to lose their heads completely, and go in for nothing but mad gaiety! People of limited means, servants, and employés of all kinds seem to save up their money all the year round, to spend it on the carnival, turning out in the most gorgeous costumes they can lay hands on. Masks are greatly worn, and all sorts of dominoes, and many are the ludicrous tricks and practical jokes played on unsuspecting persons. You must not take any offence at this season, all is meant in fun, and expected to be taken as such! There is no business attended to-all is holiday! The Carnival generally commences on the Saturday before Shrove Tuesday, and continues till the dawn of Ash-Wednesday. In the day time the streets are crowded everywhere, crackers going off in all directions, and other harmless missiles; and bonbons are hurled about promiscuously. The processions are, some of them, very grand. From Mr. Seaton's hotel in the Rua Direita I viewed the most important procession, which took an immense time in passing. It was composed of all kinds of groups in carriages, and different bands, and fraternities, and societies on foot and horse-back. There were a great many priests and monks—some bearing crosses and others images of different saints.

The theatres were also represented in the procession, and the sailors in their jackets displayed a huge boat. Of music. there was no lack-bands here and there, and almost every carriage had its horn or trumpet! Vivas! echoed everywhere! It was viva! everybody! viva! everything! fact, in Brazil if you sneeze even there is immediately a chorus of vivas! It rather astonishes vou sometimes after the quiet relief of a refreshing sneeze to be saluted suddenly with "Viva! Senor!" Perfect good nature prevailed everywhere, and everything seemed to go off very smoothly. At nightfall there were still throngs of people in the streets, and in certain places there were great displays of fireworks. The balls at the theatres and casinoes were all the rage though; almost everybody seemed to go that possibly could find the means. I visited one or two of these balls, but I was not dressed in costume for the occasion. I preferred going, unmasked, as a stranger, and I met with great civility everywhere; and, fortunately, having made the acquaintance of some of the members of the society, styling themselves "Tenentes do Diabo," I got on remarkably well, for they admitted me to their boxes in the theatre I went to, and introduced me to all the ins and outs of the uproarious fun. I could see the dancing very well from their boxes, and now and then I went down and joined the sport, but it was a great crush and rather confusing to an outsider.

The "Tenentes do Diabo" were dressed most handsomely in gorgeous fancy costume, in which red prevailed, and they all had T.D. in large letters on their helmets or headdresses. In the procession in the day time they were most conspicuous. Some of the other dresses and disguises were very effective. The artificial noses gave a most comical air to several, and although familiarly addressed now and then by those who evidently knew me, I failed to recognise many an acquaintance! This is part of the fun of the Carnival. I believe the proceeds of a good many of these balls go towards the funds of some of the many charities in Rio, which certainly has no lack of hospitals and philanthropic institu-The lotteries also that are so common in Rio, immense lotteries some of them-twenty milrei tickets-are got up commonly with the object of giving a large proportion of the sum total to the charities, which is also taxed by the Government.

Amid so much general rejoicing and merriment it is sad to have to record a tragical event. Advantage was taken of the shelter disguise affords the assassin, for a poor Frenchman while diverting himself at one of the balls was most cruelly stilettoed in the back by some wretch who owed him a grudge in some love affair. The unfortunate victim being braced up tightly by a gymnastic belt that formed part of his gay gala costume, scarcely felt the dexterous stab of his assassin at the time. It felt to him more like a prick than anything else, but presently he began to feel faint from loss of blood, and true enough, though the blood was staunched as well as possible, the wretch had done his work, and accomplished effectually his revenge. In less than two or three hours the Frenchman was a corpse! The assassin

