

RIO DE JANEIRO.

RIO is a picturesque place; it would be so merely from its surroundings; even the odd jumble of ancient and modern buildings has a certain fitness under the other odd jumble of crooked mountains. Within the city limits there are lesser hills and rocks not a few; some of these are surmounted by convents or churches, or irregular clusters of houses. The streets climb over the mountain-sides, and end nowhere.

Our boatman lands us in the city; the sunshine is a trifle too warm even at this early hour; but you must expect all sorts of weather at Rio. So we put up our umbrellas and walk over to the Rua Primeira de Março. There is nothing essentially tropical about this part of the city, unless it be the tile roofs and the hintings of early Portuguese-Brazilian architecture. That square edifice on our left is the Department of Agriculture and Public Works. It is one of the few government buildings that show something like artistic taste; for Brazilian architecture just now is in a transition stage, characterized by nothing but tawdriness and a poor attempt to imitate the French; I like better the substantial old buildings, which are plain but have a character of their own.

At the upper end of the street there are two or three churches of uncertain architecture,—the Imperial Chapel, commenced by the Benedictine Brothers in 1761, but only concluded during the early part of the present century; and The Igreja do Carmo, built from 1758 to 1770. Farther on is the new post-office, much more showy but far less artistic than the agricultural building. For the rest there are rows of warehouses and offices; buildings three or four stories high, and very plainly finished.

On the street corners there are gayly painted and decorated pagodas called *kiosques*; where groups of laborers are gathered, and where they get their coffee and lunch, and discuss the probabilities of the lottery in which their savings are often invested.

The two extremes of Rio commercial life are represented by the Rua Primeira de Março and the adjacent market. Rua Primeira de Março is the banking and commission-house center. It runs near the water-front. The road-way is broad and well paved; the buildings, for the most part,

dingy and respectable; the counting-rooms rather dark. It might be a down-town street in New York, only there is not so much bustle. On the whole, it is as untropical as possible. You get the impression of a quiet, but thriving, business. In the counting-houses you see clerks writing at long desks. The money brokers pass foreign gold and silver over their tables, in exchange for Brazilian notes. The banks are never thronged; a few people come and go noiselessly; the bank people take their own time, and the waiting ones do not fret and fume. The commission and importing business, on this and other streets, is largely carried on by English and German firms; but there are some Brazilian and a few French and American houses. These large firms—some of them as old as the century—are the strength of Brazilian com-



RUA PRIMEIRA DE MARÇO.

merce, almost every shop-keeper in the country being more or less directly dependent on them.

The market is twenty rods off, by the water side. It is a great square building, with slight architectural pretensions. On the land side there is a small square, where the fruit-women congregate in force and make the air hideous with their jabbering. Large docks or basins are walled in from the bay; there the market-boats unload their cargoes of fish and vegetables. The city possesses two or three other markets, but most of the fishing-boats come to this one. In the morning the basins are crowded with them, making as odd a jumble as you will find about Rio; the waters near the city furnish an astonishing variety of fish, edible crustacea and mollusks. The fishermen crowd and jam one another in their efforts to reach the shore, but they are good-natured enough about it. We miss the Indian faces of the Pará market, most of these boatmen being mulattoes or black-bearded Portuguese. The fishing-boats are broad and heavy, with an occasional round-bottomed narrow dug-out canoe, as different as possible from the Amazonian ones; the paddle is long, and lance-shaped, and is used on the two sides alternately; the canoes themselves being very crank.

The main market-building and the smaller one behind it are partitioned off into passage-ways and stalls much as in the Fulton and Washington markets. Beside these there is a court with stalls on each side, and stands in the middle; fruit dealers, turbaned negresses, seated under huge white umbrellas; poultry sellers with their great arched baskets of doomed chickens and ducks obtruding stupid heads and remonstrating after their fashion; trays of fish and flesh and vegetables; bunches of greens mingled with golden oranges, and pine-apples in glorious array; a combined odor of fish and fruit, with hints of fifty other things, not always pleasant; a mingling of noises, like a school-room at play, with that negro click, click, rising over all; a confusion of figures that ever change and are always picturesque.

The more practical side is disappointing; the market is not well ordered, and everything is abominably dear. One can understand this in regard to the fish, for the fisheries are not rich, however great the variety of products may be, but it is difficult to understand why oranges and pine-apples, sweet potatoes and onions, should cost three times as much as in New York. Time was when the demand at Rio was well and cheaply filled from market gardens around

the head of the bay; but what with the seductions of coffee-raising, and the rush into speculation that followed the Paraguayan war, these gardens have been abandoned, and the city looks for supplies to distant villages and plantations.

In front of the main building the produce is sold as it comes in from the country; and



A NARROW STREET.

here the peculiar volubility of the market-men finds fullest scope. Very little of the produce goes to the market itself, the larger part being taken by street hawkers, of which there is a small army at Rio. The hawkers are almost the only men in Rio who appear to be in a hurry; they pass through the streets at a dog-trot, never stopping unless summoned with the peculiar *psstsch*, that universal unwritable word of the Portuguese language. We can observe them to advantage on the fashionable Rua do Ouvidor. The shops are usually small for a place of 350,000 inhabitants, though very numerous. In this street they are really artistic, and there is no lack of plate-glass or showy signs. The windows might be in Paris or New York, with the exception of two or three which are bright with feather-flowers and pinned butterflies, a not unimportant branch of Rio commerce. Prices are high here, as in the markets, and the quality of the goods is poor.



FRUIT AND CAKE SELLER.

