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printed in this office.

From The Cornell Review, April 1879.

CHARLES FREDERIC HARTT
What was unknown he sought to know,
Whatever was unlearned, to learn;
He left his northern home to go
To far and foreign lands whose skies
With summer's glory ever burn,
Whose myrtle forests ever glow
With painted bird and flower and snake,
Dimming the tangled brake,
And hanging from the palm and fern,
Resplendent on their robes of green
Like jewels on some forest queen.
With an explorer's enterprise
Of nature's scripture he would turn
A leaf unstudied, fresh, and new;
And found it in those lands whose view
Is like the fallen serpent's eyes,
Which poison even while they charm,
And mix delight with deadly harm.
Who look and live to sell are few;
Who look upon Brazil's fair gulf
Too often look, and faint, and die.

Of all the past and present earth
He learned the progress from his youth,
When all the elements made war;
How it in ancient times gave birth
To monsters horrid and uncouth
As demons of the fancy are.
They lived their time and found a grave
In groving rock and vaulted cave,
And from the semblance of their bones,
As one who reads from Runic stones,
His mind interpreted the truth.
Of all things of the sea and land
The scope and origin and end
Were left to grasp and comprehend.
Nought was too little, nought too grand:
The ways of insects, beasts, and birds;
The mystic lore and spoken words
Of nations primitive and strange
That in barbaric freedom range;
The fabric of the hampered leaf
That rooks the dark canoe-path o'er,
The architecture of the reef
That stands at Pernambuco's door;
The hills of gneiss that proudly reign
O'er Rio and the ocean shore;
The truncate mountains, table-topped,
Upon the Amazonian plain
Were his to study and explain,
Until the pen and hammer dropped
From hands whose strength would come
No more.

As beautiful as poisoned wine,
So was the summer sky and air
That fatal night one year ago,
The earth, deceitful, gave no sign,
Of fever lurking everywhere,
But all its splendors did combine
To make existence bright and fair.
Like burning points of steel did glare
The brilliant stars; the moon did shine
Like tarnished metal all aglow;
A thousand lamps in winding row
Defined the borders of the bay,
Whose shores were dark with sombre green,
And then, reflected from below,
Gave double beauty to the scene.
With pyrotechnical display
Of rockets soaring high and higher,
And wheels that spun in gusts of fire,
A fervent people praised the saint
And patron of this holy day,
Then, making merry while they might,
Beguiled the long hours of the night
In strolling and in roundelay.
And listened to the trumpet's flare
And to the violin's sweet plaint
In garden scene and dark with shade
And on the moonlit esplanade,
What is the use of care, they say;
What is the use of thought and care?
For, though we revel or we pray,
Death soon or late will be our share,
And he dies first who first does fear.
They breathed the midnight atmosphere
Evenomed with the fever's taint,
And sang in Italian choir
And drank their healths and *Vivo* cried,
When death was even at their side,
They gave no thought to him who lay
In suffering and very near
The end of life; who first grew faint,
Then frenzied with the wild desire
Of one whose senses are astray.
But as the morning hours came on
They laid the tired world to rest,
The basile of the day was gone,
The moon went down into the west,
The stars burned out and quenched their blaze
Of passion in the falling dew,
As hateful eyes are softened through
The film of penitential tears.
The people went their several ways,
The drunken worshiper reeled home,
The valet and dog forgot to roam
And aid the tumult with his bark.
The merry music in the park,
Which was a mockery in the cars
Of many a friend who watched with friend,
Had swelled to its triumphant end.
And now no sounds the watcher hears
Except the dull and peaceful roar

Of waves upon the ocean shore,
Or else the louseness nightbird's cry.
It was a time to sleep—or die.

At last the world was all at peace
And from its changer and its end
At last it found a sweet success.
And with the peace without there came
A sad and solemn quest in
The chamber where the fever's flame
Was burning low and lower; where,
With startled and with fatal stare,
The gaze of those once kindly eyes
Wandered but failed to recognize
The mad delirium grey dull.
With difficulty, one by one,
The falling sands of life did run.
The measure of his years was full.

