



*Machado de Assis*

# THE OLD SENATE

FEDERAL SENATE  
EDITIONS

37

SENADO FEDERAL



Best known for his unique work in prose, dramaturgy, and poetry, Machado de Assis also worked as a journalist specialized in politics. *The Old Senate* is a perfect example of this side of the author of *Dom Casmurro*. The first of the three chronicles in the book is a commentary on the political atmosphere in Rio de Janeiro in the early 1860s, still under the aegis of the Empire. Machado outlines the group of the most influential senators of the time: Quintino Bocaiúva, Eusébio de Queirós, Teófilo Otoni, and Cândido José de Araújo Viana, Marquis of Sapucaí, among others. The other two chronicles are historical documents: Machado de Assis' first chronicle published in the *Diário do Rio de Janeiro* newspaper, in November 1861, and his last one as a political commentator, published in the *Gazeta de Notícias* newspaper, in December 1896.

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# THE OLD SENATE

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# THE OLD SENATE

*Machado de Assis*

*Illustrated by S. A. Sisson*

Brasilia – 2021

SENADO FEDERAL





## FEDERAL SENATE EDITIONS

Vol. 37

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*Table of Contents*

EDITOR'S NOTE

*p. 9*

Political Lessons  
Learned from  
Machado de Assis,  
by José Sarney

*p. 11*

The Old Senate

*p. 19*

Chronicle of  
November 1, 1861

*p. 53*

Chronicle of  
December 13, 1896

*p. 69*

Biographical Notes on  
the Senators of the  
Empire in "The Old  
Senate" *p. 77*



## EDITOR'S NOTE

*The* Editorial Board of the Federal Senate brings out three political chronicles by Machado de Assis along with his subtle observations on the politics of his time.

The first one, set in the 19th-century Rio de Janeiro atmosphere, then capital of the Brazilian Empire, portrays the gallery of the most prominent political personalities in the scope of the "Old Senate."

Machado de Assis became a political commentator in 1861 (on November 1, he published his first political chronicle in the news column "Comentário da Semana" [literally, "Commentary of the Week"], in the *Diário do Rio de Janeiro* [literally, *Rio de Janeiro Daily*], written under the name of Gil, one of his pseudonyms). His career as a political commentator came to an end with the chronicle published in the column "A Semana" [literally, "The Week"] of the *Gazeta de Notícias* [literally, "News-Gazette"] newspaper, on December 13, 1896. These two chronicles are part of this edition.

The Editorial Board is proud to announce the forthcoming publication of all Machado de Assis' chronicles about the politics of his era.



POLITICAL LESSONS LEARNED FROM  
MACHADO DE ASSIS

JOSÉ SARNEY

**THE** *FIRST* time I read Machado de Assis' chronicle about the parliamentary life, in the 1899 *Páginas Recolhidas* [literally, *Collected Pages*], an indelible sensation that time does not go by was brought to me. The Senate was there, the lifelong, old Senate of the Empire, alive through the miracle of words. Many times I reread that passage written by a genius, which will remain eternal, perpetuating the old Upper House. It is today, throughout the ages, the memory, the photograph, the ultimate testimony of a part of the history of the Brazilian Parliament.

*The extraordinary parliamentary chronicler knew how to be more definitive than the Annals themselves. That doorkeeper who closes the door at the first moment of the Republic, and the last one of Pedro II's reign is a shadow. But he is a symbol. He closes the door of an era and offers the taste of great loneliness.*

*However, Machado de Assis should not be remembered only for this accounts. We only have to consider his relationship with Parliament and politics.*

*The oldest reminiscence of Machado de Assis on our country's political activity lies in a chronicle of June 9, 1878, published in the magazine O Cruzeiro, under the name of Eleazar, one of the writer's pseudonyms.*

*Before transcribing the impressive excerpt, it is interesting to observe that the memory of the chronicler, in this return to himself, focuses, with boyish eyes, on a parliamentary episode.*

*Let's move on to Machado's revelation: "The first time I attended a Parliamentary session, I was very young. I remember that when I saw a member of the opposition - after giving half an hour of an acerbic speech - lean over the Minister's chair, and they both laughed, I felt a kind of disillusionment. I rubbed my eyes; I could not give them credit. That was so different from my idea of parliamentary practices! The response was given; and then I understood that the most beautiful thing in parliamentary struggles is precisely the esteem of people, together with the dissensions of principles, a spirit of tolerance that the rustic people do not yet know. In this regard, they are the same age as I was when I first laid eyes on Parliament."*

*It is worth emphasizing, as Josué Montello did in O Presidente Machado de Assis [literally, President Machado de Assis], that Machado had, in the highest degree, the objective sense of political talent. This would prompt him - in due course, and when his literary maturity had already reached its utmost form - to compose, organize, and impose on himself a work routine,*

*when he got to manage the performance of the two abilities - that of the writer and that of the politician - in the creation of his lifelong Senate, the Academia Brasileira de Letras [Brazilian Academy of Letters], which he would chair for the rest of his life.*

*Brazil's political life, as a struggle, litigation, campaign, and theoretical proposal, has always found in Machado de Assis' quill its shrewd commentator.*

*We can see politicians and politics in his short stories, chronicles, speeches, novels and theater plays, both as an explicit allusion and as an opportune reflection.*

*Even in playful verses, with which he distracted himself and his readers in a newspaper column, the writer manifests himself in this respect as in one of the famous Gazetas de Holanda, [literally, Gazettes of the Netherlands], in which he tells us in verse, with the quill of a chronicler, that he did not desire the Order of the Rose, nor the Imperial Order of Christ, nor the Order of Aviz, or even the National Order of the Southern Cross. And defined them:*

*"Those are coins of the crown  
And I, a democrat man  
Shall not let my character be found  
In a contrary position to what I write then."*

*And he concluded in a political profession of faith:*

*"Not only in the Monarchy  
Respectful plants grow;  
The winds of Democracy  
Also cause commendations to flow."*



*We should invoke here the conclusion reached by the author of Os Tambores de São Luís [literally, The Drums of São Luís]: "By chairing the Brazilian Academy, due to the nature of academic spirit, Machado de Assis found the ideal solution for his political talent, he fulfilled himself politically, without setting the literary orbit aside, and he did it with an insuperable tact, knowing that one should compose life, in the words of Madame Valmore, as one sews - stitch after stitch."*

*It could be concluded, in a summarized way, that Machado de Assis had had the political vocation. The authentic one. The one that carries in itself the irresistible impetus. In other words, he had had the taste for the art of governing, for the process of leading the people in the way of turning litigations into debates, to achieve a possible solution, both in the social and individual order. But the genius behind Dom Casmurro lacked the corresponding aptitude, which would have given natural course to his political vocation.*

*In fact, if we deeply think about it, he also did not lack the aptitude to support and uphold his vocation. Instead of participating in politics at the level of business or parliamentary life, he preferred to participate in high politics, at the level of literary life, and the Brazilian Academy - with the recognition of his incontestable intellectual leadership - constituted the culmination, the greatest achievement.*

*Hence the balancing of the writer's quill with politics. And not only Brazilian political life. But also foreign policy, the politics practiced abroad. However, he always returned to our country's politics to comment on an election, to give his opinion about the Constitutional reform, to debate the issues that disturbed Parliament.*

*Few writers have followed Brazilian political life with such interest and acuity as the greatest of them all. Nothing escaped him. The chronicler's quill, or the novelist's quill, or the storyteller's quill is always vigilant, not exactly to fight, like the excited politicians do, but to clarify, to express an opinion. I will even say: to be a statesman, Machado de Assis only needed the practice of politics, in the Chamber of Deputies, in the Senate, in the Ministry. The statesman that he knew how to be on the level of language and literature. And the one that he certainly would have been, with his broad vision of the world, on the level of actual political life.*

