**NLI 36201/6/13 (was in Acc 4902 (10))**

**Casement to Francis Cowper**

**11 January 1910**

**‘Manuscript in black ink on paper with the mark of “Déanta in Éirinn” and addressed from: “Rio”. Physical description: 1 item (8 pages).’**

**SEE THAT YOUR PURCHASES ARE BRANDED WITH THE IRISH TRADEMARK**

Rio

Jan 1910

My dear Cowper,

Thanks for your kind wishes and letter of 15 Decr which came five days ago. My Christmas was spent in Petropolis with our Minister & Lady Haggard – and they had a small dance. Otherwise it was stupid and not much like a Christmas. I shall be very glad indeed to get away from Rio – I hate the place and the life of Brazil profoundly. The weather is delightful – the heat by no means overpowering to me after Africa – and we are now in the thick of it. I don’t think I shall stay beyond April if I can manage to get away then. My vice Consul is going away in a few days – he is transferred to Russia and a new man **[Hambloch]** is coming out to take his place and I fear he is such a novice I may not be able to get away as soon as I had wished – as I must leave my vice Consul in charge as acting ??

If, however, he turns out a smart man it will be all right. I have an excellent chief clerk (who is Pro Consul also) and he has practically entire charge of the office & of all shipping and loves his work. He won’t take a holiday! I never interfere in shipping scarcely and simply attend to correspondence. There is a fair amount of that most of it very uninteresting indeed – all sorts of puerile requests for information & commercial intelligence. I hope I shall find you in Lisbon when, as I pray, I may pass through in April (or earlier with God’s help and blessing) Rio is much more expensive than Santos – fully 30%, or 1/3rd on practically all the needs of life – and it is really just as dear as Pará indeed in some respects dearer – All’s one’s money goes on Tomfoolery and there is an entire lack of comfort or return for one’s expenditure. I spend nearly £100 a month on the most cheerless, foodless, horrid existence – and no society or friends at all.

Well, I won’t growl any more. I see the elections are on and the Thugs are thugging away at each other.

A plague on both their houses – so far as Ireland is concerned. Neither of them cares a thraneen for that poor old land and of the two I think the Unionists are perhaps the better. Remember me to **[Philip]** Somers Cocks and all friends in Lisbon – Father Paul and O’Neill and all the rest – and with every good wish, I am, my dear old Cowper, hoping your health may pick up in the spring and pleasant days ahead.

Yours always

Roger Casement