



AN
AMERICAN
CONSUL IN
AMAZONIA

J. ORTON
KERBEY



Andrew Carnegie

AN
AMERICAN CONSUL
IN AMAZONIA



By

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a Civil War Episode, "The Land of
To-Morrow," Etc., Etc.

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By J. Orton Kerbey

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THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED TO

ANDREW CARNEGIE

My Employer and Preceptor in early days
and Constant Friend in later years.

The Apostle of the World's

Peace and the Special

Friend of Pan-

America.

INTRODUCTORY

It is in the beginning of the Summer vacation season that the salaried man or woman is liable to be seen in groups and heard in chorus discussing with associates their separate prospective leaves of absence, for thirty days with pay, and if a Government employee, an extension for sixty or ninety days, on account of "sick leave" also with pay, to enable them to recuperate at the seashore or mountains, or perhaps to enjoy a trip to Europe, or the Mediterranean or Nile.

A luncheon party comprising an official, a scientist, a retired missionary and the writer, were discussing this question, the former two outlining an itinerary along the beaten path of European tourists, the missionary expressing a preference for a visit to the Holy Land, or up the Nile. When the writer suggested that he purposed going to the Equator and the Amazon for the benefit of his health they gave him the laugh for selecting for a health resort this so-called "zone of unhealthiness," to which he responded as follows: "Relatively, the mortality in any one section of the United States was greater than at Para, the seaport of the Amazon, where I lived for several years and which I propose re-visiting a third time to attend the opening of the Brazilian National Exposition, at Rio Janeiro, in August, 1908."

The party separated with mock farewells and sympathetic glances toward the benighted traveller to the unknown lands of the south as "that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

The missionary, charitably delayed with a view to doing some personal home missionary work, looking to convincing the misguided traveller of the error of his ways, mildly suggesting that July and August certainly seemed to be out of season for southern travelling, wholly overlooking the climatic conditions that make the months of July and August the most agreeable

of the winter months in the latitude of Rio or south of the Equator, which corresponds to our summer in the United States. He persisted, however, that the "winter" season, as he called it, would assuredly be more sensible for a visit to Para, when it was further explained that there was no winter in Para, where it is always June in the "land of to-morrow," every day being alike hot.

There being no seasons on the Equator, it is necessary to consult an almanac to learn when it is winter in the "land of everlasting summer" (and occasional hurricanes).

This crude illustration will serve to enforce the observation that a large proportion of our school boys and girls, as well as of their parents and teachers, who are familiar with Eastern and European travel, and even Arctic and African exploration, are woefully deficient in the physical geography of "Equatorial America," which is my apology for presuming to inject a lesson in geography in this desultory outline.

Intending visitors to the Capital City of the United States are cordially invited to visit the Pan-American Union Building, the beautiful Peace Temple presented by Mr. Carnegie, which is located in Potomac Park near the White House and State Department, where are provided facilities for obtaining information about Pan-America, comprising a library of seventy-five thousand volumes, located in a large and comfortable free reading-room, wherein may be found files of the principal Pan-American newspapers and magazines, maps and views of those countries.

Among the more interesting exhibits is an immense relief map directly in the center of the room, showing, on a scale of twenty-five miles to the inch, the principal rivers, mountains, railroads and cities of the entire hemisphere. The surprising feature apparent to the numerous cultured visitors to the hall, is the great size of South America, and the fact that Brazil is larger in area than the United States. Another striking feature is the relative position of the continent of South America, which lies entirely to the east of North America, approximately in a longitude of 35 degrees and in latitude on both sides of the Equator

Through the kind courtesy of the Director-General, Mr. John Barrett, the author has been occasionally assigned the very pleasant duty of explaining to numerous visitors to the Pan-American Building the map and environment. The Director humorously says "he refers them to the writer as knowing more about Brazil and the Amazon than any of the permanent staff."

The chain of islands comprising Cuba, San Domingo, Puerto Rica, St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Martinique, Guadaloupe, and St. Lucia to the Windward Islands of the Barbados and Trinidad, as seen on the map, are so closely connected that to the eye they resemble stepping stones, which in imagination connect the two great continents.

Steamers for North Brazil and the Amazon sail along this West India route without getting out of sight of land, one beautiful island or light-house ahead coming into view before the others disappear in the rear.

It is suggested that even a small open sail-boat, on the line of Jack London's sea-going dory, or the Poultney Bigelow "Canoeing Around Martinique," or the ordinary pleasure yacht, launch or motor-boat, may safely make the voyage from New Orleans and the Mississippi via Florida and the Windward Islands to Trinidad on the north coast of South America to the Orinoco and the Amazon.

This plan is conceded to be entirely practicable in a commercial, social, or neighborly way. The natives and traders of the chain of islands maintain regular daily communication between various islands by paddling and sailing canoes over the beautiful calm blue sea. It is proper to suggest also that the pirates and buccaneers of early days no longer navigate this part of the Spanish main.

If desired the writer of these pages would be glad to personally conduct any readers along this route to the Equator and the Amazon and beyond, and to return them safely home.

THE AUTHOR.

April 1, 1911.

"Washington, D. C., July 21, 1909.

"Brazilian Embassy.

"The Brazilian Ambassador thanks Major J. Orton Kerbey for his excellent article on Para, published in the Bulletin of the American Republics (for April, 1909).

"It is a very interesting service to that State."

"Quinta Carmita,

"Para, Brazil, April 18, 1910.

"Major J. Orton Kerbey,

Washington, D. C.

"Esteemed friend: We are waiting anxiously for your new book on Brazil, especially on Para, in which the Quinta Carmita has the honor of being mentioned in two chapters, and we already engage to take several dozen copies. If possible, we will translate it into Portuguese, thus making it better known here.

"We have translated several pages of your other work, 'The Land of Tomorrow,' for publication in a magazine in Belem. I hope you will not refuse me permission for this.

"(Signed) J. M. Oliveira."

"Washington, D. C., May 27, 1910.

"International Bureau of American Republics.

"My dear Major: I have read with interest your letter and clipping from the Washington Times of May 23.

"The excerpts on religion in Brazil from your book, 'An American Consul in Amazonia,' are most interesting reading, and I am in hopes to see the book completed, feeling that I will enjoy it as much as the perusal of your enclosure.

"Sincerely yours,

"(Signed) † F. J. Yanes, Secretary."

Major J. Orton Kerbey,

1802 G Street.

*The Brazilian Ambassador Joaquim Nabuco died at Washington on January 17, 1910.

†Secretary Yanes was promoted to the position of Assistant Director of Pan-American Union in July, 1910.

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AN AMERICAN CONSUL IN AMAZONIA

CHAPTER I.

HOW TO GET THERE.



THE traveler from the United States intending to visit Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres may have a choice of the several English and German steamship lines from New York. However, they all seem to be in a combination or trust, as they charge the same rate for the widely different or indifferent accommodations; namely, one hundred and fifty dollars to Buenos Aires, one hundred and thirty-five dollars to Rio de Janeiro, one hundred dollars to Pernambuco, eighty dollars to Para, and forty dollars to Barbados, with the usual reductions for return tickets.

About the same rates prevail from European ports by the larger steamers of the Royal Mail, French, Italian, and German lines; so that those desiring to go by way of Europe need only pay the additional fares from New York to Liverpool or Mediterranean ports.

The time occupied in the voyage depends upon the route selected and the steamers. The distance from New York to Rio de Janeiro is 4748 nautical miles. The most direct route or quickest time from New York to Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Ayres is probably made by the several new British steamers, which have fortnightly sailings, usually making the voyage to Rio in sixteen to twenty-five days, without call. These steamers are out of sight of land for a long time, making a course easterly for a thousand

miles, reaching nearly half-way across the Atlantic before turning south. Their passengers sometimes get their first view of Brazilian land at Pernambuco.

The most popular route, however, for first-class passengers is the longest way around, from New York to Europe and thence to South America, because of the superior class of steamers and the opportunities afforded for writing about the interesting points.

The saloon passenger list from Southampton on one of the "Aristocrats of the Sea," as the Royal Mail is called, is made up of well-to-do people who are making the voyage south for their health or recreation, as well as for business. In the second class, or intermediate, are usually found English mechanics or skilled workmen en route to Argentina or Brazil to accept contract positions, while the steerage, or third class, is always crowded to overflowing with emigrant families and laborers.

The German, French and Italian lines are also liberally patronized by their own people, especially in the carrying of large numbers of emigrants from the Mediterranean ports and the handling of cargoes. There are comparatively no emigrants from North America to South America.

All steamers from Germany, Liverpool or Southampton make preliminary short stops and interesting calls at Cherbourg and Havre, in France; also Vigo, Oporto and Lisbon. The Mediterranean boats also call at Madeira, Cape Verde and the Canary Islands, from which point they all cross the South Atlantic at the narrowest point to Pernambuco, Brazil, thence leisurely down the coast, making short stops at Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

The voyage usually requires about the same time from Southampton to Rio de Janeiro as from New York. The numerous stops or delays give the passengers from Europe an opportunity for sightseeing ashore, which is a pleasant relief not afforded by the direct line from New York.

Montevideo and Buenos Aires are both within a few days' sailing of Rio Plata from Rio de Janeiro.

It is important to note that the steamship service to North Brazil and the Amazon is entirely distinct from that to Rio de Janeiro and points south of Pernambuco.

A study of the map will show that the coast of Brazil north of Pernambuco extends approximately due west and east for a thousand miles, to the mouth of the Amazon.

Relatively, it is almost as far out of the direct course from New York to Rio de Janeiro for a steamer to sail westerly into the Amazon to Para as it would be to enter the Gulf from the east and go up the Mississippi to New Orleans.

Because of these geographical conditions and the vast trade of the Amazon for fifty years there have been regular lines of British trading steamers plying from New York and also from Liverpool to the Amazon and North Brazil exclusively.

Good cargo steamers, with limited accommodations for passengers, sail fortnightly from New York and Europe to Para and up the Amazon to Iquitos, in Peru, a distance of two thousand miles.

The time from New York to Para is estimated at from ten to twelve days, but the writer, who has made voyages over the different routes several times, gives the actual time from New York to Para from fourteen to fifteen days and the cost about eighty dollars (first class).

These steamers will land passengers at Barbados for forty dollars. They sometimes deliver mail to other islands, and replenish their supply of coal at Santa Lucia.

The voyage may be continued in the same steamer from New York to Para, a distance of two thousand, nine hundred and fifteen miles by sea, thence two thousand, three hundred miles up the Amazon to Iquitos, in Peru, with interesting stops all along the Amazon. The trip will consume from ten to fifteen days from Para, and the cost from Para is less than one hundred dollars.

There are at present no American steamers to be found on these different routes. Some years ago there was a feeble attempt to establish an American line to do a through coasting

trade between Norfolk, Virginia, and Rio de Janeiro, which was liberally subsidized by Brazil. A profitable business was assured, but, because Congress would not grant a liberal subsidy on the demands of the lobbyists at Washington, the enterprise was abandoned, and the Huntington steamers, Alliance, Advance and Finance were transferred to the Panama route.

During the past two years an independent Brazilian company has been quietly operating the abandoned American route between Rio de Janeiro and the coast to the Amazon, and from Para to New York by way of the West Indies.

By the distribution of attractive booklets the British and German lines to and from Brazil are liberally advertising their facilities for carrying American passengers and cargo to South America. The booklets describe the beauties and the picturesqueness of the companies' routes. The Brazilians, being modest and inexperienced in American ways, are slow to advance their own interests. The writer wishes to voluntarily testify as to his actual experiences during his recent voyage on the Lloyd Brasileiro company's steamer Goyaz.

The Lloyd Brasileiro is a well-known line with ample capital, organized many years ago for exploiting steamship transportation, principally in Brazil, but which has recently extended its service from Rio de Janeiro along the Brazilian coast to the United States, via the islands.

Though listed as Lloyd Brasileiro, with M. Barque & Company as owners, it is generally understood that the Brazilian Government practically controls this vast corporation.

Notwithstanding the fact that Lloyds Brasileiro operates sixty-five first-class passenger and cargo steamers, built in England and Scotland, it is from time to time adding others to its fleet fitted with the latest improvements.

This company has successfully accomplished the great undertaking of navigating the vast network of streams watering almost all of Brazil. In addition to this extensive local trade with the interior, they maintain a coasting service of first-class steamers

which call at the numerous ports along the coast for five thousand miles, from Manaos, one thousand miles up the Amazon, to the extreme southerly point of Rio Grande de Sul, thence to Montevideo and Buenos Aires, on the Rio de La Plata.

The writer, who has enjoyed pleasant sailings to and from South America by the several ships of the different lines, selected the Lloyd Brasileiro steamer for this trip, principally because of personal and sentimental considerations and also for business reasons. This is the only line whose vessels sail through to Rio de Janeiro by way of the Windward islands, thence to Para and down the coast, and the accommodations are equally as good as those of the other steamers, and the same rate is charged for the direct shorter voyage.

In addition to this, I desired as an American friend of Brazil, to show at least some appreciation by patronizing the Lloyd Brasileiro, which maintains, in the face of severe competition, this excellent service to New York and proposes to extend it to New Orleans. It may be stated as a harsh business fact that the American merchant, although anxious to extend his trade to South America by propaganda and circulation of advertising literature, fails to lend his encouragement to the Brazilian enterprise by his patronage. By preventing a return to the steamship monopoly of transportation this might be returned to him a hundredfold.

Through the kindly interest and courtesy of Mr. W. S. Raeburn, the American agent, and Señor I. C. A. de Lima, representing the Lloyd Brasileiro in New York, passage was secured by the new steamer Goyaz, advertised to sail about the last of June, 1909, the best accommodations available in a deck cabin being especially reserved for the "Americano."

Having had some experience in tropical travel, I limited my preparations to packing some summer clothing, which was easily contained in a suit case. A hasty exit by a midnight train from the capital was necessary in order to catch the steamer advertised to sail at eleven A. M. the following day.

It should be explained to those hustling travelers who contemplate a voyage by the Lloyd Brasileiro, and perhaps any other Latin-American steamers, that the steamship officials are never in a hurry, absolutely never, and, I might add, the vessels seldom depart or arrive on the hour or day advertised.

I was a nervous traveler on the train to New York, fearing that something might happen to prevent our reaching there at eight A. M. Arriving safely in New York, I hurried by ferry to Brooklyn, without stopping to breakfast, and at ten A. M. succeeded, after some trouble, in locating the Goyaz at the Bush docks, a mile or so distant, in South Brooklyn. The vessel was snugly tied to the pier between big warehouses that fairly concealed her.

Hastening breathlessly up the gangway, with grip in hand, and almost exhausted, I encountered a custom house employee, apparently the only official on board. He told me the steamer would not sail until late that night, whereupon I nearly collapsed, and had to take a vermouth.

The chief steward, who could not speak a word of English, but had no doubt been apprised that an American was to join the ship, escorted me to the room reserved for an Americano. Presently a young man in uniform visited my room, and courteously invited me to breakfast, which was then being served to the ship's officers in the saloon.

And, by the way, one of the several good reasons why prospective American traders, investors, or commercial men should patronize the Lloyd Brasileiro is that the voyage of a fortnight or more, with the necessary close communion on board, affords an excellent opportunity for the student to practice speaking and acquiring the accent of the Portuguese language. Where one is obliged to give his entire attention, he soon learns how to ask for food or the ordinary requirements of everyday life.

Another advantage in taking the Brazilian line is that the passenger may become accustomed to the Portuguese dishes. Good claret wine is served with each meal the same as in Brazil.



Captain Wm. Th. Meissner, S. S. Goyaz, with kind regards to
Major Jos. Orton Kerbey.

Special American cooking is provided to suit the taste of those who prefer it.

As the captain was not yet aboard, and it being a pleasant Saturday afternoon, I strolled through the dirty streets of South Brooklyn, which I discovered was not far from Coney Island. As the Goyaz was not to sail until after midnight, I availed myself of the opportunity to spend the last few hours on shore in looking on at the joyous crowds that visit the jolly island on Saturday evenings in June.

Returning to the ship about nine P. M., I learned that she would not sail until the afternoon of Sunday. As there were but few persons on board, and all was quiet, I retired early, and slept peacefully in the close quarters, after an all-night ride and a day of hustling.

I was the first on deck for coffee, and therefore enjoyed an early and hearty Sunday morning greeting from the captain. His name had escaped me, but I at once gladly recognized in him my old friend, Captain William Th. Meissner, whom I had known as an officer of the defunct American line. He had once shocked my dignity by unexpectedly firing the ship's gun as a complimentary salute to a visiting consul at Para. His friendly greeting after many years was scarcely less noisy, and quite as sincere as the customary salute on the Amazon.

Captain Meissner was originally a German-American citizen, but for many years has been a naturalized Brazilian, which is a necessary requirement of all who hold important positions in Brazil. He has spent a lifetime in this service, and is one of the most popular captains, and a man well qualified to give reliable information and advice to those traveling to Brazil.

As the reader will travel with us on this voyage, in imagination, and the jolly captain will relate some experiences and contribute much valuable information, I beg to present my genial friend through the attached photograph.

To the usual first question of a passenger as to when we would get away, the captain replied with an air of disgust, "Oh, it's Manana," you know.

"We cannot leave the dock until tomorrow, because some one in the office forgot that yesterday was Saturday, a half holiday, and when we called for the ship's clearance papers in the afternoon, found the offices closed, and the consul gone to Coney Island, so there is nothing else to do but wait patiently until after business hours on Monday."

There were a number of passengers and their friends on board to say their farewells, and though there may have been disappointments among them, there was no appearance of annoyance, all being in their usual holiday or Sunday good humor, especially the groups of well-groomed young students who were laughing or talking all at once and incessantly.

Some of the young men spent the Sunday afternoon or night at Coney, and by the way, their joy at returning home was clouded by the regret of leaving Coney Island behind. One obtained the impression from the animated conversations that they appreciated "Coney" more than any other part of America.

All day Sunday the broad decks of the Goyaz were crowded, practically with Brazilian visitors, happy and yet regretful that they were not all returning to their country.

An extra menu had been arranged for the usual Sunday dinner, to which all on board were courteously invited by the captain, and I may say a jollier or happier occasion has not occurred in my travels on many steamers.

