

FROM LONDON TO RIO DE JANEIRO.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

LETTER I.

TO LISBON.

SHORTLY before my last departure I was informed, though quite unsurprised, dear A****, that you, like most other men in England, were in a state of profound benightedness touching travel, even by steamer; on both coasts of the South American continent. You confessed that, though to you Pæstum and Puzzuoli were decidedly *things*, Pará and Pernambuco were hardly even names. You had heard of the 'P. and O., and of the A.S.S., and of the Cunard,' but you marvelled in what manner of ships men went down to, or in, the seas about Rio de Janeiro. You had very many other notes and queries which I will not recall to mind; they somewhat suggested the last wonderful paper of physiological inquiries on the Art of asking Nonsense put forth by the lights of the Ethnological Society, London.

I promised my best to dispel your touching ignorance.

Therefore let it be premised that I shall address you *ex cathedra*, as the master (B) lectures his pupil (A). Therefore let it be understood that you (A) 'meekly' accept from me (B) the information required by you, and that you never on any account mutter or grumble the word *dogmatic*.

The first thing, I need hardly say, to be done before visiting the New World is to take a passage. It is well, although not absolutely necessary, to invest in a Foreign Office passport.

There are three main lines that land you in the Brazils, one French and two English. We will allow precedence to the Rival Power.

The French steamers set out from Bordeaux; these *Messageries Impériales* are fine large vessels, where one eats well and where one is utterly and shockingly unclean. After each outward trip they return laden with beetles the size of toy

terriers, and which for safety must be tied up. And as usual with Gallic conveyances, especially those under Government, they honour you by granting you a passage.

The Liverpool, Brazil, and River Plate Steam Packet Company—agents Messrs. Lambeth and Full, 21 Water-street, Liverpool—has a fleet of nine screws. This line leaves the Mersey twice a month, generally during the second and third weeks. They touch at Lisbon, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Ayres, and their charges are about twenty-five per cent. less than the following, or—

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, under contract with her Britannic Majesty's Government, which you will probably prefer. On the Brazil and River Plate route it has three steamers besides the 'intercolonial.' There are *La Plata*, Captain Hammack, 2404 tons: she will presently be replaced by their new vessel the *Douro* of 2404 tons, and return to her native West India station; secondly, the *Oncida*, Captain P. M. Woolcott, 2284 tons; and lastly, the *Paraná*, Captain T. A. Bevis, 2730. Secure, regardless of expense, a single deck-cabin forwards, and take your place—by tipping the head steward—at the commander's table. If you can manage to leave England between March and May, and return between September and November, you will find elbow room. *Vice versa* you will not.

Wondrous green—I suppose you travel in May—seem the Surrey fields, and hills, and slopes, and lawns, and woods; a lively youthful green that tenderly caresses the eye. Between them are breaks of well-tilled acres, from afar like slabs of chocolate, and pregnant with promised harvests. Here and there comes a bit of moorland about to purple with heather and already golden with furze blossoms. The

whimpling rivulets and little rivers, a Lilliputian potamology, overlie the land like silver threads. There are all manner of buildings, from castle to farmstead, which give a finish to the view and which gain by being seen from afar. The old northern world tries to appear beautiful with all its might. The poor English sky does its very best to look blue. Perhaps there is a tepid breeze, odorous with the breath of many flowers. Sometimes there is a dreamy, hazy, windless atmosphere, which faintly reminds the old African of a Harmattan in Dahomé. Possibly you wax poetical, and quote—

Blessed be the hour!
The time; the clime; the spot—etc. etc.

But believe me you will feel the force of prose when you find yourself within the walls of a Southampton hotel.

There is a bustle, as if all Hampshire and his wife were seeking where to lodge. The waiters compensate for a good hour's delay in the little matter of dinner by a freeness and an easiness bordering upon impertinence. The kitchen artist sends to say that he is overwhelmed with labour. You must drink beer and spirits, for the wine is execrable even at thirteen shillings per bottle. When will the publican and the sinner cease to run in pairs? Southampton still palpably wants a 'hotel with unequivocal marks of having been built and organized in the present century.' And when your British 'dander' or bile is 'riz,' whether at the Lisbon, the St. Vincent, or the Bahia hostelry, remember, prithee, ——'s at Southampton. Remember it, and be merciful to 'those foreigners.'

On the next day—fast youths pass the last night in town—you make for the Docks, stow yourself and belongings on board some little tug, and after a few minutes of steam you find yourself at (your five days') home. You are advertised to sail at two p.m., which means past three p.m. You console yourself with instituting odious comparisons between Old Netley and New Netley. At length the paddles begin

to turn, in water smooth as a sheet of oil. The first dinner-bell rings. To port lies a white sheet, apparently spread upon a green hill, that is Ryde. A little beyond it is a dwarf inlet denoting the Paradise of cockney yachtsmen—Coves. You feed *à la Russe*, and perhaps being used to fare sumptuously every day, you abuse the table: you will think yourself *chez Philippe* on the return voyage. The wine is certainly poor and dear, but what hotel in England, may I ask, has got the common sense to supply good liquor at moderately remunerative terms? Ere the sun sets, his ruddy, warm rays light up the ghastly white rent in the Victorian chalk-cliff which backs the much-talked-of Needles. And night closes in, not falls, as the good ship coasts along the southern English shore, where the cold breath of the Atlantic sends you to roost with a will. Such is your decent and orderly start; and thus falls the curtain on the first act.

Of the next three days which form the second act there is little to say. You arise with a sigh of heartfelt satisfaction to feel that you are beyond reach of the Post's long strong arm. And 'Time gallops withal.' During bad weather you do your 'discoursin' on the covered saloon deck—a great convenience. When the clouds draw off, you promenade the spar-deck and inspect the games of ship's quoits, where continental gentlemen hail each hit with as much excitement as if they had just won the Derby. The study of types, ever an interesting subject, is most readily carried out at meals; and the Brazilian mafts, though lacking the missionary, the priest, and the slaver, those fertile sources of fun on board the West African steam-ships, are by no means uninteresting. The English are of two classes, the official and the non-official. Amongst the former are sailors, generally assistant-surgeons, and here and there a stray *empicayé* of the Foreign Office. The latter are old and young sheep farmers, merchants of sorts, and engineers in search of fortune. Half the English in Portugal appear to be what swell naval youths call "greasers."

The sex muster stronger here than in the African steamers. I shall often compare Africa and South America, kindred continents. There are two Frenchwomen, probably actresses, going to the New World. They dance together to the sound of the ship's band, walk about in each other's embrace, and instantly twig your wig. There is the usual sturdy-formed and surly-faced Englishwoman, who has passed through the church with a small, dingy, squint-eyed, rhubarb-coloured abortion of the South: but an Englishwoman will marry anything, and she must show her repentance by angry looks at others of her sex who look upon her choice as they regard a cockroach.

The jolly Captain takes his seat at the head of the port table, fronted by the Purser at the aft-end. Near the former congregates a Brazilian family of four generations—local Rothschilds returned from a European tour—and great-grandma sits opposite the freshest little black-eyed and black-haired girl. Their main peculiarity is the mental refreshment which they seem to derive from mere sheer noise, from shouting and screaming with or without laughter—I have remarked the same in the negro. Near the Purser collect tall, large, and fresh-coloured Englishmen of various occupations, principally in the 'mercantile'; they are nearly all acquaintances of previous journeys, and they feed together for auld lang syne. Between them is a table of nondescripts who have neglected to secure better seats, and they amuse themselves with watching at the risk of a neckache those that have. On the starboard side, the fore mess is presided over by the Chief Officer: it is composed almost entirely of English bound for Lisbon on business or pleasure. Germany affect the bottom table, where the doctor or the second officer sits; they are adventurers of every description, and they are readily known by their bat-like ears, their flat occiputs, and their hay-coloured mustachios; also by the peculiarly insolent air affected by the Teuton out of his own country, or where he expects the protec-

tion of another. These men, having a *Fatherland* but no *patrie*, are overspreading the Southern as well as the Northern half of the New World, and they are rapidly creating for themselves a political position. It is a study to see the persistency of Herr Bristlein, who makes three several attempts upon each plate, eyeing it wistfully, rushing to the cabin-door and rushing back to his meals, like an incubating hero that has sighted 'provaunt.' A few little *freluquets* fill up the middle table: amongst them a Mr. Abrahams, who is not unremarkable for taking care of his own property—let no man sit on *his* chair!

This second act concluded, you prepare for the third, the run in. Early on the fourth day comes the end of the eight hundred and sixty-six miles separating Southampton and Lisbon. Let us hope that it is fair weather. Colour here is the main part of beauty, it is even more than complexion to the face. On a dull day the Tagus of the Golden Sands is muddy-brown as Father Thames, the houses of the Ulyssian city look cold, gaunt, and drear as those of Edina; the beauties of the background are robbed of their distance, and the fair green hills are hidden by angry purple clouds. But when the sun shines out all is loveliness. Then a golden light sparkles upon the azure waves, and the verdure dances in a cool crisp breeze, and every feature stands forth bright and well-defined in the smokeless air. Then indeed we recognize, in the City of the *Palm*, and the *Plantain*, a 'delicious land,' a 'physical Paradise.'

Voyagers have not gained an hour since Childe Harold sang in his dumpy brig—

Four days are sped, but with the fifth anon
New shores descried make every bosom gay.

You embarked on the 9th and at dawn on the 13th you sight land from the port-bow. After the marvellous freshness of the Surrey fields, the lands look somewhat mangy and out of repair—ragged, decidedly. You note the light-house on the abrupt precipice, Cabo da Roca, called by Englishmen the

Rock of Lisbon: it towers high and abrupt above the sea this headland of the Montejunte or maritime range of middle Portugal, and continuation of the diagonal Sierras of Old Castile. Below and nearer the river's mouth is the Farol d'Agua (Eagle's Pharos), which those on board know as 'Guia Light.' High above, and often capped or bisected by heavy mists, rise the rain-faced granitic peaks of 'Cintra's glorious Eden,'—

— Nas Serras da Lua conhecidas.

Camœns manifestly believes it to be the Lunæ Promontorium of Pliny. The sides, black and shaggy with stone pines, rise high to a finial of building, a castle in the air standing apparently upon a needle of rock pointing skywards. Cintra is the Richmond of Lisbon—alas that it should want a Star and Garter!

We now turn eastwards and run under the light and batteries of S. Julião. The obsolete works were built by Philip II. of Spain, and were utilized as prisons by the great Pombal. To starboard, and apparently in mid-embouchure, rises the castle and light of Bugio, Bogio, or S. Lourenço: it crosses fire with S. Julião, and warns the shipping off the dangerous cachopos (banks). Now we cross the not unperilous bar which spans the mouth of the Tagus about five miles from the capital. A whole fleet of small craft lies at anchor inside, awaiting the return of the flow; there are *Fragatas* (luggers), *Faluas* (felucas), *Rascas* (pilot-boats), and *Botes* (passenger-boats).

As we coast the northern shore, old Crimeans remark how much, with due allowance for difference of longitude, the Tagus—

Whose breast of waters broadly swelled

Between the banks that bear the vine,

resembles the Hellespont, and humbly, from afar, the beautiful Bosphorus. Though in general trees are sadly deficient, there are little woody dells and glens, in which you would swear lie the Sweet Waters of Europe and Asia.

By a glance at the south bank we shall better understand the complications of the Lisbon site. Here

Father Tagus, emerging from his meadow lands, runs through a river valley with a channel about two miles broad, widening to three times that size above the city and below it at the mouth. Lisbon is said to be built on an amphitheatre of Seven Hills—a fashion prevalent amongst the Latin races from Rome to Ceuta: similarly the Irish, in their pre-Romanist days, took their numerous Seven Churches from Asia Minor. The *Outra Banda* (southern side) shows serrated heights of stiff brown clay or incipient sandstone—seven or seventeen as you please to count them—scaped and weathered by the prevalent northerly winds, and forming a line of lateral eminences broken by little ravines. Planed down and built over it would be Lisbon. Now it is verdurous and rich in vineyards, which are prettily set off by scatters of whitewashed villages.

We sight on the northern bank the aqueduct of murderous fame, whose seventeen pointed and eighteen round arches span the valley of Alcântara (القنطرة) the bridge, not Alcantára, if you please). Your eye is attracted by little windmills, some thirty in number, playing merrily with the breezes on the hill-tops: their dwarf sails, in the shape of a Maltese cross, can be furled round their arms when not wanted. You need not mind the popular hoax—a second part of the celebrated 'Man in Boots,' who pretended to walk across the river Tagus—that these structures are so frequent in Spain and Portugal because the people cannot trust one another with their corn.

We 'stop her' for the health-officer who boards us off the town of Belem: it is a farce in these lanky yellow-cheeked 'critturs' to inspect our bulbous and beefy Britons. The old-fashioned fortalice of white limestone, built on a projecting point where the stream narrows to a mile, is a quaint raised parallelopiped—in simpler words a twelve-dozen claret case on edge. Mouro-Gothic-Portuguese in style, with a lower balcony in front, and an upper balcony all round, pepper-

castor sentry-boxes and bastizans at every possible angle, with an upper edge, pretty little toy *crenelles*, battlements and machicolations, which may have been respectable in the days of falconists. This thing, with its crumbling outworks and carriageless guns, lately had the temerity to open fire upon the Federal ships-of-war, who being able with a single broadside to smash it into a cocked-hat, took such note of it as might a leash of Cuban bloodhounds bestow upon an over brave Skye. Opposite the Belem Tower, on high ground, rises the snowy bran-new Lazaretto—a great improvement upon that former horror of travellers, the Torre Velha, which rises to the west of its younger rival, showing the gangrene of decay through its coat of whitewash. From both these points the view up the river has peculiar charms.

And now the straggling buildings begin to thicken into a suburb. Well and commandingly placed above the right bank of the river is the Ajuda Palace—a huge unfinished shell, in fact a kind of bad Buckingham—if that were possible—looking from afar like the Scutari Hospital. A faubourg clusters round it, and a stretch of grass and tree separates it from the city. Near the river is the convent of S. Jeronymo, known to our guide-books as the 'church and monastery of Belem' (*i. e.*, Bethlehem): its red-stained weather-beaten masonry tells its great age; and compared with the Ajuda mushroom, it is Sultan Hasan *versus* Mohammed Ali's mosque in Egyptian Cairo.

A point crowned by the Cordoaria, or Government rope manufactory—a hideous jaundiced shed—is now turned, and places us in full view of the city. The tenements rise no longer in scatters but in crowded layers and well-piled shelves, house upon house, and church upon church, from the river's brink to the highest hill-top. The water's edge is occupied by warehouses—especially coal stores—pierced with small high-placed windows; there are wharves and building-yards and wholesale magazines: this part, in

fact, is London viewed through the small end of the glass. I hear a gentleman name 'Wapping.'

As regards the city, those who are familiar with the Portuguese colonies, Macao or Mozambique, S. Paul de Loanda or Madeiran Funchal—which Lisbon greatly resembles *en grand*—will at once recognize the prototype of all those distant centres. Huge houses, far too tall for a land of earthquakes, with their long lines of balconied and unbalconied windows, and their pink, red, blue, or yellow walls, in a setting of white-wash or blackwash, with thin ridge roofs of dull ruddy tiles backed by glorious masses of green vegetation, and everywhere churches and towers of every architectural variety breaking the upper outline—these are the components of the picture. The shape is an amphitheatre, an irregular semicircle, whose chord is the Tagus; and the painting is set in a frame of fair green hill, that tempers to absolute beauty the gorgeous colours of the masonry.

Conspicuous to us as we advance is the S. Francisco church, with its two dumpy belfries facing the river; so is the palace of the Empress, fronted by a garden terrace; so is the huge palace called 'of the Necessities,' and the Santos Velhos, with towers pointing westward and out-buildings covering a vast space of ground. Near it begins a bit of embankment which should subtend the whole city. Lisbon wants this drive more even than London.

And now decidedly the most remarkable piles are the Braganza Hotel and the Grand Hotel Central. They detach themselves boldly from the mass; and their ensanguined hue typifies the bleeding process to be undergone by all whom they take in. The Estrella church in the suburb of Buenos Ayres attracts the eye by its tall, quaint, bulging dome, and its pair of distant belfries, which fronting eastward, stand boldly out against the sky. The Carmo also fixes attention, and carries us back to the dreadful days of November, 1755. With excellent taste, the bare ribs and arches and the solid towers of the vast ruin have been left unrepaired: they re-

main a fine and fitting monument to that Nature who has as little regard for the cathedral as for the cottage.

Further to the east there is a gap in the long dense line of city: this is the well-known 'Black Horse Square,' a bilious-looking hollow, whose background is the Basseville of Lisbon. Masts and hulls congregate on the river opposite. To the right, looking landwards, is the Sé, or cathedral, the normal Portuguese article, with two dwarf towers, apparently vases: it is eclipsed by the huge bullies, its neighbours, S. Vicente de Fora, and N. S. da Graça. Above it rises the Castle of S. George, which, without clairvoyance, you would hardly guess to be a castle. In the gap behind it the blue hill, crowned by N. S. do Monte, peeps out in a charming perspective.

And now, dear A****, you may land, the third act of voyage. But prepare for 'little misery of human life' when you *do* land at Lisbon. The local press will surely publish your name, and you will as surely be surprised by the mode of their treatment. You may not wonder at being called Mr. Smith, Esquire; but you will perhaps marvel to find yourself—as once happened to a fellow-passenger of mine—married to three wives, one of them being your mother, whilst Miss Smith, your sister, appears in print as the happy parent of two male children.

Adieu pour le moment. Vive valeque.

Yours,

RICHARD F. BURTON.

LETTER II.

LISBON, A.M.

You must allow me, dear A****, a few preliminary words before sending you forth upon the task of seeing Lisbon in eight hours—the time which, under average circumstances, you can devote to your *menus plaisirs*.

The Lisbon poet sings and the reader repeats—

Nobre Lisboa, que no mundo

Facilmente das outras é princeza!

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But the same has been said of Seville, of Granada, of Naples, and of almost all the cities of the Asiatic world. Lisbon, briefly, is a beauty, but she is of a second rank compared with such professed lovelinesses as those which 'restless Parthenope,' which the Golden Horn, and which Rio de Janeiro can show.

The capital of Portugal is laid out confusedly as Boston, and it wants the three main lines by which even labyrinthine London is made intelligible. Like Cairo it has lost that pre-eminence in filth which it achieved in the days of Fielding: we no longer wander everywhere—

'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee.

The Fire-god, the genius of Pombal, and the secularization of church property, have made all that obsolete. Yet there are still alleys about the Alfama, or eastern quarter, where you may hear 'Agoa Vai,' the local 'Gardaloup;' and there are in the hot weather some drains so undeodorized that you easily understand the causes of endemic fevers and of the many tawny faces pitted with small-pox. The houses are mostly built of a carbonate of lime, like coarse marble, and the streets are macadamized with the same material: in a dry and sunny climate the dust and glare are distressing, and 'meat-safe' spectacles are not to be despised. We vainly look for the places where Mickle says of Ulysses—

He made the eternal walls of Lisbon rise.

'Ulysses' now has no defences beyond barriers at the principal entrances, where octroi must be paid. *Eternal*, par parenthèse, is a ridiculous word in the mouth of man.

It is remarked by Leigh Hunt that there is hardly any street in London which cannot show you a tree. Here it is the same, and the trees are mostly sycamore, elms, silver poplar, mulberry, olive, orange, and lemon. Moreover, in Lisbon, go where you will, you cannot escape a chapel or a church. Almost all are family likenesses,

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because built shortly after the Earthquake. Outside they expose the mean forms of the eighteenth century. Inside there is a sanctuary at the nave end facing the main porch: it is raised one or two steps, and is separated from the body by a low railing of wood or metal. The side-altars either project beyond the walls or are recessed in alcoves so shallow as not to merit the name of chapel: this, however, is not the case with the altar of the 'Blessed Sacrament.' There is usually a high and galleried singing-choir over the chief entrance, and the organs have not unfrequently lost their pipes. Unlike the rest of Roman Europe, Portugal closes her 'houses of God' about nine a.m., after which time they must be opened with the well-known 'silver key.' Except on Sundays and Saint days there are few worshippers, and these are chiefly beggars at the doors, and old women confessing to villainous-looking physiognomies themselves inside. These buildings are sadly deficient in decoration, the pictures are bad and the statues are worse, the former are daubs, the latter are dolls: the Goddess of Art has not deigned to wander so far from the shores of her dearly-beloved Mediterranean; and even the Moors—as their Cintra Castle compared with the Alhambra proves—have become mere northern barbarians.

You will find the ciceroni of Lisbon divisible—as indeed they are from England to Australia, both included—into two lots: the clever, who are ever rascally; and the stupid, who may be honest. Of stupid rascals there are not a few, and let us hope a few clever honest. But all go about seeking (like a certain celebrated personage) whom they may devour. Above all things, whatever you do, forget not the *ajuste*, or bargain. Not because it saves a few coins. The fact is you cannot without it satisfy in any way your *employé*, who writes you down an ass, and who would treat you in all things accordingly. The boatman who lands you can demand a shilling: if you give him half-a-crown he swears that you are cheat-

ing him. Mind to arrange about the carriage: if you take it by time you will make between one and two miles an hour; if by the *course*, you will be charged two or three pounds sterling. Do not be hard upon them, however, for Lisbon is no longer a 'Paradise of demi-fortunes;' bread is at threepence halfpenny and meat at sevenpence a pound. You will find hordes of beggars, some of them well-dressed men, and women in bonnets and veils: if you give 'bakhshish' to a soul of them, you will never have a moment's peace.

Landing on a rough day at Lisbon is as bad as at Sierra Leone, and the authorities might make great improvements at a small expense. Above the city Father Tagus becomes a little lake some five miles broad, and when its rapid current meets wind and tide an ugly 'rip' is apt to result. After scrambling up a slippery stone pier you find yourself pounded in the ill-famed Alfandega, or custom-house. Murphy (1795) speaks in high terms of this institution, of its broad and noble staircase, its magnificent rooms, its India House, and its garden with fountain and seats for the accommodation of idlers. John Bull sees in it simply a bore. For Englishmen abroad are wont to rage furiously about things which they endure at home with a philosophic, not to say a servile, indifference. And, after visiting every considerable harbour in Europe, I am ready to assert that of all custom-houses that of London, with its 'dear dirty steps,' is incomparably the most troublesome and the least honest. Yet we find our bottles broken, our specimens stolen, and our boxes torn up without a murmur.

There are two guide-books for Lisbon, but neither deserve a word of praise.

'Murray's' Portugal is, next to his Russia, the worst of the very meritorious series, and all travellers loudly complain of it. The tone, however, is intensely 'proper'—respectable and commonplace. See the delicious cautions not to mispronounce the word 'punhite' (pp. 125-126), and the borrowed sneer

(p. 79) against the noble Byronic lines (Canto I. xx. *Childe Harold*).

Deep in yon cave Honorin long did dwell,
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a
hell.

The map is a disgrace. There are no degrees and no scales of distances. The mountains are omitted, and of the rivers few are named. Some positions are inverted, Alcobaca, for instance, is placed to the north instead of to the south of Aljubarrota. The spelling is abominable: such horrors as 'Juromanha' for 'Jeromenha' often occur; and (p. xiii.) pataca, a dollar, is confounded with pataco, twopence.

On the other hand the Lisbon guide (1853), the work of certain 'Ingles intros' papists, is a cheaply-printed system of polemical misinformation. The excellencies of the ecclesiastical buildings are grossly exaggerated—*e.g.*, the discipline and the reality of 'Mafra' are two absolutely different things. It reminds one of the old Irish lady's delight at Malta when she first saw the 'beautiful pretty churches.' The great minister Pombal, who has been fitly described as 'too great for so small a kingdom,' is vilely abused (pp. 33-39) because he kept the Jesuit wolves from Portugal's door. One sentence is enough: 'Against this (*the Church*) he (*Pombal*) plainly saw that he could deal no ruder blow than by suppressing the order of the Jesuits, whose highest encomium is, that they have ever been selected as the objects of attack by the advocates of infidelity and the abettors of tyranny, and by all those who have, like Pombal, shamelessly upheld despotism in all its naked horrors' (N.B., the Jesuit missions in South America are no case in point!) 'or, like modern freethinkers in France and elsewhere, disguised their real purpose under the sacred names of Liberty and Constitutional Freedom' (p. 37). And the compliment to the 'present descendants' of

Pombal (p. 37) is in the best of low taste. See also (p. 72) the tirade against the obsolete tithes, against representative government, and against the 'thralldom of the Church by the State'—Portugal's only hope. 'Another Creed' of course fares badly (p. 86): its 'puppyism or insane bigotry' of refusing adoration to a wafer is duly abominated.

