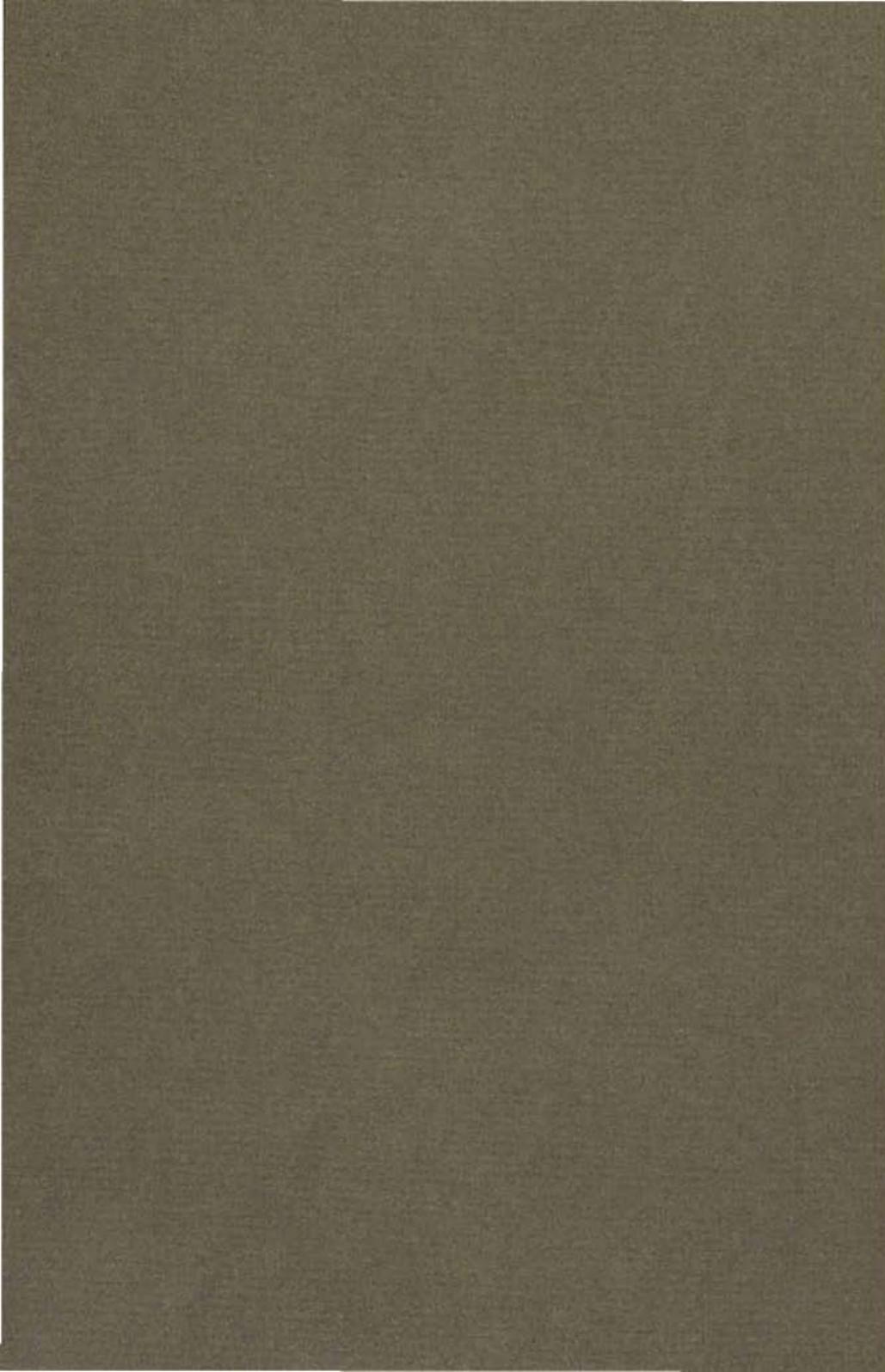




90 DAYS in the TROPICS



Ninety Days in the Tropics,

OR

LETTERS FROM BRAZIL.

BY

WILLIAM S. AUCHINCLOSS, C.F.

WILMINGTON, DEL.:

1874.

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Preface.

IN all my travels, I have made it a practice upon reaching any strange city to visit at once a book-store or photographic gallery, and purchase a series of views which should recall the place, its scenery, and other features of interest.

With such a pocket panorama I have visited the localities illustrated, and most carefully comparing the copies with the originals, have noted wherein the former were imperfect or inadequate. By this means those effects of light, color, and distance which elude the camera, have been filled into the picture and impressed on the memory; so that, however hurried may have been the visit, its reality for many years afterward is recalled in all its freshness by a glance at the photograph.

Necessity, rather than choice, has led to the adoption of this plan, for my travels have seldom afforded the time for lingering to study the beauties of scenery and treasures of art.

In these respects my Brazilian trip was not exceptional, and a few of the photographs so collected and used have been inserted among these letters. Though they may not take life and color to those who have never visited the scenes they represent, still it

is hoped they may be found an acceptable substitute for many pages of printed description.

I beg leave to express here my sincere gratitude for introductory letters from many kind friends. These in all cases elicited the most cordial and hospitable response, opening the door to the desired acquaintance with Brazilian social life, and procuring for me many polite attentions, the retrospect of which is one of oft-recurring pleasure.

W. S. A.

WILMINGTON, *Nov. 1874.*

1.

A Trip to Brazil.

THE STEAMSHIP VOYAGE TO RIO—EXPERIENCES IN THE
TROPICS—STOPPING AT ST. THOMAS—WEST INDIAN
CUSTOMS AND CHARACTERISTICS.—ISLAND OF GUADA-
LOUPE.

A Trip to Brazil.

THE daily life on a steamer bound for the South American ports is so monotonous that it is not surprising to find those who are exposed to its influence relieving the tedium by lengthy accounts of its few novelties and incidents. What editors might charge to malice is really only a lazy generosity, willing to bestow its dullness upon them and the public. Well! what else could be expected from one who leaves New York with the dreary certainty of spending twenty-seven days at shortest on his journey. This is a long time to look forward to, and it is only when one has been at sea long enough to forget the days as they pass, that he becomes at all reconciled to the trip. Strange as it may seem, a ship's company actually do forget the lapse of time. This was illustrated the other day by asking a dozen passengers, in quick succession, what day of the week it was. The replies ranged all the way from Tuesday to Saturday.

As many are doubtless unfamiliar with the route pursued in a trip from New York to Brazil, it may be well to note that the most direct course is by the vessels of the United States and Brazil Mail Steamship Company. They are steamers of over 2,000 tons burden and sail on the

twenty-third of each month. The entire distance of about six thousand miles is divided into five unequal parts by the stoppages made at the ports of St. Thomas, Pará, Pernambuco, Bahia, and finally at Rio de Janeiro. The respective distances are 1,400, 1,610, 1,090, 375, and 725 miles. Were it not for these little breaks in the journey and the opportunities they afford of visiting tropical cities, the monotony of the voyage would be almost intolerable.

Our vessel left Pier No. 43, North River, promptly at 3 P. M., and was soon out of sight of the waving handkerchiefs of friends who had taken favorable positions on the neighboring steamer "Acapulco;" a vessel, by the way, of which every Wilmingtonian has just cause to feel proud. It took but a short time to reach the "Hook," where we bade adieu to that connecting link between voyagers and home—the weather-beaten pilot—who generally leaves with his pockets filled with letters, which in the course of a few days find their way into the sacks of the Post Office Department. The sailors in the meantime quickly spread the sails, which contributed several knots per hour to our progress. In the days following the wind veered around from a point west of north to northeast, and blew steadily and vigorously until our arrival at St. Thomas. Of course the sea rose quite high and made our stanch vessel roll continually. Each day, however, gave the air a higher temperature, while the Gulf weed and our tiny friends, the flying fish, reminded us that we were approaching a tropical clime. Frequent rain clouds furnished a delicate background on which the sun constantly painted the most beautiful rainbows, and at night the young moon made promenading on deck the favorite pastime. It was not many days ere we were obliged to substitute summer for winter clothing, for the thermometer had, in the meantime, risen to 78 degrees in the daytime, and remained at 70° during the night.

Early in the morning of the 29th of January we dropped

anchor in the harbor of St. Thomas and were quickly surrounded by a host of small boats, each one of which was manned by one or more negroes. The health-officer and harbor-master soon made their official visits, which were succeeded by a clambering of passengers over the side of the steamer and the start of a fleet of boats for the shore.

This island, whose beautiful harbor has for years past formed the place of rendezvous for the West India traders, belongs to Denmark. It is eight miles in length by three in width, and its rugged hills rise to an altitude of some 2,000 feet. The population consists of about 2,000 whites and 1,400 blacks. The ancient brick fort, garrisoned by a corporal's guard, is remarkably suggestive of the "good old times" when war was conducted on principles less destructive than those now in vogue. The houses rarely exceed two stories in height, on account of the dread their inmates have of earthquakes. Their exterior is stuccoed and the many delicate shades they have been painted remind one of the city of Venice. The resemblance, however, does not hold good for the house-tops, as nearly all of the roofs glow with a brick-red tint. The windows are quite innocent of sash, and the green slat blinds afford the only protection from the glaring rays of the sun. The first floor of the house is usually devoted to commercial purposes, and the family occupy the second. In the back yard it is not unusual to find a handsome cocoa-nut palm, a huge cactus, or an orange tree.

The principal hotel of the place is located near the landing, and is known as Hotel du Commerce. You ascend the stone stairway to the second story, and from the dining-room (we should say balcony, for it is all open to the air) one can watch the street life below, as well as look out upon a garden abounding in tropical trees and plants.

To us, it is always a source of pleasure to contrast the negro in the tropics with those of his race that occupy

more temperate climes. With the former there is an elasticity of expression and apparent relish of life that is not found in northern regions. Somehow or other their spirits possess peculiar thermo-specific conditions, that are as quickly affected by cold as a bottle of olive oil, which in its native clime is most beautifully limpid, but congeals under exposure to our northern winters. There is a rollicking joyousness about their lives, as they expose themselves to the mid-day sun, which is a source of envy to those who must stay under shelter or only venture out carefully screened by a huge umbrella.

As St. Thomas is practically a free port (the duty is about one and a half per cent.), one can secure good bargains in clothing and other articles adapted to the tropics. Of course the Oriental practice of charging two prices is the rule rather than the exception, but a sufficient number of feints to leave, and quotation of "last price" eventually bring a reasonable rate of exchange. The English language is very generally spoken. This is owing to the fact that with a few exceptions all of the Windward Islands are owned by Great Britain, and the island of St. Thomas is their principal depot of supplies and port of exportation.

At noon, our steamer fired a gun as signal for departure, and by one o'clock we were steaming toward the land of the Southern Cross. It was with regret that we bid adieu to about fifteen of our passengers who remained at the Island, for on a long voyage one is greatly dependent on the influence of congenial society to help pass the time.

It is odd how many curious characters one meets with while at sea, and how diverse are the missions of those journeying by the same vessel. We have with us one party on his way to the Amazon, who is a celebrated naturalist and snake-catcher. He tries his best to imbue us with his own opinion that a snake is the most beautiful animal on the face of the earth. His accounts of the best means to



ST. THOMAS.

catch snakes 30 to 50 feet in length are very interesting, and when he quotes their commercial value at \$7 per foot, one strives in vain to recall ever having seen a similar quotation among the daily market reports. Then again there are missionaries and consuls seeking their distant fields of labor. Merchants, Jews, refugees, army officers, scientists, and others, all contributing their share to the general amusement.

The next forenoon we coasted along the west shore of the beautiful island of Guadaloupe (a French possession). With the glass we could see the distant plantations and sugar mills, together with great numbers of waving palm-trees and broad-leafed bananas. The little town of Basse-Terre stretches along the water's edge, while the hills beyond rise to an elevation of 2,000 to 3,000 feet. It is a characteristic of all the Windward Islands that they rise abruptly from the sea, and especially so on the western side, while the eastern shore is more or less rugged, having suffered from the eroding action of the ocean waves.

We soon entered and left the passage between Guadaloupe and Dominica, and then skirted the South American coast at an average distance of 300 miles from the shore. We have now "Crossed the Line," and are entering that mouth of the River Amazon that leads to Pará. There we expect to meet the steamer "Ontario" on her way to the States, and as this will be the only means of communication for a month to come, we will take advantage of the opportunity for mailing correspondence. 06

2.

From the Amazon River.

THE GREATEST RIVER OF THE WORLD—ITS MOUTH AND
CAPACITY—PARÁ AND ITS WILMINGTON STEAMERS—
BRAZILIAN BOTANY AND PARÁ STORES—DOWN THE
COAST TO PERNAMBUCO—THE CATAMARANS OFF CAPE
ST. ROQUE.

fungados

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From the Amazon River.