was not detected in the crowd, though loud were the curses of the crowd on him, and great was the horror expressed at the crime. Everyone felt for the poor victim and his friends. and there was a tremendous crowd at his funeral a day or two afterwards, which partook quite of a public character! How true is it that "In the midst of life we are in death." Here was one case! and not the only one, for I regret to say that during the Carnival in the very house I was living in a Prussian gentleman, employed in the Prussian Government Telegraphic Department, had died in great agony, poor He had met with an accident on horse-back; his fellow! knee got jammed against a cart-wheel while riding home one day to Catumby. At first it appeared to be nothing much, but whether through neglect, or from the heat of the climate, or the state of his blood at the time of the accident. he got to be worse, and gangrene set in, and gradually killed him. He should have taken our advice, and gone to the hospital, but he dreaded the treatment at the hands of foreigners, poor fellow! He was a sad sight, and, indeed, during the last few days he got to be so offensive from the gangrene that we could hardly visit his room, and when we did we had to smoke as much as possible! The worst of it was we had to get him decently buried, and this during the busy Carnival time! It was a long time before we got the necessary police and medical certificates, and the body was kept longer than it should have been in consequence. coffin was another difficulty, and when at length it was brought by a slave there were no undertakers! A Prussian gentleman and myself had then to perform the melancholy duty of putting the body into the coffin, for there was no one else but our landlady! We put the coffin on three or

four chairs by the poor fellow's bedside, and then attempted our task. We had almost accomplished it when the coffin gave a lurch and nearly capsized, but I luckily had just strength enough to balance it, and by a miracle we got the body into it without coming to grief! We were afraid the body would break as it was so far decomposed! It was an awful task for us novices! It was very sickening, but we did it as well and as soon as we could for sanitary reasons. We hammered the nails down as well as we could, and fumigated the room thoroughly, for we were half afraid of fever.

Some hours after some German gentlemen, with great trouble, procured a hearse, and conveyed their countryman to his last resting-place, where he was decently interred, and the Lutheran burial service was performed over the grave!

Such is life! It seemed hard for a poor young fellow, with every promise, to die so far away from home in a foreign land, amid strangers, comparatively uncared for! His death was a great blow to me, as I found him very kind, and he was very useful in interpreting to me, speaking, as he did, French and English fluently, and knowing the Brazilian lingo thoroughly as well! Peace be to his remains!

On Ash-Wednesday everything was again restored to complete rest and quiet after the eventful days that had preceded this day of ashes and sack-cloth, and fasting, rigidly observed in Brazil by the majority of the people, for the most part Roman Catholics.

The Emperor and Empress are very popular everywhere, and deservedly so, for they go about in a most unostentatious manner, and give constant audiences. The Emperor is frequently to be seen inspecting some of the public works,

and takes a great interest in all the many improvements that are taking place in the city. He encourages in every way he can enterprise of all descriptions, and is liberal in every sense of the word. Now that there is no war going on, and Brazil is at peace with all nations, his Majesty has more time and means to develop the naturally great resources of the country, and great results may be expected in the Brazilian Empire from the experiences he gained in his late European tour, during which he surprised everybody by his habit of early rising and his business-like character and deportment. In a few years wonderful changes will be wrought in Brazil, which must become one of the wealthiest countries in the world.

I happened to meet several young English gentlemen in Rio who had been down to the River Plate—led there, no doubt, by the glorious accounts that had been promulgated of the sheep farms down there. They had lost their all, and had found it anything but a profitable speculation. Some of them had scarcely a penny in their pockets, and were in wretched plight. They with difficulty obtained only second-rate passages to old England again.

Finding myself that nothing turned up for me to do in Rio, and being baffled in my hope of embarking in some Fazenda up-country, I resolved to return home again to the old country. My friend R. W. had, I am glad to say, found employment in the city in some mercantile house; and of this I was very glad, as I could not help wishing a man well who had been so great a friend and companion to me in queer company and out-of-the-way places. I found leave-taking again a very arduous task, and, in fact, I am afraid I neglected to say "Good-bye" to several friends in the

hurry and bustle one is always in preparatory to a voyage! I again had to go to the Pass-port Offices and to the Police Office to get scrutinized and to get all the necessary signatures preparatory to my departure, and I had to have my name advertised as about to leave for Europe in one of the daily papers a few days prior to my starting. I took a passage by the "Kepler," another of Messrs. Lamport and Holt's splendid line of steamers running between Liverpool and Brazil, and the River Plate. I got on board on the 5th of May, which was to be the day of the sailing, and my voyage home must be the subject of my next chapter. It was with great regret I left Brazil, though I was glad to get home again.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VOYAGE HOME IN THE "KEPLER."