There is, I have said, hardly anything of art at Lisbon, with but two exceptions, presently to be specified; so the staple of sight-seeing is scenery. Leaving Black Horse Square and its mounted warrior dancing his destrier in an oval of snakes, you turn to the right, up Custom-house-street. Observe the flamboyant façade of the old Conception church, and beyond it, in the Rua dos Bacalhoeiros, an ancient Moorish house called the Casa dos Bicos, from its raised and pointed stone-work. Eastwards is the Ribeira Velha, a very coddish and bargee part of Lisbon, remarkable only for fine fountains. Make the guide show you the Terreiro do Trigo, or government corn stores, the Alcaçarias (Palaces) or mineral baths, and the washerwomen's tank. The Fundação de baixo, or Lower Foundry, contains a small collection of weapons; but the Mons Meg of a gun captured at the siege of Diu (A.D. 1533) has been removed to the Upper Foundry. More eastward still the station of the Oporto Railway occupies the site of barracks now removed, and beyond it is the Caes do Tojo—Furze Quay—a local Tyburn, happily disused since the accession of Don Pedro V. Portugal has thus set to Europe the example of rejecting an inveterate barbarism which dates from the days of the Pentateuch.*

Returning to the Foundry you ascend a ramp to the unfinished pile of Sta. Engracia, which has given rise to a Lusitanian modification of *ad Greccos 'calendas*. Beyond it rises the huge pile of S. Vicente

* The author of *An Essay on the English Government and Constitution* (Introduction, p. lxiv.) remarks, 'For my part, I do not doubt for a moment the right of a community to inflict the punishment of death.'

With due deference to Earl Russell, I do. Theoretically, society has no right to kill a man because he kills another. Practically, by killing him it does no good.

de Fora, where the corpses of children are exposed for burial, and where the scions of the Braganza House repose in red and black travelling boxes with arched lids. Then drive to the N. Senhora do Monte and enjoy the glorious view: it is surpassed only by the Penha de França, which lies a little beyond. This is a real treat, the richly-diversified prospect of land and water, of city and country, of hill and vale, with balmy gardens and cool woodlands between; in the interior the Lezirias, or flat plains of the yellow Tagus, opening like a yellow sea; the pine-clad and castle-crowned crags of Cintra jaggling the western horizon, and the city of Ulysses and of the Moors lying lazily outstretched at your feet.

Then make your carriage drive past the Bemposta Palace and the Paço da Rainha, to Campo de Santa Anna, in which Rag Fair is held, and near which rises the red circus where bulls are baited. A look will suffice at the Praça da Alegria, a gay little square, almost all whose houses are faced with blue or other coloured Dutch, or as they should be called, Persian tiles (*azulejos*): cool they look and clean, but the general idea is that of a dairy turned inside out.

And now bend towards the Sé, or cathedral, a tolerably preserved specimen of 'Bastard Nothing' in tiles and stucco. From the guide-books, you expect to see hopping about the cloisters a happy pair of ravens, the envy and admiration of all their rustic brethren. You find a single ragged old Ralph in a strong-smelling cage, and palpably wanting his 'breaky.' Below is a classical little thing, S. Antonio da Sé, built over the stable where S. Anthony of Lisbon or Padua was born: he is called *Rei dos Bebedos*—King of the Drunk—and his feet are kissed by a peculiar contrivance. On a kind of sideboard in the same

building is more Mumbo-Jumbo—a preserved saintess. The Aljubo prison for women, and the Limoeiro jail for men, are passed when ascending to the Castle of S. Jorge. The saluting battery in the acropolis shows a noble bird's-eye view, and the archway and towers of the northern end date from long before the days of the Conquest (1147). The hospital of S. José is worth looking at, and thence it is a step to the Praça da Figueira, the Covent Garden. There is not much to admire in the fish, the fresh and dry fruit, the crockery, or the poultry sold by streets composed of women sitting before tables under white cotton umbrellas as large as the portable tents of Dahoman Caboceers. But the acacias, the silver-poplars, and the central fountain look cool, and the place is exceptionally clean, being all cleared and swept up at one p.m.

A little to the north-west of this market is the Passeio Publico, or public promenade. It is a parallelogram with an iron railing and furnished with green painted seats. Unfortunately the old vegetation has been 'improved off,' and the general effect is bold and glaring. A terrace of masonry at the north end of this Passeio, bearing date 1840, gives a good view. Southwards is the Praça de Don Pedro, generally known as the Rocio, and to the English as 'Zigzag Square,' from its pavement of black and white limestones in waving lines: the effect is good, and when the trees grow thick enough for shade, it will be a pleasant and lively promenade. At the top or northern end stands the new and classical theatre of D. Maria Segunda, built for the Portuguese drama with the stone of suppressed ecclesiastical establishments.* A peristyle of six tall marble columns supports a tympanum with alto-reliefs of Apollo and the Muses: on the apex stands

* When such writers as Murphy and Lord Caernarvon sentimentalize on the admirable way in which these religious communities used their vast revenues, the real question is wholly buried. What right had these communities to possess such revenues? How many heirs, and widows, and orphans had been defrauded of their patrimonies? How many deathbeds had been a scene of terrorism? Means may sometimes justify the end, but not such means as these.

the old playwright, Gil Vicente, whilst Thalia and Melpomene crown the other two angles. The whole is painfully like a whitewashed packing-case, but is evidently better than the abominable Inquisition, whose site it occupies. At the bottom of the Rocio is the Rua Aurea, where Englishwomen invest in Lisbon jewellery: the prices of small articles in general is under £3, and most noses are flattened against Da Souza's windows. On the west of the Rocio is the ruined Carmo, still worth inspecting. Thence we enter the Chiado, which, with its continuation the Rua Nova de Carmo, is the best shopping street for those who need confectioners, apothecaries, perruquiers, tailors, and modistes: the French are in force and the English are nowhere. The street is steep, white, and glaring, with tall houses of seven stories, suggesting the flats of Edinburgh done in plaster, not granite. On the top are two uninteresting churches and a small square intended for a statue of Camoens.

You are now in the hotel quarter of Lisbon, in the neighbourhood of the Bragança and Durands, of Mrs. Street's and the Hotel Central; and here exhausted nature may be refreshed without the least danger of excess. The prices, however, will make up for the want of comfort and cleanliness, and—by no means an unusual thing—the worst houses will charge the highest.

Your morning drive through Lisbon is not unamusing. The women are dressed somewhat like men, in a capote or boat-cloak of blue or brown cloth, and in a lenço or white head-kerchief, which the pretty few starch and stiffen to show hair and neck: the respectable show their dignity by looking cross—which, by the bye, they are not. They never stand at church, but squat like negroes, and when riding the loud-braying ass, an animal already flourishing in these hot lands, they turn the left shoulder forwards. Mary does not wash the doorsteps, but recreates her mind by standing at the balcony and staring at the 'varsal world.

Frisky damsels make the sound of a turkey (*peru*) at old men carrying water-breakers, and the industrious cry *java rica*, or beans for sale. Here and there, after rain, a peasant may be seen in a coat of thatch, recalling to mind the people of the Tanganyika Lake. At the church doors men beg in black night-caps, green capes, and red cloaks, for the benefit of departed souls. She-asses, muzzled goats, and cows with calves tied to their horns, are being driven to be milked at the invalid burghers' doors. The Gallegos (Gallician watermen) busy themselves at every fountain, and fellows carrying on their shoulders two baskets at the end of a long pole, shout *peise* (fish) in a hoarse peculiar cry. Stunted nags carry panniers of open board-work filled with greens. One must not be startled by an occasional Ps! Ps!—it is the popular way of attracting the attention of anything, from a dog, a waiter, or a friend. The cart loaded with brushwood fuel (*tojo*), or standing to be filled with the rubbish and offals of the houses, is the quaintest thing possible. Its solid round wheels and axletree turn together under the short deep box of a body which rests on two uprights with bevelled ends: a stout rope connects the two, and the result, when these bearings are not greased, is a *chidrada*, or shriek, louder than the creaking of a Persian water-wheel. The meek-eyed oxen wear their horns very long, and often bound about with hairy thongs: even their hoofs are sometimes thus protected. They move, *se dandinant*, under a simple yoke (*canga*) that wants the paint, the carving, and the bristles of the Northern country. The cats, dreadfully thin from starving upon cockroaches, run about with ears and tails cropped for beauty, and the dogs are the Aleopekides or Pariahs of Stamboul. A dwarf cage, containing a cricket, hangs over many a door for luck. A wooden cross painted white and nailed to the entrance denotes the *sage femme*. A barber's shop is known by two pieces of green cloth hanging at the front. A bunch of clouts declares the rag-man, and in

the town places a bunch of pine or bay promises—the liar!—good wine.

You have now finished the eastern half of the city, and remains after breakfast the other portion: it contains the only two pieces of art in Lisbon, the chapel of S. John and the church of S. Jeronymo at Belem.

Drive therefore at once to the church of S. Roque, and pay the guardian half-a-crown or you will not be let in. This monument of royal piety and splendour, which cost a million of pounds, is a very moderate size recessed chapel to the left of the high altar, and red curtains conceal it from vulgar eyes. It is best seen about noon on a sunny day; in dark weather many of its beauties pass unobserved. The nearer you approach the more artistic the mosaics appear, each piece being about one-third the size of a man's little finger-nail: it is worth while to ascend the ladder and to examine the texture with a magnifying glass. Many visitors remain persuaded that the stone is picture.

The centre-piece of the triptych—so to call it—is Michael Angelo's 'Baptism of Christ': the feet faintly seen under water and the foam of Jordan are life. On the right hand is Guido's 'Annunciation,' and on the left hand Raphael's 'Descent of the Holy Ghost.' These are the wonders. The guide-books enlarge upon the columns of lapis lazuli, the silver candlesticks, the alt-reliefs of the vaulted ceiling, the frieze, and the lavish expenditure of white and black Italian marbles; rosso, verde, and giallo Antico, porphyry, Egyptian syenite and alabaster, jasper, coral, and amethyst spar. In the centre of the marble mosaic floor, imitating a flowered carpet, is an inlaid armillary sphere, 'indicating,' as some say and write, 'that these works of art are the most famous in the world.' It was the favourite emblem of D. Manuel, as the fitting type of Portuguese energy and success shown to our planet in the olden time.

After being consecrated at Rome the chapel took its present position

in 1746. The French invaders very naturally resolved upon removing the fairy thing to Paris, but they were prematurely compelled to remove themselves. Hence, probably, the care now taken of it. Amid the dreary desert of daub and doll which awaits the stranger in the various religious establishments of Portugal, this bit of beauty, which an English writer, with the usual national utilitarianism, calls 'a celebrated example of royal caprice and extravagance,' has all the effect of an oasis.

Now hurry through the Aguas Livres—very poor waterworks after those of any other European capital; through the English cemetery and its prim little chapel, which the guide calls an 'ermida,' through the promenade and church of the Estrella, a reduced copy of St. Peter's, showing how much the greatest Christian Basilica owes to mere physical size; through the Western Cemetery, inappropriately termed the Alto dos Prazeres, or Height of Pleasures (*Libera nos, Domine!*); past the huge Ajuda Palace and Park; by the chapel known as Memoria de Belem, and called in the priestly guide-book a 'little gem,' instead of a cockney classic; and thence by a broad way, the Calçada de Ajuda, down to the Praça de D. Fernando at the Belem or western suburb, where there is a poor pink plaster St. James, very like a villa in Tuscan Pisa, and a weedy seedy botanical garden, which might belong to the Palace of Indolence.

You now approach the second bit of art known to Lisbon, the old church and monastery of Sta. Maria de Belem (Bethlehem), generally known as S. Jeronymo. Its origin and history are told by every guide-book.

The architecture should be called the Portuguese. The semi-Moorish genius of the land and age, aided by the newly-exploited wealth of India and Brazil, showed itself in profuse arabesque decoration and in florid surface ornament: you know not what most to admire the harmony of the idea or the massive grandeur of its Norman-Gothic pro-

portions. It shows a grasp of conception and a power of execution which after ages notably lacked. It is in Portugal the very latest effort of that glorious and most Christian style which advanced in beauty and splendour till the beginning of the sixteenth century, when, without decay, it suddenly sank in all its glory before the invasion of a barbarous Greco-Roman classicism.

You see before you how well architecture can convey an idea of the character, not only of a race, but of a generation. Here is the clear expression of the Age of Travel—it has been called the Age of Faith; we can compare the glorious epoch only with the intellectual development of Greece, when Psammetichus threw open to her the marvels of Egypt. Here appear all the powers of mind, the daring and the solidity of character, which distinguished Portugal, when in the days of the first Visers she discovered a new world, and became the mistress of a hemisphere. The next generation fell into classicism.

The principal entrance is on the south side, where a noble porch rises to the summit of the wall: it far exceeds in beauty the western doorway of Batalha, where seventy-eight little stone figures occupy the arch in long and disagreeable lines one over the other's head. The most interesting effigy here is that of the 'Virgin Prince,' Don Henrique: he stands in blazoned armour looking wistfully towards the sea, and his hair is combed over his forehead as is still the custom in Northern Portugal.

Standing on the threshold you gaze with astonishment at the cavernous grandeur of the interior, especially if seen in the post-meridian hours. After the noise and glare of Lisbon there is an impressed silence that deepens the effect of the solemn Gothic, and a gorgeous gloom, which 'chastening, not chilling; grave, not sad,' causes you to linger over your pleasing task. The height and breadth of the ribbed and vaulted roof suggest an actual idea of danger: hence, probably, the local legend that Gio-

vanni Potassi, the Italian architect, hid himself whilst the scaffolding was being removed. The nave and transept are of the latest and most gorgeous 'flamboyant,' equally admirable for elegance of design and solidity of structure. The piers are equally good, the pulpits are remarkable, and the three eastern arches of the gallery supporting the high choir are of great beauty. The high altar is the boldest Ionic—a very classical abomination.

And now to the cloisters. Some authorities assert that those of Batalha have no rivals in Europe—I find them here. They form a regular square of ninety feet, divided into two stories, and along each side runs an airy piazza with walls pierced to lessen the weight. In the centre is a palm-tree and plots of grass and flowers—a blending of Nature with Art suggested by the mosque. The windows have four lights, and the morials are elegant palm-like pillars, lineally descended from the slim columns of the Moors. The interior is highly-decorated, and at the north-west point stands a 'lion fountain,' with an animal as grotesque as heraldry could create. Curious that such beauties should have been made for monks, for men who pretend to abjure the world! The building has now been sensibly turned into a *Casa Pia*, or Orphans' Home.

Strangers usually visit, at Belem, the sacristy, the refectory, and an upper room, the Sala dos Reyes, containing original portraits of the Portuguese kings—mere daubs, and clearly degenerating as they draw nearer the present day.

You may now, dear A****, drive home—along the sea where possible—through the western half of the city; with the satisfaction of having seen everything that the traveller holds himself at Lisbon bound to see by day. And so to lunch with what appetite you may—for your sake I hope that it may be naught so 'vulgar' as hunger. Except in private houses one feeds badly in Ulyssippo.

A vous,

RICHARD F. BURTON.

So much for the priest's wife. His household will be simple in its ways, and his hospitality good of its kind. He will affect no fine entertainments; but his plates, though of willow pattern, will be hot, his beer sound, and his mutton tender. A strain after display is offensive in anyone, much more in him who is an officer in that body which is bound to search after and set forth the truth.

A word about the priest in society. He will not be too prim. There are clergymen who have a vague notion that they would lower the priestly influence if they spoke to laymen as they speak to one another. This is nonsense; laymen know the 'Sunday voice' well enough, and despise it; nothing of its kind provokes the spirit of silent dislike more than an affectation of pious decorum. Let

the priest be natural: then, whatever indirect influence he has upon society will be wholesome—he will be treated with confidence and respect. The simple fearless conversation of a man of God, who is not hampered with a perpetual dread of saying or doing something which severe professors of religion might think unprofessional, spreads the sweet spirit of righteousness and health wherever he goes. Civilised society cannot be drilled or modelled after the fashion of Pitcairn's Island. A priest must take the world as he finds it; but by being true to his own aim and heart in the intercourse of common life, he often unwittingly sets up a higher, purer action in that of his fellow-creatures than he would by the most anxious effort to set everybody's watch by his own.

H. J.

FROM LONDON TO RIO DE JANEIRO.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

LETTER III.

LISBON, P.M.

AS it may so happen, dear A****, that the Royal Mail steamer satisfies the desires of the Lisbon journalists, and does not fire her parting gun before midnight, I must be permitted another short letter of advice. So shall you not find reason to complain that you have been deserted by a friend in your bitter need—first evening in a stranger land.

If we English, as the old chroniclers say, amuse ourselves sadly, the Portuguese take their pleasure, to judge at least from outward and visible signs of the people, in a far more melancholy and doldrumish way.

Now and then there is a 'Romaria,' or visitation to some church

or chapel at a distance from the city. People pay large sums for carriages, and drive out under a burning yellow sun, through the densest white dust, and down dingy lines of putrid beggars, exposing their disgusting limbs, in order to do as their neighbours do. The approaches to the fête are crowded by groups of gaily-dressed women, whose costumes have not yet been quite spoiled by cotton and civilisation: they delight in showing their gold chains, large enough to hold a bull-dog, chandelier-drop earrings, and crosses of heavy filigree which would act as breastplates. Men from distant parts come armed with loaded guns, or with spiked quarter-staves, which they know how to

handle. Those foreigners who, after a cursory glance at Lisbon—where the cit corresponds to the cockney and the *butaul*—pronounce the Portuguese to be a race 'pale and diminutive, should see one of these visitations in the more distant provinces. In Beira and Algarve you will find lineal and undegenerated descendants of heroes who conquered their freedom from Moor and Castilian; there is beauty about Coimbra; and the broad-shouldered fathers and deep-chested mothers of Mintro would put to shame even the 'finest pisantry on the face of the airth.'

The 'Romaria' is but a country-fair of the olden time. There are booths and shops for eating and drinking, buying and selling; the humble inn is chock full; the square is choked with carts and carriages, and not a little is done in 'swopping,' and otherwise shifting possession of quadrupeds and tripeds. Barrels of wine—not beer—are tapped under the shade for the benefit of pic-nickers, and the guitars and voices are louder as they approach the scene of action. The village church, dressed in its richest suit of tawdry tinsel, is full of devotees; there is also usually an attempt at a 'Calvary.' This serious style of amusement lasts till darkness, when many will be compelled to walk home. It may end with a little knifing, which represents in Portugal the fisticuffing of England.

On the eve of certain great fêtes there are night-markets in the Praça da Figuiera of Lisbon. The stalls sell flower-pots and marjoram, artificial roses, toys, and sweetmeats. All orders mix; there are far more rags than costumes; *en revanche*, they are exceptionally courteous to strangers. Not a few of the 'common people' are provided with secret weapons; but they are a good folk, and will not resort to extreme measures without the greatest provocation from the passing foreigner.

The Pasolio Publico is also lit up with a few of its 400 gas-lights; tickets are sold at the entrance; and a band plays whilst beauty and fashion lounge on the stiffest-backed chairs, or eat milk-ices, or savour cold water, and watch the few promenaders. Finally the Gallegos flock down to the Rocio, singing and playing instruments far more Moroccan than Italian, and, crowding the square till none can stir, dance vigorously through the night.

On Tuesdays, except in the case of a festival, there is a frippery fair held in the Campo de Santa Anna, and you should not lose this 'feast of character and comicalities.' It is said that valuable books and articles of vertu have been picked up here, but I never yet saw the lucky man. The Portuguese call it *Feira da Ladrão*—Fair of the She-thief; though why the term should be confined to the weaker sex nobody knows. The English dub it Rag Fair, and indeed they seem to have imposed their own names upon most parts of Lisbon and its vicinity. Thus Praça do Commercio becomes 'Blackhorse Square,' the Berlengas Islands are 'The Burlings,' Caçilhas is 'Old Lisbon,' the Corso de Piedade (Piety Corr) is degraded to 'Jackass's Bay,' and Setubal—the 'Seat of Tubal Cain'—is corrupted to 'St. Ube's.'

At Rag Fair you may buy the ghost of ass, mule, or horse—it is the last indignity to the nobler animal—rags, rubbish, and old clothes, from the boor's breeches to the belle's blonde, pictures, plaster of Paris statuettes, prints, and books, especially London Bibles—a sixpenny drug in the market (will it be believed that even here English money has been squandered upon missionaries?)—rusty iron-work, birds and cages, broken furniture, crockery, pottery, seals, medals, fruit, shoes, umbrellas, kitchen utensils, boxes, portmanteaus, horse furniture, garden tools—in fact, every

thing vendible. It is a veritable 'chow-chow bazaar,' and not the least funny part is the mingled expression of greed and roguery animating every face, as it asks you six times what it expects, and as obtaining only double, it mourns over not having asked twelve times as much.

Between April and October the opera is shut. During those months, on every Sunday—I do not flatter myself with having any Free Kirk readers—the Spanish '*Compañía de Zarzuela* (buffo-opera) *é Baile*' (and ballet), exhibits at the Teatro-Circo of Price (an American), in the Rue de Salitre. The performances begin at 8.30 P.M.; the six-seat boxes, which are open as in a hippodrome, cost thirteen shillings, and a place in the pit represents tenpence. Bonnets and caps are universal, yet the Portuguese are too polite to take unpleasant notice of stranger's deviations from established custom, and cigars or pipes are very properly general. The house is hung with white and red streamers, and is well lit considering how bad and how dear the gas is: the voice can hardly, however, make itself heard above the orchestra, and the boxes are too low for good view.

The audience is very cold, except in the well-crowded gallery. The buffa is good but for one fault. Playgoers in London like their 'penny-worth.' Here they would sit through half the night, and before 1 or 2 A.M. they are not contented. They are often late risers, and those who leave bed before noon will sleep between 2 and 4 P.M., the usual dinner hour; hence the opera is painfully long before it abdicates in favour of the gem of the evening—the *bolero*.

Truly the perfection of dancing in this sublunary sphere is the Iberian—by which I mean the Spanish and Portuguese. The glorious offspring of lusty Europe and hot Africa, it breathes—it lives—it

loves! Essentially sensual, it is to all other motion what the highest poetry is to dry prose. In the 'Batuque' and similar negro performances, we see its germ, but it ever remains in embryo—the naïve indecency of childhood. In France and Germany we behold it in its decrepit age—frittered away to a meaningless grace, or to a conventional form of exercise. Not so the 'Baile.' It is still a drama of the passions, and of those passions with which every southron is most familiar—not liquor and ambition, but love and jealousy. The alternate coyness and impetuosity of either sex, the frequent advance and retreat, pursuit and escape, the inquietudes and differences, the disputes and disappointments, the relentments and reconciliations, the changes of will, the see-saw between happiness extreme and misery ineffable—to be all the same a few days hence—and the infinite delicate shades of what we unpoetically call 'making-up,' and 'setting one's cap': these things and more, many more, are all expressed by the click of four castanets, a few wavings of the graceful arms, bendings of the lithe body, and motions of the subtle hips and nimble feet.

After this go and enjoy your vapid style of walk called a quadrille, your romping bourgeois polka, or your shuffling valse *à deux temps*, where the performance is that of two cockchafers pinned together by a naughty schoolboy. Bah! I was not astonished to hear Miss O'Dowd, the Irish lady's-maid, declare her distinct opinion that the *primeira bailarina*, the S^{ra} D. Luisa Medina, was a 'bowld thing.'