AT the time of closing our last letter, we were rapidly approaching the mouth of the great-grandfather of rivers, the Rio Maranon or Amazon. In fact, the next morning we noticed a marked change in the color of the ocean, its delicate green hue having acquired a muddy tinge. We are informed that frequently the discoloration will extend for over one hundred miles from the shore. The Brazilians are naturally very proud of their noble stream, and are not slow to challenge one to show the counterpart of a river which is 4,000 miles in length, is navigable for a distance of 2,200 miles, has a mouth 96 miles in width, and several tributary streams varying in length from 1,000 to 1,800 miles. When, in addition to this magnificent river system and the astonishing productiveness of the soil, we consider that the empire of Brazil covers as many square miles as the entire United States, we are ready to admit that the Brazilians have abundant occasion for patriotic pride.

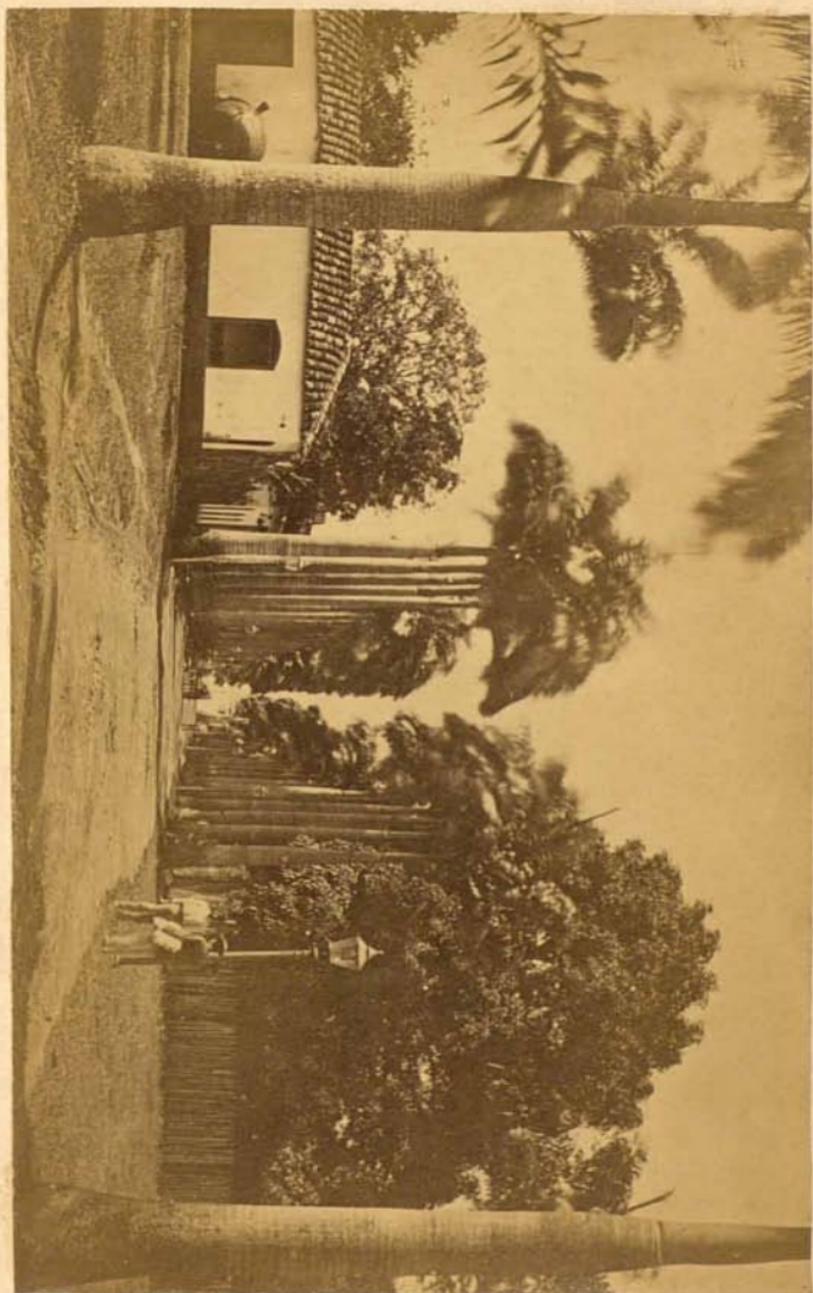
About noon, we sighted the left bank of the Amazon, which has a low sandy shore, expanding at points into large sand areas and hills or dunes, but hemmed in by the rankest tropical vegetation, which stretches inland as far as the eye can reach. There are no highlands to be seen, and

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where the sand-hills occur you never observe an altitude of more than one hundred feet. These dunes are formed by the drifting sand as snow-wreaths are in winter. The greatest height they attain anywhere on the western hemisphere is along this coast. One near Cape St. Roque is said to be 150 feet high. On the shores of the Bay of Biscay they average double the height of the Brazilian dunes. Later in the day, we passed the light-ship, which is moored several miles from shore. It was amusing to observe how many men the government considers necessary for the trimming of the lamps and care of the vessel in case of a breakage from the moorings. We counted thirteen men lazily leaning over the rail, and watching our progress. The complement for a vessel of similar size and importance on the United States coast would be four or five men. After passing the light-ship it was not long ere the pilot came on board and directed our course to Pará. The schooner pilot-boat that brought him down the river had as fine lines as many of the best boats off Sandy Hook, but the little canoe that transferred him to the steamer (manned by five men, with as many paddles) formed with the schooner about as strong a contrast in marine architecture as it were possible to imagine. As Pará was distant some seventy miles from the light-ship, and we had a strong current to contend with, it was not possible to reach the city before midnight. This city has a population of about 40,000, and forms the port of shipment for the wealth of the Amazon and its tributaries. On this account the harbor is always filled with steamers of every description, and presents a most active, thriving aspect. In viewing the fleet, it was pleasant to consider that probably one-half of the vessels commenced their career on our Christiana river.

The city of Pará extends along the river bank a distance of about two miles. It has a fort, several ecclesiastical establishments, a cathedral, an immense opera house, shops

O Teatro da Paray



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STREET IN PARA.

for repairs of steamers, and a vast collection of small stores. In the outskirts of the city, on the road to Nazeré, are the beautiful villas of the more wealthy inhabitants. A ride in this direction is a charming pastime, for each residence is surrounded by an acre or more of land which abounds in the most luxuriant tropical vegetation, from the sweetest flower to the stately Royal and the Fan Palms. The latter, on account of the large water supply stored in their hollow stems, are usually called the Traveller's Palm. It is well portrayed by the engraving on the cover of this work. Time will only permit us to mention a few of the varieties, and we must leave the reader to deck them with vines, mosses, orchides, etc. There are the mango, palmetto, coffee, papau, castor-oil tree, orange, mandioca, soursop, pineapple, lime, gudiaba, lemon, alligator pear, aloe, guacamaya, cotton-wood, bacouri, and banana. In the markets one finds the familiar tomato, ochre, sweet potato, water melon, beans, and squashes. The presiding genius of nearly every store is a parrot, a monkey, or a boa-constrictor, the selection being made according to the taste of the proprietor, and the incumbent, or recumbent (whichever may be proper), is placed near the doorway to beguile strangers into making purchases.

The inhabitants in respect to nationality are Brazilians, Portuguese, Indians, and Africans. The prevailing language is Portuguese, but any one speaking French can travel in Brazil without the least difficulty.

An entire day spent in roaming about the city and its environs, formed an agreeable contrast with the monotony of our sea life. By midnight, the steamer was again under way and steaming for Pernambuco, our third stopping-place, distant some 1,100 miles. We kept close along the coast, and much of the time within sight of land. As we passed Ceará (a city of 20,000 inhabitants) in the evening, we were surprised to see it suddenly become aglow with

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lights, and to learn that it was supplied with a complete system of gasworks. This, however, is the case in most of the South American cities of note, and those who visit the country with the expectation of finding the people a poor benighted race, will discover that in this respect at least they have misjudged the natives.

The next day after passing Ceará we doubled Cape St. Roque, the most eastern cape of South America, and in its vicinity met with many catamaran boats, that had ventured far out from the shore in search of fish. These curious boats, or more properly rafts, are formed by lashing three or four logs (cut from cork trees) securely together, and the lateen sail is spread from a pole that serves as a mast, and which is stepped in a little frame on the logs. The affair is steered by means of a large paddle, and the fishermen walk about on the logs, while each little wave surges around their feet. They are literally in the water all the time. One's northern instincts lead him to regard this means of locomotion with more or less contempt; but when you remember that the average temperature of the ocean in these latitudes is about 80 degrees Fahrenheit, you may be ready to admit that, after all, the poor fellows may have a more comfortable time than you do on the steamer's hot decks. The great uniformity which characterizes the trade-winds tempts these men far to seaward, and it is no unusual event to find them thirty miles from the shore.

3.

A Voyage to Rio.

THE STOP AT PERNAMBUCO—THE GOVERNMENT'S DIS-
PUTE WITH THE BISHOP—CHURCH SERVICES WITH-
HELD—FIRE-WORKS AT BAHIA—OFF FOR RIO—A
KIND WORD FOR THE GOOD SHIP. 11

A Voyage to Rio.

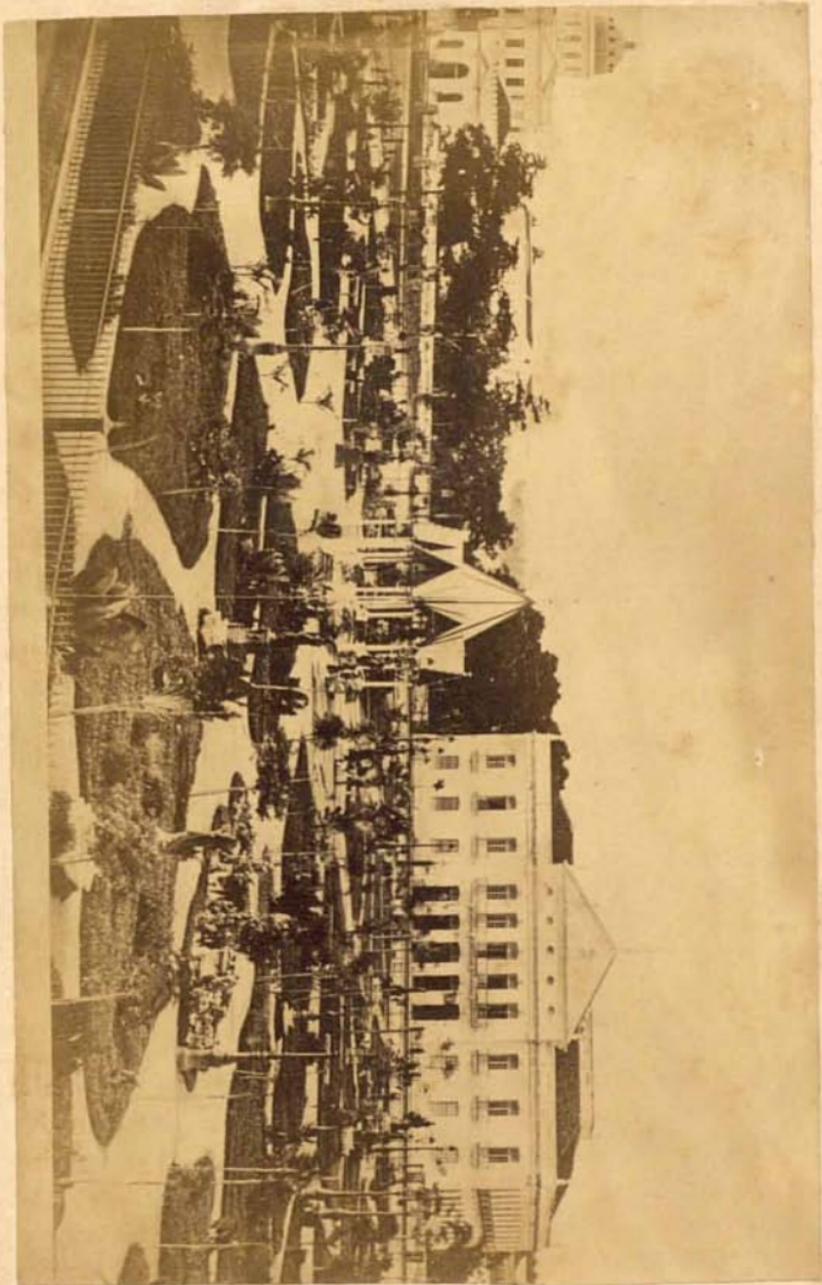
THE firing of the gun, and clanking of the anchor's chain, at six o'clock the next morning, apprised us of our arrival at Pernambuco. The natural harbor is formed by a coral reef running parallel with the shore, but on this it has been found necessary to build a massive breakwater. The steamers usually anchor outside of the reef, and communicate by means of small boats with the shore. The city is divided into three parts by natural boundaries, and these are known as Olinda, Recife, and San Antonio. The population numbers about 150,000. The Olinda portion of the city was originally settled by the Dutch, and although the country was soon after conquered by the Portuguese, one cannot help intuitively attributing the great cleanliness of the streets of Pernambuco to the effect of the Dutch precepts and example. In fact, a stroll through the city reminded me in this respect of Rotterdam and Amsterdam. The houses are usually four stories in height, and the lower story or shop is of the Oriental type, being nothing more nor less than a closet, without windows, whose doors open to the street. When the proprietor locks up his establishment at night, the shop is as "dark as a pocket." The display of goods

during the day is fairly dazzling, and whoever cannot be suited in Pernambuco must be hard to please. The city has a fine law school, observatory and government buildings, and is a noted sugar, cotton, and coffee mart.