The Ouvidor is only a narrow alley like most of the streets in this part of the city. Besides the shops, coffee-rooms open upon the pavement, and there are two or three picture galleries with execrable paintings. On the whole the Ouvidor is lively and pleasant. In the evening it is brilliant; in carnival time and periods of public rejoicing, the arches of gas jets overhead are all lighted and the street is crowded for half the night; promenaders saunter indifferently on the sidewalks or in the roadway.

From the Ouvidor we turn through the

Rua Quitanda toward the northern part of the city, where the docks and great warehouses lie. The streets are narrow, for the most part, and not very clean. Here, during the sickly season, the yellow fever gathers in its victims by scores. The disease usually begins with the boatmen; one hears of occasional deaths in December and January; in March and April, when the weather is warm and oppressive, the disease is at its height, and includes the whole city. Foreigners from the North are especially liable to its attacks; almost every year some prominent American or Englishman is carried off. From July until January, there need be no fear of yellow fever in Brazil, except, possibly, in Pará. In truth, if sanitary regulations were properly enforced, the disease would never gain force. The real cause of its appearance is the filthy condition of the streets and the imperfect sewerage. Yet these narrow and dirty streets are not without their picturesque aspects. Some of

the older buildings date back two centuries, and exhibit, in its perfection, the architectural peculiarities of the earlier colonial times. The Portuguese colonists built solidly of stone and cement in the manner of the mother country, and after two hundred years the walls and tile roofs are as good as ever, only the whitewash has been softened down with black mold until every tower and cornice is a delight to the eye. Strangely in contrast are the modern dresses and the horse-cars that pass through every street. The low trucks and half-naked negro coffee-carriers are more in keeping with



CHARCOAL SELLER.

these moldy walls, albeit the buildings speak rather of repose than of active commercial life. We see a most modern-looking coffee-packing establishment on the ground floor of what might have been a viceroy's palace, or a colonial prison.

Farther on, there are the Pedro Segundo docks, where all except very heavy draught ships can take in cargo directly from the wharf. These docks, lately finished, have become exceedingly popular with shippers. They are handsomely ornamented, but with the Brazilian tendency to extravagance of decoration in public works. But these streets and docks might be in Baltimore, or New York; the characteristic places are on the outskirts. Rio is a great sprawling, shapeless city; the main business part is indeed quite compact, but beyond it sends spider-like prolongations along the shores on either side and back among the picturesque valleys, to the very foot of the Corcovado and Tijuca. Perhaps the prettiest of these suburbs is Botafogo. It is built beside one of those picturesque bays that open into the harbor of Rio; a placid stretch of clear water, with rocky headlands here and there, a broad sand-beach, and the sugar-loaf rock in the background. Some years ago an enterprising American, conceived the idea of uniting this place with the Ouvidor by a street railway; at that time people who did not keep a carriage were obliged to ride in dirty, crowded omnibuses, or to go on foot. The Yankee idea was received with about equal favor and opposition; it was, however, carried out, and now the Botafogo line is probably the finest of its kind in the world; the stock is three or four hundred per cent. above par, and not to be had at that. Since this one was built, street railroads have risen in favor: many other lines are in operation, but none so successful as the first.

In Botafogo, nearly all the houses are of the better class, though the architecture is sufficiently confusing. But the glory of the place is its crown of gardens; stately tropical gardens, with avenues of royal palms, and gorgeous flowering shrubs, and dark-leaved, densely foliaged trees. A raven-haired splendid tropical belle is Botafogo, reclining there under the Corcovado,

and gazing at herself in the quiet waters of the bay.

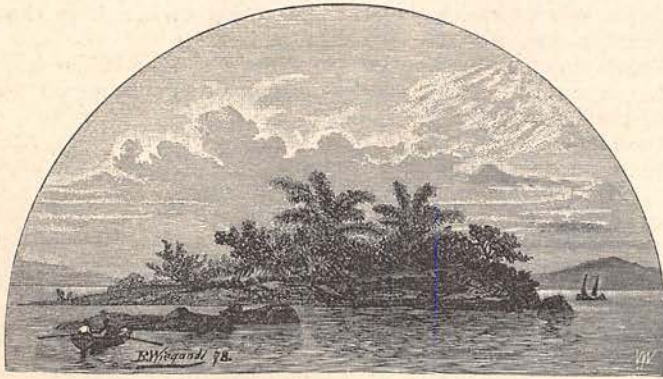
What a glorious harbor it is! a clear approach, an unobstructed entrance, wide



POULTRY SELLER.

enough, but not too wide, and fifty square miles of anchorage ground within. I have been with matter-of-fact men—phlegmatic ones—who grew enthusiastic when they passed the sentinel Sugar-loaf Rock, and saw this splendid bay for the first time. It is not alone the mountains,—those are strange and grand, rather than beautiful,—but the rocky points, the picturesque side-bays, the green hills and islands, the nooks and by-places and glens. Away beyond the city the blue water stretches almost to the base of the Organ Mountains,—land of purple romance, where jagged rocks are all melted and dissolved in the soft haze, and you see nothing but the outlines, with the finger-like *Dedo de Deus* at one end of the range.