Monday was a busy day on board. The officers having procured the necessary documents, we were ready to sail, but another delay was occasioned by having to wait the convenience of a tug to haul us out into the stream.

About sundown, without any fuss or excitement, the big ship silently glided away from its piers out into the broad river, and as soon as she straightened up, the engines were rung ahead and we were off, sailing gracefully down the bay in the twilight of a June day, bound for the "Land of Tomorrow" to which I had several times voyaged, but I do not recall "a night in June" that created more agreeable anticipations.

I stood alone by the forward rail, looking so intently at the receding shores of "God's Country," the land we love, that I forgot the dinner hour, until looking around I found myself the only one on deck. On going below, the jolly captain jokingly spoke of my getting seasick very soon for an old sailor.

The writer was honored by a seat alongside the captain, the adjacent chairs being occupied by the surgeon and one of the ship's officers, neither of whom spoke a word of English, but I thought from their close attention they both understood the English of the captain and myself.

The surgeon impressed all the Brazilians as a morose young doctor, who entertained an exalted opinion of his position and profession. It was a relief to know that, during all the long voyage, I did not have occasion to seek his professional service, nor attempt to break through his reserve by conversation.

On most steamers it is the first officer who sails the ship, and it is said the principal duty of the captain on a liner is to tell lies to the lady passengers about the ship's position. During this voyage on the Goyaz, our "first officer," or "immediato," was never in evidence except at meal times. He was a very courteous officer of the Brazilian navy detailed for this commercial service in time of peace. There was but one lady passenger on board, the pretty wife (and baby) of a Greek or Servian merchant, returning to his business at Maranhao. This lady understood no language but her own.

We had also a very sick naval officer with a companion and attendant, who was being sent home to Brazil to die from tuberculosis, which he had contracted on the Brazilian cruise to the colder and inhospitable latitudes of the Pacific.

This young officer occupied a steamer chair during all the days, gazing at the sky and sea, too weak to help himself and only able to speak in a whisper. Every attention was given the poor fellow, whose only trouble seemed to be that the ship might be delayed, thereby preventing his last longing, to die in his own land.

Brazilians love their country with an intensity that we North Americanos cannot understand.

A majority of the passengers were young Brazilian students of several American colleges, returning to spend their vacation at home. Between them and the writer an atmosphere of kindly fellowship developed a friendship which I am glad to note has been maintained. As it is understood that some account of the voyage would be published by the American writer, I do not offend the proprieties by printing their names any more than I should by personally introducing each separately to the readers as, Dr. H. Oswaldo de Miranda, of Para, Brazil, a student of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, a handsome and intelligent young man of probably twenty-three, whose family was well known in Brazil, the name Miranda connecting him with the oldest historic families. Miranda, as he is familiarly known, is a very pleasant young man, wearing glasses, but having been interested in athletics at the University of Pennsylvania, three years, he sometimes parts with his dignity and joins in the hilarity.

The two fine-looking, large able-bodied brothers of about nineteen and twenty-one respectively, named Humberto and Almiro Guimaraes, are the sons of a distinguished ex-naval officer, now the owner of steamers plying on the Amazon.

The two handsome boys have been at the Peddie Institute, of New Jersey, during three years, and being apt scholars, they have acquired a grasp of English which they use quite freely with scarcely an accent. They are of the most refined families of Para, as the writer can cheerfully testify from pleasant personal visits to their homes.

Elmiro Miller is the son of a German-American who married in Brazil, and became the wealthy and influential owner of the large naval or shipping plant at Para, answering to our shipyards at Philadelphia.

Young Miller finished at the preparatory school at Peddie, and is now attending the Bliss Institution, at Washington, D. C.,

with a view of fitting himself to become the manager of his father's plant at Para. Miller is a jolly, goodhearted boy who finds the engineers and officers on board congenial friends.

There was also the son of an American missionary whose name I have lost, who with a friend attended a dental college in Baltimore. They were on their way to establish a practice in Pernambuco.

Perhaps the most prominent of the young Brazilians was a young man of a well-known Rio family named Rodrigo Vianna, who had left his home two years previously to seek his fortune in America, among entire strangers. His story is interesting, as indicating the possibilities of extending American trade to Brazil by young Brazilians.

Vianna, with but an imperfect knowledge of English, found difficulties in getting employment, but, being of an energetic and determined character, he was not ashamed to sell fruit at Coney Island until he found more congenial employment through a Spanish friend of Porto Rico, whose name I regret to have lost, whom I met on board the Goyaz before sailing.

This young Porto Rican, now a manager for the Copeland-Raymond Company, the largest shippers of flour to South America, gave Vianna employment with the firm. The managers finding him capable and more energetic than the usual South Americans, he was soon advanced in the business and is returning now to Brazil as the representative of that firm, with commissions from a number of other large American business houses.

I take the opportunity to suggest that the American firms desirous of extending their business would do well to follow this example by securing the services of the young Brazilians in introducing their wares in Brazil, rather than by depending on the efforts of the usual American hustling commercial travelers who, through lack of tact and unfamiliarity with the language and customs of the country, succeed in antagonizing those he would "patronize." There is too much "patronizing" in our intercourse with our Latin-American brothers.

Of the full complement of passengers aboard the *Goyaz*, the writer was the only North American; and probably out of sympathy or respect for a veteran who, the captain told them had been through two revolutions, the Brazilian boys vied with each other in respectful consideration of "O Consul Americano," as they persisted in calling one whom they recognized as a friend of the Latins.

CHAPTER II.

ROUTINE ABOARD A BRAZILIAN STEAMER.



TEAMERS sailing the southern sunny seas are constructed especially for comfort in tropical travel, having as far as possible the "camorottes" or cabins on the upper deck, the promenades being also provided with awnings and convenient fastenings from which to swing hammocks. The saloons and cabins, as well as the decks and smoking-rooms, are fitted with electric fans and lights and are well ventilated.

The steamers to Brazil, as a rule, are good sailors, being of generous beam and provided with bilge keels, which check the tendency to too much rolling in a rough sea. They are of light draught, easily handled in the harbors, and are built for business rather than for speed. They can, however, on occasion, make a good average, but time or mileage is not so much of a consideration as economy of fuel, in a land where all the coal used by hundreds of steamers is brought three thousands miles, from England to Brazil.

The traveler who attempts to hustle the steamship service should keep in mind President Taft's recent suggestion that it is unwise in dealing with the Latins, or in dealing with anything in the tropics, to suppose that you are going to make headway suddenly.

The Brazilian ships are kept fresh and clean through the customary washing of the decks in the early morning, and the daily polishing within.

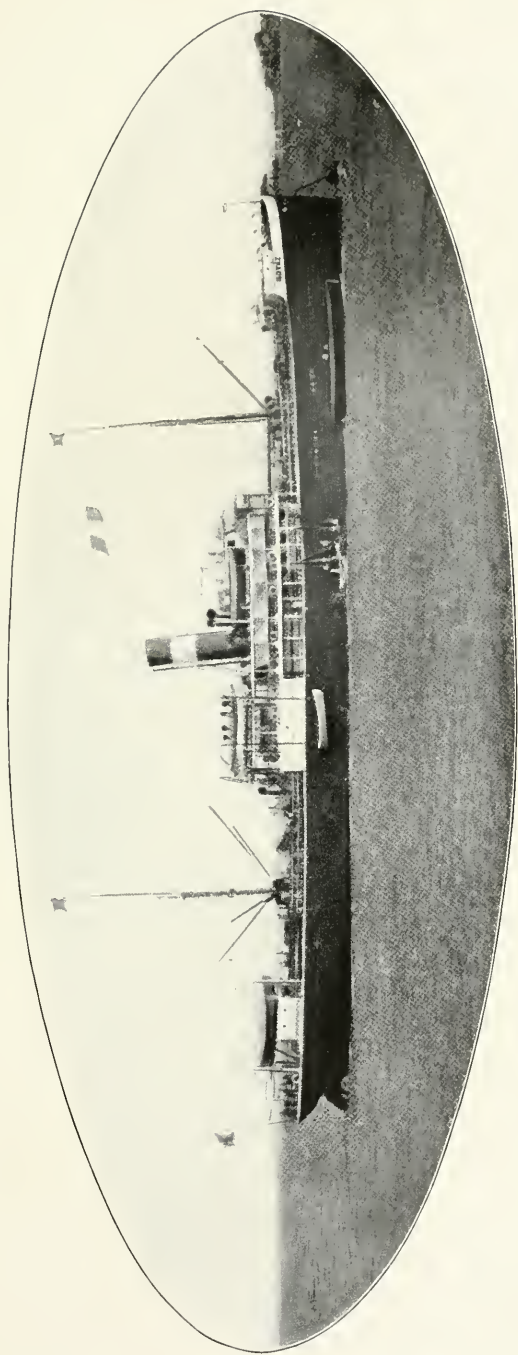
I happen to be one of those uncomfortable beings addicted to the early rising habit, being usually the first to sit down to

the "el desayuno," or early cup of coffee, after the bath, which is served about six A. M. on all steamers. On going above to get fresh air and take the usual observations from which I find the same old waves and skies that surrounded us when we retired the night before, I invariably encountered a brace of bare-footed, hatless Portuguese sailors with hose and mops promiscuously squirting water around as if the ship were afire, compelling one to dance or do acrobatic stunts in getting on benches, or trying to climb into the riggings or straddling the rail to escape a shower-bath, to the great amusement of the sailors.

The one thing that all ship's skippers will do in stormy or windy weather is to wash down the decks, even in a driving rain, or if the decks are awash from the ship's rolling in a heavy sea. It is supposed that all the passengers are or ought to be in their berths until the sun dries the deck. The Brazilian ships are no exception to this rule. I was once on a crowded steamer from Lisbon to Havre, having a French opera troupe in second cabin. The girls were annoyed by the sailors and hose when they assembled on deck and made a charge on their tormentors, seizing the hose and, with screams of laughter, succeeded in turning the stream on the crew, and unintentionally wetting themselves and everyone on deck, by their awkward handling of the nozzle.

After a day or two at sea from New York to the islands or to South America, the ship must cross the Gulf Stream, which, in conjunction with the bad reputation of Hatteras, compels most passengers to pay tribute to old Neptune or retire to their rooms for a day of meditation, though few seasick persons have enough leisure to pray.

Some seasick passengers think they will surely die, while others are only afraid they will not. It is at such a time the American as well as the Brazilian passengers fail to appreciate the odors from the galley and reject with wry faces the kind offers of fancy dishes of Portuguese cooking, especially the national concoction of dried codfish, onions or garlic, and other healthy but unknown ingredients called "Bacallao," pronounced reverently, ba-ca-lowe.



S. S. "Goyaz," of the Lloyd Brasileiro, on which the voyage of
O'Connell was made to the Amazon.

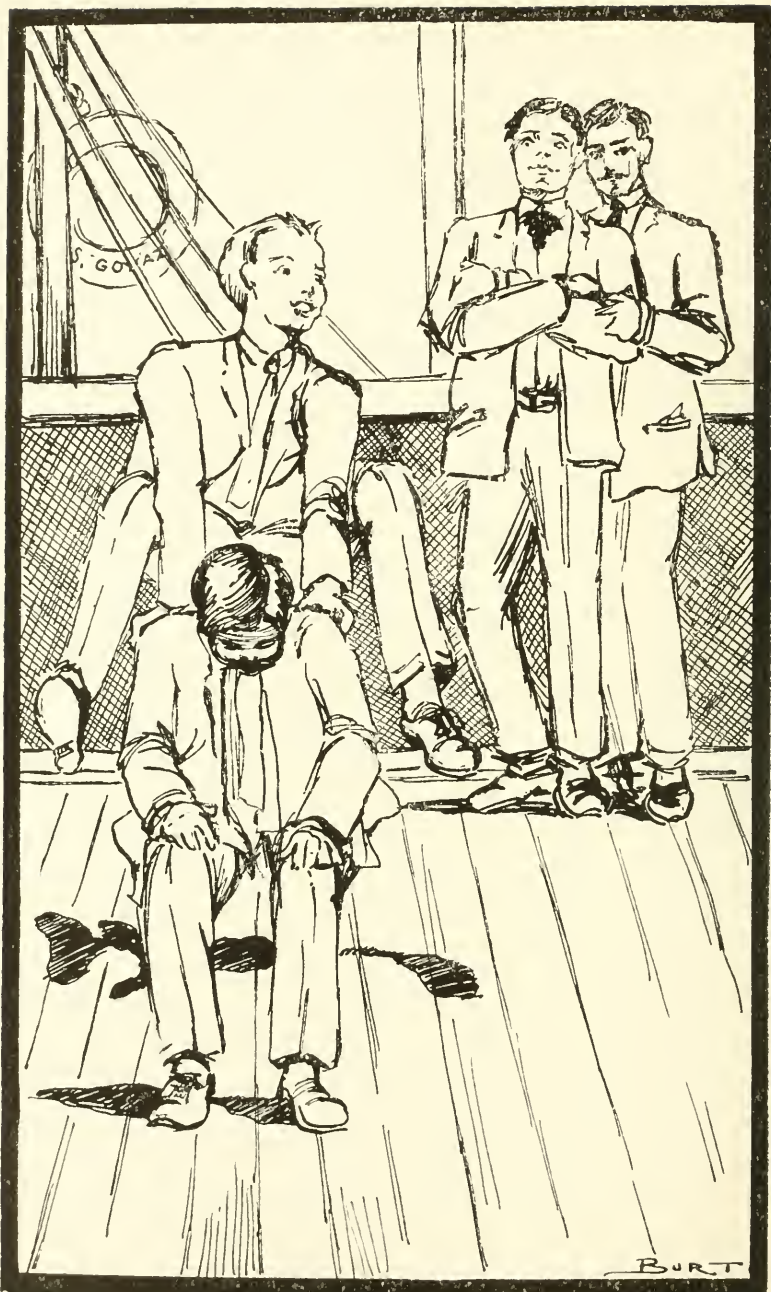
Captain Meissner, of the Goyaz, insists upon his steward serving English or German dishes with the various Spanish or Portuguese stews, requiring oatmeal or cereal foods at each breakfast. He tells me good naturedly that once his officers and crew threatened mutiny, and with the engineers complained to the Rio management about the American grub, declaring that it weakened them. So the engineer said, "I can hardly turn a crank." They emphatically reject oatmeal and cereals.

The writer, who has lived in boarding houses for a long time, is not a kicker, finding the steamer fare equally as good as the ordinary, and suggests that the claret wine supplied at each meal, free of cost, may help to wash the bad taste out of the chronic growler's mouth.

Crossing the "Gulf," as they call the Gulf Stream, the ship glides into a summer sea of blue sky and water. I do not know the latitude, but it is charted on my memory as the place to shed overcoats in the winter, or to don light apparel in any season. All passengers now come out of their rooms and straggle on deck to enjoy the fresh, bracing air and sun, good naturedly staggering about the decks until they get on their sea legs. The pleasant summer evenings, or perhaps the blue sky and sea, seem to have the agreeable effect of uniting the passengers in a social way, quite in contrast with the formality usually observed on the big Atlantic liners. Our ship's company seemed indeed like a party of boys just from school on their way to their homes and the country.

Senhor Rodrigo Vianna was easily the leader and promoter of entertainment on board, in which all took a part, even the pretty young wife and the ugly Greek husband, neither of whom understood any language other than their own, entering with zest and spirit into the youthful games of "forfeit" which are played at adult gatherings in Brazil.

We were all boys together again, and even resorted to a lively game of leap-frog on the deck, the antics of which amused the lady, who laughingly declined Vianna's polite invitation to



The Brazilian students amuse themselves aboard the "Goyaz" during the long, calm days in the tropic seas in games, affording exercise, like "leap frog."

join the line. It was not all fun for Vianna, however, for with an eye to business he had his own typewriting machine set up on a table in the grand saloon, and occupied himself for hours in the preparation of tables, or in writing letters pertaining to business, which were mailed on arrival in Barbados.

Vianna had thoroughly informed himself, and was able to show in exact figures the amount of flour and other cargo on board, amounting to thousands of packages, consigned principally to points on the Amazon and northern Brazil and the coast cities of Para, Maranhao, Natal, Parahiba, Ceara and Recife.

He explained that it was at this point of Recife or Pernambuco where the two great flour exporting countries (the United States and Argentina) met in fierce competition, with the Argentine steadily advancing to the north and the American lines receding.

I was surprised by the showing that the shipments of American flour were now halted at Pernambuco, the Argentine supplying the several states south and the cities of Rio de Janeiro and Montevideo.

His business mission was to try to stem the tide of Argentine flour and wheat by shipping American flour direct to northern Brazil, through favorable rates and accommodation of Brazilian steamers.

A copy of the ship's papers showed a varied cargo, all of which was to be discharged at the several ports in northern Brazil, enabling the steamer Goyaz to take another cargo from northern Brazil to points south. Thus the Brazilian Lloyd steamer enjoys the profits of two cargoes on the one trip from New York to Rio de Janeiro, along with the extensive coasting and local trade which is limited to the Brazilian flag.

As previously indicated, there has been built during fifty years, by profitable and business like methods, a British steamship corporation, trading exclusively between New York and Liverpool, and northern Brazil and the Amazon, principally from the handling of American cargo and passengers, which now prac-

tically monopolizes that trade, through wharfage and dock concessions from the Brazilian state governments. These conditions would seem to illustrate the necessity and policy of establishing and maintaining an American line by subsidies, under governmental restrictions that would also insure the "free navigation" of the Amazon decreed by the late Emperor Dom Pedro II.

On one of the pleasant evenings after the dinner hour, while the boys were having one of their usual talkfests forward, with mandolin and cigarette accompaniments, and Portuguese songs on the side, I inveigled the old man, as all skippers are familiarly called, into a comfortable steamer chair alongside aft where we sat, American fashion, with both feet on the rail, nursing pipes and rearranging the past, present and future of the steamship service between North and South America.

The captain has been a sailor man all his life, principally in this trade as an officer of the defunct American line, and for many years occupying an important position ashore in Rio for the Brazilian Government. It will thus be seen that he is well qualified to discuss the several questions from a practical and disinterested standpoint.