The day opened well on which I was to take the last look at Rio de Janeiro and its magnificent bay, the sight of which had now become so familiar to me, and where I had spent so many pleasant days.

There were several men-of-war in the harbour; the "Egmont" and the "Narcissus" were the two chief Britishers, and there was also the far-famed American, the "Kearsage," and the French were represented by the "Guerrière." It is a pretty sight to see the flags of the different nations flying in amicable rivalry in the harbour, and they add greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene.

Towards the afternoon, having exchanged farewells with our friends who came to see us off, the engines commenced their labours, and by dusk we were passing the forts at the entrance of the harbour. The general signals and salutes were, I believe, correctly given by our captain, but there appeared to be something amiss, as after two or three extra salutes of the fort cannon had been given, what should come flying over our heads but a solid iron-shot! It whistled by luckily without striking any of the masts, or in any way injuring us, but it was none the less unpleasant to know that we had been shot at! What was the cause of such an unusual proceeding we knew not, and our captain, nothing





daunted, kept on his course, and we had no repetition of the little game! A first-rate captain was our's in every way, a good sailor, a thorough gentleman, and a most agreeable companion-John Marr by name. He was a universal favourite with all of the passengers, who were mostly of the old country with the exception of a few Brazilians, an American gentleman, two or three Germans, and two Dutch naval men. I speak, of course, of the saloon passengers. In the steerage there were a good many Portuguese. I found the berths so crowded that I had to share the doctor's cabin on deck, and it was certainly a very snug berth, and cooler than down below. Some nights, however, I preferred sleeping in the "stern-sheets" of the saloon. Of course the latter arrangement entailed rising early, as the ladies might be in the saloon by a certain hour in the morning, and it would not do to be caught by them napping between the sheets! I had no objection to the early rising, as I was fond of a good bath under the sailors' hose when they were washing the decks in the morning. It was often scarcely daybreak when this took place, but latterly it came on so very cold that I had to give up my bath! It was most refreshing as long as I could stand it; the cold winds as we neared home, however, were too cutting, beyond a joke! for one to be exposed to, undressed on deck! Such an appetite I had for my breakfast after these ablutions! When I came on board I was somewhat "seedy" and "done up" by the relaxing climate, but these baths and the sea air together soon restored my equilibrium, and made me feel altogether stronger and better in every way. I found the passengers to be a very pleasant set, indeed, and everything seemed to prosper on board. The arrangements were very comfortable.

the provisions being of first-class quality. In fact, I think that the passengers on this line of steamers--Lamport and Holt's-are very well fed and looked after. The officers. too, are all very civil and obliging, and the stewards serve you with great attention and willingness. Wines, spirits, beer, and such like are all charged as extras. There is one improvement I would suggest for the comfort of the passengers, and that is, better bathing arrangements. there were a bath-room on board it was not used as such. and I certainly think of all the wants felt on a voyage, the want of a good and comfortable bath-room is one of the greatest. One average day at sea is much the same as another when nothing out of the common occurs to vary the monotony of the daily routine, and thus a great deal depends on the good company and fellowship of the passengers themselves for the pleasantness or unpleasantness of the voyage. Our's was a happy voyage in every way. We played all kinds of games on deck, and at night cards in the saloon were mostly the fashion. Fine nights would find us singing choruses and different odd-and-end songs any of the company might know; we all contributed what we could, each in our peculiar way, and great was our merriment sometimes. The captain had taken his wife with him this voyage, and we found her a great addition to our merry circle. She was most pleasant and affable, though not always the best of sailors! There were other ladies, too, some of whom were very lively, and, oh! full of fun. Plenty of flirtation was carried on, much to the general amusement, and there was one clear case, at least, of mutual attachment, which, I believe, was to culminate in matrimony at the end of the voyage! Acquaintance made on board-ship, I fancy, often

ripens into marriage eventually. This time a Scotchman had been captivated by an English maiden, and the chaff on all sides was uncommonly amusing, though "Sandy" did not at all times seem to see the force of all the jokes that were freely ventilated at his expense.