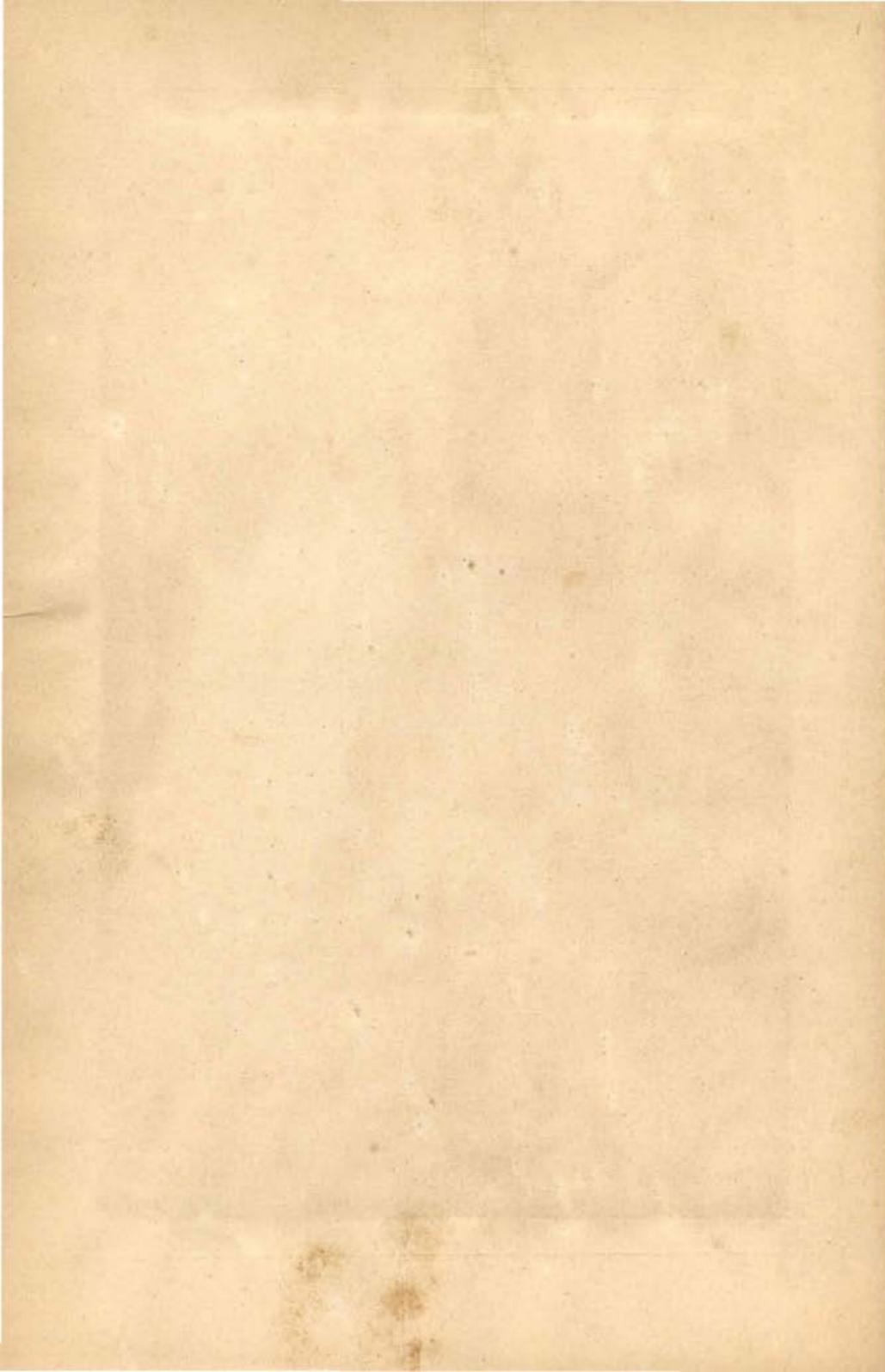
Its religious facilities are, at the present time, quite limited, on account of the conduct of the bishop. The latter saw fit to excommunicate all freemasons in the province, which practically amounted to the withdrawal of religious rites from one half of the male population, whereupon the Emperor sent a government vessel from Rio and arrested the bishop. Prior to his removal to the vessel, this wily dignitary arrayed himself in his most gorgeous attire, and insisted upon walking through the streets followed by his attendants. The government officer humored his desire in this respect as far as the palace door, where he was compelled to disrobe and enter a carriage which quickly conveyed him to the landing. As similar difficulties have occurred in other provinces, it remains to be seen how the government and Rome will adjust the matter. Many Brazilians, however, look forward to an expulsion of the Jesuits.

In the meantime most of the churches in Pernambuco are closed and the priests frequent the streets. One could spend a week or two in this city and its environs with great pleasure, and it was not without much regret that we were obliged to take steamer again in the afternoon, and shape our course southward toward Bahia.

The second morning after leaving Pernambuco, we were awakened before sunrise by the rapid detonation of fireworks. On opening the window we found ourselves off the city of Bahia, and could see rockets ascending, as well as hear the explosion of crackers, mines, etc. We afterwards learned that it was the first day of Carnival, and that Lent would soon be inaugurated. We are pained to record that, in our own case, the demonstration



PALACE AT PERNAMBUCO.



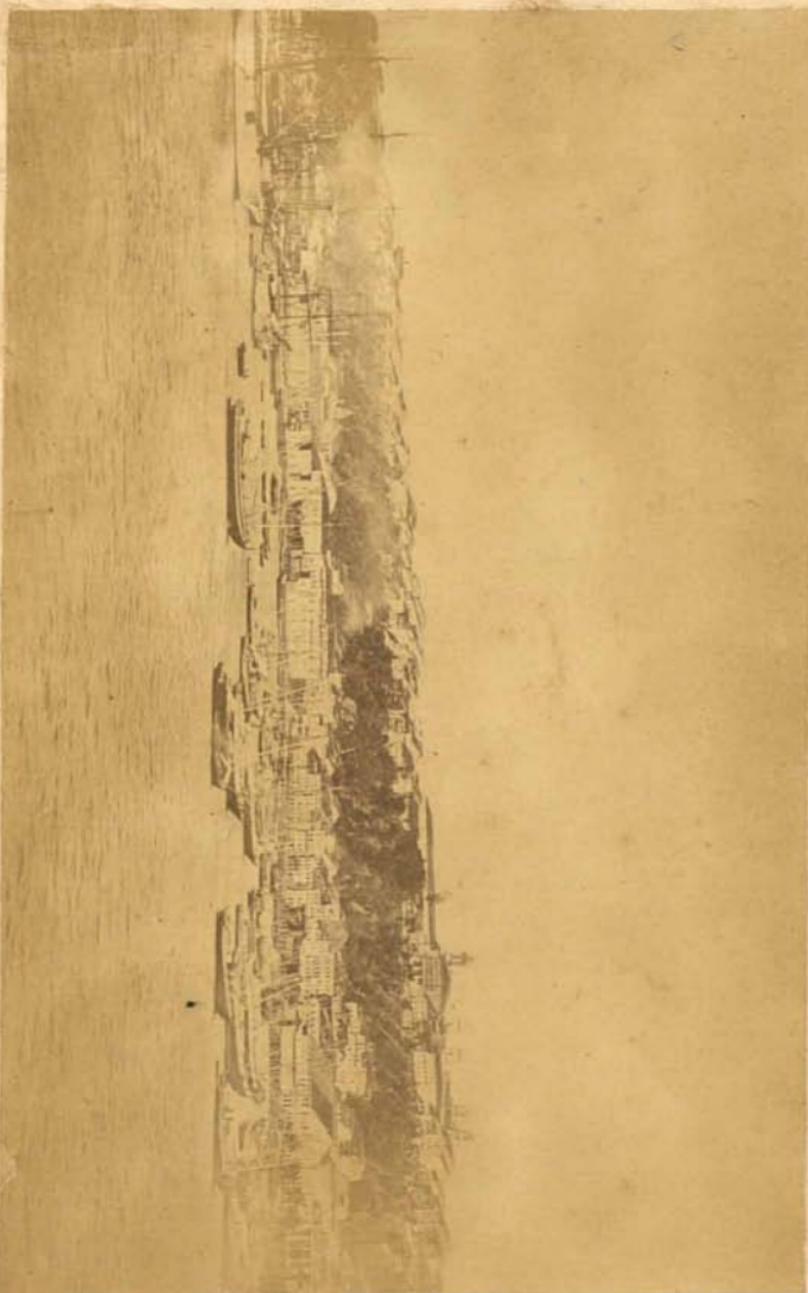
was an entire failure, and had the tendency to excite a slight irritability of temper on account of the lack of judgment shown in calling us up at so untimely an hour. These feelings, however, were calmed when we remembered that we were on the "Bay of All-Saints," and especially when the sun's rays were reflected from sixty-five churches which were scattered throughout the city. This seems a small number for a city of 200,000 inhabitants, but as the Archbishop's palace is located here, we will take it for granted that this is the orthodox proportion. The city skirts the bay from Victoria-e-Barra to Bom Fim, a distance of about six miles. The old town is not over one hundred yards wide, being hemmed in by a bluff, that (running parallel with the shore) rises to a height of say two hundred feet, and spreads out into a most beautiful table-land. The new town skirts this plateau. Here we find the different consular residences, surrounded by beautiful gardens, and commanding a superb view of the bay, which stretches far away in the distance. Words can hardly describe the beauty of these gardens, whose flowers, growing uncovered, have the richness and delicacy of the most exquisite conservatory, and fill the air with the sweetest perfumes.

The elevation of the new above the old town would scarcely be regarded in a northern clime, but in the tropics it is looked upon as something perfectly frightful. The good people of Bahia have to thank one of their own townsmen, who, having completed the course at the Rensselaer Polytechnic, in Troy, N. Y., returned to his native city, designed and erected a massive building, which he supplied with hydraulic elevators, and now raises the inhabitants at a cost of ten cents a head. This gentleman has been so public-spirited in all his enterprises that he will doubtless ere long be made a Baron of the empire.

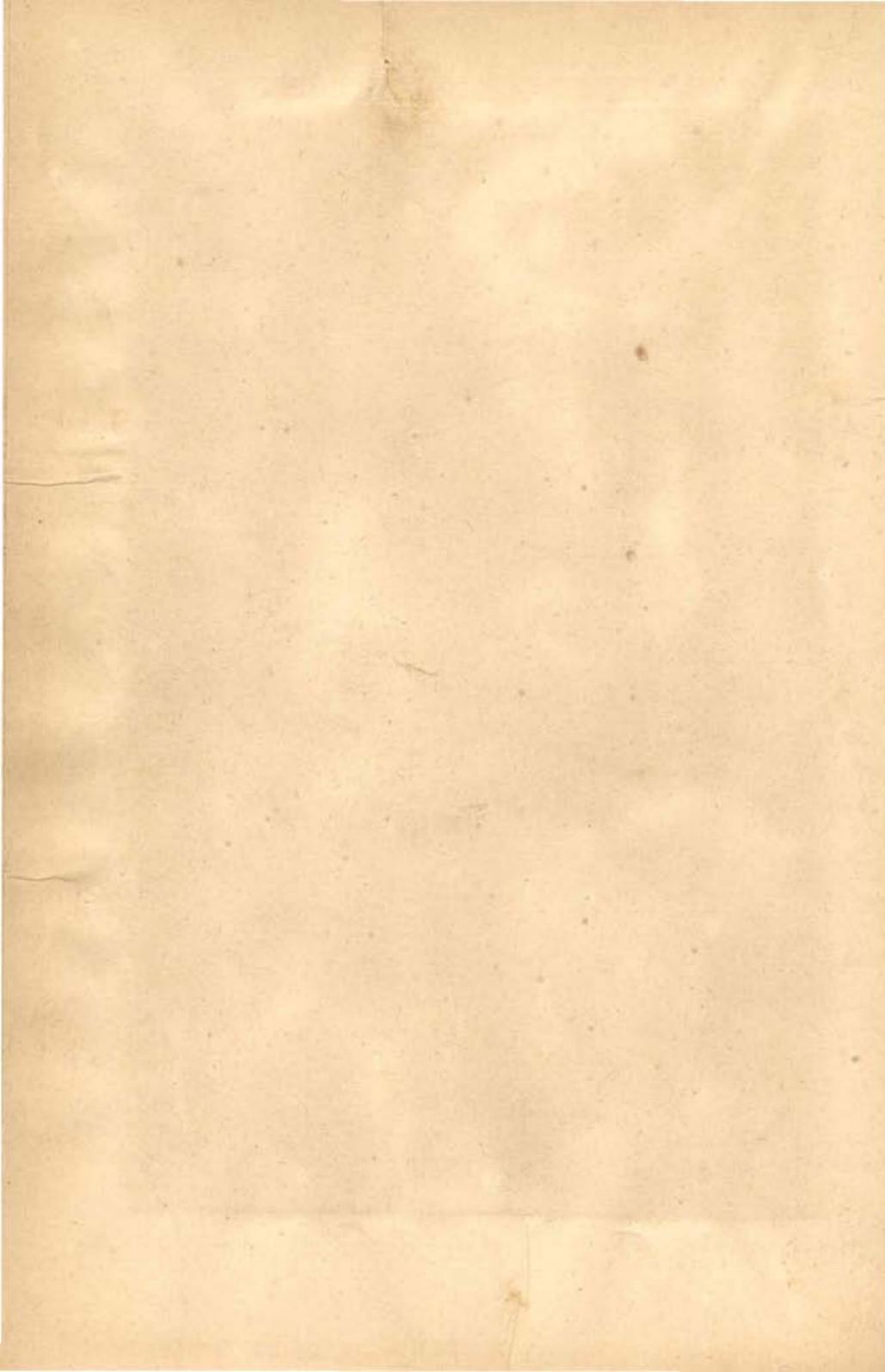
Many of the houses in Bahia are five or six stories in height, and in this respect differ from those of Pernambuco, but they, like all others in Brazil, have absolutely no chimney. The streets are not so wide nor as cleanly as in the latter city. A visit from a school of whales often makes very lively scenes in the bay, for they abound in these latitudes, and consequently the people are prepared to engage at any moment in their capture.