"Subventions," as the captain terms subsidies, "are all right if the ships or lines supposed to be interested get the money that is appropriated; but you know that the promoters or agents and lobbyist have the first whack at the grab bag, and, after they are through, there is not much left for the actual benefit of the service."

"You know, as Consul to Para, that the American line obtained a very liberal sum from Brazil for each voyage of the American vessels and were really doing very well, earning, it is said, as much as \$20,000 on one trip."

The general opinion obtained that it was because of the extravagant management ashore that influenced Congress against granting the subsidies.

The English lines of northern Brazil and the Amazon received a liberal sum from the State of Amazonas for extending

a regular fortnightly service up the Amazon, one thousand miles, to Manaus, to which the Peruvian Government also contributed for extending the ocean service another one thousand miles to Iquitos, in Peru.

“The objections to subventions,” continued the captain, “is that they impose conditions which in practical application nullify the advantages, in the way of requiring free transportation to officials and their friends, with fines or penalties exacted for trifling and unintentional violations of the subsidized contract.”

It is said that the state practically canceled the promised cash subsidies by frequent fines or penalties and requirements. The English companies subsequently declined to accept the subventions, but have continued advancing the business and very greatly increased the service without any subventions, and are now expending millions of dollars in dock improvements on the Amazon.

The apparent advantage to any line working under subsidies from the government is in the official connection which gives that service a standing they would not otherwise obtain. It probably has the additional effect of insuring regular sailings regulated by the postal authorities. It is probably due to the Brazilian Government that the service to New York is maintained to our advantage.

In discussing the question of direct steamship communication between the southern ports of New Orleans, Mobile and Para, referred to in consular reports, the captain, after deliberately refilling his pipe and drawing for inspiration, continued, “That is a matter strangely overlooked by the southern cities and river transportation interests.” Then, after a few silent whiffs, he continued, “We are now in about the same latitude as New Orleans, 30° north, and probably a thousand miles east of New Orleans, approximately in longitude 70°, about equidistant from New Orleans and New York.”

As the ship sails it is a little further from New Orleans to Para (three thousand, one hundred and thirty-six nautical miles)

than from New York to Para (two thousand, nine hundred and fifteen nautical miles). But as the bird flies, and the ships could sail, the distance from New Orleans to Para may be very much shortened by taking the more direct route south of Cuba and Jamaica, by way of Barbados.

The advantage of New Orleans and Mobile, however, as points of departure, is not so much in the shortening of the mileage as in the fact that New Orleans and Mobile and Florida harbors offer equally as good facilities as New York, at less cost. Sailing from southern ports will necessarily avoid the always inhospitable and dangerous Atlantic Coast and the Gulf Stream and Hatteras, and serve to develop the southern ports, and be a step in forwarding southern and western enterprise.

New Orleans is a logical point where American communications with northern Brazil and the Amazon should center. The ideal cities of Para and New Orleans are alike in many respects, both being the seaports of the greatest rivers of the earth, each located about the same distance from the delta or mouths of their respective rivers, and, it may be added, both are on low lying ground, surrounded by fresh water, and at one time both enjoyed the dubious reputation of being located on the zone of unhealthfulness. But yellow fever and its kindred ill are no longer the bugaboo for either.

Another of the claims of New Orleans as a shipping port for the Amazon trade, in addition to the unlimited water front, with both rail and river facilities for interior communications, it may be added, incidentally, is the rehabilitation of New Orleans as a great seaport for South and Central America and the Panama Canal.

I suggested to the captain that all the cargo on board of his ship had undoubtedly originated in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, especially the thousands of packages of flour, bacon, lard and canned goods, kerosene and machinery, all of which had been hauled by the railroads from the West over the mountains to New York, to be handled again in loading on the steamers, which

must double back on the coast to the latitude of New Orleans, which port it might better have reached by river in the first place, and have been more conveniently transferred to the ship alongside with but one handling.

The captain confessed he had not thought of the matter in that light, and suggested that there were others like himself who had traveled so long in certain lines that their ideas did not get out of the rut or beaten channel.

He suggested, however, that New York possessed the advantages of a large trade, which assured visiting ships a return cargo, which New Orleans and Para did not possess. To this it may be replied: The mighty Amazon, with its many thousand miles of navigable affluents, produces in abundance those articles which the world's civilization requires and must have at a fair price, namely: sixty million dollars' worth a year of rubber, one hundred million dollars' worth a year of coffee, with millions of dollars' worth more of sugar and cocoa, maté or mace, hardwoods, dyes and materia medica products, also cotton, tobacco and the future unbounded agricultural possibilities, as well as the natural resources of the Brazilian forest.

The great Ohio and Mississippi valleys especially require these products of the Amazon valley, which cannot be grown anywhere else, and in exchange offer ship loads of the products of our great West, which are necessary for the Amazon civilization, but which cannot be produced in that latitude or climate, namely: flour, corn, bacon, lard, agricultural and other machinery, canned goods, and especially kerosene and coal, all of which the Ohio and Mississippi valleys can supply in unlimited quantities.

The proposition is for a fair exchange of the separate products of the two countries by uniting the two great rivers of the earth by direct steamship lines, connecting the twin cities of the southern seas, New Orleans and Para.

If regular sailings were made from New Orleans to Brazil by this route, passengers could travel comfortably by rail to join the steamer at New Orleans or Key West, thus avoiding several

days of rough sea passage along the coast, shortening the sea voyage considerably, while adding to its interest and affording opportunities for business connections with the islands.

The return journey can be made even in less time through the Caribbean Sea, from Barbados to Jamaica, and direct to the Yucatan channel to New Orleans or Mobile and Key West.

It is well known that the powerful equatorial current, flowing northerly from the Amazon to Barbados, enters the Caribbean Sea, where it forms the Gulf Stream, going past Jamaica and Cuba to Key West. This is a great assistance to ships traveling in that direction.

CHAPTER III.

HISTORIC ROUTE—DETAILING STEAMSHIP INTERESTS.



HE voyager from New York to Brazil via the West Indies leaves Bermuda and the Bahamas far to the west, seldom getting in sight of the first landfall of Columbus, which is supposed to be Watling or Cat Island, a low-lying, barren spot that looks from a distance like the dark shadow of a reflected cloud on the blue waters.

No doubt Columbus was as glad at this first sight of land as were some of the seasick boys of our party, when they discovered, through the darkness, the radiance of the Sombrero Lighthouse.

The illustrations show photographic views and a copy of Lady Blake's celebrated water color of Columbus' landfall.

There is also the bay in which Columbus landed for water for his crew, as also the ground on which he first set foot on the island, on the twelfth of October, 1492.

The suggested journey from New Orleans or Mobile, with a call at Tampa, Key West, or Havana, along the north coast of Cuba and Santo Domingo, would afford the tourist an opportunity for visiting numerous historical points of interest on the Island of Santo Domingo and the city of the same name, which is situated on the southern side, among which are the ruins of the first cathedral on American soil, the Boredor vaults and the remains of Columbus and his son Diego, the urn or casket, and also the burial place and house of the cacique who befriended Columbus. The place where the wreckage of the Santa Maria was brought and the anchor found on the spot, also ruins of the citadel and first castle erected in America, the convent of San

Francisco, burial place of Alonzo de Ojeda, and the ruins of the first university where Las Casas resided.

Columbus discovered the Island of Haiti and Santo Domingo on his first voyage, December 6, 1492, and established the City of Santo Domingo on his second visit, in 1493.

His brave followers exterminated the native males in a brief period, but the Indian type of face is still to be seen in Santo Domingo among the Spanish residents.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says that "most of the butchery was done in the name of religion. To convert and to save the poor native was the burning desire of the invading Spaniard. Rather than have them live unconverted, they butchered them, but before they murdered them they were baptized."

Sir Francis Treve, in his book, "The Cradle of the Deep," says, "In 1505 negro slaves were brought to Haiti. It was the squalid beginning of a terrible end. These miserable beings could hardly crawl out of the boats where for weeks they had been cramped in a putrid hold, their bodies indented by the marks of the planks. Huddled together like frightened animals, they whisked flies from the sores left by the lash of the whip. Some died; all were famishing for food and were wild-eyed with alarm." Can we wonder that the descendants of these wretched beings of this most beautiful and historic island today are incompetent to cope with existing conditions?

From the deck of the ship in the harbor of Santo Domingo the tourist is shown the very silk-wood tree to which Columbus tied his boat, and close to the wharf rose the stately ruins of Castle Colon, the magnificent chateau and state house built by Diego, the son of Christopher Columbus, in 1509.

The Americans of both continents viewing these ruins, connecting by ancient history the two hemispheres, feel the necessity for some governmental provision in their future preservation. They should be saved from decay and be made sanitary, instead of being neglected and abandoned to reptiles and vermin.

Conservation might well be applied here, and a caretaker

appointed to show travelers the points of interest, and to explain the history of the oldest structures built on the shores of the New World.

Santo Domingans acknowledge their debt of gratitude to the United States for establishing a safe financial system for their benefit. They are filled with a spirit of hospitality and the island would make an ideal winter resort if only it possessed a medium hotel.

The ship passes close to the American island of Porto Rico, also St. Croix and the adjoining St. Thomas, where we stop a few hours in the picturesque harbor for coal. St. Thomas is described as a Botany Bay colony of Denmark, maintained at a cost of \$150,000 annually. It is noted for the high peaks that are used as signal stations.

The principal commerce seems to be in bay rum. It is called a two and a half per cent. place because all duties are horizontal, two and a half per cent.

Almost continually in sight of tall mountain peaks rising from the sea, densely covered with luxuriant tropical foliage, we sail over the clear, blue sea all the day, almost within hailing of the picturesque villages, nestling in the valleys of the islands of St. Kitts, Antigua, the French islands of Guadalupe and Martinique, where a short stop is made in the open roadstead of the destroyed town of St. Pierre. The writer, who had visited the pretty town a year previous to its destruction, was amazed at the present desolation in contrast with its former lively scenes. We were so close to the town that we could fancy we heard the voices of those we saw moving about the streets. We distinctly heard the church bell toll "the passing bell" announcing a funeral service.

Photographs fail to represent adequately the present desolation.

The tourist to the Mediterranean, and especially the worshippers of Naples and Vesuvius, may find in this American tour volcanoes like Peelee that outclass Vesuvius, as well as occasional earthquakes and hurricanes that rival the horrors of Messina.

On a former visit to St. Pierre the passengers were entertained by the antics of the many boys who came out to the anchorage in their little boats, to dive down in the clear, blue water for the coins promiscuously thrown into the sea, their lithe, brown bodies wiggling in the water like fish.

The desolation of St. Pierre is painful in the hush that comes over one looking at the totally destroyed town, which is a mass of ruins surrounded by beautiful undulating farms and vast sugar plantations.

On one of the pretty hills close to the edge of a high, rocky precipice, covered with trailing vines of beautiful colors, a monument or shaft is pointed out as a memorial to the French Empress Josephine, who was born on this spot. One of the other islands is noted as the birthplace of Lord Nelson's wife, remembered in a different way from Josephine.

The reader or tourist desiring further details in voyaging over sunny seas is referred not only to Poultney Bigelow's "Canoeing Around Martinique," but also to the writings of Lafcadio Hearn, who lavished on Martinique some of his most opulent words of praise, describing St. Pierre, before the eruption of Mount Peelee, as the unique island village of the West Indies, which had retained the spirit of France to a curious degree, where the women have perpetuated the French characteristics with an added beauty and fascination peculiar to the creole, while the African mixture was refined by the Latin inoculation.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who recently "did the islands," says in her book of verse: "St. Pierre was renowned for the beauty of its women. It is not uncharitable to believe that it was not renowned also for its high ideas of morality."

"Morality," declares the poet of passion, "and the tropics are antagonistic terms in any part of the world."

"The equator is the girdle of Venus; and on her altars of pleasure, Humanity is prone to offer all its sterner principles."

"It may not be true that St. Pierre was the wickedest city in the world, as has been said, but since through the West Indian

cities licentiousness stalks naked and unashamed (as he who passes through their thoroughfares for even a day or night cannot fail to know) it is a probable supposition that Mount Peelee buried more vice than virtue under its boiling tons of lava."

The church, men and women without regard to creed, will recall the sad fact that while not one home or house was spared by the holocaust which made a skeleton city of forty thousand in a few moments, the white pedestal of the Virgin stood unmolested and unscarred.

It is pointed out today, just above and aside from the gray ghost of a town, as the one structure, small or large, sacred or profane, that has survived.

To many it seems only an odd accident of fate, but for the mystic or superstitious mind it carries a deeper significance.

More desolate and appalling than the ruins of old Rome, Pompeii or the Herculanean, this shadowy city appeals to us, because its people were of our day and generation, and the details of its destruction are familiar to us all. Such a fate may any day befall any of the cities set at the base of volcanic mountains. There are no extinct volcanoes; they are only slumbering.

We cannot tarry longer at Martinique. In the evening of an ideal day the ship weighed anchor and silently glided away from St. Pierre, following the beautiful shores of the island, almost within a biscuit throw.

After the usual "Grand March," or after-dinner promenade around the decks for exercise to the accompaniment of guitar and mandolin and songs by the boys, we retired to dream of life among the beautiful islands.

Being first on deck, as usual, it was my privilege to discover land ahead, which from a distance looked low and topographically uninteresting, compared with the wooded hills and valleys of Martinique. I was told we were approaching the Barbados. The writer does not know why this solitary island is universally called the Barbados. It is also known to navigators as one of the Windward Islands, probably because it is first or farthest to the east of the group.

I have been at Barbados several times, but it seemed as if the approach each time was from a different direction. There is apparently no harbor, the numerous vessels from all parts anchoring in the roadstead, probably a mile from the leading place.

Communication between the steamer and the shore is carried on through the shouts and gyrations of the mob of negro boatmen who, in unison with the bobbing and clashing of the fleet of small boats on the swell, seem to be trying to run each other down in their frantic efforts to put the bow of their own boats nearest the ship's ladder, to secure the nervous passengers, who are hesitating before jumping from the shaky ladder into the nearest bobbing boat.

A first surprise on arrival at the Barbados from the other islands is to hear the negro boatmen of Bridgetown soliciting passengers, in better English than is used by a majority of our hackmen or hotel runners at a railroad station.

The boats have fantastic names, such as Happy Charlie or Island Rose, conspicuously placed in the stern sheets, the appeals for patronage being made in the names of Island Rose or Happy Charlie, etc. It is perfectly safe to contract with any of the boatmen for the trip ashore and return to the ship for a very moderate fee.

A first visit to the old town confirms an unfavorable impression. The streets are narrow and crooked, flanked by ancient buildings that look more picturesque than artistic, but one soon learns that this crooked old town is the business section, corresponding, in lesser degree, to the "down-towns" of New York or old London streets.

There are shops and shops of all kinds, occupying every one of the ramshackle, tumbledown looking houses in the crowded, crooked streets. One of the peculiarities of the retail trade is the custom of all business houses to have a flagstaff on the top of their buildings. When the flag is flying they are doing business below; if the flag is down at noon, the shop is closed for breakfast. On arrival of steamers, the flags are all flying,

giving a newcomer an impression of a fête rather than that of business.

Barbados or Bridgetown enjoys a reputation, extending to all parts of the world visited by ships, of being the cheapest place to live and the best place to buy clothing. This is confirmed by travelers and residents or business people, who attribute these conditions to the practically free trade existing, with the advantage of unrestricted commerce by sea, from all markets.

To test this free trade question, I visited one of the principal shops, as they term their stores. To my surprise, the large rooms on the ground floor were arrayed in systematic order, showing an enormous stock, equal in bulk and variety to some of our American department stores.

I wanted a white duck suit similar in cut and quality to that worn in tropical lands, and was politely escorted upstairs to the haberdashery department and shown a line of the best quality of white duck sack suit, with the trousers turned up.

To my surprise, the price for the coat alone which was well finished, was in English money equal to \$1.50, the two piece suit was a little more than two dollars, for goods that in our country would be considered cheap at over triple this price. I have detailed this personal incident to give practical emphasis to the advice to those contemplating visiting South America or the tropics, not to fit out with clothing at home, as more suitable goods of appropriate cut or style may be obtained for half the price while the ship delays in Barbados.

Living is comparatively cheap and comfortable. One wishing to find rest, good sea air, and abundant food, with agreeable surroundings, need not go to expensive European or Mediterranean resorts, but may enjoy a five days' sail to Barbados and be at home in the tropics among people speaking his own language.

The family or home life of the Barbados must not be judged from a hasty visit to the old town of Bridgetown, or to the section occupied by the numerous negro residents of "Little England," who are with the rest of the resident population loyal sub-

jects of His Gracious Majesty King George. As previously indicated, the island is densely populated, largely by the negro element. The government does not solicit immigration, but, on the other hand, offers a cash bonus of two hundred dollars to those who wish to leave the island.

There are to be found, in the gently rolling highlands of the interior of the island, large plantations of wealthy sugar planters, as well as innumerable farmers and well-to-do resident merchants and professional men, select schools, churches and institutions that help to make life agreeable.

The island is widely known as a fashionable resort, patronized principally by retired English merchants and retired officers of the Royal Navy, and South American merchants and barristers. In spacious grounds is the Marine Hotel, open all the year, with the best of accommodations at a reasonable rate.

At one time a regiment of English soldiers were quartered in Barbados, with a view of preventing a threatened outbreak among the negroes, but it was found to be a mistake, as soldiers and negroes became too friendly, and the soldiers were withdrawn. No trouble of this sort is believed to be within the probabilities.

They have had yellow fever occasionally, usually among the negroes which has been brought from other places, but quarantine is now very exacting, and the island enjoys the reputation of being very healthful. Being in the Windward group, there is always a pleasant sea breeze, while the rich soil supplies, in the greatest abundance, garden and farm products, and the waters furnish ample sea food in the way of fish, turtle and sea fowl. Invalids or young women and men fond of pleasure sailing have here unequalled opportunities for such enjoyment in a day's sail to the islands. The Windward Islands are not isolated, being connected with the principal places of the earth by cable, with daily papers that publish the news of the world. There is also almost daily mail communication through the large number of steamers that call, enroute to Panama, Central and South

America and Mexico, as well as the United States and Europe. The Royal Mail makes Barbados its principal distributing port to Jamaica, Panama, Venezuela, Central America and the islands, with fortnightly sailings to and from Southampton and New York.