Every Sunday afternoon between May and October, Lisbon offers a bull-bait—not a bull-fight. You will hardly recognise the old Moorish sport which arose with the horsemen of the Desert, who thus learned to spear the lion and one another; still, you had better go once.

The circus is situated in the Campo de Santa Anna, up a hill, and in a distant part of the city. Built in 1831, it is remarkable as the only building belonging to D. Miguel's conservative, unprogressive, and most Catholic day; and with so much of ecclesiastical ruin waiting to be utilised, it is curious that Lisbon is satisfied with taking her pleasure in this ricketty trap of red-painted board-work.

The upper wall is tawdrily decorated—all painted wooden vases, trophies, and obelisks. The boxes are entered from sundry doors outside the circus, and the galleries from a passage running round them.

The building is hypæthral—open to the sky, like the theatres of Shakespeare and Rare Ben Jonson; consequently the best seats (*lugares de sombra*) are in the west. The central box in the first tier is for royalty—a frequent visitor. The red pen below is the place of the most illustrious the inspector, generally some greybeard grandee, and his party: under it are soldiers in uniform, the bugler, French-horn player (*clarino*), and the weapons of offence. On the west there are two tiers of boxes (*camarotes da prima e da segunda ordem*), furnished with hat-pegs and a narrow bench. Sporting men prefer the gallery (*trincheira*), rising from the ground, as giving the best view, and here bonnets rarely appear. The eastern or sunny side (*lugares de sol*), devoted to the 'groundlings' and the many-headed, has only an upper and a lower gallery, and in the former is a loose box for a brass band composed of about a dozen men. On the north side is a kind of omnibus box (*lugar de cadeira*), a small dress circle, where ladies and gentlemen find chairs. Below it is a balcony of less importance, where the fastest of the lower classes muster strong; and on the ground floor are the cells where the bulls are balled, and whence they issue into the arena. The boxes may ac-

commodate 500, the whole building 4,000 spectators.

The centre of the amphitheatre is sanded and surrounded by gaslights, which are rarely wanted. It is fenced round with red-painted wooden barriers, five feet high; midway runs the usual broad inner step, to assist those vaulting or scrambling out. This inner ring, as in Spain, is often cleared by active bulls, when great confusion results; but the beasts find themselves in a passage only four feet broad, giving them no 'take off' should they attempt to clear the five-foot outer wall of masonry upon which the spectators are sitting and leaning. Thus they are compelled to run down the passage till they reach the doors, with which it is provided in four places. Two of these are on the eastern side, where bull's-eye wickets show whence the cavalie will come forth.

Let us now, by means of our tickets and the courtesy of all authentic strangers, inspect the place where 'emballation' (*a embitacha*) is performed. Under the planked floor of the 'fast' balcony are the bull-cells—brick passages, so narrow that the beasts cannot turn, and too deep for them to jump out. These lanes are divided by vertical trapdoors, which by pulleys can be raised and lowered through slits in the planked floor.

Each beast is driven from cell to cell by long goads (*garrochas*) till it reaches that nearest the arena. A thick shutter is then let down flat upon the furious brute's head, a noose is passed over its horns, and it is kept in position by thick poles thrust from hole to hole in the wall, over its neck and under its throat. Then the shutter is raised and the horns are covered—as cockspurs are hooded—with two leather bags, padded at the top and ringed below to admit running cords. The men standing in the cell walls then neatly adjust and fasten the bags,

preserving their fingers from the beast's lounging and tossing, and avoiding the offensive word 'horns.*' The shutter is again lowered, the poles and noose are withdrawn, and finally two small red and white folding-doors, decorated with black kit-cats of horned beasts, open upon the arena.

The beast trots, never springs, into the arena, where it finds some half-a-dozen old and very tame dun bullocks, with long metal bells, hanging to broad leather belts, buckled round their necks. These are the Spanish 'cabestros,' and their use will presently appear. Each new-comer is greeted, as it stands astonished at the sudden scene of glare and noise, with the 'Psts,' the whistling, and the peculiar cat-calls of the Lisbonian youth, who sometimes, to arouse the brute's pluck, adhibit a squib. A few minutes of this tame enjoyment will suffice us: those who love 'le sport' will stay till all the bulls, after being driven in, are driven back to the sheds.

At 4 P.M. the house begins to fill, especially the western or shady half. Boxes and gallery are filled with a well-dressed mob, but all are utterly without the gaiety or the sparkle of charming Andalusia. There are no men *à la Majo*, no 'feminine preserve,' no 'pippin' or 'cage,' as in the eastern Peninsula. The national toilettes, which look so well, are sadly few: we note only two pretty ladies with fans and mantillas, hair elaborately and artistically dressed, brilliant cheeks, and faces floured like apple-pies. Miss O'Dowd calls them 'characters,'—a Dublinism meaning what it would be hardly fair to explain. The places of distinction are evidently in the dress circle, over the doors whence the bulls issue and retire. The 'toresque fancy' prefer the shady gallery,

either opposite to or by the side of the bull-cells, where they can savour the delicate traits of taumachy; and the sporting low muster strong over what in Spain is called the 'Toril.' A burning sunshine pours through the deep blue sky, and circus servants in bargee nightcaps, flowered jackets of red and yellow calico, and red-striped blue overalls, are laying with common tin watering-pots the light dust of the arena.

The blind band over the eastern door too-toos lustily. The gods, however, of the eastern sunny gallery, decidedly unselect, addicted to umbrellas, and of a distinctly ribald nature, express their impatience by a storm of hisses, murmurs, epigrams, and caterwaulings. Presently the most illustrious the inspector, cigar in mouth, enters his box with a tail of tobacco-loving friends; the bugler takes his place; light green and red-lined nightcaps are placed upon the ruddy barrier of the circus fronting the royal box, and—Open, sesame!

The eastern arena doors yaw wide, and enters D. Diogo Henriques Bittencourt, the cavalier.

The prelude is pretty. The cavalier appears in the riding-dress of the last century—a small low cocked-hat, gold-braided on the right side; a black broad-skirted coat, frilled shirt, white waistcoat, shorts, and long riding-boots—an effective figure, at 7*l.* per diem. His little bay nag is splendid in green and gold trappings; a tall white and green plume nods between its ears; its mane and tail are ribboned, streamered, and cockaded; its saddle has a ridge instead of a pommel, and the stirrups are *sabots*, boxes bright with metal. On each side of the cavalier are stationed the three chief artists, called *capinhas*, from the cloaks (the Spanish *chulos*) wrapped round their waists. The

* The courteous Castilian says 'astas' for 'cuernos,' and the Portuguese 'ponto' for 'corno,' on account of a certain secondary meaning.

Spaniards on the right wear the Andalusian costumes of the immortal barbers—well-befringed pork-pie hats, covering clean-shaved faces and short clipped hair, with a back-knot (*moncho*) in a silk net, or a bunch of ribbons, like a woman's hair-roll, attached to the most diminutive of pig-tails. Supple, well-made, and agile figures, they are clad in tight-fitting and glittering garbs, which must add to their hard work. The 'morenilho' is conspicuously gorgeous in green and gold jacket, with high raised epaulettes, and short hanging tassels of knobbed filigree work; his *collant* shorts are almost hid by the precious metal, a crimson silk sash keeps all tight, his clocked stockings are of pink silk, rosettes of ribbon obscure his pumps, and the cloak (*cupa*), with which the bull is *not* played, is of the gaudiest puce and yellow stuffs. On the left of the cavalier are the Portuguese artists, similarly dressed, but in *argent*, not *or*; Cadete the father is baldish, with English mutton-chop whiskers, and the son is a fat boy, active as a caoutchouc ball—such juvenile Daniel Lamberts often are.* Behind the first line, disposed in two parties of four each, are the 'Fork-men' (*homens de forcudo*), so called from their weapon, a stout iron prong fixed in a strong flail-like pole, painted red in the middle and at both ends. They are large, strong men—almost as heavy as the little bulls—habited like Portuguese peasants, in broad-brimmed felts with tufts and tassels, gandy vests, white shirts with embroidered fronts, brown shorts open at the knees, red garters, hat-bands and sashes eight inches broad, white stockings, and shoes of untanned leather. On each flank of this hoplite-line stands a page (*audarilho*), whose duty it is to pick up the pieces; he rejoices in a maroon velvet jacket, with green

slashed sleeves, knee-breeches, shoes, and white stockings.

The band strikes up, and the rider advances to perform the knightly courtesy (*cortezias de cavalleiro*) in the old style of equitation. He removes his cocked hat, holding it by the peak, and in slow time advances to salute the royal and inspectorial boxes. After backing without turning, he again comes forward, and, by using pressure of the leg, sidles his tight-bitted nag in and out of the foot-performers, making a tour of the circus, and acknowledging all present. This done, he puts on his hat and goes through the same manœuvres of the *manège* in quick time. The pittites, who want fun, clap and bravo him if he lose no time. When too slow, he is warned off with cries of—'Out with you!' (*Fora! Fora!*)

The realities now begin. The light Fork-men exchange their brown felts for the nightcaps placed on the inner barrier, and draw up with grounded weapons inside the circus, opposite the royal box. The Spaniards remove their pork-pies, throw their fine new cloaks to the spectators, who place them under their elbows on the barrier wall, and take old rags in their stead. And still the pittites urge them on with loud cries of 'Out with the bull!' (*Fora o touro!*)

And first, of the operation called 'farpear.' The farpa, or lance, the old Spanish rejon, but not used as a missile, is a reed-like rod about five feet long, with or without ornaments of cut paper, and barbed with an inch blade; it is held underhanded, with the point below and behind the saddle.

The footmen take their places, like fielders at cricket, in a semi-circle opposite the bull-fold. The cavalier, now become a *picardo*, enters on another nag with quiet trappings, and a tremendously

* These men receive 5*l.* per day, and the Fork-men 1*l.*

long and severe bit. One of the footmen hands him a lance. The bugle sounds—an invariable signal. The bull, well goaded by way of encouragement, plunges through the little red and white door opening upon the arena. The horseman pricks across the circus with right shoulder towards the beast, and ‘calls’ it to a rush, without which nothing is done. Taurus shuts eyes and down head. Nicely judging distance, the cavalier plants the weapon in the enemy’s shoulder, breaking it about half-way. The band strikes up—always the same motion, as becomes the blind. Bull jerks and twitches at the smart, and then, perhaps, charges the horse, which the balls save from being gored. The horseman pricks away, hitting his foe with the broken lance. If the *tourro* charge home, its attention is drawn off by the cloakmen whisking about their legs; and a slow shy animal often stops to worry these, like a bear teasing a sailor’s sealskin glove. The nearer the thing, the more applause. There is never, however, the excitement of Seville, where life so often hangs upon a thread; nor is the horse ever hurt. After breaking two or three lances the cavalier retires.

Now there are loud cries of ‘*Apanha!*’ (seize it!), and the Fork-men, leaving their wrappers, prepare literally to ‘take the bull by the horns.’ The large heavy fellows rush upon the little beast, which is borne down by weight of numbers. Some lie across its back, others grasp its shoulders; one flings himself on the head, or sits backwards between the horns, holding on with his elbows; and sometimes a single-handed hero will steer the beast, hanging on by the tail, and dexterously avoiding a shower of kicks. The bull fiercely flings and tosses about his assailants, tramples them in a ruinous heap, and vainly tries to gore. The peo-

ple stand up to ‘*Bravo, touro!*’ with whistlings, clappings, and stampings of huge delight. The Fork-men always pretend to be severely hurt, and go round cap in hand for *largesse*.

When *Fora! Fora!* shows that the spectators are tired of the ‘seizing,’ the doors of the bull-fold open, and in place of the ‘*tiro*,’ or mule-team of Spain, the half-dozen belled oxen trot in, with tall guardsmen dressed like brigands, in white shirts and vests, with red sashes, who artistically ply their long sharp weapons, drive the tame cattle round the bull, and then hurry it out of the ring. Some beasts obstinately refuse to go, when they are ignominiously dragged out with ropes. Then, as in Spain, the *Emprensa* or management is abused, with cries of ‘Out with the breeder!’ (*Fora o lavrador!*)*

The alternate operation, the ‘*banderhar*,’ is done as follows. The *banderil* is a barbed rod, two feet long, ornamented with cut paper, blue, yellow, pink, green, or orange, leaving a clear space for the grip.

The performer takes one of these weapons in each hand, and holds them out horizontally. The bull charges as the man runs across the circus. The *capinha*, dexterously avoiding the horns, plants a rod in each shoulder at corresponding distances and of different colours, and presently the beast is festooned with four in each side. A ‘pretty pair’ or good match is saluted by band music and applause. ‘It is not good!’ (*Não ista bem*) is the cry after failure, and ‘You look very yellow!’—meaning you’re afraid—salutes the dilatory. If the bull after the usual flinch charges home, the artist vaults over the barricade, and sometimes appears to be lifted over by the bull’s horns. This performance is greatly admired; it looks easy, but it must require an eagle’s eye, a wild goat’s foot, a

* Properly a ‘husbandman.’

nerve of iron, and lifelong practice.

Then follows the Spanish *suerte de capa*, or cloak play, which the stranger will admire the most. The performers, graceful and fearless, stand before the bull, whisk about the gaudy rag, and step lightly out of the way till the bull foams and whines with impotent rage; or they trail the cape on the ground, or, putting it on, they turn back to the animal, or they wind it round the horns, or they pluck it from the head, or they draw forth a barb, or they restore a rod to its place, till *Touro capers* and dances in its wrath. Sometimes the *capinha* advances towards the royal box, and swears to do something marvellous, such as kneeling before the baited fury, and by some mesmeric power forcing it to retreat, staring wildly and pawing the ground. The spectators, wild with delight, toss into the ring their hats, which are duly returned; often bundles of cigars, and sometimes money, form the solid pudding.

This part of the show concludes like the other with the oxen. Thus thirteen or fourteen runs (*corridos*) are performed, and at about 7 p.m. the cavalier repeats his initial courtesies, when the crowd wends its way home.

As has been seen, monotony is the order of the day. The aficionado (*fancy*) accustomed to Spanish *toros de muerte* (bulls of death) yawns at this child's-play with *embolados* (balled beasts). Since the days of D. Maria I., animals have never been attacked with mortal weapons. Even the fantastically-dressed negroes, or pasteboard horses (*cavalinhos de pasta*) formerly hired to

provoke the bull, and to be maimed or not, as the case might be, are now obsolete.

The guide-book informs us that the traveller, before seeing a bull-bait, must 'subdue all the finer feelings of humanity which, if attended to, would keep him away from the cruel and revolting spectacle.' You will agree with me, perhaps, dear A****, that to hunt a fox or hare to death is not less barbarous, while it is not more manly than a Portuguese bull-bait. And what will you say of our Anglo-German battues?

Yours,

RICHARD F. BURTON.

LETTER IV.

CAPE VERDE ISLANDS.*

'Cet archipel, susceptible de toutes les cultures d'Amérique, suffit à peine à la subsistance d'un petit nombre d'habitans presque tous noirs; . . . Là, comme sur les plages voisines de l'Afrique où les Portugais se sont disséminés, ils ont presque tous perdu le caractère de leur origine.'

* * * * *

The Royal Mail steamer that reaches Lisbon with Anglo-Scandinavian punctuality will be announced by the waiter before breakfast on the 13th, and you will leave, dear A****, between 3 and 4 p.m. on the same day. You purpose to quit the Elysian city with some satisfaction; it is the slowest capital in Europe, and you know nothing slower.

Our passports have been sent on board. We embark at the Caes do Sodré in the usual high wind; and before we are rid of Portugal,† we must pass the Alfandega boat,

* The Portuguese called these islands *Ilhas de Cabo Verde*, either because they lie off that cape or on account of the Sargasso Sea that washes them. The Dutch know them as the Salt Islands. Our official name is the Cape de Verdes—a corruption.

† This is not intended to be in what M. J. C. Chelnischi calls 'Aquelle estilo mordaz que geralmente se repara nos relações estrangeiras, principalmente dos viajantes Ingleses.'

a harmless institution, which contents itself with hailing us. The deck of the *Oneida*, Captain Woolcott, is crowded with strangers, most of them *endimanchés*, for (being June 13) this is the feast of St. Antonio of Lisbon, *alias* of Padua, patron of pigs, of drunkards, of amorists—in fact, of all muscular Christians long before muscular Christianity was hatched; the English sailor sings of him,

Blow, good Saint Antonio, blow!

Most ships in harbour were dressed, and a full-sized flag hoisted at the town of Almada, across the Tagus River, summons the Lisbonites to another mild display of tauromachy. Before our foreigners take leave of their friends there will be hugging and kissing, weeping and wailing, which excite much sneering in the young English officers and sheep-breeders. Hairy fellows will buss beards, and cling to, and stand from, and stare fondly at each other, and the eyes and noses of the softer sex will soon assume a fiery hue—volcanoes in eternal snow, to speak with reverence due.

At length the second bell raises its warning voice, and the screw begins to work. We cast a final look at Ulyssippo, with S. Engracia lying disgraced, to the east, with 'S. Vincent of the outside,' huge, towering above it, and at the head of the quoin, the Citadel of S. George. As we glide down stream, once more opens up the fair blue distance of N. S. do Monte, and blue hills fringed with trees, bounded east and west by the Castle and the Carmo. For the last time, we admire the fretted towers of the Estrella, and the broad sheet of green lying below it. At the Belem Fort—it sounds better than our Bedlam—we halt to deliver our permit, a

kind of port-clearance: the city now dies off into country, and the river is presently absorbed into the ocean. Adieu, 'waters of Tejo, gentle stream,'

Não se (ah, doces agoas!), não se quando
Vos tornaei a ver.*

It is often cool and grey at sea, whilst Lisbon is yellow-white with heat direct and reflected; rarely, too, at this season can the peaks of Cintra be seen for cloud. As night drops, we steam along the bold bluff promontory of Penichel, the first land-fall of homeward-bound mails.

On Friday, 16th, the third day after leaving Lisbon, we sight Tenerife, and about noon, we are abreast of its capital, Sta. Cruz. The tinting is admirable. The water is of a lively transparent hue, in alternate washings of dark blue and light blue, flecked and foamed over by the gambols of the infant trade wind. The sky is chequered with little fleecy clouds that shadow like crow's wings the island's tawny ground; the valleys and re-entering points are of an airy purple, whilst the ridges and the salients stand out in azure overlying red and gold, and a gauze of blue air rises from out the waters, and hangs in transparent folds about the hill feet and the cliffs' base.

At Anaga Point the wall of rock rises with jagged teeth like those of magnified scoriæ. Everything culminates in the world-famed Peak, which rises majestic above the world of mist; the threefold arrangement of its stages is very conspicuous, and the top is yellow-grey, with ashes here and there, streaked with white marl, which all on board—without ever having heard of the obsolete Mr. Cooley—believe to be snow. From a dis-

* A lovely sonnet of Camoens, addressed to his favourite river, and rendered by Southey—

'I know not, gentle river, when my sight
Shall linger on your pleasant waters more.'

tance of nearly a dozen miles, Sta. Cruz shows nothing but its two dark towers. Of course, Tenerife being visible, Grand Canary, the other staple of a gate far more majestic than that 'under the Pleiades,'* hides itself behind sulky clouds. Before evening closes, we run by lumpy Gomera and the long banks of Palma and Hierro, whose heads are wreathed with mists whilst a brilliant crimson sky burns behind them.

I would have seized, with pleasure, the opportunity of landing at Sta. Cruz, and of shaking the hand my kind and hospitable friend Mr. Grattan. But it was not to be. The proud islanders look upon leave to enter their ports as a favour granted, not received. They established all manner of vexatious quarantine regulations—even if the English papers mentioned small-pox, they looked upon every English ship as infected—and they took the opportunity to charge so exorbitantly, that the Royal Mail Company perforce wished them good-bye.†

Light and heat increase as we advance. On a former voyage, from the Equator direct towards the North Pole, my attention was forcibly called to the aspect of the source of light and heat. At first the sun appeared to be of the material called by the ballad-mongers 'red red gold,' and burned the eye that would fix it. Then it became pale gold, like that of the English jeweller, but still it contained a flame. Presently it was brass-coloured, then it assumed a silvery tint, till near England it degenerated to German silver, and forcibly reminded me of the old Tuscan dame's simple question, whether Phœbus

in our Northern Land was not something like *una luna piena in Italia?*

We now feel the reverse, and exchange the temperate for the tropical. The coarser sex does not consume, perhaps, so much of the earth: on the other hand, the potable is at a premium. Every day develops laziness; walking the quarter gradually ceases, early rising is not appreciated, and presently, as we near the line, a siesta before dinner will present peculiar attractions. The softer half of humanity expands under the genial temperature, and displays a something more of muliebrity, as the 'autocrat' has it, with much less of femininity. And as sexes speak, so nationalities declare themselves. M. Pierrot cocks his hat with a fiercer gesture, muttering more terrible things concerning *ces Anglais*. Herr Schmidt is seized with the mania attributed to the Departing Swan. At night, especially when the moon is high, he hangs over the ship's side, and howls the last waltz and song and opera with the voice of a lunatic-jackal. After which he applies himself sedulously to the 'blanche-meess,' and whispers dulcely that he 'loafs' her.

Shortly after leaving the Fortunate Islands, we catch the north-east trade, the tyrant of these seas. As it comes on like a lamb, so farther south we shall find it raging like a lion. The loose, fleecy, mist-clouds, all bulging and bending one and the same way, the clear blue-sky above, and the rosy hue of the obscured horizon, show that it is no 'bogus'-wind. About noon, June 19th, we should have sighted St. Antão,‡ if not St. Vincent,

* The Arab's poetical name for the Red Sea—Bab-el-Mandab.

† The ignorant authorities of the Philippine Islands lost by similar mismanagement the benefits of the French Messageries Impériales.

‡ Every English chart and map, pilot, and directory, persists in dubbing this island St. Antonio. It was called after S. Antão, who, when Constantine gave peace to the Church, founded monastic life. His visit to Paul, the first hermit, who had fled to the wilds from the persecution of Decius, is a well-known tale of dirt and sanctity.

but near the Archipelago the air is thick and heavy, as in the Solent. Under the influence of the monsoon we cut off nearly half our steam, and yet easily make our contract time of nine knots per hour; the only disadvantage being that we roll heavily, and the port-holes cannot be opened. In six days we have covered the distance of 1,560 nautical miles, and we reach the half-way house between the old and the new worlds.

Mysterious in the haze rose on our starboard bow the blue wall of St. Antão, some 6,000 feet high, and bending easterly and westerly.

In this weather it is a misty silhouette; with clearer skies, the surface is found warted over with ant-hills — parasitic craters. A shroud of brown-grey clouds almost always encircles its awful bald head, and, dimly seen, the giant might have been far Ben Lomond. All appears barren, but all is not so: the false look of sterility worn by this archipelago won for it, according to some geographers, the unflattering epithet of Gorgones' Isles.* In the gorges and valleys of S. Antão there are happy and fertile lands; agriculture is the favourite industry, and it supported in 1862 a population of nearly 18,000 souls. The mysterious dragon-tree (*Dracena Draco*) once covered the hills. Its slave population has a tradition that it was manumitted by D. Maria I. on the following occasion:—Confiscated by the Crown as the property of the felon house of Aveiro, whose hatred of the great Pombal aimed at destroying him, through the Sovereign, it remained in the deepest slavery. One of its sons, a black, named Gamboa, fled to Lisbon, and becoming cook in the family of a *fidalgo*, complained sadly of things at home. The gentleman reported the complaint to the Queen, who, horror-struck by the recital, ordered every

Crown serf to be set free. 'Gamboa,' as might be guessed, found 'virtue its own reward,' returned to S. Antão, and died there destitute. In 1711, when the flower of the French admirals, Du Guai Trouin, was going to attack Rio de Janeiro, he landed at the N.E. point of S. Antão, intending to make a mouthful of the Portuguese. The tradition is that he seized one of the inhabitants, who was suspected by his compatriots of doubtful loyalty. The islanders cut off the road, and by rolling rocks and throwing stones, kept the French at bay. At length a marine fixed his bayonet to his fusil in the form of the cross, when the priests, seeing that the assailants were Christians (that is to say, *not* Protestants), put an end to the fray, and the Frenchman went his way, leaving a hundred dead on the ignoble field. There were many prisoners, whose lives were spared, and who lived, propagated, and died on the island: their descendants are still shown. What Tenerife was to Nelson, that S. Antão was to Du Guai Trouin; but there is no excuse for the former, an Englishman.