*But even so, he tried a position as deputy to represent a district of Minas Gerais, as I pointed out in my inauguration speech at the Brazilian Academy of Letters.*

*I will not make a reckless statement by writing that the history of national politics cannot be written, in the period that comprises Machado de Assis' life, without the testimony of the Genius behind Dom Casmurro. And with this great advantage: he put understanding over passion, whenever he analyzed a problem, portrayed a politician, or defined a situation, in the course of our political history.*

*I am now remembering the chronicle of October 30, 1892, in which he briefly described the profile of Senator Francisco Otaviano: "Today's youth did not know Otaviano; it only saw an old man, who was weakened by illness, with a pale face bearing that laugh sent by Voltaire to him from the other world. Neither a remnant nor a trace of him; perhaps there was a simple reminiscence left in the brains of those who knew him in his thirties or forties".*

To precisely understand this evocative page, we must keep in mind what Machado de Assis himself warns us, at the beginning of that page: "The days of the pope! the days of the cardinals! I am not referring to the Catholic pope, nor the cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, but to our pope and our cardinals. F. Otaviano, who was a journalist at that time, was the one who found those designations for Senator Eusébio and the staff of the Conservative Party. I was nothing but a boy..."

The chronicler continues, reviving a memory: "One day, a Sunday, elections were taking place, just as today. Pope and cardinals held the power in their hands, and, since it was a two-instance system, they themselves were included into the electors' slates, who were chosen by the voters. The liberals decided to fight against conservatives, presented their own electoral slates, and vanquished them. The pope, with all the members of the consistory, were barely able to present themselves as substitutes. And Otaviano, who had a fertile mind for metaphors, called them coffins. 'Another coffin,' he would say in the *Correio Mercantil* [literally, *The Mercantile Mail*], during the vote counting. "Energy fight, mock fight. Rocha, a conservative journalist, caustically laughed at Teófilo Ottoni's white handkerchief, the famous handkerchief with which he led the crowd from parish to parish, acclaiming and being acclaimed. The crowd joyfully, tumultuously followed him, driven by allure, by a vague instinct, by the effect of the word - a little bit by obligation. I cannot clearly remember if there were any broken ballot boxes; probably yes. The ballot boxes are not made of bronze nowadays. I will not go so far as to state that they were not impregnated. What is politics if not a work of men? Be fruitful, and increase in number."

*There are numerous reflections on politics throughout Machado de Assis' novels and short stories. This is a sign that the writer did not restrict himself, as a chronicler, to expressing his opinions on real facts, aside from Brazilian politics, but he associated politics with his world of fiction.*

*We can see this in the novel Quincas Borba: "In politics, the first thing one loses is freedom." And in the play, Quase ministro [literally, Almost a Minister]: "In politics, to be logical is to be a prophet."*

*Whoever has political experience, regarding the objective implementation, will agree with the Master, in this conclusion of his Histórias sem Data [literally, Undated Stories]:*

*"Freedom will not die while there is a sheet of paper left to decree it."*

*For us, politicians, who have been given the privilege of transforming politics into a lifetime practice, Machado de Assis' work is a continuous reunion of our own experiences. "Living is not just watching life pass by," as Amado Nervo concluded. It is, above all, to know and to confront. Reading a work like the one of Machado de Assis increases our knowledge, puts us before precise observations that broaden our outlook on life, with the sum of the novelist's experiences.*

*What is the politician who has not suffered the sting of fierce injustices in their career? It is part of our practice. Because the politician is by nature, a controversial being.*

*Well, one day, Machado de Assis, who was then already renowned and accomplished, discovered that one of our greatest critics, Sílvio Romero, had just finished a publication against him, against his work, diminishing its value, insulting him, a compact book of almost four*

*hundred pages. The master did not defend himself. And when a young fellow, Magalhães de Azeredo, told him about the book, in a letter written from Rome, the master only wrote to him in reply: "It's a study or an attack, in the words of the people I heard. Based on the public news, I can see that the author was unfair to me. The book states that I am worthless. By saying that he was unfair to me, I am not expressing my conclusion, but the very statement of others: I am biased. What it seems is that it beats me. In short, when friends cheer us as a triumph (read this word in a modest sense), there must be someone who teaches us the virtue of humbleness".*

*I have always appreciated this lesson learned from Machado de Assis.*

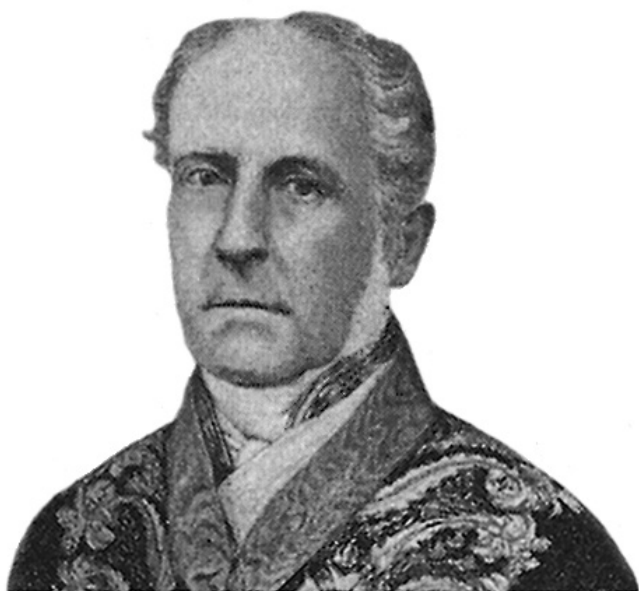
## THE OLD SENATE

**IN** REGARD to some of Sisson's lithographs, a few days ago, I had a vision of the Senate of 1860. Visions are worth the same as the retina in which they occur. A politician, seeing that body again, would find in it the same soul as in their former party colleagues, and a historian would gather elements for History. A mere curious person would not discover more than the picturesqueness of time and the expression of lines bearing that general tone given by dead and buried things.

That year I had joined the press. One night, as we were leaving the *Ginásio* theater, Quintino Bocaiúva and I went out for some tea. Bocaiúva was then a gentle slender young man figure, soft complexion, with a thin mustache and peaceful eyes. He already had the slow gestures he has nowadays and something of that distant look that Taine found in Merimée. People said a similar thing about Challemel-Lacour, who someone lately defined as *très républicain de conviction et très aristocrate de tempérament*. Our Bocaiúva only fitted the second part of this definition, but he was already then liberal enough to be considered a determined Republican. During tea, we spoke first about language

and literature, and, shortly after, about politics, a matter introduced by him, which surprised me a lot; it was not usual in our practices. It is not even accurate to say that we talked about politics; I answered the questions Bocaiúva was asking me, as if he wanted to know my opinions. I probably did not have them settled or determined, but whatever they were, I believe I expressed them in proportion and with the just adequate accuracy to what he was going to offer me. In fact, we left and set a time to meet the next day, in Paula Brito's store, which was in the former *Constituição* square, next to São Pedro theater, halfway down the Cano Street and the Ciganos Street. Excuse this obsolete nomenclature; it is a vice of an old memory. The next morning, I found Bocaiúva there writing a note. It was the *Diário do Rio de Janeiro*, which was to be restored, under the political direction of Saldanha Marinho. He had come to offer me a position in the editorial office, along with him and Henrique César Muzzio.

These details, although pleasant to write, will be less pleasant to read. It is hard to avoid them when we remember our past. So, while saying that in that same year, when the chambers were opened, I went to the Senate as the editor of the *Diário do Rio*, I cannot forget that Bernardo Guimarães was with me, representing the *Jornal do Comércio* [Trade Newspaper, literally], and Pedro Luís, on behalf of the *Correio Mercantil*, nor the great times the three of us spent together. Although Bernardo Guimarães was older than us, we equally shared our intimacy.