All vessels to and from North Brazil, and the Amazon, call at the Barbados, including the German and British lines and Lloyd Brazilero. It is but a daylight sail southwesterly from Barbados to the beautiful island of Trinidad, situated near the coast of South America, at the bar bocca or mouth of the Orinoco.

The ship usually spends an entire day and part of the night coaling at Barbados, which affords plenty of time for passengers to go ashore.

A landing party was organized by Vianna, comprising the Brazilian students, the first officer and myself being invited to join as guests—an honor I accepted with some apprehension, after I learned that the first officer was included as a sort of hostage to insure the others that the ship would not sail without the entire party. It was whispered that the plan to make a night of it ashore depended on getting the first officer so exhilarated by the insidious "Vermouth cocktails" that he would be agreeable to his hosts regarding the hour of departure.

Vianna made the contract with the "Happy Charlie" boat to take us ashore at 3 p. m., to return at 9 p. m. for sure, as the captain had bulletined that as the hour for sailing. As we pulled off the captain called over the rail to be back by 8 p. m., or we would be left. Vianna seriously assured him we would likely return for dinner at 6 p. m., which remark caused the others to laugh significantly.

The hospitality of the negroes who swarmed about the boat landing, vociferously offering their services as guides, or the thrusting of hotel and restaurant advertisements into our hands, was at first an amusing revelation, and afterwards an embarrassment, when we had reached the business streets, at

finding our party still pursued by a mob of ugly looking black men and repulsive women and children who laughed at our vigorous rebuffs. We found refuge in a well known Barbados hostelry bearing the enticing name of "The Ice Box," where we were served by English waiters.

After some difficulty, the post office was discovered in an apparently out of the way section. Here we were courteously waited on by an English "clerk" of the post office staff. Then, boarding a street car to get anywhere to avoid the importunities of the crowd, we rode to the suburbs.

There are numerous places well worth a visit in Barbados, which possesses an ancient history of its own that is very interesting. I was surprised to hear one of the negro guides offer to take the American to the house George Washington occupied when he visited the island in the interest of his sick brother. I was not before aware of the fact that George had indulged in tropical travel in his youth.

As the Barbados has been well "written up" by historians and literary tourists, whose books elaborating the ancient and modern history are accessible in the libraries, I need not burden this narrative, further than to relate briefly our own experiences and observations.

A car ride through the outskirts developed a remarkably beautiful environment, quite pastoral in places, with tastefully built cottages and elaborate homes connected with farms or plantations. I was informed that a neatly furnished house or cottage, with a large garden, could be rented for fifteen dollars per month.

Later we joined in a carriage drive to the large resort, "The Marine Hotel," where we were courteously entertained. The building is roomy and generously provided with broad halls, constructed especially for comfort in a "tropical island," situated in spacious grounds and commanding a view of the sea in all directions.

Here we dined sumptuously, spending a couple of hours in gentlemanly enjoyment, quite in contrast with some other hilarious American gatherings in which I have participated.

Vianna was, of course, toastmaster, and each of the party contributed a toast talk, and, by the way, the native Brazilian is a born after-dinner talker, whose talent is exercised from early years. Later in the evening we returned to the town and, to avoid attention, divided the party; my partner being Vianna, while Miller and the rest took charge of the first officer.

The principal streets were crooked and badly lighted, the narrow sidewalks crowded with a mixed lot of people, some of whom appeared only half clad in ragged clothing, but all were apparently happy and contented. On one of the main streets was a negro Salvation Army detachment, the colored preacher loudly exhorting everybody in his hearing to pause and give attention. By some means our crowd became separated in trying to find the landing stage by short cuts, through dark back streets.

Vianna mysteriously disappeared with the first officer, and, as it was after the promised hour of return, some of us straggled to the landing. After waiting some time for the rest, we concluded to go aboard, hoping they would soon follow.

The "old man" was in a bad humor, because he had been ready to sail for an hour, and was delayed by our visit ashore and the first officer not being on board. When we tried to explain or apologize for the absence of the first officer and Vianna, the old man got "up in the air," and called on the sailors on the bridge to blow the ship's whistle as a call for the "first." He must have roused the sleepy town, as a number of the inhabitants came in small boats to see what the call was for.

The trouble was that the captain could not sail without his first officer being aboard, and he knew that the "first" was aware of this fact and was not in any hurry. Long after the rest of us had climbed up the shaky ship's ladder and retired to our rooms, Vianna came alongside in a small boat and had a breezy talk over the side with the captain, in Portuguese, that would not

look well in English. After a long powwow in loud and rather guttural Portuguese, Vianna agreed to accompany the second officer back to the town to bring the "first" aboard.

While we slept the sleep of innocence, Vianna, with the first and second officers finally came aboard, and the captain vigorously rang "full speed ahead." The good ship seemingly shivered with indignation at the delay, with her bow to the south, as she glided from the harbor, dipping into the moonlighted sea.

CHAPTER IV.

EQUATOR, NORTH STAR, AND MOUTH OF AMAZON.



HE regret at leaving the beautiful Windwind Islands is lessened by the suggestion that on the return trip the ship will call again, when a second visit may permit of a few days' layover to enable the visitor to "ferry" by one of the ships calling at the island of Trinidad, which is on the route from Barbados to Venezuelan ports and Panama, and Jamaica to New York. I recommend to my comrades of the army, as well as of the civil service, who may have reached the "Osler limit" of fourscore years and ten, who find their retired pay or pension has not correspondingly advanced with the increased cost of living, that the Barbados offers special inducements in the way of climate, solid comfort and convenience for a happy retired life at a low rate.

While no attempt is made to explain learnedly or to describe scientifically the physical geography of the volcanic origin or other formation of the West Indies, the suggestion is volunteered that the various islands may have been the tall peaks of the lost continent of Atlantis, described in Ignatius Donnelly's book, which is supposed to have been submerged eleven thousand years ago. Its location or even existence is a debatable subject, but the continuous islands seem to mark a direct line uniting the North and South American continents from Florida to the coast of Guiana, similar to that now formed by the Sierras from Mexico through Central America and Panama.

The existence of ruins in Barbados and other islands, similar to those found in the buried cities of Mexico and Guatemala,

and in the land of the Incas, the architecture corresponding in a notable way with the early Egyptian, are facts which at least afford a basis for interesting discussion and speculation.

Navigators bound to the Amazon from Barbados or Caribbean ports avoid the coast of Guiana and North Brazil by a wide detour easterly, because of the powerful equatorial current which flows northerly above the Amazon, at the rate of four to six miles an hour, along the coast into the Caribbean Sea. Here the Amazon waters, uniting with the Orinoco, form the well defined Gulf Stream, that will carry an empty bottle from Jamaica or the southern shore of Cuba, through the Yucatan channels into the Gulf of Mexico, passing Key West along the coast of Florida and thence across the Atlantic. Is it not possible that the tropical growth of Jamaica, Cuba and Florida is due to the deposits, through centuries, of vegetation germs carried by these currents from the equator to the shores?

The time from Barbados to the Amazon is from four to six days of leisurely sailing over sunny seas, during which our students lounged on deck in comfortable steamer chairs or swung in the roomy Ceara hammocks under the ships awnings.

It has become too enervating for games that require exertion, the only excitement being on the ship's daily run. A bulletin giving the figures is posted at midday for the information of passengers, and the one who makes the nearest guess is entitled to all he can get. This suggestion of gambling reminds me that during my travels to the south I have not witnessed gambling as it is understood generally, though there has always been card playing in the smoking room or chess and checkers on deck for pastime or recreation, neither have I seen any excessive drinking by Brazilians.

Though not a prohibitionist, the writer is free to say that, on the voyage on the Brazilian steamers, for weeks there was not a single instance of drunkenness, and I may add that on this voyage of the Goyaz, during which I spent much time on deck and in the smoking room, there was not even a bottle of beer opened in my presence.

The Brazilian boys occasionally drink a mild concoction of vermouth and cachasa made from the sugar cane, which is pure rum flavored with limes or lemons and drunk with fizz or mineral water, as a tonic or cocktail before meals. Claret wine is served with all meals on board the Brazilian boats, and is drunk moderately, just as we use coffee at meals.

It has been my privilege to have sailed on many ships on different seas, principally to the south, always with a definite object in view, sometimes by the way of Europe, meeting in the smoking room gentlemen of all nationalities and races and creeds, and I do not recall any serious unpleasantness, but invariably courteous and kindly consideration.

The smoke from numerous pipes, cigars or cigarettes of those sitting around the card tables and others lounging on the sofas, appears to entirely envelop the room like a mantle of charity or curtain, which, for the time being, isolates those under its influence from their respective worlds which all are leaving behind, the ship apparently sharing the good feeling by dancing over the moonlit seas.

It has frequently occurred to the writer that the best in human nature, whether of Jew, Gentile, Russian, German, French, Spaniard, Portuguese, Italian, English or American, may be found in the smoking room of ocean steamers.

It is proper to add that the writer does not smoke, and I can scarcely make those that know me as an old soldier and traveler believe the assertion, that "I do not know one card from another."

The occasional outburst of hearty laughter of those lounging on sofas listening to a good story does not annoy those at the table, so intent are they in their intricate Brazilian games.

Sometimes the stories become a bit spicy, but always marked by refinement and humor.

Apropos of intricate card playing by Brazilians, this story is told for the benefit of Yankee travelers: "When an applicant for a consular or diplomatic appointment in Brazil, I was

jokingly asked, when filing the papers, if I played a good hand of poker, to which was laughingly added the explanation that it had been the custom to select only good poker players for Brazilian ports, because the Brazilian had always got the best of the American game with American diplomats. It is well known that the late Emperor Don Pedro II was recognized as a skillful poker player."

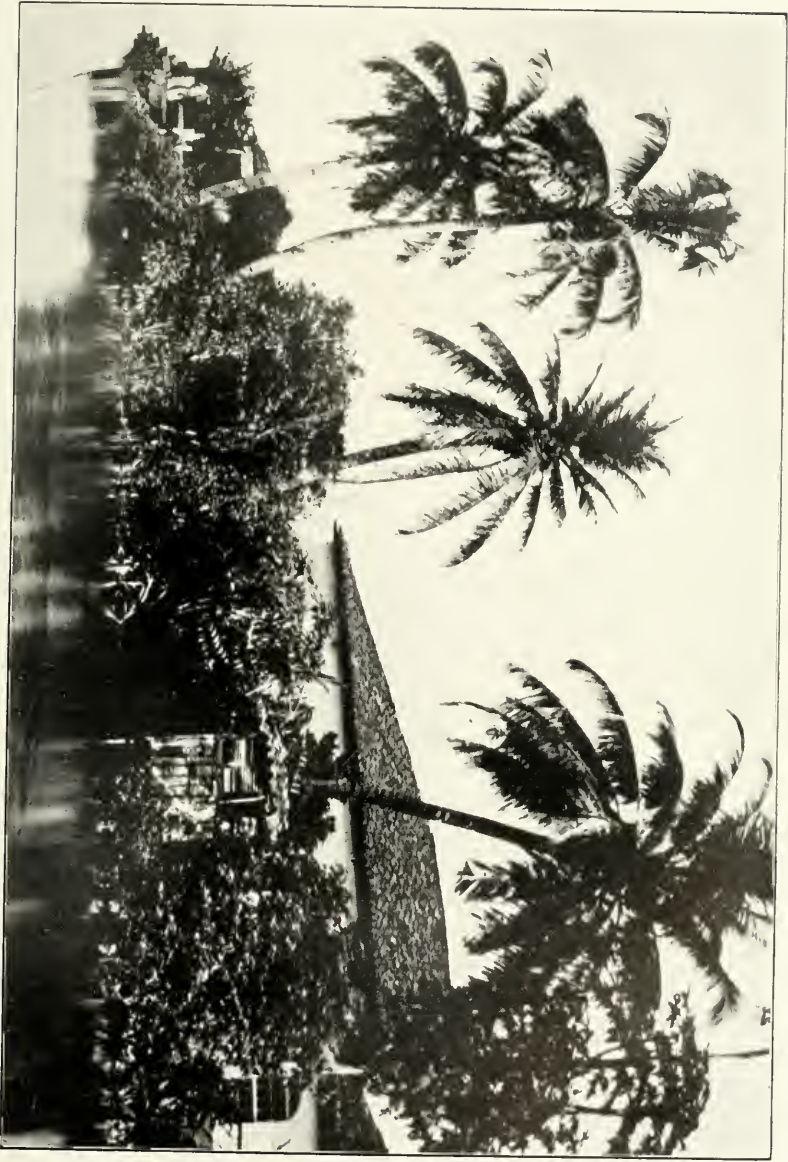
It is a singular circumstance that those who are apparently grouchy and taciturn become, under the influence of the smoking room, the most congenial. The jolliest pair I recall traveling with us were two priests, and though I have not had as much experience as others, I am told that preachers, or dignified professors and philanthropists, are invariably considered good fellow travelers.

My school book astronomy taught that the North Star was fixed so that its bright glimmer might always be found where the Dipper pointed.

In sailing to the south I have, in the sense of looking backward over the steamer's long, white trail, watched the "Estrella Polaris" day by day, evening by evening, or hour by hour, slowly but surely sinking lower and lower until it finally disappeared below the northern horizon, where for the moment it seemed that we had lost a friend in whom we had unlimited confidence.

Turning from the past, looking forward and upward, we are gladdened by the constellation of the "Southern Cross," shining brightly and distinctly through the darkness of the tropical night, which we gladly welcomed as a lunar rainbow of hope. The moon seems very large and close to us in the tropics. The navigation of ships or the finding of the right path in a great, lonesome sea by star gazing, where land has not been in sight for a week, or a sail for days, has always been an interesting mystery. I have bothered captains by the same old questions they all get from nervous travelers, as to where we are, or when we will get there, or which is the nearest land. The usual

High water on the lower Amazon.



good-natured answer to the last is that the nearest land is the bottom of the sea.

I have heard captains parry a lady's question as to "How in the world can you tell where you are?" by seriously declaring they had certain landmarks, they could find by using the glasses, asking if she had not noticed a red barn we had passed a few moments ago. I have been permitted to ride on the bridge and when the captain was not around, "talk to the man at the wheel," used the glasses, and also to study the charts in the captain's room, and on occasions to assist in taking the sun by noting the exact second on the chronometer when the captain looking through his sextant gives the signal "time," but I have never been able to clearly comprehend how he can put the ship into any point desired by the use of charts and an opera-glass or know the exact moment when he crossed the equator.

In discussing this matter the day we were near the mouth of the Amazon, the captain, pointing to the sea, said, "We depend almost as much on the color of the water and the sea growth as we do on the stars, in the blue sky." When a day's sail from the Amazon, the dark greenish sea indicating great depth, undergoes a change in color, the near approach to land being also indicated by the presence of certain sea plants and drift. The captain had previously called attention to the different kinds of sea weed which he pointed out as found only in certain locations, declaring that he was able to navigate the ship by the color of the water and the various kind of sea weed afloat.

It is broadly stated that the flood of old gold colored water from the lordly Amazon discolors the blue of the sea for two hundred miles, creating a fresh water sea while yet out of sight of land.

This statement should be qualified by the explanation that this tremendous flow is from the greater outlet of the Amazon to the north, from which the immense volume of yellow water trending along the north coast does actually mark a distinct pathway in the blue of the Atlantic for two hundred miles,

creating a fresh water sea while yet out of sight of land, when the tide is at flow.

This tremendous flow, over a hundred miles wide, is two or three times greater than that from the Mississippi.

Through the kindness of the captain the latest charts of the bocca or mouth of the Amazon were measured for me, showing the total width from the northerly to the southern capes to be 138 nautical miles, including within the Amazon proper the island of Marajo, which is as large as the kingdom of Portugal, and which separates the bocca or mouth into its two outlets.

The upper outlet is not used for navigation, owing to the powerful currents and danger arising from the fierce meeting of the tremendous flow of fresh yellow water and the incoming tide of salted blue of the broad Atlantic. The long line of impact is clearly defined by an angry foaming white wave of surf, that advances or retreats like the lines of two armies, outlined by the smoke of battle. A small boat or even a steamer caught on the crest of this rolling undertow is easily capsized.

This fierce battle of the waters has occurred with each change of tide, for ages, and will no doubt continue, the Amazon being victorious a few hours every day when the tide is out, discharging an enormous body of water bearing the soil from the Andes to the ocean, forming bars and thus extending the continent or starting a foundation for a new one. In this sense the Amazon is victorious in advancing its lines permanently. The revenge of the sea of blue is in chasing backwards for three hundred to five hundred miles, the yellow water, by the incoming, irresistible tide, which creates the phenomenon of the current of the Amazon flowing rapidly, alternately both up and down stream.

The large island of Marajo, which divides the Amazon, is called "The Mysterious Island," probably because it is practically unknown. Marajo possesses a different climate from the mainland, being for a greater part level or prairie land, suited to the grazing of immense herds of wild cattle. There are rivers en-

closed by tropical forests and some wooded elevations in which large game abounds. It is said that the largest alligators known are found in the greatest number on Marajo. There are indications that the island was at one time inhabited by a race now extinct.

I have passed in and out of the Amazon many times, but not having been quite satisfied with my observations, I asked the captain to advise me when he would enter or cross that dangerous line, to which he replied, "Why, we are in the Amazon now."

Almost all travelers are disappointed on entering the great river, expecting to find it flowing between banks visible on either side like ordinary rivers, but the ship in the lower river is out of sight of land, until some distance westerly has been made.

Borrowing the captain's glasses and looking longingly in the direction he pointed, I was able to barely distinguish, against the horizon, a line of dark green which I knew was the forest fringed edge of another continent.

I rejoiced at seeing Brazil on my fourth visit.

The good ship Goyaz, seemingly glad to be in familiar waters, her head pointed due west, plunged rapidly over the smooth, yellow water, having parted from the ocean swells.