Those who have visited S. Antão compare its scenery with Switzerland; and there are *casse-cou* paths enough for any Alpine-clubber, however suicidal. Of late years it is not quite so easy to break one's neck; unfortunately, the paths have been made crooked, and vulgar paprapets defend the precipices.

Steaming before a *brise carabine*, we run down a channel seven to nine miles broad, and of most capricious tides; it separates the comparatively low-lying S. Vincent from its tall grim neighbour. We rounded the northern side of the former isle as it lay right ahead, and noticed Ponta Columna, the Column Point, which the maps have so named, after a detached mass of basalt seen clearly from the south: the natives

* Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* vi. p. 31.

know it as Ninho de Guincho—Osprey's Nest.* The bay and point behind it are Bahia and Ponta di João Debona, in our maps 'Hagan's Look Out.' There is Mattoota Bay, which deserves to be called Washer-woman's Bay; there is a well there, and a white-washed guard-house against smugglers, which serves for more than guarding. Here on the left-hand rises Fort Point, upon whose summit stands a white redoubt built in 1852; its four old guns are pointed at the town. On the right is the Ilheo de Passaros (Bird Island); in this aspect a pyramidal rock detached by some convulsion from Fort Point. Travellers have some silly tale about the event, a belief that it is a bit of surplus stuff thrown away by the Creator when the world was made. Some version of this story is found at all desolate places, from the 'Kachee Hills' in Belochistan to S. Vincent: they are evidently all fabrications of the stranger, whose eye is struck by the desolation, not by the natives, who are accustomed to it.

We now enter the magnificent Porto Grande, or Porto de Mindello. From the outer eastern to the outer western apex, the breadth is nearly two miles, and the distance between that chord and the arc is one mile. The holding ground is excellent; the outer line offers 23 to 25 fathoms, the inner line, from Fort Point to the south-west, has 14 fathoms, and it gradually shallows to 5—7. From above the waters appear indigo-blue, streaked with ultramarine or lively green. The former have a bottom of dark gravel, not unmixed with coal; the latter are coral and yellow sand.† The bottom is clear at three fathoms. The island

is its port's protection from the north-east, or prevalent winds, whilst S. Antão landlocks it on the west. It can accommodate some 300 sail, and already it boasts of three lines of steamers, the English-Brazilian, the French-Brazilian, and the Portuguese-African, to say nothing of the two Liverpool companies, whose ships generally touch here. Spacious, safe in all seasons and weathers, easy of access, and so placed that it is in the highway of steamers navigating to the south of the line, this splendid port is S. Vincent's fortune, and long will be so. Already in 1850, the Military Commandant Pussich (brother to D. Arna Pussich, of poetic fame) proposed to constitute S. Vincent the capital island,‡ instead of S. Thiago, which is as pestilential as Calcutta. And if the home authorities could be persuaded to make Porto Grande a free port, as Amaral made Macao, and to station at it a gun-boat for regular communication, there would be hopes for this neglected archipelago.

Porto Grande is apparently an ancient crater, which corresponds to that existing on the east of the isle, and to the midway gap in the central spine of S. Antão. The sea-cliffs to the north and south of it show ascending strata as though once rising to a dome which has been blown off by expanding gases; the cliffs, like Fort Point, which approach the bay, are old grey tufas and lavas, from afar resembling trap, mere cinders and burned-out scoræ, compacted and secured by a network of basaltic dykes. Inland appears a broken semicircle of bluff cliffs, which formed the old crater ring: of these the most remarkable

* Guincho, in the islands, is applied to a small rapacious bird (a milvus?).

† At S. Vincent, a needle-deflecting black sand, full of iron, which the magnet disposes into radiating lines, and the microscope shows like lumps of coal, overlies the yellow siliceous sand. The former may become valuable as that of Taranaki.

‡ Novo Mindello is a *cidade* (city), and, by a decree of June 1838, was made theoretically the capital.

are the Monte Verd, the Tope de Caixa (in books Tope Galan), and S. Martini, whilst Bird Island would be a fragment of the northern crater brim.* The soil is reddish, as if of oxidised earth, and is everywhere diversified, as in all very old formations, by lumpy hills of ferruginous tint, with torrent-beds between. The first glance irresistibly suggests Muscat, Aden, and other maritime places situated in extinct craters; here, however, the floor is more *accidenté*, and though really more extensive appears smaller.

Nothing can be less inviting than the prospect. The only shade over the yellow land is that of fleeting clouds; the only green is in two scattered lines on each side of Monte del Rey, a dumpy hill at the bottom of the bay, so called because here stood the old fort, and the verdure is stunted *tarrufe*, tamarisk (*Tamarix Gallica*), the only fuel in the island. Near it a thin bed of limestone, worked for use, crops out horizontally a dozen feet above sea level, and at Fort Point rises some 40 feet; it is of dark grey colour, much burned, but still serviceable for building. A *brisa parva*, or brown trade, hanging on every higher hill, invests the cliff top with an ever-changing cloud, and robs it of distance. Rajadas, or fierce 'willy whaws,' puff and roar, whirling jets of yellow smoke and filling the air with sand, as in the Arabian coal-hole. At the bottom of the bay, where rises the tomb of Mrs. Cole, an officer's wife—

We see the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky,

as if a Shiwal were charging down
the flank of Jebel Shansham in

Aden Eudæmon. These untired winds blow the vegetation—even the physic-nut shrub—to pieces, unless it is protected by walls. It is only fair to confess, however, that we now see the place when all is barren. Presently the rainy season will begin, and last from mid July to mid October. Then all will start up in a coat of green, like the Arabian desert of which this island is an offshoot, and the growth of vegetation will be as bright and rapid as in a Russian summer. But the moment these short uncertain rains shed their last drop, the sun will reassert his power, and again make all things dry and desolate.

Novo Mindello,† the town, lies on the east of the harbour, upon the uneven site of the old crater. It consists of about 200 houses, substantially built of stone and mortar, tiled, and painted red, white, and plum: a bald and ugly look is given by the utter want of trees. The distinguishing feature of the place is distinctly coal. From the middle of the town project three coal-black wooden jetties, with steam-worked cranes; and behind these are hillocks of patent fuel and black diamond. In West Indian St. Thomas and other places coal is supposed to injure the climate; here, however, the raging gusts would disperse all noxious vapours. On the other hand, the climate certainly injures the unprotected coal, as we shall find in the next steamer. The shipping in the harbour, besides three unimportant little schooners, must, we see, be all connected with coal; a coal-laden barque, three brigs ditto, two steam-tugs, and a variety of iron and wooden coal-lighters.

Landing at one of the jetties, we

* A similar crater is found in the island of Ternate, divided only by a lava dyke from the channel of Tidor. The Portuguese tried to make it communicate with the sea, but the people refused to cut the dyke, declaring that the stones ran blood.

† The name is unknown to our directories. Dr. M-William (*Medical History of the Niger Expedition*: London, Churchill, 1843) calls it Nova Mendillo.

walk through the loosest of sand to the chief building, a white custom-house, with grated windows; it is under the charge of a courteous and well-informed islander, M. Antonio Ignacio Nofre. On the right, about the middle of the town, is a sandy void called the *Praça di D. Luis*, and, 'barring' the want of green, it suggests Fernand Po. It has been planted with cocoas, of which three survive and may drag on their miserable existence to the next rains. A *casu de pasto* (eating-house), a variety of grog shops, and two signboards inscribed—

BILHAR BEBIDOS,

and young negro Mercuries in knots, show what next to coals are the principal industries of S. Vincent. On the right of the square are the municipal chambers—unfinished. In front of it are officers' quarters—begun. To the left are barracks—not in progress. These '*Obras de Santa Engracia*'* were designed and partly erected in 1858 by the energetic commandant, Mons. Sebastião Lopez de Calheiros e Menezes. He would have finished them had he remained three months longer, but unfortunately he was wanted at S. Paul de Loando, in Angola. There he was soon in difficulties with Mr. Gabriel, of philanthropic and irascible memory, because he sent the lazy negroes who loafed about the place to do useful work in the coffee grounds of S. Thomé and Prince's Islands. But such extraordinary men often do more harm than good; their presence starts all manner of improvements, which, when they depart, fall to pieces, leaving nothing behind but the trouble and the expense.

Near the square are the quarters of the military commandant, M.

José de Corsino Peres, a major in the Portuguese artillery, who, with the mayor or chief civil-authority and a council, governs the settlement. Near it, two upper windows show the *Hôtel de France*, kept by Mmc. Burnay, the Portuguese widow of a Belgian. There is an unpretending whitewashed church, with a pretending black priest, who tells his pretty *clientèle* that though an ecclesiastic in the holy building, he is a man of India outside. Lopez de Lima is still right, '*O clero Africano em geral faz vergonha*'—priests should be brought up in Europe. There is only one parish in the Isle of S. Vincent, *Nossa Senhora da Luz*. On the eastern skirts of the town is a kind of *châlet*, with a red roof, as if painted with pigs' blood: one is puzzled by it till told that the builder and owner, who has been a quarter of a century in Africa, hails from Switzerland. Behind the principal houses lie sheds, like the Simali quarter of Aden; as if the furious wind, the fiery sun, and the dirty dust were not sufficient reminders. On the south of the town is the cemetery—well filled. The British Consular-office, with its tall flag-staff, is on a rise to the north of the settlement, and under the '*Fort Hill*.'

The lords of the isle are Messrs. Visger and Miller, a Bristol house, which has made S. Vincent what it is. Mr. Thomas Miller first visited this archipelago in 1837, and after a long residence at S. Nicolau, settled in our island. He found a wretched village of about 50 rude huts, † which he has turned into 200 stone houses. There were, in 1840, some 590; now there are 1,600 souls, including 40 Englishmen, clerks and artificers, whose red skins and ginger whiskers would tell their origin

* The Lisbon phrase for all large works begun and left unfinished. '*Works of Saint Engracia*,' from the ambitious but never-to-be-ended rotunda of that name.

† In 1822, Captain Owen numbers only one miserable Portuguese and 100 negroes, mostly free.

even in Central Africa. The people then 'dragged out a miserable existence' collecting salt, the evaporation of spray, from the rocks, burning shells for lime, herding ragged goats, weaving a little cotton, or gathering on the barren isle of Saint Luzia orchilla for the Lisbon market. Now almost all are in the employ of a wealthy English house. The island is visited by 227 ships in the year, and imports 31,837*l.*, out of a total of 62,000*l.* imported by all the archipelago per annum. The people—and no wonder!—call Mr. Miller 'Pateado,' one of their superstitions, meaning a man who can do anything he pleases. In 1855, this enterprising Englishman was appointed H. B. M.'s Consul, Cape Verde Islands. For his gallant services during four campaigns—the terrible hurricane of September 2nd and 3rd, 1850; the pestilential fever of 1851-52; the famine of 1855; and the cholera, which in 1856 carried off 726 out of 1,200 souls—he received from the Portuguese Crown the Order of the Tower and the Sword. Our authorities, very properly, do not allow him to wear it, because it was not won by the sword!

When the steamer anchors, the Delegado de Saude, M. Jacques Nicholas de Salis, visits and ascertains its sanitary state. When all is pronounced safe, the blacks board with noise and importunity. They sell to muffs, for treble their value, lace and artificial flowers, the refuse of Madeira, and grass mats bought from the Angola steamers, whilst others dive for sixpences, exactly like the Simali and 'seedy' boys off Aden.

The steamer posts up, 'This ship will sail to-morrow at 8 o'clock,' but this means 4 P. M. We have ample time to land and ex-

amine the island, which can be seen in six hours. It is not wholly barren: Dr. Vogel found here some twenty-five or thirty species of plants. The best way to see the place is to walk or ride out to Areia Branca ('White Sands'), Mr. Miller's country-house, so called from a patch of yellow drift on the left of the road. This will show the wonderfully skinned and skeletoned state of the island.

You pass up a third valley, a kind of *cul de sac*, which anastomoses with the lowlands that cross the isle from north-east to south-west. Water sinks in it, as we are told by the rare *tarrafes* (tamarisks) in the *fumara* bed, and there are proofs that Artesian wells would succeed. After a stiff hill we reach the country-house, distant 2.50 miles from the town, and about 800 feet above the sea level. The air is pure and the beds are cold. Again the eye dwells with wonder upon the savage nudity of nature—the grisly scene of stone and sand; with the exception of a rare physiconut leaf, there is not an inch of green. The best thing we can do is at once to go inside—of this move we are sure not to repent.

Beyond Areia Branca a goat's path leads to Monte Verde. The greater part of the way must, however, be walked; and there being almost always a cloud on the top, the traveller will pay dear for seeing a few yards of grass and euphorbia. Dr. Stanger, of the Niger expedition, fixed its height at 2,465 feet: this recommends it to the surveyor, and advises others to avoid it.

I can hardly flatter myself, A****, that I have made this letter interesting, and hope for better luck as the phrase is, next time.

Yours,

RICHARD F. BURTON.

FROM LONDON TO RIO DE JANEIRO.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

LETTER V.

CAPE VERD ISLANDS.

El sitio es apacible e deleitoso,
La gente muy lucida y muy galana :

Por el calor la gente no esta sana ;
Mas viven á plaza los Lusitanos,
Contentos, muy alegres, muy ufanos.

ARGENTINA DE CENTENERA, Canto ix.

I CANNOT pretend, dear A****, to know much about the Cabo Verdian Archipelago. But you know so much less, and the books upon the subject can teach you so little, that no apology is required for this letter.

In 1446,¹ one year after the discovery of the Cape Verd Promontory, there pushed forth into the Mar das Trevas (Tenebræ), the 'Sea of Darkness,' beyond the Canarian Archipelago, two caravels sent from Sagres by the Infante D. Fernando.² They were commanded by Antonio de Nola (also spelt Nolles, Nolle, and Noli), who, disgusted with his country, had taken service under Portugal, and he was accompanied by his cousins, Bartolomeo and Rafaele de Nola. Sixteen days after leaving Lisbon, on the 1st of May, they discovered a fair island which they called Mayaes, the modern Maio (May),³ and successively the rest of the Leeward group—S. Christovan (Boa Vista) ; S. Jacobo, the modern Santiago ; S. Tiago, S. Thiago, or St. Jago,

and S. Philippe, since the sixteenth century known as Fogo. The date of exploring the Windward group is not known. The historian De Barros, who is obscure upon the subject, attributes it also to the servants of the Infant D. Fernando, the brother of D. Affonso V., although that authority and Ca da Mosto, the Venetian, who was on board the fleet when the lost Archipelago was re-found, say nothing about it. The whole Archipelago, however, belonged to Portugal, except Maio, which in 1709 was temporarily occupied by half piratical English, under the pretext that it formed part of the dower of the Infanta D. Catherina, espoused to Charles II. The invaders are said to have behaved with great violence and injustice.

The Cape Verd Islands—thirteen in number, without including the very small isles—form a semicircle about 300 miles off Cape Verde, with the concavity facing Africa. These Hesperides⁴ are divided into two groups—the '*Bartovento*,

¹ Lopez de Lima (*Ensaïos*, &c.) says, by some mistake, 1460. This is the date when criminals were sent here, and families were established by D. Affonso V. and the Infant Don Henrique (?). Rev. Mr. Walsh (*Notices of Brazil*; London, 1830) says (vol. i. page 104), that 'these islands were first discovered in 1440 by Antonio Noel, a German! He denies that they were known to the ancients, and asserts that they are ten in number.'

² Not, as is vulgarly asserted, by the great Infante Don Henrique.

³ Some state that Boa Vista was the first land sighted; but, as Lopez de Lima justly observes, 'this, if true, would have been mentioned by the accurate contemporary authority, Gomez Cannes de Azurara.'

⁴ Five groups of islands are mentioned by the ancients on the West Coast of Africa:—1. Cerne (Arguim?); 2. Insulæ Purpureæ (the Madeiran group); 3. Fortunatæ (Canarian); 4. Hesperides (Cape Verde); and 5. Gorgades (Isle of Benin Bight?).

or Windward, to the northward; and the 'Sotavento,' or Leeward, to the south. The former, which extend from north-west to south-east, are as follows:—

1. S. Antão (erroneously called in modern English 'Saint Antonio'), the most northerly of the Archipelago. It is now agricultural, and supplies St. Vincent with flesh, fruit, and vegetables. Of old it was rich in dragon trees (*Dracæna Draco*), and small dark topazes are still found in it. By the census of 1862 the population was 17,965.

2. St. Vincent, the only island which has a direct trade with England. It produces nothing, and supports a population of 1,600 (or 1,337 in 1862). The port is mentioned by the geographer Ricciolus, 'Inter Hesperides Insulas S. Vincentii sinum habet cum optimo portu 20,000 et 25,000 passuum securo et anchoris peridoneo.' Dampier in A.D. 1493 here found a party from S. Antão catching turtle and hunting the numerous wild goats now killed out—in his days it was uninhabited. In the sixteenth century the land was given to the Conde de Portalegre, who is said to have introduced the first colony; but there exists a Carta Regia of July 22, 1795, which talks of the 'Nova povoação de S. Vincente, uma das desertas da Capitania de Cabo Verde.' Others declare that the Windward group was always royal property. After two failures, in 1734 and 1781, the island was populated in 1795 by João Carlos de Fonseca of Fogo, with fifty of his own slaves, and twenty pairs from the other islands. He died soon after building the great church,—in which, says the annalist, he buried his fortune. Nova Mindello, the town, was founded in 1838.

3. S. Luzia, now uninhabited,

and visited at times for its orchilla: formerly there were two or three families, who bred cattle.

4. Branco²
and
5. Raso, } uninhabited.

6. S. Nicolão, which we call St. Nicholas: it is an agricultural island, with 6,731 souls.

7. Sal-Salt Island, so called from its celebrated Salinas. Pop. 838.

8. Boa Vista ('Belvedere,' 'Beautiful View'), also a salt exporter, with about 2,621 inhabitants. Columbus in 1498 (third voyage) passed Sal and touched at Boa Vista, where he found a leper-house and learned that the disease was cured by the 'temperature of the air and feeding upon tortoises (turtles), with the blood of which the lepers likewise anointed themselves externally.'

The Leeward group, extending from east to west, is composed of—

1. Maco, Mayo, or Mai, celebrated for magnetic rocks: exports salt. Pop. 2,067.

2. Santiago (St. Jago), commonly called Cabo Verde. It is the capital of the Archipelago, and the most unwholesome dwelling-place: its 'carneirada' or bilious remittent being as bad as that of Guinea. It contains the cathedral and the seminary. Its industry is agriculture, and its population 44,200. Santiago was visited by Vasco de Gama and Cabral, the discoverers of Malabar and Brazil. Columbus anchored here, and left it in disgust.

3. Fogo, the only active volcano of late years. It produces the best coffee and maize, and its population has been given at 16,000.³

4. Rombos, or Romos—two large and many small uninhabited rocks.

5. Brava, the most southern and fertile of the Archipelago; the industry is agriculture, and the population reaches 6,824. The total

¹ Southey (*History of Brazil*, vol. iii. p. 448) rightly gives it 'S. Antam.'

² Captain Roberts, 1721, calls this islet Branca. But the common parlance is Branco—Ilheo or Ilhoté being understood.

³ In 1862 it was 14,226.

superficies of the island is reputed to exceed that of the Alem-Tejo province of Portugal, and is variously estimated at 1,555 square miles to 1,223 square leagues. Most of it is high volcanic ground, wanting water, and some eight-tenths are uncultivated. In 1839, according to the geographer, F. T. F. Pereira, the population was 77,500 (including 8,000 whites and 6,000 to 7,000 slaves). The census of 1841 made it 84,460. In 1844, Lopez de Lima rates it at 67,000 to 75,000, and estimates the whites at one to twenty coloured. Chelmicki (*Corographia Cabo Verdiana*), in 1841, says 63,000. The *Almanach de Gotha*, in 1849, has 80,000. In 1851 it was estimated at 83,393 souls. According to Mr. T. Miller, the census of 1862 gave about 100,000. To the islands were added as appanages, in 1461, the colonies of Portuguese Northern Guinea (Guinè Portugueza do Norte), lying between 11° and 13° N. lat.;¹ and these form with the islands the province of Cape Verde. The Presidios are chiefly upon the Casamansa, the Rio de S. Domingo, or Cacheo, and the Geba, besides the Bissagos or Bijagoz Archipelago. To the south of the Casamansa, in the lands of the Banhee tribe, lies the island and town of Zinguichor or Zenguichor; it has an eight-gun stockade, guarded by a few soldiers, who defend its exports of wax, rice, hides, and ivory. Near the mouth of the Cacheo river, on the south or left bank, lies Cacheo, about 110 leagues from Santiago; it is in the land of the Papels and Buramos, and contains a caza-forte and a town with two streets. On the right bank of the same stream is the small settlement and fort of Bolor, in the land of the Felupes; and 60 leagues up the river is the Presidio

of Tarim, a fort and town with 420 freemen and 250 slaves, not including the Grumates (mêlés) de Praça; the natives are Mandengos. At the mouth of the Geba river is the island of Bissão, whose town and fort are known as S. José de Bissão. Portuguese Guinea also includes the Archipelago known as Parcel dos Bissagos, to which belong Bissão Island and Bulama—the latter claimed by the English, and the seat of Captain Phil. Braver's ridiculous colony. There are twelve inhabited islands, not including rocks. The English have ever found these people deadly enemies. Once they were our friends, and remarkable as pilots. In the seventeenth century an English scoundrel skipper carried off a number of the people and sold them as slaves. Their friends broke their canoes and paddles, abjured the sea, and swore to murder every Englishman that might fall into their hands. Captain William Dampier, in 1683, relates something of the same kind. After touching at Sal and S. Nicholas he proceeded to Mayo, where they would not let his men land 'because one Captain Bond, a Bristol man, had not long before carried off some of the chief inhabitants.' So the Bissagos kept their word by murdering the crew of a merchantman in 1830, and the officers of a cruiser in 1833.

The Portuguese complain loudly of the state in which their African colonies are abandoned by the Government. They cannot contend against the French of Senegal or the English of Gambia, and the savages around them are insolent and oppressive.

The thin population of the Cape Verdian Archipelago may be explained by the accidents to which these islands are liable. Famines

¹ Some have fixed the extreme limits between 10° N. lat. and 13° N. lat., or 100 leagues, between the Casamansa River and the Cabo das Vergas, with an uncertain depth, and an estimated area of 3,000 square leagues.

are recorded as far back as 1593; Captain Roberts mentions them in 1721; and severe droughts are recorded in 1746, in 1765, and in 1775. Something of the kind is expected every fifth year. In 1863 the rains completely failed, and the consequences were dreadful; in Santiago alone some 10,000 souls were starved. The water is rarely of the best quality: the taste is brackish, and new-comers are almost always disagreeably affected by it.

In the cool humid highlands, maize, beans, and pumpkins are cultivated; in the warmer grounds, oranges, pine-apples, sweet-limes, bananas, and other tropical fruits flourish. Wherever a valley contains a spring the ground is utilised, and some agricultural labour is expended; but poverty makes the peasant idle. In 1701, wild indigo was discovered; in 1730, the orchilla, which is here of the best quality; in 1783, senna, also wild; in 1790, coffee was introduced. The oldest exportation was salt, which once supplied 120 shiploads a year. Building woods were valuable, and turtle and whale fishing gave employment to many. Formerly vines occupied much of the irrigated ground, and the produce was equal to that of Teneriffe. The 'oidium,' however, appeared here at the same time as at Madeira. Sugar-cane and coffee were then tried. The want of rain and the indolence of the people prevent cotton being an important growth. The principal produce is the wild physic-nut locally called 'Purga;' it is sent to Lisbon for extracting oil. Salt is still a staple. There is no apparent reason why cochineal from the Canaries should not thrive in

the more fertile parts of these islands, and why the stony grounds should not become rabbit-warrens.¹

During the last three years small Spanish and Italian craft have fished for coral about Santiago; but the value is not known. Imports pay according to tariff 10—40 per cent. *ad valorem*, the higher rates being placed to protect the produce and manufactures of Portugal. The English sovereign, worth 4,500 reis in Lisbon, here is valued according to the current rate of exchange at 4,700 reis, though not in payment to Government offices or in exchange for bills. The mil rei is here worth 1,000 reis, the dollar 960, and the five-franc piece 900.