In the afternoon our steamer took on board eighty-five slaves and started on the last stretch of her course to Rio de Janeiro. We shall probably reach the city to-morrow, but must reserve its description for a subsequent letter.

We cannot part with our stanch ship, the *Merrimack*, without a word of commendation, especially in respect to that which so interests the traveller, viz., the table. The insurance inspector's report will give the rating of a vessel with mathematical nicety, but one is often at a loss to know what sort of treatment he will receive in a corporeal way, when engaged in a long voyage. We have travelled on many English, French, and Austrian lines, but never enjoyed so great a variety nor were so well served. Stopping at so many towns at short intervals, offers opportunities not enjoyed by many companies, for procuring tropical fruits and vegetables. The discipline and attendance on board have been admirable in every respect.



BAHIA.



4.

The Capital of Brazil.

THE FINEST HARBOR IN THE WORLD—BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO—HOW YOU ENTER A BRAZILIAN PORT—LIFE IN THE CAPITAL—RIDING WITH A PORTUGUESE JEHU—THE STREETS, WATER, GAS, AND STYLE OF BUILDING—EDUCATION AND RELIGIOUS CONDITION—HOW EUROPE APPRECIATES BRAZIL, AND THE UNITED STATES DOES NOT.

The Capital of Brazil.

THE many novel sights that meet one on his arrival at a foreign port so completely absorb his attention that he finds neither the time nor disposition to write out the impressions they produce. The scenery, the buildings, the dress and customs of the people, even the trees and flowers are unfamiliar. One feels that he has been suddenly placed in a new world, with which he is in almost feverish haste to become acquainted. This is especially true where an unknown tongue is spoken. One's interest and attention are then still further engrossed by the necessity of becoming acquainted with the language; otherwise he is exposed to numerous embarrassments, and may even transgress some local law. Then, again, it is not altogether prudent to attempt generalizations with reference to any country before long association with the people, and the enjoyment of their hospitality enable one to write intelligently and with freedom from prejudice. These, together with other considerations, have delayed the continuation of our last letter, which you will remember terminated rather abruptly off the harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

The day one first enters this magnificent harbor may well be regarded as an epoch in his life, for it is without

question the finest in the world. It is true that the bay of Naples and the harbor of Constantinople have the charm of historic association added to their natural loveliness, and while as better known to the travelling public they may be employed to illustrate the beauty of this bay, they can serve but as stepping-stones for the mind in ascending from the less to the greater. As compared with the bay of Naples, the bay of Rio is more enclosed, its hills approach nearer the water, and though none of them reach the height of Vesuvius or Monte St. Angelo, the amphitheatre is more perfect and the average elevation greater; its limits are so exactly and plainly defined that its noble expanse is impressed upon one from any point of observation, and, lastly, its vegetation has the rich luxuriance of the tropics. One feature of the bay is that its beauties are not confined to a single point of observation. Its magnificent scenery is suggested even before you enter; on the right hand stands the rocky eminence of Santa Cruz, crowned with its fortress; on the left, the world-renowned Sugar Loaf, a massive granite cone, which rises precipitously from the sea. Farther to the left are the peaks of the Corcovada, and as far as the eye can reach the Serra range extends along the coast, while the head of the bay is hemmed in by the range known as the Organ Mountains, whose blue peaks (suggestive of a cooler clime) rise to a height of 2,500 to 3,000 feet above the ocean. From the tops of all of these peaks, as well as others on the Santa Cruz side, the bay has the same expression of tropical loveliness, blended with the rugged boldness of more northern climes.

The bay is about sixteen miles in length by eleven in width, and contracts to about one mile in width at the mouth, which opens toward the south, thus protecting the entire expanse from the action of violent winds, and rendering it the most commodious and safe harbor of the world. The general appearance of the bay is rendered more pic-

turesque by the presence of a number of small islands and miniature bays (the latter having been patterned, as it were, after the parent expanse); their white sandy beaches, rocky bluffs and rich borders of verdure furnishing the voyageur a series of delightful surprises, as their recesses are one by one revealed to his inquiring gaze.

The city of Rio de Janeiro is located on the left-hand side, as one enters the bay, and that of Nietheroy (the capital of the province) on the right-hand side, directly opposite the Imperial City. The entrance to the bay is strongly fortified, so far as old-fashioned forts may be said to possess strength, but the government depends more upon its numerous iron-clads and monitors for real protection. It is daily strengthening the land batteries and is greatly aided by Nature in the labor, for she has given almost inaccessible heights upon which batteries can readily be located with telling effect.

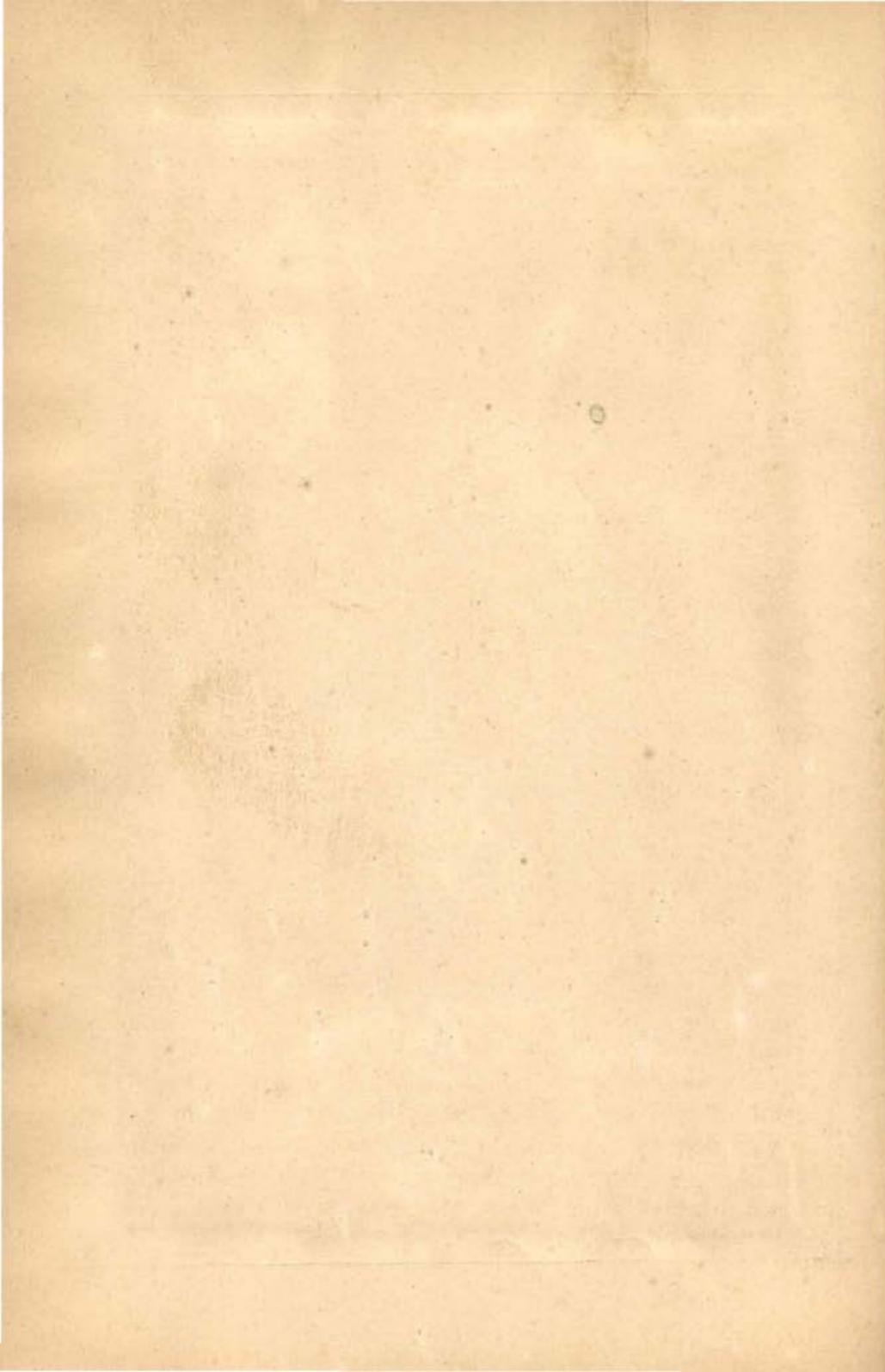
All vessels entering the port are hailed from the fortress of Santa Cruz, and made to display their colors in due form, but are allowed to proceed without detention as far as the fortress Villegagnon, which is quite near to the city and located upon a small island. The ochre hue of the walls of the latter fortress contrasts prettily with the rich colors of the royal palms in the background as well as with the deep blue of the surrounding water. It is here that one first observes the intimacy of the union between Church and State that exists in so marked a degree in Brazil. On top of the fort, and surmounted by a huge cross, stands a small chapel, within sight of all the shipping in the harbor, and here the soldiers and marines are supposed to meet every Sabbath. As a vessel approaches this fortress, a soldier on the ramparts summons the captain, by the aid of a huge trumpet some six or seven feet in length, to come to anchor at once. Then follows a visit from the health-officer and the custom-house officials, when, if the papers prove

satisfactory, the vessel is allowed to proceed about a mile farther to her anchorage off the city, otherwise she is consigned to the quarantine ground in the lower harbor. But woe betide the captain who attempts to clip a little from the "red tape" which surrounds all these official acts. The sentry vociferates most furiously through his huge trumpet; then a blank cartridge is fired from one of the cannons; finally, if the captain proves obdurate, a ball is fired at the bow of the vessel, which generally serves to bring her to. Some slight misunderstanding occurred in the case of our own entry, and the programme proceeded as far as part third, when our captain managed to place the "Merri-mack" between the fortress and the United States frigate "Monongahela," which was at anchor in the harbor, whereupon all offensive demonstrations ceased, and we were able to steam up to the city, followed by harmless appeals from the mammoth trumpet. As soon as a vessel anchors, she is at once surrounded by a host of small row-boats, each with its dainty awning, neatly cushioned or carpeted seats, and a name calculated to catch the eye of some nationality on board the vessel. These boats are manned, each by two negroes or Portuguese seamen, most of whom speak two or more languages.

The confused din that arises from their appeals for employment, reminds one of what must have been the terrible confusion that put an end to the construction of the Tower of Babel. The craft of "passenger transportation" is indeed a power in every Brazilian sea-coast town, and hinders all progress toward the construction of suitable docks and piers, to which a vessel might approach and discharge its hundreds of passengers by that simple device known in the States as a "gang-plank." However, such a plan is far in advance of the times; it would not only throw many boatmen out of employment, but with them many government officials, lightermen, etc., etc. If you suggest such



RIO DE JANEIRO.



an idea to a Brazilian, he will shrug his shoulders and reply "Paciencia," or else say that it would be useless—"what would you do with the time thus gained?" We note in this connection that it is a settled principle among Brazilian officials "Never do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow." Such a maxim accords so little with Anglo-Saxon training, that one is very liable to chafe under the repeated efforts that are everywhere made to put him off till to-morrow.

If you wish anything attended to, you will generally receive the reply: "Wait a little, sir!" which may mean any future time, and if you seek more definite assurances, you are advised to come to-morrow—"amanhã." Much as you may be irritated by such responses, you learn by them a very salutary lesson; that is, never to hurry in Brazil, for in the end you will accomplish more, and, above all, preserve your health from being impaired by undue excitement. With the Brazilians politeness goes a great way. They have many of the characteristics of the Spanish, and cannot be driven or ordered; but if they are all treated as persons of great distinction, as Doctors, Commendadors, and Illustrious Senhors, there is no attention or assistance that they will withhold. The average American citizen is apt to feel that he alone is worthy of such titles, and in consequence does not get on very harmoniously until he learns the character of the people.