How sad are some of fate's decrees,
His books, unchanged, scarce begun,
Would, like a monument of fame,
Have borne the history of his name
Into the future centuries.
With Humboldt and with Livingston.
It was for this he crossed the seas;
It was for this he dared the strife
With danger and with all disease.
But lo, the spoiler came before
The record of his deeds was done,
And what he did is known no more,
And what he knew is known no more;
The buried with him in the grave,
For who too zealously he gave
His study to the treasures
Of science which are scattered rife
Along the shore and measured part,
The future, limitless and vast,
Was opened, and he learned, instead,
The quest of all his mysteries,
That mystery of mysteries,
The death which brings the after-life.

In far and foreign lands he lies,
Companion, teacher, chief, and friend;
And until memory hath ended,
These thought, unbidden, will arise,
Now was it wisdom of unwise
To take his brave life in his hands
And go to far and foreign lands
That lie within another zone,
To break the seal and rend the veil
Which keep and cover things unknown,
Perchance to live and tell the tale
Of wonders that were revealed,
But greater chance, alas, to yield
His ancient soul in sacrifice.
Frank De Venus Carpenter.
Ogden, Utah, March, 1879.

**AN INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE
AMAZONS.**
The late afternoon sun shines full in our
faces as we toil up the long slope that lies
between the canoe-port and the village of
Ereé, a landscape singularly home-like
in many of its features: ridgy meadows,
with cattle browsing here and there on the
young grass; richer green marking the
tree-lined water-courses outlined against
the sky, a rugged mountain mass, such as
one may see almost anywhere in western
Massachusetts; and to the north, range
after range of forest-clad hills. But before
us the thatched houses of the village peep
out from among orange groves and palm
trees; and down the narrow path comes a
troop of black-eyed Indian girls, with their
baskets of Sunday tinny balanced on their
heads; they are going to Monte Alegre to
attend some church festival.

Ereé is an Indian village, lying to the
north of the Amazons, some forty miles
below the mouth of the Tapajós. The place
has been inhabited from time immemorial;
probably long before Orrelana made his
adventurous voyage down the river, or Cal-
deira founded Pará. And as the village is
removed from the main lines of travel, it
happens that the twenty-five or thirty fam-
lies who remain here have preserved, almost
unchanged, many of the aboriginal cus-
toms, and those introduced by the early
Jesuit missionaries. It is, in fact, a typical
village of the semi-civilized Amazonian In-
dians.

The olive-skinned lassies are crossing
the brook n-w, splashing the water a tittle in
fun, and greeting us with a smiling "Adeu,
sehor," as they pass on. Their bare feet
come down firmly but softly, never mind-
ing the little round stones that cover the
path; they wear clean calico skirts and
modest sacs, and their uncovered purple-
black hair is caught up with horn combs,
or streams down their backs. *An realy*, one

or two of the faces are pretty enough, but
the most are plain. An artist might object
that the women were too short and heavy
for beauty; but over all drawbacks of form
and feature, you cannot help admiring the
splendid motion of a body untampered by
laced stays and high-heeled shoes; shoul-
ders are thrown back, and heads are erected
under their burdens; and they would march
just as well if the loads were five times as
heavy. These healthy limbs and supple
bodies will bear up for hours unwearied with
the weight of a sack of flour balanced over
them; and the girls will dance half the
night afterward!

Three or four older people in the troop
are wrinkled, but not decrepit; bright-eyed,
and firm-footed, greeting us very gravely and
politely, and holding their place in the
crowd of younger ones with a kind of
patriarchal dignity. They make one or two
good natured inquiries, such as naturally
arise from the apparition of a party of
strange Americans on their quiet roads.
Then the group passes on, and we resume
our walk.