Rocks on either side are of no insignificant size. There is the conical Sugar-loaf at the entrance of the bay—a mass 1,200 feet high; beyond the city, a huge cluster, with the Corcovado and Tijuca rising above it. Farther back, the Gavia and

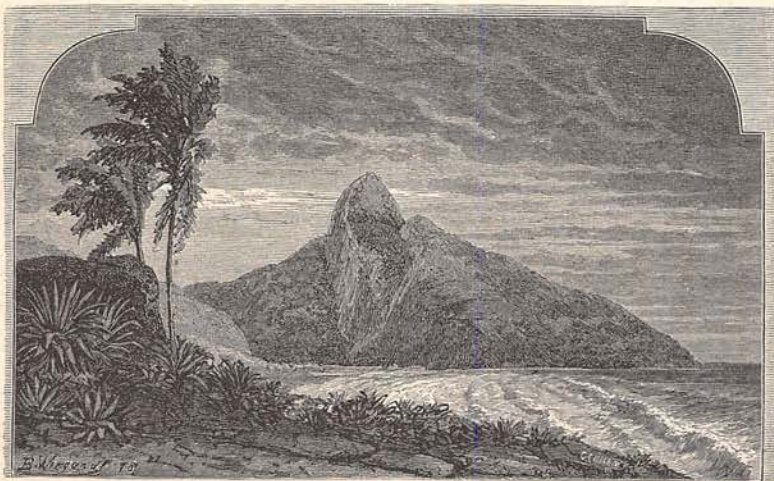


UP THE BAY.

Tres Irmãos; across the bay other clusters, not so high, but everywhere with abrupt hills and precipices of the purple-brown gneiss. Even the water is not free from these peaks; there are rocky islands here and there, some of them crowned with buildings,—forts, naval store-houses, convents. Riding at anchor in the bay are monitors—expensive toys of the Brazilian government—and gun-boats and war steamers; English ships, French, Portuguese, German,—rarely one that carries the American flag. Everybody knows that American ships sail under English colors; during the war they were forced to do so as a protection against privateers, and since then our stupid laws have kept them under what is essentially a false flag; for the ship may belong to Americans, may be commanded and armed by Americans, may trade, for example, only between the United States and Brazil, and

yet there are the colors that proclaim her English nationality. The explanation lies here: For the last fifteen years a large portion of our American ships have been built in Nova Scotia, because the cost is less than at home. Now a Nova Scotia built ship cannot legally be the property of a citizen of the United States; therefore it is registered in the name of some real or supposed Englishman in Nova Scotia who, in truth, has nothing at all to do with it; the captain passes a required examination of the English Board of Trade, and so the ship is placed under the English laws. Ship-masters like this because of the superiorities of the English consular system and the protection afforded by English laws.

Once a month, however, the United States flag may be seen flying at the stern of the finest steamers that enter this port. I am not acquainted with Mr. John Roach,



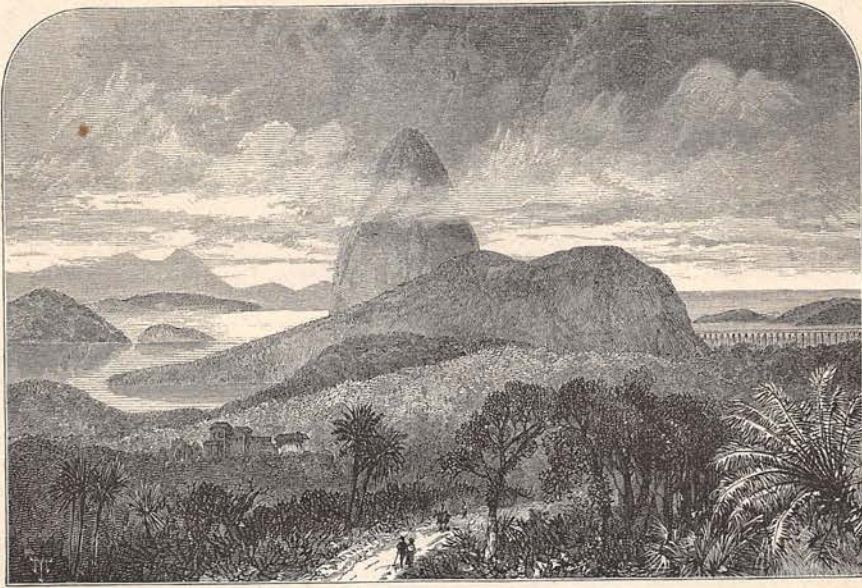
THE SUGAR-LOAF, FROM THE WEST.

but I heartily admire the plucky spirit he showed in building two such magnificent ships for the Brazilian trade.

Ever since the Centennial year our newspapers have been full of glowing articles on the South American empire, and the immense commercial field that is open to us there. Long columns of statistics have shown us that the value of our importations from Brazil reaches \$45,000,000, and of our

ered in Rio or the Feejee Islands cheaper than English and German goods, and placed in the market under equal advantages, there can be no earthly doubt that the Rio or Feejee merchants will buy of us rather than of our European neighbors.

Having read some glowing account of those countries, Jenkins, representing several American manufacturers, arrives at Rio or the Feejee Islands, with samples of



SUGAR-LOAF, FROM THE SOUTH.

exports to that country only \$7,000,000 ; while England sends \$45,000,000 worth to Brazil, and takes only a small part of her products. Why, it was asked, do we not pay for Brazilian goods with American goods? And the questioner clinched the argument by showing that we could manufacture many articles cheaper than Europe. "Behold," cried these gentlemen, "a country where Americans can make money—a commercial paradise." And forthwith a crowd of young adventurers rushed to Brazil with samples of American goods. But by and by they came trooping back with long faces; after two years we cannot see that our exports to Brazil have increased in any very surprising degree; and yet the figures were all right and the argument most convincing.