But to return to the matter of landing: Before it is possible to leave the vessel, one must have his passport properly viséd by the Chief of Police. The deputy of this official visits the vessel and expends on each paper a modicum of blue and mauve ink. You are then at liberty to visit the custom-house or "Alfandega" as it is called, and have your baggage examined. This must be attended to during the office hours, viz., 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. As almost the entire revenue of the government is obtained

by means of import and export duties, and not by internal taxes, the officials are correspondingly strict. From the custom-house your baggage will be carried on the heads of negro porters to the carriage, or else to the "Tilbury" if your parcels are few. The capacity of these men for carrying is something wonderful. They will carry on their heads a huge trunk surmounted by two valises for a distance of many rods. Unless one is careful, however, human nature will assert its preference for ease, and two or three will seize the articles that ought to be carried by one, and at the end of the journey you will have a corresponding number of impecunious applicants amongst whom to divide your small change.

The practice of carrying on the head is as universal in Brazil as in Holland. It is no uncommon sight in Rio to see a huge piano-forte travelling along the street, on the heads of five negroes. The venders carry about fruits and sweetmeats in this manner, little show-cases filled with shoes, or calicoes, or tinware, also wickerwork hencoops two stories high, filled with chickens of different breeds and values. Of course where there are so many peripatetic shops underway, there are a corresponding number of street cries, and means for attracting the public attention.

Nearly all of the carriages are drawn by mules. These seem to stand the climate much better than horses, and are sturdy, powerful beasts. What is technically known as a "Tilbury" is an English one-seated carriage, mounted on two wheels, with a goodly number of springs and a comfortably hooded top. One can lie back on the luxuriously-cushioned seat, and while protected from the sun, ride about the city, at a very moderate cost per mile, and study the ways and customs of the people. The drivers are nearly all Portuguese. It is doubtful if you ever see a Brazilian in this capacity. In fact, wherever

hard work is required, or anything of a menial character to be done, you will search in vain for a Brazilian. If, however, the question is that of a clerkship, or of a position under government where one can wear a bit of gold lace, and let his nails grow in Chinese style, then the applicants are legion, no matter how small may be the salary. The successful applicant can never be seen carrying a bundle or a basket in the streets. He always employs the first negro he meets to follow in his wake. It is not unusual to see a young official attended by a black carrying his epaulettes and sword. If you perchance should meet a well-dressed person carrying a parcel, you may make up your mind that he is some bank officer carrying a roll of money to another bank. If you have occasion to walk with a gentleman, no matter how short the distance, he will scarcely permit you to exhibit the good "home training" you have received from your youth up, but will insist on calling a black to carry the merest trifle you may have in your hand. The only article which is *en regle*, is a silk umbrella to protect you from the sun's rays as well as from the sudden showers which are liable to occur. A silk hat is always respected in Brazil, and a straw or felt scarcely tolerated. A blue suit for business purposes will be found most comfortable and appropriate, but of course for calls, visits to diplomats, etc., the inevitable "swallow-tail" asserts its inherent cosmopolitan rights.

As your Portuguese Jehu winds his way through the narrow streets of the city, you will at first be fearful that he will run over some of the passers-by, for the streets are so narrow they do not admit of curb-stones, but are arranged with one gutter in the centre, a row of flags along each side next to the stores, and the space properly paved between. You can, however, dismiss all fears on this score, for the driver has a wholesome regard for

the dignity of law. He simply calls out, "Tchew!" "Tchew!" as if addressing a number of chickens, whereupon the way is quickly cleared. This is a general exclamation, which is used by all classes to attract attention.

The names of the streets are printed on the corner houses, and immediately under each name is an index hand showing in which direction the law permits you to pass. This is a most excellent device, and prevents carriages or carts meeting and producing a state of blockade. It is a plan that could advantageously be adopted by some of our larger cities at home. It appeals to the approval of all, and cannot be misinterpreted.

In the matter of numbering the streets some few improvements can be made, which no doubt will be attended to ere very long. As to the difficulty in rotation, we can best explain by means of an example. We had a friend living at "No. 16 H" of a certain street, and attempted to repair to his residence. We arrived at "No. 16 D," then "No. 16 E," after which we expected to find his house the third one in advance. Imagine our astonishment and confusion as we found the succeeding numbers ran thus: 14—97—54—16 A—58—60—16 B—62—16 B B B—and finally 16 H. On such occasions the word "Paciencia" can be uttered with good grace, although you may be very apt to think it will be "tomorrow" before you will find the place.

The streets, themselves, are kept scrupulously clean. The city is supplied with most excellent spring water from the neighboring hills of the Carcovada and Tijuca Range. It is brought by massive aqueducts, and distributed to a large number of public places. Thence it is carried by means of carts and water-carriers to all the small stores and residences. The finer houses and hotels are supplied directly. The water used for drinking is kept in porous earthen bottles, which admit of slight percolation. The

bottles are kept in a draft of air, and the evaporation reduces the temperature of the water some 6 or 8 degrees Fahrenheit. The bottles are less porous than those the natives use in Egypt, and in consequence have more shallow saucers. Water thus kept is more healthful than ice-water for drinking purposes.

The city of Rio is equally well supplied in the matter of gas, and has but little to complain of, either as to water or light. The houses are from one to two stories in height, built mostly of granite, brick, and clay, with stuccoed exteriors. The houses of the more wealthy are covered with figured encaustic tiles, and the roofs of all are formed of the common red tile. The ceilings are high, and as there are no carpets on the floors and but little of a combustible nature lies around, it is seldom that fires occur, and when they do, only one house suffers. The ground floor is generally devoted to business purposes, and the family occupy the second story. Of course, in the case of large commercial houses the entire building is occupied for business purposes, and the proprietors live at Tijuca, or on one of the many hills back of the city. The picturesque location of these hills reminds one of the city of Edinburgh. Each hill is surmounted by a church, chapel, convent, or other religious institution. In addition to these, there are a great number of like buildings scattered throughout the city, and although one little acquainted with such matters would naturally think the supply was greatly in excess of the demand, still it must be presumed that the old adage holds good, and where there is such an unlimited supply of counsellors in the shape of nuncio, archbishop, bishops, priests, orders, etc., etc., consummate wisdom must rule the erection of churches.

The government tolerates every form of religious belief, and protects the worshippers in the enjoyment of the same.

The only restrictions placed upon other than Roman Catholic denominations are that their churches must not have the "external form of a temple," and under no circumstances can they use a bell. The so-called "Mother of all Churches" holds this right in fee-simple, and surely no one can claim that with her it is a dead letter, for scarcely an hour passes in the day without one or more bells receiving a severe punishment, and when a grand ceremony or festa calls out the best efforts of the bell-ringers, the noise swells to the proportions of a din.

The English chapel, of which Rev. G. Preston is the rector, is opened for Divine service every Sunday morning and evening. The many good churchmen resident in Rio, together with visitors from abroad, furnish a large attendance.

The Presbyterian Board has for a long time sustained a college in the city of Rio, together with a native church. They have just dedicated a fine church building, where the Rev. Mr. Blackford preaches to large and attentive audiences in the Portuguese language. The board has schools and churches at St. Paul's and at Campinas, where the respective pastors are the Rev. G. W. Chamberlain, and the Rev. G. Nash Morton. At the latter city, Mr. Morton has found it necessary to construct a larger college building, so anxious are the better classes to have their children receive proper instruction and to surround them with refining influences. At present, the building is nearly completed, and he is still obliged to refuse further applicants. The school is non-sectarian, and the training is of the most liberal character. It is gratifying to our countrymen on entering that city to be told that the conspicuous and prominent building on the hillside is an American college. The liberality shown by the government of Brazil to every phase of religious belief renders it a country of peculiar interest and a most promising field for Christian enterprise.

The rapid enlightenment of the people, and the very general want of faith in and respect for the representatives of the State Church (the bishop of Pernambuco is now fulfilling a four years' sentence at the fortress of Santa Cruz), render them peculiarly susceptible to new influences, which, so soon as Church and State are separated, will produce decided changes. The efforts thus far made have yielded most gratifying results.

Those who take early morning rides through the streets of Rio will meet a great number of ladies with their daughters returning from early mass. The men are very poor attendants, although most earnest in their expressions of respect. You will observe that your driver, whenever he passes a church door, will raise his hat and keep it in hand until actually past the place. It is really quite comical to watch his expression while in the act. He as much as says: "If I only had the time, there is nothing I would like better than to stop and enter, but I beg you will excuse me, for I am in a great hurry."

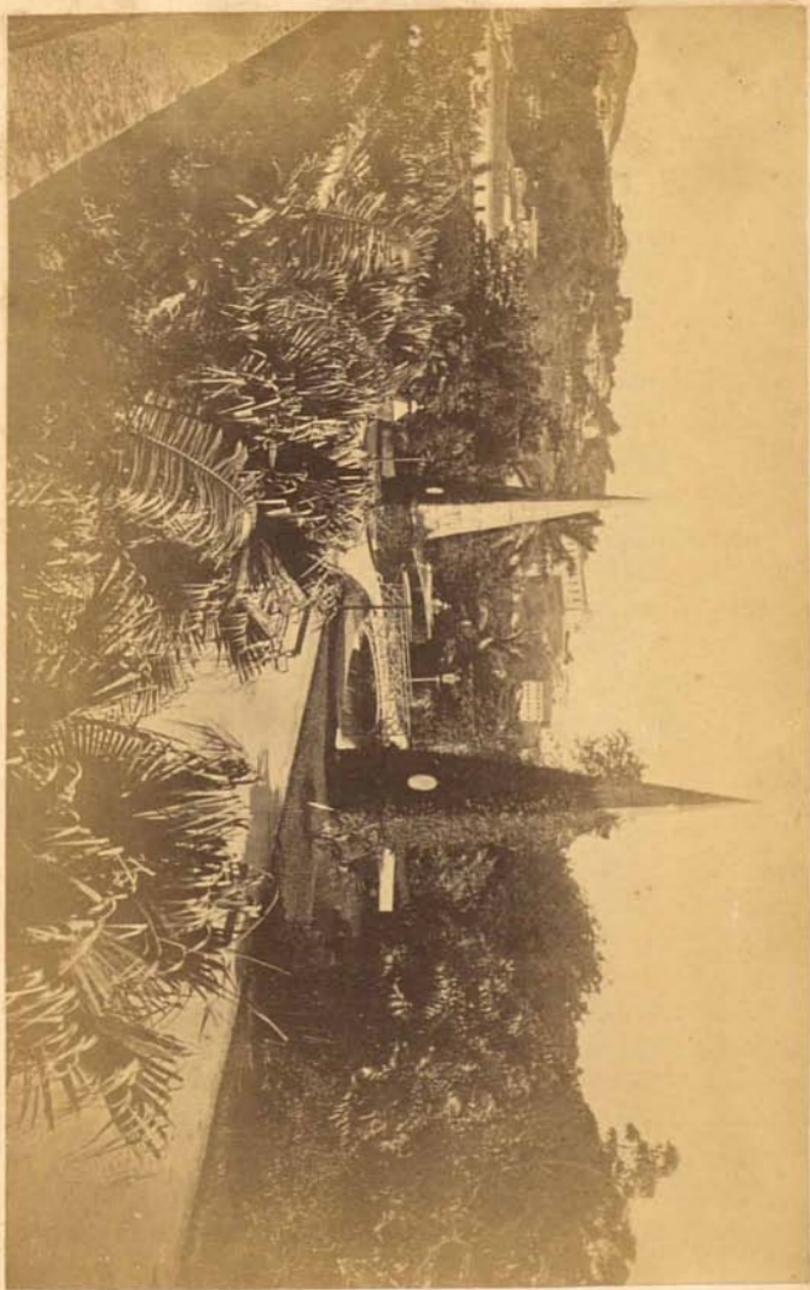
The Sabbath is tolerably well observed in Rio, although it is not a day of absolute cessation of work. As in Paris, there are more shops closed in the afternoon than in the morning. The continued reduction in their calendar of the holy days and festa days (by order of government) will tend to improve the observance of the Sabbath. While travelling in Brazil, it is of importance to keep posted on the Saints' days, or else vexatious delays will be sure to arise.

As the city of Rio de Janeiro is the capital of the Brazilian Empire, it contains many palaces, the Senate House, Botanical Gardens, Marine and War Arsenals, large hospitals, colleges, museums, galleries, etc. There are several parks and public squares, the most attractive of which is the "Passeio Publico," a delightful place of resort, and commanding a fine view of the bay.