Marquis of Abrantes





Marquis of Paraná

Together we walked down the *Aclamação* square, which was not the park it is today, but a vast, uncultivated, and empty field, like the S. Cristóvão field. Sometimes we had dinner at a restaurant in the *La-toeiros* street, currently called Gonçalves Dias street, named after him by recommendation of the *Diário do Rio*; the poet had lived there once, and it was Muzzio, his friend, who through our journal made a petition to the City Council in this regard. Pedro Luís had not only the passion he expressed in the beautiful verses addressed to Poland and in the speech with which, shortly after, he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies, but also the grace, the sarcasm, the refined observation, and that grin that made his big eyes become even bigger. Bernardo Guimarães did not speak or laugh as much; he was in charge of including in the dialogue a good saying, a review, an anecdote. The Senate was not less helpful than the rest of the world for the discussions of the three friends.

Few members of the old house remain. Parana-guá and Sinimbu bear the burden of age with great ease and grace, something even more admirable regarding Sinimbu, who I suppose being older. I have listened to his speeches many times; his debate was non-emotional, rather he kept it simple, direct, clear, interesting and, physically, he did not lose his composure. This generation knows the firmness of that political man, who later became chairman of the Council and had to fight against strong opposition. An incident that occurred in the last few years will clearly show his nature. He was leaving the Chamber of Deputies going towards the State Department of Agriculture with the Viscount of Ouro Preto, a fellow office member,

and a huge crowd of people in an uproar was following them. The car stopped in front of the state department; they stepped out of it and remained still for a few moments, facing the crowd, which was still shouting and booing, and then I saw the noticeable difference between the two natures. Ouro Preto stared at the mob with his head held high and a certain challenging gesture; Sinimbu seemed only to show his colleague a piece of wall, unaffected. That was the man I met in the Senate.

To properly evaluate my impression before those men I saw gathering there every day, it is necessary not to forget that not few of them were contemporaries of the Majority movement, some of the Regency, the First Reign, and the Constitutional Convention. They had made or witnessed the history of the early days of the regime, and I was an amazed and curious teenager. I found in them a particular feature, half militant, half triumphant, a bit of a man, a bit of an institution. At the same time, I remembered the derisions and taunts that the political passion had stricken against some of them, and I felt that the serene and respectable figures who were there now sitting in those narrow chairs did not have the respect of others before, nor probably their own serenity. And that would take away their oldness and wrinkles, and make them young, fervid, and agitated once again. I started to learn about the portion of the present that exists in the past, and vice versa. I carried with me the *oligarchy*, the *coup d'état of 1848*, and other political notes in opposition to conservative rule, and observing the leaders of this party, laughing, intimately,



Marquis of Paranaguá



Viscount of Rio Branco

joking among themselves and with others, drinking coffee and sniffing snuff together, I asked myself if they were the ones who could make, unmake and remake the elements and rule this country with an iron fist.

Senators regularly attended work. It was unusual not to hold a session due to a lack of *quorum*. One particularity of the time is that many arrived in their own chariots, such as Zacarias, Monte Alegre, Abrantes, Caxias, and others, starting with the oldest, who was the marquis of Itanhaém. The age of the latter made his presence less regular, but still he attended more than what was expected from him. He could barely step out of the chariot and go up the stairs; he would drag his feet to the chair, which was on the right side of the Board. He was a scrawny and withered man, wore a wig and thick glasses. In the opening and closing ceremonies, the senator's uniform improved his appearance. If he wore a beard, he would be able to disguise his shriveled and wrinkled complexion; his shaved face accentuated his decrepitude; but the shaved face was the custom of another epoch, which still existed in most of the Senate. Some of them, like Nabuco and Zacarias, presented themselves clean-shaven; others grew short side whiskers, like Abrantes and Paranhos, or grew thin chin-curtain beards, like Olinda and Eusébio; very few had mustaches, like Caxias and Montezuma – a different Montezuma.

Itanhaém's image was a visible reason against the lifelong mandates of the Senate, but it is also true that the lifelong mandates gave that institution

a perception of everlasting duration, which seemed to be readable on the faces and interactions of its members. They had a sort of family atmosphere, which would get dispersed during the calm season to go to thermal springs and other amusements, and which would gather together later, in a specified period, for years and years. Some never returned, and new ones appeared; but also in families people die and are born. They would always disagree with each other, but it is natural for large families to argue, reconcile, and argue again; it seems that this is the clearest evidence of being inserted in humanity. At that time, the liberal principles were already being raised against the life-long terms of the Senate, as it had been done before. Some voices, vibrant here on the outside, would be silent there on the inside, it is true, but the seed of reform would stay, the programs welcomed it, and, as in several other cases, success turned it into law.

No uproar during the sessions. The attention was great and constant. In general, people did not attend the mezzanine floor, and by the end of the session, few spectators were present, some slept. Obviously, the address in reply and other discussions allured more people. Nabuco and some other belonging to the prominent figures of the institution enjoyed the privilege of attracting a large audience, when it was known that they would intervene in a debate or respond to a speech. On such occasions, very exceptionally, attendees were admitted to the Senate Chamber, as was customary in the temporary Chamber; however, as in the latter, the spectators were not allowed to intervene in the discussions with applause. The administration of president Abaeté reinforced the



Viscount of Abaeté





Sinimbu

discipline of the standing rules, which perhaps were less strict during the administration of president Cavalcanti.

There was no lack of speakers. I listened to Eusébio de Queirós' speech only once, and it seemed to me that he made a lively impression; the speech was fluent, abundant, clear, and it did not lack vigor nor energy. It was not a speech of attack, but a defense one; he spoke as the leader of the Conservative Party, or the *pope*; Itaboraí, Uruguai, Saião Lobato, and others were the *cardinals* and all of them constituted the consistory, according to Otaviano's notorious definition in the *Correio Mercantil*. I have not reread the speech; I would not have the time or the opportunity to do so; but I am sure that the impression would not have lessened much, considering that it would lack the effect of the speaker's voice, which was alluring. The matter was overly upsetting: it was about explaining and defending the accumulation of public offices, an accusation made in the opposition press. It was the sunset of oligarchy, the twilight of conservative rule. The 1860 elections, in the capital, struck the first blow on the ruling party; if they also struck the last one, I do not know; the parties had never entirely agreed with each other regarding the immediate causes of their own fall or rise, except for the fact that they were, alternately, the violation or restoration of the constitutional charter. Whatever they were, thus, the truth is that the elections in the capital that year can be deemed as a liberal victory. They brought to my teenage imagination a unique and special understanding of the power of the ballot

boxes. It is not necessary to include it here; I will not describe the general movement and the sincere enthusiasm of the voters, incited by the press articles and Teófilo Ottoni's speeches, nor the incidents, scenes, and roar of such days. I have not forgotten most of them; I still remember how I felt about an obscure voter who came to talk to Ottoni near the Sacramento Church. Ottoni did not know him, and I do not know if he has ever seen the man again. The voter approached him, showed him a bunch of ballots, which he had just sneaked out of an opposing agent's pocket. I could never remove the laughter that followed this news from my memory. Amidst the most intense claims of this world, that nameless mouth came out from the depths; he accidentally had come to candidly confess, and without another personal reward, the refined robbery committed. Do not mock this childish insistence of my memory; I warn you in time that the clearest water can carry in its stream some rotten straw – if it is really rotten, if it is really straw.

Eusébio de Queirós was rightfully respected by his own fellows and by his opposition. He was not as elegant as Paranhos, but there was a particular and famous story attached to him, one of those the social and political chronicles of other countries choose and examine, but that our customs, – overly loose in the accounts, by the way – do not allow to include in the documents. Besides that, it would not be worth repeating now what was then known, not being possible for me to put here the extreme attractiveness of that person the streets and rooms of this city have seen so many times. He was tall and robust; no further details remained in my mind.