I think we may set it down as a commercial axiom that people will buy where they can buy cheapest, all other things being equal. So, if American goods can be deliv-

goods. He brings letters, of course, to prominent American merchants, who, having seen fifty men fail, and knowing in advance that Jenkins will fail also, receive him politely. He visits the house of Pereira and Carvalho, and exhibits samples of goods. These gentlemen are old customers of Brown & Co., English merchants, and though it is true that Jenkins can undersell that house, yet our native firm prefers to continue at present with these established friends. Perhaps they are somewhat involved with Brown & Co. and so could not change if they would. They will be glad to see Mr. Jenkins at some future time. Or again, he has goods which might do for the West Indian trade, but were clearly never intended for Brazil or the Pacific Islands; consequently they are not wanted at any price. Finally, Jenkins is probably on his first voyage; Portuguese and Feejee are alike unknown tongues to him; all his eloquence is lost on people who cannot under-



WATER-CARTS OF RIO.

stand him, and his goods remain unsold. Jenkins canvasses vainly, and becomes discouraged; his board bill is running up (he is certain to have taken rooms in the most stylish hotel), and worse than all, he finds that there are established American merchants who can sell as cheaply as he can; so after a month or two he packs up his trunks and goes home, light in pocket, sad in heart. Jenkins says that Brazil and the Feejee Islands are humbugs, and he thirsts for the blood of all newspaper correspondents.

If American manufacturers wish to push their wares in Brazil, they will do well to take a lesson from the English houses. English manufacturers employ resident commission merchants at Rio, or very often they have branch houses. Young boys are sent out from London to be educated to the foreign business; they enter these established houses as clerks, readily learn Portuguese, and become accustomed to the details of Brazilian trade before they take more responsible positions. Eventually these boys become partners in the house; they either take charge of the Rio branch, or they return to England with a thorough knowledge of the necessities of Brazilian trade, so that they can adapt their business of manufacture to it.

At present it is not probable that our manufacturers will venture to establish branch houses in Brazil, though it would

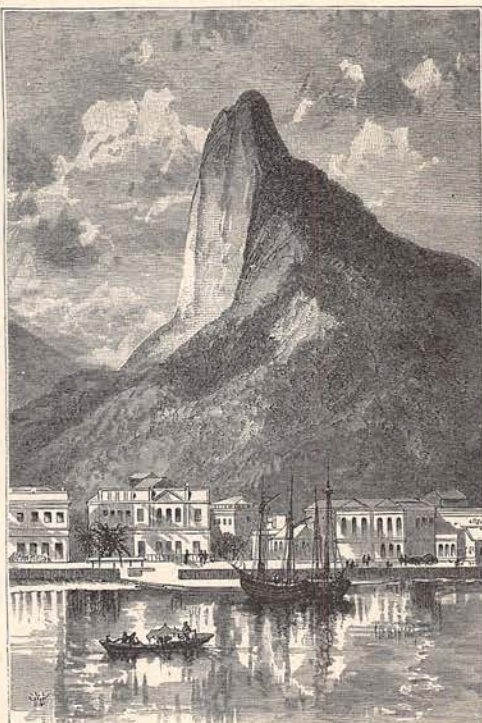
be precisely the wisest course; only the profits would be little or nothing for the first year or two, until the firm was well established. Such branch houses have the advantages that they save the commission on goods, and, being directly responsible, can be trusted even for large orders; besides, they can make their own prices suited to the market, and they can have stock on hand for immediate delivery when required. I believe that such a house established, let us say, by one of our cotton manufacturers, would be almost certain to make its way. But if this cannot be done, at least the services of established commission merchants may be obtained, allowing them liberal terms, and even a certain latitude as to prices; or if young men are sent to Brazil, it should be with the intention of keeping them there on salary; they should have time to study the language, and to study the Brazilian trade as well. Manufacturers should adapt their goods to the Brazilian market, and in order to do that, they should take the judgment of men old in the trade. For instance, the Brazilian merchants demand a certain width and length in cloths. American manufacturers can make them as well as the English and French, and will have to do it if they wish to compete with them.

There is another very grave matter to which it is well to call the especial attention of our manufacturers. Large quantities of

cheap and spurious goods are thrown upon the Brazilian market as American. The evil is a double one: first-class goods are driven out of the market, and honest manufacturers get an evil reputation. The Brazilian retail merchant buys these imitation goods with a perfect knowledge of their worthlessness, because he knows that he can sell them to his own advantage. I see no way but for our manufacturers to place in the Brazilian market an inferior grade of goods, *marked as such*, but which will yet be better than the worthless foreign things that are sold at the same price. That would drive the imitations out, and preserve our reputation as well. I have heard the complaint over and over again, "American articles are too good for the Brazilian market." An Amazonian trader, for instance, buys English prints because he can get them for seven cents per yard. It matters little to him that the goods are half starch; they are glossy and pretty to look at, and he can sell them to advantage to his Indian and mulatto customers. Why should he pay nine cents for American prints, though he knows they are far stronger and better? But there are grades of American prints that can be delivered in Pará for seven cents per yard, or even six cents, all duties paid. Filled with starch, and smoothed out, they would sell as well as the English ones, if the patterns were well chosen. They would pass for what they are—inferior grades; and if Brazil demands these inferior grades, there is no reason why we should insist on selling her higher ones; only let us have no false pretenses.