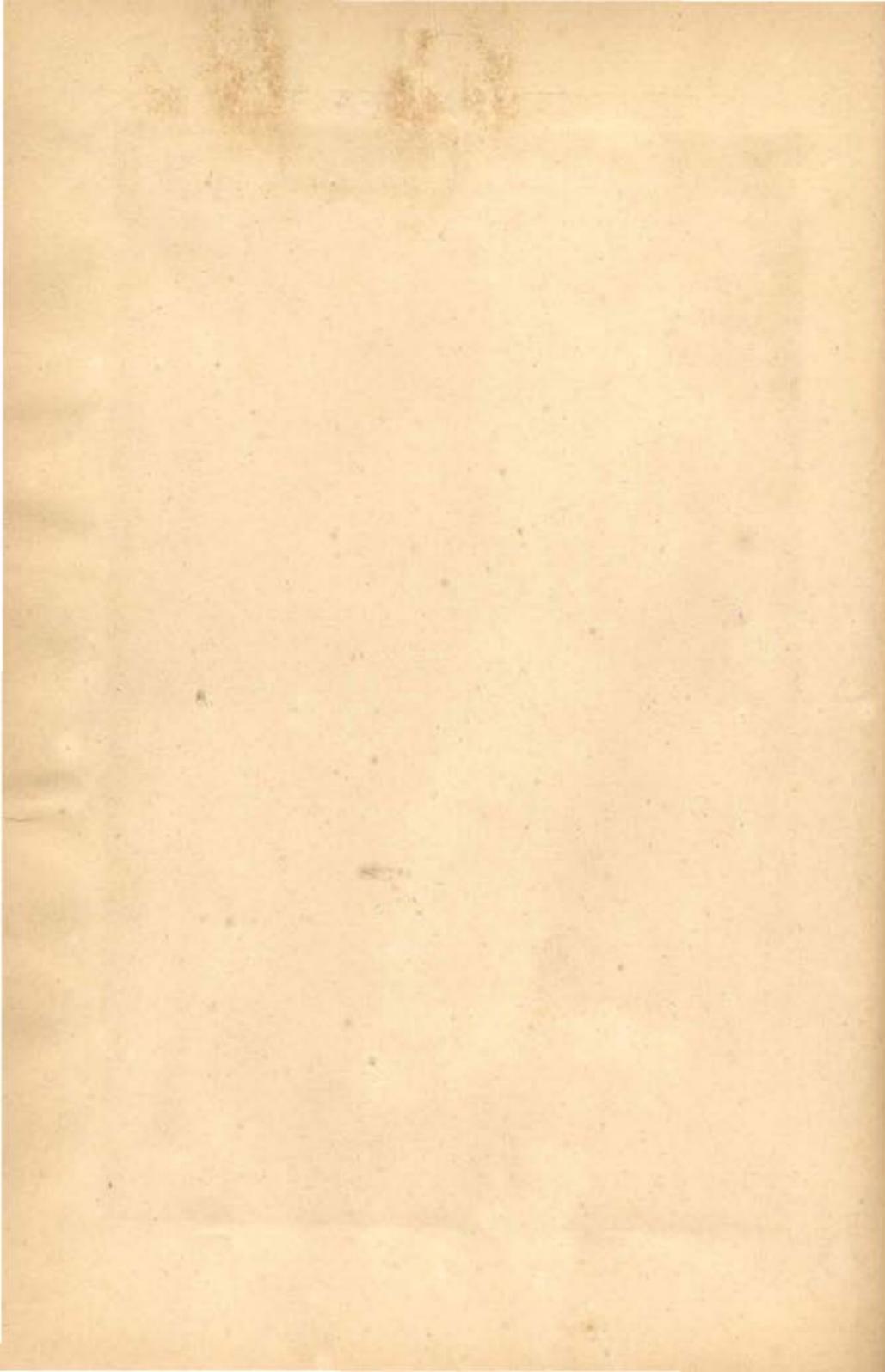
The Broadway, or Chestnut street, of Rio, is the Rua do Ouvidor. Its shop windows fairly dazzle the sight with the variety and beauty of the objects displayed. A large proportion of the goods are sent there from the Parisian market, but there are also works of native art. Ever since the time of the early Spanish conquerors, the inhabitants of Central and South America have been noted for their skill and taste in the manufacture of feather-work. The best specimens of this art can be purchased on this street, and when one commences to make such purchases, the only question is: "When had he better stop?" The feathers used for this purpose are those of the parrot, humming-bird, toucan, and others of beautiful plumage.

Thus far we have said nothing on the subject of hotels, and can only account for the omission by the fact that they furnish little for remark. There are very many in the city, but the preference must unquestionably be given to the two known as Hotel dos Estrangeiros and Carson's Hotel. We believe that few better investments can be made than the establishment of a first-class hotel in Rio de Janeiro. It is indeed strange that a city of 375,000 inhabitants, the capital of a vast empire, is no better provided with first-class hotels.

However, it is no more strange than the fact that the United States have only one line of steamers, making monthly trips between New York and Rio, while Europe sends to the same port eight steamers per month from Liverpool and London, two from Southampton, two from Antwerp, two from Hamburg, two from Bordeaux, one from Lisbon, and one from Genoa! We firmly believe that increased facilities for the United States would be attended by the same good results that have followed the efforts of foreign companies. The fact of the matter is, our countrymen do not appreciate their proximity to the great empire of Brazil, nor make the right efforts to secure its trade.



“PASSEIO PUBLICO” GARDEN.



Neither do our people of leisure imagine what a salubrious climate exists on the uplands of Brazil, or how attractive are the cities of Rio de Janeiro, Petropolis, São Paulo, and others. The day will surely come when those who are now visiting Europe will turn their steps toward the Land of the Southern Cross and find to their astonishment how worthy of their attention are the country, people, and customs of this most attractive empire.

Many thanks

for

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The Aiplands of Brazil.

RIO AND ITS SUBURBAN RETREATS, TIJUCA AND PETROPOLIS—THE MODE OF COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THEM, THEIR IMPORTANCE, ETC.—DOM PEDRO II.—THE COFFEE DISTRICTS AND THEIR SCENERY—BRAZILIAN MONEY—COAST SCENERY, ETC.

SÃO PAULO AND ITS SUPERSTITIONS—"NOSSA SENHORA"
—SINGULAR CREATION OF RELATIONSHIP—THE MANNER OF SERVING MILK—ITÚ, CAMPINAS, CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE, THEIR HABITS, ETC.—THE COFFEE FAZENDAS. 26

The Uplands of Brazil.

THE city of Rio de Janeiro is remarkably well supplied with cool, salubrious, and picturesque suburban retreats. The most accessible of these is the little mountain village of Tijuca, situated southwest of the city at the elevation of some 2,000 feet, in a small valley between mountain-tops through which the cool evening breezes are wafted in a manner most grateful to one who has endured the heat of the city during the day. The climate of Rio is very equable. The temperature never rises above 90 degrees Fahrenheit in summer, nor falls below 60 degrees in winter. In the mornings the land breeze continues to blow until eleven o'clock, at which time there is a short period of calm, succeeded by the sea breeze. The latter blows sometimes very powerfully towards four o'clock, but is sure to die out by 6 P. M. As a result, the early part of the night is apt to be hot. On this account, those that are able to afford the expense take cottages at Tijuca and go out every afternoon about four o'clock by stage-coach. The ride is easily accomplished in two hours.

The only hotel of note in the place is kept by Mr. White, an Englishman, and it is crowded during the entire season. Back of the hotel there is a wild mountain torrent, a part

of whose volume is diverted so as to fill artificial pools, where the boarders delight in taking cold baths every morning. This is indeed a rare treat as well as a wonderful invigorator. The stage starts at 8 A. M. for the city, and lands you at business about 10. The view of the bay which one catches during several turns in the mountain road is quite enchanting, and has very appropriately given the name of "Boa Vista" to one of the stations. On the way to Rio a fine view is obtained of the suburb San Christovão, in which is located the modern palace of the Emperor, the old palace being in the city proper, near the custom-house.

Another pleasant place of resort is the town of Novo Friburgo, 60 miles distant from the city in a northeasterly direction. It is located on the top of the Serra range, in the midst of a most fertile district.

Next to Tijuca, the city of Petropolis is the most accessible and attractive of the summer resorts. It is about 30 miles distant from the city, and is reached by boat, rail, and stage-coach. The sail across the bay leads one among the many islands that dot its surface, towards a landing in front of the mountains. A short ride across the plains brings you to the very foot of the mountains, where you take a stage-coach drawn by four or six mules. The ascent is very precipitous, and of necessity the road pursues a painfully serpentine course; but the road-bed is well macadamized, and the mules make good time. During the ascent you are constantly obtaining finer views of the bay, until at length the summit being reached, the landscape becomes so perfect in beauty and expanse as to be almost grand. Even at this great distance the "Sugar-loaf" is distinctly visible as it stands guard to the harbor of Rio.

Then, too, the foliage on the mountain sides is peculiarly tropical and luxuriant. There is something very comical in the manner the orchids and other air plants make them-

selves at home in the comfortable crotches of all the old trees, where they grow most rapidly, and by the delicacy of their flowers attract the attention of the passers-by, who overlook the tree that supports the orchids and affords them their publicity. It is curious to note how many analogies exist between the social and the natural worlds. We will not, however, be too hard on the orchids, for we remember that they adhere to and clothe with verdure many a rocky steep that would otherwise glare under the noon-day sun. They furnish us the rarest of botanical conformations, and in the case of one of their species—the vanilla—with the most delicate of flavoring extracts.

The most cheering sight of the entire ride is obtained at the top of the hill, before making the descent to the city of Petropolis. To this point all the fashionable carriages repair, and as the long line of stage-coaches file by them, many are the joyous laughs, hearty cheers, and surprise meetings. Parents throw toys and sugar-plums to their little ones that have come to welcome their return. Finally, some of the carriages form an escort to the coaches, while others race ahead and outstrip the entire line. The stages go to the respective houses, and soon there are many happy homes in Petropolis. The class of turnouts met at the top of the hill and the social standing of their occupants can only be compared with the like display on Bellevue avenue, Newport, during a summer's afternoon.

The city of Petropolis numbers about 5,000 inhabitants, and is noted as being the residence of the court and diplomatic corps during the summer months of January, February and March. The imperial palace and parks are located in the very heart of the city, and the houses of the *élite* are in close proximity, bordering the mountain streams that pass through the town. The climate is exceedingly pleasant—about 75 to 80 degrees at noon, and cool enough at night to require blankets. McDowall's hotel is the best in

the place, and, without any cause of offence to others, may be said to be the best in Brazil. Everything is kept scrupulously clean, and the fare is of the finest quality, and in sufficient variety. You will *not* here be annoyed with the national dish, which consists of a stew, made from black beans, jerked beef, and pork, over which you are expected to sprinkle powdered farina and eat the compound with great gusto. There are several institutions of learning in Petropolis, which place seems to be happily chosen, for the surroundings of Rio render it less desirable for the younger class of students.

In this connection we would remark that the peculiarities noted in the habits and customs of Brazilians do not apply to those of birth, education, and refinement. The latter are exceedingly hospitable, generally good French scholars, highly polished in their manners, keen observers of life, and most agreeable in society. The typical man of the whole nation is also the Emperor—Dom Pedro II. It is doubtful whether any other living monarch can boast the same scientific and classical accomplishments as his Majesty; neither is there a braver on the battle-field. In physique he is equally royal, being six feet four inches in height and of robust form, so that he wears the crown with grace and dignity. This is not a mere matter of hearsay, for we were honored by a special reception at the Palace in Petropolis, and during the conversation, which lasted upward of an hour, we were convinced that the Brazilians are a most fortunate people in being ruled by a monarch at once so accomplished, brave, and warm-hearted.

The return from Petropolis to Rio ought at least to be made once by way of Entre Rios and Parahyba river, which carries the tourist through a most fertile coffee district, and will give him an idea of the coffee-planter's life on the farm, or "fazenda," as it is termed in Portuguese. Entre Rios is distant some 46 miles from Petropolis, in a north-



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RIO DE JANEIRO



PHOTOGRAPHIA ALLEMÃ
40. RUA DOS OURIVES.

His Majesty Dom Pedro II.

erly direction, but the road joining the two is as fine as the far-famed Cornice road in Italy. There are frequent relays of mules, and as they are kept constantly on the run, the distance is accomplished in less than five hours. When time will admit, it is pleasant to continue the ride to Juiz-da-Fora, about as many miles further in the same direction. Otherwise the tourist can take the train and reach Rio the same night.

There is something peculiarly fascinating about the tropical flora. There is such endless variety, coupled with such gigantic proportions, richness of foliage, and novelty of inflorescence, that we never tire, no matter what the length of the journey. Then, too, tropical foliage presupposes the presence of birds with brilliant plumage, butterflies of the richest colors, and every beauty in nature that tends to attract the eye and delight the mind. Such was ever our experience while traveling in Brazil, and it cannot be a matter of surprise that we look back upon such scenes with feelings of truly pleasurable emotion. The descent of the Serra is wild and picturesque, and recalls to mind that of the Alleghanies, in coming from Altoona to Harrisburg.

We will not dwell longer upon the characteristic features of this portion of the uplands of Brazil, for our subsequent remarks on another portion of the same range will cover identical points of interest.

The tourist should not fail to make the trip from Rio to the city of Santos, distant some 200 miles in a southeasterly direction, and thence visit the table-lands of the province of São Paulo. In order to commence the journey one must, of course, visit the office of the chief of police, who will certify to your having been "a good boy" while in Rio by *viséing* your passport, and will charge 200 reis, or ten cents of our money, for the all-important service. It generally takes two hours to secure the visé, for there is a certain amount of red tape to be encountered. However,

"time is not money" in Brazil, as it is everywhere else, so one is obliged to submit to the absurd regulation. Not until your passport has been viséd will the Paulista Navigation Company sell you a ticket good for one trip on their boats.