The climate, like the vegetation, resembles that of the temperate zones rather than the tropics, and at once suggests the Canarian Archipelago. Except at Santiago, 'the deadly' (O mortifero) malignant fevers are rare, and, according to Lopez de Lima, S. Vincent, S. Antão, and Brava are more healthy than Lisbon. Intermittents sometimes break out after the rains, in September, October, and November. Ophthalmia and other disorders are common; the blacks often show leprous white spots; small-pox must be combated by vaccination or it becomes a plague; and, in order to keep off the scorbutic tendency for which the brackish water bears blame, the people resort to the free use of vinegar and acids—a practice unfavourable to digestion. Centagenarians are spoken of. Dr. M'William, of the Niger Expedition, notices the death of a woman about a hundred years old. She was one Inezinha, mother or aunt of a João Paulo, once military commandant of the island. The Lisbon

¹ At St. Vincent—which so greatly resembles Ascension, even to its 'Green Mountain'—rabbits suffered from the wild cat. The feline here became savage, and wandered into the wilds, sacrificing all the comforts of a house. I remarked the same in Uryanwezi, when even the kittens scratched and fought like furies. The real Cat-o'-Mount does not exist in this group, nor is there any dangerous or poisonous reptile except the African centipede. Perhaps St. Patrick called here.

paper, *O Doze d'Agosto* (Nov. 15, 1865), when giving the obituary of S. Antão between October 1863 and September 1864, remarks that 'half the deaths were above 70 years, many had reached the age of 100 and upwards, whilst there was one case of 127 years.' The general voice of the people confirms this report, which I give in detail, as the question of centagenarianism is one of peculiar interest. So lasting a climate may perhaps attract the attention of the faculty. Here, the Europe-haunting tribes of 'étiques, asthmatiques, pulmonaires et toussereux' can die out of the doctor's way.

The thermometer in the Cabo Verdian Archipelago ranges from 70° to 80° between April and September, and stands at a medium of 75° during the rest of the year. The barometer seldom varies more than 0.10, except during the rare cyclones.¹ Night dews are very heavy, the mornings are cool, and, as in the regions of the Trades, all places sheltered from the wind, either valleys or rooms, are hot and oppressive. December and January are cold months, with high gales and thick weather from the east. The wind, in howling gusts, like the waves of a mighty aerial sea, eddy round the hilltops and strike the ocean, breaking as it were into so many separate blasts. At this season the sails are yellowed by the dust of the Desert; hence the saying, 'Nas Ilhas de Cabo Verde até as velas

dos navios se fazem amarellas.' February and March are also windy, the latter being very clear; April and May are the two finest months, with a cool and pleasant north-easter. June is gusty and sandy—a *briza parda*, or brown Trade, hangs upon the hills, and the heavings in the harbours prognosticate rain; the wind becomes variable, working towards the south. From mid-July to mid-October is the rainy season in the Windward Isles; in the Leeward, it begins somewhat later. The end of October and November are fine months, and travellers who would visit the Cape Verd Islands should prefer this season.

The government of the islands is in the hands of a 'Councillor Governor-General,' who is president of a Council composed of six, namely, the four highest dignitaries in the judicial, military, fiscal, and ecclesiastical departments, together with two of the principal civilians. The head-quarters are at Porto Praya, in Santiago—a place as favourable to promotion and as fatal to the Governor-General race as the City of Plaster Palaces in the Bengal swamps. The other islands are directed by mayors and military commandants, generally Portuguese officers, who are assisted by Chambers (Camaras). There are two circuits of justice, the Windward and the Leeward; the last appeal is to the Relação, or High Court of Lisbon.²

It is recorded of the proud old

¹ That of September 2-3, of 1850, was described to me by Mr. Miller. The barometer fell from 30.00 to 28.22, and the quicksilver remained 'pumping' during the whole gale, being marked lowest during the lulls. It was most violent at S. Antão, S. Vincent, and S. Nicholas. At sixty miles west of the former, the ship *Sir Robert Peel*, 900 tons, was lost; and at S. Vincent, the Euston House was blown down. At S. Nicholas, Mr. Miller's house was the only building left standing. A little rain in big drops fell, but the wind is described as uprooting the grass—the luridness of the scene as dreadful. The wind began from the north-east, worked slowly round to the north-west, and after a long lull of overcast weather began to blow from the south-east. Such typhoons, however, are here rare; the 'oldest inhabitant' could not remember one previous to 1850.

² We should do well to copy this sensible practice in our West African 'pest-houses.' Sá Leone the Litigious, for instance, could be managed by police magistrates, with an appeal under certain circumstances to London.

colonists, like those that once inhabited the neck of Virginia, that until the new man could prove his tree they would not allow him to settle amongst them. There are in the Cape Verd Islands many gentlemen of family and good education, nor are fortunes of 2,000*l.* per annum unknown. Now that the degrading institution of *morgado* (primogeniture) has been happily abolished, there will doubtless be an improvement in the tone of society. For years the wealthy have had nothing to do but to drink, dice, and dance, or look at dancing. It is ample time for the home Government to cease the suicidal practice of deporting their *degradados* (convicts) to these colonies;¹ and, finally, in order to mingle the race, polygamy should be permitted, or rather enjoined. This has been recommended by previous observers.

The common people are Africans, slightly blended with European blood, and many are pure negroes. Like all niggers, they have a wild-beast vein in them. See them fiercely clutch their stretchers as the wild English lads pelt them with nuts—the good-humoured Lisbonese would only laugh. They are filthy in manners and person, very fond of the '*matar-bicho*' (dram), and though rarely, if ever, murderers or highway robbers, they are sad liars and persistent petty thieves. Their morality is not increased by the presence of soldiers, some of them white convicts; the country-folks generally are chaste; and at Boa Vista the adulteress would be stoned, according to Mosaic and Koranic law. There is no infanticide, although *rhodas*, or wheels for the reception of foundlings, are unknown. The race is fearfully noisy; one wishes that they would take a lesson from the

women of the Papels in Portuguese Guinea. These people are said, on rising, to fill their mouths with ashes or with water, and to work without removing the stuff till food time. The men wear shirts and drawers, with sometimes waist-belts and jackets; a home-made straw hat covers their woolly heads; and slaves are not allowed shoes. A stout stick of the quince (*marmelo*), short and heavy, with a spur on one naked heel, often complete the costume. The women, who carry loads like horses, affect loose jackets and limp petticoats of calico; on their heads is an 'igualado' (squared)—a red or yellow cotton kerchief triangularly folded and passed round the hair, so as to present a peaked rise in front. Some prefer the *panno da mão*, or hand-made cottons, which are good and lasting. A favourite article is the *galan*, or *gallan*, a cloth variegated with indigo, and beaten with clubs till it assumes a fine coppery lustre.

Beef in these islands is not bad, and the old residents declare the mutton to be equal to that of England. I have heard this said in many places, but wrongly; if the English excel the world in anything edible, it is in mutton. The short-haired goats produce three or four kids twice a year, and supply plenty of cheese and milk, which is preferred to that of the cow. As in Ireland, pigs are everywhere; but they are the filthiest of feeders. Poultry abounds. The people, like those of all hot climates, refrain from sweet milk; '*dormido*,' the soured article kept for two or three days, is the succedaneum. They make of maize '*cuscus*' and '*butangas*'—balls of flour baked in ashes, as in the Portuguese province of Nimhó. '*Xaren*' is coarse flour pounded in huge mortars, mills being unknown; and '*haipim*'

¹ Between 1839 and 1844, the island received a total of 336 convicts, male and female.

or 'aipim' is the sweet manioc root, eaten roasted. The 'farinha da pão,' or wood meal, is better than the Brazilian. The intoxicating drinks are bad rum and a kind of wine made from the sugar-cane. Tobacco grows abundantly, and is cheap. Fêtes and festive occasions are celebrated with drumming and dancing. The former reminds one of the Balafon of the African coast. The great dance is the *Congoese* 'batuque,' compared with which the worst of guingette saltation is decency itself. The 'balladeira,' or performer, is usually an African, who executes her horrors before a circle of sable squatters clapping their hands to a terrible outcry. Widows pass a month in a dark room, sitting on their beds and receiving silent visits, after the fashion of ancient Portugal and modern Brazil.

The dialect of the islands is called 'Crevula,' and even the ladies speak no other. It is a kind of mixture of Guinea and spoiled Portuguese, and some islanders' conservatism goes so far that they preach in it and publish in it.¹ The following specimens are given by Lopez de Lima and others:—*A mim ca quere,* 'I don't want.' *A mim,* the oblique being used for the nominative, whilst 'ta' (African) is the sign of the present tense. 'Tam,' i.e. *Ta mim,* 'already,' T being the sign of the past. 'A bo' (thou for 'tu,' or 'vos,' as 'mim' for 'eu'); 'jam fla' is 'thou hast said; 'flar' or 'papiar,' meaning 'to speak.' 'Ere' is 'he,' 'cheo' means 'must,' and 'bi' is a general exclamation of admiration. 'Faliado' means good, 'famadado,' 'evil; breeches are called 'dros' (our drawers)'; 'to taste' is 'cre.' 'Bece' (for 'Vossi') is 'your worship; a pumpkin is 'roca;'

'vadio' is a free black; and a pipe, 'camisto.' The terminal sound 'ão' is pronounced 'ou,' as in Spanish. 'Sir' is expressed by 'nio,' 'nhô,' or 'nio-nio; 'madam' by 'niora,' 'manã,' or 'nhanha.' 'Nio ta fla de mantanhas cheo pra niania,' means 'the gentleman sends many compliments to the lady.' When men meet in the morning, one asks the other 'Como nio ta passa?' 'how is the gentleman?' and the reply is 'Accomodado,' 'well,' or 'Accomodadinho,' 'pretty well,' as the case may be.

I must refer you, dear A****, to our *Anthropological Journal* for an account of peculiarities upon which our ancestors would descant with all the innocence in the world; but the delicacy of our days is quite a different matter. You will there, however, find an account of a young monster named Antonio de Ramos, and details of certain practices which are not unamusing.

I am, &c.,

RICHARD F. BURTON.

LETTER VI.

'THE REEF' (ARRIVAL AT).

A oito grãos do Equinocia se dilata
Pernambuco, provincia deliciosa.

Canto vi., s. 75.²

We receive what 'professors' are apt to call a 'solemn warning,' dear A****, touching S. Vincent: small-pox has appeared in eight cases, of which one was confluent. So, Vamos! let us vanish from this old cinder, with its Washington's head.

The Messageries Impériales of the Ligne du Brésil still touch here once a month. The station is about to be transferred to Goree. Four large wheelers (500 h. p.)—the *Guenne, Navarre, Bearn* (now lost), and *Estremadure*—out of a fleet of

¹ A priest of Santiago wrote a grammar and a vocabulary of this horrible mixture of Europe and Africa.

² *Caramura: Poema Epico do Descobrimento do Bahia.* Composta por Fr. José de S. Rita Durão. Lisboa, 1781.

forty-nine, with six building, perform this service, leaving Bordeaux about noon on the 25th of each month.

As regards the space covered by it, the Messageries is the greatest steam-ship company of modern days. It began thus: In 1835, by the advice of a far-seeing financier, M. Humann, the Chambers granted six millions of francs to start fifteen ships, each of 100 to 160-horse power, on the Mediterranean; and after a favourite hobby of the day, which iron-built craft soon settled, it was to be a transport service that would be converted into a war navy. In 1837 the first vessel, the *Scamandre*, left Marseilles amidst great rejoicings.

All tenders from private companies were rejected. Austria had set the example by Lloyd's; England by the 'P. and O.' Still France held to her traditions of government. But the budget of 1850¹ proved that the twelve years between 1837 and 1849 had cost the nation more than thirty-seven millions of francs for eighteen ships, of which fourteen were nearly useless—a deathblow to the system of 1835! One day I hope you will see something of the kind happen to the Government dockyards, to the arms manufactories, and to the many similar obsolete Old Sarum institutions of Great Britain.

The French, than whom no more practical nation exists, turned at once to 'cessionnaires.' There were, of course, slow coaches in the Chambers. '*J'appelle cela le vol de l'État*,' quoth M. de Framboisy. '*C'est le pays jeté en pâture à une compagnie*,' echoed M. de Cerisy. Happily these conservative gentlemen spoke in vain. The large plant

of the Messageries Impériales—you remember Notre Dame des Victoires and the huge lumbering diligences, and the seven-league boots?—had been rendered useless by the rail. The company was glad to turn its new interests into the new channel, and a contract was concluded in July 1851. The young service began with four Mediterranean lines of 105·26 leagues, under a subsidy of twenty-eight francs per league. It proved of national utility in 1854, and again in the Austro-Italian war and in the Syrian expedition. It has revived French commerce in Turkey, Egypt, and China, and now it possesses thirteen main and branch lines, including the 'Shanghai and Yokohama,' which is to be opened in 1866.

The passage of 1,600 miles from S. Vincent to Pernambuco costs 16*l*. The *Estremadure*, Captain Sounnier, was to start at 11 A.M. on July 6. She did not move till 4 P.M., when we were dining—apparently a favourite hour for departure. The main cabin was small; therefore meals were double, to the dire distress of the stewards. There was some excitement when I came on board; some mutinous spirit in the kitchen had *traité de marmiton* the first cook—high treason against the highest office of King Gaster.

The place looks picturesque, as there are two tables devoted to ecclesiastics, male and female. The former are of every grade, from the clean-shaven, smartly-dressed aumonier of the Bourbon age and type, bound for the admiral's ship, to the pickpocket-like neophyte—a *sans culotte* of the church, proceeding to some college at Buenos

¹ Until 1850 the whole eastern coast of South America was without European steam navigation. In that year the Royal Mail Company undertook to run a monthly steamer from Southampton to Rio, and a branch boat to the River Plate. 'The consequence,' says Mr. Hadfield, 'was an augmentation of traffic, both of goods and passengers, such as few persons contemplated, and the line proved speedily unequal to the task of dealing with either to the extent required.' Hence the Liverpool line was organised in 1851, and its pioneer, intended for the River Plate, started on August 27, 1853.

Ayres—and the total represents ten males and seven sisters of S. Vincent de Paul. The men have rigged up two altars, fore and aft, for fetish every morning. All the day they mutter over their rosaries and breviaries, and looking out of the corners of their eyes, according to tuition; they let nothing escape them. However unwell be other professions, these never fail at meals; dreadfully ravenous, they resemble in those seedy black robes, grimy talons, and blacking-brush beards, the darker sort of vultures.

The 'Sisters' wore their gull-wing caps, and were, as usual, of two categories—the blousy, happy, hard-eating many, and the pale, delicate, lady-like few. There were also two Irish girls, postulants, with cock-noses, loose mouths, and goggle gooseberry eyes, essentially underbred: if you look at them they turn upon you their backs, the only part whose defects are not visible and palpable.

The Leeward Islands of Cape Verd did not show. The third day after our departure carried us to the climate of Cape Palmas, even to the tornado; this indeed is the only break in the dense, close, damp, heavy atmosphere that bathes us with perspiration as at Zanzibar, whilst the rolling seas never allow the ports of our unventilated cabins to be opened. We are now in the ill-famed 'Doldrums,' the Frenchman's 'Pot-au-noir,' where the north-east and south-east Trades¹ meet, and cause dead airs, as two opposing currents cause dead water. The sun wades in mist, and its rays are sultry without drying. We sit in dangerously damp skins; like Peter Schemil, we have lost our shadows. 'And here it is to be noted,' saith Master John Winter,

'that after we came within four degrees of the equinoctial, until we were as much passed it, no daie did pass without great store of raine.' Such is still the climate near the line, where, according to the eloquent Vieyra, even conscience petrifies!

About noon on the fifth day we crossed the equator, without the *baptême du ligne* now fast waxing obsolete, and we gladly hailed, after much rain and many squalls, the clear blue skies, the dry, elastic, bracing air, and the refreshing temperature of the rapid and steady south-east Trade. If the days are delightful, the nights are magnificent. Between the pure azure flecked with high white cloud above, and the diaphonous lapis-lazuli, foam-fretted waters below, you experience a perfect physical *bien-être*; all caresses the senses, and a vague feeling of enjoyment—the Asiatic Kayf—attaches you to that doubtful gift called life. You have nothing to complain of in this fresh crystal-clear air; you are neither hot nor cold, damp nor dry; your eyes are not dazzled by excessive light, nor are they dulled by saddening grey. You feel that if annihilation were offered to you, you might regret it—by no means an every-day frame of mind.

Early on July 13—we were one day late—all gathered on the paddle-box gangway to sight the New World. We heard the old story that the land could be smelt from afar; but, as usual, our noses were not equal to the task. About noon we saw over the starboard quarter a long, low, purple line, between blue above and blue below, which might be the West African coast. These are the levels stretching to Paraíba do Norte. This length without breadth breaks

¹ Several mariners have declared to me that the south-east is encroaching upon the north-east Trade, which some thirty years ago used to drive them far beyond the Cape Verdian Archipelago. The 'Doldrums,' *alias* 'Variables,' *alias* 'Region of Calms,' are the southern, as the 'Horse latitudes' are the northern limits of the north-east Trade.

up as we advance into little rolling rises which are hardly hills, not unlike the shores of Hampshire, England, were it not for the fringing of palms affecting the physiognomy, cocoa-nut trees, domes, towers, and tall houses bleaching in the sun, and rising from the waves. Eight leagues is the extreme limit at which low-lying Pernambuco can be seen; it then appears, first a faint line of white masonry, then shipping, and lastly the general features of a commercial town, speckling the bottom of a shallow bay, whose southern end, limpy Saint Augustine, is some thirty miles distant. The light is visible at sixteen miles. Passing Olinda, the old Villa de Marina, we give it a wide berth of three miles, and then turn south as though bound for Rio: the object is to avoid the Olinda Reef, 'Baixos de Olinda,' which projects some two nautical miles to the east. The romantic hill, with its rich mosaic work of massive white temples, towers, and houses, pink, grey, or creamy yellow, and sometimes of blue and white Dutch tiles, all red-roofed, and set off by the light-green bananas and dark-green mangos, jacks, and forest trees rising bold, high above the flats, justifies its name, 'O, Pretty!' This embalms the exclamation of its founder, Duaste Coetho Pereira, 'O linda situação para se fundar uma villa.' After expelling the French from Itamarãça Island, he was made by D. João III., on March 10, 1530, donatory of the captaincy, and the donation was confirmed on Sept. 24, 1534. The appellation, you will see, is in better taste than the style adopted by a late Governor-General of Canada, who baptised four townships after Her Excellency's lap-dogs.

Olinda is still, as the ancient

Dutchman called it, 'pulchris cœdibus templis que conspicua.' It has the remains of extreme beauty; from afar the architectural sites are perfect, and the whitewashed buildings sparkle in the sun like snow. Churches swarm there—nearly one to each house; they would easily lodge the Brazilian army. The hill summit, 300 feet high, is crowned by the snowy Sé, or cathedral, whilst the huge masses of S. Bento and the Carmelite Convent (N. S. de Carmo) are almost on a level with the sea.¹ But 'Old Pernambuco,' with its ruddy ochreish soil and its wonderfully green and grand vegetation, is now in the condition of old Goa. It is connected by a sand-strip, one league long, with the new city; and around where the sea is not, are foul mangrove swamps, natural canals of brown water and black soil, like the peat-bog south of Lough Neagh.

After turning from north to south-west, we anchored about 5 p.m. in the Lameirão, about eight miles off the port. The sailing ships were there; the weather had been rough, and they had been compelled to lie far out by the strong winds and the heavy roll of the sea, which can part the strongest cables. The aspect of the third city in the Brazilian empire from a distance is picturesque; her sons fondly compare her to the 'Silent Queen of the Adriatic;' and an enthusiastic Portuguese (Dr. J. M. de Lemos, in his *Guia Luso-Brazileira*) writes as follows:—

Upon that tepid horizon, under that pure and lovely sky, and facing the Orient white, she springs from the salt argent as some chaste nymph, who issuing from the morning bath invests herself in the snowy garb of modesty. She is the Amphitrite of the seas, who rises fresh and serene from the foam, as Aurora breaks in the eastern skies.

I should compare 'Pernam,' not

¹ I could not find the Jewish Cemetery and the Three-gun Battery which older writers place at Olinda.

with the 'Sea Cybele fresh from ocean,' but with humbler Bremen or old Hamburg, and we easily see the traces of the Dutch conquest in the seventeenth century. The houses are still the houses of Holland; the churches and 'cimbórios' are the churches and domes of Portugal. The Batavian and the Latin architecture sit side by side about as congenially as Martin Luther *en tête-à-tête* with a certain person of Babylon, 'the tiara of proud towns,' will be, but is not yet. Of the white houses, some are one-storied, in the style of Brazil, where man does not willingly ascend flights and stairs; whilst others, six stories high, and narrow as they are tall, look as if they were turned up on one end and made into a single gable. On the top is a kind of *belvidere*, here called a 'torrião,' and used more for ventilation than for views; and below it the red-channelled roof, with its rough tiles simply laid upon, not fastened to, one another, convex upon concave, as in Lisbon, is built with the steepest possible pitch to throw off the rain. These buildings look wondrous bald and plain; there is no warmth, and the heavy balcony is at a discount. The chimneys of Batavia are absent, and wanting are the windmills of Iberia. There is not even the comfort of a 'lightning rod.'

Close to the town there is a small wood of masts, and the foreground is an awful line of foam and spray, which makes every stranger ask his neighbour how the — he is to get in? A variety of craft gathers around us—civilised lighters for landing goods and baggage, silly row-boats for the passengers, and for a royal personage on board the *Galeotta da Marinha* there was a

large eighteen-oared gondola, or caique, all green and gold, with a white and glass-windowed aft cabin. The black crew of the State barge were dressed in white, and on their woolly heads wore pointed silver toques. Far more of local colouring is in the other craft. The *barcaça* is a cross between the Dutch *treykschuyt* and the long canoes for which the Calhetés,¹ formerly the wild lords of the land, were celebrated. They have generally two masts curving backwards; the sails are triangular—a smaller one at the bow, and another of disproportionate size just behind it. The rudder is enormous, and at each side a corkwood trunk acts at once as float and gangway. With their loads of sugar and coloured crews, they fly over the water at the rate of ten to twelve knots per hour. The *barco* is an undecked schooner, too high to require outriggers, and carrying the single masts and the huge triangular sail of the *barcaça*. But the darling of travellers is the *jangada*, which the comical M. Biard calls 'rangada.' This, the catamaran of India and Arabia, is a simple float of four logs, the trunks of the *Apeiba tibourbon*, a kind of linden locally called *Pan de jangada*. These are about ten feet long, and through their diameter of six to eight inches are thrust stout wooden pins; there are no bulwarks, but logs of corkwood,² disposed at the sides and slightly upcurved, prevent frequent upsets. A pole bending backwards, and stepped on a frame of light perpendiculars and a horizontal board, acts as mast, supporting a large lateen of coarse canvas, which drives the thing flying over the seas; behind it, a stool of narrow plank, with four uprights, is pegged to the raft; and

¹ Or Caletés. So we read in *Caramura*—

'Os Caletés, nação possante.'

Canto iv. 1.

² The corkwood of 'Pernam' is, I believe, a species of palm.

behind this again is a kind of clothes-horse, for hanging fishing-nets and water-calabashes. Finally, there is another similar bench further aft, where the helmsman uses his broad paddle. The curious in jangadas can buy toy-models of them in the shops. In fine weather a jangada trip to Itamarajá Island is not to be despised.