Up the river to Para covers approximately eighty miles of pleasant sailing, from the sea, during which the passengers lose interest in the river and prepare for landing, by dressing in their best or holiday clothes. Our party of Brazilian students, realizing that they were nearing home, were all as happy as becomes children of a larger growth.

We met the flotilla of Para fishing boats with their odd-shaped sails, browned by oil or rubber paint, to protect them from the daily downpour of rain, and were soon able to distinguish in the fringe of tropical forest here and there an occasional thatch cottage or *chacra*, and, later a few isolated settlements. On one of the numerous islands in the mouth of the Amazon we see the frowning outlines of an ancient fort, which we approached with respectful dignity, the engine almost stopping, apparently all hands at the rail, and we are challenged in the same words used

for hundreds of years, as "Where do you come from?" "How many days at sea?" "Any sickness?" etc. The answers shouted back by the captain being satisfactory, the Brazilian colors on the fort were dipped in salute, to which the ship responded, the captain rang "ahead," while everybody looked relieved. I note the thoughtful courtesy of the captain in displaying at his top the American colors of "Old Glory," which he said was in compliment to the American nation we had come from, and the veteran soldier and ex-consul on board.

The ship must leave the main stream to reach Para, which is located on a branch of the Amazon, called by my school book geography "The Para River," of which no Brazilian has ever heard, the city being located on the broader Guajara Bay, one of the numerous outlets or bayous of the Amazon. We pass several settlements and small bathing resorts, including Point Pinheiro, the Coney Island of Para, finally reaching the open water or bay, in which are more than the usual number of boats of all kinds anchored before the city, whose numerous warehouses along the water front resemble the walls of the low-lying city beyond.

The Lloyd Brasileiro enjoys the best dock facilities, but we had to comply with the same regulations and requirements as are exacted of foreign visitors, by anchoring out in the stream, avoiding any communication with the shore until inspected by the health and custom officials.

They are exacting about duties in Brazil, which did not, however, prevent friends of our Brazilian students from coming out in numbers in small boats to shout their welcome home.

The handsome father of the two Guimaraes brothers, with their two pretty sisters, came as near alongside as was permissible. Miranda's cousin and friends in another boat were trying to get in touch with him, and Miller was met by his own steam launch.

Rodrigo and the rest of us felt decidedly blue, as we extended the parting hand clasp, regretting that we were not favored by cousinly greetings.

As soon as the word was passed freeing the ship, the friends flocked on board, following which was more handshaking, and laughing and talking with the Brazilian custom of men embracing each other with three slaps on the back.

We could only look on and laugh, while courteous promises were made that at another time we would be called upon and shown the hospitalities of friends, the embraces included.

Soon the ship was fairly deserted and, as it was late in the evening, I decided to remain aboard until the following morning.

The ship had hardly tied to the dock, however, when two gentlemen came aboard and after a cordial greeting in good English the captain presented me to the Honorable George H. Pickerell, United States Consul at Para, and to his Deputy Mr. Cox, who heartily welcomed me as a former colleague and friend, upbraiding me for not having given notice of my coming.

The arrival of "O Consul Americano" had been announced ashore by some of our students, and the consul thereupon hastened to the dock. At the urgent solicitation of the captain, Consul Pickerell and Mr. Cox remained on board to a private dinner, which all heartily enjoyed.

Mr. Pickerell kindly invited me to make the consulate my home while in Para, which courtesy was fully appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed by me during a fortnight's stay in Para.

CHAPTER V.

CONSULAR APPOINTMENTS.



As previously noted, it is desired to inject into this narrative of a revisit to familiar scenes in Northern Brazil the old story of "O Consul Americano Na Amazonas," the publication of which has been delayed, but is now urged by friends as tending to illustrate by the changed conditions.

For accurate comparison, I quote the exact words, as recorded in the original manuscript for publication at the time, fully realizing the imperfections, but preferring to let it go as it is, rather than attempt uncongenial revision.

While at breakfast in my boarding house in Washington, on the morning of Memorial Day, May 30, some years ago, a lady seated near me at the table happily promoted my digestion by reading aloud from her paper the announcement that the President had, on the previous day, sent my name to the Senate for confirmation as consul to Para.

After the congratulations which followed, the puzzling question put to me was: "Where is Para?"

Every person at the table looked inquiringly toward me and naturally laughed at the reply I was forced to make, "I'm blessed if I know."

I had been one of about one thousand anxious seekers for a consulate who had been successful in securing one of the much coveted of a half dozen possible vacancies.

Mr. Blaine, whom I had known personally for many years, had favorably indorsed me for a South American or Amazon-

Brazilian post, or, as he expressed it in his own words, later, "I think you are the right man to send out there, as you are a telegrapher and a practical electrician, and we want to know something about the rubber insulation in this electric age, in its relation to reciprocity."

Mr. Blaine was a far-seeing statesman, being among the first to recognize the value of rubber used so extensively in this electric age, but even he could not foresee its wonderful development and use as tires for bicycles, automobiles and its application in other industries.

When I intimated that I did not know anything of Para, he replied: "That's the trouble with all of us. I am sending you out there to learn something about it, as you have a good nose for news and your training as a newspaper scout qualifies you for collecting and reporting intelligently on the prospects for American business." Then, smilingly taking off his glasses and twirling them in his hand, he continued, "And the facts are, we have more plugs than holes to put them in, but I told you I would find a hole for you," and he kept his word. He put me in a very hot hole.

Retaining a schoolboy's vague impression that Para was somehow connected geographically with Brazil, I appealed to friends for further information on the subject, as most of them left school since I had.

Among the number were a congressman and his family, a judge, a Southern colonel and a few prominent department clerks who had passed civil service examinations, yet it was developed that no one knew any more about Para than the newly appointed consul.

On further inquiries I found that there was in our capital city, outside the consular bureau, a lamentable ignorance regarding the geography of our neighboring republic of South America.

What information I did obtain was not at all of a flattering character. In fact, I seriously considered the advisability of declining the appointment, but finally concluded that I would take a look at the country of reciprocity.

A nomination by the President does not necessarily carry with it the appointment. Unexpectedly, my name aroused the antagonism of a few newspaper lobbyists who, it subsequently appeared, had private interests to serve and who availed of the opportunity to make use of a number of disgruntled members of the telegraphers' league, whom I had antagonized in a "strike," to oppose me. I was, however, unanimously confirmed by the Senate.

After the Senate has confirmed the President's appointment, the Department of State transmits to the new consul what they call "our numbers one and two." Number one is a printed form officially notifying the appointee of the fact; enclosing also the blank form of consular bond and oath of allegiance. Number two contains the printed instructions as to the compensation allowed, which I may briefly mention, for the benefit of the numerous applicants, is graded for all consulates by law of Congress at so much per annum, and is in no way subject to change by the department.

A new consul is entitled to the salary from the time he reaches his post and enters upon his official duties until such time as he ceases to hold the office.

There is no allowance for traveling expenses. The misunderstanding seems to be general that the government pays the expense of transportation to the new post of duty. Some of the appointees from the interior report to the department with ridiculously exaggerated notions of their importance, expecting to be sent out in a man of war, and are astonished when informed they must pay their own fares.

Salary is allowed, however, during the period necessarily occupied in receiving instructions at Washington (not to exceed thirty days); and, finally, for the time which he must certify to under oath as being actually consumed in making a direct transit between his residence and post of duty.

No money can be obtained on account of salary, except for the thirty days' instruction period, until the consul makes the



Group of foreigners of club composed principally of young English
"clarks" living in Para. American Consul in dark clothing
on left.

prescribed draft on the Treasury, which must be dated at his distant post of duty.

Upon the execution of the exacting consular bond, and oath of allegiance, an official transcript is transmitted, with printed instructions and you must proceed to your post of duty within thirty days.

The consular commission is sent directly by the department to the legation of the United States, at the capital of the nation to which the consul is accredited, with instructions to apply to that government for the usual *exequatur*, which is forwarded to the consul at his post.

The preliminary instructions seem to be on a line with the general civil service idea, and are all proper enough in matter and form, but in practice, as far as my own experiences extended, they were limited to a few hours consumed in reading over the official dispatches of my predecessor.

A copy of the consular regulations is presented to each consul, accompanied by the suggestion that, if this consular gospel is lived up to, it will insure the consul happiness in the other part of the world in which he is to live. This volume, bound after the style of the army regulations, is a cyclopedia which is supposed to contain, in separately numbered paragraphs, instructions which explicitly define the international law and consular rules and regulations covering every case that may arise.

An appendix gives the ruled forms for use in the somewhat intricate bookkeeping that is required by the fifth auditor of the Treasury.

The "instruction period" is in a large sense optional. The department does not enforce this first important requirement contained in their own "regulations."

That part of the preliminary instructions in which I was most interested was in looking up the proper form, and, as soon as possible thereafter the making of a draft on the Treasury for salary for the thirty days' instruction period. I further disregarded the regulations by delaying leaving for my post for nearly

ninety days, and if I could have consistently done so, I should have confined my consular duties at that point to the making of other drafts for the transit time allowed by law, after arrival out, and finally for return home. The journey by the Brazilian steamer told in the preceding chapters is practically the same as on my first trip. On the first voyage out, there were a few passengers to Para who were employed by the American rubber trust, all of whom seemed to be interested in my predecessor at Para, and I may add who entertained a prejudice against his successor. This was not particularly personal, but naturally the writer realized the unfriendly disposition, and was inclined to resent its exhibition.

Some friendly hints from the captain and others served to post me, and gave me an insight into the Para program.

The slow sailing steamer afforded time for leisurely consideration and careful rereading of correspondence hastily glanced at in the final hurry of preparation for departure.

A first view of Para from the deck of a steamer anchored in the stream, during one of the driving rain storms that usually come in the early evening in that latitude, creates such feelings of depression as a political prisoner would probably experience who had been exiled to some Moorish city.

During the voyage I had been regaled by the ship's officers, in an apparently friendly spirit, with lugubrious accounts of my new home so that I felt inclined to accept their suggestion and go on down the coast to Rio, and not get off at Para.

Not only the officers, but the sailors and stewards volunteered disparaging observations in regard to the undesirability of the city as a place of residence. The Brazilian doctor also declared it to be a "beastly hole."

One old gentleman, who had lived in Brazil for some years, took me aside to give me some precautionary advice as to taking proper care of myself. He was even considerate enough to prescribe for me in advance, when I should feel the first symptoms of the yellow fever, as if that were to come as a matter of course.

There was no attempt at a scare, or putting up of a job on a new comer. These gentlemen really meant to do me a kindness.

The captain related the story of a young couple whom he had left at Para on the previous voyage. The husband died of the fever before the ship reached Rio, and the captain had taken the widow to the United States on his return trip.

I am constrained to add here that my subsequent experience in Brazil, and somewhat extended travel on board steamers on nearly every sea, have confirmed the rather heterodox belief that, as a rule, professional seagoing people know but little about the countries they visit beyond hazy impressions obtained from their anchorage in the ports.

It is well enough known that the water fronts of all South American cities are unhealthful and disagreeable to the visitor.

As stated in my book, "The Land of Tomorrow," the steamers anchor in the Para river opposite the city, a river of which no Brazilian has ever heard. They call it "Guajara" Bay (pronounced Y-yah-rah). It is only a picturesque little nook, several miles in extent, in the labyrinth of channels and tropical islands and yellow colored sea which is called the mouth of the Amazon.

There is not sufficient room in the channel anchorage to turn a steamship, so that when they come in and anchor head up, they must wait for the incoming tide to "swing them," since they can only go out to sea when the current is running up stream.

We anchored about four P. M., and were soon after visited by the health and customs officers. I did not care to go ashore with the party who took advantage of the return of the custom launch to spend the night in the city, but walked the deck until long after the row of gas lamps along the water front had lighted the walls of the closed warehouses.

The picture, in its quiet stillness, resembled in my mind a drop curtain, the gas lamps being the footlights in the front of a stage on which was to be enacted what might be a drama, farce or tragedy that to me was to be particularly interesting.

Being rocked to sleep in "the cradle of the deep" on a moving steamer has some discomforts, but those who remained aboard

all night agreed that they would rather have spent the night on a rough sea than at anchor in the harbor of Para, because of the closeness and warmth of the rooms and the persistent greetings of the Amazon mosquitos.

After early coffee, some of our passengers, who had been studying their Portuguese grammars during the voyage, astonished the swarthy boatmen in turbans and trousers who thronged the ship's sides, by their ludicrous attempts to negotiate terms, in Portuguese, for getting ashore.

It was easy enough to ask questions. The answers were the puzzles. The difficulty seemed to be to make a positive bargain for a safe return in time, the placard at the gangway stating that the ship would sail at four P. M.

It is good advice to all sightseers to go ashore early in the day in all the tropical ports and get back early, because of the intensity of the sun's rays during the middle of the day.

The captains say that everybody who goes ashore at Para, late in the morning, returns to the ship hot and disgusted with their visit; but it is because they select the hot hours to go about, when even the natives hunt the shade. They say only the English and dogs go around in the sun.

It was as early as seven o'clock when we landed from our boat on to the stone steps of the government pier. Walking briskly through the Gothic trapeche, the new consul to that port, as his foot first touched the soil of Brazil, quietly and unostentatiously lifted a hat in respectful salute of the new republic, to which I was an accredited official from the oldest and most influential republic on the northern hemisphere, to the youngest of the South American republics.

We straggled in scattered groups along the narrow pavements of the narrow street that led up into the town, through what seemed like a gateway between a large warehouse building on one corner and the massive abandoned Jesuit church on the opposite side.

Just inside the block fronting the entrance to the church we were pleasantly surprised to find a beautiful little plaza or

tropical garden, tastefully laid out with graveled walks, on each side of which were arranged seats; and scattered about were numerous beds of lovely flowers of delightful fragrance, including rare orchids.

A handsome bronze statue, with an inscription in Portuguese, eulogistic of one of their patriots, stands on a pedestal in the centre. Near this is a picturesque grotto made from imported rough stone, over which ripples the clear water from a pretty fountain that finds its winding way into several small pools, where living specimens of the finny tribes that inhabit the Amazon river may be found, the most interesting of which perhaps is the sea ox or cow.

Wading about or stalking in the tall grass skirting the water edge, were some rare specimens of the birds of rich and gorgeous plumage that are to be found only in the tropics. Perhaps the most valuable are species of white heron, from which the aigrette feathers are secured that are said to be more valuable per ounce than the finest ostrich plumes. Also noisy parrots and rare monkeys, prized and valued according to their near approach to the human voice or form.

This little park was our first surprise, appearing like an emerald mosaic gem set in the midst of an incongruous mass of that peculiarly dull Portuguese architecture with which it was surrounded, the bright glare of tropical sun enhancing the incongruities of one and the brightness of the other.

As a fitting background to this pretty picture are the massive walls of the now abandoned church of the Jesuits, who were expelled from the country which they did so much to develop.

It is said that the very interesting and tragic history of the early settlement of Amazonia may be gathered from the "sermons in stone" in the walls of this edifice.

The bells in the square, Moorish looking steeple, that once rang to call the faithful to worship, have been silent for many years. The beautiful entrance and interior remain undisturbed, a solemn and impressive monument to the noble religio-bellucose zeal, valor and skill of the early Catholic settlers. The elaborate

churches are a constant surprise to the traveler in this country, especially to the new missionaries.

There seems to be in the minds of the officials who seized the property a spirit of reverence for the sacred edifice, which prohibits its being used for other purposes, and which has thus far prevented its destruction.

Adjoining this church is a large convent that has also been confiscated, but, unlike the church, this building presents an active, bustling appearance, being used as the alfandega or custom house into whose capacious rooms everything that comes to Para must be stored to await leisurely examination.

On three sides of this plaza are three different lines of street cars, two of which are narrow gauge. They call them "Bonds," not, as has been said, because of the great number of bonds (guaranteed by the municipality) that were floated to run the cars, but because of their introduction through the persistent efforts of an Englishman by the name of Bond. The Brazilian companies recognized the improvement he had inaugurated by taking his name into their titles of incorporation.

In our first hour ashore we walked only about the narrow, dirty and ill smelling streets and narrower sidewalks of the old town, gazing into the curious shops, and being gazed at by curious shoppers.

The attention of visitors was attracted by numerous small red flags attached to the doorways or walls of the low tile covered shops.

Instinctively the passengers from the north, probably from the impressions obtained aboard the American ships, jumped to the conclusion that as a red flag is an almost universal signal of danger, these people had adopted its use here as a notice to foreigners that the dread yellow fever was prevailing inside the houses so designated, just as we indicate the existence of small-pox, or diphtheria by attaching a yellow flag or placard at the doors of infected houses. We gave these flags a wide berth. Some of our party, being almost panic stricken at the sight of them, were disposed to take precipitous flight to the ship.

A new comer, be he a Johnny Bull or an American turkey gobbler, will be apt to reverse the rule and turn tail and run from the flaunting of a red flag in Para. I subsequently ascertained that the lavish display of these red flags, which always appeared in dirty looking houses, was simply to advertise that the shop keepers had fresh meat on sale, which must be disposed of within a few hours, the prices declining each hour.

Like all cities, Para has its dark as well as bright side. The tourist is apt to see only the former.

If the visitor will board the street cars at Palace Square, leading through the beautiful Royal Palms that line either side of the Estrado S. Jose, to the attractive suburb of Nazareth, he will be astonished to find elegant cottage houses on fine, broad avenues shaded by mango trees, nestling in the midst of beautiful gardens that indicate the comfortable homes of as refined and cultured residents as any they may have left in the more favored lands.

The increasing warmth of the early sun served both to exhaust the weaker and admonish the stronger of our party that it is not advisable for a stranger to attempt to bulldoze this climate, as they sometimes do the natives of this latitude.

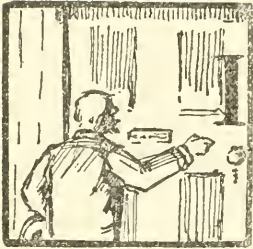
We adjourned to the Hotel Central for rest and refreshment, under the same roof beneath which I lived during the remaining days and nights of residence in this tropical city.

The Central is the Delmonico of Para, patronized by the best people, a large majority of whom are resident foreigners. As the genial proprietor was himself a professional Parisian chef, it goes without saying that Monsieur George knows how to run a hotel.