There is a little white chapel on the brow
of the hill, and the houses just around it
are set with some show of regularity. We
observe an attempt at a square also, but it
is a side-hill affair, and all grown over with
weeds. After this weak little effort toward
civilization, the houses relapse into bar-
barism, and go straying away in picturesque
confusion, hiding under the orange groves
and great bushy mango trees as if they
shunned observation. Our own quarters
—the best the place affords—are in an *adobe*
house near the chapel; in other words, if
you please, a mud house, but with wooden
doors and window shutters, and a good
palm-thatch roof; no floor except the nat-
ive earth, but that is dry and hard, and
with clean mats to spread under our ham-
mucks we shall do very well. Our baggage
is lying at the canoe-landing, two miles
away; half the women and girls in the
village go trooping after it, willing enough
to do a favor for the *Americanos*, and earn
a few honest coppers in the doing; by sunset
they are back again, bringing our valises
and provision-cans on their heads; and
with everything under shelter, we eat our
dinner of salt beef and mandioca meal
with the seasoning of a hearty appetite.

At long intervals Ereé has been visited
by European and American travellers. Pro-
fessor Agassiz spent a day here; Wallace,
Coutinho and Hartt have made the name a
classic one in the literature of science. But
that a lady—and an American lady at that—
should bravely tramp over the weary miles
of sandy *campo* from Monte Alegre, was an
unheard-of thing. Even the incurious In-
dians are aroused, and the whole popula-
tion of the village comes crowding around
our doors and windows. The older girls
and women enter unasked, not from any
lack of politeness, but because here every
door is open to any one that cares to enter,
and the good people only wish to give a
friendly greeting to the *brancas*. Little naked
boys and girls hide themselves behind
their mothers' skirts, or peep in at the
windows to catch a glimpse of this wonder-
ful curiosity. At length, finding their at-
tentions to the lady more pressing than
pleasant, I order the crowd out. They go
away quietly and politely, conversing with
each other in subdued tones, and we retire
to our hammocks and mosquito nets. The
night-wind blows in freshly through the
open doors and windows, but, save a
hungry dog, no intruder disturbs our rest.
Among all this honest people, you will
hardly find one who would so far forget
the rules of hospitality as to pilfer from a
stranger.

On the Amazons people rise with the
sun. A bath in the river, or in the near-
est spring, sets the skin in an honest,
healthy glow and sharpens up the mind to
appreciate the splendor of an unclouded
morning. The Indians bathe always once,
and often twice, a day. Even the toddling
black hair and girls spatter themselves with
water from a calabash. The spring at

Ereé is down in a shady hollow—a cool,
verdant retreat, with noble palms and tall
forest trees and broad-leaved vines; such a
combination as the sees only in these fa-
vored spots. Within a circle of fifty yards
around the spring there are no less than
nine species of palms, including the noble
baobab and the graceful *urucury*, princes in
their princely tribe, and bamboo and giant
arrow-leaved *aningar*, and orchids on the
branches. Bathing here is a romance—the
air is full of wind-whisperings among
the leaflets and soft perfumes from the
palms blossoms; emerald-tinted humming-
birds—"kiss-flowers," the Brazilians say—
balance themselves before the pendulous
blossoms; and fairy brown butterflies, just
visible, fit along the ground. Indian wo-
men, coming down the path with earthen
water-jars balanced on their heads, wait
quietly in the forest until the *Americanos*
have finished their bath. Then they pass us
with a "Bonz dia, sehor," and stoop to
fill their jars in the little inclosed space
that is reserved for drinking water. Half a
dozen naked brown boys and girls follow,
each with a round calabash jug. They
hold out their open palms for a blessing,
and kiss their fingers in acknowledgment
of our patriarchal "Bonz te abenço!" As
we walk away they watch us with quick,
curious eyes, but say never a word.

And now we shall learn how it is possible
for men and women to live almost sepa-
rated from the civilized world; how a single
family can provide themselves, not only
with food, but with house, furniture, uten-
sils—everything, in fact, but clothing and
a few coarse articles of iron and steel
For instance, walking across the weedy
plot in front of our windows, we can call
on old João Baptista, the best hunter and
deer fisherman in the village. He is
dressed in coarse canvas trousers and short
jacket or shirt; the cloth is stained dull
red with *murichy*. It is soiled, for this is
his work-day dress; but you may be
sure that it covers a clean body. The old
man is busily shaping a paddle, using his
clumsy knife very cleverly on the hard *ituba*
wood.