Nothing since the accident of the Forts firing at us occurred to interfere with our progress, which was well maintained all along, and towards the fourth day we had passed the reef of rocks south of Bahia, and by the evening of the 9th of May we anchored in the harbour of Bahia. was the Sunday after the Ascension. Fine weather greeted us, and I have no doubt it was fiercely hot ashore, but as I contented myself with remaining aboard the "Kepler." I cannot speak accurately. It was hot enough even in the sea breeze to be pleasant. I thought I would not run the risk of being left in the lurch ashore, and that is why I shirked going. A good many landed notwithstanding, and I commissioned some friends to buy me some stuffed humming birds and beetles, which I intended as presents to my people at home. Bahia is the place to buy beetles at; they are more common there than at Rio, and they look very well mounted in jewellery, as I think I previously mentioned. Humming birds, too, seem to be all the fashion now in ladies' hats, and, therefore, make presents that are appreciated by the fair sex, as I daresay many a sailor knows! Being the fête of S. Francisco, it was a great day at Bahia, and I think some of our Portuguese steerage passengers from Rio for Lisbon had indulged too freely ashore on that occasion, as one of them had drawn his knife on our captain, which, luckily, one of the engine officers warded off him, but got somewhat dangerously stabbed in the arm in doing so.

I was in hopes I had seen the last of that dreaded knife, so constantly used by foreigners, so alien to an Englishman. You see I was disappointed, but I am glad to say this time the issue was not attended with fatal results, as the engineer officer got well again in a few days. The delinquent was put in irons forthwith, and shortly afterwards was sent ashore, evidence of the assault being taken officially on board, and in charge of the Brazilian police he was most likely cast into prison. So all his hopes of getting to Lisbon by the "Kepler" were at an end! A good thing, too, for us that the affair happened before we left Bahia!

On the 12th of May, the third after our arrival, we steamed away again, with every hope of a favourable and speedy passage, for everything omened such. On the evening of the 16th we crossed the line, but there was no fun on the homeward voyage as there was on the outward; everyone was supposed to have already paid his court to Neptune! We were too intent on pressing onwards home again, and gladly availed ourselves of every favourable breeze with the object of hastening our course. The following day we spoke the "Fugitive" from Launceston, Tasmania. "Speaking" ships at sea is a great amusement, and varies the usual monotony very pleasantly. It was about this time, too, that we were again favoured with the sight of the Polar star which had been so long a stranger to us. That showed us we were going northwards fast. On the 20th May we passed the "Dinah" outward bound. She is one of the same line of steamers as our own. All was well on board. On the 22nd we steamed within a few miles of St. Vincent, where there were a good number of ships. I am glad to say we had no occasion to put in there, our stock of coal being

ample for the remainder of our voyage. Taking in coal is anything but a pleasant operation—the dust of the "black diamonds" so begrimes everything, and it is some time before the decks are clean again. In a hot climate, too, coal dust is almost insupportable!

On the 27th of May we passed close by Palma, the most westerly of the Canary Islands. We did not see any canaries, though it is an old joke with the sailors, who always have lots of "chaff" for landsmen, that these birds are to be seen flying about!

During all this time perfect harmony had prevailed on board, and we all got to know one another very well, indeed.

From one gentleman, a Welshman, we got a most interesting account of a Welsh colony he had established in Patagonia. He gave the Patagonians a very good character, and said the country was admirably adapted for farming and for cattle and sheep. He had some very nice skins with him, and had evidently hunted about a good deal out He had taken an immense liking to his adopted country, so much so that he intended to settle down there altogether, and with that view was going to England to fetch his wife and children, and, further, to recruit others for his little colony. Our Dutch naval men, too, were as communicative as possible; they could speak a little English, and by the similarity of Dutch to German, I could understand their language a little. They were of material use to our "skipper" every now and then, as they helped him in taking his observations.