And now we are to land without the Mussoolah boats of Madras or the surf canoes of Guinea. We are cheered by the tale of a Spaniard who was lost going off to the last mail: his boat upset, his nigger boatmen swam off and left him to the sharks, which here are fierce and numerous as on the Lagos Bar; they extend up to the second bridge. The sea washes high over the companion ladder, and there follows an awful yawn as the boat sinks deep below. . . . Enfin, we are off; *Estremadure*, adieu!

We steer towards the red buoy which marks the south or English bank—its north is defined by a black ditto—and we make straight for the great bar (Barra do Picão). It is a kind of gate in the reef, not a quarter of a mile wide, and where, for a space of about 200 yards from north to south, you find about fifteen or sixteen feet of water.¹ On the south is the lighthouse (pharol); on the north is a shoal, and a buoy showing another and a deeper entrance, the Barra Grande. North again, a third buoy marks the Barra Velha; it is broader than both the others put together, and is limited on the north by the rock called Pedra Caheça de Coco. After the Bight of Benin, the trial is not severe; but we feel the lift and the scud of the waves as they hurry to catch us, and we sight the dangerous Turtle Rock (Pedra Tartaruga), a northern prolongation of the light-

house reef-head. A pleasant sight before us is a fine English collier, whose drunken master missed stays when going on the bar, and drifted upon his fate. She looks like some new phantom-ship going under water, with her three masts and bows projecting above the surface. I remember a similar spectacle in the *Cigno* steamer ploughing the Potomac.

Then turning to the south at almost a right angle, we crossed what charts call the Second Bar, running east and west, and dividing the Poço (well) or outer basin from the river-like channel inside. This 'little Bar' has almost disappeared before modern improvements, especially two steam dredges.

And now our minds are free to remark the specific features of the entrance. To our right, on the loose sands of the mainland, is a dark square fort, with projecting bastions, à la Vauban, at each angle, and a straight curtain, with eighteen old guns, commanding the harbour. This is the Bruno, the Fortalega do Bruno, the Arx or Castrum Brunonis of old authors. Two hundred fathoms further north is the Cruz do Padrão, degraded in our charts to 'the Beacon.' It is a white round tower, with a brick foundation and a finical cross, like the folly erected to the Liberator in Rathmines churchyard; near it is a small square magazine, from which the gunpowder has been removed. Three hundred fathoms further north is another fort, the Buraco (Hole), in old charts Castrum Dorninæ Brunonis—Mad Bruno, the wife of the Dutch general. It is a black and dingy hexagon, with a straight sea wall, mounting nine guns. Beyond it a narrow strip of sand, here too steep for safe bathing, and backed by fetid mire and mangrove, leads to the fair head-

¹ Some declare that there are three fathoms and a half upon the outer bar, but all agree that no ship carrying more than sixteen feet of water can enter 'the Well.'

land on which sits the 'City of Olinda.'

To our left is the peculiar reef—a traveller calls it 'one of the wonders of the world'—which has given to the chief city of the Pernambuco province a local habitation and a name.¹ This is the Recife (o arracife of older writers) quem provida numinis cura huic orœ adversus maris insultus objecit. For the Dutchman's words are still true, 'Reciffa statio est plena discriminis.' Yet his countrymen named Pernambuco 'the Paradise of Brazil,'—a paradise flowing with sugar, tobacco, and slaves. The third, if not the second, city of the empire is founded upon a reef, and its reef is its prosperity. In the days of James Lancaster (1595), S. Antonio de Recife was called the 'Base-town.'

This natural sea-wall extends along the coast at intervals from Cabo Frio to Maranham, but markedly from Maceió to Ceará; here it closely approaches the shore, there it is five miles distant. The material is a pudding of coarse-grained yellow sandstone, calcareous shelly substances, and silex. The soft surface, rough with pot-holes and broken into ledges, is mucilaginous, with small univalves which are still apparently at work upon it. In a broken fragment I found a live bivalve, embedded in what seemed to be an air-tight chamber, and the whole appeared a mass of shells. Opposite the town of Recife, the reef was capped with a brick wall in 1854-59. The breadth is 14 feet; the reef itself is 30 feet, others say 50 feet, wide at the crest, and 180 below; it slopes towards the sea outside, while inside it is perpendicular to many fathoms, and the direction, according to Mr. Lindsay,

who was employed upon it, is North 33° East. When the tide is in, the water is flush with the sea-wall, and the ocean here and there has washed off parts of the parapet. At low water it stands out 5—8 feet, like that beyond the Pigeon House Fort, Dublin. Outside, the heavy swell of the angry Atlantic dashes up against the reef, curls its monstrous length, and breaks in snowy foam, throwing lively jets and gerbs of spray some twenty feet high, or tumbling over it surlily like the waters of a milldam. Inside is a river of smooth water, calm as a pond, some 300—400 yards broad, from which it is a real pleasure to sight the slaty black sky, the dull gleam of the distant sea, and the dark celadon of the concave waves as they raise their backs of yellow green. As this part of the coast is low and sandy, with a north and south direction, and the prevalent winds are NNE. and SSE., it would at times be impossible to land without the reef.

Theories have not been wanting to account for this choice piece of nature's engineering. Mr. Darwin would fashion it out of a consolidated bar of sand and pebbles, elevated above water; or by the hardening of a core of sandspit, from which a change in the set of currents has removed the loose matter, leaving only the hard nucleus. Dr. Gardner finds the sandstone belonging to the lower series of the chalk formation, and believes that the reef owes its origin to a decay of the rock between it and the shore. The little reef-builders, however, those ocean architects whose own bodies supply building-stone and cement, are still at work. The coral animals have vanished, but the rock surface is covered with univalves,

¹ The name-root is still disputed. The learned Fr. Raphael de Jesus, in his *Castriolo Lusitano*, informs us that Parana-buca, whence Pernambuco in the language of the aborigines, meant *pedra furada*—alluding to the gap in the reef; vulgarly Pernambuco, in French Fernambouc, and further corrupted to Fernanbourg, is supposed to mean 'mouth of hell'—probably from its resemblance to Inferno.

which are still raising the wall of live limestone. It is a counterpart of the Floridan Reef, to which Professor Agassiz assigns an antiquity of 70,000 years.¹

The old Dutch maps of 1650 show the site of the Pharol, or lighthouse, to have been an island; it is now connected by hewn and iron-cramped stones with the northern extremity of the reef. This convenience, which dates from 1822—Mr. Graham found it nearly finished in 1821—is a fat, whitewashed round tower, capped with a cage containing a three-light revolver, as all are on this coast, red, yellow and green-yellow, and based upon a platform of brown masonry.

On the sea wall, a little to the south of the Pharos, is the Arx Maritima, now called the Picão. A hexagon and apparently circular, with two sheds on the terre pleine, it is entered like the Pharol from the west, and it still bears the royal arms of Portugal. Why Messrs. Kidder and Fletcher should call it a 'fierce little fort' and an 'angry little fort' I know not; it is guiltless of gun or gunpowder, and it has a flagstaff but no flag.

We now row up the unrippled river, bounded by the town of Recife and its reef. Here the place looks mean: the wharf wall breaks off, sobrados or upper-storied houses are rare, the forts of St. George and the Pilar have disappeared, and there is a 'back slum' look about the locality. This part of the town is known as the Foraportas (beyond the gates); there are now no walls, but they are not wanted. At some future time the ground will be valuable for warehouses. We touch the lower guard-boat, with its blue tin flag and lone white star; our carpet-bags are visited, and we are asked if we are engineers. On the reef side is an

old three-master, used for the *élèves de la marine*. On the town side is the Arsenal da Marinha, denoted by a corrugated iron shed, snowy bastions, and little Gothic battlements of D. Manoel's day, by walls adorned with azulejos (Dutch tiles) in square patterns, like those which, waved before people's eyes after dinner, cause vertigo, and by a whitewashed tower called the Malakoff, three stories high, conspicuous from the sea, at once belfry and observatory, adorned with a flag, and finished with a metal dome like a narrow-brimmed and much-battered billycock hat. Some thirty hulls, in three or four ranks, moored fore and aft to old cannon planted by the Dutch on the sea wall, lie parallel to, and within pistol-shot of, the town.

Mr. Mansfield remarks, on landing at Pernambuco, that everything is so utterly un-European, so 'crushingly new,' he almost thought he had been dead and had recommenced another life. It is not easy, I found, to call up enthusiasm, although landing in a strange hemisphere—touching a new world—placing foot upon the land of the Southern Cross. As you ascend the ramp leading to the Largo do Trapiche, off which a second guard-boat lies, you find old familiar features, mud and dirt, coffee-houses, 'sweetmeats and fruits,' 'sailors' delights,' 'Portuguese toes,' doggeries and grogeries glaring with signboards, French, English, and American, and at least one flagstaff per house. Other Powers had the power to abate this latter nuisance. When the English authorities attempted it, the freeborn fought to the last; and when the acting consul, aided by the police, removed the bunting, its owner applied for redress to the local law courts.

You will find lodgings at the

¹ In the anti-Darwin book, *Methods of Study in Natural History*. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

west angle of the Trapiche Square. The host is a jolly personage, whose fair, round proportions argue the goodness of his cuisine, and the charges are exceedingly moderate—eight shillings per diem. Your olfactories suspect cats, which, however, are far from common here. The odorous matter is the *cassonade*, or brown sugar, of which almost every ground-floor is an *armazem*, or store, and which taints the air far and wide. Consequently it often happens that the *pian terreno* pays more rent than all the rest of the house, and the kitchens are in the attic, as happened to the houses of ancient London city.

Hours are early at the Unvers Hotel, and 'Pernam' is mostly silent after 11 P.M. The last German visitor swaggers out of the public room, a fellow with the beard of a drum-major, 'gig lamps,' and a mop head of hair, shining as if fresh from a soap-boiler's cauldron. There are no mosquitoes; the murmur of the sea is pleasantly

distant; and after rolling about in an unventilated coffin with one side knocked out for ease, you fall asleep, dear A****, over a French novel with astonishing phlegm, though you are in the new world, and in the third city of the empire.

But I must confess that of the long sea voyages known to me, this is the most pleasant. There is a delightful break at Lisbon. Between Portugal and St. Vincent—where there is time to run on shore—the view of El Pico is compensation enough for many troubles. The longest stretch between the Cape Verd Islands and Pernambuco is only six days. 'Pernam' is not always pleasant, but at times is a refuge for the destitute. In two days we shall reach Bahia, and find there a noble view and an introduction to the highest beauties of South American scenery. Finally there is Rio Bay—the Bay of Bays—to be expected, to be dreamed of.

RICHARD F. BURTON.



FROM LONDON TO RIO DE JANEIRO.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

LETTER VII.

A WALK THROUGH THE SOUTH END OF PERNAMBUCO.

Tem por nome Arrecife, um forto posto,
Que um isthmo separou do Continento.

Caramuru, ix. 14.

THE learned Southey, my dear A****, compares Pernambuco, which we here call 'Pernam,' with Tripoli. But the historian of Brazil had probably never been nearer to Tripoli than Algarve, nor to Pernambuco than Lisbon. His resemblance is merely verbal, both the cities being triune, or, if you prefer it, tripolitan.

The site of the third city in the Brazilian empire—her sons dutifully call her 'first in natural beauty and second in education, commerce, and wealth'—is not a little intricate; we must ascend the Malakoff tower of the naval arsenal and *pro-spect*.

The ground surface is manifest sand, not swept eastward, as engineers declare, by African currents, but raised from beneath the sea by the secular upheaval of the Brazilian coast.¹ To the east are the Atlantic ocean and the sea-wall before described; on the west the Capibaribe² and the Beberibe rivers divide the town into its three *bairros* or quarters; whilst, far on the occidental horizon, a jagged curve of shaggy green hillocks, the Guaraapes and others, abutting north-

wards upon Olinda, forms the arc whose chord is the City on the Sea. The latitude is 8° south—perilously near the equator.

The Beberibe, which the Dutch call 'Biberibi,' rises in the highlands west of Olinda, and falls into the Capibaribe river, between the three divisions of 'Tripoli.'

The Recife quarter, more grandly named São Frei Pedro Gonçalves, is the easternmost and the richest part of the city, being all public buildings and counting-houses. It lies north-east of its neighbour, the Outra Banda (other side), at the end of a round and sandy peninsula, about one mile long from north to south, connected by a narrow sandy isthmus with the headland of Olinda. This part contains the Marine Arsenal, with its stocks, docks, and workshops, the observatory, and the clock-tower Malakoff. There also are the Maestria, or Igreja Matriz (mother church), of which there is one to each quarter, under the invocation of S. F. Pedro Gonçalves, called Corpo Santo, because the inevitable miraculous image, which heretics will declare to be a stray figure-head, was here

¹ This *emersão* has lately been the subject of an able paper by a Brazilian savant, M. Capanema.

² The termination *-ipe* or *-ibe* means in Guarani a river, e.g. Jaguaribe = Jaguar (*Felis Onça*) River. Capibaribe—also written Capeberibi, Capivaribi, Capiibari, and, in the *Ethiopic Directory*, Caperibe—is supposed to mean 'River of the Capybaras.' The stream rises in the Serra de Jacurara to the west, and of its 30 leagues not more than two are navigable for boats. It receives some 70 influents, and near Pernambuco it forks into many deltas, forming a multitude of riverine islets. Its inundations, caused by want of slope in the lower bed, have at times done considerable damage to the Reef City.

found, or said to be found, floating on the shore, and the church N. S. da Madra de Dios, an ancient oratory where worshipped the votaries of San Felipe Neri. The Custom House was also a religious building; the convent of Madre de Dios has now been converted to 'practical purposes.' The Provincial House of Assembly (Paço d'Assemblea) is near the Custom House, on a *place* formerly called Forte dos Matos. West and south-east of the Recife quarter runs the Beberibe river, coming from the north-west; at its confluence with the Capibaribe want of slope in the bed spreads it out into a fine basin which looks remarkably well by lamplight. It is, however, quite useless as a line of communication; eight miles inland it becomes a Styx, all mud and mangrove, loved by crabs.

Three bridges connect the Recife with the central quarter, the seat of local government and the official part of the reef. 'Santo Antonio' is the Ilha dos Cedros of the old Portuguese, the Insula Antonii Vazii (Vaas) of the venerable Gaspar Barlaeus, and the Mauritripolis, Mauritia, Cidade Mauricea, or Mauritian City, of poetry and romance. Its site is a peninsula of which little cutting would make an island, now almost surrounded by the Capibaribe river, whose northern and larger branch, passing under the bridges of Boa Vista and Pedro Segundo, joins the Beberibe and falls into the ocean; whilst the other, which does all the inundation, parts at the Afogados bridge, and escapes into the Atlantic by a gap in the natural sea-wall. This quarter contains two parishes (*freguezias*). That to the north boasts of the 'sumptuous temple' Santo Antonio and its convent, dated 1616; the convents of São Francisco and the Carmelites, with their third or lay orders; the churches of São Pedro dos Clerigos, da Conceição, dos Militares, N. S. da Congregação, N. S. do Livramento;

the College Church, reconciled in 1855, after the murder of a priest, and placed under the brotherhood of the 'Divine Holy Ghost;' and N. S. do Paraizo, belonging to the Misericordia brotherhood, and adjoining the Recolhimento or Enfans Trouvés. Of the general buildings are the Provincial President's palace, with its guard-house and parade ground; the theatre, Santa Izabel; the club, Pernambuco; the Public Works; the various tribunals; the academies and gymnasia; the post office and ship telegraph, whilom episcopal palace—sensible change!—the general and provincial treasuries; the arsenal of war; the police and cavalry barracks; the public provincial bibliotheca; the subscription library (Gabinete Portuguez); and, finally, the penitentiary and city prison (Casa de Detenção), a bran new, whitewashed building, star-shaped, bartizaned, and internally civilised enough to delight my friend Mr. Lentaigne. The parish of São José has also its Matriz, begun in 1844, but still represented by N. S. do Terço; the hospital of N. S. da Penha, under charge of Capuchin missionaries; and the churches of Senhor Bom Jesus dos Martyrios, of São José de Ribamar, and Santa Rita. Here, also, are the old and once well-known Pentagon Fort (Fortaleza das Cinco Pontas), now a barrack; the railway station; and the Rua Imperial, a range of houses a mile long, running to the Ponto de Afogados.

West, again, of the Capibaribe river, which is crossed by two bridges, is the Bairro da Boa Vista, occupying the continent. This is literally the west end, the handsomest, and the most wholesome. Here 'Sítios,' the Juntos of Portugal and the Chacaras of Rio de Janeiro, spread out in wider expanse, the town ends, and gardens and orchards begin. Besides the

Matriz, are built in it the Foundling House of N. S. da Gloria, and the churches of São Gonçalo, of Santa Cruz, of N. S. de Estancia, of N. S. do Rosario, of N. S. da Conceição dos Coqueiros (Our Lady of the Conception of the Cocoa Trees!), and of N. S. de Soledade. The guide book adds 'tem a mesquita Ingleza' ('it has the English mosque'). The new grand hospital of Pedro Segundo, on the left bank of the Capibaribe, is a fine building, begun in 1847 and not yet finished; whilst the similarly circumstanced Gymnasio Provincial looks already a 'splendid ruin.' Here are the hospitals; the great cemetery; the episcopal palace, known as the Soledade; the Faculty of Law; the College of Arts, with its public library; the Gymnasium and Museum; the College of Education, dedicated to São Francisco de Paulo, directed by the Sisters of Charity; and, finally, the College of Orphans.

The 'Reef City' was originally composed of half a dozen fishing huts, and rose to prosperity by the neighbourhood of Olinda and the superiority of its port. In 1709 the village became a township (*villa*), which gave rise to a disastrous war, known as that of the 'Pedlars' (*dos Mascates*).¹ Gradually it carried away all the other parishes from Olinda; and in March 1823 an imperial charter raised it to the rank of a city.

Enough of dry detail. After coffee let us walk out, grateful for this rare spell of fine weather in the rainy season, and drink the morning air.

This is not the cotton or the sugar season; and the Trapiche

Square is a desert. Here and there a few loiterers are smoking the 'weed of no necessary use,' or, leaning against their undusted counters, are diligently spelling the daily papers. Politics in the Brazil, as in the United States, are a passion. The blacks represent our 'lower orders;' and, as they sun themselves against the wall, they look upon us as idiots walking about in search of nothing; *au reste*, they are civil enough. Thing unusual in the tropics—the Pernambucan does not break his fast immediately on rising, therefore he is torpid till breakfast. Almost all we meet are more or less bronzed (*pardos*); and many are lamp-black Africans, showing crimped cheeks and squaline teeth; whilst the white men are not of our red or ruddy race: black hair, black eyes, and yellow faces all. The dress of the common 'nigger' is a tattered straw, a coloured calico shirt, and pantaloons of any material; the women wear on their heads black mantillas or white kerchiefs, and below dark skirts. Here a barefooted Franciscan friar, begging basket on left arm, prowls along the flagged or bricked *parcé*. There the beggar, with all the sores of Lazarus, whines at us as he would in London. Now a spindle-shanked Congo urges his wretched bare-backed *garron* to a broken-down gallop, or leads it to the wharf, washing being here the only grooming. There his brother black lowers a carpet bag into a boat by means of a crane, even as at Sa Leone he would bear his wheelbarrow on his head: There a neat, round, little nag ambles along with that comfortable pace which the

¹ The magnates of 'Olinda, proud as those of 'old Virginny,' used to call their neighbours, the plebeian traders and followers of Recife, *Mascates*; but the pedlars, as might be expected, won the day. According to Mrs. Maria Graham (1821) 'the other Brazilians call the Pernambucans of Recife *Marineiros* still;' possibly from the Villa de Marino. Now the term is obsolete.

The word *Mascate* I conjecture to have been originally *Maskati*, or man of Maskat (Muscat), the Arab port which sent forth the travelling pedlars of Western India.

English despise; it is mounted by a swell in huge jack-boots and huger spur rowels, who rides toe in stirrup after the fashion of the *haute école* in the days of Louis Quatorze. Those blue eyes, rusty yellow locks, freckled face, and bare feet proclaim the German emigrant from Catuta, an agricultural colony founded in 1820. Of the whole seventeen establishments at the public cost in Brazil, two only have been successful,¹ and here the few remaining poor devils eke out a miserable existence by selling charcoal. The *matuto* from the bush rides a pack saddle, with one toe in the looped string acting stirrup; his cheeses are contained in the two side boxes with the hair outside. The *sertanejo*² from the far interior is known by his wide-awake, leather jacket, and pantaloons; he drives before him a horse staggering under two bales, each of 160 lb., and when he would ride he clings to the beast's tail, and swarms up with his foot on the hock. The milkman, mounted like the rider of a dromedary, advertises with discordant cries his merchandise, contained in two large panniers; whilst the poultryman sits upon his crates, from which chickens struggling to escape the Black Hole protrude their lean necks. The war with Paraguay has taken all the soldiers southwards: the police, like the constabulary of Ireland, is here a military force in blue and red, armed with musket and dwarf bayonet, with the undress cap of the Continental armies stuck sideways on the wool. The National Guard, rich in plumes and broadcloth, is preparing to start southwards; and croakers declare

that troubles may be expected here. The carriages are closed calèches, and the sable coachman for hire is known by his glazed hat. The shortest drive is worth a sovereign, and the keep of a horse is at most half a crown per diem: the vehicles are palpably made here, but the springs, wheels, and axles come from the States or from England. The horses are of Arab, or rather Moorish race, as their neat heads still show; but the breed has degenerated and has trebled in price—fifteen years ago a good nag fetched 5*l.* Breeding might increase bone and muscle; but I doubt that the horse can ever thrive in this land of damp heat. They are hardy, and, though entire, are very quiet, which speaks volumes in praise of Brazilian humanity. I could not but compare it with the ruffianism of Dublin, Lisbon, and the banks of the Thames in the neighbourhood of the Foreign Office and Somerset House,

Where the carman all gorilla-like, neither human nor humane,
On the belly of his beast showers his kicks
like pelting rain.

Their teeth are black with the molasses (*garapa*) and water which, added to the grass here, takes the place of oats; they are rarely shod, but the increase of Macadam will benefit the farrier. The carts are drawn by brown oxen from the province of Piantry; the beasts' horns are chained, and they are guided chiefly by the voice. There are many one-ox cars, where the animal, which we are accustomed to see in pairs, looks queer and unsociable.

From the Univers we stroll up

¹ *Report of Minister of Agriculture, 1854-55.*

² The *Sertanejo* is the Prairie Man of Brazil. The word *Sertão* in Portuguese South America and in Africa corresponds with our Anglo-Indian 'Mofussil.' 'Sutão,' says old John Mawe, 'is a place understood to be uninhabitable for Europeans, being the residence of uncivilised Indians, and covered with almost impenetrable woods.' (!) According to Southey the word was first used by the African discoverers, or by the Portuguese in their African conquests.

the Rua da Cruz, once the Regent Street of the reef city. In this little old thoroughfare there are shops in plenty and public baths; there are many waifs and strays of civilisation; an Italian organ-grinder makes rough music, as if playing to the top of Manchester Street; and there is actually a man with a monkey. The projecting balconies rest upon stone corbels, and relieve the baldness of the house-fronts, everywhere conspicuous in the 'Atlantic cities' of Brazil. To the south, the Rua da Cruz is narrow and hemmed in by tall houses. The excessive dampness of the climate is evidenced by the liveliness of the leeks and other household vegetation; the red roofs are rusty and black-stained, and the walls fronting the sea wherever the wet winds blow, are green and mossy; after not being white-washed for the dry season, the tenements look gangrened. Almost every ground floor is a store (*armazem*), which fetches more rent than the rest of the house; hence the kitchen, as in older London, is at the top of the house, a plan which has its advantages and disadvantages. The hire is not exorbitant; our host, for instance, pays for his hotel a little more than 2,000 francs per annum, say 90*l.*, and the *pian terreno* is let to 'Widow Raymond, ship chandler.'

Cross Street leads to the Corpo Santo Church, the Matriz of the Recife quarter. The front has mouldings of a white stone, brought from Lisbon, and generally white-washed. The material is that of beautiful Belem. Inside, the religious buildings are all similar, large white halls, high altars, brilliant with gingerbread gold, and piles of cut coloured paper, shallow side-

chapels, as in Portugal, and paintings of painfully gaudy hue. Art has far to travel before she reaches the New World. About them all, there is a lingering touch of Dutch puritanism. Between Corpo Santo Church and the sea, is a dwarf, shapeless, rugged square, the Largo do Commercio, in which a miserable ground-floor room calls itself Exchange.