After a pleasant breakfast with our ship's party, kindly farewells were exchanged in which words of good cheer and encouragement were accompanied by smiles of sympathy from the ladies, and I was left "Alone in my glory."

CHAPTER VI.

MY PREDECESSOR.



HAD heard my predecessor pleasantly spoken of on board the steamer, by the officers who had known him in a social way during their brief visits to the port, as an accommodating consul who had adapted himself to the peculiar surroundings of that place.

He had filled the position during four or five years, having been retained during the administration of President Cleveland through the influence of the then Mayor of New York City, Mr. W. R. Grace, who was the heaviest American exporter of rubber from this port.

His removal was wholly unexpected by himself and a surprise to his numerous friends, whom I subsequently ascertained had hastily been to the great expense of cabling a numerous signed protest to Washington, asking his retention after his successor had been nominated.

Immediately upon my appointment, and without any knowledge of opposition to a change, I had courteously written to the consul, stating my sincere regrets, assuring him that I was in no sense personally responsible, that I had not been seeking his place at all, but was an applicant for a vacancy, and was being sent out not as a reward for political influence, but as an old soldier and a newspaper scout, to afford facilities to write of the possibilities for business of American merchants, availing myself of the opportunity of adding, with sincere and good feeling as from one gentleman to another, some matters of a personal and private nature to myself.



An English Lady of refinement who has lived long in Brazil and who courteously entertained the Consul in her elegant home in Manáos, a thousand miles above Para.

Senhor Justo Chermont, former attache of the Brazilian Legation at Washington, and the Governor and Secretary of State of Brazil and friend of "O Consul."



A typewritten reply was briefly made, to the effect that it was the most unhealthful as well as the most expensive place on the civilized globe.

My nomination was made in May, and my arrival at the post was in the following September.

I had been in port all night, and through the city during the day, without making myself known as the new consul who had been expected for some time.

I was indifferent because the general appearance of things served to confirm the unfavorable impression I had received, so that I seriously considered the propriety of not taking hold at all, realizing that once assuming charge, I should become responsible and would not then be at liberty to get away until relieved by the slow process of a new appointment.

I had not made a first call on the consul, as is the usual custom of visitors, to pay my respects.

I was in nowise offended at the scant courtesy shown by my predecessor not coming aboard to meet me during the evening and morning of my first day.

In addition to the reasons already stated, a sense of delicacy or consideration for my predecessor's feelings prompted me to postpone as long as possible the imperative duty of personally presenting my papers containing the official notification of dismissal, the duplicates of which had, however, been mailed some months previous.

I probably first made myself known by the inquiries I was obliged to make in English as to the whereabouts of the consulate.

An inscription in Portuguese, "Consulate Dos Estados Unidos," on a brass plate, on the inside door of an upper room in the large Amazon building, disclosed the consulate.

There was no responsive echo of welcome to my knock. Upon opening the door I looked into a large, square room. The consul was not at home; feeling as if I had some privilege about the premises, I ventured inside. A couple of seedy looking book-cases, on the shelves of which were displayed several square feet

of consular and Patent Office reports, were on one side of the whitewashed walls; an old fashioned farmer's desk occupied a prominent place in the center of the uncarpeted and unwashed oak planked floor, a half dozen cheap and broken chairs were scattered about. These articles comprised about all the furniture the room contained. In the front were two large windows, which afforded an excellent view of the water and shipping in the harbor.

The consular coat of arms, displaying in faded colors the full fledged American eagle, was roosting high up near the rafters of the lofty ceiling, as if to escape observation.

Leaving a card with my hotel address on the desk, I turned to go, when I was met at the door by an agent of the American ship company who introduced to me my predecessor.

My first impressions of him were so favorable that I take this opportunity of putting on record the feeling that I had been misinformed, and that I was glad to find him a most affable and genial gentleman.

In personal appearance he was a young man whose full, round, smoothly shaven face reminded me of a clever comedian off the stage. In the cordial offhand manner of the actor, he at once offered some effusive apologies, and proffered needless explanations of his failure to meet me on board.

I took occasion to again express my sincere regret at his removal, and felt quite relieved on his assuring me that he fully understood that I was in no way personally responsible.

I was further gratified by his emphatic assurance that he was glad to be relieved. He declared that he was disgusted with the consular duties, considering the four years devoted to the service of his country as so much of the most valuable part of his life wasted.

Our views coincided in the sentiment that republics were ungrateful, my experience being that I had wasted four of the best years of my life in a war, and the only reward I had received was being sent out here to end my days in the service of my country in the hades or purgatory from which he was being happily extricated.

The consul repeatedly emphasized the comforting assurance that he had expended over a thousand dollars each year over and above his salary in defraying his actual living expenses as an unmarried man. He further took away my breath by the statement that he was penniless and was begging a passage home.

I thought at the time that this might be a little exaggeration, but subsequently I found it to be one of the real facts that he bequeathed to his successor.

I hastened to assure my predecessor, that I would not remain in Para, and volunteered my services in recommending his reinstatement, as his friends desired, suggesting that in the interim his numerous acquaintances might be useful in securing him a situation in their business houses in Para. Further, I would facilitate his renomination by making him the vice-consul and at once vacate the place on an extended leave of absence, going up the river, leaving him in charge, which would certainly result in his becoming consul *de facto*.

But it will be seen subsequently that more potent influences prevailed at the time, arrangements having been consummated during the previous weeks whereby a "testimonial" had been solicited, resulting in a subscription of fifteen hundred dollars being collected by the foreign colony for the benefit of the retiring United States consul.

This was equivalent to a year's salary with a vacation. A free passage to New York had been tendered on the American line, all of which, it was publicly stated, was to enable him to use his personal popularity, with that of his friend's influence to bring about his reinstatement.

This acceptance of charity from foreign merchants and consuls of other nations left his successor in a rather unpleasant position, but, of course, I could offer no objection to the course of the consul accepting the gratuity, but it had the effect of confirming my determination to get away.

With a desire to contribute my mite, I notified him that he might continue to act as consul and draw the salary as long as

possible. In pursuance of this plan I assumed the risk of disregarding instructions by delaying taking charge for nearly two weeks after my arrival.

He was therefore consul until the day of his sailing from the port.

In this interim of a fortnight I did not make an appearance at the consulate, but alone and in quietness wandered about the streets in the cool of the early mornings and evenings, and occupied myself during midday by writing to the press some letters containing first impressions and observations of Para, part of which I beg to reproduce with such corrections as were suggested by the criticisms of friends, and confirmed by subsequent observations.

I beg leave to anticipate the narrative by adding some observations in the consular service at the time which do not apply to the present "reformed" Consular Bureau.

I assumed charge before the receipt of my exequatur, after having advised the young Governor of the State, Jacto Chermont, who had previously been an attache of the Brazilian legation, at Washington, and who courteously recognized my action by an official letter accompanied by some kind words of personal congratulation.

The "instruction" from my predecessor in the duties was limited to the transferring of the property by inventory. I really did not know how to certify to an invoice, but being left to my own resources, I soon picked up the routine.

One of the absurdities of former consular service consists in the sending out of persons like myself, to represent our commercial and industrial interests, who had gained no previous knowledge of the language of the country to which they are accredited.

This is one of the very important qualifications that was not recognized by the department, nor covered by the instruction period in the book of regulations at the time, but has since been made obligatory. It is the general impression that Spanish is the common language of all Latin republics of South America.

The greatest of the South American republics and our near neighbor is Brazil, in which Portuguese is the language of the country. Its coast line, extending over three thousand miles along the Atlantic, and westward two thousand miles to the Andes, covers an area greater in extent than that of all republics in which Spanish is spoken.

I found myself occupying the position of a United States consul in a foreign post who did not understand a word of the language of the country.

While I write from actual experience, it must not be assumed that I am describing an exceptional case in our consular service.

As a matter of fact, the consul whom I relieved, after a service of over five years at this same port, knew but little more of the language than myself.

He was, of course, compelled to learn enough to read a bill of fare, or to answer the common salutations of the people, such as any one could pick up after a few days' residence, but beyond this he knew nothing of Portuguese.

It was the universal comment that the United States consul was obliged to conduct his official business through English residents who had arrived years before the consul, and who had acquired a knowledge of the language of the country and interpreted for the American.

I may add, in passing, that the representatives of all other nations speak not only Portuguese, but French and English, and further, that all their business representatives, even second-rate clerks, are obliged to learn the language as a first requisite. Through this proper requirement, the foreign gentlemen are able to conduct their business interests, and at the same time, talk glibly to the native merchants against reciprocity and American indifference, and there is no one to say them nay.

As previously stated, my illustrious predecessor was described as one of those jolly, good fellows whose genial companionship had endeared him to many of the young Englishmen

with whom he had been associated during their years of enforced exile in this land.

As illustrating the dense ignorance on the part of some English clerks towards our institutions, I may record the observation that this colony at Para was disposed to look upon the removal of their friend in the nature of personal offense of themselves. When no attention was paid to their expensive cable protest against our government's views of the propriety of a change at Para, they were prepared to resent their indignation upon the innocent head of the new consul.

It may strike the average reader, that though their esteem for the ex-consul may have been well deserved, his removal, as has been shown, was not at all of the new consul's making, and to treat a strange official discourteously, who was reluctantly obeying instructions, was scarcely fair play. I discovered that I was to be "boycotted" in a wholly unjustifiable manner.

One young Englishman undertook to tell me why their friend should not have been removed, his specious argument being that "he suited us;" and as there was nothing political in the situation it was an "outrage."

When I cut short the conversation with the remark that I was not here to discuss the business affairs of our foreign office with an Englishman, "Well, we are going to have him back here," he replied.

I learned incidentally that it had been quietly given out to the Para protesters, from Washington, that my predecessor was being removed because during his five years' incumbency he had done nothing in the way of reporting upon the country, absolutely nothing, while it was understood I had been appointed, because it was supposed I had some qualifications for writing about it, so that before my arrival it had been decided among some of the foreign colony to embarrass the new consul in his efforts, and that "no information was to be given to the new consul."

The reader will please pardon so much of what seems personal, the reference to which is really distasteful to myself, but

it seems necessary to explain our peculiar consular system as well as to illustrate by actual experience some of the disagreeable features of consular life abroad. It is not intended as a personal attack on any one person or clique. Verily I was a stranger in a strange land.

I could not talk to the courteous Brazilians in their tongue, and except in a few agreeable instances they were unable to converse in mine. Those whom I might have understood kept away from me, being influenced by their business relations with the foreign element, who, desiring thus to evidence their fealty to a departed friend, by abstaining from association with his successor, in hopes of embarrassing his work, with a view to creating a vacancy for the return of their friend.

This being the line of action laid down by a few of the English residents, the lower class, as a natural sequence, followed the lead of those they recognized as their superiors. Altogether, it was a rather cool reception in a very hot climate.

Before I had encountered the full force of this cool wave, I was anxious to depart, but discovering a propensity to freeze me out, I concluded that I would remain at least for a brief season to assist in the entertainment by unselfishly supplying a lively corpse for the crematory roasting which the leaders of the boycott were preparing for the new "Consul Americano."

The only person against whom I had brought a prejudice to Para, was a certain missionary, whom I shall introduce early as the Reverend Judas. I regret to add that he was a countryman, a so-called independent missionary of the church in which I had been reared. He early impressed me as a man of prejudices, but conscientious and sincere in his views.

In reading over the official communications to the Department of State from Para, during the previous year or so, which is required by the department, I became unpleasantly impressed by the number of semi-official letters from this person, relating to the private and personal affairs of my predecessor, about which he had deemed it his duty as a missionary to advise the department.

It appeared that some of these documents had been referred back to the then consul, who had defended himself by a numerously signed paper from the business men of Para, having official intercourse with the consulate, to the general effect that there was no neglect of duty, and that the consul was accommodating and courteous.

These papers completely refuted the missionary's charges, and created the impression in the department that the missionary was a meddlesome fanatic, who sought to use the consulate, in a Catholic country, as a means to further his narrow and bigoted religious views.

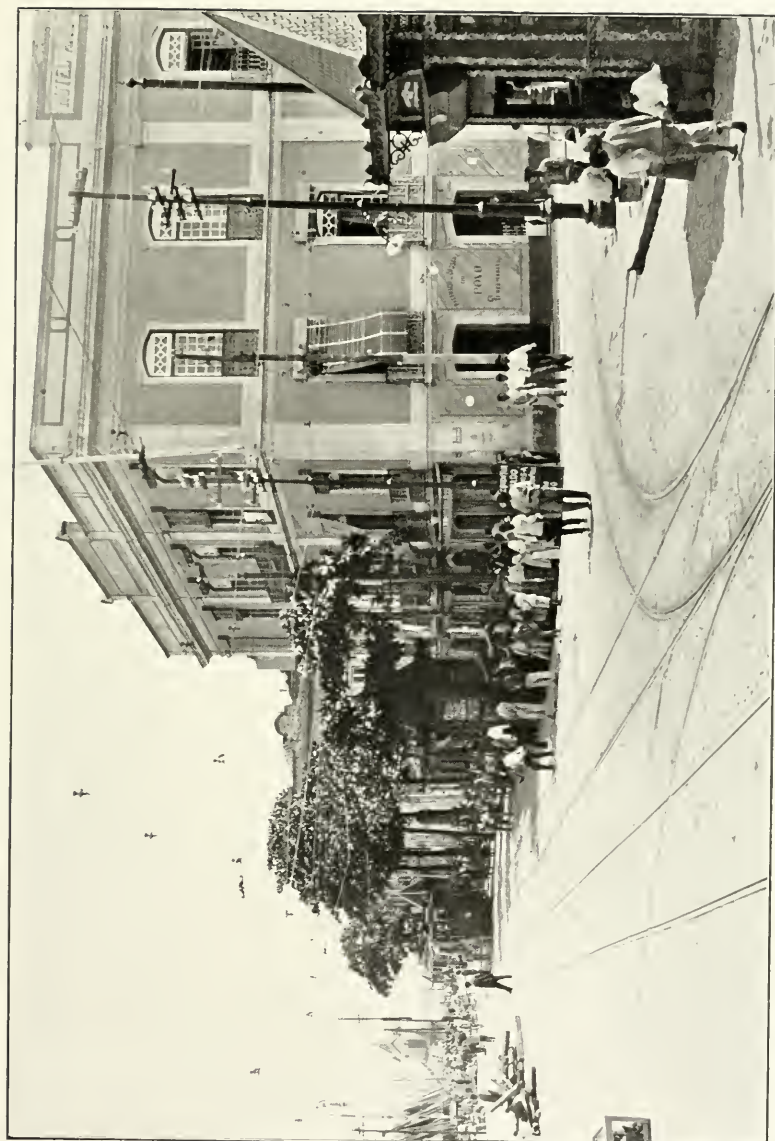
No reference of this correspondence was made to the new consul by the officials, but when I expressed my opinion to the department, and referred to my previous determination not to do missionary work, one of the department officials assured me, that I had "been strongly endorsed by some newspaper men as a model Christian."

The Reverend Judas called early to pay his respects.

In personal appearance he may be briefly described as a nervous blonde, whose wiry, slender form is encased in a threadbare black coat, "All buttoned down before," which gives the wearer a "shabby genteel" appearance. The regulation old fashioned silk hat, shades a pair of small blue eyes, which have a cunning, rather than an honest expression. His striking features, however, are long sandy side whiskers, and as he walks or glides along the street, the ends fly back over his shoulders. He is quite vain of his personal appearance.

As a fresh blonde he attracted considerable attention among the brunettes of the lower class when he first came out. He served the course as an apprentice in a Portuguese bakery. His insinuating manner and effeminate voice remind one of what our detectives would describe as a smooth article. He was very unpopular with the foreign colony as well as with the Brazilians.

Yet I employed him as a Consular clerk during the first months of my incumbency, simply because I was forced to do so



Hotel America, fronting the market wharf, Para.

by the conduct of those who attempted to ostracize me. I knew that Judas would act towards me as he had to my predecessor, but I needed some one to do certain work and he suited my purpose. When a hunter goes gunning for game he takes a dog along to stir it up.

He had lived in Para ten years, and was thoroughly familiar with the language and customs of the people, and had latterly been employed as a teacher of English by some Portuguese merchants, also as a teacher of Portuguese to the English, German and American newcomers. He became the private secretary or clerk of the Consul at a government salary in excess of his mission income.

I required an interpreter, for which duty he was fully competent, and as the government made an allowance for this service, I engaged him to do the work. As he was paid for it liberally, my obligation ended when the contract was completed.

By reason of his knowledge of both residents and foreigners, which he had gained, I was able, without asking questions through the town myself, to obtain needed information; and through his knowledge of the language, I collected from Portuguese sources (which were more trustworthy than the English) more data in the first months of my residence, notwithstanding the boycott, than my predecessor had reported in the several years preceding.

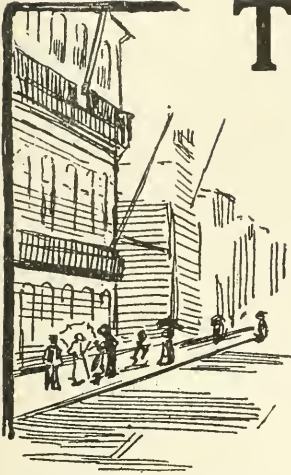
It becomes a matter of official etiquette for a Consul, on assuming charge, to send his card to each of the officials of the local government, as well as to the several colleagues of other nations; also to formally advise the brother consuls from his own country who may be located in other parts of the same nation to which he is accredited. As I was unfamiliar with the city directory, and my predecessor had not introduced me, I naturally made my first mistake in permitting this clerk to have charge of the printing, addressing and sending of my official cards. Though the error was trifling, and promptly corrected by myself, it was mortifying to me, under the existing strained relations.

This early experience was useful as illustrating that though Judas might be a good preacher, and a competent clerk, he was certainly deficient in tact, if not in common sense. Thereafter he performed such clerical duties as the necessities demanded, but always under my personal supervision.

As stated in the second paragraph of this chapter, the foregoing account refers to my first visit to Para. In the succeeding chapter I give my experiences during the subsequent visit.

CHAPTER VII.

ASHORE IN PARA.



