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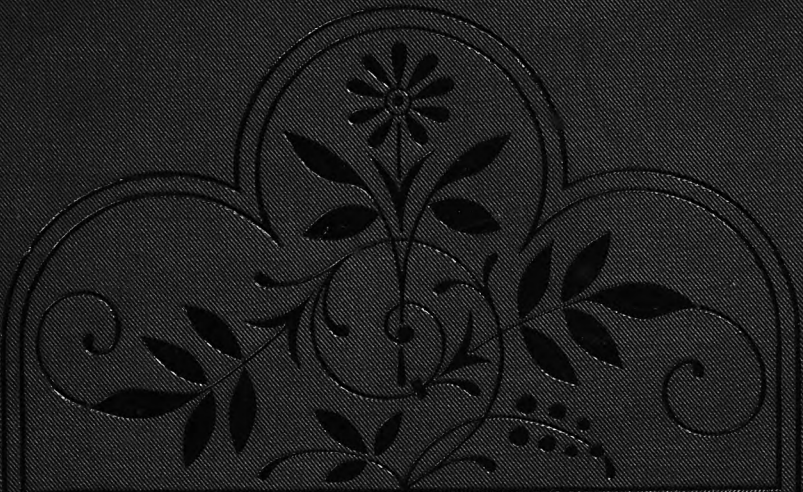
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BUSINESS AND PLEASURE
IN
BRAZIL



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IN

BRAZIL

BY

ULICK RALPH BURKE

Author of "Loyal and Lawless"

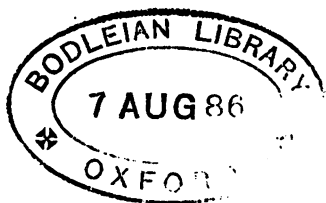
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PREFACE.



THE following letters were written by me to my wife, from Portugal in 1881, and from Brazil in 1882. On the latter occasion I had the great pleasure and advantage of having my friend Robert Staples as a travelling companion; and when at length, after considerable hesitation, I have accepted the suggestion made to me, that I should publish my *Familiar Letters*, Mr. Staples has given me a letter written by him to his own "home" during our ten days of separation, between June and October, 1882, and three more written by him from the same part of the world during his voyage with another companion in 1883, that I might publish them as supplementary or rather complementary to my own.

My letters are printed exactly as they were written, the actual sheets that passed through the post having been sent to press; and in revising them I have done no more than cut out a few

sentences of purely domestic interest, and a few expressions or epithets regarding persons which it would have been impertinent to publish.

Whatever merit the letters may have must arise entirely from the fact that they were written on the spot, from day to day, and that they contain a plain, unvarnished statement of facts and experiences, set down for the information and entertainment of one sympathetic and intelligent reader.

I would certainly have written far different letters, had I had any thought of publication at the time or times when I wrote them—better compositions no doubt, but scarcely real *Letters*.

It would even have been possible for me to write far better letters in London, based upon my real correspondence; but they would not have been letters *from Brazil*.

ULICK RALPH BURKE.

FURZE HILL, PIRBRIGHT.

March, 1884.

PORTUGAL in 1881.

*Hotel de Braganza, Lisbon,
March 23rd, 1881.*

I ARRIVED here yesterday, after a very fine run from Bordeaux, and find Lisbon cloudy and warm. The *Senegal* is a capital steamer ; but I was disappointed at the vaunted cookery on board the *Messageries*, though it was not bad ; and I enjoyed my breakfast this morning on *terra firma*, of sword-fish, ragout, omelette, and fresh lemons. The ragout was thus composed :—

R.	Onion.	.	.	.	3 oz.
	Oil	.	.	.	2 „
	Potato	.	.	.	1 „
	Chicken	.	.	.	0½ „

On addressing the waiter in my best Portuguese—wherefore I am here—he replied politely in Spanish, and informed me that the entire *personnel* of the hotel spoke that tongue, being Castilian, and despisers of all things Portuguese, more especially the language of the country !

This is rather a blow.

At ten o'clock this morning I sallied forth in quest of adventure, and began at the Bank, where I received in exchange for a draft on London for £20—*twenty English sovereigns*, AND five hundred and eighty reis ! That is good paper ! That is something like an exchange !

B

Sovereigns, it seems, are the only gold coin current here, and bills on England are at present at a premium. Thus the mystery is solved.

My room and board at the hotel costs, I am sorry to say, no less than two thousand six hundred *reis* a day, though it may perhaps alarm you less when I tell you that it is the equivalent of about half one of my English sovereigns, here current as above.

One peculiarity of Lisbon, and a very puzzling one to strangers, is that nearly every street has two names; the one being that which is written up in the usual way, and the other, that by which it is called and known. These two seem to be never the same; indeed, no one to whom you speak seems even to know the written name of the street desired. Some streets have also a third English name, such as Black Horse Square, which is known to the Portuguese as *Terreiro do Paço*, and bears inscribed at each corner in clear blue-and-white the name of *Praça do Commercio*.

This is worse than the Gibraltar currency.

Mr. Brackenbury, the English Consul here, has made me free of the club, and asked me to a fête on board H.M.S. *Minotaur* to-night. However, I think I have had enough of sea life for the next few days to come; and having learned that Lisbon possesses few if any dancing young ladies, I leave my share of their favours to the gallant officers who are to sail to-morrow, and content myself with the stylographic here—and—bed!

* * * * *

Lisbon has no look of a capital about it at all. The streets are narrow and dark. The shops more like booths; there is nothing like a shop-front in the whole town. The only trades that seem to flourish are those in lottery tickets and dried cod-fish.

As to jewels, I shall wait till we can try Bond Street together.

The Tagus is a noble river, and full of foreign shipping, for the Portuguese have none. Why these foreign ships come here I cannot make out, but they make a charming prospect from my window.

Thursday morning.

Last night, after an exceedingly good dinner, I went to the Opera, and saw not only "Martha" but the King of Portugal, a far from pleasant-looking man, in a very old naval uniform, with gigantic epaulettes. There was a ministerial crisis here a day or two ago; and the place is still in a mild ferment as to who is to be the new Prime Minister.

Lisbon, Friday morning, March 25th.

There was to have been a Revolution yesterday, as no one can form a Ministry—the old one having been turned out on Monday; but in consequence of the heavy rain it did not come off. But the weather having brightened this morning, I went to Senhor de M——, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and found a very pleasant man, not speaking a word of anything but Portuguese, which was embarrassing; inasmuch as, however well one can read and write—the spoken language is as much a sealed book to a stranger like me, as the spoken names of the streets. Though I can speak a sort of Portuguese, so as to be understood of the people, I had a conversation early to-day with a bookseller, of which I did not understand one single word of his share! However Sñr. M—— fortunately speaks *Brazilian*, so I understood him better, in fact, almost completely. He further introduced me to his wife and daughter, the former of whom speaks French,

the latter English of about equal rank with my Portuguese. You may imagine what a quadrilateral conversation we kept up. In the end I was carried off by the Senhor to see the city, and engaged by the Senhoras to meet them at the Dona Maria Theatre in the evening.

To give you a faint idea of how small a place Lisbon is, and how provincial, as opposed to metropolitan, the M——s remarked me at the opera on Wednesday night, as a strange face, and had a heated family discussion as to "who the devil he was," "what the devil he did," etc.

The dinner at this hotel is so good that the officers of the English fleet make a kind of mess of the *table d'hôte*, and I was vastly amused last night at the distress in which a young midddy, who was dining with older friends, found himself in consequence of the *sweetness* of the various kinds of champagne, being at length reduced to whisky and soda! I hope he found it *dry* enough.

The Portuguese army has just passed under my windows; and the way the men in the ranks picked their steps or skipped over some puddles or patches of rainwater was very funny. They were in their best clothes, for it is *Tátíl*, being some saint's day. Sñr. M—— could not tell me which, though he told me it was some one "muito importante." But then he has been seven years at Lisbon without being able to get to either Mafra or Setubal, and he took over a month *not* to answer Faria's letter. Yet he scoffs at the indolence of the Lisbon people.

Yesterday afternoon I walked up to the *Estrella*. The gardens, full of unknown shrubs covered with spring blossoms, delighted me. I only regretted my ignorance of names, which prevents my giving you any intelligent account of the beauties of the garden. I did indeed recognise huge geraniums in flower; and a tree about the size of an ordinary apple-tree absolutely covered with

lilac blossoms. Just before I arrived there had been a storm of wind and rain, and so many blossoms had fallen that the tree seemed planted on a carpet of the colour of its flowers. This tree, I was told, was called the Judas tree, being that on which the traitor hanged himself. Sñr. M—— asked me to call on his wife in the evening in preference to the day, and I did so last night. Behold me entered and finding a dozen ladies and gentlemen seated in a circle, to whom I was gravely presented ; and each in order rose, silently shook me by the hand, and sat down again. It would be impossible to say who was the most embarrassed. But I felt something must be done, so boldly broke the silence. The relief was great, and the flow of conversation still greater ; and for the next two hours I was put through my facings on every subject, human and divine ; and I *had* to speak and *had* to understand.

Towards the conclusion of the ordeal I learned that the hostess had spread a report that as it was a feast day, it was Lady Day ! I, as an Englishman, would consider all amusements improper ; so the cards which had been in play before my arrival, had been hidden away ; and the usual pianoforte shut up, and enveloped in its case. This was a good preparation for your poor but ultimately victorious—*Husband*.

Lisbon, Sunday, March 27th.

The weather is mild without being hot, and rainy without being damp ; but Lisbon would be a poor place for an invalid, as there is no accessible country, and the streets are all up and down hill, very steep, and paved, even as to the foot-paths, with large stones. And since the new drainage, there is a good deal of low fever

prevalent among residents. And although visitors are said to escape, I do not think I will loiter here too long, but transfer my hunting-grounds, when affairs will permit, to the more bracing climate of Oporto.

The most remarkable thing about Lisbon that I can tell you, after four days' exploration and consideration, is that there is nothing to remark. The town has absolutely no character, and can only be described by negatives. There are really no shops; and I have not been tempted by any one of the few things exposed for sale in the town. The Cathedral is nothing, the Picture Gallery is nothing; and beyond this, there is a want of anything to interest one in the streets, to an extent that makes—say—Whitchurch a far more attractive town.

I rarely have walked through the streets of any town without being struck by some special object of local manufacture, or even local sale; in Lisbon there is nothing. The streets are clean; and the few well-turned-out carriages and fine horses one sees look as if they were there by accident; and the few well-dressed people look as if they were "passing through."

There is not a print-shop nor a photograph-shop to look in at; the grocers, the booksellers, the tailors, all seem absent; and all the shops—such as they are—look the same size, and all seem equally to sell nothing, except lottery tickets, which indeed give about the only pale local colour to the place. Police there seem to be none; soldiers in dull chocolate-brown uniform jackets, very few, and the citizens intrude themselves no more upon your notice than the wares that I presume exist in the shops. But the people look happy, well to do, and contented; singularly respectable; provincial, without provincial peculiarities or distinctive features. Sir George Eliot, who is staying in our hotel, says they remind him perpetually

of the grave fish that one sees swimming or floating about in the tanks at the Brighton Aquarium.

The one striking feature of Lisbon, indeed, is the view from my window—the broad Tagus covered with shipping. One peculiarity of Lisbon indeed, which it occurs to me to mention, is certainly a negative one. There are no cafés; and in this delightful climate, one cannot get an ice or a glass of beer in the open air anywhere in the city, nor a cup of coffee, as far as I know, anywhere but at an hotel. Lastly, the theatres are handsome buildings; clean moreover, and roomy, and well arranged within; the acting is good, the scenery well painted, and the price of admission absurdly cheap. The Portuguese themselves are people one can neither laugh at nor admire. The proverb says, “Take every good quality from a Spaniard, and there remains a Portuguese,” a proverb most misleading; for no two peoples are more unlike. Rather, if you could take from an Englishman all his good and all his bad qualities, there would remain something of a Portuguese. They seem quiet, impassive, clean, well-dressed and not intrusive, civil when spoken to, incredibly ignorant; in a word—Respectable Nonentities. There is nothing to catch hold of in them. It is the same with the language. Every characteristic consonant is softened away, and the few that remain are eaten up in speaking. The vowels are all as a rule pronounced much alike, and the words are run into one another without any marked accent or cadence, as in every other language that I know. The result to the untutored ear is absolute nothingness. It is curious to note the similarity between the character of the people and the character of the language; and in making the comparison I have not, I assure you, been led to exaggerate in either the one or the other case. For indeed I had no preconceived theory

whatever. The weather here to-day is detestable; gales of wind and rain, most unusual I am told. Of course such things always are. But somehow I have not taken to grumbling yet, so I suppose there is something calming in the air. And I am still weather-grateful for my unusual luck in the Bay of Biscay. The Royal Mail from Southampton, due early this morning, is not yet in. She will have got a dusting.

Monday, 28th.

The weather gets worse, and it is now blowing a gale of wind with rain. Cintra is out of the question; and yet how can I face conversational England without being able to say I have seen it? It is the one thing, the one word most people know about Portugal at home.

It is a good three hours' drive each way from here. *Que fazer?* As to Setubal, which I also desired to see, it is but twenty miles away, *with a railway* to Lisbon, yet it takes two hours to get there, and you can *only* leave here at six in the morning! Yet St. Ubes, as the English call it, is an important town of over 15,000 inhabitants, and Lisbon has 300,000! What they all do here I know not. Perhaps if the train service was better, they would go away.

Last night I went to a small dinner party at the M.'s. You, who like a late eight, and carriage ordered at 10.30, would have found fault with the hours: dinner at four, tea at nine, hats and coats at ten. The only trying thing was the amount I was obliged to consume; for my host planted me next to himself, and did not spare me one dish of the innumerable courses of good, plain, and solid meats and puddings; nor was I permitted, in my capacity of Englishman, to drink anything lighter than port. A plum pudding too had been prepared for me, which would cer-

tainly have put an end to my days, had I not with great presence of mind proposed to show the company the English way of lighting the same, and burnt up my share with flames of brandy. A good many agreeable people came in after dinner, including some very beautiful but for the nonce unhappy girls, who could speak English, and who were accordingly "set at" me, to perform duets or rather trios with me, in talking that language. This performance, or word-combat, took place in the centre of an admiring throng, which I had to turn round and address, from time to time, in Portuguese (if only to give my fair opponents breath), in praise of their proficiency in my own tongue.

This indeed was really considerable, in spite of the fact that the first step taken in their English education, as they proudly informed me, was the injunction to "*keep their tongue always between their teeth*," in order to acquire the proper accent with rapidity and certainty! I learned in the course of the evening that Portuguese is considered a very difficult language by those who know many; with an accent, or want of accent, most difficult for strangers to seize, and a grammatical construction necessitating much study on the part of the Portuguese themselves.

Oporto, Wednesday.

Yesterday I took from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. in a very crowded railway carriage, to get over the 200 miles that separate Lisbon from Oporto; and I arrived here tired and demoralized by travelling for so long at such a pace. Let us say no more about it. I could not have walked so quick, and I might have rubbed myself if I had ridden so far; and I am thankful to be here. This morning I have called on Mrs. O. C., Mrs. S., and Mrs. U., all of whom have asked me to dinner. . . .

Oporto is a striking and beautiful town, and covers a large hill on the north of the Douro. Another hill rising equally abruptly on the south has few houses, there being but one suspension bridge uniting the two, and the river is broad and rapid. I crossed in a boat to see Mr. Sandeman at his "Lodge," or cellars, which I visited, and where I tasted, with interest and pleasure, port wine of every colour and every age. Oporto is full of character, and there is more life in one of its streets than in all Lisbon. Every one looks more alert, and brighter. The women wear generally a peculiar costume, and are often good-looking and sometimes fair-haired; and there are really shops; and the very air feels more bracing, though I am sorry to say it has rained abundantly ever since my arrival, and my umbrella is the most useful article of my kit. We had a very solemn journey yesterday, for although there were seven full-grown Portuguese in the compartment with me, they were reserved, silent, and eminently uninteresting. But I have at last discovered one real peculiarity or characteristic, not merely of the travelling Portuguese, but of all, and that is their manner of hawking. Other nations perhaps spit as much; but the Portuguese hawks in a peculiarly grave, determined, and uncompromising way, respectably and with the air of a man who is performing a solemn duty, rather than the half-irritated half-ashamed way in which other nations clear their throats. And then, when the proper time comes, they spit so very very gently!

Friday.

Last night I duly presented myself at the C.s' *quinta*, or villa, and found a host and hostess, both handsome, young, and most pleasant; it was an English dinner of twenty-four people, and I had the honour of taking down Mrs. C. Nothing could have been more friendly nor

hospitable than both she and her husband. I am to lunch and play tennis with Mr. C—— to-morrow; and this evening the enclosed invitation has just come, which I think puts the finishing touch to a graceful and gracious hospitality.

* * * * *

To-day, although showery, I have walked about the town, which is as full of character as Lisbon is without it. Innumerable old and large churches, convents, and other buildings, all of granite, and some very handsome streets, some very wide, some very narrow, all up and down hill; shops with attractive wares; public gardens and squares, with charming peeps both of country and town at every corner; a gay and busy people; ox carts drawn by cattle with immense horns and curious fret-cut yokes—and nothing “fish-like” anywhere. Oporto is a cross between Barcelona and Toledo, with perhaps a touch of Bristol. The town, built upon a granite hill, is paved with that stone. One remarkable characteristic the streets have alone in common with Lisbon, and that is, that there is not a single print or picture shop, scarcely a photographer’s in the town, and even in the last, nothing to look at. Another is, that the houses have long gutter pipes extending a yard or so beyond the eaves; so when one walks on the foot-path one gets a bath of all the collected water from the roofs, as well as the natural and gentler rain direct from the clouds.

Sunday.

There is not a Spanish train guide-book to be had in Oporto! But I am told if I go to Vigo,—ten hours’ journey,—I shall either find one there, or at all events learn the best way of getting from there to Leon! This is a fact. But I hope to get from here to Paris in about a week, starting Wednesday or Thursday morning, steering N.W.,

à la grâce de Dieu! This is quite a new hotel; and the landlord, seeing, no doubt, an amateur, assured me that there were four English W.C.s on each floor, twelve in all, as indeed there are, both clean and spacious. The only drawback to their luxury is, that the natives appear to me to use them as sitting rooms and private smoking rooms; and in that which is nearest my door the waiter keeps his coat, and does a considerable part of his daily work.

* * * * *

Monday.

Walking about yesterday I saw many of the country people thatched with hay or coarse grass, instead of clothed with cloaks or defended by umbrellas. It is no doubt a cheap *parapluie*, and makes the thatched peasant look like a walking beehive.

Last night I dined with the S——s, and had a pleasant little party. The English doctor, who has just come out to enter upon practice, took ill a day or two after his arrival, and finally got so bad that his rival or despised colleague, a Portuguese medico, was called in by a friend. The verdict of the native was, that the medicine the Englishman was giving himself was calculated to kill any man, doctor or patient; and that he thought as soon as he had exhausted his supply he would get better, which has actually happened.

As to my way home—the hall porter knows a party who has heard it said that from Redondella, a place near Vigo, there is a diligence to Orense taking eight hours. But he has no idea when it starts. Now Orense itself is but one-fifth of the way from Vigo to Leon, and Redondella is ten hours from Oporto. Meanwhile I am off to dine with Mr. and Mrs. U., who have been most kind. My good friends here certainly succeed in making my *stay* at Oporto most pleasant; but none of them will assist me to get away!

I was compelled after all, for various reasons, to abandon my expedition across Galicia, and returned to London by Badajoz, Ciudad Real, and Madrid.

On the 16th of June of the next year I started for Brazil, and leaving Charing Cross by the morning train, travelled straight through to Lisbon—whence I wrote the first of the following letters to my wife.

1882.

Lisbon, Monday, June 19th.

The road from Madrid to Valencia de Alcántara did not produce a postage stamp; and I fancy an unstamped letter addressed to you in pencil would not have commanded sufficient respect at the hand of the *correo* to be sent all the way to Salop; so it is only to-day that I write to you to tell you that I have had a capital journey, am not a bit tired, and am in better spirits than I have been since I saw you, which does not say very much, but which perhaps is worth telling you.

It blew half a gale, all across Spain yesterday, and I hear it did likewise here; so I think I was just as well on terra firma during the three and a half days at my disposal. That it is blowing still interests me much less, as I can go no further by land, and I must take what comes in the way of weather, whatever it be.


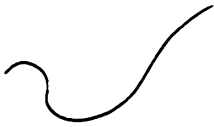

At Miranda I took to the car, and having the compartment to myself, slept till Madrid. I had just time to get across, have a shave and wash and breakfast, and then off again by the new line, viâ Talavera and Valencia de Alcántara. The country is somewhat dull, the regular undulating plain of New Castille, until you come to Mirabel, where the passage of the Sierra and the descent into the valley of the Tagus is both picturesque and interesting. As we travelled along, I was struck, as I always have been before in similar scenery, with the enormous difficulties Wellington had to conquer, in merely conveying a large army and feeding it for months in such a country, without a town, with hardly even houses, with no population to be seen, and in many places not only without cultivation, but also apparently without live-stock of any kind.

It is hard enough now, seventy years later, with a railway running through the district, to feed a couple of dozen travellers who are willing to pay handsomely for the accommodation, at three or four stated hours in the day.

The Mail train is a very fair one, and, in spite of curves and gradients, kept up a good pace as long as it was going ; but as just four hours were consumed in stoppages between Madrid and the frontier at Marvao, it would not need a Wellington nor a Moore to arrange a somewhat more expeditious service. When in Portugal of course we crawled, even when we did move, and moved as little as possible.

We had no heat to speak of during the journey, except at Yrun ; elsewhere the weather was cold and windy. I should think it must have been cold about Avila, but I was asleep and so cannot tell. Here at least the sun is hot though the air is not, and the fruit seems more backward than in London ! As we get, or are supposed to get, all our early fruit from Portugal, this is puzzling. To-day I could get nothing better for breakfast than some red cherries with rather an acid flavour, and tasting as if they would be very good in a pie, and the regular orange with a woolly jacket and an oily overcoat and a good many pips inside.

The way the curve of communication between Portugal and Europe is being straightened as years advance is very curious. Not long ago the line went by Cordova, like

this . Then by Ciudad Real 
Now by Talavera . And Mr. Ursinus, of

Oporto, has a scheme for a line to be carried through Regoa and Salamanca, which will be simply this

It is really very good of the Spaniards to let people make roads through their country entirely for their own convenience. For as to the requirements of Spain, as far as local traffic is concerned, a donkey cart once a day would apparently suffice in such a country as that between Madrid and the Portuguese frontier at Alcántara. Fortunately for international communication, the people who "find" the money for Spanish railways do not invest any of their own in the enterprise. Who ultimately or really pays for the lines is a problem in finance which, being long as well as interesting, I will reserve for the *Aconcagua*.

In the Tagus. On board S.S. Aconcagua.

My first long letter to you was posted at Lisbon, on Monday, 19th, so that, together with post cards from various places and a letter from Paris, you will have been kept *pretty well* informed as to my movements; and now I learn that we are to coal at the island of St. Vincent, so I will prepare a letter to be posted there, which will I hope surprise you agreeably three weeks before you expect to hear from me again. You see the old stylographic is in good form again, and I will begin a Diary for you with it as I did last year from Portugal.

Tuesday, 20th.

Having a ticket only from Bordeaux to Rio, I required a new one from Lisbon to Rio, which entailed the obtain-

ing of a *permit* to leave Portugal, which, as I fortunately had a F. O. passport with me, cost only nine shillings! Portugal is a regular "rat-trap;" any one can come into the country unchallenged; but to get out, you need the permission of the Government. The most amusing part of the thing is, that the Portuguese official mind, which is in all things tardy, not to say backward, has not yet apparently realized the fact that you can leave the country by land as well as by sea—railways are a very new exotic in Portugal—so that no permit is needed for those travellers who take their departure by train.

The *Aconcagua* arrived about 1.30, having left Vigo at 7 o'clock on Monday evening, and I went off to meet her in the agent's steam launch with Mr. Pinto Basto, and was delighted to find Staples, looking very well and in excellent spirits, having been duly advised at Pauillac of the cause of my non-arrival, and approving highly of my change of plans. We went ashore together, and came on board again in time for dinner, after I had obtained for the embarkation of my baggage—to wit one bag—a *second* permit, without which no boatman could take us to the ship. It was blowing very hard, and as rowing seemed harder work than sailing, our boatman spread the sail, and we heeled over in a manner highly disapproved of by Staples, and in his opinion to the imminent danger of our lives. The *Aconcagua* provided an excellent dinner; and each of us having a four-berth cabin to himself, we slept very comfortably on board till next morning.

Wednesday, 21st.

After breakfasting at 9 we sailed about 11, and had only done nine knots by mid-day. The wind, although happily in our favour, made a good deal of sea, and at this point I assumed the horizontal in my berth

C

where I was waited upon by a most attentive and obliging steward, and visited occasionally by Staples. I read a good deal of Gaboriau's "Vie infernale," and did not suffer the last indignities. The food was remarkably clean and good. The wine too is fair, but rather dear. Before leaving Lisbon, Staples and I bought a great basket of oranges—fifty of them—for 500 reis, which is reasonable; and a dozen delicious figs for 30 reis, which is as cheap as anything I ever remember to have bought in the way of good fruit in any country. So I think the caterer at the *Hôtel Central* was more to blame in this matter than the Lisbon market. The *Central* is a good house in its way, but quite a different class of hotel from the *Braganza*, where I stayed last year. It is on the quay, and really *central*; but it is a commercial as opposed to a high-class hotel; and, as far as situation is concerned, if one was not looking out hourly for a steamer, the stiff pull up to the *Braganza* is well repaid by the various advantages of the higher and *less central* position.