Marquis of Monte Alegre



Teófilo Ottoni

The Senate held rare passionate sessions; however, many of them were lively. Zacarias used to bring the debate back to life by sarcasm and prompt and vigorous attacks. His words were sharp, refined, and quick, presenting some natural sound effects, which made them even more penetrating and irritating. When he stood up, it was almost certain that he would make someone bleed. To this day, he has a recognized reputation as a debater - as an opposition agent - as a minister, and Chief of Staff. He had audacity, like that of the "wrong" choice, which would not occur to no one else, I believe. Politically, he had a harsh and haughty nature. A book that belonged to him, a history written by the Earl of Clarendon (History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England), with some parts marked with a scarlet pencil, had the following words underlined (vol. I p. 44), attributed to the Earl of Oxford, in response to the Duke of Buckingham, "that he neither cared for his friendship nor feared his hatred." It is risky to see personal feelings in mere notes or reminders written in study books; but here, it seems that Zacarias' temper had found its partner. Peculiarly, on the contrary, he would strongly encourage people to love him, as long as he had affection for them; he was sincere and humble; friendly and reliable. People who used to interact with him declare and affirm that it was a pleasure to listen to him - whether under his trees on Conde's street or among his books - and are unlikely to forget the grace and politeness of his courtesies. At the Senate, he sat on the left side of the Board, next to the window, right below Nabuco, with whom he exchanged his remarks and reflections. Nabuco, another one of

the leading voices in the Senate, was a keynote speaker for solemn debates. He did not have Zacarias' same bitter sarcasm tone, nor Cotegipe's joyful epigram. He was, then, the soul of the moderate conservatives, who, with Olinda and Zacarias, founded the alliance and the progressive and liberal parties. Joaquim Nabuco, with the eloquence of a political writer and the affection of a son, will narrate this whole story in the book he is devoting to the memory of his illustrious father. Old Nabuco's words were influenced by the speakers of the French Liberal tribune. I have the impression that he prepared his speeches, and the way he delivered them emphasized the matter and its solid and brilliant form. He liked literary images: one of those, the comparison of the reserve power to the statue of Glaucus, was then a success. His gestures were not as lively as Zacarias' ones, but instead, they were moderate, his large chest was calm, and his voice acquired a sound that it usually did not have.

But then, all the characters get mixed up in the ordinary evocation, those of great importance, like Uruguai, along with those of minor or no importance, like priest Vasconcelos, a senator, I believe, for Paraíba; a good man, whom I found there and who died soon after. Another man, who could be included in this second category, is this one of whom I can only remember two things: his serious, long grizzled beard, and the caution and punctuality with which he did not vote on the articles of a law without staring at Itaboraí. It was a way to fulfill political fidelity and obey the leader, who had inherited the baton from Eusébio. Since the venue was small, one could see



Francisco Jê Acaiaba de Montezuma





Marquis of Olinda

all these gestures and almost all the private conversations could be heard. And, even though it was this small, I have never seen Itaboraí laughing – I believe his muscles would hardly laugh – unlike S. Vicente, who laughed easily, a pleasant laugh, but which did not suit him well. However, whatever were the physical inelegances of the senator for S. Paulo, and despite the lack of harmony in his speeches, people listened to him with great respect, just as they listened to Itaboraí. They said Abrantes was like a canary speaking. I am not able to affirm up to what extent he deserves this description; actually, I considered him fluent, perhaps even sweet, and, for a tender people like ours, these features were precious; even so, Abrantes was not popular. Nor was Olinda, but it is known that he had great authority. It seemed to me that Olinda was involved in the remote dawn of the reign, and in the more recent liberal dawn or the "nascent situation," the motto of one of the alliance's leaders, Zacarias, I imagine, which the conservatives glossed over for all sorts of reasons, in the rostrum and in the press. But let us not fall into reminiscences of another nature; let us focus on Olinda's deafness, who competed with Beethoven in this quality, less musical than political. He would not be that deaf. When he had to answer someone, he would sit down next to the speaker and listen attentively, marble-faced, never interrupting them, never making a gesture, never taking a note. And the answer was straight away; as soon as his opponent finished, as quickly he began, and, according to my recollections, he was lucid and perfect.

One day I saw a tall man with side whiskers and a long gray mustache there. He was one of the remaining men who composed the Constitutional Convention, none other than Montezuma, who was returning from Europe. It was impossible for me to recognize in that bearded face the shaved face I knew from Sisson's lithography; I had never seen him face to face. It was a type of robust old age, much more evident than Olinda's. To my boyish spirit, it seemed that he still preserved the traces and gestures of the 1823 convention. He was the same man, but it was necessary to listen to him now to feel all the vehemence of his earlier-times attacks. It was necessary to listen to his irony of today to understand the irony of that rectification which he placed in the wording of a question to the Minister of the Empire, in the famous continuous session from November 11 to November 12: "I said that H.E., the Minister of the Empire, because he is at His Majesty's side, will know better the spirit of the troops, and one of the secretaries wrote His Majesty's spirit, when I did not say such a thing, *because I do not doubt it.*"

Now what I mostly heard about him, besides being talented, were his infidelities, and there were anecdotes about this; but I have nothing to do with political anecdotes. I believe one could not safely rely on his parliamentary affections. Once, for instance, he overly praised Sousa Franco. Intending to criticize the Minister of Finance (I cannot remember who he was then), he started by saying that we had never had Ministers of Finance, but only Ministers of Treasury. He praised with adjectives: excellent, educated, distinguished



Viscount of Uruguai



Eusébio de Queirós

Ministers of Treasury, but no Minister of Finance. "There was one man, Mr. President, who offered us something of what a Minister of Finance should be; he was the honorable senator for Pará." And Sousa Franco smiled cheerfully, delighted by being the exception, which must have hurt his strong adversary in finance, Itaboraá; not much time passed when he lost this affection. On a different occasion, Montezuma was attacking Sousa Franco, and the latter was once again smiling, but now his expression was not cheerful; he seemed to be smiling with disdain. Montezuma puffed out his chest, irritably stared at him, and, using his voice and his gestures, required that he repressed his smile; then, Montezuma started to manifest his criticisms, one by one, with this sort of catchphrase: "Repress your smile, honorable senator!" All this in an angry and horrible manner. Sousa Franco wanted to resist, but he repressed his smile by his own will. He was then a thin and tired man. He was still enjoying the popularity he had gained, years before, in the Chamber of Deputies, as a result of the campaign he had waged, by himself and apparently while ill, against the Conservative Party.

In contrast to Sousa Franco, there was Paranhos, a strong and tall man. There is no need to describe him to a generation that knew and admired him; he was still handsome and robust in old age. Needless to mention, he was one of the main voices in the Senate. I knew by heart the words someone once swore to me that had been told to him when he was a mere student in the Escola Central [Central School, literally]: "Mr. Paranhos,

you are still to be a minister." The student would answer modestly, smiling; but the prophet of his destiny had caught well the value and purpose of the young man's soul.

Many recollections of Paranhos of that time were brought back to my mind, speeches of attack, speeches of defense; but one recollection will be enough, the justification of the agreement of February 20. The announcement of this act first spread throughout Rio de Janeiro, like the others of that time, when there were no telegraphs. The foreign successes extensively, wholesale, reached us here, and a battle, a conspiracy, a diplomatic act were known with all their smallest details. By a steamship from the South, we learned about the *Vila da União* agreement. The agreement was badly received, there was a street protest, and a group of people, with three or four leaders in charge, marched to request the government to dismiss the plenipotentiary. Paranhos was dismissed, and, once the parliamentary session was opened, he made sure to raise his defense.