THE Brazilian steamers dock in Para, all other ships being compelled to anchor in the stream discharging and receiving cargo and passengers by lighter and smaller boats.

This afforded the desired opportunity to quietly step ashore, after coffee, permitting me to enjoy a quiet stroll alone through the familiar streets. Only the shopkeepers, with a few early customers, were in evidence, one or two of whom, recognizing the "Consul," came to the front to shake hands and express their compliments in Portuguese.

Among the first to extend a welcome were a lady and daughter, early shoppers, whom I had met on board a steamer to Lisbon and Havre a year previous.

Knowing that my particular Brazilian friend, Theodosio Lacerda Chermont, taballeo or register and recorder, would not be in his office so early, I extended my walk through the beautiful residence district leading to the aristocratic suburbs. The several crowded street cars which passed me enroute to the business section were reminders of similar scenes in our American cities, where the employed fill the cars at certain hours. After some inquiries I recognized the consulate by the flag, located very conveniently in a typical Para casa, or house, situated on one of the principal residence streets.

During my incumbency I found the consulate occupying a dreary upper floor room in the Amazon Steamship Company's

building, and realizing that I would not remain long, and finding the higher English officials congenial neighbors, I took no steps to change the condition. The American Steamship Company's office was also in the same building.

I am sure one of my first mistakes was in not at once securing an independent home for myself, by taking one of the numerous little houses located in the residence section.

I found the genial Consul occupying a pretty, tiled Portuguese house, resembling in its one story ground floor architecture a variegated bungalow.

As a rule, the small houses of Para are on the bungalow plan of one story, the several rooms opening on a patio, vine-covered, open corridor.

Off the front hallway of the consulate are two doors, one leading into a front, the other into a back room, each of liberal dimensions. Extending farther to the rear is an open porch or veranda, from which entrance is made to the Consul's private living rooms, including two bed chambers, dining room and kitchen, with bath, opening on to a tropical back yard.

My call being before business hours, I was cordially greeted by the genial consul, in pajamas. I complained of a bad night on board. He insisted upon my taking a gill dose or decoction of cachasa and cinchona (quinine), the usual preventive of "febres," said to be an infallible remedy.

Consul and ex-colleague sat long around the "desayuno" or early cafe, discussing matters of general interest. As the genial and kindly influence of the consul pervades this entire revisit of a colleague, I beg leave to introduce him by reproducing an extract from an article published in Washington and at his Ohio home.

"Consul Pickerell is a genial and popular gentleman, large of body, with correspondingly large heart. I have mentioned his personal relation with a view of giving the reader a better idea of the facilities for supplying reliable and practical data. Both were somewhat at home in the 'Land of Tomorrow,' and we freely discussed the conditions, and usually agreed.

“It was the writer’s privilege to have made a fourth revisit to ‘The Land of Tomorrow’ in 1909 during a summer’s vacation, going a thousand miles up the Amazon and three thousand miles down the coast to visit the Rio Exposition. During this ninety days of pleasant travel it became a pleasure to have been the guest of my consular successor at Para, the seaport of the Amazon, the Hon. George H. Pickerell, than whom there is none more capable of giving reliable information at first hand. Mr. Pickerell was born and reared in an atmosphere of manufacturing industry. For years he was employed as a skilled mechanic in a large iron mill at Youngstown, Ohio, later becoming a traveling salesman, and ultimately an official during seven years. On account of his recognized ability he became a leader in politics, and for special services was appointed United States consul to the Azores. During a residence of ten years as consul in that Portuguese province he became thoroughly familiar with the language and the customs and history of the Portuguese, and this particularly fitted him for the important post of consul to Para, the seaport of the Amazon.”

Though I was not an official visitor, the consul kindly insisted upon my making the consulate headquarters my home and headquarters during my stay. I was given a desk and a supply of stationery and urged to appropriate anything I needed, just the same as if I were still consul. In addition to this brotherly consular recognition, it was arranged that I should take my meals at the casa or club where the gentlemen of the foreign colony, comprising the English telegraph and cable staff, with whom I felt fraternally at home as an old time telegrapher. These clever young men, principally English clerks, made a comfortable home, presided over by the widow of a former resident.

A photograph of the young gentlemen of the club, taken at the house, shows Consul Pickerell, in black suit, first seated on the left.

After leaving the consulate, I found my way to the well remembered office of my true and constant Brazilian friend,

Colonel Theodosio Lacerda Chermont, taballeo or register for the State.

Like the Consul, my friend Theodosio leaves a favorable impress on these pages, and in the absence of photographs I will say, "Theodosio is unlike a majority of native Brazilians. He is a big man physically, and of corresponding big heart and broad views of life, and without professing particular virtues, shares Lincoln's maxim, "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

Colonel Theodosio is something of an American Brazilero, speaking English fluently, without accent.

He was educated at Cornell, where he became the chum of one of General Grant's sons, by whom he was entertained at the White House during Grant's incumbency as President.

As the colonel is prominently mentioned, I insert without his knowledge the following brief biographical sketch from the Zeta-Psi Fraternity of North America, a college society, including in its membership brothers from nearly every college or university. On page 690, under head of Cornell University, is the following: "Chermont, Theodosio Lacerda, Para, Brazil"—A Viscount of Arary and Catharine lest Correa de Miranda—pre-Lisbon and Brussels, Cornell, 1878.

In Almanack Administrative of 1889, under head of Necrologocis das Casastitular, page 71: "Visconde de Arary Antonio Lacerda Chermont, Grand do Imperio e Commendador das ordens de Cristo e Rose Fallacen em 5 de Agosto, 1879, sa Province of Para."

The Colonel's brother, Justo Chermont, was governor of Para during my consular time and later became secretary of state to the Rio government, and also senator. Another brother, E. L. Chermont, has been for some years the secretary of the Brazilian embassy at Washington, and still another is a prominent physician at Para.

When I entered the Colonel's outer office the several clerks, some of whom knew me as a former visitor and always a corre-

spondent, left their desks to give their chief's friend a welcome. The colonel dropped his pen, and hastily coming forward, gave me the customary hug, with emphasis, with the three pats on the back increased to a dozen hearty thumps.

In the somewhat needless elaboration of my reception in Para by a few friends, the object has been to illustrate by comparison the first and later impressions, and especially to introduce characters whose good influence will pervade this effort to make a true record.

The following description of first impressions of Para was published at my home, and on receipt of papers by the Para foreign colony was used to prejudice a few Brazilians against the consul. Brazilians, as a rule, are very sensitive to criticism, and the Paraneses especially so, because there seems to have been a general and severe condemnation of Para's health condition. The writer was under this impression at first, but finding by study and experience that he was misinformed in some reports, is glad of an opportunity to correct erroneous views.

Para (pronounced Pah-rah) is by some referred to as the antipodes of Para-dise. The official name is Belem do Para.

By reason of the low situation on the equator it is not only the hottest, but, for a stranger, a most unhealthful city; a distinction which its rivals on the Brazilian coast do not attempt to emulate.

This general unhealthfulness is due largely to the alternating heat and humidity of the atmosphere, which is augmented by the location on the low ground adjacent to the delta of the Amazon. Being practically surrounded by fresh water, it is not only hot every day in the year, but correspondingly damp every night.

The rains which come up from the ocean every afternoon are copious as well as refreshing, and with the winds, which precede the heavy showers, serve to cool the parched atmosphere, rinse the tiled roofing of the houses and act as a grateful shower bath to not only sweltering humanity, but likewise to all

inanimate nature, at the same time washing the streets. These evening showers serve to make the nights damp. We sleep in upper floor rooms that are quite similar, as regards air, to those of a basement or cellar in the United States. I do not exaggerate in the statement that shoes left on the floor alongside of the bed soon become covered with a white mould. Clothing hung in wardrobes and not aired daily also become mouldy, and a stain is left that can not be erased.

One is compelled to live quite high or get up in the air. Indeed, most of the residents sleep in hammocks stretched across their bedrooms. The doors and windows are necessarily closed at night, causing the air inhaled to have a peculiarly pungent, musty smell, so that we go to sleep feeling somewhat as though passing under the influence of ether or chloroform.

Yet in Para, with its population of over a hundred thousand souls, the mortality among the native residents, as far as can be ascertained, is not greater by comparison than that of some of our United States cities.

The fact should be kept in mind, however, that there are no facilities for gathering reliable data; there is no board of health, no attempt at compiling statistics in this regard, except probably that of the religious society that keeps a record of the burials in their cemetery.

The very paper on which I wrote my letters, though kept in the zinc lined box in which the State Department sends out supplies, was so damp that pen and ink could scarcely be used till the paper was aired. Those who are in the habit of wetting a pencil to their lips would be relieved in this climate.

The yellow fever is not confined to the summer time, as in our Southern States. They never have any October frosts to kill the germs, but, as an English official assuringly informed me, the disease prevails "while the days and nights are equal," which, upon after reflection, I discovered to be every day in the year.

The weather of one month does not differ materially from that of another. One has to look at a calendar to discover the



A back street in Para.

season, as we do at a watch for the time of day. The days are not only equal in length, but they are alike hot, exceedingly hot, while the nights are dark and damp. The streets are well lighted and full of life, and Para looks better by night than in sunshine.

While there are always cases of fever under treatment, either at the houses or in the hospitals, the disease does not seem to be considered so fatal as with us. They are used to it, but as I was not, the subject occupied a great deal of my attention.

The physicians of the city often called it by the more euphonious name of "American typhus" in their certificate of death. One such case appeared in the daily papers on the day of my arrival.

Notwithstanding this unhealthful outlook, Para has existed for hundreds of years, it being one of the earliest Portuguese settlements in South America.

To the visitor it is in many respects a most interesting place. The streets in the older part of the city are narrow, numerous and crooked. Perhaps it is because they are of scarcely greater width than the sidewalks of Washington, D. C., that they are generally well paved with imported Belgian blocks.

Street car lines extend throughout the labyrinth of little streets. The cars (formerly drawn by mules, but now operated by electricity) are run by native motormen, who blow noisy horns at every crossing. They are constantly coming and going in all directions during the day.

In many of the streets teams cannot pass when a car is on the block. I never saw a wagon in Para, though two wheeled carts drawn by small oxen and ponies are quite common.

Occasionally some dilapidated old hacks skirmish around, containing minor officials in them (their carriages of state) or a bridal party going to and from church.

The residences are small and generally picturesque, with overhanging balconies and bright colored shades at the windows, queer looking hallways and low tiled covered roofs extending

over the narrow sidewalk. The roofing is seemingly made from split sections of terra cotta lapping each other to form gutters or corrugated ridges in such a way that they effectually carry off the water which is showered on the pavements. The tile also serves as a useful nonconductor from the midday rays of a torrid sun, and provides efficient ventilation.

The greater portion of the old city proper is composed of these small houses, built after the Portuguese style of architecture. The walls are large tiled hollow brick. The bricks are cemented together by a muddy looking material, composed of much clay, a little sand and less lime. Over the front portion of the better class of houses the outside surface is covered with variegated bits of tiling, imported from Portugal. In a majority of instances these are of as fine a quality as those used for mantels and interior decorations with us.

The prevailing colors are of a yellow and bluish cast, while the designs are quite harmonious and tasteful. The frequent rains keep them bright and clean.

I walked all over town looking for a chimney. There are no hearthstones in Para; a fire on the hearth is one of the family educators they have sadly missed.

The casual visitor may not have had the pleasure of an entree to these houses, but no doubt the gentlemen will have noticed quite a number of bright, dark eyes peeping through the shades or neat forms with pretty olive complexions posing gracefully over the little balconies in the evenings. With a view of self preservation no doubt, the windows are slightly above the ordinary, so that the senhoritas have the additional advantage of looking down upon admirers who may be strolling along and who in consequence of this precaution are compelled to glance upward toward the occupants. They cannot be conveniently reached from the sidewalk, and, besides, there are always some black eyes at other windows.

A companion imagined that he discovered at least two pairs of black eyes that looked agreeable, but one cannot tell what a

girl is going to do next, especial a Brazilian *senhorita* who can talk soft Portuguese in a voice so low and sweet that one falls instinctively in love with the caged bird even in the dark.

The streets of Para are not all of the narrow gauge and reverse curve pattern, and the houses are not all built after the adobe style that I have tried to describe, and which are located in that section generally known as the old city, occupied principally by the Portuguese, Indian and African citizens and their descendants.

There are some wide streets leading out to the elegant suburbs on which may be found some strikingly handsome cottages of various designs, nestling picturesquely in the midst of luxuriant and truly tropical gardens. The more modern houses are generally on raised foundations above the shrubbery, many of them being supplied with verandas which contain convenient hooks on which to swing hammocks.

Such suburban homes are owned by the better and wealthier classes of Brazilians or may be occupied by foreigners located temporarily as representatives of large European and American business houses. The cultivated Brazilians are a hospitable people, and the select society of this neighborhood is exceedingly agreeable.

It is quite a common mistake of the casual tourist to assume that the Portuguese shopkeeper in the city proper is representative of the genuine "Braziliero." There may be found as much education, refinement and culture in Para, relatively, as in any of our northern cities and towns of similar size.

Their customs are so exclusive that the stranger can form no proper conception of the daily life in this tropical city from a casual visit.

I walked during my first days about the town and suburbs, taking it all in from the outside. As I could speak but few words of Portuguese, I was necessarily a quiet and silent observer, gathering my first impressions solely from what I could see through my own eyeglasses, and not at all by what I heard.

They are a most polite people and do not laugh when a stranger makes a ridiculous mistake in pronunciation, though their eyes look as if they would like to. Those I met at first were as shy as little children. The ladies at the windows have a way of gracefully lifting their hands before their faces and quietly wafting with their fingers salutations to those in other windows a short distance off. Their little brown hands and tapering fingers look as if encased in nicely fitting kid gloves of neutral tints.

The San Jose Avenue, leading from the large Government Palace toward the ultra fashionable suburb, Nazareth, cannot be equaled in any American or European city. On either side of this broad thoroughfare are rows of the largest and finest tropical palm trees.

They are not the diminutive sort of scrub palm one sees in Florida, but large, stately trees, with heavy trunks, round, straight, beautifully tapering and running up beyond the tops of the highest houses. The top of each palm is a graceful plume like a cluster of leaves, from twenty to thirty feet in diameter, which, at the height of sixty feet or more from the ground, look so light and airy as it waves in the breeze that it invariably impresses one as petite. It is a great surprise when one for the first time encounters one of the leaves lying across the street, wrenched off by some violent thunder storm, and sees that by actual measurement the leaf is from twenty to twenty-five feet long.

The impression one receives as he catches his first view of this long avenue, flanked by these royal palms, is that of the stateliness and martial dignity of the grand review. The poetry is somewhat taken out of it, however, when we ask the first Brazilian we meet what is the name of these palms, and he replies: "We call them palmeiras barrigudes."

The principal street of the beautiful aristocratic suburb, Nazareth Avenue, is a lovely place for a stroll during the early evening while the sun is still shining or the southern moon is full. The broad pavement and sidewalks are perfectly shaded

by immense old mango trees which, the year round, are a dense mass of fresh, green foliage so thick that not a fleck of sunlight reaches the pavement through their wide spreading, generously rounded domes.

It seems in places to be a complete mingling of forest and city, some of the old country places still remaining, with the architecture of a former age, and with many of the old, untouched forest trees still growing with their tangled and twisted vines draped from lofty branches and long, delicate air roots waving down from the parasites that fringe the high limbs.

Among the many curious customs of the people of this city are some which we might appropriately adopt in our own climate. For instance, there can be no such thing as watered milk in Para. The milk delivery comes around noiselessly on all fours. Drove of milch cows, linked or yoked in sections of three or four, with their muzzled calves following them (in some instances really tied to the cow's tail), are driven to the customer's door, and the gill or pint of milk is drawn from the cow's teats into your own glass, and used without the formality of straining.

The reader may think this a joke, but really it is a fact. Indeed, if anybody had told me such a story, I should have put it down as a sailor's yarn, of the same character as an old salt once gave me when aboard Admiral Porter's side wheel frigate Powhattan. When pointing out the different parts of the ship he explained that the round wheel house that loomed above the deck was the purser's cow house.

As previously stated, there are no four wheel wagons in Para, only rickety drays and cabs. Everything else, except street cars and hacks, goes on two wheels, drawn by diminutive mules or ponies.

The drivers never ride, but walk and lead the animals by a long rope. I suppose the mule could not well be driven. The streets are nearly all paved with blocks imported from Portugal as ballast and laid down at an estimated cost of twenty-five to fifty cents each.

As there are many miles of this paving, there are millions in it. It occurred to me as being a good field for concrete pavement, especially of the block pattern, which I imagine could be supplied cheaper than the stone. Concrete would be well adapted to the climate, as there are no frosts, though perhaps the intense heat would soften the material. The sidewalks are nicely paved with stone slabs imported from Portugal.

There is a system of sewerage in Para that serves to keep the city clean. In addition to this the authorities rigidly enforce the collection of garbage. The houses and shops deposit the sweepings at night, which are collected by carts; from these it is taken by street cars made for the purpose, and running on the ordinary tram tracks. The streets are swept clean by hand every night, and the sweepings removed in the same cars. Besides this daily gathering up of refuse matter, we have during the winter or rainy season frequent heavy showers that wash the streets and flush the sewers. This cleanliness is an urgent necessity.

The ungainly looking buzzards are also protected, because their sharp eyes detect and pounce upon decaying matter that might otherwise be missed.

There is a telephone system that embraces three hundred exchanges. It seems very funny to hear the fast talking Portuguese at the box and watch the impatient grimaces when the service does not exactly suit them.

The gas furnished by the English company is of inferior quality and very expensive, because the coal has to be brought from England. The petroleum light (kerosene) of the United States is really preferred to gas.

The people of these districts produce nothing for their own support except fruit and a substance called "farinha," which is a coarse meal, made from the same root as tapioca, called "manioc," which is left after the tapioca has been partly taken out by washing.