The *Aconcagua* is the biggest steamer I have ever sailed in, nearly 4,200 tons gross tonnage. Her arrangements are almost exactly like those on the *Ceylon*, especially as regards the deck, which is free and broad; but the saloon is made narrower by having inner as well as outer cabins off it. I should be very sorry to be stowed away in one of the former. As it is, Staples and I have each a cabin well forward of the engines, and we do not feel the motion of the screw at all, though we have to pass a good many disagreeable doors in the long passage which separates us from the saloon; and we are rather exposed to incursions from second and third class passengers, of which latter there is a large number forward, chiefly Spaniards and Basques for Buenos Ayres. This great and daily increasing immigration must make

the Argentine Republic, with a temperate climate and great natural resources, the leading nation of South America. Much as I prefer—alas—Spanish to Portuguese-speaking people, I am really very sorry that there are only two of the latter on board—or at all events among the saloon passengers—two most unwashed looking ruffians, with whom I have not seized an opportunity of talking. There are also only two English ladies, Mrs. W—, whom I was asked to look after, and Mrs. D—, whose husband is travelling with her to the Falkland Islands. The rest of the saloon passengers are chiefly Spanish, or Spanish-speaking Americans, one Frenchman, one Yankee, and two or three Germans, and say a dozen Englishmen and Scotchmen. This mixture of nationalities makes the society very different from that on the Indian routes, and I fear we shall be very dull. One thing I had forgotten in this voyage, and realize with regret, and that is the shortening of the days, until we get to the Equator. To-day is Midsummer Day, and already at 7 o'clock it is dark. On the Line of course we shall have it dark at 6. With all this southing we have not had it at all hot; but on the contrary, cold enough for great coats and shawls in the afternoon, though my experience has been chiefly of my cabin. If it were hotter, I should sigh for the large square ports we used to open in our cabin in the P. and O., as we have nothing but the round glass bull's-eye, which does not admit very much air or light.

Thursday, 22nd.

The wind was still fresh and almost due north; and the currents being also in our favour, at 12 o'clock we had done 312 miles, which is more than I ever did in a P. and O. steamer, being just thirteen knots. I felt well

enough to go into the saloon to dinner, and went to bed early. Mrs. W——, who lives in Edinburgh, and is personally interested in the Charity Organization Society, has told me that out of 1,000 applicants for relief within a given time of late, it was discovered on investigation that the number really deserving was nine!

Friday, 23rd.

I resumed my natural life, the sea being smoother, and came down to breakfast, which we begin, in deference to "West Coast" usage, with thin soup full of vegetables, called "*Cazuella*," which also appears at luncheon as *broth*, and at dinner as *soup*. The cook is a fair artist, however; and the baker first-rate. The cooking is middle-class English. Bad soup, indifferent *entrées*, excellent joints, and very good sweets. At noon to-day the run is 305 miles, and about 3 o'clock we came in sight of Teneriffe; at first the Peak was hidden under a cloud, but later on, to my extreme delight, the cloud lifted, and the wonderful sugar-loaf—rising 12,200 feet like a pyramid out of the midst of the ocean, was disclosed. Ever since I read Robinson Crusoe for the first time, I have wished to see this wonderful mountain; and I have had good fortune to-day, inasmuch as I am told it is almost always covered with cloud, so that the Peak itself cannot be seen until the ship comes within a few miles of the island; and in this case the peculiar effect is lost. Indeed, as we sailed close by, before dark, I was able to see this, for the island is large and very mountainous, and the peak looks merely like a point somewhat higher than those which apparently surround it. The town, Santa Cruz, is a large place, and steamers often call there for coal. The great cultivation of the island is cochineal, which I dare say you know is an insect which feeds upon the wild cactus which grows on

the island. They also make wine—Canary—which, the captain tells me, is like light Madeira, and can be bought good at Santa Cruz at about £9 the quarter cask. Grand Canary, the island, was scarcely more than visible, as we passed, as a rocky bluff on the East.

To-day was baggage day, and the deck a scene of great confusion; for we are very full of cargo, and there is no room anywhere; and the luggage of 150 third-class passengers blocked up the baggage room, where huge trunks for all ports were mixed up in inextricable confusion. I have not told you that in spite of all our endeavours, the baggage master put, not only my cabin portmanteau, but my deck chair, *in the hold* at Liverpool, so when I came on board at Lisbon with only my canvas bag, I was a little short; everything duly turned up to-day, however, and your cabin “possible sack” now hangs at the head of my berth, which is a comfort and a joy. I think I have brought everything I want; my stock of thin clothes, however, is so far a farce, as we have had no hot weather at all, and as things are going, I should not be surprised to find it cold on the Line! Such things always happen to me!

Apropos of third-class baggage, I learn that the mattresses supplied to these travellers are never used a second time, but sent down to the engine room at the end of the voyage, to be used as “waste;” and I fear, from what I have even already seen of my own portmanteau, after a few days of such very fruitful propinquity, that when the happy day comes for unpacking it in the neighbourhood of Portman Square, it will have to be opened in the hall, if not in the street!

Saturday, 24th.

Last night Mrs. W—gave us a little music; but with the exception of the captain, who is a most pleasant and sociable commander, no one else could be found to join;

and I fear that, apart from the question of the confusion of tongues, we are a very dull party. To-day is cloudy and muggy, and if it was hot would be something like the Red Sea ; but though we are in latitude N. $25^{\circ} 20'$, hot it certainly is not. Our run to mid-day is 307 miles. At this rate we shall be at the Cape de Verd in good time on Monday, and then I will post this. We have not seen a ship since we left Lisbon, which astonishes me very much.

Sunday, 25th.

We had service in the saloon, after divisions on deck, not quite as smart as on board the P. & O., but very business-like. The weather still cloudy, dull and cool. Our run at mid-day a very good one, 317 miles. So I will close this this afternoon, its mere despatch from St. Vincent will tell you that we have got there, and I will begin a new letter to be posted on arriving at Rio. In the absence of a letter from you, I have to content myself with the specimen of your handwriting on the label of my portmanteau, which I have in my cabin.

* * * * *

In Harbour, St. Vincent, Cape de Verd,

Monday, June 26th.

We sighted San Antonio, the largest of these islands, this morning, and dropped our anchor in this bay or harbour just after noon, our run having been 306 miles. I gave a shilling to the purser to post a very thick letter to you, which I hope you duly received. After luncheon, Captain Hamilton took me ashore in the agent's gig ; and Staples and I walked through the little town and a short way into the country. There is no vegetation of any kind on the island, save in favoured places a few patches of dusty tamarisks, and the soil, if soil it can be called, is partly coarse white sand, formed of dis-

integrated shells, and red burnt clay, looking like the refuse of a brick kiln. The prevailing hue of the mountains round the town and bay is of a similar red, and the bold and rugged outline of the hills, especially of that which shelters the town on the west, would make it a picturesque spot, were it not that the extreme barrenness and dreariness puts any idea of admiration out of the question. I am sorry that I never landed at Aden, for I fancy there must be some similarity between the places ; but the mere fact that at Aden there are some British troops, and at St. Vincent nothing but a few niggers—for it is part of Portuguese Africa—must make Aden a far more lively place.

We are here, too—and I fancy you will be surprised to hear it—not far north of Aden. Look on the map and see for yourself. The entire business and *raison d'être* of St. Vincent is the coaling of passing steamers, and the harbour is full of colliers from England, and the only large establishment ashore is a large depôt of coal. Comparing the place with Aden, curiously enough, as soon as we dropped our anchor, two or three boats with naked urchins came alongside, and dived for small coins, after the manner of their brothers of the Red Sea, though I am bound to say not nearly so well, and, above all, without any of that wonderful humour which we found in those curly-headed boys at Aden. When I have said that it is blowing half a gale of wind from the north—and that it is said to do so here about 350 days in the year—and that we had a very rough pull back to the *Aconcagua*, I will leave the Cape de Verd, as I hope we may do this evening. Coaling in the tropics, with every window and port closely shut, and the steamer rolling about at anchor, is less pleasant than many other things I know.

Tuesday, June 27th.

We left the Cape de Verd about eleven o'clock last night, and to-day at twelve our run was 165 miles. I find nothing to add to my account of St. Vincent, but that the streets of Mindello were remarkably clean, as were the niggers and negresses who inhabit it, and who seem to divide their time between sleeping and washing their clothes. I bought a curious necklace, made of shells gathered on the beach. Oh, to show it to you!

In addition to having a fair harbour in the middle of the Atlantic, and being thus selected as a coaling station for ships of war and commerce, St. Vincent is an important telegraph station, and it seems absurd that it should be in the hands of the Portuguese, who have a custom-house and prohibitive duties after the model of Lisbon, and keep black officials to obstruct the movements of passing ships in true home fashion.

Wednesday, 28th.

Run at twelve o'clock 298 miles. In the "Doldrums." Hot, damp, cloudy, muggy. Sea like oil, with a long swell. Net result, sick; oh, so sick! Up to yesterday, requiring medicine, as I foresaw, I have tried nux, podophyllin, sulphur, hepar, etc., without the smallest result; so last night I applied to my opposite neighbour, the doctor, who, after some consideration of the special needs of my case, informed me that he would give me something that would exactly suit me, and in due time produced — a black draught! This not only did its own duty, but "woke up" Hahnemann in me to such an extent that Homœopathy—if disgraced—was in the end avenged.

Thursday, 29th.

Run 295 miles. Still so sick. The "Doldrums" are passed, though we are only in latitude 9, for the south-

east trade wind is blowing strong, and unusually far to the north of the equator. This afternoon, accordingly, we have a strong headwind, for a change, cool, bright weather, and a rough sea.

Friday, 30th.

The sea is again horribly rough this morning, but I must make an effort, and will continue my letter to you by saying that it is peculiarly and most disagreeably characteristic of my luck—*i.e.* always finding weather different from what might be expected—that on the equator, which we should cross to-day about noon, where there is supposed to be a region of perpetual calm, we should have a stiff breeze and a nasty sea. I forgot to tell you that the night after leaving St. Vincent I had my first sight of the Southern Cross, which is certainly a striking and beautiful constellation. Now for a description of our ship. The *Aconcagua* is a long and tolerably broad vessel, with a long and narrow saloon aft, and two rows of cabins on either side. I should be sorry to be lodged in one of the inner ones. The deck, except just abaft the saloon companion, is blocked up with hatchways, donkey-engines, and other “hamper”; and, on this voyage, at all events, a quantity of deck cargo, which, together with the engines, and a few cabins for the officers, takes up the whole of the middle of the ship, which is supposed to be reserved for second-class passengers. The vessel is steered by steam from the bridge, under which is the steering engine in a wheelhouse, and forward of this again is what is absurdly called the “steerage,” where there are a hundred and fifty emigrants, chiefly Spanish and Basques, and other live stock. As the second-class part of the deck is divided off from the first-class by a low partition, and the third-class again by a very solid one, one can only get a few yards of

quarter-deck walk, in spite of the great length of the vessel; and the fore-castle, instead of being the quiet and agreeable refuge it used to be on board the P. and O. steamers, is unvisitable and even unapproachable.

As to our food, it is good, and very abundant, and as long as I was well I enjoyed it, though Staples and I have rather a trying opposite neighbour at table, a terrible woman with a face like a hawk, who, as she has never spoken to the obese companion who sits by her side, still less to any of the strangers in her immediate neighbourhood, we can only guess to be a Spanish American of some sort. In this taciturn traveller the art of eating with a steel knife has been cultivated with the greatest success, and brought to the highest pitch of perfection. Ordinary foods are child's play to her; but a day or two ago she mixed up a quantity of thin milk pudding into a slop with some red currant jelly that had been put on the table for the mutton, and lapped it all up with the sharp blade; and the next day I called Staples' attention to the fact (in order that he might be ready to appear as an independent witness when my word comes to be doubted) that she was eating her *soup* with the same strange weapon. It appears to me that, short of seeing her eat the knife itself, like the man at the Aquarium, I have nothing further left to look for.

For one reason, at least, I am sorry I did not come by the Royal Mail, for we should be sure to have had some Portuguese on board; and although their mode of eating might possibly leave something to be desired, I could have spent some of my dreary hours in cultivating and improving my Portuguese. All I can do, as it is, is to give Staples a lesson every day, and to refrain from speaking Spanish to any of our fellow-passengers, which I should very much like to do, were I not sure that, if given way to,

even for a little fortnight, this linguistic indulgence would be followed by a most fatal confusion of tongues when I came to speak serious Portuguese at Rio. And when I tell you that the pleasantest-looking people on board are some three or four Spanish-speaking ladies, who are moreover very handsome, I expect to receive some credit for my self-restraint.

One of our passengers, to whom I *do* talk, is a Mr. Dean going out to the Falkland Islands, where he seems to be a sort of Marquis of Carabbas, with 300,000 acres of land of his own, and sheep in proportion, a large tallow factory, and great possessions as far as the islands will allow ; and I have learnt a great deal about this very distant bit of England from him : how, with only 1,500 inhabitants, its imports are over £30,000 a year, with exports £60,000 ; how it keeps a bishop as well as a governor, and can hang a man, if need be, with all the forms of law and justice. The climate is of course cold, but very healthy, and the only drawback for the moment seems to be the difficulty, or rather almost the want, of regular steam communication with the mainland. The Deans will have to wait some time for a *German* boat at Monte Video, and they are by no means sure of finding a spare birth in her after all. This, for the Marquis of Carabbas, is a little rough ; and the Alport estate, if less extensive, is certainly more accessible.

I hope you are enjoying Hayward's Essays. I am reading a good many books abreast, as you know I like to do, Lecky's European Morals being the *pièce de résistance*, and almost too strong meat for a seasick stomach—or brain ; but I have just finished Gaboriau's "La Vie Infernale," which is some sort a continuation of "Les Esclaves de Paris," though a very inferior book. The plot is more or less on the same lines as the earlier work, but it loses

greatly by repetition, and the leading idea of *Chantage* is replaced by no other. Mascarot is suggested by a single person of very inferior merit, whether as a spy, or a literary creation, and Toto Chupin *devenu honnête homme*, is scarcely a very lifelike, though certainly a very amusing, character. The improbabilities of the story, too, are far greater than in "Les Esclaves de Paris," and a number of second-rate and very detestable mysteries take the place of the really marvellous plot of the book we enjoyed together so much. I think "La Vie Infernale"—inappropriate as is its name—might be more enjoyable if you were at hand to discuss it! But I am only comparing Gaboriau unfavourably with himself. How vastly superior he is to almost all other contemporary French novelists, both in healthiness of tone, in originality of conception, and in the wonderful interest of his plots, you know as well as I do.

Now I can write no more, even to you.

Saturday, July 1st.

Hurrah! for a new month, which has brought us a calm sea, the trade winds blowing light from the south-east, just enough to keep us quite cool. Indeed, with the exception of one hot and muggy day, Thursday last, we have had no heat whatever, and I need have brought no special clothes for any temperature we have yet had *per mare* or *per terras*. Fortunately my contempt for special outfits has saved me from any great indulgence in this respect, and I sleep in a linen nightshirt and walk about in my old blue jacket as comfortably as if I had a bag full of Thresher & Glenney's tropical sleeping suits.

To-day at 12 our run was 326 miles, the best I have ever made on board any steamer. Yesterday we did 304, which against a strong wind from the south was also very good.

I have just been initiated into the mysteries of the American game of "poker," in which the play is rather by means of cards than with them; and which, though purely a gambling game, requires a good head and considerable skill. With counters of small value, it serves to pass part of the evening very well; and as to the day, it is hardly long enough for all I have to do. I have had a horizontal bar put up, on which one can get better and more varied exercise than the dull quarter-deck-walk up and down, and I am teaching Staples Portuguese, as well as studying myself. I have just finished "*Le Diable Amoureux*" of Cazotte, a very poor moral allegory, and am getting on well with a Portuguese novel by Castello Branco. Friday at noon our latitude was 0°5 SOUTH; we have lost the little bear and the pole star; and the Southern Cross looks brighter and brighter as it appears higher on the meridian. The lowest star in the constellation is the pole star of the southern hemisphere. I saw land for the first time in the New World and in the Southern Hemisphere this morning at seven o'clock, when my cabin steward called me to look at Fernando de Noronha, a rocky island less than a day's steam from Pernambuco, with a picturesque serrated outline, not unlike the Cape de Verd, but the land lies lower, and the line of the hill is more finely jagged. The island is used as a penal settlement by the Brazilians. We have passed very few ships, and seen nothing alive of interest beyond flying fish and an occasional stormy petrel.

Sunday, July 2nd.

Church to-day, at half-past ten, and our beautiful wedding-day collect. . . .

Our run at noon 309 miles. I had a long conversation with a Mr. Jacques, who is going out to Caldeiras as engineer of a railway, and who told me much that was

interesting about the silver mines of southern Bolivia. In addition to the ordinary condition in which the metal is found, there is a very rare combination, called "ruby silver," existing in crystals like a precious ruby, and very brilliant, and also "horn silver," or silver in the form of a substance like semi-transparent beeswax. But the most curious peculiarity of both these rarities is that they entirely lose their brilliancy, and indeed their character, by exposure for any length of time to the light.

He also told me of a mine at a place called Juan Chaca, some 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, where the air is so rarified that the inhabitants have become in course of years pigeon-breasted, and where Europeans can only live with great difficulty, and only work twelve months out of every eighteen. Here the silver is extracted by a dry process from its mixture with arsenic, and the workmen, although wearing masks and working short tides, soon become poisoned; but there is a river in the neighbourhood, supposed to be also impregnated with arsenic, where they go and bathe for some days, and return cured. This is natural homœopathy, is it not?

There is also a French engineer on board, going to superintend some gold mines in Uruguay, who served for some time in the Argentine irregular troops against the Patagonian Indians, and I learned a great deal of the very strange and unsettled condition of the Argentine and Patagonian frontier, as well as of Argentine, Uruguayan, and Brazilian politics, which are by no means as tranquil—internationally—as I had thought. But all this, though it interested me very much, is scarcely calculated to entertain you; so adieu for the day.

Monday, July 3rd.

Another very fine day, decidedly hot. As I am on board, it is perhaps scarcely remarkable that it is getting

hotter every day as we get farther away from the Equator! Last night it was full moon, and almost as light as day; the ship, with all her masts and sails—for we have almost all sails set—full of brilliant lights and black shadows, and the light of all the stars extinguished by the greater luminary. To-morrow the moon will not rise till nearly two hours after sunset, and I am promising myself a glorious hour after dinner among the southern constellations. Our run to-day at noon was 309 miles.

Tuesday, July 4th.

Last night, before the moon rose, we had a glorious sight in the heavens, the Southern Cross growing brighter and brighter as it is seen higher in the firmament, with the glorious stars of Centaur, and Scorpio with its fiery eye, to the east; and the great constellation of Argo—the ship—reaching almost down to the horizon to the west, all new stars to me; above, Arcturus, an old acquaintance; and far away towards home, on the horizon, and upside down, stretched the still more familiar Great Bear. The two clusters of nebulae called the Magellanic clouds, a sort of milky way, which is seen in the southern hemisphere, as well as the familiar via lactea, are not particularly striking. On the whole, considering that I have now seen some of the finest stars in the southern hemisphere, I do not think that it is finer than the firmament that is displayed to us in the north. The brightest star in Centaur, however, is one of the few that have any parallax, namely, $0.97''$, which, with a base line, as you know, of 190,000,000 miles, gives its distance from the earth as twenty billions of miles. You may remember our trying to calculate, on our way to India, how far north of the equator the Southern Cross could ever be seen, and deciding that it would be somewhere half-way

down the Red Sea. We were not very far wrong, for the exact point at the present day is in the latitude of Suez. I say "at the present day," for I have only just learned that owing to the precession of the equinoxes, which the Admiral will explain to you far better than I can, all the southern constellations were once visible much farther north than at present, and are every year gradually receding more and more; for instance, in the year B.C. 2900, the Southern Cross was visible in London, 52° N.

Do you remember suggesting that I should write another novel on board ship? I wisely said 'No' before I started; but having asked myself the question two or three times since we started, whether I could have done any such thing, I have come to the conclusion that life at sea is eminently unfavourable to the play of the imagination, which in some ways appears strange. But I cannot call to mind any great or even small poem or romance written on board ship; I believe Camoens wrote the *Lusiad*, as Falconer did the *Shipwreck*, and Marryat his novels, on shore. And yet how many clever and cultivated men have had years of leisure at sea, which might have been so agreeably and so profitably spent in composition. It cannot be entirely that a greater variety in the actual life led is necessary to the play of the imagination, for many great works have been written in greater retirement on land: and there is a certain variety at sea, or uncertainty, which is even more disagreeable, and quite as characteristic of a voyage, as sameness or monotony. To descend to the *Aconcagua* before I close this for to-day, we only ran 301 miles to noon, and are getting rapidly into a heavy swell and strong breeze dead ahead, which not only endangers our getting into Rio, as we anticipated, to-morrow afternoon, but looks like a nasty night. It is very dark as I write this, at two o'clock, raining hard, with

wind and sea rising every hour. Let us hope I may soon have to tell you that we are well through it.

Wednesday, July 5th.

It *was* very rough last night, and it seemed as if morning would never come. However, I will say no more. *Une mauvaise nuit est bientôt passée*, and this morning the weather cleared off until we passed Cape Frio, whence we are now running into Rio in a thick cold mist, which came on again about mid-day. So I will close this long letter at once, as there may be a chance of posting it this very day, if we get the visit of the health officer this afternoon, and I will reserve all account of landing and first impressions for my next letter. I am now nearly half-way home!

Botafogo, Rio de Janeiro,

Friday, 7th July, 1882.

At last I address a letter to you from this lovely spot. On Wednesday, 5th, at twelve o'clock, we passed Cape Frio, a fine rocky headland, and from thence until six o'clock, when we dropped our anchor under the wall of the Fort in Rio harbour, we enjoyed an uninterrupted succession of splendid coast scenery, the white surf breaking five or six feet high, with a roar, on the sandy beach, and behind, high hills, rocky, but varied with rich vegetation; and behind them again, great mountains with their tops in the clouds. And all this leading up to the grander sight of the entrance to Rio harbour itself, with the "Sugar-loaf" and the Corcovado; and the "green islands of glittering seas," almost hiding the narrow entrance. Unfortunately the sun had set behind the hills before we actually steamed into the harbour, and we saw nothing of Rio de Janeiro but long lines of gas-lights along the shore, and scattered at less regular intervals up the side of the hills. The air was very cold.

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Thursday, July 6th.

At six in the morning, faithful to my custom abroad, and aided by the circumstance that of the ninety-eight men who compose the crew of the *Aconcagua*, about sixty appeared to be walking up and down the deck in thick boots, immediately over my berth, and the remaining thirty-eight hammering at the engine opposite my cabin door, I got up—it being of course pitch dark—dressed, and went on deck, and enjoyed the sunrise in the finest bay over the most beautiful city in the world. Rio indeed is unlike anything I ever saw anywhere else, not very unlike what I imagined it would be, and inexpressibly beautiful. Soon after seven o'clock a steam launch from H.M.S. *Swiftsure* brought an officer on board for their mails, and as Staples knows the captain—Aitchison—we were incontinently taken on board the ironclad and treated to breakfast and *God save the Queen* at eight o'clock. This was not at all in the programme, and was a very pleasant surprise and welcome to Rio.

We went back to the *Aconcagua* in the captain's gig before ten o'clock, and found R. C——, and D——, who has not got away yet, waiting to see me.

We went at once to the Rua de Rozario, and the day was fully taken up with business talk, revealing nothing particularly satisfactory. We tried the oysters at luncheon, and I found them very small, tasteless, and watery. The fish is not bigger than a shilling. The oranges are delicious, like very large Tangerines, as to skin ; and some of them green, all full of delicious juice. We had also bananas, fairly good. But all other fruit is out of season, and very little growing in the immediate neighbourhood of Rio.

After a long business day, we came out by tram to Botafogo, where rooms had been taken for us in the Grand

Hotel, and after a good dinner in a large, airy, verandah-like room, we proceeded to unpack. My black box is a great success, everything came out in perfect order, and reminded me of the choosing and packing, which seems a matter of months ago. With the exception of my field glasses, which I sent for from Paris, I do not think I have omitted a single thing necessary ; and most of what was specially chosen appears, or already has been found, specially appropriate. This hotel is said to be the best for cooking and food of any in or near Rio—it is about twenty-five minutes by tram from the centre of the city—and as good as any other in other ways. But it is more like a large Dák bungalow, or say a Mofussil hotel in India, than anything in Europe, still less in any other capital city of between three and four hundred thousand inhabitants. The very structure is rough and straggling, the greater number of the bedrooms are on the ground-floor, there is no attempt at anything like decoration, and the furniture is of the most casual, not to say ramshackle, description. The people at first wished Staples and me to sleep together in one bed, and then, as a concession, in one room ; after much remonstrance, and still more patience, and some civil Portuguese speech, we have each got a chamber to himself. The first night, seeing mosquito curtains—yellow of hue and smelling of dust ; can you not fancy them ?—on my bed, I was weak enough to draw them, and so imprisoned a stray mosquito, who did not think me worthy of attack as food, but who buzzed about all night ; and I, lying awake in default of the soothing motion of the Atlantic, was able to note that my mattress was apparently made of one of the hard woods of the country, covered with a thin sheet. The pillow is about a foot square, made of canvas stuffed with dust, and covered with figured muslin.

Friday was another long business day, interviews with C——, visits to the bank and one or two other places ; and in the evening, having dressed, we repaired to the landing stage, where we found the steam launch waiting for us to take us off to the *Swiftsure*, where we have been asked to dine to meet the captain of the American man-of-war, the *Brooklyn*, just arrived, having been run into and nearly sunk by one of Lamport & Holt's small steamers, the *Mozart*, near Buenos Ayres. We had an excellent and most pleasant dinner, captain, commander, first lieutenant, and gunnery lieutenant, Yankee, and selves. In all this, Staples should count as *my* host ; and so far it is he that has done the honours of Rio.

This letter is finished hastily on *Saturday morning*, to go by the Royal Mail steamer.

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Rio, July 8-14

On *Saturday, 8th July*, I had a busy day in both business directions and in many ways, posted a long letter to you, and in the evening went with Staples to the play, *Madame l'Archiduc*, by Offenbach, in Portuguese. The piece was not badly acted, but the *timbre* of the Brazilian voice in singing is very much that of the peacock, and the nasals do not sound well in chorus. But the theatre itself was a mere hall, built of wood, something like a third-rate provincial music-hall in England, and the audience consisted almost entirely of young men of the middle class, who smoked in the theatre and spat profusely. Indeed, our neighbours drove us away before the piece was over. There were no play-bills, and the large programme of the evening's entertainment, put up at the door of the house, was chalked or painted in irregular letters on a blackboard. And this is

the height of the Rio season ! One thing that has struck both S. and myself is the extraordinary absence of black people in the streets. I fancied that slavery would at least give a strong local colour to the population ; but by far the greater part of the lower classes and labouring population is white. I think this is the more striking to me, inasmuch as I am frequently led away by some association to fancy myself in an Asiatic town, but the absence of natives, and the presence of *sahibs* as working men and women, suddenly dispels the illusion. To-day, however, I did see a funny thing, and that was a white blind beggar led about by a black slave. A mendicant on the top of St. Gothard once offered my father change, when he excused himself by saying he had no small money for him ; but I think this Rio beggar who keeps his body-slave carries away the palm.