We have not thus far alluded to the coin and currency of Brazil. The standard coin is the milreis, or 1,000 reis, and equal to about fifty cents of our currency. Paper money is the circulating medium. This has suffered a depreciation of three to four per cent. from the coin standard. The small change is made of nickel and copper. The small change is in reality *very large*, for the 20 and 30 reis copper pieces are of great size, and naturally develop charitable feelings in one's mind. The conductors of the street-cars actually carry small canvas bags, which are hung to the door-knobs, and serve as depositories of these cumbrous representatives of wealth.

The coast scenery is very beautiful; the high peaks of the Coast Range are always in view, while many islands of granitic formation tower above the waters and add grandeur to the scene. The passage between the island of San Sebastião and the main land is specially worthy of note. As a general thing, all of these beauties are lost upon the Brazilian voyagers, for they suffer fearfully from a constant motion of the little steamer, and the majority see nothing but the cabin from the time they leave Rio to their arrival at Santos. Again your character undergoes inspection at the hands of the chief of police, and you are at length at liberty to go wherever you please.

The city of Santos is located on the left bank of a deep river, at a distance of some three miles from the ocean. Vessels of great draft can come up to the city wharves and receive their cargoes of coffee, sugar, and cotton. The population numbers about 10,000, and is engaged exclusively in shipping the products of the interior to all parts

of the world. There is nothing attractive about the place to the stranger, and the warmth of the climate will naturally lead him to take passage in the first train that ascends the Serra.

At this point the mountains have an elevation of about 2,700 feet above the sea. The ascent is very abrupt, and the carriages are drawn up by means of stationary engines and wire ropes. Every few hundred feet of ascent you can very perceptibly note the reduction in the temperature, until at length, the summit being reached, you realize that you are in an entirely different region. At the foot of the Serra the trees are literally loaded with orchids, and the palms grow most luxuriously. But so soon as the summit is reached and you commence to penetrate the interior, the orchids become less numerous and the palms have a semi-starved appearance. In fact the entire flora changes, and you begin to recognize many plants and flowers of the more temperate zone. It seems strange to find in the garden of São Paulo melons, tomatoes, squashes, beans, sugar, corn, sweet potatoes, okra, salad, etc., growing by the side of coffee, pine-apples, oranges, bananas, and other tropical fruits.

The city of São Paulo has long been noted for its law and theological schools, as well as for the superior intelligence and independent feeling of its inhabitants. The population numbers about 28,000. The city is prettily located on a hillside, and has many fine residences and suburban "chacaras," or country-seats. It is a notable feature of the city that every street seems to have a church at its terminus.

The botanical gardens are located on the outskirts of the city, and present a most creditable display for a city of its population. They are laid out on a large scale, and will doubtless be rendered more beautiful each year.

Notwithstanding their superior intelligence, the Paulis-

tans are little less superstitious than others of their nationality, and even those of them that condemn such things, countenance the same by appearing in the processions in order to secure greater political influence. The greatest personage that ever visits São Paulo is an image of "Our Lady," or "Nossa Senhora," as it is called, which is kept in a neighboring village, where she effects every variety of incredible cures. On occasions of municipal calamity, such as drought, visitation of small-pox, or other disease, the bishop of the province is importuned, and at the proper moment the Nossa Senhora is allowed to be brought into the city. The mayor, counsellors, deputies, military authorities, in fact the whole population, turn out *en masse* and receive her in the outskirts of the city. Cannons are fired, fireworks are set off in *broad daylight* (a practice common in Brazil), the military present arms, and the graven image is triumphantly carried into the city, where it is deposited in one of the principal churches until such time as the miracle is effected, after which it is restored to its rural retreat with like pomp and ceremony.

About a year ago her ladyship was brought into the city, on account of the drought then prevailing. She no sooner entered the town than the rain began to fall in copious showers. Last Christmas she was brought in on account of the small-pox, but has not since been returned. Some naughty people say she is in a quandary, and does not know whether she was brought in on account of sickness or drought. Others say that the profane newspapers have written so much about her that she is piqued and will not show what she really can do when she tries.

It seems to our secular eyes that if the virtues claimed for Nossa Senhoras are real, it is certainly too bad that we have none of them in the States. For the expense of their manufacture is very trifling, and by a proper understanding had with "Old Probabilities" at Washington, as well

as with the ablest of the medical faculty, "Nossa" might always be brought into the city at the right moment, and thereby relief would come to many anxious minds. However, we do not pretend to be able to form a correct judgment in such matters, and therefore commend the thought to those who have a profounder experience at their command, and who are even now engaged in restoring some of the "good old paths." The practice certainly boasts a noble antiquity, and, on that account, perhaps, ought not to be discarded.

The offices of godfather and godmother establish relationships having remarkable influence. If two persons, entire strangers to each other, stand as god-parents to a child, the two can never afterwards be united in marriage. A person can refuse any request made by a brother or sister, but he can never refuse the wish of his godfather or godmother. The crafty, of course, make this relationship an engine of great power. Where the parents of the child are poor and have but few friends, it is quite customary to impress Nossa Senhora into the god-parent service. The image has never been known to object, but goes through the routine most decorously. The only valid objection that can be raised to her kind offices is that she never condescends to give presents to the child, but is always ready to receive the most trifling favor. As to the subsequent moral training she gives to the child in fulfillment of her vow, there is no cause for complaint, for she is quite as assiduous in her attentions as the majority of god-parents.

Nearly every town in Brazil has one or more Nossa Senhoras, and most of them an image of St. George, the patron saint of the country. In a pecuniary way this saint is a more lucky fellow than his neighbors, for he draws a regular salary from the public treasury, besides his rations, for which, however, he usually commutes. Two years ago he attempted to make a triumphal entry into São Paulo,

but his friends failed to properly secure him to the saddle of his horse, whereupon George made a bee-line for the head of one in the throng. The party struck almost died from the effects of the blow. St. G. was tried, found guilty, and condemned to three years imprisonment. The saint has still one year more to serve. In the meantime his salary has been properly cared for. There are very many negroes in Brazil that belong to Nossa Senhoras. They have been given in fulfillment of vows made to Nossa by their masters in times of sickness.

The thought of a human being belonging to a graven image is certainly strong food for reflection. Slavery in Brazil is, however, being rapidly abolished. On the 28th of September, 1872, it was decreed that the offspring of slaves born after that date should be free. Provision was also made for levying an annual tax, the proceeds of which should each year purchase the freedom of the greatest number of slaves. The slave trade was of course interdicted. In addition to this, many wealthy persons in imitation of the example set them by the Emperor, gave their own slaves their freedom. Thus a mighty revolution in society is being accomplished in a noiseless but most effectual manner.

Among the strange sights of São Paulo are the two-wheeled carts of the country people. The wheels are cut directly from the trunk of a huge tree, the tires attached, and then they are secured rigidly to a wooden axle. This on its wooden bearings supports the primitive cart, which is drawn by two or more yoke of oxen. As the whole affair goes trundling through the streets, the friction is so great that the parts fairly howl, and the noise can be heard for a quarter of a mile. It is said that the faithful oxen are so accustomed to this style of music, that whenever a wag puts a little grease on the axle and the noise ceases, the animals come to a halt.

Probably the invention of so crude a form of cart was too severe a drain on the creative faculties of the ancient inhabitants, and therefore they concluded that a wagon specially arranged for vending milk to the citizens was a sort of *ignis fatuus*, on which they would not expend their talents. The effort once abandoned has deterred their descendants from attempting to improve on nature, and to this day, to supply the inhabitants with milk of unquestioned purity, it is the custom in all the cities of Brazil to lead a cow with its muzzled calf from house to house. A family of moderate size takes only a tumbler-full. The vender enters the vestibule of the house, claps his hands twice (the Brazilian substitute for a bell or knocker), a domestic appears, hands out the family goblet, and in a few moments the supply is forthcoming, and the vender drives on to his next customer.

From São Paulo one may conveniently penetrate the interior as far as Jundiahý, at which point the road diverges, and he can visit Sorocaba and Itú, or else the city of Campinas. The first city has a population of about 3,000, and is situated in the midst of a celebrated cotton-raising district. Itú has about 4,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by sugar plantations. On the road thither one is surprised to find so many huge cactuses growing in the fields. It is no uncommon sight to see them having many branches 20 to 30 feet in height. The aloe likewise matures in great perfection.

The city of Campinas is about 100 miles from the sea-coast, in the heart of one of the best coffee-raising districts in South America. Its population numbers about 4,000. The principal object of interest is the cathedral, the walls of which are built of clay, and consequently are of great thickness. While many bricks are used in this part of the country for building purposes, it is the custom to use clay for the walls of houses as well as of yards. This is thor-

oughly compacted, and after a short time becomes quite hard, and will stand years of exposure to the weather. It seems absurd to put heavy iron bars and bolts to such houses, which one could so easily dig through. However, robbery is a most uncommon crime in Brazil, and is only carried on upon the smallest scale.

The cathedral is celebrated for its fine carvings in wood-work, executed by a native artist of remarkable talent.

Directly *vis-à-vis* to the cathedral is the theatre, which is to the Brazilian what the beer-house is to the Bavarian. It is said that soldiers of the latter nationality have three degrees of comparison in speaking of the destruction of a village. With them, to "partially destroy" a village is to batter down all the houses, but to leave the church and beer-house standing. "To destroy" the village is to batter down church as well as houses. But to "totally destroy" the village would be to sacrifice the beer-house in the common ruin. It is altogether probable that a Brazilian would adopt the same degree of comparison, but substitute the theatre for the beer-house. Notwithstanding his moral faults, the Brazilian is not addicted to the vice of drunkenness, and you may spend many weeks in his country without seeing the first instance of intoxication. They are, of course, inveterate smokers from the earliest years of childhood, but they do not indulge in strong drinks.

They are exceedingly fond of sweets of all sorts, and in every city the candy-venders drive a brisk business.

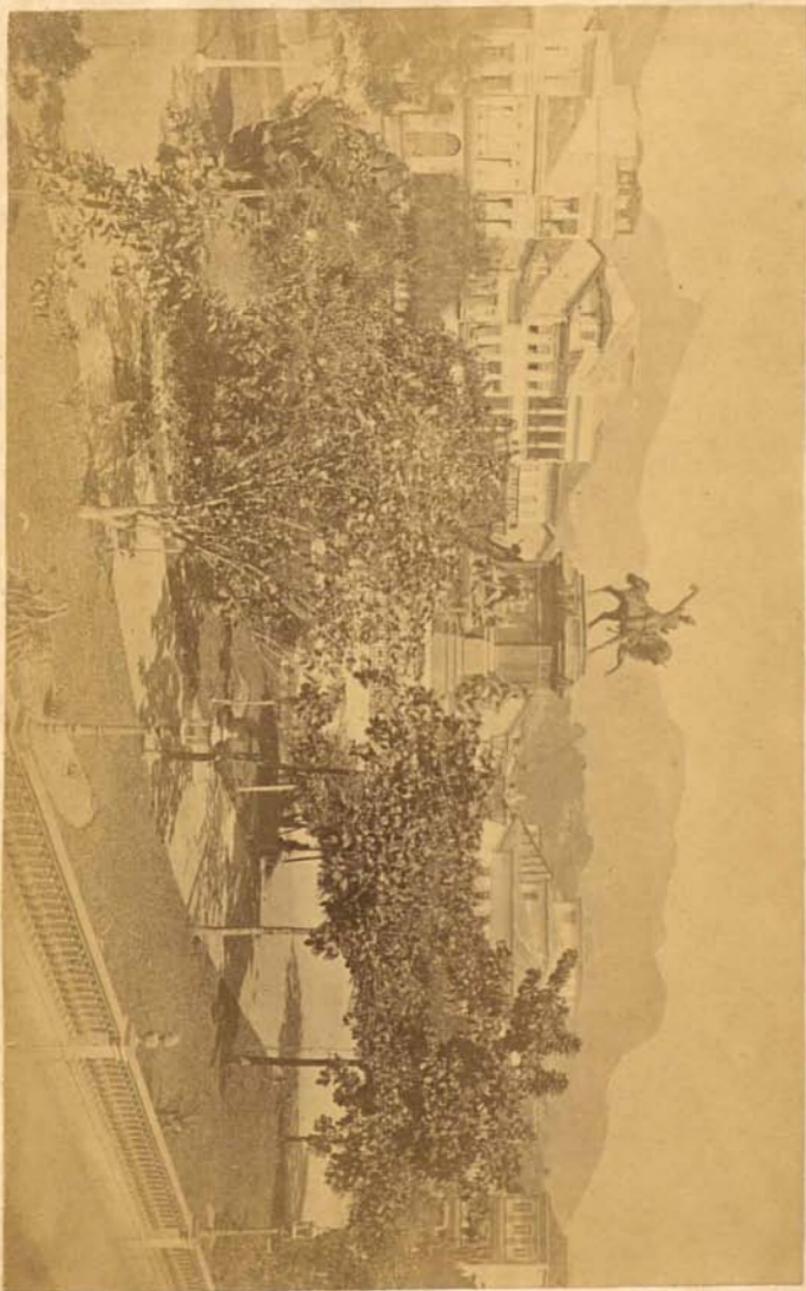
There is still a national trait to which no allusion has been made; we refer to the fact that they excel the French in "manual conversation." A good talker will accompany every word he utters with a gesture or motion of one or both hands. In this respect they are exceedingly graceful, and many of the motions are doubly expressive. The only advantage we can see in this extra effort, is that a

public speaker can doubtless make himself understood at a distance, where his words would be almost inaudible.