There are few manufactories in Brazil, and these do not fill one-tenth of the demand for goods; consequently there is an immense import trade, and to the original cost must be added heavy duties as well as freight. The question arises whether Americans could not establish manufactories in Brazil and thus save themselves duties. In some few instances they might do so with profit; but, in general, the goods made could not compete with foreign ones. The cost of building and carrying on a factory of any kind would be very great in Brazil, both from the import duties on material and the lack of skilled labor. Foreign manufacturers are content with small profits, because their sales are large and rapid, and they can almost always undersell a Brazilian manufacturer, whose operations must necessarily be small and slow. There are a few cotton factories in the country, all of them depending for their support on government aid. Iron foundries

have been established in most of the coast cities, but only for irregular work, repairing and the like. Paper-making might pay well, especially if some of the native fibers could be utilized in this way. Cotton rags could be obtained, I think, as they are in the United States, by means of small traders: as it is, they all go to waste. Glass-making also is worthy of consideration; so, possibly, is type-founding, copper-founding, furniture-making, and so on. Small manufactories of soaps, candles, various oils and so forth have done very well. But to ordinary mechanics I can give only one kind of advice, that is: stay away from Brazil unless you are paid to go there, or have money enough to keep you idle for a year or two; even then think long before you decide to leave the United States. It is not that skilled labor is not needed here,—it is, sadly; but a vast number of clumsy workmen drive it out of the market; a mechanic could establish himself only after long and patient waiting;



BOTAFOGO AND THE CORCOVADO.

he would have to master the language, learn the peculiar service demanded of him, and, after all, his family would be deprived of society; he himself must submit to be looked down upon as one of an inferior

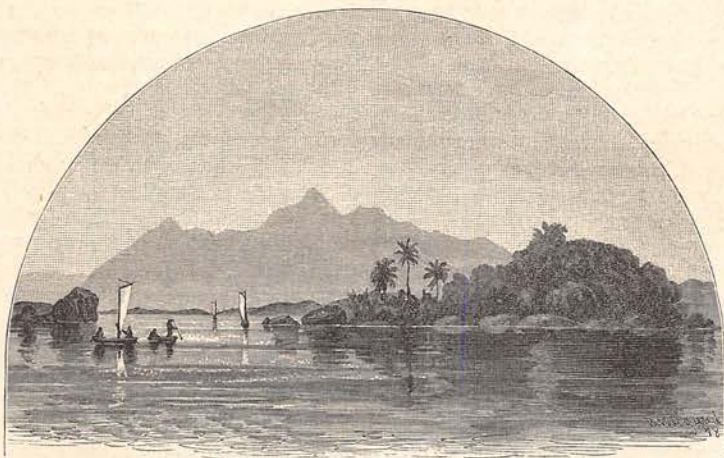
class, by men who are intellectually and morally beneath him; and finally, living expenses (at Rio de Janeiro) are very high, and payment for his work none of the most secure. In nine cases out of ten a poor man will make more money in the United

States than in Brazil. American capital and labor have a chance here,—American labor alone, none at all in the southern provinces of Brazil, and little enough in the northern ones. Finally, no one should start in any Brazilian business without a careful study of the ground, not from books, but from personal observation.

Business in Brazil is fatally hampered by long credit, with its attendant evil, large profits. Each retail purchaser pays, in addition to the value of his goods, for money that has been lying idle for twelve or eighteen months. Of late the workings of the long credit system have been still further complicated by an unstable paper currency. Some of the Rio merchants have made efforts to do away with this nefarious system, but with no success, simply because it is so deeply rooted; half the retail houses in Rio would be ruined if they were obliged to take short credit or buy for cash. Indeed, the credit system runs through everything; it cripples agriculture as well as commerce; it extends even to the forests and rivers. In the central provinces the sugar and cotton plantations are often loaded down with debt; and around Rio many coffee-growers are hopelessly entangled. Yet the rotten fabric holds together somehow; failures, though common, are not nearly as numerous as might be supposed.

Generous nature gives so freely that each year sees the building patched up and freshly painted, to all appearance as good as new.

In Brazil, the proportion of really refined,



TIJUCA FROM THE BAY.

educated families is very much smaller than in the United States: too small as yet to exercise much influence over the country at large. When you meet with such families you find a social life differing very little from that to which we are accustomed at home. But in the main, Rio society is a bad imitation of the Parisian; there is a deal of truth in the boastful title which the people have given to their city—"Paris in America." French fashions, French literature, French philosophy, French morals are diffused throughout the educated circles; though, by the influence of old bigoted Portuguese ideas, all this is modified by strong class distinctions which the French have got rid of. Altogether, Rio social life is in a most chaotic condition, and it is not likely to mend greatly at present. What can we expect of a city where marriage is looked upon as a matter of convenience, and women are only grown-up children. I wish I could speak better of the place; but I know of no other city where vice is so brazen-faced, so repulsively prominent as at Rio, in spite of many honorable exceptions. It would not be fair to judge other Brazilian cities by Rio, since this, like all capital cities, is peculiarly a center of vice; Pernambuco, for instance, is immensely better; in truth almost any other place in Brazil will compare favorably in private morals

with the metropolis. It is certainly a dark picture; but family life at Rio has a brighter side. As among all the other Latin nations, the affection that is wanting between man and wife is lavished by both upon their children; and when the boys and girls are grown the debt is amply repaid. It is beautiful to see the pride and joy of a Brazilian in his white-haired father. Careful, loving arms guide the old man to his seat in the evening sunshine; quick, youthful feet are ready to supply his every want; the younger ones come in for his blessing and to kiss his aged hand, and strangers are brought to pay

the orthodox ones at home, but of course with all the glitter and show of the Catholic church; theaters with actors, for the most part indifferent or bad, but sometimes very good.