The business quarter, which consists of narrow streets intersecting one another at right angles, is small, compared with the size and population of the city ; and the great movement and life in the open air which one would naturally expect in a climate like this is intensified by the massing of every one who has anything to do in a small area, and on foot, for there are practically no cabs, chiefly, I fancy, because the streets are too narrow. There are fortunately but few carts ; but such as they are they push you up against the side of the street, or oblige you to take refuge in a shop. There are no side footways ; indeed, with the exception of the Rua do Primeiro de Marzo, which is a sort of boulevard, there is not a street in the business quarter wider than the footway of Piccadilly or Regent Street. Nor are there many squares or open spaces, nor any public building, not even a church, that is worth looking at ; indeed, there seem to be very few of any sort, less, certainly, than in most other Romish countries. And

I have only seen two priests as yet in the entire city and suburbs.

The trams you have heard of. They go everywhere, and in the narrow streets push you close up against the wall. But they are very convenient ; clean and airy, being quite open at the sides, and run along fast with a pair of mules. They are called *Bonds*—much after the fashion of the “Down survey” of Ireland, which was so-called because what was then surveyed was put *down* !—for the original enterprise having failed, money was raised by *bonds* to carry on the affair, which must now be most profitable both to bond and shareholders, as the cars are full from 6 a.m. to 1.30 at midnight, and the working expenses must be small. The fare is 200 reis.

Our office here is a nice clean room on the first floor of the Rua de Rozario, one of the principal business streets. It is the same shape, and about the same size, as the drawing-room in our old house in Granville Place, and is choke full of goods of all kinds.

The front is almost entirely windows—all open down to the ground, and as the opposite house is equally open and the street extremely narrow, there can scarcely be said to be a division between the rooms, as far as privacy is concerned ; and whenever a cart passes below, one cannot hear the sound of one’s own voice.

Sunday, July 9th, we got up early and went off to the *Swiftsure*, conveyed from the landing stage in her steam launch by Lieut. Cood, to Service at 10.15, when we heard a sermon from a naval parson on the duty of being at peace and living on friendly terms with one’s family ; which, considering that every one of his hearers, with the exception of a few stray visitors from shore, had just left his family for a four years’ cruise with a number of perfect strangers, was too much of the nature of the sermon preached to the

criminals on the eve of their execution ; and it struck me, that like that celebrated discourse, it had been written for a former and very different occasion. After service we had a capital luncheon, and I was taken great care of by Lieut. Hastings Lees, a very good-looking and agreeable man, and other officers. Seeing the ship and strolling about wound up the day.

Monday, 10th.

A visit to the dentist, with much pain ; and long and anxious consultation with all the parties and agents connected with . . . and it is only at 10 p.m. that I am able to write up this log for you. I had an hour's lawn tennis on the ground, which is near here, with Staples, Captain Aitchison, and Lieut. Dawson ; capital games, which did us all good ; and we said good-bye to our naval friends, who sail to-morrow, with much regret.

I send you an advertisement as to a fugitive slave, of which please take great care. Some day it will be a curiosity ; and although, as I have told you, slavery is not apparent in the streets, there is plenty of it in the newspapers.

ESCRAVO FUGIDO.

200 \$ 000.

Fugiu no dia 23 de Junho proximo passado, da fazenda Bemposta, em Cantagallo, propriedade de Acacio Americo Corrêa de Azevedo, o escravo Sabino, preto (crioulo do Maranhão) de 25 a 26 annos de idade, baixo e de pouco corpo, bons dentes tem um pequeno defeito em um quarto, que não lhe permite mover uma perna tão bem como a outra ; quando falla carrega muito nos rr e é um pouco gago. E' bom official de carpinteiro e trabalha tambem de marceneiro, sabendo bem empalhar cadeiras é intelligente e muito esperto. Foi vestido com calça de brim,

paletot e chapéu pretos levando uma pequena caixa de madeira com roupa e uma viola embrulhada em um lenço. Ha quasi certeza de ter vindo para a corte ou Nictheroy no dia 24 de Junho proximo passado, no trem de passageiros da estrada de ferro Cantagallo.

A quem o apprehender e levar á rua do Mercado n. 56 ou mesmo der d'elle noticia certa, se gratificará com a quantia acima.

Diario de Noticias,

Rio Janeiro, *July* 10, 1882.

One of the most striking things of everyday life here is the currency, which for everything above about *fourpence* is paper money ; bank notes for 10*d.*, 1*s.* 8*d.*, and so on, taking the place of gold and silver coin. I am not aware if there is any metallic currency in existence except the nickel coins and some large copper pieces representing a vast number of reis, and of the value of a $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* and $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.*, or thereabouts. The tramcar conductors and the waiters at the cafés move about with thin bundles of bank notes between their fingers, and the last state of that note is, I assure you, sevenfold diabolical.

Tuesday, 11th.

After a night of intense pain and no sleep, I again visited the dentist, who is supposed to be "killing the nerve" of my erring tooth, but who seems so far to have made much more impression upon me than on the object of his attack!

An American, Mackie by name, has just started the most civilized thing in Rio, a telephone, which, in an enormously straggling town, inhabited by a lazy people, is taking wonderfully. There is a wire to Tijuca, which finds subscribers though the charge is £100 a year; and for the town and nearer suburbs £5, and £5 extra for every

kilometer from the head office is the charge. And there are various public stations where you can speak to any one who has an instrument for a fee of 500 reis, or $10\frac{1}{2}$ d. The undertaking is already paying well, like the tramways, of which Company the £4 shares are worth £100; but it was a plucky thing to start by laying wires and going to great expense for instruments, as Mr. Mackie told me he did, before a single subscription was promised. Now, having got a monopoly from the Emperor, they are putting up private telephones, in the interior, from one part of a fazenda, or coffee farm, to another; and in places where there are no roads, you can give orders to a slave or call a doctor twenty miles away.

And now, after a week's experience, I must say that with the sole exception of the telephones and the trams, Rio is the least civilized capital I have ever been in. There is less movement in Lisbon, but the streets are much wider and better paved, and the presence of cabs makes the European capital more convenient, especially for strangers. Furthermore, there are few or no private carriages to be seen in Rio, and with good reason, for the pavement of the streets reminds one rather of an Eastern river in dry weather, or a Spanish cross road in a rocky country, than anything else I know in the nature of roadways. Even the Emperor drives abroad in a shandrydan drawn by mules, followed by a troop of hussars; and his ministers and other great officials, when they drive about, similarly make up for the poorness of their turn-outs by a guard of honour of two dragoons. In the evening I was gladdened by your first letter, written almost as soon as I had left you, but received so many many weeks after we parted. And when you get into the swing of receiving mine, I shall be on my way back again. This is not very favourable to correspondence, and I do not think I

could have expected a letter even by return of post to this, practically my first from Brazil, had I not determined already to put off my return until the *Aconcagua* goes home again, leaving Pernambuco on the 11th of September. So pray write to me a letter there.

* * * * *

On Monday evening we went to another theatre, the Santa Anna, a little larger and a little cleaner than the Principe Imperial, but still much more like a music hall than an English theatre, and similarly frequented by a smoking and spitting audience. We saw *La Mascotte* well acted and not very badly sung, but the orchestral part of the performance was beneath criticism. The conductor played the harmonium with his left hand the whole time, and while blowing with his legs, affected to wield his *bâton*—with what success you may imagine—with his right! Poor man! I really pitied him.

Wednesday.

Interview with dentist again, nerve as lively as ever; also with C. & Co., not much more satisfactory. It seems as hard to prepare the way for putting gold into my mouth as to take it out of the hills of Campanha; but I think the air of Rio lends itself to patience, or else my study of Lecky on board ship has made me a philosopher.

Thursday.

To-day I left a good many letters of introduction, and called on some more of our own people.

Rio, next to Paris, is the most tiring town I know to walk about in; and the air, though bright and by no means warm, does not fit one for great exertion or fatigue. Staples finds it very relaxing. I am perfectly well, but inclined to be easily tired. I found some mangoes to-day, brought from Pará, large green ones, fairly good; also

some smooth-skinned yellow fruit, about the size of a large hen's egg, which I take to be large and very superior *loquats*. They are called *abios*, the word is not to be found in the dictionary—and they also come from Pará. Those I have got pretty ripe are quite delicious. For the first time since we left Lisbon, Staples and I parted company for a few hours. After breakfast, when I went to business, he visited the Botanical Gardens, and only joined me at luncheon.

What I should have done without him I do not know ; certainly my life would have been far less happy, and probably very different. And next to you, I do not know a single man or woman of my acquaintance whom I would rather have had as a travelling companion. He is the easiest man to live with I ever met.

* * * * *

Friday.

Last night we went to see *Le Jour et la Nuit*, in Portuguese, of course. It was rather better done altogether than *La Mascotte* ; but the conductor, as before, moved my pity, and the audience my indignation. This afternoon Staples is going to Petropolis to distribute our diplomatic introductions, and I am to follow him to-morrow, having to continue some important negotiations with C—— this afternoon. And to-day being mail day, I must wind up this letter two days before I get yours, as I hope to do on my return from the hills on Monday. So I have nothing more to answer, nor aught to add to my daily notes and gossip.

* * * * *

Rio, July 18th.

I am afraid that my letters are almost too long ; but writing to you is one of the few pleasures I have, so you must make the best of it.

To-day, *Saturday*, I saw Staples off to Petropolis at one o'clock—it takes four hours, and costs £1 to get up, the distance being forty miles—and did business of all kinds, without any particular result, both before and after ; and returned to dine alone at the hotel in the evening. As this letter will not reach you for a month, and will not even be posted for nine days,—by which time I tremble to think what proportions it will have assumed !—I do not mind telling you that I feel very feverish to-night, and have also started another tooth : number one nerve being still very much alive—oh ! So I am looking forward to the change of air to-morrow, to say nothing of meeting Staples again after such a protracted absence ! As to teeth, there must be something in the air peculiarly bad for them ; half the people one sees have some gold showing in their mouths ; and at the rate I am going, I shall bring home a small mine of the precious metal with me, whatever be the result of the Campanha negotiations and surveys.

I saw a boy this afternoon, one half of whose face was black and the other half white, each quite natural in colour ; the cast of his countenance was that of a negro ; his legs, which were bare, were white with one black patch. I wonder if any one would believe this if you told it them ?

This afternoon I learnt from a telegram, two lines long, in the *Jornal de Commercio*, of the dreadful doings at Alexandria, and I feel very hungry for more details. When I get home I shall have “skipped” three months’ of contemporary English history, which I fear may be very interesting.

I never was in any capital, scarcely in any town in the world, in which there were so few peculiarities to be noted as Rio. Standing as it does on one of the most beautiful sites in the whole world, and with perhaps the finest

harbour of any sea ; every thing, and more or less every person about it, is ugly, uninteresting, shabby, and mean, and *kacha*. But to-day the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille has excited these silly people, who have enjoyed peace and prosperity, alone among all the other South American countries, from having a more stable form of Government, and who have, moreover, the advantage of being presided over—for it is little more—by one of the wisest, best, and most liberal sovereigns who ever reigned in the world. Copies of an evening newspaper, daubed with red and blue, to represent a tri-colour, were eagerly bought in the streets, and an enterprising Frenchman has given a “spectacle” of the “*Preso da Bastilha*,” where the modern Brazilians are to be shown how tyranny and tyrants are to be dealt with.

D— tells me that on the 4th of July copies of the American Declaration of Independence, printed on red paper, were hawked about the streets, and people talked with much gesticulation and rolling of r’s about *a Republica*.

The comparison of the relative prosperity of Brazil and the Argentine Republic is one of the feeblest arguments I ever heard advanced in favour of a republican form of government.

First of all, until a year ago Brazil was far more prosperous. Brazilian 5% were at *par* when Argentine 6% were at 40. And this in spite of every advantage of climate, of soil, and population in favour of the Argentines. If at the present moment the republic is going ahead, as it is, and the empire stationary, it is that these natural advantages are beginning to be allowed to prevail, and that instead of that jealousy of foreigners which combines with the climate in turning away immigrants from Brazil, the Argentines are welcoming hard-working men

from all countries, and rapidly making Buenos Ayres the New York of South America. But, like the old gardener at Marble Hill, who thought "the Repeal" meant something tangible and personally advantageous to himself, these children think that by calling themselves a republic they will have more money to spend and less work to do ; that "exchange" will go up, and the consumption and the price of coffee increase in Europe. Meanwhile they continue most peaceable and orderly—I know no town in the world where there are so few policemen—and remain an Empire, and at peace. I wish we were half as tranquil nearer home.

* * * * *

Petropolis, Sunday, July 16th.

Yesterday, after doing a certain amount of work in Rio, I took the steamer at one o'clock, which carried me across the bay to the foot of the Organ mountains. I cannot attempt to give you an idea of the beauty of the scene. The bay is studded with islands, some very small, some merely heaps of loose boulders of granite ; most, however, green and glittering, covered with dense and varied tropical vegetation, and one, as large as Guernsey, covered with mangoes; and the whole surrounded with mountains, some over seven thousand feet high, all densely wooded. After an hour's steam, we disembarked and took the rail, the first railway built in South America, just thirty years ago ; and were drawn by one of Fairbairn's engines, dated 1853, and which has been running here ever since. We got over ten miles in less than half an hour, through a dense tropical forest, varied by clearings where sugar and mandioca grow luxuriantly.

When the rail came to an end we found good carriages, drawn by five mules apiece, and "coached by a Switzer,"

or rather a Petropolitian German, which took us nine miles up the hill to Petropolis, 2,200 feet above the level of the sea. The ascent is very steep, and winds after the accustomed manner of good mountain roads. It was engineered by an Italian, thirty years ago ; but the peculiar character of the scenery is that it runs through a virgin forest—tropical nature and Swiss art. And the views of and over the great and glorious bay of Rio, as each turn of the road brings one higher and higher above it, are infinitely striking.

I was introduced, as we started, to Mr. Robert Norton, the head of the most important house of business in Rio ; and he proved a most pleasant and interesting travelling companion. Unlike most people who live abroad, he had a great admiration of the beauties of the scenery amidst which he lived ; and in this he is not singular as far as Rio is concerned, for Mrs. Ricketts, the wife of the consul, who visited Europe last year and saw Athens, Constantinople, and the most beautiful places in Switzerland and Italy, came back to Rio with the impression that its varied beauties were only increased by comparison with all she had seen elsewhere. I think the single view from the rest-house above Madhopore on the way to Dalhousie, from the Corniche road midway between Mentone and Monaco, the first sight of Italy from Domo d'Ossola on the road over the Simplon, and one or two other spots on the world's surface that I have already seen, may each be more beautiful than any one view of or from the Bay of Rio ; but every point here presents new beauties, and that which fascinates me is not only the great size of the bay, the beauty of the surrounding mountains, some always near—some always distant, and the picturesque tropical vegetation on the shores and islands, but the endless variety and combination of all, under the bright sun of the

tropics. The gorgeous flowering shrubs and trees, and the still more gorgeous butterflies, are also a characteristic feature in the landscape; and though I am disappointed at not yet having seen any humming-birds, the palms even surpass my expectation. Petropolis is, of course, something like an Indian hill-station, but it is more of a town; the houses are chiefly built in streets; it covers a comparatively small area of ground, and there are some good shops, grocers, chemists, and others, looking more like those of a country town in England than anything in India, still less in Rio. Indeed, the change from *Corte* to the hill suburb is even greater in this than in the air, which is saying a great deal. I feel quite braced up this morning, although the climate is not as cold as Murree, say in August; but it is far dryer. This hotel, founded by a Scotchman, McDowall, is kept, and very well kept, by an Englishman, Mills. Petropolis itself is a German colony, which, together with the difference in climate, makes it a far more civilized place than Rio; for although it is on the top of a mountain, and can only draw its supplies from and through the capital—of which it is practically a suburb,—there is not only more real, but even more apparent, comfort on the hill than in the city. I wonder how much is race and how much climate? But I feel sure that if the English had colonized Rio de Janeiro, it would have been one of the most prosperous cities in the world. Even the yellow fever is not indigenous, but has been created quite within the last few years by accumulation of Portuguese filth.

There is a general complaint in Rio at present of "business being bad." It is a pretty general complaint at all times and in all places; but it is to a great extent true in the present instance. The production of coffee has nearly doubled in Brazil in the last ten years, and the

quality having deteriorated owing to careless cultivation, and the consumption not having kept pace with the production, prices have fallen immensely, and are still falling. Now, owing to the gradual enfranchisement of the slaves, who as soon as they are free cease to do any work at all, the cost of production is actually becoming greater as the price of the thing produced is falling ; and considering that coffee is not only the greatest, but almost the only, export from Rio, you can easily understand that this part of Brazil is poor, and getting poorer. And the evil is intensified by the fact that although a great deal of first-rate coffee is grown in the country, none is exported, as the factors use it for mixing with the far greater quantity of inferior berries that are sent to them, and which they could not otherwise get off their hands at all.

Let me add one local characteristic that I learned yesterday, and you will not be astonished that the country does not roll in wealth. The bay of Rio is full of fish ; I cannot say that they are equal to those we are accustomed to in England or India, but they are excellent food. Now the fishermen finding that by fishing two days a week they can earn enough to keep themselves for the whole seven, resolutely refuse to catch fish during the odd five ; and thus the price is kept up, the supply kept down, and the riches that God has brought to their very doors swims away from the inhabitants.

Coming up yesterday, Mr. Norton very kindly asked me to breakfast this morning ; but I found on arrival at the hotel that Staples had already presented my letters of introduction and accepted an invitation to breakfast at the Embassy, and to dine with Mr. Leveson-Gower, the Secretary. However, I spent part of the morning to-day at Mr. N——'s very fine house, and met Mrs. N——, who is a very pleasant and cultivated woman. Last night,

E

on arriving, I was told that there was but one other man staying in the house, an Englishman, and that Staples had arranged for him to dine with us. Judge of my astonishment when, at half-past six, in walked—John Ball! He has been going round South America botanizing, and was, as he always is, a most charming companion, and entertained us till late at night with an account of his travels. At half-past eleven to-day we all three breakfasted with the Minister; and I confess I did enjoy a really good meal, with fresh milk and butter, burnished silver, a French cook, a German *maitre d'hôtel*, and an English footman. After all, it is a month since I dined at Hyde Park Gate, and with the exception of dinner on board the *Swiftsure*, I have not had a refined meal since.

After breakfast, Mr. Corbett took us for a ride in the virgin forest; Staples got a mount from Mr. Leveson-Gower; but I had to put up with a hired animal, which for roughness and power of fatiguing its rider at a foot's pace, stands first—the rest being nowhere—of all the horses I ever mounted. The path was too rough to admit of cantering, and the only other *allure* my beast knew was a sort of jog or indescribable amble, which no tactics known to me could change into a walk for ten yards during a three hours' ride. I would honestly go through it all again, however, for what I saw; and I do not write this when time has effaced the remembrance of the *amari aliquid*, but sore of flesh and aching in every bone and muscle; for nothing that I had ever imagined of a tropical forest comes up to the reality, and I regret, even more than my shaking, my utter inability to give you any idea of it. On my way up yesterday, I thought that when one visits a country like this, one should learn something of its botany, as well as of its language, before coming. And to-day this feeling of admiring ignorance was intensified.

Enormous trees, with smooth stems and leafy tops, from which long parasites hang down, themselves covered, as well as the trunks of the trees, with creeping plants of every kind. Then great tree-ferns, palms, and lower forest trees; then shrubs, with huge leaves and gay flowers; and on the ground a luxuriant mass of plants of all kinds, ferns, and mosses, and among all these, from highest to lowest, nothing that I had ever seen before. To bring home one specimen or a dozen specimens to you of all these riches would be like chipping a little bit of stone off the palace at Delhi, or the Alhambra at Granada, and bringing it back to give you some idea of the glories of the building; and for any one so ignorant of botany as I am to attempt to *describe* such things to you, would be like a Chinese traveller writing home an account to his wife of *The Huguenots* or *Guillaume Tell*. The one thing I missed was animal life. Not a bird, not a beast was seen or even heard; and as it is the winter here, there were comparatively few flowers. But the mere luxuriousness of nature, still, green, and grand, overwhelmed me.

In the evening, John Ball, Staples, and myself all dined with Mr. and Mrs. Leveson-Gower, and all enjoyed a refined dinner and pleasant hosts. Mrs. Leveson-Gower has made a most interesting collection of coloured sketches of the country, which are sufficiently interesting, and of the flowers, which are excellent. She says the forest looks quite tame to her now after the gorgeousness of its summer colours.

Mr. Corbett is . . . and knows Arley and many Cheshire friends and relations.

* * * * *

On our way home from dinner, we found the weather broken and rain falling fast. And I am told I was

wonderfully fortunate in the fineness and great clearness of yesterday and to-day for my visit.

Monday.

The rain cleared off a little early this morning, and Staples and I went for a ramble about the town. The more I see it, the less like an Indian hill-station do I find it. There are two large cotton-spinning factories, worked by the water-power of the stream that flows through the town; and there are two very good hotels. There are also a great many well-built houses, looking smarter and more European-like, not only than anything at Murree, but even than most things at Rio; and there are many well-laid-out and well-kept gardens, full of glorious flowering-shrubs, and enclosed by good iron railings. The Emperor's palace, especially, is a fine building, and stands in a very large garden. The vegetation of the place is more tropical, not only than the Himalayas, but even than the more northern plains of India. The German element prevails so largely among the townspeople and even the cottagers in the neighbourhood, that it is far more a German than a Brazilian town,—a fact which explains its cleanliness and its prosperity. At twelve o'clock, Staples, Leveson-Gower, and I started for a ride, I being mounted upon a mule whose walk was all that could be wished; and I again enjoyed the varied beauty of the mountain tropical scenery. To-day we not only rode through the forest, but also, nearer the town, over a good deal of ground that had been lately cleared; and in these parts, though I daresay the variety of vegetation was less than in the virgin forest, the component parts could be more easily distinguished; and I recognised a few old Indian and hot-house friends. The character of all the forest trees—where I could there see something of them—is to shoot up with bare stems to

a great height, and break out into a tuft or head of large-leaved foliage at the top. Then great creepers wind themselves up round these bare trunks, and send down long, thin, cord-like shoots, which hang down in festoons, and are themselves covered in parts with orchids, bromelias, ferns, mosses, and lichens. But I have promised not to stray into the unknown regions of botanical terms. I am at once relieved and disappointed to find John Ball, who is really an accomplished botanist, and whose business here is to add to his already enormous *hortus siccus*, can tell me the names of very few of the stranger trees or even plants of the place. We rode until nearly five o'clock, and saw an old German near Leveson-Gower's house, who collected orchids and walking-sticks in the forest; but remembering your father's reiterated warnings, I only invested in one of the latter for Tom. There was one orchid, indeed, that I should very much like to have carried off, hanging over the front of his verandah, and filling the air with its delicious scent. The German called it *cincllopetal*, it had five leaf-petals, green mottled with reddish brown, and one flower-petal, white striped with violet. Do you recognise it? and is it an *oncidium*?

We then went to see a German carpenter, who has made a good deal of furniture for the Leveson-Gowers; and I saw a table of which the top is composed of forty-two little pieces of wood, all different, and all found in the neighbourhood, most of them remarkably beautiful. It has just been made for Mrs. Norton, and the price of another would be 50,000 reis. We also saw a number of orchids, not in flower, in a private garden; most of them labelled as species of *Miltonia*. In the course of our ride I saw for the first time a humming bird, as well as a few butterflies; but I was struck, as I was yesterday, with the strange absence of animal life, except the dogs belonging

to the cottagers, which are numerous and cur-like. In the evening we dined with the Leveson-Gowers, and met the American Minister and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, who made themselves very agreeable. John Ball was full of good stories, and as among us, as a party, we had been all over the world, the conversation was by no means commonplace.

The next day, *Tuesday, July 18th*, Staples and I got up at 5.20 a.m. and went down to Rio in rain and fog; and I rejoiced at having had so fine a day for going up on Saturday, and consoled myself with reading Beaumarchais' *Barbier de Séville*, and making the acquaintance of the French Minister, the Comte d'Amelot, whom I had seen in the distance calling on Leveson-Gower the day before, and I found both very agreeable *compagnons de voyage*. John Ball we left in bed. On reaching Rio before ten o'clock,—the service is really very good,—I had my usual round of dentist, C——, D——, R—— and his friends, and had a nerve picked out by the first, and some good work with the others. We got back to our old quarters at the Grand Hotel in time for a dinner, which seemed very tough cheer after our English experience of the hills, and went to bed early, the rain falling in torrents. In the train from Raiz da Serra to Maua, I composed the following "verse and translation," which I hope you will recognise as well as admire:—

Puis-je te voir haletante et gisant
Sur ta poitrine, sans soupirant ?
Sans m'émouvoir te voir mourant ?
Grenouille de mon cœur !

Est-ce que des monstres de nature gamine
T'ont chassée de tes joies paludines,
Avec une bête féroce et canine ?
Grenouille de mon cœur !

"*Sans soupirant*" is tolerably dog-French! English mail in to-day; a charming long letter from you, which I will answer fully to-morrow.

Wednesday, July 19th.

Last night I was rash enough to apply to my face, before going to bed, some of Nelson's pyrethrum. So far I had not suffered at all from mosquitoes, but last night attracted, homœopathically, by this celebrated remedy, the brutes attacked me in force, and I awoke at five o'clock in the morning a mass of bites. I had the hardihood to apply as a remedy that which had so signally failed as a preventive; and I have suffered very severely all day from badly inflamed bites all over my face, ears, and neck, one eye bunged nearly up, and with only my hands, which were enclosed in your excellent nightshirt bagsleeves, free from irritation.

The day brought forth nothing of interest: various calls on correspondents, none very attractive; the usual negotiations as to mining properties, sure to be finally concluded *amanhã*, but always wanting "that something still which prompts the eternal sigh." D—— dogmatic, Staples cheery and eminently practical, Rhind steady. The weather cold and damp, and your letter re-read. I am so glad . . . By this time I think of you enjoying the fruits of the earth of your own garden. And I hope Mrs. C—— may be an agreeable neighbour. If so, pray remember me to her, as to all nearer friends; and give wedding salutations in proper time at Hinton. All these things seem to me in another hemisphere—as they are!

Rio, July 20th, Thursday Night.