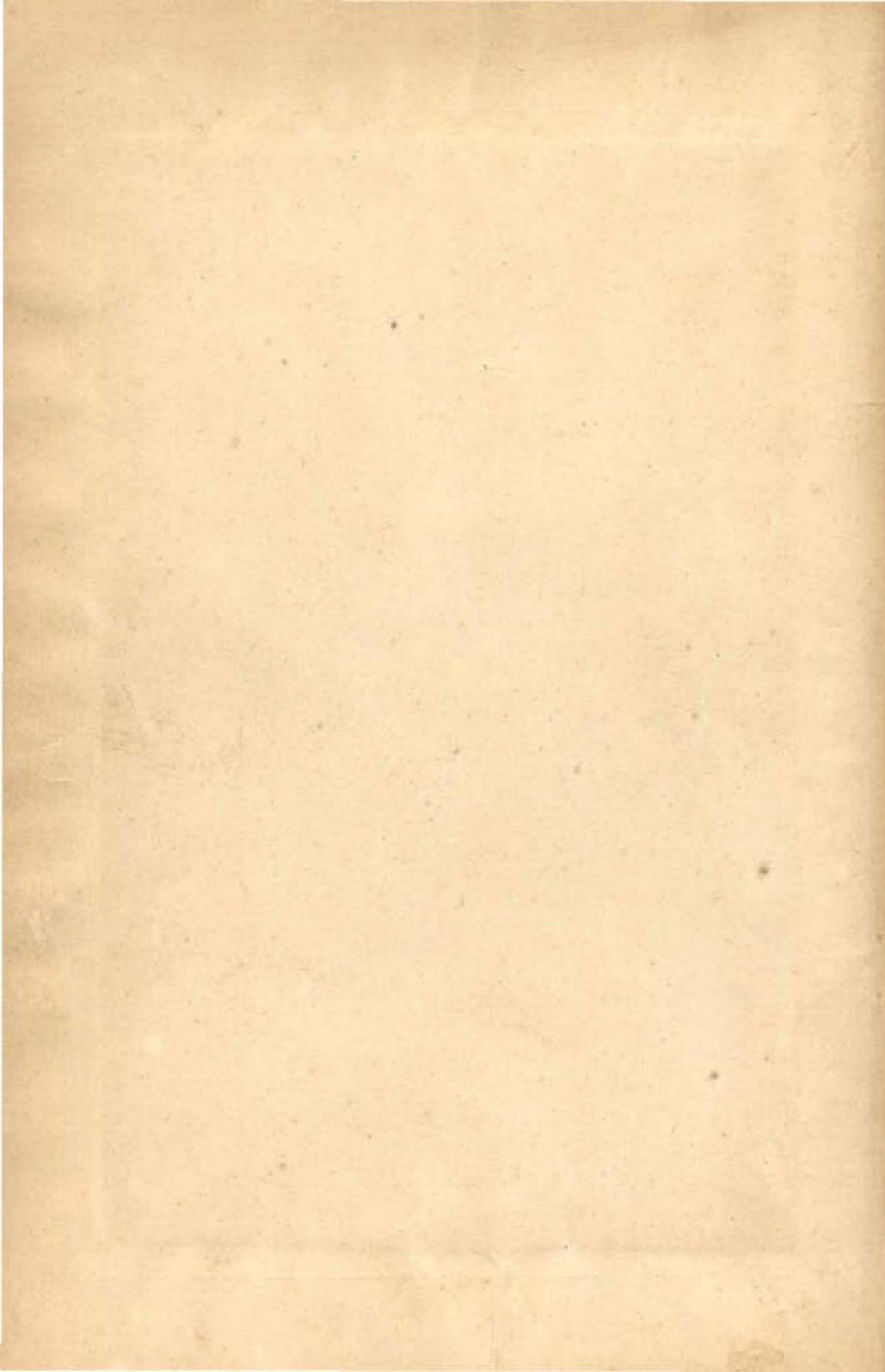
While at Campinas we accepted an invitation to visit one of the largest coffee "fazendas" or farms, located about ten miles from the city. The experience was a most interesting one, for we were able to note every stage of production and preparation, from the bush to the commercial sack. The fazenda covers some 3,000 acres, upon which are planted about 700,000 coffee-bushes. The bushes are planted in rows, like corn, at distances of from eight to twelve feet apart, depending on the richness of the soil and the character of the bushes. The general appearance of the bush is not unlike that of a small lilac. The leaves, however, are more glossy and have slightly crimped edges. The flower is white; the berry, at first green, subsequently appears of a rosy hue like the cranberry; at a later stage the exterior becomes dry and crisp. About that time it is gathered and the drying process is completed by the sun, the berries being spread on a brick pavement and carefully raked. This process takes nearly a month, after which the husks are removed by machinery, and the coffee is stored in sacks ready for market. The wholesale price of coffee at the present time, on the plantation, is 18 cents per pound. The gathering of such huge crops requires an immense number of farm hands or slaves, and the number of houses that surround the family mansion on a fazenda constitute a small colony.

Besides examining the way in which coffee is prepared for the market, it was equally interesting to dine with the family and thus obtain a correct idea of fazenda life. After the meal the family adjourned to the garden, or more properly the orchard, where we enjoyed a taste of mangoes, oranges, pomegranates, combaca, alligator pears, pine-apples, and bananas. So rich profusion of delicious fruits can only be obtained in the tropics.

The climate of this upland region is salubrious and really delightful—warm, it is true, by day, but the nights are always cool and refreshing. Unfortunately for Brazil, the world at large knows but little of these beautiful tablelands, and imagining that the entire country has a climate like that of Rio, does not even venture a trip to this far-off land. We trust that in this respect the tide may soon turn, and that ere long many lines of fast steamers will be necessary to carry the increased travel and interchange of products between the greatest Republic and Empire of the Western World.



EQUESTRIAN STATUE DOM PEDRO I.



Appendix.

THE following *résumé* has been taken from the Portuguese illustrated periodical, called the "*O Novo Mundo*:"

O QUE DIZEM DE NOS.

UM AMERICANO INTELLIGENTE NO BRAZIL.

O Sr. Engenheiro AUCHINCLOSS, Vice-Presidente da "Delaware Car Works" que ha pouco tempo esteve no Brazil, escreveu uma série de cartas interessantes sobre o paiz. As que se referem ao Rio e a S. Paulo são particularmente curiosas pois dão-nos a impressão que o nosso paiz faz n'um estrangeiro que tem viajado muito, que é illustrado e sympathisa com os esforços das nações menos adiantadas na estrada do progresso. E'-nos pena que a extensão dessas cartas nos prohiba a sua traducção completa neste periodico. Faremos, todavia, excerptos de algumas dellas.

No entender de Mr. AUCHINCLOSS, o primeiro dia em que a gente avista a bahia do Rio de Janeiro deve ficar marcado para sempre como uma epocha memoravel na vida. Napoles e Constantinopla pretendem, a seu turno, ser a mais bella bahia do mundo; mas ellas são apenas como degraus por que o espirito sobe do menor para o maior. O Rio é inquestionavelmente mais grandioso: é uma cousa immensa, e sempre bella, seja qual fôr o ponto de vista do viajante. O Pão d'Assucar e S. Cruz, o Corcovado, os Orgams com seus picos azues, a nobre extensão da bahia (16 milhas sobre 11) semeada de innumeradas ilhas cobertas de

folhagem verde, tudo isto é um espectáculo tão bello, e variado, como é novo para o estrangeiro.

O escriptor achou muito curioso o regulamento da policia do porto, a enorme buzina do vigia de S. Cruz, etc. Ai do Commandante do navio que procura escapar algumas das "solemnidades" necessarias para a entrada! Um tiro da fortaleza logo o chama á ordem.

Os innumerados botes, que atracam o vapor assim que chega, merecem menção especial. Com o porto que temos, seria bem facil desembarcar os passageiros do vapôr em terra por meio de um simples "gang-plank:" mas isto ia acabar com o grande negocio do transporte de passageiros nesses botes. No Brazil não se faz muito caso de tempo: ahi o tempo não é dinheiro, e a maxima reinante é: "Não façais hoje o que podeis fazer amanha." Por isso é que não se tem cuidado de melhor desembarque. Por isso o escriptor avisa aos seus patricios que é-lhes inutil o quererem apressar-se no Brazil para qualquer cousa que seja: elles encontrarão sempre aqui, um "espere um pouco, Senhor," ali um "Paciencia!" e acolá um "Amanha." "Andemos de vagar no Brazil e no fim teremos alcançado mais e, melhor ainda, teremos poupado a saúde."

A Alfandega só está aberta até ás 3 horas (nos E. U. até ás 6 da tarde), e os empregados são muito exigentes.

O "tylbury" é uma bella instituição de origem ingleza e digna de ser imitada nos Estados Unidos. Ha poucos cavallos, e raros são bons, mas as mulas são excellentes. Os homens carregam muito na cabeça: na verdade só na Hollanda carregam tanto como no Brazil.

Os Brasileiros propriamente são muito inimigos de trabalhos meniaes. Quando ha, porém, uma vaga de caixeiro ou de escriptorario publico, então o numero dos candidatos é legião. Alem do seu chapéo de sol de seda, o Brasileiro não gôsta de carregar embrulhos do qualidade alguma, e o escriptor até viu um official da guarda nacional alugar um

negro para lhe carregar a espada e dragonas quando ia a certo exercicio.

As ruas são estreitas, mas os cocheiros são mui habéis: ha um excellente regulamento de ruas por onde os carros só podem subir ou descer, o que está marcado com uma  ou . As egrejas são boas. E' pena que não haja completa separação da Igreja e do Estado. O sabbado do senhor é só paacialmente observado, e os protestantes estão fazendo progresso no paiz. /n

Ha muitos hoteis na cidade, e os melhores são o de Estrangeiros e a pequena hospedaria de Mr. CARSON. Mas não ha um só hotel que lembre o hotel commum de primeira ordem nos Estados Unidos. Na opinião do escriptor, seria um bello emprego de capital a criação de um estabelecimento destes nesta cidade de perto de 400,000 habitantes.

Mas isto não é tanto de estranhar como o facto que so ha vapor mensal do Rio de Janeiro a New York. “Ao passo que a Europa manda a esse porto oito vapores por mez de Liverpool e Londres, dous de Southampton, dous de Antuerpia, dous de Hamburgo, dous de Bordéos, um de Lisbôa e um de Genova, os Estados Unidos só teem uma tinha de vapores, fazendo apenas uma viagem mensal!.. O facto é que os nossos concidadãos,” continúa Mr. AUCHINCLOSS, “não apreciam a sua proximidade do grande imperio do Brazil, nem fazem esforços para conseguir maior parte do seu commercio. Nem a nossa gente de meios e lazer imagina o clima salubre das serras do Brazil, nem que haja cidades tão lindas como o Rio de Janeiro, Petropolis, São Paulo e outras. Mas estamos certo que chegará brevemente o dia em que aquelles que estão agora indo a Europa para distrahirem-se, diriger-se-hão á terra da Sancta Cruz onde ficarão admiradissimos das suas proprias idéas sobre o atrazo do paiz, das costumes e do nobre povo do Brazil.”

O escriptor occupa-se n'uma carta exclusivamente da Tijuca e de Petropolis, que elle descreve com muita vivesa

de côres e como verdadeiro amante da natureza. Na Tijuca ha o hotel de Mr. WHITE, mas deviam haver mais: o logar é um dos mais lindos que ha na terra. Talvez ainda mais linda é Petropolis. Ahi a gente rica passa o verão, e a principal rua da cidade pôde-se comparar-se bem com a Bellevue Avenue em Newport, tal é a elegancia das carruagens e o bom gosto do vestuario das Brasileiras. O hotel de Mr. McDOWELL é o melhor que Mr. AUCHINCLOSS achou no Brazil: ahi não o obrigaram a comer o abominavel feijão, carne sêcca e farinha de páu. O Imperador estava então em Petropolis e o escriptor diz que teve a honra de conversar uma hora com elle. “Duvido que qualquer outro Monarcha vivo tenha os conhecimentos scientificos e classicos de que sua Magestade se pode jactar. A sua apparencia é tambem bella, sendo robusto e tendo seis pés e quatro pollegadas de altura, de modo que empunha o sceptro e leva a corôa com graça e dignidade. Não digo isto por ouvir dizer: a conversa que tive a honra de travar com S. M. deixou-me impressões que me convenceram que é feliz o povo que é regido por um monarcha tão illustrado, valente e progressista.”

Uma das cartas do viajante occupa-se de S. Paulo. O escriptor se penalisa que na Provincia mais progressista do Brazil (materialmente fallando) ainda reinem tantas superstições como elle viu ali. Os foguetes de ar, atirados *de dia*, foram uma novidade para o viajante: e as promissões de imagens trazidas para a cidade para fazer cahir chuva fizeram-n'o pasmo. S. Jorge a cavallo dá-lhe assumpto para profundas observações,—e dolorosas tambem.

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