I saw him again that day, and I still think I see him now. People filled the mezzanine floor and galleries. Many political or simply curious men were admitted to the Senate Chamber. It was one o'clock in the afternoon when the President gave the floor to the senator for Mato Grosso; the debate on the address in reply was beginning. Paranhos used to speak moderately and slowly; he would firm his fingers and lift them in an unhurried and sober gesture, or to pull the cuffs of his shirt, and his voice would go out reflectively and colorfully. However, on that day,



Nabuco de Araújo





Viscount of Itaboraí

the eagerness to raise his defense was so great that his first words were rather shouted than spoken: "Not vanity, Mr. President..." And after an instant, his voice was as the usual again, and he delivered his speech as in the other days. It was nine o'clock at night when he concluded; just as at the beginning of it, he showed no sign of fatigue, and nor did the audience, which applauded him. That was one of the most profound impressions that parliamentary eloquence left on me. The excitement had been overcome by the successes; the defense was concluded. Years after the attack, this same city was acclaiming the author of the law of September 28, 1871, as a national glory; and even later, when he returned from Europe, it went to welcome him and conduct him to his house. In the glare of a beautiful sun, Paranhos, flushed with emotion, carried by public enthusiasm, walked down the same streets where, years before, returning from the South, he had walked alone and condemned.

The perception of the Senate was changing for me in gestures and people, as in the days, and it was always remote and old: it was the Senate of those three years. Other characters came. Besides the cardinals, the Muritibas, the Sousa e Melos, there were those of lower political rank: the smiling Pena, with carefully prepared and short speeches; Jobim, who sometimes spoke; Ribeiro, from Rio Grande do Sul, who never spoke - at least I cannot remember of him doing so. The latter was a philosopher and philologist. He had with him, on the carpet, leaning against one of the chairs, a copy of Morais' dictionary.

One could frequently see him referring to either one tome or another during a debate, whenever he heard a word that seemed to him of uncertain origin or doubtful acceptance. In contrast to his abstention, here is another man, Silveira da Mota, a regular speaker in the rostrum, a man of the opposition by his temper, and this one, Don Manuel de Assis Mascarenhas, a perfect example of the generation that was about to end. He was a scrawny, short little man with a shaved face, and scarce and gray hair; he was also tenacious, somewhat impertinent, and was independent of political parties, I believe. What I saw him doing regarding a grant bill to the lyric theater, through lotteries, well illustrates his tenacity. It was not new; it was still that of previous years. Don Manuel was, by all means, against passing the bill and delivered long speeches. The Board, to end the consideration on the bill, already included it as one of the first subjects of the Order of Business, but it did not discourage the senator. One day, it was listed as the first subject; Don Manuel requested the floor and candidly declared that he intended to speak during the whole session; therefore, those among his colleagues who had any unrelated matter and outside the Senate could leave: nothing else would be discussed. And he spoke until the end of the session, frequently checking his watch to see how much time he had left. Obviously, there would not be much to be said on such a scarce subject, but the speaker's determination and the provisions of the standing rules gave him the means to elaborate his speech. From there, endless episodes, reminiscences,



Baron of Muritiba



Saião Lobato

arguments, and explanations would arise; for instance, his aversion to lotteries was not recent; it went back to the time when, while traveling, he went to Hamburg; there, he was offered a lottery ticket with such insistence that he was forced to buy it, and it was a no prize ticket. This anecdote was told with all the details necessary to extend it. For some time, he spoke while seated, but ended it in front of the Board accompanied by three or four colleagues. However, following Cato's example, who also spoke all day to obstruct a petition from Caesar, he was less fortunate than his Roman colleague. Caesar withdrew the petition, but here the lotteries were approved; I cannot remember if it was due to Don Manuel's fatigue or omission; surely, it was not due to his acceptance. These were the habits of that time.

And after him, other men came, and even others, Sapucaí, Maranguape, Itaúna, and many others, until they were all mixed up and everything disappeared, people and things, as it happens in visions. It seemed to me they walked down a dark corridor, whose door was closed by a man in a black cape, black silk socks, black trousers, and buckled shoes. This man was none other than the Senate's doorkeeper himself, dressed according to the conventions of the time, on the occasions of the opening and closing sessions of the general assembly. How obsolete it is! Someone even tried to stop the doorkeeper, but their gesture was so tired and slow that it did not reach anything; the doorkeeper turned the key, wrapped himself in his cape, went out through

one of the windows and vanished into the air, probably on his way to a cemetery. If knowing the name of the cemetery was worth, I would search for it, but it is not; all cemeteries look alike.

CHRONICLE OF  
NOVEMBER 1, 1861

**WHAT IS** the latest in politics? This is the question that naturally occurs to everyone, and the one that my readers will ask me, if they are not ministers. Silence is the answer. Nothing, there is absolutely nothing. The canvas of current politics is a uniform landscape; nothing disturbs it; nothing changes it. This is what is said of a country where the people only know that they politically exist when they hear the tax authorities knocking on their door.

What is the reason for this apathy? General and specific causes. It has always been the principle of our government that fatalism which submits the Eastern peoples with their hands tied to the eventualities of destiny. What is there to happen, will happen, many ministers say, who not only find the system comfortable,



for the sake of their own indolence, but also want to blame on this invisible and mysterious entity, to which they attribute everything, for sad events.

It is said, indeed, that there is such a minister who, politically adhering to that principle, disbelieves in its legitimacy when it comes to himself, and who, far from waiting for the rain to bring him water, seeks the very spring to quench his thirst. The reader quickly realizes what is deeply offensive about such a statement, and will readily understand the feeling that leads me not to insist on this matter.

But whether or not this is the case, what matters to us is that our governments are, with the due exceptions, more fatalistic than a Turk man of the old race. Would this Ministry be an exception? No, it would not; everything in it indicates the affiliation that closely links it to those of the high-standard school. It is a standard ministry; it survives through orders and notices; it understands very little about the content of its own business, as long as notarial formulas had been followed in its performance; it sleeps with peace in its conscience at night, once it has clocked in at the department in the morning.

That is the reason why it has gained space among the antiphons and prayers of its friends, despite the unpleasant bitter taste with which some people have tried to make its cup of power sour. They would say: "It is a mediocre Ministry," but in God's name, that is why it is sublime! In our country vulgarity is a title, mediocrity is a coat of arms; the ovens of the State bake and toast the tempting sponge cake for those who are fortunate enough not to strive for beyond a common sphere, and the cake is then shared among them, for the glory of God and the homeland. There is a feeling of



Don Manuel de Assis de Mascarenhas



Sousa e Melo

charity, or, I would say, a principle of equity and justice in that. There is always a place for the benefits offered to intelligences that are measured by a superior standard; it is true that those who do not fall into this situation have their share anywhere on Earth. And their slice is thick and juicy, in order to repay the insults received from civilization.

So do not be surprised if I do not give you, my reader, political news. There is no politics, as my reader and I understand it. And should a common black-bird now be expected to have the range of the eyes of an eagle and the rip of its flight? Not only is it illogical, but it is also cruel. We are doing very well this way; indeed, the Empire does not need criticism or warnings.

It is under the administration of this Ministry that an industrial festival will take place in our capital city, the exhibition on December 2.

If my readers have followed the discussions in the Senate this year, they probably remember that, almost at the end of the session, Senator Pena - who had ejaculated some *remarkable* speeches there, including that of Mr. Manuel Felizardo's on weights and measures - stood up and asked for the Minister of Development's opinion about the convenience of representing Brazil at the next exhibition in London. The Minister, who, by a coincidence that was not unnoticed, had foreseen the feelings of the honorable Senator, stood up and declared that he had already thought about it, and that within four days the regulatory instructions for the partial exhibitions in Brazil would be presented, so as to extract the best from them, and send them to the London exhibition. Therefore, the two heroes of the

exhibition were Mr. Pena and the Minister of Development, to whom, in my opinion, the first medals should be awarded, unless one considers as a commemorative award the Mato Grosso Administration and the allowances, which, by means of the election of the sacred council, were given to Mr. Herculano Pena. In any case, there is a debt to the Minister of Development.