This morning the Viscount de Barbacena, on whom Staples and I had left letters and cards last night, called on us at breakfast time, and after many kind offers of

service, asked us to dine *en famille* at 5 o'clock this evening.

The day brought forth nothing of great interest, and Rhind had to go to a funeral; so Staples and I took the steamer to Nitheroy, and enjoyed the glorious view all the way there and back, passing our old friend the *Ceylon*, who, having painted her funnel yellow, since we knew her, and calling herself a yacht, is on her way home after her voyage round the world. The view from Nitheroy is one of the finest, and certainly the best that I have yet seen of the city of Rio itself. And the day being fine and warm, we enjoyed ourselves very much, and congratulated ourselves on having such very different weather from the Brasseys.

At 5 o'clock we found a large party assembled at the Barbacenas, all family except ourselves, and sat down to an excellent dinner, served with simplicity and refinement, and presided over with graceful ease by the host and hostess. In the course of dinner we found that it was the 80th birthday of the Viscount, and that we had been permitted to take part in a friendly rejoicing, at which his great-grandchildren were also guests. One of them, a little boy of eight, proposed his health, and we all drank it in bumpers of champagne, with cheers, and wished our host very heartily many happy returns of the day. He is a most interesting man, was *attaché* in London in 1821, and has been minister both at home and abroad many times since, and he told us much about both England and Brazil that interested us exceedingly. He was at the state banquet at the coronation of George IV., and saw some of the guests carry off a spoon or fork apiece as a memento of the occasion! He is well up in contemporary English politics, and laments the Irish policy of the Government, and the rule of Gladstone generally. The

Viscountess is an Englishwoman, and a most graceful and kindly lady, and they both seem inclined to do all in their power to make our stay in Rio as pleasant as possible.

The foreign ministers and diplomats generally here have but little opportunity of exercising hospitality, as there are no legation houses, and they all, as far as I know, live in hotels! I should think it is the only capital in the world where they do so; and as the hotels are among the worst in the world, the diplomatic tastes and manners must run a great risk of being deteriorated. I suppose they look to Petropolis to correct their moral as well as physical health; and certainly, in our experience, hospitality flourished in that mountain town like the green bay tree of illustration, or the still more luxuriant vegetation of their own tropical gardens.

Friday night, July 21st.

When we had done our business to-day we went in a tram to the Botanical Gardens. The drive alone, by Botafogo Bay, is one of the most beautiful I have yet taken. The gardens themselves, lying under the great peak of the Corcovado, and close to a great lake or branch of the marvellous Bay of Rio itself, are, as a botanical collection, unworthy of the site; but there is one feature that must, I am sure, be unrivalled in the world, and that is the three long avenues of royal palms, the trees standing very close together, and each one rising seventy to eighty feet without a branch, and with spreading tops like bunches of ostrich feathers. The effect is wonderful.

We got back just in time for dinner, and spent the rest of the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Dick Cunyngnam, and a party of diplomatists, at the Hotel des Etrangers.

I forgot to tell you that your health was drunk last night by the Barbacena family, and duly responded to by your affectionate husband.

Saturday, July 22nd.

There is a large wooden building in the garden of this hotel, with entrances duly marked *Sombra*, *Sol*, and *Sol e Sombra*, in the familiar fashion. The thing was built some years ago; and when it was quite finished, leave was asked of the authorities to have bull-fighting there. This was refused! and the promoters, considering that it would cost as much to remove the structure as the materials were worth, left it standing. So here it stands, and no one smiles.

I am writing this, at 4 p.m., in my evening clothes, waiting to go to the palace with Barbacena; and Staples, ever to the fore when he is wanted, is in the city trying to move on—and off—D——!

If everything goes as I could wish it, as to getting back to Europe, I ought to be in London or Paris on Michaelmas Day, and . . . Now I am off to the Emperor.

Sunday morning, July 23rd.

Yesterday afternoon we drove about six miles—everything in Rio is about six miles from everything else—to the palace, and the road disclosed a number of streets that I had never been in before, and some hospitals, schools, and other public buildings, not handsome architecturally, but large, solid, and convenient-looking. We also went under the great aqueduct, which has a double row of arches, like Segovia, and which has lately been built to carry to the city the excellent water with which it is supplied.

Arrived at the palace, Barbacena, being a grandee of the empire, was entitled to the private *entrée*, so I had a special audience. The Emperor was very gracious, shook hands, asked me a great deal about my travels in other

countries, and made me talk chiefly about India. Barbacena told him I had published some books, and he asked me all about them, and wished to see them, so I must send him copies when I can. He shook hands at parting, and asked me to come and see him again.

The room we were received in was without furniture of any kind, and there was no "pomp" beyond one lord-in-waiting; indeed, the part of the palace that we saw looked altogether more like a huge deserted hotel in a foreign town than anything else I can suggest. Contrary to the etiquette at St. James's, where the sovereign stands still and the visitors pass by: here the subjects stand and the emperor passes on—or round. When he had left us, we went to the Empress's apartments, and I was taken in and presented to her, more like a royal presentation at home, save that she said a few words to me before I passed. There was nothing very remarkable about the Empress, but her lady-in-waiting was more like a very respectable upper servant of the old school than anything else. The Emperor is the image of Mr. Fred Chapman, with very good manners, and a familiar dignity which is very striking. But none of his subjects looked at all up to his mark, and I can quite believe what Barbacena and the French Minister both told me, that he is in every way the first man in his dominions. One of the next is, I think, Barbacena, who is one of the most cultivated, high-bred, and completely sensible men I have ever met. But for a combination of great common sense, with the peculiarity of sharing my opinions and tastes upon nine out of every ten of the matters which five weeks' travelling have brought up, commend me to Robert Staples.

Now I must close, as this has to go to post to-day, the steamer sailing at 10 o'clock to morrow morning.

This day week will, I think, be the next mail to carry to you . . .

Rio, Tuesday, July 25th.

I have just come back from the races, which are held in a "*campo*" about six miles from Rio, and I do not suppose that any other racecourse in the world enjoys such a view, with the glorious mountains all round, and glimpses of the Bay of Rio from place to place. Barbacena, who was for many years President of the Rio Jockey Club, took us, and showed himself as little of a horsey character as either Staples or myself, and I do not think two young men could be picked out of London society who know or care less about racing. We went to see the people; and our conclusion is, that an uglier collection of men and women—especially women—could not be made in any other capital in the globe.

The grand stand is a very fine building, and could hold five thousand people. I daresay there were two thousand on it to-day; so we all had room to move about comfortably. The Imperial party drove on to the course in state carriages, built, I should think, about the year 1815, and took up their position in a separate stand. There were two military bands, which played from time to time, and were a novel feature at a race meeting. A still more novel feature, and in spite of the badness of Brazilian music, a far more objectionable one, was the horde of children, some in arms, carried by black slaves, and all dressed up to their eyes, who crowded the stand. There was but a very moderate attendance of the lower orders, and as far as I could see not a single policeman. Brazilian crowds must be the most tractable in the world. The arrangements for betting are delightful. The professional betters are locked up in a large building, with grated windows at intervals, at which they bet with the public, giving tickets

to record the transaction and attest the receipt of the money; when the race is over the winners repair to another window, and on presenting their ticket they are paid their winnings! When all is over the betters are let out! We came and went away by train; the carriages and engines being of American pattern, and the whistle of so deep and terrible a note that it is not called a whistle, but a bull's bellowing (*boi*); and still further to alarm the stranger, each engine is furnished with a bell, which the driver clangs from time to time.

We are perpetually being reminded, in odd ways, that we are "the other side" of the equator. For example, things that "go round with the sun"—wine, for instance—turn here the reverse way from that which they do at home; by an exception, however, and I suppose because racing is entirely an exotic from England, the horses ran round to-day as they do at Epsom, from right to left.

One little peculiarity of the Brazilians is their way of calling attention. One hears it most in the tram-cars, when any one wishes to make the conductor pull up; but its mild character is perhaps more striking at a *corrida* of horses, remembering as I do the stentorian shouts of "*Hombre!*" and "*Chico!*" that resound at the equivalent Spanish *corrida* of bulls. The Brazilian makes a noise something between a sneeze and a spit, gentler than the sh-sh-sh with which one drives away animals in England, and very peculiar. Another impression that has been still more strongly given to me—and a very pleasant one—is the absence among the people here of that desire, so strong in the officials, and lower and middle classes of French and Germans, especially French, and to a certain extent of Italians and other continentals, to prevent you going anywhere. You are not penned up at the railway station; you may hang on to the

tram-car when it is *complet*. We could have gone into the weighing-room, or even into the stables, at the races without opposition. "*Le public n'entre pas*" is unknown. One room under the grand stand, into which we did go, is, as far as I know, without a precedent on an English racecourse—an *enfermaria*, with three clean beds, ready to receive wounded jockeys! The notion is perhaps taken from the grander Corrida of Spain, where not only the bed, but the priest, is in readiness, and occasionally required. Here, upon a flat racecourse, I fancy the *enfermaria* is rarely occupied, and as to the priests, one hardly even sees them in the streets. I never was in a town inhabited by people of any religion, and I might almost say of *any size*, where I saw so few ecclesiastics. Monks and nuns are being gradually extinguished, much in the same way as slavery; that is, at or from a certain time, some years ago, no new monks and nuns were allowed to be made; existing interests were respected, but the thing was thus caused to die out. There is one large convent on the way between Botafogo and the city, tenanted now by only two nuns. When they both die, the building and revenues will fall in to the State; till then they are allowed to remain. The same thing is the case in a monkery not far off, where one monk retains the property for the dying order. There is much to be admired in all this, and there is a good as well as a bad side to a lack of energy.

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Wednesday, July 26th.

To-day I read for the first time in Rio some English newspapers, and learned more fully the wretched news from both Ireland, Egypt, and the House of Commons. I told you once before that there was no club or subscrip-

tion room here—sufficiently characteristic of the apathy of the place ; but I did not tell you, for I did not know, what is equally characteristic of Rio and the Brazilians, that the Commercial Exchange, which is in the centre of the town, and well supplied with the latest papers, English, French, and Brazilian, is practically open to the public ; that is to say, no one attempts to prevent your going in and reading the aforesaid papers as much and for as long as you like, which we accordingly did, and will continue to do.

Rio is certainly a very cheap town to live in in most ways. We are living at the best hotel in the place, and the terms are about 11s. a day for everything, even lights, including gas in bedrooms. And as there is *no wine list*—nor can we even induce our host to make out one—there is no temptation to launch out into extravagance in that direction. Then there is nothing to buy ; no cabs to take. The theatres are not attractive, and if they were the stalls cost but 3s. 6d. ; and everything worth seeing or doing is to be seen or done *gratis*. In fact, beyond the daily expenditure of nickel pieces for the trams, we have found no way as yet of getting rid of our money.

The climate ever since we have been here has been really very pleasant : cool without being cold ; no wind, and, till to-day, no rain ; a clear sky, but an air somewhat relaxing. The dangers of yellow fever are, as I fancied, greatly exaggerated ; the real scourge of Rio is pulmonary consumption, that and throat diseases of every kind. I have looked through the bills of mortality daily since my arrival, and the cause of death being always noted, I have been able to see how little fever and how much of the really fatal diseases is prevalent here ; and I am told that, except on very rare occasions, it is always the same. I have been and am particularly well, nor do I even feel the

relaxing air as much as Staples, and this in spite of very irregular meals, especially luncheons, a good many causes for worry, and constant suffering from my teeth.

In the evening we went to a ball, given at what is called the Casino, a magnificent room about as large as the Kensington Town Hall, with a gallery on a fine row of pillars running all round it inside, and well lighted. The floor was bad, the music fair. All the Imperialities there, but very few Europeans—as far as I could learn, only two dancing men besides ourselves and two or three elders, with three dancing girls and a matron or two of English birth, one Greek beauty, and the French minister and his charming and graceful wife. But there were a dozen citizens of the United States—for “American” means nothing out here—in naval uniform. So you may fancy our chances of dancing were very small, especially as the English we did know could not, or would not, introduce us to any Brazilians, and our dear Barbacena was, I suppose, in bed. Brazilian beauty is a thing non-existent, as we were more than ever convinced after this ball; but there were many well and very many richly dressed ladies. The men, I must say, looked like woe-begone hairdressers, and really were, I daresay, as miserable as they looked, as smoking was strictly forbidden! The usual *obligato* accompaniment was, however, under no ban; and I saw the operation performed in a corner of the ball-room, by a minister of state, with great satisfaction!

The supper was light, but good; and I have coined a new word for you, after partaking of it. It was a “finger-and-thumb” entertainment, but “with a difference.” For the Brazilians are very skilful at making small *rissoles* or *croquets* of meat, and especially of prawns, which are common and very good here. These are eaten cold, and there was, of course, a large stock of them at the ball,

being about the very best possible thing for a light supper without knives and forks. "Finger and thumb" merely, the meal was not, however; for the etiquette of the supper-table consisted in impaling one of these *pastes* delicately upon the point of a *toothpick*, and then eating it leisurely—*ambulando*. This I call a "toothpick supper!" Another peculiarity of this ball supper was that refreshments and toothpicks were handed round in the ball-room by waiters, and senators might be seen munching between the dances.

The only uniforms were those of the citizen sailors of the U. S. ; and this reminds me that in no city, nor town of any size, that I have ever been in, have I seen so few soldiers as in Rio. Indeed, in three weeks I am not sure that I have seen one, except the hussars who follow the imperial and ministerial carriages as a sort of guard of honour.

Tijuca, July 30th, 1882.

This will be posted to-morrow at Rio. A great . . .

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So you may imagine I have worked hard. We have not once been to the theatre, nor since Monday have we had any evening amusement, or even a dinner out of our hotel; yet the time has been so far from hanging heavily on our hands, that I have only been able to read one play of Beaumarchais, the *Mariage de Figaro*, which exceeds my expectations as much as it is superior to the *Barbier de Séville*. I am not surprised at the influence it had at the time it was written, and I hope some day to see it played—with you—at the Comédie Française.

The time is running on at a pace I never expected, and we are beginning to realize that we have done nothing—but work, and shall have time to do nothing more!

I have already told you of my intention to leave Rio

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on the 24th by the *Tamar*, as she touches at Maceio, and go on by another steamer to Pernambuco, to await my Staples in my Aconcagua. Now, after a vast amount of running about, I find that there is no steamer from Maceio to Pernambuco that will suit, or at least none that any one knows anything about ; so I set to work to find out the land communication between the ports. Beyond acquiring a reputation for madness among those who I have consulted, I have learnt nothing. Some people say there is a railway part of the way, some say there is not even a road ; the estimates of the length of the journey by steamer vary from nine to forty-eight hours ; the manager of the bank considers the land journey might be accomplished in six days. The most hopeful counsellor says that a nigger *used* to ride the distance in one day with the post, but that this facility has been discontinued since the Royal Mail steamers have taken to calling at Maceio twice a month ! And I am told that even at the Ministry of the Interior, if I could get any one to attend to me, I could obtain no more certain information than I have detailed to you. "When you get to Maceio," I am tired of being told, "you will probably get all the information you desire." However all this may be, I intend, please God, to see Maceio and Pernambuco, and find myself on board the *Aconcagua*—whatever.

I have spoken of the way one is let in to everything in Rio, as agreeably different from the way one is kept out of everything, say in France. I have a good instance this week. There is a Museum of Natural History, which to our regret we were told was closed, pending some important alterations, and the arrangement of a special anthropological exhibition. On Friday we went there, and knocked at the door. A young man appeared, with a large syringe in his hand, and told us the state of the case.

I very politely—but with firmness and at some length—detailed various reasons why we should be admitted, and finally walked in, saw the syringe, which was full of coffee, pumped into the stomach of a dog under treatment—looked at disease germs through a microscope, found everything in disorder—the place full of workmen, went through everything, examined the incomplete anthropological exhibition, introduced ourselves to the very polite Director, and received his apologies for the disorder reigning around, saw the live snakes poked out of their sleep for our delectation, and had a really enjoyable visit.

Theoretically, I fancy, science in Brazil is pretty far advanced; there are plenty of homœopathic chemists too, in the city, and much discussion in the papers about the new medical system "*Dosimétrie*," with regard to which there is soon to be a conference in Paris, and of which I heard something when I was there in December, as I think I told you. Rio, and I believe all Brazil too, is full of schools of all sorts, but the *practical stage* does not yet seem to have been reached. Perhaps, like poetry, it is what cannot be taught.

Staples' waterproof and hatbox, in which my opera glasses made the journey very safely, thanks to Elizabeth and Tom, arrived here on the 15th, and (1) being a small parcel, (2) being passenger's luggage, (3) being subject to no duty, (4) being closely looked after by a special *des-pachante*, were delivered to us on the 28th, *i.e.* after only thirteen days' detention; so you may fancy what happens to large cases containing articles subject to various duties.

The *Clara Novello*, with coal for us, arrived on Thursday, and I walked through the custom-house with the captain and others concerned in clearing the cargo. The central hall is a very fine room, one of the finest of the kind in the world. Staples estimated that there were about eight

hundred clerks sitting and standing about. I will not vouch for the number, but I can make affidavit that I did not see one who was doing anything at all, except the gentleman whom we disturbed to ask to be allowed to sign our names to a printed form, and who I am bound to say was very polite, and took the intrusion very well. But how an inanimate hatbox ever passed through the eight hundred in only thirteen days I cannot imagine.

On Saturday, about one o'clock, we took the tram from the city to the terminus, about eight miles from the centre of Rio, whence the carriage road begins the ascent to Tijuca. Rio is the only town I know, except London, where the business part is called "the city," and I should think the town itself must cover an immense space of ground; for along nearly the whole of the road we came by tram there were not only houses on either side, but cross streets to the right and left; and the point of our departure, to the east of the city, must be at least four miles from Botafogo on the west. This would give something over ten miles as the length of the town. Including Nitheroy, on the other side of the bay, it is not surprising that the population should be four hundred thousand. But what is surprising, is how they ever got there, and what they all do. Rio manufactures little; until a few years ago, nothing. The town exports little, even now, but the one staple of coffee; and it surely does not need four hundred thousand people to pass the coffee through the town, nor even to take in, clear, and send up country the goods imported from Europe or North America, to be consumed by the producers of the said coffee, seeing especially that these producers are chiefly slaves. And even on the supposition that it takes ten men to do the business that in some countries is done by one, it is difficult to see how the ten contrive to live—as they do.

Be this as it may, we left our luggage to follow us, and walked on about four miles up an admirable road to Tijuca, delighted at every turn by the beauties of the bay, of which I am afraid you must by this time be very tired of hearing, but which I assure you it is impossible ever to be tired of seeing, if it were only for the reason that they are new from every different place, and almost in every different light. The vegetation, as we walked along, although far less grand than in the forest at Petropolis, was delightful in its luxuriant variety, and we were only disappointed at finding Whyte's Hotel, the end of our walk, down in a hollow, on the opposite side of the mountain from Rio, and without any view whatever. We were even more disappointed the next morning at being awoke by torrents of rain, which continued all day. No stirring out; no church indoors; no companions of interest; no library; a racking toothache in *both* the teeth stopped on Friday—one on each side of my jaw—prevent my *entirely* enjoying the place, as I daresay I might under more favourable circumstances. However, I am perfectly well, and I have all but passing reasons for being very happy; and I at least enjoy writing this letter to you, and hope I have not impressed any undesired dulness upon it. I have often, as you may imagine, set myself to consider whether you would have enjoyed yourself, had you come out here with me; and I have invariably, and each time more decidedly, come to the conclusion that you would *not*! And so, as you may perhaps never come, I am anxious to tell you as much about the place as possible. But it is rather dreary getting no answers, and feeling that there is no possibility of getting any.

Rio, Monday, August 1st.

We were thoroughly unfortunate in our weather for

Tijuca ; for it not only rained the whole of Sunday, which we spent there, but it rained all yesterday too, and our road down to Rio led, not through a succession of beautiful views, but was performed inside a close diligence driven through a mist. You asked in your last letter how my tropical clothes answered. In answer I will tell you how I was dressed yesterday. Two flannel shirts, two pairs of trousers, one pair of thick leggings, one waistcoat, one blue coat, one large waterproof coat, etc.! Driving along the flat into Rio, although there was no view, I was even more struck with the beauty of the gardens than I had been on my way up, and an obliging fellow-passenger told me the names of many trees and shrubs, most of which, never having heard before, I have forgotten. I remember, however, guava, jack-fruit, bread-fruit, loquat, abio (it seems these are *not* the same), and datura stramonium, a tall plant with a bell-shaped flower a foot long and eight inches wide at the opening. This was common on the hill, and still commoner was what looked like a great rhododendron, called quaresma, because it blooms in Lent ; but there were even now some flowers. The castor-oil plant, with a trunk and branches like a small tree, and not the succulent thing we remember, is also common. But the most beautiful thing I saw was a tree which looked like a mountain ash covered with berries—only, what appeared to be the clusters of berries were great flowers, a little more red and less scarlet than the mountain ash berry—the foliage was not unlike ; but I am sorry to say my friend did not know the name of the tree. He pointed out to me a tall palm growing out of the trunk of a large fig-tree, and looking as straight and as healthy as if it had its roots in *terra firma*.

On our return to town, the dentist, D—, and similar pleasures filled up the rest of the day ; and in the even-

ing—for the first time since we have been at Rio—we found time for a little quiet reading.

I have tried to scent this paper with orange-skin oil, and hope it may carry as far as your delicate nose.

If your mother is with you, pray give her my love, and tell her I really wish she were here to enjoy the vegetation.

Yours of July 8th, dated Rushden, arrived this afternoon, followed in about two hours by yours of the 23rd June. This is a little confusing. . . . I wish I could return all your little gossip in kind; but I have none to tell you. Rio certainly is the most unsociable place in the world—at all events for strangers.

This afternoon, however, Mr. Corbett took Staples and me to the Count and Countess d'Eu's levee or drawing-room, which is from five to seven, after their dinner! We were received very pleasantly, all sat down, and after a little dull talk retired. Their palace has a splendid view down an avenue of palms, almost as fine as any one of those in the Botanical Gardens, and with the advantage of a peep of the bay and the mountains on the other side, at the end of the avenue. Gaston d'Orléans is a tall, slight, refined-looking man, and the Imperial Princess fair and more German than Brazilian looking—like a Braganza—with a pleasant smile and good manner.

Rio, Friday, August 4th.

Last night we went to a concert and ball at the palace of the Count and Countess d'Eu. We arrived at 8 p.m., the Emperor and Empress a few minutes later. The princess accompanied a violinist on the piano, and we had a song and one or two instrumental pieces, all by amateurs. There was no applause, but after each piece one of the royalties went up and said a complimentary word to the performers.

The state apartments consist of two large rooms on either side of the entrance hall. A servant in livery took my great coat from me on the steps outside of the house, and as I walked in I saluted the prince and princess. During the music, ladies only were admitted into the room with the piano, and the men hung about the hall and looked at the *fruit défendu* sitting round the walls of the carpetless room, and showing a great variety of shoes, feet, and ankles.

Ices and light refreshments were handed round when the concert was over, and then a nigger band in a corridor behind struck up a quadrille, the social barrier was broken down, and the black coats invaded the sanctuary. Quadrilles were danced on an Aubusson carpet in the opposite room, as well as on the excellent floor of the concert room, and the band, though without a conductor, did not play badly, though I found walses with at least six quavers to the bar very poor after the one dotted minim of English ballrooms now-a-days.

Baron Hübner was there, looking a thorough old diplomatist—I believe he was Austrian Ambassador in Paris thirty years ago—and many other men I knew. As to girls, there was only one English dancer, and I danced with her three times. I was introduced to Mrs. Collins, and altogether, in a mild Brazilian way, enjoyed myself a good deal. Furthermore, Barbacena introduced me to Baron de Rio Bonito, who has the crack fazenda in this part of Brazil, and who asked me and Staples to spend a day with him whenever we could. There was a small *buffet* with sandwiches and iced orangeade, *à la* Berkeley Street, in the corridor, and I had a glass of very good port wine at 12 o'clock, when the emperor and empress left, and all the guests followed in a body.

To-day I have been busy making small purchases for

the road on Monday, paying a few farewell visits, and as usual wasting a good deal of time in connection with D—and C—. And to-night I shall do nothing but pack and sort clothes, and write a few business letters.

Sunday Morning.

Yesterday being fine, Staples and I walked up the Corcovado—the highest mountain very near Rio. We found by the aneroid that the summit is just short of 1800 feet above the sea level. It took us nearly three hours to walk up, and about two to come down; and you may judge that the Rio air has done me no harm when I tell you that I was not in the least tired, though I am necessarily in no kind of training. After an abundant—I dare not say a good—dinner, we spent half the night in sorting and packing up. Three heaps: one for the mines, perpetually being diminished, one for Pernambuco, and one for home! That looks like business. Among the clothes to be sorted was my old pair of blue serge trousers, which I have just, to my great joy, contrived to sit through, and was about to leave behind. Staples, however, insisted upon my patching the garment with a square of white check calico, for the mines; and I am afraid my sewing would not have got a prize from Miss de Salis. But really yesterday was a day of days, and I am glad I gave up the emperor's levee, as I did, to walk up Corcovado. The path up lies through the forest, and of course there is no view; and the forest itself, though interesting at every turn, is less grand and striking than those near Petropolis. And the way lies, of course, in the shade. But on reaching the top, which is bare rock, the view that bursts upon one must be one of the most beautiful and perhaps the most striking in the world. Looking east, the whole town of Rio, with its white houses and red-tiled roofs, its palm

trees and its gardens, lies at your feet. And as a great part of it stretches out into the bay, there is the clear blue water around and before it, and the most magnificent harbour in the world, dotted with wooded islands, stretching away north, south, and east, backed up everywhere by lofty mountains. Turning towards the south, the narrow entrance to the harbour, with the two great mountains on either side, that seem to command the passage, the white surf beating along the rocky coastline, and an immense expanse of ocean almost at one's feet, is perhaps the most naturally beautiful view of all. To the west, ocean again, stretching away with mountain headlands towards Santos, with the great inland lake and the tall palms in the Botanical Gardens, looking like grass spikes, immediately under you. To the north, San Christovão; and farther away the grand range of the Organ mountains. Seen thus, Rio is on a peninsula, being surrounded by sea to the extent of 260° of the 360° ; and, statistics apart, I assure you that I—who was enchanted with Rio the day I arrived, and have been finding new beauties, even in the old features, every day during the month I have been here—was astonished at the magnificence of the view, and this though the distance was somewhat hazy. Under the most favourable circumstances, I do not think there can be any doubt that it is the most splendid panorama of the kind, far and away, that can be seen in this world.