Examine the structure of the house.
Roughly-hewn logs of *ituba* and *pau d'arco*
for the uprights; set in the ground, they
will last for fifty years. Beams and rafters
are of other hardy less durable timbers;
the joints are secured with pegs or with
strips of bark. Roof and sides are covered
with excellent palm-leaf thatch, tied on in
regular layers, like shingles. As for floor,
there is Mocha earth, with a few mats
laid down under the hammocks. There
are no windows, and the door-ways are
closed with palm leaf mats. So you see
that the whole house is formed of materials
which every Indian can gather in the forest
with no other tools than his heavy wood-
knife and clumsy, straight handled ax.
Some houses have the sides built up with
lumps of clay gathered from the lowland
crecks; walls of this material, supported
by a frame-work of poles and sticks, are
durable, but very unsightly. In the larger
places they cover the *adobe* with plaster, and
whitewash the outside very neatly.

The dwelling does not boast much furni-
ture. Beside the reed mats and cotton ham-
mucks (the boards for which have been hewn out
of solid logs), and some green wooden
trunks, with preposterous keys. These lat-
ter contain the *festa* dresses; the coarser
work-day garments hang on lines behind
the hammocks. The trunks are rather arti-
cles of luxury than of necessity; in other
houses we will see great *balan* baskets tak-
ing their place; but every well-to-do Indian
considers it incumbent on him to have a
trunk, if he can get it for money or credit.
Under the roof there is a *goral*, or
staging of poles, for mandioca baskets, dried
fish, and various pots and kettles. The
most of these, however, are in the little
shed-like kitchen back of the house. Every
Indian dwelling, no matter how poor, has
its kitchen separated from the main struc-
ture.

(continued on fourth page)

THE RIO NEWS

It is reported that all the present employees of the custom house are to be removed.
Dr. C. L. Mendes, the general manager of the Mogiana (S. Paulo) railway, is at present in the city.

The political friends of the Visconde do Rio Branco will give him a dinner at the Casino on the 7th inst.
Hart Paymaster Ambrose Clark, of the U. S. S. Fleet received a cordial greeting from his many friends on his arrival last Saturday.

The commercial friends of the newly made Visconde de Figueiredo intend honoring him with a ball to be given at the Casino on the 19th inst.
The cost of lighting the streets and public squares of Rio de Janeiro during the month of June was 64,183.73, including the cost of exchange.

Mr. John Barker, engineer of the São Paulo (Santos and Landulph) railway has been spending a few days with his friends in the city.
Mr. Daniel Casner, formerly of this city, now of the firm of Messrs. Hopkins, Casner & Hopkins, Birmingham, arrives in the Royal Mail packet, Ella, on the 30th ult.

On the 2nd inst. the station of Diamante on the Leopoldina road was opened to the public. This new station is 150 kilometers from Porto Novo, 210 from the city of Ubatuba.
Mr. W. W. Randall, the newly appointed vice consul-general of the United States at this port, is a son of Ex-Postmaster General Randall, and is a young man of recognized ability and character.

During the month of July there were killed in the public slaughter-house and Rio de Janeiro, 9,727 head of cattle, 1,454 swine and 1,340 sheep. There is promise of an abundant supply of fresh meat for the present month.
The recently appointed U. S. naval paymaster, Albert W. Bacon, arrived at this port on the 30th ult. on the Royal Mail packet Ella. His predecessor, Paymaster Harris, whose departure is most sincerely regretted by his many friends here, returns to the United States on the City of Paris.

It is announced that the corvet Pidal de Oliveira with Arthur Silveira da Motta, will sail shortly for some South European port, thence to London where in conjunction with Dr. Eduardo Callado a conference will be had with the Chinese minister, thence to both these officials to China via the Suvar Canal. The purposes of this mission are said to be the celebration of a treaty of amity and commerce, and establishment of negotiations for the introduction of Chinese labor into Brazil.

The following are the particulars of the wreck of the Pacific steamer Hlanian as far as can be learned up to the time we go to press. She left this port on the 3d of July for the Pacific coast, and on the 18th, when about twelve miles off Lamochia Island she struck a hidden rock and went down. The ship, one of the coasting steamers of the same company, went to the rescue and no lives were lost. The rock which caused this unfortunate accident is not given by the charts, and is supposed to be a recent volcanic upheaval.