The instructions presented were a little enigmatic and indigestible, like a poorly prepared salad, but worthy of the Minister and the Ministry. And the directives were immediately issued, with such a rare promptness that I cannot help celebrating, and everywhere partial exhibitions are being prepared at this time.

The Court will hold its exhibition on December 2 at the building of the central school. Mr. Lagos, one of the most important exhibitors, is in charge of the decoration. Someone told me that a fabulous...*ly* petty sum was given to our distinguished patrician, which is worthy of criticism if we do not consider the Ministry's motto or the fact that it is impossible to organize an exhibition and arrange for a young commission to study postal systems in Europe at the same time. The exhibition is a beautiful thing, but there are many young men who have not yet been to Paris, and it is necessary not to allow that these great spirits die suffocated by our Brazilian atmosphere. Oh well, the thrift...



Francisco Otaviano



Baron of Cotegipe

The exhibition will correspond to the efforts of its directors if the new work *Ensino Praxedes*, of which the official newspapers break news, does not divert public attention. It is a recently developed teaching method based on the A B C philosophy. I can already hear my eager reader asking me what is the A B C philosophy. I have not read the precious book yet; but a pharmacist, who leafed through it between two prescriptions, told me that this philosophy is to demonstrate that the generally assumed difference between the letters of the alphabet does not exist, and that the letter A and the letter G are as similar as two drops of water. Perhaps my reader will not find this identity very clear; but therein lies the subtlety of this new method.

I have just remembered something. This book should appear in the London exhibition. There is a room reserved there for the exhibition of plans, books, and pedagogical methods of primary education. The new *Ensino Praxedes* flows there like a river flows into the ocean.

The matter of teaching is serious and complex; no material that can serve the organization of public education, as it should be done, should be lost. Now, it is well understood that the *Ensino Praxedes* system is a significant breakthrough because, if by analogy, or rather identity of characters, we manage to convert the alphabet into a single letter, it is evident that we will have done more than all those who have studied and developed the matter; and, if the new method gets renamed, I propose to disdain the title of *steam-method* and to give it its rightful title, *electric-method*.



The obligation of commenting leads me to make abrupt transitions; therefore, I move without an introduction from the new book to the offer that some friends and admirers have just made to Mr. Pinheiro Guimarães, author of the drama *História de uma moça rica* [Story of a Rich Girl, literally].

I state that if the readers are not pious, they are as convinced as I am of the fairness of that offer. It also means a solemn denial of the censorship raised up against the composition of the new playwright by those who felt in themselves the soul of that hero of Molière who *sinned in silence and made peace with Heaven*.

The applause that followed the presentation of the award to Mr. Pinheiro Guimarães confirmed once again the high opinion that the poet has been enjoying among the spirits that are receptive and truthful lovers of language and literature. I am sure that it is worth more than the devoted soul of the censors.

The award of the author of *História de uma moça rica* has another impact; it is an incentive to the hard-working youth, who, seeing national creations being applauded and celebrated like that, will not be left in the dark, and each worker will enrich the monument of art and literature with honor.



Zacarias de Góis e Vasconcelos



Marquis of Sapucaí

Our capital has been visited by more than one magician, and the impression created by the distinguished Hermann, who did things with his blessed hands that caused us to pay attention to the signs, is still undoubtedly fresh. During the time that Hermann was amusing the childish curiosity of our people, a colleague of his arrived here and, admitting that he could not compete with such a distinguished master, decided to wait for better days, and went to perform his art in the countryside.

And now here he is, Mr. Filipe, the son of a famous magician from Paris. He performs his craft dexterously and skillfully, and gives the audience a few hours of genuine satisfaction. If my readers want to confirm that, they should go to the *Ginásio* theater whenever Mr. Filipe is performing.

The important regatta I talked about in one of my past "Commentaries" is to be held this afternoon; the newspapers published its schedule yesterday.

It seems that the entertainment will be general, and amateurs and spectators will spend a delightful afternoon. It is well known that the English people distract themselves from their serious concerns to take part in or attend to a regatta once nowadays the amusing knuckleduster is subject to penalization by the laws of Great Britain. Tell me if it does not excite one's fibers to see four longboats ripping the surroundings of a calm blue sea apart with their sharp keels, and the rowers, whose eyes are full of encouragement and enthusiasm, exercising all their range of skills to find out who will be the first one to cross the finishing line, which is the promised land.

One can say whatever they want about the English people, but when it comes to their preference for the regatta and other entertainments of the same kind, they prove that God has also blessed them with the propensity to good taste. Pay tribute to that intense insular people!

The young men who take part in the regatta today are mostly officers of our young navy, but French and English men, who should never miss it, also join the event. And therefore, the feast is complete, and this time it is indeed a regatta, since the longboats must sail alongside the beach, so everyone can see them.

After the sea feast comes the cemetery feast, the celebration of the dead, a pious pilgrimage in which people visit the small and lonely necropolises, where the remains of their brothers, fathers, consorts, mothers, and friends rest.

It is an impressive pilgrimage. The bereaved pilgrims pray for those who rest in their graves and shed tears of sadness and nostalgia in front of everyone. This is one of the practices of the Christian peoples that most impresses the soul of a truly religious being, even though human vanity sullies the intense and melancholic ceremony with its sumptuous distinctions, as it does to all things in life.

Those who have visited the ancient city of Constantine say that there is an enormous difference between a Turkish cemetery and a Christian cemetery. The former does not inspire the same feeling that the latter evokes when one enters it. The Turkish one connects life and death in a way that one does not walk between two aisles of graves with terror or melancholy.



Silveira da Mota

The reason for this difference seems to lie in religion itself. What do you expect death to be for a people who have been promised for their eternity an eternity of the most voluptuous pleasures that the most vivid imagination could imagine? These people, who live in the refinement of material pleasures, only understand what touches their senses, and they consider to be blessed those who have died, those who are enjoying or are about to enjoy the pleasures promised by the Prophet.

But philosophically, who is correct? They or us, the children of the Christian church? Both parties are right, and we must respect the feelings of others, so that they do not disrespect ours.

*Gil*

CHRONICLE OF  
DECEMBER 13, 1896

**THE** Senate left the matter of the mayor's *veto* on the taxes levied on theater companies pending. I would not mention this if it was not about art in which politics does not enter – at least not clearly. If it does, it is through the backstage; well, I'm the audience, the auditorium is my only reference.

There was a last-minute debate this week, and the only reason I will not say it was a savage debate is to spare a word that may suit me in a more delicate case... No, I am not one of those profligate people who call a man a bandit right away just because the cut of his vest is different; I spare my words. Let us say that it was a vigorous debate.

I don't know if you are familiar with the business. The information I could obtain is that there was a law heavily taxing foreign companies; this law was revoked by another that sets the same rates on foreign and domestic companies; but soon after that, the municipal



council decided to comply with a law prior to the first one... The point is that I am not sure if the restored law just raises the taxes without making them unequal, or if it makes them unequal again. Not only this detail was not made clear during the debate, but it also happens that in the publication of the speeches, there is the practice of printing in parenthesis the word *reads* when the speaker reads something. For those who are in the mezzanine floor, presenting what the speaker read is useless, since those people have heard it; but since not all the taxpayers are in the mezzanine floor (on the contrary!), the consequence is that most of them do not know what the speakers read, and, therefore, do not realize the strength of the argument, prejudicing the speakers themselves. For example, a speaker - X - refutes another - Y:

"X: And here I ask you, can Your Excellency admit that the document in question affirms what the state government claims? Please listen to me, Your Excellency. Here is the first excerpt, the famous excerpt. (*Reads*) There is not the slightest trace of affirmation here...

"Y: Excuse me, please read the following excerpt.