Now I am off to church, and must make up this letter. I do not see how you are to get another from me for a fortnight, for I start this evening for ground beyond the reach of posts. I am taking some paper in my small saddle-bags, and hope to keep a journal of some kind for you, which shall be posted as soon as I return, though it may not start until I do, on the 24th,

by the *Tamar*, as far as Maceio ; and then Pernambuco, and then the *Aconcagua*, Staples, and—home !

*Cruzeiro, Province of Minas Geraes,
Monday, August 7th.*

The church yesterday was large and airy, cane-bottomed seats, and a very sparse congregation, a nice-looking young parson, simple service, and appropriate sermon. But the Rio English do not seem to *meet*, even at church. Their club, as I told you, is broken up, and though there is nominally a cricket and lawn tennis club, Mr. Dick Cunyngham tells me he never can get a game, and laments the unsociable character of Rio society and their aversion to all kinds of exercise, which strikes him after ten years' life in India, as much as, and more practically, than it does me. And the Rio Brazilians do not seem to meet, any more than the English foreigner : there is no Park, nor *Prado*, nor *Prater*, no open-air or even covered place of meeting in the whole city or suburbs ; and there are very few private *réunions* or parties of any size. There is not even one decent café or restaurant with seats in the street or open air, as there are in every town in Southern or Central Europe. The people seem to live only for business—and to do none.

We left Rio at half-past three, and went as far as Barra de Pirahy, where we arrived at nine, slept like brothers in the same room, and started again for this place at eight o'clock the next morning. A short time before we left our hotel at Rio, I was told a young man wanted to speak to me, and on going into the public room, a young Brazilian introduced himself, asked if I was the Mr. Burke that was going up to Cruzeiro to see Mr. Hunt ; and on my replying Yes, handed me a parcel, saying, " Here are twenty million reis ; might I ask you as a favour to take them to Mr.

Hunt ; I suppose you do not wish me to count them?" And on my saying No, he very quietly replied, "Thank you," and vanished.

It is true the amount was only £2000 sterling, but it struck me as rather a confidential, not to say casual, way of remitting money. I am happy to say it carried quite safely. The train was slow, but kept good time, the carriage large and airy, and no trouble about luggage or taking seats, or anything in the French style. I think I have already told you that the carriages and engines are on the American pattern. There are no lights nor night signals upon the line, however, so the train can only run by day ; indeed, our train was rather a dissipated one, and was timed to go to bed at least an hour later than was consistent with perfect safety to its constitution. From the hotel to the railway station in Rio we took the first cab or carriage that we have had during our stay of one month in Rio. It had to be ordered six hours in advance ; it came late ; we gave the man 6000 reis, say 12s. ; and he grumbled !

At Barra de Pirahy we met C., and travelled on together to-day. The line winds along the valley of the Parahyba, and the river was overhung with a thick white vapour, like steam, for half an hour or so after we started. The air was still very cold and the sun already hot, and I suppose this was the cause of what was really a very extraordinary sight. Three trains were at Barra de Pirahy, full of Brazilian passengers, all in the first class wearing long white coats or cloaks, looking like a company of priests or acolytes. But it seems this over-garment is *de rigueur*, on account of the dust, which is certainly something wonderful, and beats that between Bordeaux and Bayonne in August hollow. There are only two classes in Brazil, and the second-class passengers have nothing white about them !

The scenery about here is very beautiful, more like bits near Madhopore than Rio; but there is no very remarkable local colour, except perhaps that at every station there are two or three half-castes in black coats and light trousers, with huge spurs buckled on to their naked feet!

I am writing this in a charming room in a charming house, built by Mr. Hunt, engineer and general head of the Minas and Rio Railway, and where I am the guest of Mrs. Hunt. It is built of wood, and the varnished planks make the floor, walls, and ceiling of the room, reminding me of the Hotel Badrut at St. Moritz. It reminds me also a little of a bungalow at an Indian Mofussil station, perhaps partly because it is an oasis of cleanliness and civilization and comfort in the midst of—the contrary; and snowy linen, fine glass, pretty furniture, and tempting food seem doubly cheering after our month at Rio; and the last newspapers and magazines, and all the minor comforts and graces that an English lady usually collects around her wherever she pitches her tent, are I am sure never enjoyed more thoroughly than by your husband.

To-morrow we are to start for the interior. To-day I have a little surprise for you to wind up with—John and Rowland arrived here half an hour after me!

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*Minas and Rio Railway Resthouse (Fazendinha)
Kilometer 74. Tuesday Evening.*

I am sorry to say some of my small store of paper is completely spoilt by the p-rsp-n of my horse, but I will begin a letter to you on what remains, damp though it be!

Mrs. Hunt asked one or two men to meet us at dinner last night, and among others Mr. Stanley, the chief engineer of the line, in whom I recognised an old acquaintance, a friend of poor John Trevor Barkley's, and one of

the group connected with the great Mexican railway business, at which Underdown and I worked so hard. Fancy meeting him, and two brothers-in-law, unexpectedly, at a place of about a hundred inhabitants in the interior of Brazil! The most interesting part of all is that Mr. Stanley is well acquainted with hydraulic mining, and is experienced, practically as well as theoretically, as a gold miner and a Californian explorer.

I told you of my lighting upon a grateful bondholder of the Midland of Canada in Mr. Whittle, at Rio ; but this, I think, beats even that discovery !

At seven o'clock this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, Staples and I, John and Rowland, and an engineer or two, went by special train along the completed portion of the Minas and Rio railroad, as far as kilom. 20, whence we rode 4 kilometers more to the mouth of the great tunnel, where we were welcomed and entertained at an excellent breakfast in a hut, by Octavius Brooke and his two chums. The line we were carried over this morning was most beautiful as well as most interesting, cut through the virgin forest, and carried over a succession of embankments and through cuttings winding round the sides of the hills in daring curves and mounting up still more daring gradients. It was the passage of the Pyrenees or the Sierra Nevada, with the tropical vegetation of a Brazilian forest, with its orchids and parasites, and with all the additional interest of being in course of construction, and of passing over it on an open truck in the company of the engineer who planned and is actually constructing the road. At half-past ten John and Rowland had to be sent down again to Cruzeiro, to get to England, and Mrs. Hunt accompanied us a short distance on our way. Horses had been ordered at different places on our road, and at half-past four we arrived here, quite fresh after our fifty-four kilometer ride.

And such a ride! We followed the line of railroad all the way; no rails are laid as yet, but the road is levelled a great part of the distance; there are no bridges, however, and the embankments are, for the most part, only half finished, and although on the completed and levelled part of the line there is splendid galloping, between these bits it was real scrambling, up and down the sides and ends of unfinished banks, over streams, stones, wheelbarrows and ditches, up hills and over fields. It was unlike any other riding in the world. The scenery on this side of the great Serra is far tamer than on the other; there is but little forest, and the mountains are lower; and the road, following as it does the *Rio Verde*, is naturally fairly flat as a whole.

Arrived at this house, where we are still enjoying Mr. Hunt's hospitality, we have had a capital rough-and-ready dinner, dressed by a French cook—after a good wash in one common basin, and we are going to sleep in a bed a piece until 5.30 to-morrow morning. The dinner conversation was most interesting. You know I always enjoy engineers' society, and Mr. Hunt is a remarkably intelligent and pleasant man, who has explored untrodden Brazil, and Mr. Stanley knows Mexico as you know Oxford Street. Now C. and Staples are lying down, and I have got a corner of the table to write this to you.

Aguas Virtuosas, Province of Minas Geraes.

Wednesday Evening.

We all slept in our little beds disposed round the common room, and were roused to wash in the common basin; and after the usual cup of delicious coffee, we said good-bye to H. and S. in the dark of the morning, and started with our new guide, philosopher, and friend, Mr. Bennaton, for this place, which we reached at 4.30. Having started

at 6, we reached Carmo at 8, and had a capital breakfast, boiled beef, black beans, farinha, farinha de milho, *couve*, or cabbage cut up cold, sausages, cheese, and Campanha wine! Thence to this place, without a halt, through scenery, beautiful indeed, but less striking than that on the other side of the Serra. We crossed the valley of the River Carmo in the morning, and that of the river Lambari this afternoon; in all we have ridden thirty-eight miles to-day, and as we had hardly any cantering, it was a more tiring day than yesterday. C. and S. are both far more tired than I am, or was. But my face is without skin, and bright crimson.

Our dinner to-day consisted of a beef-steak, which our host (who sat about our dinner-table, smoking maize cigarettes) told us had been cut from a cow which three hours before had been "gambolling about" in front of the house, and was consequently *muito fresco!* (and also tough!) a chicken, whose life had been, perhaps, still more lately taken, black beans and farinha; but no bread nor biscuit of any sort. However, I have made up with some Liebig, and a glass of the *agua virtuosa* from the spring opposite this house. We travelled through no virgin forest to-day; all the land has been at some time tilled in a certain way; and one of the most characteristic trees left is the *smooth* candelabra-branched araucaria. The way led along a beaten track, and although rough and up-and-down the whole way, was never dangerous—rarely difficult; but I wish I could find any words or sentences in the English language to express to you the roughness of this establishment, or its difference in *every particular*—save in that of taking us in for the night and expecting payment in the morning—from what we are accustomed to call an hotel or inn. And now, having written this little sign of remembrance for you, I go to bed,

merely adding that we are most fortunate in Mr. Bennaton, who has been so kindly placed at my disposal by Mr. H., as he is an Englishman, born and married in Brazil, and with a wide experience of life in the United States. He is moreover a perfect Portuguese scholar; he knows the country and the people intimately. He is an excellent traveller and a cheery companion, who has thought as well as seen a great deal, and who has told me a great deal about Portuguese as opposed to Brazilian interests in Brazil, of Brazilian intermarriages, and many other subjects which I am afraid would not interest you—even if I could present them to you in an intelligible form in a letter. Good-night.

Campanha (Minas Geraes).

Thursday Evening.

We rode here from Aguas Virtuosas this morning, nineteen kilometers before breakfast, arriving about ten o'clock. Mr. C—— is a good deal done up, Staples and I quite fresh. The innkeeper received us, as we jumped off our horses and ordered "breakfast for seven persons immediately," with a look of intense woe, as he thought to himself what an amount of extra trouble so unexpected an incursion would give him! In due time the usual black beans and shapeless hunch of cow were put upon the table; and off rice and some sardines' we brought with us, we fed. Staying in this house—fortunately for us, and most lamentably for him—is Dr. Godofredo Silveira da Mota, provincial engineer of the district, who is a friend of C——'s, and will assist us greatly in our investigations, having, I need hardly say, nothing to do, and being very kindly disposed. The province of Minas Geraes, which by the way is about the size of France, spends something over £4000 a year on the salaries of provincial engineers

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and their staff of superintendents of public works. This does not perhaps seem extravagant until one learns that the total amount of provincial money spent on the public works themselves is about £1000! So when a bridge falls to pieces in this district, or a jail tumbles down for want of a few repairs, Dr. Godofredo is officially ordered to report on the question; as soon as the report is received, he is requested to make an estimate of the cost of a new building, and then both report and estimate are filed in the Department of Public Works, and—nothing more is heard of the matter.

The scenery on the road between Aguas Virtuosas and this place is very beautiful, and Campanha itself is finely situated, though the hills in the immediate neighbourhood are not very high, nor are they wooded, but a good deal cut up in places with old gold workings. Mr. Bennaton, to whom the country is as new as to ourselves, said it reminded him very much of parts of Virginia.

After breakfast, having hired fresh animals, we rode out with Dr. Godofredo to see some of the mines and water-courses in the immediate neighbourhood, Bairo Alto and Fundengombe; but we were somewhat disappointed, as all working has been discontinued for many years, and there is really very little for an unprofessional eye to see. We also visited the fazenda where the Campanha wine is made, but the proprietor was out; and though I left an order for two dozen of their best liquor to take back to England, I fancy it will be too much trouble to send it down to Rio, and the *wine merchant*, not having actually seen me, will be glad to get out of it. For it is a far greater favour here to sell a thing than to buy it, inasmuch as the former operation may be attended with a good deal of trouble.

On our return, we again looked at black beans and

hard beef, and ate rice with tinned meat. Bread there is none in Campanha, but we had insisted upon some of what is called biscuit being specially baked for us; and whether upon this occasion only, or whether as a mysterious general means of saving trouble, the baker had used paregoric instead of yeast! The "biscuit" itself—which we afterwards found in other places, used quite fresh, to be very good—is made not of flour, but of the starch of the mandioca. We had just lighted our cigars, and the dips, which, stuck into old bedroom candlesticks and new bottles, showed off the darkness of the rooms, when a gentleman in a black coat, bearing the somewhat remarkable name of Saturninus, came in, was introduced as a friend of C——'s, and asked us all to a Dance, there and then! In spite of my blue . . . mended with white cotton, I accepted; and Bennaton, who, having nothing more appropriate than his boots and breeches, had at first hesitated, on hearing from C—— a hint of "supper," took off his spurs by way of full dress, and came with us. Staples preferred bed. We found a good-sized room, and a small piano, which it must have cost far more than its original price to drag over the mountains from Boa Vista. On one side half a dozen girls, on the other half a dozen men smoking. First the lady of the house sang, very well, two or three songs; then I had the honour of walking through a quadrille with her to the sound not only of music, but of the stentorian voice of a sort of father of the family and master of the ceremonies rolled into one, who gave the word of command to advance, recede, or turn round one's partners; and who turned the last figure into a kind of regimental cotillon, in which we all performed complicated and unknown evolutions with military precision and abruptness, in which I, who in England think I cannot walk through a crowded quadrille, somehow usually found myself in the

right place. I presume that either sardines and boiled rice, or paregoric and starch are good for quickness of perception.

After this, the local medico recited an amatory poem to a musical accompaniment, and rolled his eyes with alternate fire and languor ; then I was requested by the F. M. commanding-in-chief to perform a solitary polka with Mrs. Saturnina, a special honour which it was impossible to refuse, but which must I think have been more trying to my tailoring than the mazes of the quadrille. When madame, who was really a very pleasant and intelligent woman, without any airs, and perfectly at her ease, had had enough, I was rewarded with food, and accepted as light refreshment some roast leg of mutton and port wine, bread and jam, and coffee, and felt at length that "fate could not harm me." Then home to bed.

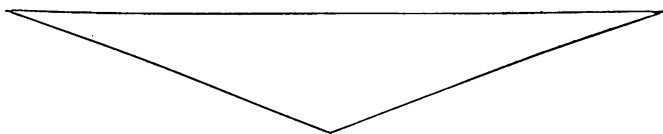
The next morning, *Friday*, Mr. Bennaton contrived to get our host out of bed about 5 o'clock, in spite of his remonstrance as to its being *muito cedo*. Having got a little coffee, and the necessary animals having been, with the greatest difficulty, caught ; we all got under way, including Dr. Godofredo, and rode over to the *fazenda* of Sr. Valeriano Manso da Costa Reis, a fazendeiro, or gentleman farmer, of good family, of great intelligence, and of easy and dignified manners, who, although we were entirely unexpected as well as unknown, offered us his house and his hospitality as if we had been old friends. His position is a very difficult one to explain, being at once more and less than feudal ; but he has nothing of the warlike baron about him, and is rather a doctor than a knight. Indeed, he has just cured one of his slaves of the bite of a rattlesnake by himself sucking the poison out of the wound, which no doubt saved the girl's life, and then injecting permanganate of potash under the skin, which saved him

from the self-reproach of an empiric. But although Sr. Valeriano is a doctor and a lawyer and a good man of business, and even a politician—it did one good to hear abuse of Gladstone so far away from the world—his life, his habits, his natural surroundings and creature comforts are simpler, not to say rougher, than those of an English tenant farmer of forty acres, or a respectable labourer in a small country town. But under all, and through all, I found a *gentleman*, and thoroughly appreciated him as such. And his breakfast did not differ sufficiently from that supplied by the hotels to call for any special notice. About midday we all took horse again and rode to the Conde d'Eu's fazenda at Santa Luzia, about three miles off, and having examined the streams and water-courses here and on the way, went on to a small gold mine that is now actually being worked, called Cata Andaime. Here we found two old niggers and two boys washing earth in *bateas*, or shallow pans, by means of the stream that flowed through the mine, running it over pieces of baize laid down in wooden troughs or gutters. Everything as rude as possible. The mine—and when I have described it I shall have described all that we saw in the country—is like an old quarry, the bottom being about forty feet below the surface of the ground above, and the area about half an acre. This is rather smaller than usual. The stream, which at this season of the year is very low, falls into the cata, as it is called, from above, in a sort of cascade, and after flowing through the mine, resumes its interrupted course as a small river, which in the rainy season would contain a considerable volume of water. In bygone days all the mines were worked by slave labour, until slaves becoming scarcer, and the difficulty of washing gold greater as the cata became deeper, at length, perhaps a hundred years ago, they were one by one abandoned; and the

land being valueless for agricultural purposes, they have remained untouched and undisturbed to this day. If they can now be successfully worked by the hydraulic process, a new era of life will dawn on the province of Minas Geraes, which is faithful to its traditions and to its name, in being indifferent to agriculture, but which is to-day—with the single exception of the works of the English Mining Company, called St. John del Rey, at Morro Velho—without mines ! Nothing surprised me more during my whole ride than the entire absence of men working or even idling in what in England we call “the fields.” We occasionally met droves of long-horned cattle being driven down to Rio to market ; but I never saw any feeding in the country, and at the end of many hours’ riding in a great part of the district we passed through, a superficial observer might have come to the conclusion that the whole country was not only uncultivated, but absolutely uninhabited. Nature is so bountiful that man need scarcely work, and the *Mineiros* are said to be even more indisposed to regular employment than the rest of the Brazilians !

But I had almost forgotten that I am leaving you in a mine ! We were entirely unexpected of course, and Sr. Valeriano let us do what we liked. We had earth washed by the slaves from every part of the cata, far and near, from the top of the bank and from the bottom of the stream ; and I must say, to my intense surprise, we everywhere found gold. Staples and I even each washed a *batea* of earth, and in spite of our want of skill we were not without success. I am bringing home all the results, wrapped up in small parcels, and you shall see them. The *batea* is a round dish or pan, of either wood or copper, about eighteen inches in diameter, and very shallow, and pointed instead of round at the bottom, like a Greek shield or the conventional drawing of a Chinaman’s hat.

A man puts about 10 lbs. of earth into this, and standing in the water, gently washes it away with a rotatory motion, occasionally stirring and working about the mass with his hand. The earth being sandy, and there being no stones in it, this is easily done, and after about twenty minutes' turning and washing, all the earth is washed away, and the lowest point of the batea is full of black sand. The washer now pours a few drops of clean water upon this, and dexterously turning the batea on its side, washes off the sand and leaves a little deposit of pure gold. The batea is then carefully dried and the gold scraped out.



You will see what a large amount is got out of only 10 lbs. of earth ; but you will not realize the strange sensation when, after nearly half an hour of dull rolling of earth in a shallow pan, the supreme moment arrives, and the nigger's face lightens up as he turns up the batea and shows you the little spot of pure light yellow gold at the bottom. It was more like magic or legerdemain than work, and Sr. Valeriano's slaves have to bring him six shillings' worth of pure gold each, every day : all they can get over this quantity they may keep for themselves. The pieces of baize I spoke of as being laid down in the gutters, are taken out every half-hour and washed in a batea with other earth, so as to save some labour ; but judging from the results we saw, not as much as I should have imagined. We stayed in the mine the whole day, and only rode back in time for dinner.

In addition to appropriate tips to the slaves, I bought a calabash or *porongo* or *cabaça*, of peculiar shape, which

I hope I may be able to bring home safe. Mr. C—and Staples are plagued with carapatas, very disagreeable little cousins, but I have escaped. On our way back to the fazenda, we came across a good many birds, and Sr. Valeriano was able to tell me the names of some of them. Amongst them, the enganetico lays its eggs in another little bird's nest, like our own cuckoo. We have met with very few birds in the woods during our ride, though a good many more than we did about Petropolis; but in the valleys and plain country, especially in marshy ground, we have seen a great many; one lovely bird, something like the rose-coloured pastor, but ferruginous in colour, which they call here *alma de gato*, i.e. cat's soul; and the golden oriole, which the Brazilians call *melro do brejo*, oriole of the swamp.

The next morning, *Saturday*, after the usual delay in catching the horses, which are never stabled for the night, but turned out into the unenclosed country to pick up what they can, we started for San Gonçalo, where we arrived about ten, and breakfasted at the house of a gentleman named Mendoza, who is said to be heir-at-law of the Scotch Earl of Drummond attainted in some rebellion, and entitled through this distant descent to untold millions lying in the Bank of England. This is a strange story from the interior of Brazil; but I am going to tell you something stranger—something that you must not tell any one, please, or we shall both be put down as romancers, more wild and more impudent than Sr. Drummond Mendoza.

The town of San Gonçalo is built in the midst of a number of old catas, and when the tropical rains have washed down the soil of the unpaved streets, people find gold at the roots of the tufts of grass. There! Now, if you are weak enough to tell this to any one, please add that *I did not see it*; and conceal the fact that I believe

it. We spent part of the day at one of the San Gonçalo mines, which I did not consider as satisfactory in any way as the Andaime, and rode straight back to our hotel at Campanha, where we arrived at nightfall.

Sunday.

We set out from Campanha soon after daybreak, having paid the bill, which I enclose, and which is I think a remarkable composition, and worthy of being sent home to you. We had a good long ride before us, to Conceição, where Mr. Bennaton lives, and where he has very kindly asked us to pass the night in his house. The weather was unchanged : fine, bracing sun heat, with a crisp air. Indeed, as far as mere climate is concerned, I think it is one of the best I have ever lived in. From November to February, however, it is at once hotter and damper than it is now and during the rest of the year. But take it as a whole, Minas Geraes is certainly a fine climate.

San Gonçalo was the furthest point from England of my entire journey, and as I turned my mule's head northward and homewards yesterday afternoon, in the main street of that truly auriferous city, a man stopped me and presented me with a little packet. It was the gold that had been washed in our presence at the mine, and which had been dried and put up for me to take home. Was not this a good omen ?

To-day, fourteen kilometers brought us to the mineral springs of Cambuqueira, where magnesia water and iron water bubble up within a yard of one another, and where as little regard is paid to either as is the custom of this country of indifference to the marvellous natural riches with which it is endowed. I think you know that potatoes are largely exported to Brazil from both France and Portugal, and come into Rio, after the expense and risk of a long sea voyage, charged with a heavy import duty. I naturally

asked why potatoes will not grow in this country. I am told that they not only grow, but that three crops a year can be obtained, that the potatoes themselves are far finer than those imported, and that their cultivation would use up a good deal of the farmyard manure which is now allowed to go to waste. Yet potatoes are not planted. It has not been the custom to plant them; and a new agricultural departure might possibly be productive of trouble. Besides, is not coffee the best thing for a Brazilian to cultivate? The fact that coffee is to-day half the price it was ten years ago, and that the inferior kinds do not even pay for their carriage, is nothing. And while the whole community is crying out about the fall in coffee, and the great falling off in national prosperity in consequence of its overproduction in the country, every one still goes on planting coffee, and importing their potatoes from Bordeaux!

I fear you will scarcely believe me, but I will give you another instance. After a few days of experience of the toughness and sameness of our food, I asked why, in this country of rivers, we never had any fish. And then I learned that the rivers were full of fish, of good fish, and of fish easily caught; but that even the exercise of the gentle craft was too great an exertion for the people, and that fish were only fished for, caught, and eaten in *holy week*!

- Of the usual mode of cultivation adopted in this province we have had plenty of experience during our ride; for at this time of year, after some months of fine weather, when the woods are dry, the cultivator sets fire to the forest, and when it is burnt down, throws in a little Indian corn, which is watered by Heaven in the course of a month or so; and in due time the crop springs up amid the blackened stumps of what were once fine trees, and, ripened by a Brazilian sun, is, I presume, gathered by man,

though how, where there are no slaves, the labour is accomplished, I cannot imagine. The fact is, the slave is the great motive power of Brazil, and since the stoppage of the importation of blacks, in 1850, slaves have greatly fallen off in numbers; and the country has fallen off, is falling off, and must fall off in prosperity, until the free people recognise the new condition of affairs, and, recognising it, will make up their minds to work. Yet, as no one need starve in this country, and as the inhabitants, high and low, are entirely without ambition, and do not even know what "self-help" means, I think the country may take some time in coming round.

Do you remember when we travelled in Italy, in 1870, we both thought that the new country was making a great start? And do you remember how we saw translations of Smiles's books in every bookseller's shop? In Rio there are so few booksellers that it is difficult to gauge the reading tastes of the people, though it is certain that they finger the paper of cigarettes more than the leaves of books; but I feel sure if any foreigner who knew Portuguese could be got to translate "Self-Help," there would not be ten copies sold at Rio in the course of a year.

As we rode along through a wood a rattlesnake crossed our path, and being killed by the camarada, the "brush" was cut off and presented to me, and I am bringing it home to show you. We also saw a great many of the clay nests that a little brown bird, or rather pair of birds, build in the trees about here,—nests with a hole in the side which is always turned to the quarter opposed to that of the prevailing wind.

We arrived at Conceição about five o'clock, and were duly introduced to Mrs. Bennaton, the pretty young Brazilian wife of our admirable travelling companion. Neither she nor her children spoke any English, and the

son and heir of the family, *et*at two years and eight months, showed an undue proficiency in the art of his native country by smoking with great propriety and gusto at least two-thirds of a good-sized cigar after dinner.

The meal itself was English, the meats being put upon the table one after another in courses, instead of being all placed upon the table at the same time, according to the custom of the country.

And although we four hungry men came down upon poor Mrs. Bennaton without a suspicion of notice,—for the only way to send a message in this part of the country is to ride with it yourself,—in less than an hour from our arrival we had sat down to an English cut of beef and other delicacies *à l'étrangère*, including some excellent potatoes grown in our host's own garden.

The next morning, *Monday*, Bennaton insisted upon setting me upon his own beast, the most spirited animal I have mounted in this country; and soon after starting we came upon a dozen bulls in a narrow path in the forest. They fled; we gave chase; the pace quickened. Had they stopped or turned, our position would have been awkward; so we frightened them and our own horses on with wild cries, and when we got into the open, and the chase dispersed, we found we had got over half a league almost as quickly as the Light Brigade at Balaclava.