The population of Brazil may be divided into four classes. Of the upper one I have already spoken. The second class includes the peddlers, the small shop-keepers, petty eating-house keepers, and finally all mechanics. These men are mostly Portuguese immigrants, sometimes white or half-breed Brazilians; they work hard to keep themselves above the common laborers, whom they look down upon; but they never

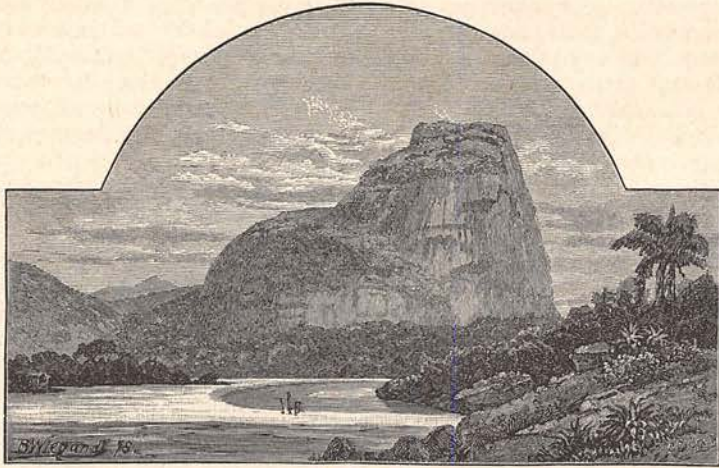


THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS.

their respects to him, as he sits there in his halo of patriarchal glory.

So Rio life goes on with its mingling of good and ill: the ill sadly near the surface, it must be said; the good, perhaps, hidden from sight; and over all is the frosting of French politeness. I can lounge in the cafés and get myself interested in the lively conversation about me; my neighbor lights his cigarette by mine, touches his hat and is quite ready to answer questions. I can saunter through the Passeio Publico garden of an evening, listening to the music and watching the family groups, or the students strolling about the gravel walks and exhibiting themselves. It is a pretty place, this garden; the people are proud of it, and indeed it would be an ornament to any city, with its stately palms and noble old trees. There is a marble-paved promenade fronting the bay, and any fine evening you may find hundreds of idlers here from the pleasure-loving city: people neatly and quietly dressed after the French fashion, conversing in low tones, and politely making way for each other in their walk. There are parties and balls, ceremonious dinners, and quiet tea-drinkings; even church fairs, oddly like

aspire to the magnificence of the privileged class. With this lower stratum, education means nothing beyond reading, writing and keeping accounts, but even that is enough to secure the respect of the *sans-culottes*, who very often cannot even read. Besides, there is the added dignity of proprietorship; the owner of a street-corner pagoda, who sells coffee and lottery-tickets at his window, is a superior being to the porter or boatman or even the cartman, who may buy his lunch there. Society does not recognize this mechanic-peddler class as a factor in her civilization; but who shall say that it will always be so; for, are not the unrecognized elements in society forever baffling political foresight? Perhaps, after all, South America needs a revolution. Not a horizontal one: surface whirlpools of political strife, that only serve to engulf some hapless hundreds or thousands—the world is surfeited with those now. A good, honest, vertical revolution it should be; one to bring stronger elements to the top and engulf forever the old, diseased ones. Brazilians are expiating, not only the sins of their fathers, but also their own. Society here was unsoundly constituted in the first instance; it is not the fault, but



THE GAVIA.

the misfortune, of the educated class that they are separated from those below them. I do not mean to say that the mechanics and shopkeepers are better, as a class, than the merchants and gentlemen; they are ignorant and dirty and degraded; that is obvious enough to any stranger. But their work gives them brawn, and their poverty protects them, in a measure, from certain kinds of immorality. Physically, they are the superiors of the upper class; mentally, they might equal them, if they had a chance.

Rather a negative element is the stratum next below them—the free laborers. In this class I include, not only the porters and cartmen and market-men of Rio and the other cities, but all peasants of Brazil, whether it be the *matuto* of Pernambuco, or the Arab-like *sertanejo* vagabond of Ceará, or the Indian of the Amazons; stationary people, who work only when they have to, and never accumulate property. A revolution is not likely to change their condition materially; they would take part in it only as tools of their betters, and when the turmoil was ended they would subside, by dead weight, to their old position. This negative class must exist in every country; only individuals can climb out of it and make men of themselves. In Rio, this third class is made up of Portuguese and free negroes; the latter probably the more intelligent; certainly they are more honest. There are boatmen and cartmen, porters waiting for work at every street corner, hawkers of fish and fruit and poultry; thousands who have no regular employment, but pick up their living by doing "odd jobs." Our bootblacks and newsboys and street Arabs gen-

erally might belong to this class; the 'long-shoremen would be a grade above it. Certainly the Rio vagabonds are lower, both in intelligence and morals, than the Amazonian Indians, and in the matter of cleanliness the Indian is greatly the superior.

So we come to the fourth and lowest class in Brazil—the slaves. The class that originated in barbarism and selfishness; the class which Brazil, for very shame, is trying to get rid of, but whose influence will curse the children with the sins of the fathers for many dreary years.