"X: The following? Even less of it. (*Reads*) There is nothing vaguer. The governor had issued the decree, Article 4 of which does not pose the slightest doubt; one only has to read it. (*Reads*) After this, what can we conclude but that the governor had the plan prepared? Mr. President, they want to develop an argument based on Paragraph 7 of Article 6; but this provision is a legal absurdity. Listen to the chamber. (*Reads*)

"Voices: Oh! Oh!"



Sousa Franco



Duke of Caxias

There is no doubt that this practice saves printing paper and copying time, but I, a taxpayer and voter, do not like savings in the publication of debates. Once they are printed, it is indispensable that they are published in their entirety so that I understand them. I could be a paralytic, lazy, living-abroad man, and I still have the right to know what one reads in the chambers. If any member or former member of Congress reads me, I hope that, for the next year, they'll arrange a way for me to read whatever will be read without the need that I spend my days in the Congress mezzanine floor.

As I was saying, I am not sure what the restored municipal law is; but it is not relevant to what I am going to say. What I have deduced from the debate is that there are two opinions: one that believes that foreign companies should be heavily taxed, unlike domestic companies, and the other that wants equality in taxation. The first opinion is based on the preference of developing Brazilian art, encouraging national artists who work here during the whole year, be it winter or summer. The second one, understanding that art has no homeland, claims that foreign companies, besides giving us what the others do not provide, incur in considerable transportation expenses, pay high wages, and because of that, it is not convenient to increase even more the taxes levied on them. This is the conflict that has been pending.

I believe that both opinions are wrong. They do not misunderstand the theoretical grounds; one can defend both the universality of art and its nationality; they misunderstand the facts. Indeed, it is difficult, no matter how much the soul feels driven by the principle of the universality of art, not to hesitate when we are told of the need to defend national art; but this is

precisely the point on which the perspective of the municipal council, the mayor, and the Senate seems somewhat troubled to me.

Although I have not gone to theaters for a long time, I know that there is a special art in there, which I have already left in its early times. This art (except for some laudable efforts) is not properly Brazilian, nor strictly French; it is what we can call, by a compound word, a French-Brazilian art. Some say that the language it uses cannot be attributed exclusively to Voltaire, nor entirely to Alencar; it is a language created with parts of both, forming a third organism, in which the politeness of one and the tenderness of the other produce new and no less sweet prosody.

That is not a unique phenomenon. The German-Brazilians are a product of the South, where a German person that was born in the national territory is neither entirely German nor entirely Brazilian, but a hybrid being, called with that name there. I do not know whether the language of our half-countryman and whole-collaborator is the same organism as the French-Brazilian one, but if the schools of the former colonies are still only teaching German, it is likely that they dominate this language. In this regard, I agree with La Palisse.

It is not due to the birth of artists that the French-Brazilian art exists, but instead, it exists due to a mixture of Rio de Janeiro and Paris or Bordeaux. This art, which neither the late Mme. Doche nor D. Estela would recognize as such for not bringing the particular features of one or the other of the respective languages, has the legitimacy of the accordance and fusion in the elements from both origins. When was it born? It is hard to say when an art is born. However, it is only

necessary that it has been born, it has grown up, and it is now alive. It is alive, I ask no other birth certificate.

Nonetheless, an idea that may successfully combine both currents of opinion and meet the purposes of both parties comes to my mind. This idea is to levy a moderate tax on foreign companies and altogether abolish the taxes on domestic companies. This way, the former will bring us some new pleasures every winter, and the domestic ones will be able to live free from an onerous imposition, no matter how slight it may be. I believe that this will fulfill the duty of encouraging the arts, without prejudice as to origins, while protecting the domestic art. What does it matter if French-Brazilian art is also protected? It is a local product; if it deserves less than the other, it does not fail to be worthy of some equity. This is my idea; it is feasible. I am not offering it in exchange for money, but for free and for real.

Please, do not accuse me of paying too much attention to the language of one art and to the half-language of another. Language is a big deal. That Venezuelan diplomat who has just astonished the spirits of his compatriots by revealing that the agreement signed with England, thanks to the good services of the United States, suits the interests of these two countries and prejudices Venezuela, may not be right (and I don't think he is), but he gives evidence of the value of language. The other two are English countries, they speak the English language; it was the father who taught this language to his son. Venezuela is one of the many daughters and granddaughters that Spain left to this world. Castilian is a rich language, but it is less spoken. If the diplomat were right, in Caracas, which is Venezuela's Rio de Janeiro, the Venezuelan companies would be the ones bearing highest taxes,

while those from London and New York would perform without paying anything. But it is nonsense, for sure; let us wait for the next telegram.

Excuse my style and my ideas; my headache will not allow me to write any better.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES OF THE SENATORS OF  
THE EMPIRE MENTIONED IN "THE OLD SENATE"

Quintino Antônio Ferreira de Sousa – Quintino Bocaiúva (Born on December 4, 1836, in Rio de Janeiro, and died on June 11, 1912, in Rio de Janeiro). Constitutional Convention Senator (from December 12, 1890 to December 29, 1891), Senator for Rio de Janeiro (from September 8, 1892 to December 29, 1899, and from 1909 to 1912). President of the Province of Rio de Janeiro (from 1900 to 1903). Vice President of the Senate (from May 1909 to May 1911). Minister of Foreign Affairs (from 1889 to 1891) and Acting Minister of Agriculture (1889) during Deodoro da Fonseca's Provisional Government.

João Lustosa da Cunha Paranaguá (2<sup>nd</sup> Viscount and 2<sup>nd</sup> Marquis of Paranaguá. Born on August 21, 1821, in Piauí, and died on February 9, 1912, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Piauí from May 9, 1865 to November 15, 1889.

João Lins Vieira Cansanção de Sinimbu (Viscount of Sinimbu. Born on November 20, 1810, in Alagoas, and died on December 27, 1907, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Alagoas from May 15, 1858, to November 15, 1889.



Afonso Celso de Assis Figueiredo (Viscount of Ouro Preto. Born on February 2, 1837, in Minas Gerais, and died on February 21, 1912, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Minas Gerais from April 26, 1879 to November 15, 1889.

Councilor Zacarias de Góis e Vasconcelos (Born on November 15, 1815, in Bahia, and died on December 28, 1877, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Bahia from February 16, 1864 to December 28, 1877.

José da Costa Carvalho (Viscount and Marquis of Monte Alegre. Born on February 7, 1796, in Bahia, and died on September 18, 1860, in Sao Paulo). Constitutional Convention Deputy (from May 3 to November 11, 1823), Deputy for Bahia (from May 8, 1826 to September 3, 1829; and from May 3, 1830, to November 1, 1831) and for Sao Paulo from May 3, 1838 to April 29, 1839). Senator for Sergipe (from May 4, 1839 to September 18, 1860). President of the Senate (from May 1, 1842 to May 1, 1843); Member of the Permanent Triune Regency (from June 17, 1831 to October 11, 1835); Chairman of the Council of Ministers (from October 6, 1849 to May 10, 1852); and Minister of the Empire (from September 29, 1848 to May 10, 1852) on the 10<sup>th</sup> Office of the Second Empire.

Miguel Calmon du Pin e Almeida (Marquis of Abrantes. Born on October 26, 1794, in Bahia, and died on September 13, 1865, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Ceará from July 28, 1840 to September 13, 1865.

Luís Alves de Lima e Silva (Duke of Caxias. Born on August 25, 1803, in Rio de Janeiro, and died on May 7, 1880, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Rio Grande do Sul from May 11, 1846, to May 7, 1880. President of the Provinces of Maranhão (from February 7, 1840 to May 12, 1841) and Rio Grande do Sul (from Novem-

ber 9, 1842 to December 10, 1846; and from June 30, 1851 to June 30, 1855).