I forget if I have told you of the immense ant-hills that are so common here, especially in the woods. To-day we saw one over twelve feet high, and many of eight or nine. Staples also saw a jararaca, but it glided away into the forest unharmed.

At Contendas, some two leagues from Conceição, there are some more mineral springs, as little regarded as those at Cambuqueira; but at Caxambu, whither Mr. Bennaton has come to bid us adieu, there is a very decent hotel,

kept by a dentist, who cooked us a most toothsome breakfast, and who not only draws teeth and cultivates grapes and makes wine in the off-season, but makes the most delicious conserves—of which I am bringing you back a box—of the fruit of the country. If my *trouvaille* reaches Portman Square in safety, I think I may safely say it will be the first specimen of Caxambu sweetmeats that was ever seen in the county of Middlesex. There are a great many peach trees in the neighbourhood of Caxambu ; and the principal conserves made by the dentist Boniface are guava, banana, quince, peach, and, best of all, sweet orange. When you see them, and remark their peculiar consistency, in which lies the great difference between them and any other preserved fruit I have ever met with elsewhere, perhaps you and Parker between you may strike out a new line in English preserving. Fancy an English cook learning from a Brazilian !! From Caxambu, refreshed by our excellent breakfast, we said good-bye to Bennaton with very sincere regret, and rode on to *Pouço Alto*, where we arrived, as usual, about sunset, and where we thought the hotel dirtier and the food less eatable than ever, after our more agreeable experiences of the last twenty-four hours. Just as we rode into the town, we overtook some men who had shot two wild pigs, larger than peccaries, which they called *cattetes*. With this exception, I do not think we have seen half a dozen wild animals, dead or alive, since we have been in Brazil ; nor tasted game, either of fur or feather, of horn or of antler, with the single exception of one bird at Petropolis. And this is the third week in August !

I find that Mr. Bennaton lived for some time at *Pouço Alto*, and when he was appointed to his present position as engineer to the Minas and Rio Railway works, he was solicited, as is usual in this country—and in some others—

by his friends and acquaintances to obtain or give employment for their sons in his department. And in many cases he was able to do so. As soon, however, as the young men found that he expected them to do any work, they immediately and very indignantly resigned, and pronounced Mr. Bennaton to be a man *muito impertinente* ! The fact is, that the great government railway of Brazil gives nominal "employment" and real salaries to the youthful *protégés* of those politicians who are in favour with the Minister of the period, and no one thinks of insulting any of these young gentlemen by expecting that they should work. It gives a small salary, or "spitting allowance," to the young friends of ministers and councillors, who do nothing in its service, in vast numbers in the most blameless manner.

None of them ever had occasion to write such a letter as was received a few days ago from an English ganger by one of the engineers of the Minas and Rio Railway. It ran as follows :—

"SIR,—I am drunk ; send a man in my place.

Yours, ——"

I must say that I think that from many points of view this is a very perfect composition.

Apropos of nothing particular, I must tell you one more Brazilian peculiarity before I lie down on my plank. The ox-wagons, or rather carts—for they have but two wheels, although ten and twelve oxen are needed to drag them across country in these parts—make a very loud creaking noise, which is called *chiado*, as they go, something like that of the Persian wheel in India, which at least serves to tell the man when the bullock stops. Here it tells merely of so much friction between the wheel and axle, and so much more work for the poor beasts to do. But the drivers consider that in some way it helps the cart along ;

and far from thinking of putting a lick of grease, as I suggested, on the creaking wheels, they are in the habit of putting powdered charcoal whenever by wear the axle runs a little smoothly, "to make it sing better." No wonder the chariot wheels of this country drive heavily! Now, good-night.

Cruzeiro, Tuesday, 15th.

I woke myself this morning at five, pitch dark, of course, called Staples and C——, and routed up our filthy landlord to get us some coffee. The animals had not yet come in from the *pasto*, *i.e.* the open country, where, by the custom of the country, they are turned out for the night to see what they can pick up. At half-past six we had got some coffee, but two of the horses were still uncaught; so I rode on with Chico to Mr. Morant's house, about four miles away, to see if I could get others. Arrived there, I found one only ready; but the engineer, with the kindness common to all the Minas and Rio leaders, mounted me thereon, and sent me on ahead, with a guide on a mule to accompany me, and undertaking to furnish beasts for Staples and C—— by the time they came up. My guide lagged behind so much that I left him after about two miles of his guidance, and found, or rather picked, my own way back over the Serra, following the earthwork of the line as far as I could, and doing the forty-four kilos. in about four hours and a half, on a cup of coffee! Arrived at the tunnel settlement, I found Octavius Brooke and his chum, Mr. Gardner, who gave me an excellent breakfast, and prepared *outro tanto* for Staples and C——, who arrived about two hours later, having stopped to eat turkey and drink port wine with Mr. Morant. Octavius gave me a large box of stuffed birds for Lady Lathom, which I am bringing home, and about three o'clock we

started *per* trolly, and sitting on our baggage heaped thereon, we ran about nine kilos. down the incline to a point where we were met by a special engine and truck, in which we were conveyed to Cruzeiro. There, I am sorry to say, we found Mr. and Mrs. Hunt both absent, having gone to Rio to attend a Court ball; but Mr. Hunt's private secretary met us with his carriage, and I drove it up to the house, making the *fifth* mode of conveyance adopted by me to day on my homeward journey. Everything here is at our disposal, and prepared for our reception, as if the host and hostess were not absent, which is I think the *comble* of hospitality; but Mr. Stanley, who lives quite close, insisted upon our dining with him, which we did with great pleasure, and found his experiences even more varied and entertaining than I had thought before; and moreover, some of them are peculiarly interesting to me in connection with our Campanha enterprise . . .

Rio, Thursday, 17th.

Yesterday, after a good sleep in our delightful beds, and a civilized breakfast, we took the express train at Cruzeiro and travelled, *sem novidades*, as the Portuguese have it, to Rio. The train goes a good pace—260 kilometers in six hours and a half, a great part of the way being very mountainous, and no straight, flat running anywhere. Between Barra de Pirahy and Belem, and especially near Palmeiras, the scenery is magnificent, and on even a grander scale than that on the Minas and Rio line. As we did not arrive until past seven, we determined to try an hotel in the city for once, and went to the *Trois Frères Provencaux*, where they had no beds to give us, but found us two rooms at the hotel *Ravot*, very near, and gave us a very good dinner. The bedrooms were merely closets with a window or air-hole opening into a café, where, until

2 a.m., discordant sounds, added to the stuffiness of the atmosphere, kept me awake as I had never been kept awake in the country sheds of Minas.

This morning we telephoned to the Grand Hotel, where all our luggage is lying, and found that they had not a bed; and after much running about, we finally got rooms at the Laranjeiras, a long way out of town. This day is the first that I can call really disagreeable as to climate that we have had, rather hot and very muggy, dull, cloudy, windy, and horrid; and all the evils of the elements are intensified by our having no hotel, and yet four hotels; our clothes scattered all over Rio, and no clothes at any point to wear, nor any place where we could put them on!

But I am cheered by a long and charming letter from you, which for some reason is a week late in arriving—being dated July 17th; while that which you no doubt wrote on the 24th, and which should have been delivered to day, has not reached me at all. All your news seems good. I have taken my passage to day as far as Maceió by the *Tamar*; so I feel moving homewards since I turned my horse's head north-west in the town of San Gonçalo de Sapucahy.

Here is my Minas itinerary complete, from Cruzeiro and back again:

	Kilometers.	
Day 1. Tunnel	20	Train.
Fazendinha	54	Riding.
„ 2. Carmo	11	„
Lambari.	30	„
Aguas Virtuosas	8	„
„ 3. Campanha	19	„
To Fundengombe and Adophos'		
vineyards and back, say . .	10	„
„ 4. Fazenda of Palmetal	19	„
To Santa Luzia, Cata of Andaime		
and back, say	12	„

H

	Kilometers.	
Day 5. San Gonçalo	12	Riding.
Campanha (direct). . . .	28	"
„ 6. Cambuqueira	14	"
Conceição	35	"
„ 7. Contendas	7	"
Caxambu	19	"
Pouço Alto	32	"
„ 8. Tunnel	48	"
Cruzeiro	24	Walking, Trolly and Train.
Total	392	

*S.S. Tamar, at sea,
25th August.*

I begin this to you lying down in my berth. We left Rio yesterday at noon, and I was very sick . . . after dinner, and I have not got up to-day. Your delightful letter of the 19th was put into my hands just before I left, the *Congo*, which bore it, having made an exceptionally quick passage, and arrived twenty-four hours before her time. And the letter was worthy of such expedition ; for it is a very good one, and a reward at last for all I have been sending off unacknowledged to you.

This ship is 1200 tons smaller than the *Aconcagua*, but she is steady in the water, and very clean and smart, and is in no wise to be blamed for my sickness. But I feel a little lonely without even my Staples, and not a single acquaintance among the passengers on board. My steward, too, is off-hand and careless, and I look forward greatly to being again under the care of " Archie."

I have a long arrear of diary to write up for you ; and though I fear the present is not a very favourable occasion, I will commence ; and I certainly cannot be

more happily employed than in communication—though alas! so distant—with you.

On *Saturday the 19th*, afternoon, I went to the palace, and bade good-bye to Peter the Second, who took, or at least showed, an interest in my tour into the interior, as to which I gave him some details. This excellent emperor is not half appreciated by his subjects, who possess not the smallest bump of veneration, and by whom “attachment to a dynasty,” or even uninterested admiration of a great man, are things or phrases not understood.

Generosity, in the largest sense of the word, is unknown in this country, which, though physically one of the greatest, is morally one of the smallest, countries in the world, and is really what Napoleon so ignorantly called England, “a nation of shopkeepers.” As such their commercial morality stands high; but if you ask for anything more, for any of that fine sense of honour, of generosity, of true equity, which is so often to be found in the English counting-house—but which I suspect is due a good deal to the influence of the English manor-house,—there is nothing.

On *Sunday, 20th*, I went to church, paid a few visits, and spent the evening finishing my last letter to you.

Monday morning, 21st, was employed in paying business calls, and at half past one Staples and I started to walk up the Corcovado with Miss Hancox and her brother, with the British and Russian Ministers in attendance, to make all proper in default of a lady chaperon.

By a mistake, not on our part, every one came mounted except Staples and myself; so we had to *walk* up the mountain for five hours, rather hotter than even I think perfection. However, we wound up the day on our return with a very pleasant dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Hancox’s, to

which the diplomatists were not bidden; and as I played family poker with great freshness till past one o'clock the next morning after my run up a mountain, you may gather that the climate of Rio, has not yet enfeebled me. And as to this climate, now that I have left it; I must tell you that, as far as I can learn, as much nonsense is talked about it as about most other things, which is saying a good deal. There has been no yellow fever at all for over two years; and even during the time of epidemics, no one need have it who takes common precautions, nor is it by any means always fatal when you do get it; not nearly so bad in any way as cholera in India. Diarrhœa and dysentery again, are no more common in Rio than they are in all hot countries, nor is intermittent fever. The most deadly diseases are those of the chest and throat, which are very much dreaded by the people of Rio themselves, and rarely heard of by the alarmists outside Brazil.

On *Tuesday, 22nd*, I spent a long day paying farewell calls to business people, and in the afternoon went to the levée of the Imperial Prince and Princess, to take leave. The Conde d'Eu was very civil, and asked me to a private interview the next day. In the evening we dined with Mr. Whittle, the Minas and Rio Railway chief, a very pleasant and agreeable man.

Wednesday, 23rd.

Packing and leave-taking all the morning. At 5 o'clock a very pleasant interview with H.R.H. the Conde d'Eu, who wanted to hear all about my trip to the interior, and was most pleasant and *sans façon*, except the *façon* of a high-bred gentleman, which he looked, and indeed is. In the evening we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Tootal at a charming house some way out of town on the road to the Corcovado. They only came into town yesterday

from a house they have on one of the "green islands" of the bay; and our most pleasant evening with them would have worthily brought my last day in Rio to a close, had it not been dashed with the regret that we had not earlier had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of our kind host and hostess.

Thursday, 24th.

I have little to say beyond that *I* embarked; and can no longer use the familiar *we*, until I meet Staples again on board the *Aconcagua* at Pernambuco on the 9th of next month, to which date—as the 29th is still a most hopeless distance off—I look forward with great desire and satisfaction. And now . . . I am too sick to look forward, even to turning over these sheets.

* * * * *

I have finished "Zadig"; next to "Candide," it is, I think, the best of Voltaire's incomparable "Romans et Contes." Thank you for your criticism on "Realmah." I think it will save me from reading it. I am now engaged upon my copy of Hayward's Essays, and I like them very much. Hayward is a gentleman and a man of the world, and writes like one, and I think you will enjoy him. I am looking forward much to a very late letter from you at Pernambuco.

* * * * *

Pernambuco, 30th August.

Here I am, safe through the surf, and in the house of my excellent and hospitable friend and correspondent, Corbiniano de Aquino Fonseca. And for the first time since I left you I have to-day enjoyed tropical weather, and have walked about all day perspiring in a white suit, *sans* waistcoat. Is not this the great test? I have taken off most of my very slight burden of clothing, to sit down and write this to you. Is not this bliss? Now I must try and pick

up the scattered threads that have been rather tangled by nearly a week's steaming, and begin on *Thursday*, 24th, by telling you that among the many acquaintances who came on board the *Tamar* to see me off, was that old sinner M. So my last feeling on leaving Rio was one of wonder how our business, or indeed any business, can be carried on with these strange people, who, with a hundred good qualities, do not seem even to understand the meaning of the words *honour* or *shame*. But no; honestly, I think my *last* feeling was a much pleasanter one, as we steamed out of the marvellous bay, and that was—that the view before me was really and truly beautiful beyond all remembrance, and certainly beyond all description. And then, after this "joy for ever" was left far behind, I descended and succumbed to the head wind which prevented the *Tamar* from making more than 221 knots in the first twenty-three hours of the voyage, as was announced at midday on *Friday*. Nor by the next day, *Saturday*, had she mended her pace to more than 251; so instead of reaching *Bahia* on *Sunday* at daybreak, we only got in in the afternoon, had not time to go ashore, and, in spite of a difficulty about a lighter, got away just before dark. The surroundings of the bay are rather flat; but to the north, where the town is built, the ground rises, and is covered with green vegetation down to the water's edge. They say the town is a dreadful place, very inferior in every way to Pernambuco—they have not even any *ice* there; and I left with the feeling that I had seen quite as much of it as I wanted. The *Tamar* now mended her pace, and on *Monday*, at five o'clock, we had got over 275 knots, anchored off the little town of Maceió, with the intention of starting the same evening for Pernambuco, which is only ten hours' steam to the north. The vice-president of the province (Alagoas)—who is, I believe, a small attorney

from a still smaller town than Maceió, which is the capital, however—had it seems a technical right to detain the ship, inasmuch as she had not arrived four hours before dark; and in spite of the mails being not only ready, but bagged and sealed up, and in spite of a personal appeal on the part of our captain, who paid him a visit for the purpose, the local despot was immovable; and as Pernambuco must be reached in the morning, and is only ten hours' good steaming from here, we were detained *twenty-four hours!* Two or three Englishmen, Wm. Wilson and Rankin amongst others, who are engaged on the new line up the country from Maceió, came on board to dine and indulge in the otherwise unattainable luxury of iced drinks, and I had much interesting conversation with them as to the future of Maceió, of which I am inclined to think very highly, and at length I went to bed in my stuffy, motionless cabin, and awoke—still at Maceió.

I had started from Rio, as I think I told you, with the intention of spending a day at Maceió, to see our agent, Costa Moreira, and going on to Pernambuco either across country on a horse, or by the sea in a coasting steamer. My neighbour at dinner on board was a Brazilian, obviously a gentleman, with whom I got into a conversation, and found that he had a *fazenda*—or as it is called here an *ingenho*, half-way between Maceió and Pernambuco, that he was a great friend of Costa Moreira, and *going to stay with him at Maceió*; and I learned from him that at this season of the year the road or track across country was impassable. Having further learned at Bahia that there were no suitable coasting steamers for a week to come, I had very reluctantly given up my proposed visit to the *terra firma* of Maceió, and had been compelled to satisfy myself with a very brief interview with Mr. Costa Moreira when he came on board on Monday afternoon to salute

me—and carry off his guest, whom I found to be a man of high rank, Desembargador Esperidião Eloy de Barros Pimentel, as his parting card witnesseth.

Now, it is an ill wind, however, and a vicious vice-president that does not benefit somebody ; and this wretched bit of Jack-in-officialism gave me the opportunity of going ashore early on *Tuesday* morning, at the invitation of Costa Moreira, who sent a boat off to the ship with a note asking me to breakfast. The Senhora talks a little English, having been three years at school in London, and we had a capital breakfast—with my friend the Desembargador ; and I was afterwards introduced to some of the principal people at Maceió. And I am happy to say they all condemned the action of their vice-president, and only excused it by saying that his term of office would shortly expire, and he wished to make some use or show of the power he was about to lose. As new brooms, I suppose, in this as in other countries, sweep clean, it would be better to choose, as a time for doing business in which a government official had anything to say, somewhere about the middle of his term of office ! But altogether, Maceió pleased me, and Costa Moreira particularly so ; and I feel our interests quite safe in his hands, and have no doubt that they will increase in importance before very long.

We started early in the afternoon, and steaming dead slow, we dropped our anchor off Recife, the capital of the province of Pernambuco, at five o'clock on *Wednesday*, 30th. The *Tamar* is a much smaller ship than the *Aconcagua*, and the saloon is a little stuffy ; but she is beautifully clean, and the cabins are larger and airier than on the Pacific boat. There is more air, and I should say more airs ; and the stewards, though civil, are more off-hand and less attentive than they were at all events on the *Aconcagua*. The food was much the same ; perhaps rather

less variety and rather better cookery on the R. M., with fair table-wine, which the Pacific Co. denied us. Captain Bell is a first-rate officer and a very pleasant man, and I said good-bye to him with regret when Corbiniano Fonseca and his brother Ortulano came alongside in a good boat, with six oarsmen, and took me ashore. The day was very calm, and neither the swell nor the surf was as terrible as I had been led to expect, but the waves dashed the white spray fifteen or twenty feet over the reef, a natural breakwater, or *Recife*, which gives its name to the town, and I hoped, as we struggled for a moment across the bar, that it would not blow hard on the 9th. Once inside the reef, the water is perfectly smooth, and I found the harbour full of shipping. A carriage was waiting on the quay, and we at once drove to Corbiniano Fonseca's house, where I was duly introduced to his wife, sister, eldest son, and daughter. The youngest son, Horacio, is, as you know, entrusted to P. de F. & Co. for education at Beaumont College, and the news of his arrival in London, under the guidance of Mr. Sellers, arrived to delight the hearts of his parents no later than yesterday. Although it was only eight o'clock in the morning, every one was fully dressed; but we did not breakfast till ten, by which time I assure you I was tolerably hungry. After the first salutations, I was shown to my bedroom, which opens into the drawing-room, and which is a nice airy room, with a cheerful wall paper and a moulded cornice round the ceiling, carpeted with white China matting, and handsomely furnished: a secretaire, at which I am writing this, an excellent bed of rose and satin woods, with a crimson and gold satin damask counterpane, and on the dressing-table a complete set of brushes—hair, teeth, nail, and clothes—all new, and eight bottles of scents, essences, pomades, and *eaux de toilette*!

At ten we breakfasted. Madame is a handsome, energetic woman, with bright eyes, a loud voice, but very far from a loud nature, good teeth, so rare in this country, and with a great desire to be civil and kind; never bothering me to eat, or to do—what I do not at once accept. Corbiniano, the master of the house, is the eldest of twenty-two children; and Ortulano, who lives with him, is the youngest; he is a youth of two and twenty, who spent seven years at Beaumont College, but having been three years out of England, prefers to talk Portuguese. He strikes me as generally a quiet fellow, dressed like an Englishman, and looking remarkably gentleman-like and *comme il faut*. Corbiniano is a small man, with grey hair, gentle face, and a very intelligent eye, with a quiet manner and a simple dignity, the very *beau idéal* of a high-class merchant of any nationality. The son and daughter, aged about fourteen and fifteen respectively, have nice faces, and do not talk at table. The only guest was Corbiniano's brother, João, a man very quiet and simple in his manners.

There was nothing particular to notice in the breakfast. The meat was tough, according to the custom of the country; but a magnificent turkey, *de añadidura*, was as tender as a ripe mango. After breakfast excellent cigars were offered,—but there is no cigarette smoking in the house, and neither spitting nor hawking!—and we all, that is the men, walked in to the city, and my host inscribed my name as a temporary member of an excellent club or commercial reading-room, close to the sea and fresh with sea breezes, where I read and enjoyed various *Times*, up to August 9th, and I then walked across the street and presented my introduction to the bank, and was received in a very flattering way by the manager, who told me and finally asked me to dinner the next day, an

invitation which I accepted subject to my hostess's ratification. I also saw our agents, Beltrão & Rezende, and finally went all over Fonseca's factory or factories, where they make soap and candles in very large quantities, and saw wood by steam. . . .

At five o'clock we dined; and by way of taking the air after dinner, we drove about the town and suburbs in the tram-cars for nearly two hours; unfortunately it was, of course, pitch dark, so I could not see very much. I am losing a great deal of daylight by being in the tropics in July and August.

On *Thursday* morning I began my second day in a Brazilian house by my usual one-sided conversation with you, and took advantage of two small buildings, like summer-houses, in the garden, one of which is a splendid bath, before ten o'clock breakfast, at which the ex-president of Alagoas was a guest, and the detention of the *Tamar* very lightly touched upon. Shrimp, or rather small prawn omelettes are worth remembering as a breakfast dish, although I am afraid the soft mandioca flour, which is called faroffa, would be unattainable in England. A Frenchman who had been to Rio, called Brazil the *Pays du Café*. Here it is the *Pays du Sucre*: and the distance from Santos was apparent, in coffee and milk being served after breakfast, instead of the real thing—*noir*—which, even in the wilds of Minas, was always at our disposal. Farther north still, Brazil is the *Pays du Caoutchouc*; and in the south the *Pays de la Viande*. After all, Pará is farther from Rio Grande do Sul than it is from London, so it is rather dangerous to generalise about Brazil. People here talk about Rio as a city of boundless delight, too far distant to be visited; and when you consider that there is no land communication, not only with Rio, which is 1200 miles away, but

with Maceió, which is 120; and that Rio is nearly a week's journey by sea, you can scarcely be surprised at it. After breakfast I paid several visits, and find Pernambuco rather a pretty town, with streets far wider than those at Rio, with fair shops; tram-cars, as usual, running everywhere, and the river, which is everywhere about as broad as the Seine at the Pont Neuf, winds about, cutting the town into four *bairros*, or quarters. This river is crossed by a great number of light but handsome iron bridges, and the whole place looks more like a real town than Rio. In due time I went by tram, or as they are called even here, *bonds*! to the prettiest suburb, where Mr. Haynes lives, and where I was most kindly received by his wife, a Frenchwoman, and some eight or ten other people. . . .

There was a gala performance at the theatre; so taking my leave about nine o'clock, I joined the Fonsecas in their box, and after talking French to Mrs. Haynes, and English to the rest of the company at dinner, I had to listen to an Italian comedy, and make appropriate comments in Portuguese! The house is an exceedingly pretty one, and filled to overflowing with remarkably nice and well-dressed people—such a change from Rio, where, however, I must in justice say I never was able to go to the opera, which is of course the best of all the theatres. Mrs. Haynes made the same complaint that I always heard from English people in Rio, as to the badness and the extreme dearness of the servants. English people do not, as a rule, like to have slaves; and servants demand enormous wages and are grossly incompetent. England apart, where of course we are better off in that respect than in any other part of the world, I always thought we were very much to be envied in India, and I think so more and more. As a pendant to the condition of our dinner service at Lahore, Mrs. Haynes has *used up* three

complete dinner services in three years, and is reduced for the moment to a short harlequin set! In Rio you cannot get a cook under about £90 a year. Here £50 to £60. A good artist in either place much more. The man at White's hotel at Tijuca got £240. And servants come and go as they like, offer no "character" or references; and I am bound to add, after an experience of over two months, never have the remotest apprehension of their business. It would kill you, for you would not be allowed to kill them, and both parties could not, I am sure, live together!

Friday.

Every day my kind hostess gives me a posy of strange flowers and leaves, with names and explanations which, from knowing nothing already, I of course forget as soon as heard; and my taste for strange fruits is gratified at every meal. But I would give them all for a dish of strawberries or gooseberries, for a few good plums or peaches; for it is not yet the mango season. In the day, among other visits, I found a brother of John Trevor Barclay here, and with him Felton, ex-secretary of the *Varna Railway*! "*Il n'y a que les montagnes qui ne se rencontrent pas.*" Barclay told me that his youngest brother was in Alexandria the day of the massacre—— I had got so far on Friday when I was called away to dinner, and soon after getting to sleep—in bed, not at table!—I was woken by a storm of rain; and in trying to shut one of the windows, which are fitted with heavy sashes, like English windows, but without weights, and kept up by an iron catch at the side, I contrived to let the sash drop on the middle finger of my right hand. One of the slaves who slept in the room underneath was awoken by the noise the sash made in falling on my finger! At first I feared I had broken it, but I contrived to light a candle, and found

that it was only badly crushed for about an inch from the tip, and that the joint had just escaped. I was able with my left hand to open the calendula, which I fortunately had, untouched, in my portmanteau, and I sat up till near daybreak, putting on fresh cold dressings. In the morning the finger was still very painful, and not only the nail but the flesh underneath quite black. The Fonsecas insisted upon my showing it to a French chemist, whom I told that I would not consent to anything being applied to it but calendula or arnica, and that I had plenty of calendula. He accordingly prescribed arnica ! and sold me a bottle thereof, which I applied throughout the day. The pain ceased in the afternoon, but it is not until to-day, *Tuesday*, that I can use it—very clumsily, as you see, and I cannot yet use the finger for buttoning or similar purposes. But I think Hahnemann has done very well ; and only desire to add that I think my skin and blood must be in a very good state to lend themselves to so easy and rapid a cure. Indeed, I never was better in my life, and find this much-abused climate of Pernambuco both pleasant and healthy.

I will now resume my diary, and go back to *Saturday*. I got some arnica—wishing to do the right thing—and went about all day with my hand in a wet bandage and my arm in a sling, paying various business visits, all satisfactory. In the evening Corbiniano took me to see a lending library and reading room, something like the London Library, which pleased me very much, and which is full of standard books, and open at night as well as in the day. The subscription is only three and sixpence a month, which, considering the dearth of books here, is wonderfully little. But I have seen more booksellers' shops in Recife than in all Rio de Janeiro.