An unfortunate and painful accident occurred on board H. M. S. Garnet, Captain Erskine, on the 29th ultimo, the birthday anniversary of the Princess Imperial. During the midday salutes, while one of the gun squads was loading their guns, the gun was prematurely discharged occasioning serious injury to A. B. two of the best men on the ship. Swaby loses his left arm through the accident and Garling loses both arms and sustained injuries in his face. His left eye was seriously damaged though the surgeon thinks that his sight will be saved. Garling is said to be the sole supporter of his father, and the sad accident in this instance works a double injury. The guns on the Garnet are muzzle-loaders and the accident was caused by not thoroughly cleaning the gun before reloading. Captain Erskine, his surgeon and the officers of the ship have been remitting in their attentions and are doing everything in their power to aid these two unfortunate men. We understand that Mrs. Ricketts, wife of the British consul, has generously undertaken to aid them by circulating a subscription among her friends. The case certainly deserves a prompt and generous response. We shall be pleased to assist Mrs. Ricketts in this charitable undertaking by receiving subscriptions at our business office, No. 47 Rua Primeiro de Março.

CRICKET MATCH

On Monday the 28th ultimo a friendly game of cricket was played in São Paulo between the officers of H. M. S. S. Malabar and Ella, now at the port of Santos, and the São Paulo cricket club. The club was short one man. The following summary shows the results of the game.

Table with columns: NAME OF BATSMAN, HOW OUT, BOWLED, RUNS. Lists players like Mr. Edwards, Mr. Richards, etc.

Table with columns: NAME OF BOWLER, HOW OUT, BOWLED, RUNS. Lists bowlers like Mr. Edwards, Mr. Richards, etc.

Table with columns: NAME OF CLUB, HOW OUT, BOWLED, RUNS. Lists clubs like São Paulo, Malabar, etc.

The commission delegated to examine the port of Maranhão with reference to determining the feasibility of making it one of the international ports for the Atlantic coast, left this city on the 20th inst. At the head of the commission is the Barão de Teffé who makes the strange mistake in his soundings on the 'Osteo-crinolo' reef in the harbor of Santos a few years ago.

COMMERCIAL

July 23.—Transactions in banking paper on London at 20 1/2 in mercantile paper at 24 1/2 to 25 1/2 and 30 1/2. Drafts on Paris 46 1/2, per franc for banking paper and 46 1/2 for mercantile. Six per cent. applies sold at 1,028 1/2 and 1,028 1/2. Sovereigns held at 118 1/2.

July 24.—Mercantile rates on London 20 1/2 and 30 1/2 in bank 46 1/2, per franc. Market inactive.
July 25.—Banking rates 20 1/2 and 30 1/2, and very tight. Mercantile rates 20 1/2 and 30 1/2, and very tight. Bank of England 118 1/2.

July 26.—Banking rates on London 20 1/2 and 30 1/2 with few transactions. Mercantile rates 20 1/2 and 30 1/2 on London 46 1/2, per franc. Six per cent. applies 1,028 1/2 and 1,028 1/2.

July 28.—No change in the rates on London from those of the 26th inst. Banking rates on Paris 46 1/2, and mercantile 46 1/2, per franc for banking paper and 46 1/2 for mercantile paper. Six per cent. applies sold at 1,028 1/2 and 1,028 1/2. Sovereigns held at 118 1/2.

July 30.—But few transactions on London at 20 1/2 for banking paper and 24 1/2 to 25 1/2 for mercantile. Six per cent. applies sold at 1,028 1/2 and 1,028 1/2. Sovereigns held at 118 1/2.

August 1.—The market continues firm and more active. Banking rates on London 20 1/2 and 30 1/2, and mercantile 20 1/2 and 30 1/2. Six per cent. applies sold at 1,028 1/2 and 1,028 1/2. Sovereigns held at 118 1/2.