Manuel Inácio de Andrade Souto Maior Pinto Coelho (Marquis of Itanhaém. Born on May 5, 1792, in Rio de Janeiro, and died on August 17, 1867, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Minas Gerais from December 30, 1844 to August 17, 1867).

José Tomás Nabuco de Araújo. (Born on August 14, 1813, in Bahia, and died on March 19, 1878, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Bahia from June 1, 1858 to March 19, 1878.

José Maria da Silva Paranhos (Viscount of Rio Branco. Born on March 16, 1819, in Bahia, and died on November 1, 1880, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Mato Grosso from May 5, 1863 to November 1, 1880. Diplomat and Councilor of State. President of the Province of Rio de Janeiro (from October 30, 1858 to November 9, 1859).

Pedro de Araújo Lima (Marquis of Olinda. Born on December 22, 1793, in Pernambuco, and died on June 7, 1870, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Pernambuco from September 6, 1837 to June 7, 1870.

Eusébio de Queirós Coutinho Matoso Câmara. (Born on December 27, 1812, in Sao Paulo de Luanda, Angola, and died on May 7, 1868, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Rio de Janeiro from May 22, 1854 to May 7, 1868.

Francisco Jê Acaiaba de Montezuma (Viscount of Jequitinhonha. Born on March 23, 1794, in Bahia, and died on February 15, 1870, in Rio Grande do Sul). Senator for Bahia from May 6, 1851 to February 15, 1870.

Antônio Paulino Limpo de Abreu (Viscount of Abaeté. Born on September 22, 1798, in Lisbon, and died on September 14, 1883, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Minas Gerais from April 28, 1848 to September 14, 1883.

Manuel Inácio Cavalcanti de Lacerda (Baron of Pirapama. Born in 1799, in Pernambuco, and died on March 11, 1882, in Rio de Janeiro). Constitutional Convention Deputy for Pernambuco (from May 3 to November 11, 1823); Deputy for Maranhão (from May 3, 1832 to October 6, 1833); Deputy (from May 3, 1838 to November 21, 1841; and from January 1, 1843 to May 24, 1844) and Senator (from April 18, 1850 to March 11, 1882) for Pernambuco. President of the Senate (from May 8, 1854 to May 3, 1861).

Joaquim José Rodrigues Torres (Viscount of Itaboraí. Born on December 13, 1802, in Rio de Janeiro, and died on January 8, 1872, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Rio de Janeiro from May 6, 1844 to January 8, 1872.

Paulino José Soares de Sousa (Viscount of Uruguai. Born on October 4, 1807, in Paris, and died on July 15, 1866, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Rio de Janeiro from August 29, 1849 to July 15, 1866.

Francisco de Paula de Negreiros Saião Lobato (Viscount of Niterói. Born on May 25, 1815, in Rio de Janeiro, and died on July 14, 1884, in Rio de Janeiro). Deputy (from January 1, 1850 to September 4, 1852; from May 3 to September 20, 1853; from May 3, 1861 to May 12, 1863; and from May 22, 1867 to July 20, 1868) and Senator (from June 8, 1869 to July 14, 1884) for Rio de Janeiro. Minister of the Empire (from March 3 to April 20, 1861), and Minister of Justice (from March 3, 1861 to May 23, 1862) of the 16<sup>th</sup> Office of the Second Empire and Minister of Justice (from

March 7, 1871 to April 19, 1872) of the 25<sup>th</sup> Office of the Second Empire. Councilor of State.

Teófilo Benedito Otoni (Born on November 27, 1807, in Minas Gerais, and died on October 17, 1869, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Minas Gerais from January 18, 1864 to October 17, 1869.

João Maurício Vanderlei (Baron of Cotegipe. Born on October 23, 1815, in Bahia, and died on February 13, 1889, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Bahia from May 9, 1856 to February 13, 1889.

Priest Antônio da Cunha Vasconcelos. Senator for Paraíba from May 18, 1836 to May 25, 1868.

Bernardo de Sousa Franco (Viscount of Sousa Franco. Born on June 28, 1805, in Pará, and died on May 8, 1875, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Pará from June 12, 1855 to May 8, 1875.

Manuel Vieira Tosta (Baron, Viscount, and Marquis of Muritiba. Born on July 12, 1807, in Bahia, and died on February 22, 1896, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Bahia from May 6, 1851 to November 15, 1889.

– Manuel Felizardo de Souza e Melo (Born on December 5, 1806, in Rio de Janeiro, and died on August 16, 1866, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Rio de Janeiro from December 29, 1849 to August 16, 1866.

Herculano Ferreira Pena (Born in 1811, in Minas Gerais, and died on September 27, 1867, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Amazonas from May 2, 1855 to September 27, 1867.

José Martins da Cruz Jobim (Born on February 26, 1802, in Rio de Janeiro, and died on August 23, 1878, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Espírito Santo from May 6, 1851 to August 23, 1878.

José de Araújo Ribeiro (Baron and Viscount of Rio Grande. Born on July 20, 1800, in Rio Grande do Sul, and died on July 21, 1879, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Rio Grande do Sul from February 29, 1849 to July 21, 1879.

José Inácio Silveira da Mota (Born on February 15, 1807, in Goiás, and died on October 16, 1893, in Rio de Janeiro). Deputy for Sao Paulo (from January 1, 1850 to September 4, 1852; and from May 3, 1853 to September 12, 1854 – replaced from May 7 to May 25, 1854) and Senator for Goiás (from May 8, 1855 to November 15, 1889).

Manuel de Assis Mascarenhas (Born on August 28, 1805, in Goiás, and died on January 30, 1867, in Rio de Janeiro). Magistrate. Deputy for Rio Grande do Norte (from January 1, 1843 to May 24, 1844), for Goiás (from January 1, 1845 to September 18, 1847), and for Rio de Janeiro (from January 1 to June 11, 1850). Senator for Rio Grande do Norte (from May 17, 1850 to January 30, 1867), and President of the Provinces of Rio Grande do Norte (from November 3, 1838 to January 12, 1841; and from December 4, 1841 to March 31, 1842) and Espírito Santo (from October 19, 1843 to December 25, 1844).

Cândido José de Araújo Viana (Marquis of Sapucaí. Born on September 15, 1793, in Minas Gerais, and died on January 23, 1875, in Rio de Janeiro). Magistrate and Councilor of State. Constitutional Convention Deputy (from May 3 to November 11, 1823) and Deputy for Minas Gerais (from May 8, 1826 to September 3, 1829; from May 3, 1830 to October 6, 1833 – replaced from May 3 to October 21, 1832; from May 3, 1834 to October 15, 1837; and from May 3, 1838 to October 28, 1839). President of the Senate (from Janu-

ary 4, 1851 to May 7, 1854); President of the Provinces of Alagoas (from February 14, to December 31, 1828) and Maranhão (from January 14, 1829 to October 12, 1832); Minister of Finance (from December 14, 1832 to June 12, 1834) and Minister of Justice (from May 14 to June 3, 1833) of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Office of the Permanent Triune Regency, and Minister of the Empire (from March 23, 1841 to January 19, 1843) of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Office of the Second Empire.

Caetano Maria Lopes Gama (Viscount of Maranguape. Born on August 5, 1795, in Pernambuco, and died on June 21, 1864, in Rio de Janeiro). Senator for Rio de Janeiro from May 4, 1839 to June 21, 1864.

Cândido Borges Monteiro (Baron and Viscount of Itaúna. Born on October 12, 1812, in Rio de Janeiro, and died on August 25, 1872, in Rio de Janeiro). Deputy (from May 3, 1853 to September 20, 1856) and Senator (from May 1, 1857 to August 25, 1872) for Rio de Janeiro. President of the Province of Sao Paulo from August 27, 1868 to July 29, 1869, and Minister of Agriculture (from April 20 to August 23, 1872) of the 25<sup>th</sup> Office of the Second Empire.

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