On *Sunday* morning I was called soon after 5 A.M., and dressing as quickly as my left hand could manage alone, I

found an open carriage and four greys at the door, in which, after drinking a cup of coffee, I started with Corbiniano and his son for Olinda, the ancient Capital, which is about a league to the north. There is a tramway for a great part of the road, and a railway the whole way, and in the season, November to January, the old town is frequented by sea-bathers and pleasure-seekers. At present it is empty, and looks as if no one ever went there at any season, nor had been since the time of the Dutch. We all know the expression, "grass growing in the streets," but here the streets are positively choked up with rank vegetation, at night sheltering great numbers of active short-nosed, round-backed pigs. The streets, too, are about as much up and down as those of Denbigh, and our greys did not like it. At last, when going *down* one of the hills, the driver pulled the entire head-gear off the near wheeler, and both the leaders were doing their best to pass us, with their heads up the hill, and one of them hurt his knees against the carriage in so doing, I thought it was time to get out and walk, which we accordingly did, and saw a great number of churches, convents, and seminaries, all built of stone, and now more or less falling to pieces, and had one or two really very pretty views of Recife. On our way back we stopped at the cemetery, and saw a large cobra killed by a man with a hoe just as we came up. There really are snakes in Brazil. We got back rather before 11, and breakfasted, with, as you may suppose, a good appetite, but I am sorry to say without my being able to eat a morsel of meat, except a bit of English ham, which has fortunately remained as a standing dish every day since I came. The Fonsecas keep a liberal, a varied, and a choice table. I am sure they do all they can to have the best for me; they know what is best to be had. They give their cook £60 a

year ; and yet I assure you I have hardly had a plate of *meat* set before me that I have ever been able to masticate, much less to enjoy ; and I live on soup, fish, vegetables, and fruits, with the faithful ham and the recollection of one extraordinary turkey. Does not this tell an awful tale of Brazilian cookery ? But the kindness and hospitality with which I am treated cannot be told.

To all friends this is truly an "open house." The hall door stands wide open all day long, and no caller ever thinks of summoning a servant,—indeed, there is neither bell nor knocker,—but walks straight into the drawing-room, shakes hands gravely with all the occupants in turn, and sits down. No one has as yet taken any less nor any more notice of me than of the master of the house. People talk to me or not, just as it may happen, never refer to England or make the smallest allusion to my being a stranger. They never bow or smile as they salute the lady of the house ; and when they have nothing particular to say they never dream of "making talk," but sit quite still, or at most gravely spit into the nearest *china* receptacle, or, still more fashionably, out of the nearest window. The Brazilians are curiously impassive, at all events about matters of importance. For instance, Ortulano Fonseca, who has been working for years to get a concession or privilege from the provincial government for the establishment of a large glass factory here, succeeded in carrying it through, and actually got the necessary decree promulgated by the president on Friday last ; yet he mentioned the fact very casually on his return home, and no one seemed the least interested, least of all himself. Monopolists in this country are supposed to give some *quid pro quo* to the State, and Ortulano will have to engage to support a certain number of widows and orphans, and to supply schools or hospitals with glass at a reduced rate or for nothing, before

he begins operations. He is coming to Europe in a month or two to look after machinery, which he expects to find in Belgium. On Sunday evening after dinner I went to the English church service, and home to bed. On *Monday* a number of business visits and a good deal of reading occupied the day. Owing to the intervals between the steamers I have much more time here than I want, and as it is my last stop before home, I am oppressed by a sort of "Jaen" feeling, which I very resolutely war against, and set myself to study two somewhat kindred subjects, Portuguese and patience, with, I trust, some fruit. With anything to work at one need not be dull, and indeed I am more inclined to be impatient than what is commonly called bored, and as I have not had a telegram from Rio to-day I am afraid the old *Aconcagua* may be late, which would be a decided grief.

Tuesday.

Ayant tout le temps de relire! I think I may as well complete my Alexandrian story!——and he met the English consul in one of the principal squares of the city, and said he thought the natives seemed rather excited, and suggested that the official should at least look out for a row. The official replied, "Bosh." Five minutes afterwards the Christians were being murdered right and left, and both Barclay and the official flying for their lives. Is not the story characteristic? Furthermore, Barclay said that the sensation of seeing people killed all round you, and expecting your turn to come any moment was a very strange one, not the least one of fear, rather of curiosity; that the situation was not realized in fact, and that he saw men knocked over as he would have seen ninepins. But when he had escaped and was safe on board ship, nature re-asserted itself, and he completely broke down.

Your delightful letter and a long and good one from

I

Arthur, were delivered to me to-day, also a small packet of very interesting letters and odds and ends, but not nearly all referred to in your letter. You know my feelings about guests' washing in English country houses; well, here, not only are my clothes washed, but a slave whom I have never seen carries off from day to day any article she thinks I have worn long enough, and puts it back beautifully washed in my drawer the next day. Our table servant is, I am sorry to say, a free man, and he asserts his liberty by wearing, not merely the thickest, but the most creaky boots I ever saw or heard, and as the dining room has no carpet and very little furniture, you can imagine the effect. Ortulano Fonseca took me to-day to see the new Carmelite church, which is a copy of St. Peter's at Rome, and the new market in front of it, a copy of the Halles Centrales in Paris, both, I need hardly say, on a smaller scale than the originals, but both very creditable. The church was shut, and we had some difficulty in finding some one to unlock the door; but when at last we caught a man who did so, far from lurking in search of a tip, he marched off again, and left us alone, to get out when and how we chose. I think I have already told you of this Brazilian merit.

Wednesday.

Again I was called at five o'clock, dressed by candle light, and started behind the same grey team as before, to see the great reservoir, an artificial lake which supplies the city with water. It is about two leagues from this house, among some low hills; and although the actual scenery is nothing very remarkable, the vegetation is, not only richer, but far, very far more beautiful than anything I have seen in the south, and I can only again express my miserable regrets that from mere ignorance I can neither

convey to you nor even carry away for myself any distinct notion of what I passed by. But I enjoyed it at the moment, as an intelligent Chinaman might enjoy the *Huguenots*. I was filled with a sense of wonder and joy while the cause was present; and when it was past, the recollection of nothing but the wonder and the joy remained. We got back to a late breakfast. The remainder of the day passed much as usual—patience and Portuguese; the former study rendered all the more difficult by the fact of no telegram from Rio, showing that the *Aconcagua* must be at least two days late, with a possibility of any longer time. I fancy they have had very bad weather in the south.

Thursday.

This morning, Corbiniano and his son, myself, Ortulano Fonseca, another brother, and a brother-in-law, started by the 7 a.m. train for Limoeiro, sixty kiloms. and 2½ hours distant from Recife. There we found two mounted slaves and six horses for our party, and we all rode about three miles along what is called the *road* from the station to the *Ingenho*, but which was really one vast slough of soft but very sticky clay, from one to two feet deep, with here and there logs or bits of hard ground to impede progress. There is a rail or tramway from the station to the *Ingenho*, and the “road” crosses or skirts this in many places, and the mud is here further complicated by the rails and sleepers, which are occasionally—but rarely—visible. There were also a number of streams to be crossed by means of loose corduroy bridges, which the horses had to mount by a leap from the mire at a considerably lower level. And I am sorry to say that I hardly enjoyed riding a fresh and very excitable horse over and through this country, a horse which if you even touched the bridle, threw up his head with a jerk and danced like a bear on hot plates, and if

you left him to himself, proceeded through the road at a pace composed of a series of jumps of different length, height, and intensity. I must stick to the province of Minas Geraes for riding! Arrived at the *Ingenho* I found a large and very dirty farmhouse with a railroad running into the yard, a great sugar factory with £7000 worth of machinery on one side, and a long row of slave houses, just like our Indian servants' houses, on the other. As usual, I found that I had something in common with the host, Senhor João Antonio de Cavalcanti, having met his eldest son in Paris and again at Madrid in the spring of last year. After breakfast, which was of the usual character, we strolled about, looked over all the machinery, of which the owner seems to have imperfect knowledge, sucked sugar-cane, and generally did nothing—until dinner, which was perhaps served in a manner slightly more resembling an English meal, but if it was in that respect superior to our *Fazenda* dinner in the Minas Geraes, it was very far inferior to our city cheer in Recife. After dinner we talked politics, and came to the usual conclusion; namely, that the country was rapidly going to the devil, which, if, as I am told, a man may no longer wallop his own nigger, is a fact scarcely worthy of argument. The fact is, as you must by this time be well aware, every Brazilian thinks that he has a heaven-born right to do nothing. Now as the slaves, as fast as they are enfranchised, and they are being enfranchised very fast, have precisely similar views with regard to themselves, and refrain from work with as much regularity and success as their late masters; and as the natural fertility of the country enables the black man, whose wants are few, to live on nothing as well as to do nothing,—it is difficult, if not impossible, to make him work for wages, certainly for any reasonable wages, as I have already hinted. Now who is to till the few hundred mil-

lion acres of land which this marvellous country contains ? And what is the use of railways from the coast to the interior, and merchants of all nations at the ports, and schools all over the country, and fine speeches in parliament, if the country produces nothing ? Where is the money to come from to pay for it all ?

Brazil to-day is a fine field for study for political economists who say that the prosperity of a country chiefly depends upon the rate of wages and the amount of pauperism. Here there is no pauperism whatever. It might almost be said that there were no poor, for every one has enough. And the rate of wages is exceedingly high.

Yet it is almost impossible to conceive a country in so wretched a position. Without arts, almost without manufactures, importing everything beyond the barest and rudest necessities of life from other countries, with an upper class without culture, and a lower class without energy, a field for Portuguese shopkeepers and English contractors, animated neither by the military nor by the industrial spirit, excusing all its shortcomings by the plea that it is a young country, and yet being really almost on the brink of premature decay.

Meanwhile the poor slave, whose lot Exeter Hall calls upon us so much to pity, is better off than any one else in the country. He is well treated in every way. If he is a *mauvais sujet*, he is not punished lest he should "yerk his master under the ribs." If he is merely lazy, he is not punished lest he should run away. He takes no thought for the morrow ; and he is a gay fellow, the only lively piece of humanity in the country, always on the broad grin and generally singing, while his white or whiter skinned compatriots of high and low degree look always preternaturally grave and oppressed. The slaves belong-

ing to the FONSECAS at the soap works are not only *logés, nourris, vêtus*, doctored, drugged and shriven, but they are allowed the equivalent of eight rupees a month a-piece as *pocket money*!—the *wages* upon which the free man who acts as one's table servant in India keeps himself, a wife, and a large family, and appears daily in a snow white suit of his own clothes, and always saves money!

In this strange *Empire* everything tends to equality, and the result is stagnation. The lower classes have high wages, capital schools, excellent hospitals, the necessaries of life at a very low price. The higher classes have no great sources of revenue; they have to send their sons to school in Europe at great expense for want of *superior* education in their own country; if they are ill, they are pillaged by the native doctors, and for the smallest luxury or refinement or grace of life they have to pay a high freight from other countries, and an extravagant import duty into their own. Can you wonder at the state of the country being such as I have described to you? I begin to wonder why *any one* does anything nobler than walk about in green check slippers smoking coarse cigarettes! My host, at least, does neither.

Now I really must stop this political chatter, though I cannot tell you how much it interests me.

By way of abruptly changing the subject, I will tell you that I was weighed at the *Ingenho*, and found to be 54½ *kilogrammes*, or say 9 st. 4 lbs., an increase of nearly a stone since I left England! So much for two months in a good climate, unless, indeed, living entirely on shrimps and sweets is calculated to fatten. I must trust to the *Aconcagua* to set my digestion to rights!

Having conversationally brought the country to the d—l, and no one having any disposition either to bring it back thence, or accept any suggestion for impeding its

downward course, I ventured to hint at bed ; for up to the present time nothing of that nature had been "shown" to us, and the lady of the house had only appeared at breakfast.

In a few minutes some slaves appeared with light bedsteads—sacking stretched on cross-legs—and one hammock. We each had a bed to ourselves, except the *père et fils* Fonseca, and wrapping the solitary bed-garment round us, we looked like six corpses—and slept.

The next morning, *Friday*, we were up soon after six, and after a cup of coffee all round, rode back to the station and caught the train, which landed us in Recife about eleven o'clock. The riding road on the return journey was no more agreeable than the preceding day ; but I made myself happy by thinking what extraordinary good fortune had led me to abandon my proposed ride from Maceio to Pernambuco, about 200 miles of road, which I am now told is similar in character to, and worse in condition than, that which cuts the *Ingenho* off from the railway station. The railway, by the way, called the Recife and San Francisco, is a very good line, and one of the oldest in Brazil.

To-day is a saint's day and holiday of obligation, and everything is shut up, and Recife is as dull as London on a bank holiday, with the clubs closed! Yesterday, "Declaration of independence," was also a holiday, which we escaped by being in the country. But to-day is a great day in this house, for it is Saint Corbiniano, and we are full of company come to wish our host many happy returns of the day. In the evening we sat down twenty-one to dinner, and had champagne and various toasts, with sit down speeches, and your health as well as my own was drunk with due honour. Afterwards there was a children's dance and some music, all as simply and as nicely done as possible, with the minimum of either show or effort, and

the maximum of good-will and hospitality. But the Brazilians are a very dull people, the women more so than the men, the children more so, I think, than the women. And they have no manners, nor does the language lend itself to pretty, scarcely to polite, speeches in social life. Indeed, when men and women meet in what you may call society, they never seem to speak at all. But all the women play the pianoforte. It seems to be the only thing they can do; and they play airs from the *Trovatore* and *Traviata*, the march from *Norma*, and the *Carnaval de Venise* with variations; some correctly, some incorrectly, but few with expression. They all seem to dance well, but they waltz very fast, which in so hot a country is doubly a mistake.

Saturday.

To-day I have paid many farewell calls and wound up various matters of business, preparatory to my start on *Monday*, on which day Staples telegraphs he may be expected here. So I will not send this by the *Mondego*, but keep it to post at Lisbon in case I do not take the rail there myself.

S.S. Aconcagua.

I have had to put off writing up this, which has now become rather a journal than a letter, until to-day, *Saturday 16th*, when as we are approaching the Cape de Verd islands once more, I resume my stylographic.

Sunday I spent chiefly in last words with Fonseca until three o'clock, when I went off to dine with Mr. and Mrs. G., he a botanist and banker, she a most excellent hostess and a lady; and after dinner we all went to evening church at seven, as I had done the Sunday before, and then home to early bed. On *Monday* we had an unusually elaborate breakfast, at the conclusion of which I made a speech, which was I suppose successful, for most of the

party wept ; and then, after many less touching farewells on the quay, I went in a fine boat with the two Fonsecas to the *Aconcagua*. The bar is really a serious business, but the day was comparatively calm, and we only shipped one sea ; six strong oarsmen and an expert steersman taking us along very well.

There, or rather here, I found Staples, as cheery as ever, with all the officers, full of welcome, with a cabin next door to my old one, and Archie as before to look after me ; the same place at table, and Edward my old table steward in waiting ; furthermore, one of the pleasantest of our outward passengers, Dr. Estrazuelas, Uruguayan consul-general at New York, to greet me. But in spite of all this social pleasure, as well as the fact of there being rather a pleasant set of passenger acquaintances ready-made for me by Staples, I had to succumb, and begin my seafaring apprenticeship as though I had never been on a steamer before.

Monday I was ill in bed all day, and *Wednesday* ill out of bed, and being by this time well nigh in the Dol-drums, the close and detestable heat assisted in my discomfort. Immediately after leaving Rio on the outward voyage, smallpox broke out in this ship, and one of the first victims was the doctor, who, after spending a long quarantine at Monte Video, is here again at his post, unmarked, and ready to hand me the original black dose of marine allopathy. Five of the crew died on the west coast ; but the ship is all right now, though a Portuguese passenger died this morning, and was promptly buried by a wandering Jesuit on board.

Thursday.

We are running well, and should make up our two days before Lisbon, unless we get bad weather farther north. Our runs have been to 12 o'clock :—

Tuesday (21 hours) . . .	251.
Wednesday	290.
Thursday	288.
Friday	275.
Saturday	274.

Your delightful and long letter by *Neva* was put into my hand just before I embarked, and has been one of my few pleasures on board ship ; but of course I do not answer it, nor write more than a skeleton journal, when this letter can only be expected to reach you two days before myself unless I give it into your own hands! To-day, *Saturday*, I am sorry to say Dr. Estrazuelas' mother died of the great heat. She died at half-past four in the morning and was buried at five. The heat in the engine-room yesterday was 140°: in the stokehole I dare not say ; and all the firemen are Europeans! One of them went off his head—but is doing well to-day. One of the bearings "heated" too yesterday, and I was afraid for half an hour that we had broken down—in the Doldrums. However we did nothing worse than lose eight or ten miles. It has of course rained hard at intervals for the last three days, but it is somewhat strange that although we have got into the north-east trades again it is still raining. To-morrow morning I hope to say something more, in harbour at St. Vincent.

Sunday.

We did arrive at that most barren of islands about 9 a.m., and being kept in quarantine for the protection of the 1000 niggers who compose the population, were unable to visit the *Austral*, which lay close to us, and sailed on her way to Australia *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope a few minutes before we did, just before dinner time. We had only 190 tons of coal to take in, but in consequence of being in quarantine, no one from the shore was allowed

to come on board, so we had to haul all the coal on board bag by bag with our own ship's hands. These wretched Portuguese should not be allowed to impede the business of the world by possessing islands. The *Austral* is a wonderful ship, the newest of the Orient line, over 6000 tons, with her third-class passengers abaft, as they should be in every screw steamer, and full of new arrangements. I fancy she was to have started on Trafalgar Day ; . . .

. . . but I suppose the chartering of steamers right and left by Government for the Egyptian war service has upset all arrangements. Anyhow, I never saw a ship of any kind so full, and I would much rather be where I am on board the old *Aconcagua*, to say nothing of having no desire at all to turn my back on London for a long time to come! *Monday* is cool and cloudy, quite European weather again ; and I am thinking of putting on a waistcoat. The wind is N.E., of course, but so far light, and not enough to do any harm.

Monday.

The run to-day at noon showed a speed of nine and a half knots ! and it seems that the coal supplied at St. Vincent is only black stone, which not only gives out no heat, but cannot even be got to burn ; so we were not surprised, only greatly disgusted, when we found on *Tuesday* that we had only done 246. On *Wednesday* we contrived to dig down to some of the old coal, but did only 263, and on *Thursday* 257, so there is no chance of getting into Lisbon on Saturday. The weather on Monday and Tuesday was wet and dirty, and the weatherwise foretold a storm ; but to-day, *Monday*, the sky is blue. I cannot write with the same spirit when I think of *seeing* you so soon !

Friday.

Our run is worse than ever, 238, although the wind has entirely ceased, and the sea has a surface like glass, with nothing but the long swell of the ocean to make it different from a horsepond ; and I gather that there is something wrong, more than the mere badness of the coal, and if we had a storm, or even a strong head wind, we might be delayed for days ; so on the whole I think if there is no quarantine at Lisbon I will disembark, and take the train as far as Boulogne. I have come to an end of my own books, read a good deal of *Diderot*, who is rather poor after *Voltaire*, finished *Hayward's* essays, and wish I had two or three volumes more, re-read my volume of Macaulay, got through two Portuguese novels, and tried hard to get through Le Sage's "Bachelier de Salamanque," which is as inferior to "Gil Blas" or "Le Diable Boiteux" as *Titus Andronicus* to *Julius Cæsar*. But a fellow-passenger has lent me a volume of Huxley's essays, "Science and Culture," which, oddly enough, I have down in my notes as a book to read on my return, and I have anticipated the Grosvenor Gallery Library to this extent with great satisfaction. I have written out for you some lines by Mrs. Huxley, translated from Goethe.

"Would'st shape a noble life? Then cast
No backward glances towards the past ;
And though somewhat be lost and gone,
Yet do thou act as one newborn.
What each day needs, that shalt thou ask ;
Each day will set its proper task.
Give others' work just share of praise,
Not of thine own the merits raise ;
Beware no fellow man thou hate,
And so in God's hands leave thy fate."

Is not this good? I am also reading Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," which is the last of Staples' books that

I have taken advantage of, and although the matter is a little tough for shipboard, I enjoy it. It is rather an essay than a narrative history, and presupposes a good deal of varied knowledge to appreciate it; and not having a good reference library at hand, I have to take my chance. To turn from food for the mind to that for the body, which interests you more directly, I looked over the various fruits I am bringing home to-day. The *sapotis* alone have suffered, and I am sorry to say they—two boxes sent to you by Mr. Fonseca—had to be thrown overboard. *En revanche*, I have got a new breakfast dish from the ship's *menu*, "sardine fritters," which I hope ere long to enjoy in the immediate neighbourhood of Portman Square. With regard to Huxley's book, I think I need hardly tell you that there are plenty of passages worth quoting of *his own*, as well as Mrs. Huxley's translations; and before I return the book, which I have just finished, I will send you a few lines as wise as they are witty—and so like Huxley!

"Some wise man—who probably was not an early riser—has said of early risers in general, that they are conceited all the forenoon and stupid all the afternoon. Now whether this be true of early risers in the common acceptation of the word or not, I will not pretend to say; but it is too often true of the unhappy children who are forced to rise too early in their classes. They are conceited all the forenoon of life, and stupid all its afternoon."

And more—to much the same effect—on the evils of "precocious mental debauchery—book-gluttony and lesson-bibbing"; and, "the educational abomination of desolation of the present day—the stimulation of young people to work at high pressure by incessant competitive examinations."

Saturday.

Another superb day and rather a better run, 250 miles, though we have destroyed 150 fire bars since we left St. Vincent in trying to burn our so-called coal. What we, or I, do to-morrow I cannot tell till we reach Lisbon. Meanwhile I have a few more bits of Huxley for you, which I think you will enjoy. "The ambition of the great mass of mankind is to go through life with moderate exertion and a fair share of ease, doing common things in a common way. And a great blessing and comfort it is that the majority of men are of this mind; for the majority of things to be done are common things, and are quite well enough done when commonly done."

* * * * *

Saturday night.

We are to be in at midnight, and in view of possible quarantine the purser has asked for letters; so I send this, not knowing how soon I may follow it. The engineer seems recovering. *Au revoir: à bientôt!*

Rio, August 31st, 1882.

This will be my last letter before I start for home myself early next month; but I must tell you of all I have seen and done since I last wrote. I have just returned from a most interesting trip to one of the largest and best-managed slave estates in this country. And as it is one of the only countries—except Cuba—where slavery still exists, I daresay you will like to hear my impressions and experiences. However, having already seen a large slave estate in Cuba, it was not to me quite such a novelty as it would otherwise have been, as the circumstances are not unlike each other. I was introduced to Baron R. B—— some time ago, and he then asked me to visit his estate, and repeated his invitation the next time I met him, saying he expected a party the following day, and hoped I would join them. Of course I jumped at the offer, started by first train next morning, and found myself at the station of Barra three or four hours later, where the Baron received us. There were a number of other guests, and the lion of the party was Sr. Avellaneda, late president of the Argentine Republic, whose mission to Brazil, though not official, is generally supposed to be a quasi diplomatic one, mainly for the purpose of trying to keep the peace between the two countries. The relations between them have not lately been as cordial as might be desired, and there are serious fears of war,—nominally on account of a disputed boundary; really, I believe, on account of the jealousy of Brazil at the rapid progress of her vigorous neighbour. We must hope, however, peace will be preserved; and indeed, for two young countries, both with an enormous extent of unoccupied territory, to go to war on account of the disputed bound-

ary of a swamp—for the Missiones question is nothing else—would seem an act of national insanity.

The Baron began by entertaining the whole party at an elaborate breakfast at the station hotel, when Avelaneda's health was drunk, and he replied in Spanish. He speaks well, and I was much struck with the beauty of the Spanish language as compared with the Portuguese, though I did not pretend to understand accurately the sentiments expressed in either. After breakfast we started, a party of about thirty, to visit the Baron's property, beginning with some iron works near the station, and then a church close by. The church in question is only lately finished, and was built by foreign labour, imported under conditions that do great credit to the Baron. There was a bad epidemic of yellow fever at Rio, and the Baron—he was not then a Baron, as the title was given to him as an acknowledgment of his conduct at that time—caused all the immigrants arriving at the port who had not secured employment elsewhere to be sent up at once to his estate. He set them to work to make roads, cut down a hill, and build this church; and no doubt saved many lives by so doing, for he brought them out of the infected town of Rio up to the pure air of Barra, 2,000 feet above the sea. There were a good many English and Irish among them, and Lord Granville, who was then Foreign Secretary, wrote him a letter of thanks for his kindness, which letter the Baron is very proud of, and takes the earliest opportunity of showing to his English friends. We then started for his house, driving a couple of miles or so along the Parahyba River, till we came to the avenue to the house. Here we found everything *en fête*, the palm trees along the avenue all hung with flags, and a great display of bunting all about the house and grounds. A band—all slaves—met us at the door,

and played the Argentine hymn in honour of Avellaneda. The house is a long, low building, forming one side of a large square, two of the other sides being composed of the slaves' quarters, chapel, hospital, etc., and the fourth being a sort of battlement from which we looked down on the Parahyba River many feet below us. The centre of the square is mostly a paved courtyard, and is used for drying the coffee, a small part being laid out as a garden with plants and flowers. We walked all through the slaves' quarters, which were exceedingly neat and tidy, everything being in capital order, and saw the hospital, nurseries, stores, etc. The slaves had been given two days' holiday for the occasion, and were all in their holiday dress, the women gay with all sorts of coloured ribbons and bright dresses and shawls, such as the negress invariably delights in. The slaves all appeared happy and contented, and they are certainly well taken care of and kindly treated in every way. They are given a weekly holiday, though the day chosen is not necessarily Sunday ; and if called upon to work extra time, they are paid for such work, and a store is kept where they can buy any extra luxury they wish for.