I came to Brazil with an honest desire to study this question of slavery in a spirit of fairness, without running to emotional extremes. Now, after four years, I am convinced that all other evils with which the country is cursed, taken together, will not compare with this one. And yet I cannot unduly blame men who have inherited the curse, and had no part in the making of it; who are victims of this evil system more than the blacks themselves. The harm that slavery has done to the black race is as nothing to the evils it has heaped upon the white one—the masters. From his cradle, a Brazilian has the blight upon him. A child's training here consists in letting it have its own way as much as possible; and the small naughtinesses and prides develop into consuming vanity and haughtiness. I am safe in saying that not a third of the population is pure blooded; social distinctions of color are never very finely drawn, though they are by no means abolished, as some writers would have us believe. People who talk of "amalgamation" as a blessing to be hoped for should study its



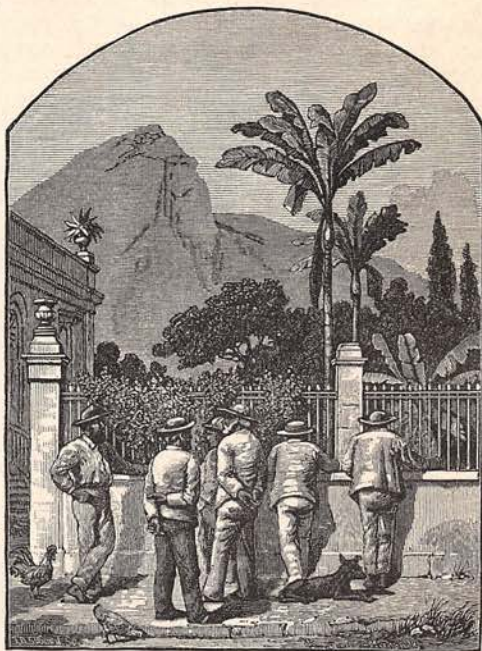
IN THE PASSEIO PUBLICO.

effects here, where it is almost an accomplished fact. The mixed races are invariably bad; they seem to combine all the worst characteristics of the two parent stocks, with none of the good ones, and the evil is most apparent where the "amalgamation" is most perfect. A light mulatto or an almost black one may be a very decent kind of a fellow; but the brown half-and-half is nearly always lazy and stupid and vain. So with the whites and Indians: the *mamelucos* are treacherous and passionate and indolent; the dark-brown ones are worse yet.

By the present law, slavery will cease to exist in 1892. I think the northern provinces will free their slaves before that time. At Pernambuco, especially, the emancipation spirit is very strong; it has come out in the form of an abolition society, which embraces almost every prominent man in the place. At the meetings of this society many slaves have been freed by subscriptions. Here and elsewhere the masters frequently celebrate days of public rejoicing by releasing old and faithful servants; sometimes, by testament, a rich man will free his entire household. The slaves have been drained into the southern provinces for years. It is common to find three or four hundred of them on the Rio coffee plantations; rarely there will be as many score on the sugar estates of Pernambuco or Pará. Now mark the result. At Rio there is a constant cry for workmen; the slaves are not sufficient, yet

free laborers cannot compete with the forced ones. The planters work their negroes as they never would work their mules, and yet they complain of no profits. In the northern provinces there is free labor enough and to spare; poor men have a chance; rich ones are contented with the fair returns that their money brings them; society is far more evenly balanced, and the level of private character is far higher, than in the south. Of course there are humane masters at Rio also; the city, in this instance, is better than the country around. Many of the negro porters are slaves,—great, brawny fellows, who run in gangs through the streets, each one perhaps with a hundred and thirty pounds of coffee on his head. Sometimes you see five or six trotting together with a piano, the weight evenly distributed on their woolly heads, the men erect, moving in time to the leader's rattle and a plaintive chant. The porters pay their masters a certain sum per day; what they earn over this is theirs, and the best of them sometimes buy their own freedom from these savings.

The crowd drops out of sight: men stand on the street corners, and shop-keepers look out at their doors. With a rattle of wheels and a clatter of hoofs a carriage sweeps by, and a score of guards after it; there are bright trappings and sleek liveries,



PORTERS WAITING FOR WORK.

and in the midst of all a handsome, white-bearded, bare-headed gentleman, seated in the carriage. Except on fête days, that is all that the Rio porters, or you and I, see of Dom Pedro d'Alcantara, Constitutional Emperor and Perpetual Defender of Brazil. Americans have formed their own opinions of the Brazilian emperor; correct opinions in the main, for he is at home what he was in the United States, a thorough gentleman,—not at all assuming, but with just enough pride and reserve to give him dignity in his office,—a quiet, scholarly man who can converse well on almost any subject.

But he is not a Napoleon, this emperor: he is simply a well-meaning, well-informed nobleman, who has the good of his country at heart, but is not always strong enough to force the benefits he would gladly give. He studied our school system, and charmed us by his intelligent questions, but we cannot see that Brazilian schools are greatly the gainers. He studied yellow fever and its preventives at New Orleans, but there remain, in his own capital, the dirty, ill-smelling, badly drained streets,—the pestilence breeders of a year ago. The emperor can hardly see the real faults and needs of Brazil; only the best side is turned toward him. His German and Latin ancestors have bequeathed to him a large fund of good-nature and common sense—adaptability is perhaps the better word. His father had nothing of this adaptability, and so got into trouble with his congress and was forced to abdicate. Perhaps the Brazilians took a lesson from those stormy times; at any rate the present emperor has held his position, in the main peaceably, for thirty-eight years. There are those who murmur for a republic (they do not know that a republican government is the most difficult to carry on), but the people in general are content to let their patriotism evaporate in minor politics; they have a reasonably good monarch, and they prefer this to the chances of an actively bad one. There are not wanting those who predict that a revolution will occur when the present emperor dies.