The Rua da Cruz leads us to the Rua da Cadeia, Prison Street, a well-known Brazilian institution.¹ The three-fold city is fortunately built upon the sand, or the rain would never dry up. There is literally no slope, consequently drainage must be left—not to M. Cambronne and other projectors—but to evaporation, and the mud of winter disappears in summer dust. Seven years ago, it must be remembered, all was pool and filth—even dead horses were not removed. The best streets have trottoirs, and are paved in the centre with a highly convex profile: one is pleased to see the beetle hard at work. Where the alleys are of earth or concave, the rainy season fills them with miry water. In many places the pavement is stained like a ship's deck, after action, with red marks. Are these the effect of mangrove juice, or of the tree which gave to Brazil its name? Municipal improvements are not popular; impurities are thrown from the windows, and none but the best two newest houses have anything like offices.

Prison Street leads in a straight line to the junction of the Beberibe and the Capibaribe rivers. The water is crossed by three bridges. The southernmost occupies the place of the quaint old Dutch bridge,² which still figures in our guide

¹ A church, a jail, and a pillory were the first buildings of a Brazilian town in the olden day.

² The Dutch had only two bridges, one from Recife to Santo Antonio, and the other from Santo Antonio to Boa Vista.

books. The Hollanders began it—the first work of the kind in South America—in 1610, from the Santo Antonio side, and after reaching the depth of eleven feet, and failing to sink stone piers, the architect succeeded with wooden posts at an expense of 240,000 florins, which made the company grumble and order tolls to be taken. When the Dutch were driven out, the Brazilians followed their example. As in ancient Europe, there was on either side a row of shops and seats. The floods of 1854 so damaged the veteran structure that for ten years it has been used only as a footway. In 1864, the Barão de Livramento began the present construction with wood from Alagoas, resting on tubular iron supports, brought from England. At each end there is a queer old bridge-chapel, shaped like the piers of a suspension bridge. These, however, besides gas lamps, have windows, galleries, crosses, and shrines, whilst the images of N. S. da Conceição to the east, and to the west the Patron Santo Antonio have as yet preserved the cumbrous remnants of antiquity. As the new bridge is not finished, we must cross by the Pasadiço to the north, or provisional line of planks, supported by red piles. The tide is low, and the piles are encrusted with oysters; you may take a piece of bread in your pocket and lunch on the way. They are, however, a poor contrast to those of New York and Baltimore.

A short line, the Rua do Crespo, leads to the Rua do Imperador, the chief street of Santo Antonio, running like the Rua da Cruz, north and south. Here the Emperor Pedro II., landing at the Colledge wharf, made, in 1859, his triumphal entry. The Imperador is a fine broad street, with the Provincial Palace at the top, the blue banded steeple of São Francisco, within whose walls rest the mortal remains of M. Machado, orator and revolu-

tionist, shot by accident in 1849, and the Santo Antonio Convent, whose gateways are sentinelled by painted Dutch lions, grinning hideously; at the bottom is the reconciled college church. Near the latter, is the Military Arsenal, and a square with the usual fountain (*chafariz*), where negroes gather and collect water in tin pots, shaped like breakers. In this neighbourhood, also, is the fish and fruit market, a disgrace to Pernam. A dirty *place* shows a ragged mass of oil-cloth sheds, or tattered umbrellas, shading large negroes at squat on small stools. Their clay pipes, brass armlets, leaden earrings, harsh laughter, and drawling voices, as they wrangle over their little stores lying upon mats before them, suggest the slave coast very forcibly. The scanty stock-in-trade is represented by red and yellow bananas, bad oranges, mawkish custard apples, papaws (*monimão*), tomatos, the gumbo or edible hibiscus (in India, *bhendi*), in quantities, which, however, no one here can cook, radishes, gourds, cucumbers, hairy as those of central Africa, onions, large and small, black and brown beans, parsley, lettuce, endive, cabbage, sapotim nuts, bird peppers and eggs. There is a street of butchers' sheds, where the poorest flesh fetches sixpence per pound—the pound being smaller than ours, and regular weights unknown. The fish market is abominable; some twenty broken-down tables are occupied by crabs, prawns, and lolling negroes, whilst on a single one a dollar's worth of fin is proposed to the wants of 120,000 souls. Near the market place are

disreputable . . . graces
Soot hair, soot eyes, and tawny faces.

And everywhere lottery tickets are offered for sale, drawing time being now near.

The Ruado Crespo leads us to the Praça da Independencia, a square

half choked by tiled booths, opening inwards as in a market-place, and painted with the national colours, green and yellow. This is said to be the oldest part of the city, and a little to the north of it rose Friburg, the palace of Jan Mauritz, Count of Nassau. The work of Gaspar Barlaeus preserves the elevation and plan of this fortified house, which extended to the north of the Santo Antonio peninsula. The ground was flat enough, and swampy enough, for a *Lusthaus* to glad the eyes of any Dutchman; and the music of the frogs, as in Java, must have lent a soothing influence to the fumes of tobacco. The drawing shows two tall quaint belfry towers, in the northernmost of which lived the Patronus, as he was titled by the Senate; and these were connected by open and covered galleries. It had all the luxuries of civilised life—kitchen gardens, graperies, figery, fishponds, poultry yards, and shady walks. The method of making groves had the magnificence of barbarous kings. The Count transplanted seven hundred full-grown cocoas, besides oranges, lemons, citrons, and pomegranates. He drained the surface by canals; streets were laid out, and houses were built around Government House with materials from Olinda; and thus Mauritzia arose.

From the Praça da Independencia we enter the Rua do Cabergá, the local Gold Street, with small booths and obsolete window cases, as at Lisbon. There are the usual rings and chains, necklaces and amulets, but there is nothing to catch the eye. The only curio worth buying here is the tortoise-shell work (*cágado*). Combs and a variety of articles are made of this material, which is good and cheap. A curve in the street, which should be made straight, leads to the Largo do Matriz, a small irregular space, open and paved, with the bright steeples and domes of the Santissimo Sacra-

mento church. Near it, again, is the Praça do Commercio, where there is an exchange, with newspapers and price-lists. The Rua Nova, a broad, well-paved street, leads to the Ponte da Boa Vista, a stone-paved wooden bridge built by a French military engineer some twenty-five years ago across the Capibaribe river, which is here some 350 paces broad. On the right runs the Caes d'Aurora, lately the Aterro da Boa Vista, or embankment, raised along a swamp, now an esplanade shady with the fleshy leaves of the Persian almond, and considered 'one of the best sites in the city. Amongst its seminaries and mansions is the English 'mosque,' recessed for dignity from the street, looking, despite this attempt at effect, very humble, like a methody chapel at Harwich, and with windows not unbroken. Its wretched little Ionic portico is that of carpenter's architecture which Halifax loves, and its sole merit is a plot of sward and trees of cocoa, cactus, hibiscus, and white oleander. The chaplain receives 800*l.* per annum, of which half is contributed by the resident merchants. 'Pernam' also boasted a Protestant missionary and a Bible distributor, who vegetated for a while, and then evaporated.

On our left are the star-shaped Penitentiary, all white and red, and a noble building, the Pedro Segundo Hospital. The verdure is everywhere, and everywhere it is beautiful. The scene of flat meads and slowly-flowing waters, when ruffled by a crisp blue gale, of crimson-coloured houses and vermilion roofs of town and dome and steeple rising from the broad estuary, really entitle this quarter to its name—Boa Vista.

The Ponte da Boa Vista leads us to the Rua da Imperatriz, formerly das Princezas. Here streets, like individuals who cannot boast of having the 'blood of all the Howards' in their veins, easily change their

names. This was once—like the Aurora Quay—an embankment. The quarter suffered severely from yellow fever, which the inhabitants attributed to the meeting of the salt and fresh waters. Here the city, which is certainly one of magnificent distances, falls into suburbs and country; the pavement ends, and the deep sand, here and there macadamised, extends to the clay of the interior. The arenaceous strip is the habitat of the cocoa, which does not extend more than twenty miles inland. There is a fine and strong variety called *coco vermelho* which deserves attention.

This Ponte de Uchõa road, as it is called, claims to be the aristocratic quarter. As at Bombay and Madras, the office or counting-house is in town; the dwelling is in the country, comfortable but unsociable. The houses are prim and white; the finest have windows of coloured glass, and stone or porcelain statues. A well-known slave-dealer, M. O., awoke one morning and found his Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo painted lamp-black. Each tenement has its flagstaff, and not a few boast small aviaries—the red headed vulture (*Vultur aura*, L., here called *urubu rey*), the curassow bird (*montini*), and other birds more or less common.

The stranger's eye is at once attracted by the Beja-flor—the 'kiss flower,' the humming bird. The commonest is a little thing of iridescent green (*Trochilus viridis*), with ravishing reflections of green and gold. The precipitate vibration of the tiny wings, rapid as of a winnowing machine, keeps it apparently stationary and suspended in air like the sphinx moth, as it plunges into the corolla its small sharp beak curved like a butterfly's trompe. After probing the flower for a second

or two, it jerks its small tail with a motion scarcely perceptible, and whisks away to suck the nearest petals, or chases the sleepy little insects, or darts away, disappearing like a spark. It is fearless, too: the inch of a thing fights like a game cock; it will sit on the trees and stare at you, hum and buzz round your head, and even inhabit your room, especially if you supply it with *eau sucrée* thick and strong. When caged, these pets beat themselves to death; they have, however, been kept in muslin safes. The flowers and trees are equally beautiful. Amongst the former we remark the conspicuous red hibiscus (*Grazia*), with leaves dark green as spinach, and fiery flowers, from whose blossom, steeped in lime-juice, the best rouge which will outlast the evening is prepared; the slender climbing jasmine (*Jasminum Bahiense*); the dragon tree, with its long red ensiform leaves; the brilliant Bougainvillea; the yucca, or bayonet shrub, locally known as *pita*; the Brazilian laurel or independence plant (a *Croton*); the common or winged passion-flower (*Maracuja*); the white, blue, and yellow clematis, hedged in by the fragrant Pitonja myrtle, with flower of pomegranate, red and green leaves tipped with light.¹ Amongst the trees we remark the Nogueira, or nut, which is said to grow ten feet per annum; its brittle wood reminds us of the 'sudden-death' acacia of Goruba. Another favourite growth is the pride of India bead tree (*Melia azadirakhta*, the pride of Hindu, or pine tree), doubtless brought here by the ecclesiastics; it forms the centre-piece of every convent cloister in the nearer East, where the Caloyers convert its berries into rosaries.² The best fruit is the Abacaxi pine-apple, large and

¹ The pitanga (*Eugenia pitanga*) is probably the *murtu* which Veyra describes as being cut into statues. Southey (ii. 705) purposely translates it 'yew.'

² The Carmelites wear these rosaries, and the members of a *tiers ordre* (privileged to

dark, which is welcomed in the southern ports. Some, especially the nomenclators, admire the *Abocati* (*Persea gratississima*), which we ridiculously call alligator pear.

There is a charming drive from the Ponte de Uchôa, about nine miles to the west. The road runs along an embankment, through the richest of vegetation, and the red boulder clay almost everywhere underlying the surface soil of Brazil, forms, with green and pure blue sky, the tricolor hue of Central Africa. At last we reach the tank which supplies the city with its drinking water: a masonry dam chokes the gorge of a lakelet formed by drainage below a semicircle of hills. The element is pure and sweet, and the future resident would do well to build at this place, which is fully 200 feet above sea level.

We must now retrace our steps. The Custom House (*Alfandega*) will certainly not open till 11 a.m.; on the other hand, no power but the Imperial shall prevent its closing at 3 p.m.—four hours a day are justly deemed toil enough for any Brazilian official. It is a large, square building to the south of the Recife quarter, with a turret on each angle; and on the west fronting the Capibaribe river, where many ships lie, with sheds for landing merchandise. Two of the towers are occupied by the Corso Commercial (Commercial College) of Pernambuco, and the Provincial Consulado or Export Office, which formerly was a distinct building in the Largo do Comercio or Corpo Santo Square. The duties on imports are roughly estimated at 35 per cent. This is paid into the general treasury at the capital, whence heart-burnings and provincial wrath. The total may average

per annum about six millions of milreis, which are now reduced to florins. As we enter the huge straggling building filled with employes, we remove our hats to the sound of 'Tire o chapéo!' as is customary in all public offices. Republicans complain loudly of this Gesslerian style of compelling homage to the Imperial headgear, and sensible Brazilians pity strangers for the *chapeau bas*, the *precedencias*, the *jerarchias* to which they are continually exposed.

The clearing operation begins by paying 45 francs for disembarking and carting goods, which should have been included in the passage ticket. Our boxes are easily passed by the examiner, who receives his 10 francs unblushingly—not with the *mauvaise honte* of Dover or Southampton. The fact is, he cannot live upon his scanty pay; and a Lord Cornwallis has yet to arise in Brazil. We then take out a paper certifying that if we are landed at any other Brazilian port by a foreign steamer—in native bottoms our goods are never visited—we are not again to be searched. This the other custom houses, being independent, will disregard. Finally, we hire, for 5 francs, a cart to convey our goods to the hotel; and after making up our accounts, we find landing at 'Pernam' more expensive than a passage from Paris to London.

Immense reductions, it is evident, dear A****, could be made in those charges. 'Pernam' has also a bad name as a vexatious place for shipping, though better than poor Lisbon, which, despite late improvements and reforms, is still a kind of nautical Japan. 'At present,' says the consular report, 'many commanders leave this port with a determination, loudly expressed, of

be buried in the hab it). Those who are strict on these points do not consider their dress quite *en règle*, or feel so satisfied with the indulgences or blessing upon the rosary if it is made of wood or metal instead of this fruit.

never returning to it if they can possibly help it.'

I am, &c.,

RICHARD F. BURTON.

Pernambuco: July 27, 1865.

LETTER VIII.

THROUGH NORTHERN PERNAM TO OLINDA.

Peregrinando,

Novos paizes vendo e novos damnos.

O Uruguay, Poem by José Basilio da Gama.

These are pictures, dear A****, *saisies au vol*, these are sketches taken *à toute vapeur* by one who has jumped from Europe to South America. But you will find them useful, as no one has taken the trouble to 'do' the subject before.

After the trial at the Custom House, where a pair of 'bags,' the work of the great Poole, duly disappeared, I called at the British Consulate, and introduced myself to its actual tenant, Mr. Richard Austin, son of the respected chaplain of Pernam. His twenty years' experience of Brazil were invaluable. We were inseparables for a month, and he accompanied me to Bahia.

Our trap strikes right up the Trapiche Square, past the Capitania of the port, where boatmen are registered, a small polygonal tower, well stained, like all others on the sea side, whence the weather comes, past a useless little stone dock for barques and small craft, and through the Largo do Arsenal, an untidy square, where trees—a good sign—have lately been planted. At the head of the Rua da Cruz, and near the Largo do Arsenal, once stood the church and fort of Bom Jesus das Portas, and beyond it the 'Fora das Portas,' a solitary arch like a bridge chapel. The latter, to the great regret of local antiquaries, was pulled down May 9th 1850, and the dollyery was removed to S. da Madre de Deos. Thence we hurried along the Rua d'Apollo, once

the Senzalla or negro quarters; thus the Palawa Bunder of prosy Bombay was classisised to 'Apollo Bunder.' We now reach the banks where the twin streams join. Here sugar boilers and machinery cumber the ground; they are admitted free of duty, a fact which argues an improvement of system.

I cannot but remark how well wharfed the banks are; and to all my inquiries, Who built that quay?—that bridge? Who paved that street? Who owns that 'Rotten Row?' there is but one answer—the Barão do Livramento. So, when a fellow asks too much, he is locally sent to the Baron of Livramento, who appears to be the incarnation of wealth and energy. I afterwards called on this M. José Antonio Araujo, a Brazilian, who owes his title to lavish expenditure in the public service. The Lord Deliver-us—a similar title was, it has been said, proposed by the ladies of England—was working in his warehouse, without a coat, which gave me a high opinion of the man. M. Araujo began life in a commercial house, but belonging to a talented family, he soon worked his way excelsior, and now he is one of the capitalists of the world. Aged about thirty-two, he is a man of large experience as a contractor; he carries out what he undertakes—a great feat so near the Line—and consequently all Pernambuco bears the mark of the energetic baron. There was something princely in his treatment of the Swiss ichthyologist, M. Agassiz, when an army of fishermen was ordered to campaign for the professor's collection.

A red wooden bridge of no importance, crossing the Beberibe, placed us at the Largo do Paço. This is a broad square at the north end of the Santo Antonio quarter. With a little Netherlandish energy, it might be converted into a fine park. The Provincial Palace stands

in the grounds of Count Maurice's house, and old maps locate north of it an island where rose the Arx Waendenburschii. The intervening channel has been silted up, and this much of land Brazil has won from the sea.

The palace is a large square thing, plain and bald, with parallelogrammic windows, and an unimportant tympanum. As you enter, the black sentry directs you to deposit your umbrella, or to do something—he *must* order. You mount the stairs, and find half-a-dozen people writing in antechambers, but never a servant. At last a *moleque*, a small nigger, rushes through the room, staring wildly. You seize him; you thrust your card into his pocket, and, with cannibal looks, you command him to lay it before his proprietor.

As you will wait a good half-hour you may derive some profit from studying the cloth curtain which, according to official etiquette, hangs at every doorway instead of a door, and before which you are expected to unhat. It is decorated in coloured and embroidered cloth with the arms of Brazil, and the Brazilians are justly proud of the '*pendão auri-verde*.' On a grass-green field is a yellow lozenge, which contains the red Imperial crown and verdant shield. Within the latter is an azure circle, showing twenty white stars, the number of the provinces; and the circle surrounds a yellow armillary sphere, the arms of D. Manoel in Portugal's most glorious day. Behind the sphere is the red Maltese cross, alluding to the inscription, '*In hoc signo vinces*.' The supporters are a sprig of tobacco on the right; on the left a coffee branch, with its scarlet berries—their stalks cross below the shield. The hypercritical will find the crown somewhat too bulbous, and as only the four ends of the cross appear, they look at first sight like four studs or stands for the armillary sphere.

In due time returned the little *moleque* with the portentous news that H. E. the President was breakfasting—at noon! We did not take the hint, but walked straight into the handsome reception room and sat us down. Gold and white were the walls; the carpet was gold and green—the colours of the Sandwich Islands—the hue of the Amazonian parrot, and here the well-beloved national blazon. At the bottom of the room, opposite the entrance, was placed, after the usual custom, a long cane-bottomed sofa, and disposed at right angles to it, two parallel rows of chairs extended to nearly the middle of the room. The material was well carved rosewood, much resembling the East Indian blackwood (*Jacaranda Brasiliensis*, the French *Palissandre*,—derived from the Spanish *Palo Santo*, or the Portuguese *Pão Santo*); the cane-work was finer and cleaner than in Europe, and the full-bottomed chairs were easy to sit upon, a great contrast to the stiff American rockers.

Entered, His Excellency the then President, M. Antonio Borges Leal Castello Branco,—I beg his pardon, *Doctor* (LL.D.) A. B. L. C. B. Every one in Brazil is either Doctor, Colonel, or Padre. The same has been said of the United States, and the same will probably shortly be true of Great Britain. H. E. was habited like a French cook, in white, *cap-à-pie*, including the eternal *palito* (tooth-pick), which he nicely conducted into places the most recondite: he was an effeminate-looking man, dark and thin.

We shook hands; ensued, the normal short exchange of question and answer,—much wonderment how, having landed by the last mail, I could speak a word of Brazilian,—the matter of Santo's locality was discussed, as it might be in London, and faint offers of introductions to libraries and institutions were made. In those days English officials were not kindly looked upon, and no

wonder. We again shook hands, and bowing, retired; bowed at the door, bowed on the first landing of the staircase; bowed and bowing disappeared.

These Lord-lieutenants are not of much account in Brazil. They change with the central power (ministry), who have appointed as many as three in twelve months; consequently they are mere instruments for managing the provincial votes. The Most Excellent Senhor Dr. Antonio Borges Leal Castello Branco had qualified himself for the appointment, somewhere or other, by a four years' service as a Juiz-de-direito, and was called a peasant-President by the multitude: being from Pianhy—a bucolic land—his nick name was Boi (ox) de Pianhy. He was hardly civil to Mr. Austin, and he did not return my call; in fact, he is one of those officials not unusual in all countries, but exceptionally rare in Brazil, who affect dignity by incivility to strangers.

Opposite the palace is the Pernambucan Club, a neat building, with billiard tables and an American bar below; white rooms, with a profusion of looking glasses, devoted to dancing and play above. I was hospitably invited to the monthly dance. Every twelfth is a ball, at which the President attends. The house was well lighted, and the band stationed below was excellent: here, as elsewhere in the land of the Holy Cross, the windows were open, and the air had none of the horrors that haunt unventilated London. This is the heart of the dead season, so not more than twenty ladies were present. They were dressed in the plainest white muslins, because 'a Direcção pede a maior simplicidade no traje,' and there were few colours; the strong point, as in the Iberian races generally, was the fine thick, and admirably dressed hair, that contrasts so strongly with the brown sugar heads and milk and water eyes of Northern Europe.

The idea is good; if moderation were not inculcated dressing would be expensive that few could afford to be present. In some cases economy is carried too far: I have heard of ladies being asked not to wear gloves.

The 'forked animal' affects a black coat and tie, the rest of the habiliment being white and so highly starched that the garments, like plate armour, would stand upright when empty: the effect may be imagined after a little hard exercise. Beau Brummell called it a magpie suit. Still, before dancing, it looks clean and becoming. The men did not much affect the doorway after the fashion of the England's Old and New. Yet they performed their saltations, which were all in the venerable and *banale* French style, with an abundant gravity—part of the national character. These Young World peoples are prematurely old. All the male dancers are juveniles, as they should be—what more horrid than to see grey hairs or bald heads dancing their Dance of Death? Unfortunately, not a few of their partners were liable to be called 'persons of a certain age.' Verily it is not pleasant to see hillocks in a ball-room skipping like little lambs.

The only gentleman who thought it necessary to apologise for the evening's entertainment was an English merchant, who wore a diamond pin stuck into his shirt-front, and who vilely hexasperated his aitches, converting the harbour into an arbour. He was married to a Brazilian wife, and he did not introduce me to her, as if ashamed of his taller half, which he had no reason to be. I was amused to hear him abuse a certain financial baron, as if we had no Colonel Waughs and Dean Pauls; to hear him sweepingly condemn the commercial rascality of the Brazilians, completely forgetting how many a British 'merchant prince' has made his fortune

by repeated bankruptcies. He evidently belonged to that class of Islander which looks upon Frenchmen as miserable frog-eaters; Germans, as poor devils with ne'er a fleet; Russians, as savages; Americans, as Yankee pedlars; Spanish and Portuguese, as a bad lot; Italians, as fiddlers and mountebanks; and Brazilians, as nothing—nowhere.

I saw but little of Anglo-Pernambucan society. With the exception of Mr. Hitch, an American gentleman, most favourably known in Brazil, who carried me off to his charming villa, no one called on me, and no one asked me to call. I made acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, also an American; and though disagreeing *toto celo* with him upon many parts of his book, I can testify to his kindness and readiness to oblige. On the other hand, the Brazilians were more than friendly. M. A. de Vasconcellos Menezes de Drummond, LL.D., whose noble blood (Portuguese and Scotch) has never been stained by a drop of negro impurity, introduced me to the faculty of law, and presented me with his various treatises.¹ I was pleased to hear this able lawyer, who had lately lectured upon the Brazilian constitution, strongly advocate in this new land the study of the European classical authors, as humanisers of thought and modellers of style. Dr. Vasconcellos, the health officer and editor of the *Jornal do Recife*, supplied me with abundant local information. Without the aid of these kind Samaritans my *séjour* at Pernambuco would have been sad. My countrymen, as a rule, showed off to the worst advantage; though, at last, one or two made apologies for neglecting a stranger. One man, more rustic and savage than the

rudest Tapuya of the woods, made a practice of scrutinising me as I sat solitary in the Consulate, stalling about the while, with the longest and wildest stare. As the old saying is, I can speak of things only as I find them, and I found the Brazilians civil and civilised, the Pernambucan English the reverse, quite!