After dinner and the toasts which followed it, all our party went out into the courtyard, which had been illuminated with coloured lamps. The scene was very picturesque and striking, the variegated lights, the fireworks which were continually let off, and the crowd of negroes divided into different parties, each party dancing some different dance. Many of the dances were very uncouth and strange, some being accompanied by a monotonous chant and clapping of hands, others by horns and beating of drums. Dancing is the chief amusement of the negro, and it was kept up almost uninterruptedly from noon till midnight during the two days of our visit at Santa

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Anna. Next morning, after a stroll through the garden, rich in tropical plants and orange-trees covered with blossoms, we were summoned to attend mass. All the slaves were mustered and marched round the courtyard, headed by the band playing a slow march, and were then drawn up in the corridor outside the little chapel where service was performed. Afterwards we visited the buildings where the chief business of the estate is carried on, saw the machinery used for husking and preparing the coffee for market, and had explained to us the various steps necessary. We saw sugar crushed and prepared, and rum made, much as it is in the West Indies. Tobacco, sugar, maize, and beans are all grown on the estate for the use of the slaves, as everything necessary for their support is produced at home, nothing being bought, and no product sold except coffee. The afternoon was spent riding through the coffee plantations, which extend for miles along the hills; as far as the eye could reach little else could be seen except coffee plants, with orange trees at intervals amongst them, the fruit of the latter being intended for the slaves when at work. A ride by moonlight back to the house, and after dinner a repetition of the illuminations, speeches, and festivities of the day before, with the addition of some good music in the shape of national airs very well sung to a guitar accompaniment, ended a very interesting and enjoyable day.

The following morning our party broke up. I left early by train for Porto Novo, intending to ride over the hills to Cantagallo, and return by Novo Friburgo to Rio, a trip strongly recommended to me. I left the train at Porto Novo, managed to secure a guide and two mules, and started about the middle of the day to ride what I had been told was about five leagues. But, as usual in Brazil,

the information as to distance had been slightly misleading, and we rode on till dark, when we got benighted, no moon appeared, and the guide did not know the way. We scrambled along steep and narrow paths through thick woods, and though impossible to distinguish anything a foot distant, our mules never once blundered, and crept over rough ground and through streams in a wonderful manner.

My difficulties were not lessened by the fact that owing to my limited knowledge of Portuguese, much of my conversation with my guide had been carried on by signs, a mode of communication now rendered impossible by the darkness! At length, however, we arrived at a small farmhouse. The owner was understood to be deaf, and averse to receiving travellers, especially foreigners. So we were glad to accept a shelter in the house of one of his workmen, and save ourselves from a storm which was impending.

Next morning we continued our journey, and finally arrived at our destination, Cantagallo, after a ride of certainly more than double the distance I had been led to believe we should have. The scenery by daylight was very fine, high mountains, extensive views, and the usual luxuriance of Brazilian forest vegetation. Not the least interesting part of the trip was the railway journey from Cantagallo to Rio, over the mountains and down by a very rapid descent to the coast, arriving finally at Nictheroy, on the opposite side of the bay, whence a ferry conveys passengers over to Rio. The descent after passing the town of Novo Friburgo is magnificent, the incline is very steep, the sides of the Organ mountains are covered with the densest and most luxuriant forests, and at almost every point there are lovely views over the bay of Rio, which extends up nearly to the foot of the Organ Mountains.

Novo Friburgo is in the centre of a coffee-growing

district, and one rather more populous and prosperous than any part of the province of Minas Geraes.

Altogether, my excursion showed me a good deal of the country in a short time. No visitor to Brazil should ever leave the country without seeing a large slave estate, and I was glad to have so favourable an opportunity of staying with one of the pleasantest hosts, and on one of the model estates of the country. The Brazilian planters have, I fear, a hard time in store for them; for slavery is rapidly declining, and in a few years will be altogether a thing of the past. Every child of a slave woman born since Sept. 1871, is free on arriving at a certain age, I think at 21, and there is an Emancipation Fund, established by law, by which a number of slaves are annually liberated. Numbers, also, are emancipated privately, especially by their master's wills at their death.

The end of the system of slavery is thus rapidly approaching, and the question of how to supply the place of slave labour is becoming a very important one for Brazilian property owners. It is clear that if coffee and sugar are to continue the two chief industries of Brazil, cheap and abundant labour must be somehow forthcoming; but how to make the free negro work if he prefers to squat, and how to supply his place if he will not work, is the problem the coming generation of Brazilian planters will have to solve. They will, however, be spared the loss and confusion that our own West Indian planters had to endure by the too sudden emancipation of their slaves, and can look forward to the continuance of the present system probably for a few years longer. Brazil is not a country where changes are likely to be very violent or very rapid, and it is probable that an organized system of importing a large number of Chinese may be adopted, which may at any rate partially meet the difficulty. The future of the

country must to a great extent depend on the labour question ; for it is hard to see what can take the place of coffee and sugar in the tropical parts of the empire, and how the country can at all maintain its position if these industries are seriously crippled, the value of the coffee and sugar annually exported probably amounting to over £15,000,000. So the matter is a serious one for the Brazilians to consider, and unfortunately their attitude seems to be rather one of *laissez aller*. Altogether, the question of slavery and the effects of its extinction is likely to be grave, no less in Brazil than in Cuba ; and I should certainly advise any of our wandering friends of a philosophical and philanthropic turn of mind who care to investigate the subject, to come to Brazil and see slavery as it is, while it still actually exists. Only, if they have formed their ideas of it and its horrors from reading the pages of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, or from highly-coloured pictures of whips, tortures, and misery, drawn by their own imaginations, they will be disappointed—I hope agreeably. They will see nothing in Brazilian slavery, nor I may say in Cuban, which will be likely to shock their nerves. A walk through the back slums of an English city might perhaps try them more severely.

My next few days will be spent in preparing for departure, and I shall reserve all further particulars till we meet. . . .

1883.

Sunday, July 1st, 1883.

Goodness only knows if you will ever get this! I am writing it on chance, having nothing else to do. I do not even know exactly where I am, but I believe it is a place called Paranapanema, and it is about one hundred miles from anywhere! We are having a Sunday's rest and clothes drying, having ridden all day yesterday, or nearly so, in a pour of Brazilian rain; no joke, I can assure you.

We are now about twelve miles off the nearest of the two mines we are bound for, and hope to spend most of tomorrow and the next day inspecting one or other of them: and the owner is with us, and is our pilot. We left Rio on the 22nd for Santos, by sea, in a Brazilian paddle steamer that was comfortable enough—though the food was rather too much flavoured with garlic—but was steered in a most erratic and unpleasant manner. However, we had a pleasant sail along the coast, and reached Santos safely in less than twenty-four hours, having glorious mountain views the first part of the trip. Santos is a low, swampy place, hot, uninteresting, and I am sure unhealthy, and we soon got out of it and up by the San Paolo railway over the mountains. Here the scenery was splendid, as fine if not finer than anything else I have seen in Brazil, and the forests as dense and luxuriant as a typical South American forest could be. The ascent is very steep, and the trains are drawn up by stationary engines placed at different points, which haul up one train by a steel wire rope while letting down another at the same time. We spent two days at S. Paolo, a clean but dull town, possessing that rare treasure in Brazil, a good hotel. There is not much to see there, the population contains a

large German element, and the climate when fine is perfect. The country around is all one great tableland, nearly 3000 feet above the sea level, and is much more open than most other parts of Brazil I have seen, and would be, I should say, not bad for stock. There are not many inhabitants, and strong traces of Indian descent among most of the lower orders.

We left S. Paolo on Tuesday for Sorocaba, by train. There we were to have met our mules ; but of course they were not ready, having been turned out to graze, and so naturally strayed away. We lost that day, and only got away by mid-day on the next, when we rode on till after dark, and all put up at a wretched house for the night. We are in the land of rough quarters and poor food, I can tell you. However, we generally get a tough old cock and rice for breakfast, ditto for dinner, nothing else but black beans, farinha—a sort of flour made from maize or manioc, as the case may be,—and bread and oranges if we are lucky. In any other country but one inhabited by Brazilians, there would be plenty of butter and milk, for I am sure stock would do well ; but these people do not seem to care to have anything. Coffee we can always get, so I hope we shall not starve. There is a certain amount of game, *viz.* partridge and a sort of wild turkey, and also quail, but we have no means of getting them. We are six in party : ourselves, our two Brazilian guides and chaperons, and two servants, one an Indian and the other a slave ; the latter belongs to our old pilot, who is a big man in these parts, I believe, as everybody seems to know him ; but where he lives I have not yet been able to find out. Information comes slowly in Brazil. We have a mule each, and one for the baggage of the party, necessarily scanty. We are on a regular beaten track—which answers for a road, being practicable in fine weather for mules, and a railway has

been begun which will run not very far from this. There is a district not far distant which is almost unknown, and only inhabited by Indians. There are a number of scattered patches of forest—we shall be in denser and wilder forest soon—and a good many streams, some of large size.

We found a comfortable shakedown the second night at a small town, all the inhabitants coming to have a good stare at us. The next day, after a long ride, we got benighted, and had a scramble in the dark for two or three miles, only luckily Senhor P——'s mule knew the way and found it, and we got to a house and fire and shelter. I slept in a hammock full of fleas, which was softer and probably less full of fleas than the beds the others turned into. It is always cold at night, though of course the sun is hot by day. Yesterday was horrible owing to the rain, and we got in here before dark. It is a small village, with a church, etc., and as the quarters are tolerable for Brazil, we are staying for a day to rest our mules and dry our clothes.

There is a certain freedom about all the arrangements that is novel. You ride up to a man's house and ask for food and lodging, and get whatever they have to give you, and it is offered hospitably; but there is such a total want of comfort and cleanliness about everything, that it is not at all attractive travelling. It is very slow work too; we cannot do much over three miles an hour excluding halts, but the way the mules pick their way in darkness, where I cannot see my hand, is wonderful. Only one fall so far among the party, one of our Brazilian friends having tumbled off—rather unnecessarily, I thought—on the first day. Of our future movements I know little, but we hope to see two mines thoroughly. Everybody seems to have the vaguest ideas about distances, and nobody

seems to know anything, so we can never tell where we shall be the next day. We start as early as we can, we stop to breakfast when we can, we ride on again till it gets dark, and get into a house when we can go no farther, provided we can find one, which luckily so far we have always done. The people are very quiet and harmless, and there seems no reason whatever to carry a revolver, which I am doing. The two servants are also armed with wonderful weapons that would only hurt their bearers.

Here the scenery is not as fine as I expected, though we can get very extensive views for miles over the plains, and every now and again ride through a patch of virgin forest. I have not seen many pretty orchids, but I expect they are mostly out of bloom now, and therefore I do not notice them. There is a good deal of cotton in the district, as we have met trains of mules laden with it, but I have seen little of it growing as yet ; a little tobacco, sugar, maize, and coffee are the chief products. The horses and mules are small, and the cattle also, and there are not nearly as many as there should be ; but a railway may do a good deal towards developing this district, which is I think superior to Minas Geraes agriculturally, though not equal to it in scenery. And I expect it is very rich in minerals, and not as much explored as Minas. I hope you will have news of me by cable before this reaches you, if it ever does. I am told the post goes sometimes !

Rio, July 14th, 1883.

I think it is your turn for a letter now ; I wrote last to — from some place in the wilds of the province of S. Paolo, with a long and unpronounceable, and far more unwriteable, Indian name, Heaven only knows where ! and I daresay the letter never turned up, though they say the post goes occasionally. We had a wild and interesting

journey, and I have only just returned. The quarters were usually horrible and the food worse—that is when we got any at all; and I was uncommonly nearly starved, as black beans make me ill, and we got little else for some days. A fraction of a lean chicken, occasionally with rice, often without, and a few thimblefuls of black coffee, no bread, biscuit, nor vegetables, was our daily fare. In the true Brazilian fashion we were to go a journey of three days from St. Paolo to see two mines. We arrived at the first on the evening of the eighth day, just before sunset, after the wildest ride through a virgin forest I have ever had,—miles from any human habitation, cutting our way with slashers through the forest for some distance, in order to avoid fording a deep river, and when at last we reached our halting-place we found the little shanty, where we should have rested for the night, burned down! Nothing remained but a few black poles; but it was impossible to go back, for the track was difficult and dangerous enough by daylight, and utterly impossible for any horse or mule in the dark. So we camped, but without a tent! We lit a good fire and boiled our coffee, and slept, under the stars, on bamboo poles to keep us off the damp ground; and it was not at all bad; only we had no good food over our camp fire, as I used to have in Norway and Newfoundland. The mine may be very good, but without food and lodging we could not stop to examine it properly, and we rode back the next day, part of the way to another we had left to see on our return. Here, also, unluckily we could get nothing to eat, and after twenty-four hours we had to clear out, very hungry, and ride back to a settlement where we got food, and heartily we enjoyed that dinner. There may be great value in this mine, but, as in the former case, without means of existence we could not stop to examine it thoroughly; it is in the midst of dense

forest, close to a large rapid stream with bright clear water, very favourably situated. I began to get quite accustomed to sleeping on planks—the beds are just like planks, only livelier—and never taking off my clothes. The most comfortable bed I had was on a pile of dried bean-stalks, only I was afraid a snake would come out of them, and as I do not pretend to be like St. Paul, he might have bitten me.

We saw no snakes, however, no wild beasts, plenty of parrots, but few birds except humming birds and other small ones. The natives who came with us for the last two wild days' ride provided themselves with all sorts of weapons, but what they expected to meet I never could make out. At any rate we saw nothing dreadful or terrible. I rode a very nice little horse for the two hardest days, and he climbed up and down the banks of rivers and along edges of precipices most cleverly; other days I rode a mule. The mules occasionally fell down, but only one of the party—not myself—ever came off. Our Brazilian friend, who was supposed to be our guide, but knew very little about the country, as he had never been there before, became unwell on our return journey, and after waiting for some time I decided to go on alone, being anxious for business reasons to return to Rio. I left the rest to follow when able to do so, as I thought B's illness only a touch of intermittent fever, to be cured by rest and quinine. I started with the negro slave, and rode back to the railway, about seventy-five miles, doing the journey very satisfactorily and without difficulty of any sort, though at starting my annihilation and total loss was prophesied. I delayed no longer than was necessary, and came right through from S. Paolo to Rio by train—thirteen hours. It is a fine journey, the line running along the valley of the Parahyba River for several hours, and finally descending over the Serra to the coast. I hope

the rest of the party will soon reappear. I was quite well all the time, and think the climate perfection. The food, or rather the absence of food, is the chief cause of complaint; the warm sun and bracing wind, though good in their way, are not quite sufficient to exist on alone.

The province of S. Paolo has great natural advantages, and if 100,000 Anglo-Saxon emigrants were turned into it they would make a fine country of it; but the Brazilians are incompetent, and can or will do nothing. There is certainly no tropical heat to complain of at night, for I was several times nearly frozen, and had to do as I did in Newfoundland, and put on all the clothes I had with me on top of one another, for I had no blanket, and shall not again go into the wilds without one. Back again in Rio, however, we have no cold to grumble at, but alas! the contrary.

S.S. Cotopaxi. Between Monte Video and Rio.

August 24, 1883.

I am now on my way back to Rio, and hope to post this on arrival, and to follow it home myself, probably by the next steamer. I am very glad I went to the Plate, for I spent a very interesting time there, and obtained a fair idea of the country, its inhabitants, and the mode of life. You have already probably received my letter from Buenos Ayres, written on my arrival, and telling you of my first impressions of the Argentine Republic, and the contrast in every way between it and Brazil. It is hard to imagine two neighbouring countries more unlike than they are. The push, and bustle, and competition here, as compared with the slowness that characterises everything and everybody in Brazil, is as marked as is the difference between the lovely bay of Rio with its mountains, and the

low muddy shores of the Plate. A few days after writing my last letter, I was asked by one of the Directors of the Great Southern Railway to go with him and some others to the south, where they were going in order to inspect a new line of railway just finished and ready for opening. We went by special train to a place called Tandil, about 250 miles south of Buenos Ayres, where the new line at present ends. The whole country is a dead flat, and therefore rather monotonous. It is almost all rich grass land, nearly as good as any you would see in Meath, though much of it is now flooded from continual heavy rain. All is divided into enormous square fields and farms, fenced with wire. Every pond and brook swarms with wild fowl of all descriptions, and near Tandil, where the land is a little higher and quite dry, I saw from the train a few herds of small deer. I rode a few miles from Tandil to see one of the sights of the country, an enormous rocking stone, of about 180 tons weight, perched on the top of a small hill, and so balanced on another rock that you can move it by pushing it, and break bottles under it. I believe it is the largest rocking stone in the world. On my way back I went a short way down another line to stay at an estate considered one of the model estates of the country. The owner, Mr. S—, was away, but three young Englishmen who are in charge of it received me hospitably, and showed me all about. There is an excellent, well-built house—built as are most houses here, with a square courtyard in the centre—a garden nicely laid out, and all arranged much on the English country-house model. There is an avenue of eucalyptus trees about half a mile long, and all round the house is well planted with different trees, but chiefly eucalyptus and poplar. The estate is about twelve miles square, and they have on it about 26,000 sheep and 7,000

cattle, and a large number of horses. They go in for breeding all kinds of stock, and get large sums for their rams, chiefly Rambouillet and Negretti breeds, and also have some Lincolns and Leicesters. There are English shorthorn bulls and thoroughbred horses too, and there are eccentric stock also, in the shape of llamas and vicuñas, not to mention ostriches. The whole place is alive with wild fowl of every kind: swans, geese, and large rose-coloured flamingos. We spent two days riding about and shooting; but the birds were so wild and the water so high, we got very few, not above twenty ducks of various sorts; and I got no swans or flamingos, though I shot some large black ducks which were new to me. The horses are mostly very easy to ride; for here everybody lives on horseback and never dreams of walking. The wet had made some places very sticky, and on coming away the waggon got bogged in the mud and broke down, and we had hard work to catch the train, every available horse having to be caught and tied on to the largest waggon in the place, which was with great difficulty hauled through the sea of mud.

Shortly afterwards I went up into Uruguay to stay with the —. I went by steamer from Buenos Ayres up the Uruguay, and then changed into a smaller steamer, which took me up the Rio Negro to Mercedes. The large steamers are good and comfortable, but the journey is not very interesting, as there is nothing to see. About fifteen hours took me to Mercedes, and the — sent in to meet me, they live about twenty-five miles off. In that district the country is rather different, long undulating plains, mostly with good grass and well watered; but there is no timber to speak of, except some jungle along the banks of the Rio Negro. They have a very good estate or "camp," as it is called, about six miles square, a small

house, but a new one, large and airy, of brick with a tile roof, is nearly finished. They have fenced and divided all their estate with light wire fence, and have planted a great deal round the house—pines of various sorts, which are doing well, eucalyptus, poplar, and fruit trees. They have about 14,000 sheep and 3,000 cattle, and of course a number of horses.

I spent several days there, and we had a different entertainment every day. The first day we rode all over their camp and those of some of their neighbours, doing some shooting as we went, and killing ten ducks, twenty-one partridges, and some snipe. Next day was devoted to marking cattle. There were about twenty men besides ourselves out, and they set to work to separate the calves of seven or eight months old, which is done by galloping into the herd and hunting out the beasts to be taken away. They go a tremendous pace, and it is hard work for men and horses; but it was a bitterly cold day, so it was good exercise. They then drove away those they wanted to a corral about 100 yards square, and shut them in. Then a two-year old bullock was lassoed, killed, and cut up, a large fire lit in the corner of the corral, and the meat roasted in strips with the skin on. It was excellent meat, tender and juicy, and nearly all the bullock was eaten during the afternoon. Two or three men then rode into the corral, and every beast was lassoed in turn, thrown down, branded and marked on ear and chin. It is pretty rough work for the cattle, who are often hurt and sometimes killed by the fall. Some showed fight, and one young bull charged several times, and cleared us all away from the fire and over the gate of the corral. When all were marked—about 100—they were driven off to another part of the camp, and a herd of about fifty mares and young horses driven into the corral. They then singled out, one by one,

four or five of the best looking young horses, three or four years old, lassoed them round the neck, then round the fore legs, and when they came down they put a leather thong in their mouths, saddled, and took them, still tied, outside the corral, when a man got on them, their legs were loosed, and off they went.

Some of them bucked and fought most frightfully, and one man was bucked off to the great amusement of the spectators ; but that does not often happen, as they stick on most wonderfully. A man on a fast horse always gallops alongside, and keeps turning the young one to prevent him running away into a wire fence. This performance was repeated again the next day with the same horses, one of them jumping the corral, nearly six feet high, before he was lassoed. They said he was a "bad one," and he certainly showed great sport the way he bucked, fought, kicked, bit, and screamed ; but he was ridden nevertheless, and they said he would be quite tame and running cattle in a month. The others were quieter, one of them, a nice looking grey, was intended for Mrs. F——, and they said he would be quite tame and fit for her in three months. Horse taming is a regular profession here, one or two horse tamers are always employed on every large estate. They use whips when taming, but no spurs. Catching the horses with the lasso is risky work, as they often are hurt or killed with the fall ; but as horses are so cheap, they do not mind a few accidents.

Mares are never ridden, or indeed used at all, except to tread mud for brickmaking, or to boil down for their fat and grease, and a good-looking young horse costs only £4 or £5. They are small, rarely fifteen hands high, and once tamed are very easy to ride, and just suited for the country and the work they have to do. There are any number of partridges, smaller than the English bird and

more like a large quail. We shot ten brace close to the house in an hour and a half, and fifteen brace more in about two hours in the evening one day, having an ostrich drive between times, which was another novelty to me.

A long net was spread, and we all rode out and drove about twenty-five ostriches before us along a wire fence, walking them along till they were near the net, when we galloped them on, got them inside it, and shut them in. They were then hunted into a corner, caught, their legs tied, and we plucked them. They are plucked twice every year, and their feathers bring in a good deal of money, though of course they are not as valuable as the south African black ostriches. They run a great pace, and for a short distance no horse of the country can catch them. You would be amused at the way they fatten their cattle here on the grass, by galloping them hard for half an hour or so twice or three times a week. But for that they say they would blow themselves out, and not fatten. So you had better try the prescription for your own fattening beasts, and send somebody to gallop them occasionally, and see the result. The F—— seem to be very comfortable, and are making money. They get 6*d.* per lb., on an average, for their wool unwashed; nobody washes wool in South America, it does not pay to do so. About £3 is the average price of a fat bullock. Fray Bentos, the great cattle-killing place on the Uruguay, is not very far off. It is there that Liebig's extract is prepared, and I believe it takes a whole bullock to make twelve pounds of extract. The only thing the settlers here seem really to fear is a revolution, when the troops come round and steal their horses. But as modern firearms are found to hurt, revolutions are becoming much less frequent. Everybody goes about armed both in Uruguay and in the province of Buenos Ayres; but there does not seem to be much real

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need for it, and unless quite alone nobody would be likely to touch you. As a rule, nobody when riding alone allows a stranger to come within a lasso's throw of him.

There are a number of Irish settled in Uruguay and in the Plate countries generally, and most of them are doing well. Those who came out a few years ago have had a great chance, as land has gone up in price enormously during the last year or two. Money judiciously invested only twelve months ago in the province of Buenos Ayres would have doubled itself by now. About Bahia Blanca, 350 miles or so to the south of Buenos Ayres, there is and has been an immense amount of speculation in land, and numbers have made fortunes in a short time. The government not long since used to sell a square league for £80, giving eight or ten years to pay it off, and with no restrictions as to residence or otherwise, only binding the purchaser to sink a well and to put up a certain amount of fencing. Now however their terms are much higher, and will increase as the country develops. It is evidently going ahead fast, and I expect the home farmer will have as much or more to fear from competition from the Plate than he will from North America. I saw but little tillage in the south; the corn growing district is the province of Santa Fé, where I did not go. But there is tillage near Buenos Ayres, and one house in Buenos Ayres has an order for twenty-five steam threshers, and reaping and binding machines are coming in fast. The immigration is enormous, though the Italians are far the largest element. The railways too are increasing and paying wonderfully, the Southern line shares at a large premium now; and the Bahia Blanca country will be opened up in a few months by their new branch; a town is springing up there, and the Pacific steamers will soon call there regularly. And the Indians have only been quite lately driven out!

Things indeed go very fast ahead in Buenos Ayres. Now that I have seen something of both countries, I can quite understand why the Argentines are going ahead so fast and Brazil is not, especially as the former government encourage foreign immigrants far more than the Brazilians. I do not however think there is any coal in the republic, which seems to be the one thing they most want. Their agricultural future must be very great. The climate is splendid; now of course, being mid-winter, it is pretty cold, but it is a pleasant, bracing cold, and firstrate I believe for any one whose chest is not very strong. Buenos Ayres has one great drawback in the shallowness of the water in the river, for when the river is low the large steamers cannot go within sight of the town, and everything must be transhipped into lighters and again into carts to be landed, and so of course everything imported is necessarily dear. But they are dredging out a harbour, and Rosario up the Parana is growing enormously; large steamers can get up there, as there is a fair channel in the centre of the river, although they cannot get to Buenos Ayres. It struck me as so curious seeing horses and carts going apparently far out to sea to meet boats.

Another thing that must strike every visitor is the absence of great poverty. I never saw a person dressed in rags or apparently a pauper while in the country. There is evidently great competition in trade, and the population is very cosmopolitan; one hears every language spoken. There are some fine river steamers running between Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, and on up the Uruguay and Parana rivers. Monte Video is a clean, bright looking town, well placed and apparently thriving and increasing fast. Here also is an immense immigration, chiefly Italian.

But the extent of unoccupied land in Uruguay is now not large, while the price is pretty high, and I think the

— partly regret they did not settle in the province of Buenos Ayres instead, as the larger republic is bound to go ahead fast, while Uruguay's prospects are more doubtful. As far as it goes it is a fine country, well watered, good land, and about the finest climate in the world, though it has a wretched government, and is too small to have a brilliant future before it. Everywhere in both countries there is a far greater appearance of tidiness, cleanliness, and comfort than in Brazil; and there is at least no fear of being starved anywhere near habitations, for meat is as cheap and universal as beans are in Brazil. Altogether I am much pleased with my short visit to the Plate, and shall hope to repeat it at some future time, and add to my experiences of South America by seeing something of Paraguay and by finding my way across the Andes to Chile. The transandine railway will be finished probably in three or four years, and will much quicken and cheapen the journey to Chile and Peru. However, a trip round through the Straits of Magellan must be very pleasant and interesting, especially in a ship like this, which is one of the best I have ever travelled in, having all the most modern improvements, electric light, saloon amidships, spring wire beds, etc., etc. How uncomfortable the Brazilian beds will feel when I return to Rio! The weather is splendid, and we have no pampero blowing now, as I had on my way from Rio to the south.

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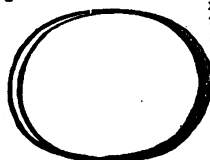
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