The Brazilian constitution is good enough, and the laws are good enough,—models of clearness and justice. But we are beginning to learn in these latter days that constitutions do not always determine the fate of a country. One difficulty is that Brazil is sadly over-governed. There are twice as many officials as are required, and the whole government system is bound with

tangles of red tape—gibbet ropes for justice and commerce. Many of the posts are indeed filled by gentlemen who are ready enough to do you a service if approached in the right way; but the petty officials are often stupid and tyrannical; they delight in showing their power over their victims; yet before their superiors they cringe like dogs.

Government everywhere is a necessary evil; government in Brazil is rather more evil than there is any necessity for. Broadly speaking, the Brazilian government is too parental. Commerce gets too much petting and coddling, so that it has come to look upon itself as a weakling, and when a need of anything is felt it cries for government aid, which comes in subsidies, guarantees of interest, public help for private enterprises, advances of public money and so on; hardly a railroad or a steamboat or a factory is maintained exclusively by private capital; the very theaters are built by the government; the public libraries, colleges, museums and hospitals are supported by it. The result is that private enterprise is crippled; it cannot stand against the subsidized work, and if it could it is utterly unused to standing alone. Young men seek for government positions because they are the ones that command high salaries; honest work is degraded, and commerce is weakened, by the very efforts that are made in its behalf. After all, too, commerce must pay for even such lame assistance, and it pays roundly in the heavy import duties; but the import taxes will not supply the need, so there are provincial duties on goods passing from one province to another, municipal duties for sea-port towns, and finally export duties on almost everything that leaves the country, or would leave it if the duties were taken off. The argument for their export duties is that they are paid for by foreign consumers, and no doubt this is true when these foreign consumers are limited to Brazil for supply, as they are for rubber, and, so far, for coffee. But when Brazil must compete with other countries, export duties are simply suicidal; the cotton industry has been almost ruined by them; the sugar industry is struggling hard against them, and a dozen valuable products have never got out of the country at all, because they cannot afford to pay fifteen or twenty per cent. on their value.

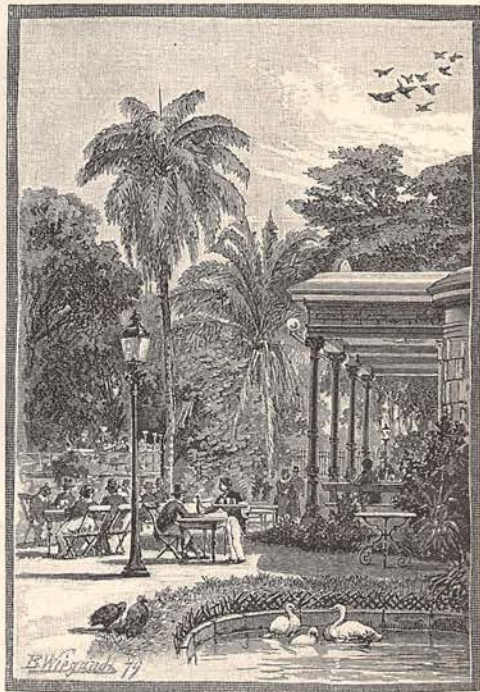
Wise men call for direct income and land taxes that commerce may be relieved from its burdens; and in the slow course of Brazilian events the change will probably be

made. I doubt if subsidies and interest guarantees will be abolished; but it is certain the government cannot go on as it is without ending in national bankruptcy. Even with these heavy duties its income does not nearly meet its expenses; there is a yearly recurring deficit, and latterly this deficit has been so enormous that the press and the country cry out in dismay. It is a pity that the government is not wiser in its expenditures; for beyond this, it has shown very good financial management and a national honor that is exceptional among the South American countries. Brazilian bonds stand well in foreign markets because the interest is promptly paid, and holders do not trouble themselves greatly about the far-away principal. Last year, the famine in Ceará forced Brazil to the unhappy expedient of paper money. Before this she had \$75,000,000 worth of this money afloat; the new issue made itself felt at once in a decrease of the market value of paper milreis* as compared with English gold,—it would hardly be right to say Brazilian gold, because that is hardly ever seen. Depreciated currencies are common enough in South America, but hitherto Brazil has escaped the evil.

There is something good to offset all this rascality and trickery of Brazilian politics. For instance, there are admirable public institutions at Rio: hospitals, asylums, a polytechnic college, academies, and so on. Some of the city parks are very pretty; and away beyond Botafogo there is the Botanical Garden with its splendid avenue of royal palms, a hundred feet high. In the city there is a museum of natural history, rather showy than good; the collections are badly labeled and badly arranged. But for another institution I have only praise—the National Library, with 120,000 printed volumes and a vast store of valuable manuscripts,—such a library as any city in the United States would be proud of. Then there is the moss-grown, seventy-year-old aqueduct, that brings water to the city from the Corcovado. For two or

* The Brazilian milreis is worth about fifty cents par value; it must not be confused with the milreis of Portugal equal to our dollar.

three miles, where the aqueduct runs along the mountain-side, the government has built a carriage road—a shady, quiet road, with glimpses of the bay and city below. It is a hard climb to the top of the Corcovado; but it is worth it. The peak itself is a mere point, or rather two points with a bridge between them and low parapet walls. From these rocks the descent is sheer fifteen hundred feet to the forest-covered slope below. The Corcovado peak is accessible only from the south; on the other three sides there are bare perpendicular precipices. Down below are the city and bay on one side; on the other the Botanical Gardens, with the picturesque Rodrigo de Freitas



BEER-GARDEN.

Lake before it; in front, the suburb of Botafogo, and the sugar-loaf rock towering above the mouth of the harbor; beyond all, the blue ocean, fading into immensity.