The 25th day after we left Rio de Janeiro we arrived in the harbour of Lisbon, it being the 30th of May—a Sunday again. With us Sunday seemed to be the favourite day of

arrival in harbour. We found on anchoring that, yellow fever having been reported as raging in the River Plate, we were to be put under quarantine! All this notwithstanding that we had a thoroughly "clean bill of health"! Such is the dread that scourge inspires! So the nasty vellow flag was hoisted, and we were not suffered to go ashore any of us! Our poor unfortunate steerage passengers for Lisbon would have to undergo fifteen days' incarceration in the Lazaretto previous to their setting foot in Lisbon! One of the saloon passengers who was bound for Lisbon preferred going on with us to Liverpool to the wretched prospect of fifteen days' quarantine! We were allowed to take in our fresh provisions, and for this we were very grateful, and capital fresh beef, new potatoes, vegetables, fruit, &c., did we get! Our beef had just fallen short, though we had been plentifully supplied, having killed no less than three fine bullocks between Bahia and Lisbon. The last of the three when left alone got perceptibly thinner, evidently fretting after his dead companions, and anticipating what his own fate would be! There was a capital butcher on board who did his office admirably. Instead of our usual pole-axe, he used the South American method. Getting the beast into position, he dexterously placed a kind of spike just over the spinal column at the back of the horns, and with one blow of a hammer dexterously applied the beast dropped, and never stirred. It was as dead as dead could It was a pleasure to witness such skilful and humane butchering.

The captain decided to be off as soon as possible, so the following morning—Monday, 31st May—we bid adieu to the Lisbon that would have nothing to do with us, and

steamed merrily away again. We heard that the royal mail packet, "Douro." which had left Brazil after us, had arrived two days before us at Lisbon, and was on her way to Southampton! The mail steamers are more tied to time than others, and hence the result! However, we had no cause to complain, as we had had a very favourable passage, taking all into consideration, and we were in no desperate hurry!

Just before we neared Cape Finisterre we encountered a magnificent "school" of whales. There were at least seven or eight of them, immense creatures, the genuine real sperm whales too! It was such a pretty sight to see them spouting the water up into the air! We could see them a long way off, long before we got up to them. They seemed to be playing about us, no doubt wondering what monstrous steamer it was! You could have almost pitched a stone on the back of one or two, so near were they to the steamer's side! Some of our sailors, who had been whalers, said they would give anything to have been on board a whaling vessel. They said they had never before seen whales so near home, which made it doubly aggravating to them.

On the 4th June we skirted the Scilly Isles, but it was too hazy to see much of them, which was a great drawback. The "Smalls" lighthouse we passed at 7 p.m., and right glad were we to see something of the old country again. What the sailors called "Welsh Parrots" now often flew by us, as if to greet us back again once more. These are "puffins" I believe. Every one was beginning to pack up, and arrange for our approaching landing, as the following day we had every reason to believe we should be once more in Liverpool, and at home again! Once or twice, being so

very foggy, the captain was rather doubtful of our position, and took the precaution of making soundings with the deep sea lead. This lead is provided at its base with an inlet, which is filled with grease, and this picks up whatever may be at the bottom when it touches. On one occasion it brought up a small piece of reddish granite like stone, and that at once seemed to tell the captain what part of the coast he was off!

According to our expectations of the day before, Saturday, the 5th June, found us steaming up the Mersey in tremendous spirits and good humour, and in the afternoon we passed New Brighton pier, where the ladies were waving their handkerchiefs at us most cheerily, and we of course returned their welcomes with hearts bursting with thankfulness and gratitude, that we had so safely, successfully, and pleasantly brought our voyage to a close. I don't know when New Brighton looked so pleasant and pretty as it did to me that beautiful summer's afternoon. The very sun seemed to smile benignly on us, all seemed propitious, we seemed almost in fairyland! I know of no greater pleasure than that of returning to England after a long absence. seven in the evening we were safely ensconced in the Huskisson docks in Liverpool, and took our last leave of the "Kepler," and the officers and crew, who had behaved so well the whole voyage. Passengers interchanged farewells, and I myself with one or two others got comfortably quartered in an hotel in the town, where we discoursed our first dinner ashore most agreeably.

And here, reader, I must bid you farewell, and take leave of you also, and if I have afforded you pleasure and amusement by the perusal of these pages my object is accomplished,



and may your life's journey be as pleasant as, if not pleasanter, than that short period in mine I have endeavoured to describe in my "Peep at Brazil."

ERRATUM.—For the word "passages" in first line of preface, read "pages."

THE END.

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