Detached from the rest of the buildings and to the west of Palace Square, lies the theatre of Santa Isabel. It deals in the vernacular drama, and rarely boasts of an operatic company. This is the more curious, as Pernam is wealthy; and her people, like the Brazilians generally, are devotedly fond of music, and evince the true Mediterranean taste. Whilst painting and statuary are in the infancy of art, the piano is heard in almost every house; the peasant delights in the viola, a peculiar guitar, with metal strings; and the street-boys and slaves whistle the *Traviata* and *Orphée aux Enfers*. The national singing voice is good—in fine, I believe that Brazil will, in a few years, supply first-rate artistes to Europe. At Pernam, as in other cities of the empire, ladies must confine themselves to the boxes (*camerotes*) and not venture upon the stalls (*cadeiras* opposed to *geracs*): this is *rococo*, and the sooner it is abolished, the better.

We now cross the Pedro Segundo bridge, which Englishmen are fond of calling the Martineau. It was undertaken by the contractor Barão de Livramento, and was finished September 6, 1865, at an expense of 50,000*l.*, by Mr. William Martineau, an English engineer, settled here in Government employ. Built of boiler plates, resting on 12 tubular iron piles, it employs 1,500 tons of iron, and measures 585 feet in length by 41 wide. The system

¹ *Memoria Historica Academica*, Pernam, 1864; *Opusculo acerca da Questão Cambial*, Pernam, 1863. These are local works, but they deserve the attention of travellers, as expressing the opinions of an honest, energetic, able, and patriotic man.

is the trellis-work girder, and the total weight 2,530 tons. The centre way is paved with parallelepipeds of the finest granite, and the side paths are of brick. Ten pairs of lamps break the upper outline, and the blue paint has a good effect; but there is little of grace or beauty in engineers' architecture; the curve is by no means so satisfactory as in the old bridges, and it wants a point for the eye to rest upon. Might not here, as on the great Montreal tube, a statue be placed on each parapet and at the centre?

We are now in the Boa Vista quarter. The first object which draws attention is not pleasant to view. Gaunt and dark to our sight rises what should be the Gymnasio Provincial, with its 183 windows open to all the winds of heaven. It was to have been built from lottery proceeds; and though eight years old, it is now a black ruin. We drive up the right bank of the broad Beberibe, leaving to the left the iron-foundry and ice-shop of Mr. Starr, a Brazilianised Englishman, who works with slave-labour, and who sports three several flag-staffs. Then we turn inland, where the sandy cactus-loved soil, the cocoa and the frequent palm, the dense ragged bush, the little rain-stained bungalows, and the large 'compounds' forcibly suggest unsavoury Mazagon, Bombay. We pass an ordinary-looking *maison de santé*; the 'mad doctor' was once unknown in Brazil, but in 1842 Dr. Dundas, a Bahian practitioner, successfully predicted, in view of national excitement and increase of civilisation, 'the history of the next ten years will tell a different and a sadder tale.'

We must enter the great cemetery, known as the Santo Amaro,¹ which was opened on December 1, 1851. The general look is that of

the Lisbonese 'Prazeres.' The iron gateways are adorned outside with crown and mitre; inside with helmet and billycock hat. Upon the piers kneel bronze-coloured boys, with brass hair and wings to match. In the centre is a mortuary chapel of the Gothic persuasion, with spires mortally like minarets. From this building radiate the roads, which are now far too broad and sunny, and along them are built the monuments. Churches have been very properly closed against the dead; the latter here repose under monuments (*tumulos*) or catacombs (*catacumbas*), which are long, deep, low walls pierced with the oculi or niches which date probably from the Cave of Machpelah. The *jazigos* (memorials and resting-places) are chiefly from Portugal, and the best are in the worst style of Père la Chaise; even the medals of the deceased are mentioned upon their last houses, and coats-of-arms are awfully extensive. On the Dia dos Finados (All Souls' Day, the 2nd of November), pilgrimages are made to the dead. The vegetation has not yet had time to attain full dimensions, the beautiful pitango hedges however enclose goodly-sized acacias, nim-trees, tamarinds, with the wen-like nests of the 'cupine' ant, which like death can destroy any woods, native, creosoted, or kyanised, the queer-shaped tree called Pan d'Assis and the para-nut, locally named pistachio, whose red pods contain edible nuts richer in oil than any olive. The flowers are tropical and brilliant, yet the people seem to prefer their poor roses and ragged pinks. On the whole, however, the cemetery did not equal those of the United States, the most poetical, if not the only poetical spots in the land, and which contrast so strongly with the homely ignoble graveyards of rural England.

¹ The Portuguese name for St. Maurus, the disciple of St. Benedict; his fête is on the 15th of January.

We resume our way to the north upon a sandy line perfectly straight, at present ankle-deep, and after heavier rains knee-deep. Here is the British Naval Hospital, a local charity supported by a tax on shipping (240 reis per ton) and placed under a Government surgeon, Dr. Henry Krausé, a West Indian Dane, an assistant surgeon, Mr. Daniel King. Beyond it a shed rises from a flat field, where after rain cricket is played. The Brazilians muster strong at these displays, but the poor ladies must call the unpronounceable word 'crica.' On the right is the British cemetery, given by one of the Provincial Presidents, M. Francisco do Rego Barros, Visconde de Boa Vista; to his son, M. Henrique do Rego Barros I am indebted for great civility, and for a letter of introduction to the Viscount, now Governor of Rio Grande do Sul. This family dates, together with the Cavalcanti, from long before the days of Dutch invasion; both are historic names, the great patrician *gentes* of Pernambuco.

We are now upon the embankment, which running along the Beberibe river, is cut by water and soft to the animals' hoofs. The land about us is a swamp, all mud and foul mangrove, the latter scrubby like English alders, not the grand growth of the Biafran Bight. Here as elsewhere in the province herbaceous vegetation is scanty, except during the rains; now it veils the face of earth. *Convolvulus* climbs along the roadside, and a papyrus-like plant haunts the marsh. The river should evidently be banked on both sides from Olinda to Recife; a quantity of land would thus be reclaimed, the climate would be improved, and the harbour bar would be deepened. Then it would be easy to canalise Santo Antonio and Recife, where merchandise could be embarked at the warehouse door.

The palms muster strong here. There is the cocoa, said to be the only one of the family common to the Old and New Worlds, the barrugado or potbelly, whose central protrusion excels that of the Palmyra, and the tall cabbage palm of Barbadoes (*Euterpe edulis*, Mart.) whose terminal bud is a favourite food, by some compared with asparagus. But the monarch of all is the Cuban variety (*Oreodoxa regia*), justly called Palma Real. The eye lingers on these new forms. The three lower fourths of the stem are almost cylindrical, rounded smooth as if by the lathe, and lightly ringed as the fan palm, which they also resemble in the curve that suggested to the Greeks the fittest form for the column. The upper fourth is of a lively brilliant grass green springing out of the brown stem. It forms the sheath of the top stalk enclosing the future and the youngest leaf which now rises straight and stiff above the head-tuft of luxuriant fronds. Avenues of young trees are being planted in every Brazilian city, and surely nothing can be more beautiful—

Light bathes them eye in glancing showers,
And Silence, 'mid their lofty bowers,
Sits on her noiseless throne.

After a shower of cold drizzle the sun shines with fierce heat, and the air reminds one of the stagnation of Pernambuco that succeeded to light coolness of the Trades. On the left is the Leper House (*Hospital dos Lazaros*), a building of ecclesiastic semblance—as meet for Lazarus—white-washed and red-tiled. Opposite are cavalry stables in ruinous state: We cross the Gamboa da Tacaruna, a lagoon-like influent from the interior to the Biberibe river; its little bridge bears the same name, and a herd of half-wild cattle dashes down the causeway. Birds are rare, except a kind of motacilla, here called the washerwoman (*lavadera*); it is

tame as that of Dahome. Snipe abounds in the lowlands and bottoms, and the white residents, like Anglo-Indian juveniles, shoot them, all regardless of hot sun, wet feet, and marsh effluvia. Off the road were scatters of huts, mud walls, and tarnished thatch (*sipo*) of cocoa and other leaves; they are tenanted by squatters, regular swamp-birds. These people never touch bread, and rarely see meat; a few cocoa and a small fish per diem support them, and they spend life in the hammock—*noctu et interdum cubant*. My companion remarked that though children rising seven were common, few boys or girls between twelve and fourteen were seen; they rarely attain that age.

A little further to the left of the road is a pile of buildings called the Arrombados, or overflowed (burst by water); and beyond and connected with it rises a huge establishment, known as the orphanage (*Collegio dos Orfãos*), or the training-school (*Trem*). Here foundlings are brought up for the army; and the boys being between seven and eight years old, when placed in it, the mortality is not, as in Portugal, excessive. A stone marked 3,000 Brazilian fathoms (*braças*),¹ or about four miles, brought us to that exotic institution—a 'pike;' it is farmed out by Government, who otherwise would never see a 'dump.' On our left spread out a black mud swamp, once a lake, with remnants of summer-houses around it. We are now at the boat-port (*varadouro*); we cross a bridge of sluice gates which still admit small craft, and we find ourselves in Olinda, the *Citta Vecchia* of old Brazil, a City

of the Dead. The Beberibe turns off to the left; on its upper course is a bathing-place of the coolest water, whose mineral properties are supposed to heal mankind and to afflict womankind with the primeval curse.

Olinda, now a 'comarca, termo, municipio y cidade,'² was originally called the Villa de Marim, from a village of Tobagaran Indians; hence the old traveller Hans Slaade has it 'Marino.' The name is now forgotten. Situated one league north of Recife, it succeeded in 1535 the township of Iguarassu as a colony, the founder being Duarte Coelho Pereira, who expelled the aborigines. In March 10, 1530, he had been appointed by Dom João III. Governor and Lord Donatory of the captaincy, which was one of the original fourteen; and the grant was confirmed September 24, 1534. In 1593 Olinda was uselessly attacked by Sir James Lancaster, who, after plundering Recife, was beaten off with the loss of thirty-five men. In 1629 it was sacked by General Diderich Vandenburg, who found there 120 religious, 2,000 inhabitants, and 200 rich traders, of whom some possessed 50,000 cruzados. It had a Jesuit college, a nunnery, a misericordia, three convents—Benedictine, Carmelite, and Franciscan; two parish churches, of which one was very much admired; and five chapels (*ermidas*) in and around the town. When Count Maurice of Nassau became Governor of Brazilian Holland he gave the Pretty City for arms a damsel, sugar-cane in hand and admiring herself in a mirror. In 1631, the Dutch, finding the unequal ground hardly tenable against their foes,

¹ The Brazilian *braça* = 7.22 English feet.

² Each province of the Brazilian empire is divided for administrative purposes into *comarcas*, or cantons; *municípios*, or municipalities; and *districtos* (districts). For legal considerations there are *termos* (circuit towns), *delegações* (delegations), and *sub-delegaões*, where sub-delegates act as justices of the peace; and *districtos de paz*, under 'juges de paix,' who must not refuse to qualify. The ecclesiastical divisions are *parochias* or *freguezias* (parishes), and the agricultural and commercial are *circutos* (circles).

removed the town clock and other valuables to the Port Recife, which was the beginning of the end. When the Dutch evacuated Pernam in 1654 they burned all down 'except a single mud hovel, which remained unhurt, when houses, churches, and convents, were blazing all around.'

Don Alfonso VI., after recovering Brazil, entitled it a city, and in 1676 constituted it a bishopric.¹ Till 1710, when Recife was still a village, it preserved some splendour, and was still strong enough to oppose its rising and plebeian rival in her attempt to become a *villa* with a *camara*. But after the disastrous war of the *mascates*, it fell to rise no more. The public officers have lately been transferred to Recife, and now all is neglected. The botanical gardens, with the chalybeate spring and the fine avenue of mangoes, once so well known, are abandoned, and the climate threatens to become pestilential. Mr. Henry Gibson, an English merchant, now dead, bought much of the land for a mere song, and by draining the soil, soon made it comparatively healthy. If the improvement were carried out, this

would be a charming summer residence.

Marvellous descriptions are given of this Brazilian Goa in its old days of gold-washing, whose traces still remain. The town was walled round, and its gates had silver hinges. Those not served on plate were deemed poor. The women disdained silks and satins unless richly embroidered, and were jewelled as if pearls, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds had been strewn upon them. 'The place hardly appeared like earth; it seemed rather an image of Paradise, as far as opulence and dissipation could make it so.'

We left the carriage below; our mules could not ascend the steep grass-grown hill, and if unduly pushed, they punish you by an upset. This *calçada* is paved with gneiss and porous basalt from Lisbon and the Cape Verdes. There is also a soft granite and a sandstone with modern shells, friable, chippy, and easy to wear. Seeking the grave of the heroic 'Shrimp,'² we turned to the right, and entered the convent of St. Benedict, a tall building, which shows a fair mark at sea. In 1629 it was strongly fortified, and stoutly resisted the Dutch. The

¹ M. Honorato's guide-book divides the city of Olinda into two parishes—1. da Sé; 2. de San Pedro Martyr. It has five convents—1. of Santo Antonio and third order (in ruins); 2. N. S. do Carmo and third order (absurdly subject to the Chapter of the Bahian Convent); 3. San Bento; 4. Sta. Thereza (now the orphanage for girls); 5. the Jesuit and Episcopal Seminary. There is also a *Misericórdia*, with hospital, under charge of administration of the same name; San Pedro Apostolo, a *Recolhimento* of unprofessed nuns, with their church dedicated to N. S. da Conceição; and ten other churches, besides an *Aljube*, or ecclesiastical prison. Thus we find a score of ecclesiastical buildings large enough to lodge an army upon a square mile of ground. Books declare that Olinda contains 900 houses, 21 streets, and some suburbs; but almost all appear in a ruinous state. The last census gave 24,760 free inhabitants: I should say that the cipher ought certainly to be removed.

² The vernacular name of this hero of the War of Independence was 'Poty,' by the Portuguese translated Camarão, and he was subsequently baptized Antonio Phelipe. He appears to have been a Pytiguar from Ceará, although the Pernambucans claim him as a son of their soil. Philip IV. acknowledged his services as an 'invincible captain' by making him a Knight of the Order of Christ, with the title of Dom and the rank of Governor and Captain-General of all the Indians. His wife, D. Clara, who especially distinguished herself at the battle of Guararapes, used to fight by him on horseback so bravely that she 'tarnished the memory of Zenobia and Semiramis.' D. Antonio Phelipe Camarão died shortly after the battle of Guararapes, and was buried with high military honours in the church of Arraial, near the Ponte de Uchoã, and five miles from Recife. Southey (ii. 206) calls it 'Church of the Camp;' but *arraial* in Brazilian seems to mean a settlement generally.

present structure, as an inscription shows, dates from 1761; and here was the first legal library. Restored in 1860, S. Bento has a single belfry and a poor renaissance *façade*, washed, like its neighbours, painfully white, amid the dark verdure. Over the entrance grins a Sol, with gilt rays, spiky as a Cafuso's hair. The only things to be admired are the massive and well-carved wooden doors, painted arsenical green. Inside we found cloisters partly double, their white walls wainscoted below with red ochre. Not a sound replied to our voices, and probably the only inmate was some old priest who, after the dinner of sun-dried beef (*carne seca*), bean-soup and manioc meal (*farinha*), which travellers compare with leather and sawdust, had fallen asleep in his hammock. Desolation had made her home there. The church showed nothing remarkable but a barbarous, ghastly, horrible, representation of the crucifixion, all clotted gore and gaping gashes and livid bruises; this atrocious sensationalism has been borrowed by the Brazilians from their elder brethren of Iberia.

Thence going northwards we passed a house with a plain tympanum and symptoms of Ionic pillars and pilasters, the whole afflicted with red mange. It is Government property, as this inscription over the doorway proves:

N.º Administração
Do Ex.^{mo} Senhor Con-
selheiro Antonio Pin-
to Chix(orro da) Gama.¹

This was once the legal academy; in pursuance of an order issued in 1854, it was abandoned in the following year, and the library was transferred to Boa Vista. A single

mulatto stood at the door, glaring like a wild beast at us as we pencilled our notes. The rest of the visible population was an old woman gathering ipecacuanha, a Brazilian export sent in quantities from Bahia. She would boil the root and use it as ergot of rye.

Then, turning to the eastward, we descended and ascended by a rough path, cut out of the deep, dense bush. It was a tangled mass of the *purgueira* (*Jatropha curcas*), whose oil is here neglected; a dangerous nettle of the *Loasa* genus, called *cançanção*, the weakening, from its savage sting; a kind of senna, and the *cordon de frade*, a plant used in Brazil, as in Africa, to narcotise fish. The shrubbery around us was very beautiful, dark woods coeval with the ground; tufted palms, growing rather in heaven than on earth; vast domes of mangoes, with impervious shade; the wide-spreading jacaranda, densely covered with great panicles of beautiful azure blossoms; tall jacks; giant-leaved bananas; the wide-spreading bombax; the graceful acacia, and the Persian almond, luxuriant as on the coast of Zanzibar. The fruit-trees were paled round, and the goats and pigs, large, black, and half wild, were prevented from trespassing by wooden triangles of sticks round their necks.

After a pull which must be tiresome to delicate devotees, we reached the Sé (cathedral), and from its brick terrace, raised some 300 feet above sea-level, we enjoyed the lovely view and the cool sea-breeze (*viracão*). Below us the bay swept with a graceful curve to the lumpy Cape St. Augustine, about thirty miles to the south,² and its foaming

¹ A Chichorro da Gama was Provincial President in 1847, and laid the first stone of the Pedro Segundo Hospital at Pernambuco.

² On Jan. 28, 1500, the Spaniard, Vincent Gañez Pinzon of Palos, a companion of Columbus, touched at Cape St. Augustine, which he thought was India. On April 21 of the same year, 90 days after the Spaniard's discovery, Pedro Alves Cabral, a Portu-

brink seemed higher than the green morass inland. The pure yellow sand of the shore was dotted with huts and cots of faded green cocoa leaves for bathers, who flock here in December, January, and February: the sheds are often blown away by the stormy SSE. winds which twist the tall trees to leeward.

At the further cusp of the crescent rose the city, white as distant Sebastopol, with its spires and turrets unstained by a breath of smoke, whilst behind it the waters of the sister rivers broadened out and held it in their arms. Further back, and crossed by a straight white line—the embanked road—lay the *varzen*, or fertile plain, upon whose eastern edge the city of Pernambuco lies: a semicircle of low rolling tree-clad hills, whose radius is about ten miles, denoted the limits of the Reconcave.¹

The scene forcibly reminded me of Bathurst and Cape St. Mary; but where are my good Moslem friends, the Mandengos?

We descended the hill into one of the most populous parts, where here and there a hut peeped from the 'bush.' Almost all had lighted lamps and saints hanging from the walls, even when the owners appeared half starving. The women were throwing their bobbins about and making pillow-lace. The stronger and coarser kinds are used for edging towels, pillow slips, sheets, toilette-covers, table-napkins, mosquito-nets, and so forth. The patterns are simple long strips of card, stuck by pins, and with a sketch of the thicker lines required in the pattern: the

filling up is left to the taste and ingenuity of the maker. It appears, also, that one must acquire a taste for this article. It forms an indispensable item in the Brazilian dress. A European woman will not wear it, until a few years' residence in the country has taught her to appreciate its value. The finer kinds of lace are extremely expensive, and are used for pocket handkerchiefs, sleeves, collars, jackets, and babies' toilettes.

Ascending another hill—for in this abrupt and picturesque scenery the surface is all up and down—we entered another white-washed 'steeple-house.' It was evidently the Seminario Episcopal, as the priestlings lolling in black robes, white socks, and gaudy slippers against the door-posts proved. This was the famous Jesuit College founded by the apostolic Nobrega, at the age of eighteen, and where the eloquent Vieyra lectured on rhetoric, and delivered those classic commentaries which perished in the Civil War. Walking upstairs we found the Principal in comfortable rooms, furnished with books and breviaries, American rocking-chairs, and such French prints as St. Sebastian quilled over with arrows. He courteously shook hands, assured us that the 'Shrimp' was not buried in Jesuit ground, but that aught more he knew not. 'O descuido e o tempo nos roubão o nome.' This stage of civilisation cares mighty little for the past.

Retracing our steps, we passed the Recolhimento, another white-washed church with two pyramidal steeples. The door was closed, as in Portugal generally, after 9 a.m.;

guese commander, lost his way to India, and discovered Mount Pascual, south of Cape St. Augustine.

Curious to say, the Brazilian historians of modern as of ancient date, wholly ignore Pinzon. Were they Portuguese proper we might understand the reason, but they hate the Portuguese. Surely one's enemy's enemy should be one's friend!

¹ 'O Reconcavo de Pernambuco' is the phrase used by Fray Raphael de Jesus. Here, however, *reconcavo*, like *manaluco*, is a word unknown: the former is applied to the environs of Bahia; those of Pernambuco are called the *varzen*.

and over it a deep balcony, lined with Dutch tiles (*azulejos*), bore the following suggestive inscription:—

O Cometa Liais foi descob. d'aqui
Fever. 26, 1860.

When this celebrated meteor, through whose tail London passed and unexpectedly caught cold, showed at Pernam, people concluding that the world was at its end, left off eating—the reverse would have been the sensible thing—and humiliated themselves, carrying about crosses and candles. Poor comet! how managed it to frighten the world—British as well as Brazilian? Poor human nature, that can still consider even comets created for its own use!

We then visited the now deserted Misericórdia, and observed that the roda or foundling wheel would not turn. The terrace of a neighbouring white chapel showed us a charming view of a gorge-like valley, as nobly wooded as the shores of the Tangonyika lake, deep and cool, and commanded northwards by the Monte, a tall solitary shrine, where on the last day of the year a great and jolly festival is celebrated by devout people from every quarter. Hearing organ sounds in São Francisco, we entered the shady cloisters, and enjoyed certain pictures on blue tiles, representing the saintly life and sundry wrestlings with a fanciful biped, two-horned and long-tailed. Presently a handsome young monk, one of the two surviving, civilly joined us, and introduced himself in French as the Padre Lonza Gomes. He pointed out a brick tomb in the cloisters and seriously told us that many miracles had been performed by the priestly clay there buried, and when we asked why a monument had not been built, he replied solemnly that the grave had been opened and yet no bones were found.

He then led us to the sacristy, which commands a fine view of the sea, and showed us some wonderful furniture—a screen, a chest of drawers, and a table of jacaranda and paysandu woods. The former, despite its extreme hardness, had been cut and carved in high relief by some forgotten ecclesiastic, and its wonderfully bright polish had not been tarnished by time. The frescoes and paintings in the holy building would have disgraced a pot-house. The young monk sent us in search of Camarão to the wretched little church of S. Sebastião, at the bottom of the Calçada, where our trap was standing. We then shook hands and departed.

Down a hill and over black swampy ground, we went to the Carmo, half of which had fallen. In the interior, a white room, with gold altar, there was high mass (*missa cantata*), although it was 1 p.m. The mulatto congregation showed little curiosity. The women in black dresses, with triangles of laced kerchief apex downwards veiling their heads, squatted on the floor, and a few men were standing behind, whilst a dissonant band performed operatic music. Opposite the carmo was a shabby old bungalow, decorated on August 12, 1865, in great pomp, with a tablet:—‘House in which lived and died Toão Fernandes Vieira, restorer of Pernambuco. The Pernambucan Archæological and Geographical Institute ordered, in August 1865, this commemoration stone to be engraved.’

I was much refreshed, dear A****, by this ‘outing.’ House-life was becoming very wearisome. We returned *au galop* through the bright evening air, and greatly admired Pernambuco by gaslight.

I am, yours, &c.,

RICHARD F. BURTON.

Pernam: July 30, 1865.