August 2.—The movement in the money market more active than for several days. The banks maintaining their rates on London at 20 1/2. The mercantile rates were 21 and 31 1/2, the latter proffered. Six per cent. applies sold at 1,028 1/2 and 1,028 1/2.

Table with columns: SHARES, COMPANY, PRICE. Lists companies like Banco do Commercio, Cia. de Fumal, etc.

Table with columns: NAMES, CAPITAL, SHARES, DIVIDED, VALUE, MARKET, LAST RECEIVED. Lists banks and public companies.

Under the influence of unfavorable advance from preceding countries and increasing receipts, prices here have risen 100 reis per 10 kilos for the better grades, and about 70 reis for the lower ones.

Table with columns: WASHED, SUPERIOR, GOOD FIRST, etc. Lists coffee grades and prices.

The sales since that date amount to 93,530 bags, viz: 65,000 bags for United States, 28,530 for Cape of Good Hope, 100 for other points.

Table with columns: WASHED, SUPERIOR, GOOD FIRST, etc. Lists coffee grades and prices.

The sales since the same date amount to 3,066 bags, viz: 2,970 for United States, 96 for Cape of Good Hope, 100 for other points.

Arrives. There have been no further arrivals, but the market remains firm and we cannot quote over 2800 a 2800 per case.
Lord continues to sail the spot at 420 rs. per lb. for George, 410 for Wilson, 400 for Wilcox, but lower prices are accepted to arrive.
Rice is unchanged at, nominally, 9800 per lb.

SHIPPING NEWS

ARRIVALS OF FOREIGN VESSELS.
July 23.
CANTON—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.

July 24.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.

July 25.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.

July 26.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.

July 27.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.

July 28.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.

July 29.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.

July 30.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.

August 1.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.

August 2.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.

August 3.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.

August 4.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.

August 5.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.

August 6.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.
GARRA—Lk. Leontine; 450 tons; Rio; 24 de sol to order.

DEPARTURES OF FOREIGN VESSELS

July 23.
HAYES—Lk. Paradi; 36 tons; Thru; sundries.
GIMBAR—Nor. lgn. Kral; 250 tons; Petroleum; coffee.

July 24.
PENSACOLA—Lk. Dredging Sophia; 90 tons; Petroleum; coffee.
MATANZAS—Sp. lgn. Sebastian Canal; 400 tons; Pig-iron; lard.

July 25.
BALTIMORE—Lk. Amaran; 230 tons; Myrick; coffee.
GIMBAR—Nor. lgn. Carl Adler; 280 tons; Oil; coffee.

July 26.
NORTHERN PORTS—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.
GALVESTON—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.

July 27.
PENSACOLA—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.
GALVESTON—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.

July 28.
PENSACOLA—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.
GALVESTON—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.

July 29.
PENSACOLA—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.
GALVESTON—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.

July 30.
PENSACOLA—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.
GALVESTON—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.

August 1.
PENSACOLA—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.
GALVESTON—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.

August 2.
PENSACOLA—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.
GALVESTON—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.

August 3.
PENSACOLA—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.
GALVESTON—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.

August 4.
PENSACOLA—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.
GALVESTON—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.

August 5.
PENSACOLA—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.
GALVESTON—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.

August 6.
PENSACOLA—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.
GALVESTON—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.

August 7.
PENSACOLA—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.
GALVESTON—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.

EXPECTED TO LOAD

Bilhem—Lk. St. Louis; 2000 bags; coffee engaged; 60 tons.

Antwerp and London—Lk. lgn. 230 tons; Lewis; lard.

ARRIVALS OF FOREIGN STEAMERS

Table with columns: DATE, NAME, WHERE FROM, CONSIGNED TO. Lists arrivals like July 23, 24, 25, etc.

DEPARTURES OF FOREIGN STEAMERS

Table with columns: DATE, NAME, WHERE TO, CARGO. Lists departures like July 23, 24, 25, etc.

FOREIGN SAILING VESSELS IN THE PORT OF RIO DE JANEIRO, AUG. 4, 1879

Table with columns: NAME, TONNAGE, WHERE FROM, CONSIGNEE. Lists sailing vessels like AMERICAN, BRITISH, etc.

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