The cost of living at the hotel is from six to nine milreis per day, which is equivalent to two to three dollars, including wine,

with fare not so good as can be obtained in a private hotel in Washington for two dollars a day. There are no boarding houses in Para, and no family admits outsiders or boarders or lodgers. One must either take a house, keep bachelor's hall with a chum, or live at a hotel. My conclusion was, after the first few days, that the United States consul at Para is located in the hottest, unhealthiest, and most expensive place in all the consular list.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CLIMATE.



MY first days were spent in solitary strolls in shady places, as a quiet, but "close observer," sending weekly letters to the press syndicates attempting to describe my first impressions, of which the following is given as originally published (and criticised by the Para papers, at the instigation of some of the foreign element).

"Let us talk about the weather." Those who live in this hot land do not accost every one they meet with our stereotyped observation. "Is this hot enough for you?" They are used to it. There are no sunless days in Amazonia; climatically one day is like all the rest. They are not only equal in length, but are all alike, hot—exceedingly hot—and "the nights are long and damp and gay, though the winds and rains are never weary."

There are no twilights, no romantic gloamings in this latitude. The sun, like a red hot copper ball, comes up out of the Atlantic at the same hour and minute each morning and during all the day seems to swing low, discharging in its course along the line of the equator fierce electric waves of glaring light and heat, until shaded by the crimson edged clouds that blow from the ocean each evening. It disappears behind the distant western Andes at the same hour each evening. The sable curtain of night rolls down upon the scene as suddenly as that upon the mimic stage, and we are alone in the darkness of a tropical night.

There are no agreeable changes of season as with us; no joyous spring time, restful summer, fruitful autumn, no invigorating winter. I found it just as hot in December as in August; however, at night it is cool, as well as damp and dark.



A broad avenue in the suburbs of Para, shaded by double rows of the Mangrove trees whose generously rounded dome protects the promenade from the tropical sun.

"The flowers that bloom in the spring" have nothing to do with the case down there.

Vegetation of all sorts is as fresh, green and as profusely beautiful in the middle of winter as at any other season of the year.

Some years ago, when traveling in the far-west of our own country, I thought nothing could be more desolate than the dreary waste of hundreds of miles of alkali and sage brush along the Pacific railroads, where people long for a little rain to cool the atmosphere and satisfy the cravings of the parched earth.

In Para we have topographically the same flat surface formation, with the other extreme of too much water, which with the heat brings forth the too abundant vegetation, that is sometimes rank and "smells to heaven."

While a resident of Para I thought that I should thereafter prefer the dry, healthy, arid desert land of our own country to this deadly heat and dampness that almost causes moss to grow on one's back.

One cannot whistle his way out of the woods that surround one so densely on all sides. He can only see the sky through the leafy mangoes or sighing palm trees.

On the prairies of our country one has the satisfaction of looking a long distance even though he doesn't see much.

In December they have at Para what they call "the change of the season," or the beginning of winter—that is, from the dry to the wet season. I fail to detect any difference except, perhaps, that it is a little hotter in midday, and rain storms are more frequent in the evening, keeping one indoors during the only pleasant part of the day.

Everybody in Para carries an umbrella, as a necessary part of one's outfit. They are necessary to protect one from the rays of an almost vertical sun, and as a shelter from the rain or heavy dews that fall after dark.

In the short walk of three squares from the consulate to the hotel, even at the breakfast hour, the sun was so hot that the silk

umbrella I carried, as I hugged the shady side of the narrow street, would crackle as if it were on fire when I exposed myself by crossing the street.

A queer custom which first attracts the attention of a tourist from a cooler climate is that the Paraneses of the better class, business men, shopkeepers, clerks and perhaps a majority of the gentlemen wear black cloth coats and trousers.

As a rule, the Paraneses are small in stature and slender in form. His manner of dressing, at first sight, creates the impression of a young man wearing his father's clothes. The general top heavy appearance is heightened by the old fashioned broad rimmed derby hat. He invariably wears a small, black, regulation necktie.

His small feet are neatly encased in shoes made in England or France expressly for the Paraneses trade, so long and narrow pointed that they resemble miniature canoes.

The foreign gentlemen who come to Para usually bring with them a proper outfit of clothing which they may think suited for the climate. If an Englishman, he follows the East India custom, and will probably have his boxes filled with light colored linens and seersuckers, in addition to his checked trousers and dress coat.

A German may be distinguished by his light, tight fitting clothing.

The American tourist who comes ashore astonishes the natives by appearing in the streets in what may be termed negligee, or lawn tennis suit, made of light flannels of a loose fitting cut, something after the style of pajamas, which everybody in that climate wears in bed or hammock.

A few Brazileiros of more cultivated and independent tastes, as well as some foreigners, dress in white linen every day of the year.

The *au rigueur* black coat appears to have been one of the early imitations of costumes brought by Paraneses visitors to some colder climate, who had no proper appreciation of the fitness of things.

I donned a straw hat in December. I always buy a fifty cent straw hat at home in sliced tomato time. In the evenings I put on a derby. The only persons in Para who wear high silk hats are doctors or other professional men.

The padre (or priest) goes about the streets wearing a three cornered hat with a tassel, his Mother Hubbard costume being tied about the waist by a cord.

As United States consul, I endeavored to dress as became a gentleman. I usually wore white trousers and waistcoat and fatigue coat in the daytime on the street or at the consulate, and in the evenings I donned the regulation dark cloth coat on all formal or ceremonial occasions.

Another peculiarity that will astonish the American visitor is that the larger proportion of negro or native children are not dressed at all. It is no exaggeration to say that a majority of the children of the lower classes, under eight years, have never worn clothing.

I have seen many babies of from one to two years, even of the better classes, being nursed in a perfectly nude state by their parents in public.

It is a great country for babies. There seems to be something in the air to bring about this extraordinary supply of pickaninies. They appear to be indigenous to the soil. It is perhaps a happy circumstance that the poorer parents are not obliged to be at the expense of dressing their numerous progeny until they are old enough to dress themselves.

The gentlemanly traveling companion, who may volunteer to escort a party of ladies from the ships through town, will find an embarrassment in trying to avoid the brown skinned boys of six or eight years, in a perfectly nude state, who follow them about the streets or hang on to the street cars, asking for pennies.

The lower classes of men, however, are more cultured. They wear trousers and sometimes a shirt. As a rule but few laborers add to their burdens by wearing anything but the black Stanley belt, that holds up their overalls, not even a hat, and never shoes.

Soon after my arrival I went into a trunk factory to have some repairs made, and was waited upon by a Portuguese salesman, who appeared to be wholly unconscious of the fact that he was half naked.

The bakers who work the daily bread by the sweat of their brows, never wear any clothes, because it is manifestly too hot to be burdened in that way alongside of an oven. They make excellent French and Vienna bread in Para.

The females of the lower classes go about the streets without any hat or covering for their heads, their black, greasy hair fairly shining in the sun. They usually do the marketing or buying for the houses in which they may serve.

Their queer shaped baskets are carried on their heads. The habit gives them an erect, graceful carriage. Some few of these descendants of the Indians and negroes called Tapansa are rather attractive in face and figure, but they seldom dress tastefully, and generally resemble our colored girls of the Southern States, in appearance and in their ways and manners.

Their loud figured dresses are usually made brief at both ends (the waist and skirt), no doubt, with a view to economy. Some young Englishman informed me that this outer dress is the only garment they wear on the street for ordinary occasions; that females in that country do not wear undergarments.

The line of caste distinction is clearly drawn in Amazonia. There is an upper and a nether millstone.

The present inhabitants of the lower Amazon valley in Brazil are mostly of Portuguese, African and aboriginal Indian descent, both of pure blood and with a widespread and indiscriminate mixture of the three races. In the upper Amazon of Peru the Spanish and Indian predominate, with a limited proportion of Africans.

There is none of the prejudice against color that prevails in parts of the United States. The only aristocracy that exists may perhaps be called a political moneyed aristocracy. It is in a sense "blooded," there being an inclination to imagine that blood

can be traced back many generations. Some of the "bluest" point with pride to their "Pocahontas" grandmothers, whose oil portraits I have seen on the parlor walls of some of the most estimable families, and of whom, if the pictures are correct, they may well be proud.

One striking characteristic, not only of the portraits, but also of the descendants of the higher class, is the frequent, almost perfect symmetry and regularity of the features, accompanied by a dignified and genial composure.

Soon after my arrival it was my good fortune to be invited by a courteous Brazilian to accompany him and his ladies to the opera, where I saw as many elegant toilets worn by as refined ladies, accompanied by courteous gentlemen in evening dress, as I have been accustomed to see in Washington on like occasions.

The opera house, or, as it is called, *Theatro da Paz* or *Theater of Peace*, is large and commodious. It was built by the government, and is admirably adapted for its purpose. It is situated in the center of one of the large squares. The building is modeled after the Grecian style of architecture, being well supplied with large pillared porticos, grand entrance and stairways and massive looking roof. It is, however, quite graceful and pleasing to the eyes. When I first saw it, I supposed it to be one of the public buildings, which it is in fact, having cost the state five hundred thousand dollars.

The interior is quite plain, not having much of the gilded finish that we see in our second rate theaters. There are four galleries, divided into stalls or small boxes, each box seating six persons. These are usually occupied by families or select parties.

In the section corresponding to our orchestra, are separate chairs or *cadeira* for the bald headed Americans and other foreign attendants.

The stage seemed small in proportion to the immense size of the interior. There is a grand saloon in front.

At the front and sides of the auditorium are large corridors, a *loggia* opening to the square, beneath the lofty pillars of which

the gaily dressed assemblage promenade between the acts. This is much like a summer garden in the midst of tropical foliage.

There is also a hole in the wall below stairs, where gentlemen see each other alone, and stimulate themselves with a grain of coffee.

The first performance I witnessed was about on a par with that of our traveling troupes. The two principal singers were Italians, the company being brought from Italy for this theater by a Brazilian contractor, who receives a subsidy of fifteen thousand dollars from the state, for the season. The opera was composed by a native Paranesse, and the plot represented a story of the Haitian insurrection, written by Victor Hugo, the scant costumes and tropical scenery being familiar to these people.

Certain nights of each week are especially given to the subscribers, or the elite who have secured their family boxes for the season. The principal performances were on Sunday nights which I thereafter regularly attended.

I have always had a weak fancy for brunettes, and on the occasion of my first visit to the grand opera I was delighted to find that every lady in the vast audience was a brunette.

They were of all shades, from the rich olive complexion of the Portuguese in the boxes, to the handsome, dark eyed gentlemen in the orchestra.

In this vast sea of pretty faces and gay toilettes my eyes rested on one strikingly pleasant young face, resembling a French lady, with a senhorita's mantilla, from under which beamed a most expressive pair of dark brown eyes. She was elegantly attired in white, a full corset laced in the back encased a long and slender waist; upon her hands white kid gloves, the many buttons of which covered a well formed arm.

Upon inquiry, I ascertained that the apparition in white dress and brown hair was the daughter of Baron de Marajo, and my informer added, "She is one of the nicest girls in Para, too, and speaks English very well."

As I had not heard the voice of an English or American lady since I left the United States, I was hungering for a few

pleasant words in this purgatory. But I realized sadly that it was, of course, out of the question for a stranger, in a land where the customs are so exacting, to hope to talk in his native tongue with a pretty daughter of a real, live baron. I could only attend the opera every night thereafter and have the pleasure of admiring her at a distance.

There was nothing in the manner of the young lady that suggested hauteur, or exclusiveness; in fact, I noticed that she was very pleasant with those whom she met, and she was certainly popular, as her acquaintances were numerous and gushing.

They have a custom in tropical countries that prohibits any lady from appearing in the street unless accompanied by one of the family, and my observation is that they obey the rule strictly.

I have never seen a lady of the better class alone in the street, and I looked sharply for them.

One day I happened to be on the same street car with the baron and his pretty daughter. She had a pleasant word and smile for almost every one, and when ready to leave, the car stopped long enough for the popular lady to give her hand to those that remained as if they were off on a long journey. The Portuguese driver smiled good naturedly at the delay. The custom is to shake hands all around at every meeting and parting.

The provisional government of the Republic of Brazil decreed that those of its eminent citizens upon whom the Emperor Dom Pedro Second had conferred titles should continue to enjoy, in an honorary way, those distinctions under the new republic; the titles, however, dying with the bearer.

There are several barons residing in Para. Probably the foremost in this line is the Baron de Marajo. The title, pronounced "mah-rah-zhaw" (after the island at the mouth of the Amazon, which is in itself larger than the kingdom of Portugal), was not purchased according to the custom, but was conferred many years ago by the Emperor for distinguished services. It is well known that some of the barons bought their titles, Dom Pedro openly defending the business transaction in titles by the

plea that the money so received was exclusively used for the sustenance of the lunatic asylums of Brazil.

The Baron de Marajo may be said to be the foremost of the list of nobles here. He is, at least physically, head and shoulders above them all, as he is as tall as Abraham Lincoln (six feet four).

The baron is not only a large man physically, but large in heart, with correspondingly liberal and advanced ideas.

Though apparently quite dignified, he reminds one by his striking personal appearance of Don Quixote, as he saunters along the street. He is quite exclusive in his companionship though very companionable among his special friends.

The baron is now a Republican. He was at one time president of the province and mayor of the city of Para. His parents were Portuguese, descended from the early governors. As a native born Brazilian, none is more patriotic than he in the declaration of his political confession of faith. "America for Americans, Brazil for Brazilians and Para for Paraneses." He was educated in Europe, and is by profession a civil engineer, some of his earlier works here being the laying of the foundation of the provincial palace.

That which will remain as one of the most graceful monuments to his taste and forethought, however, was the planting on each side of the magnificent San Jose Avenue, over thirty years ago, of the long line of beautiful royal palms, which are now the admiration of all visitors, and the pride of the Paraneses.

The noble baron is not only one of the interesting characters of this interesting place, but he is also the father of a most interesting family, a majority of whom are daughters. All are accomplished, and one is very beautiful.

This family were educated in Lisbon, and as the baron was one of the commissioners to the Paris Exposition, his daughters have all had the advantage of European travel, and are therefore highly accomplished, and may be classed as the "F. F. B's."



Ao Sr Maor Kerbey affence—Leticia.

The baron and his pretty daughter later visited America, the father being the commissioner from Brazil to the exposition.

In the absence of a suitable photograph of Julieta (the baron's daughter), I beg to substitute the photographs of my pretty young Para lady friend and her cousins Lourdes and Emilia Oliveira.

The charming little *senhorita* appears in these pages as a correspondent and an accomplished artist who kindly supplied some of the illustrations.

She is the daughter of an artist of the well known family name of Oliveira.

CHAPTER IX.

A BRAZILIAN'S DEFENCE OF HIS CLIMATE.



IN addition to the arduous duties imposed upon a consul attempting to attend five balls in three nights, in order that he might see and sample everything, I was also trying to acquaint my government, through voluminous official reports of such matters as I observed and experienced socially, which I thought would be of public interest or useful in the promotion of reciprocity.

I endeavored to impress upon the department and the public, through the government printing office, by a series of stories about balls and *senhoritas* concealed in the form of daily reports, a few observations upon consanguinity or affinity in its relation to reciprocity.

The early settlers of Brazil, generally, came from Southern Europe. That their natural sympathies tend strongly in that direction is a feature of reciprocity that has not been fairly considered.

A large majority of the Brazilians of the present day are Portuguese of a second or third generation, and wherever it is possible to do so the parents have sent their children "home" to Lisbon to be educated.

These children, so educated, are now active, moving Brazileiros of today, reinforced very largely by the continuous immigration from Portugal.

Good steamships arrive almost weekly from Liverpool and Havre and Mediterranean ports, all of which make their last stop at Lisbon en route not only to the Amazon, but to all other points on the Brazilian coast.

Through this regular communication with their fatherland, social and business intercourse is kept up.

It may require considerable diplomacy in the way of reciprocity treaties to overcome this natural consanguinity, between the parent and the offspring, or between Europe and Brazil.

Lest I have neglected to mention it heretofore, I will say here that Para continued to be for me a very hot hole. But I had lots of fun while undergoing the initiatory acclimatization.

The vertical rays of the sun persistently came down in a provokingly monotonous style, every day, after about seven a. m. Yet it is a strange fact that sunstrokes are unknown in Amazonia—a problem I will leave to the scientists to solve.

I really do not know the average of the thermometer in Para. I was satisfied with the experience, and never cared to question the figures. My genial Brazilian friend, Colonel Theodosio Chermont, who has lived in New York during some summers, taking pleasant exception to my criticisms on the climate of Para, wrote as follows:

“Para is a hot place in the day time on account of its location under the equator, but you must confess that the nights are fine and cool. The heat never prevents “O Consul Americano” from sleeping the sleep of the just and dreaming of that ‘blooming exotic’ and other orchids that are bred under the rays of the tropical sun, shedding their fragrance through the air, thus saturating your very soul! Oh, dear. Furthermore, Para is free from the everlasting plague so frequent in large cities of the United States under the name of insolation or sunstroke.

“Why don’t you explain this in your correspondence? If such a thing as a sunstroke should occur here for the first time, I am sure they would call it ‘Praga-New Yorkina’ (i. e., Plague of New York).

“New York is closer and hotter during the summer than Para, which is a healthy place, considering the death rate and population. Don’t run down Para, there is a good dear.”

To my notion, the one redeeming feature of life in that part of Amazonia with which I became familiar was the unfailing courtesy and constant friendship of clever, gentlemanly Brazileiros, of which the brothers Chermont were types, and the great number of pretty, dark eyed senhoritas who grow spontaneously and blossom luxuriantly in that valley. It is also true, however, that many of these pretty girls, who bloom in the perpetual spring time in that land of flowers, are forced to bud too early by the high pressure-living in that latitude.

While it is a most prolific climate, strange to say, there are, strictly speaking, but few children to be seen, such as we know—chattering, lively, active boys and girls. Babies are plenty enough among the poorer classes. There is no age of youth; no boys or girls. They step at one bound from babyhood to young men and women.

Little chaps of from eight to twelve years are dressed in long pants, black coat, derby hat, cuffs and collars, watch chain, and usually a cane or an umbrella. They smoke cigarettes, drink wine and beer and talk about women, just as their fathers do.

The only difference between a boy and a young man is in his size. In dress and in manners they are exact counterparts of those old enough to be their own parents.

Young girls are also unknown, as far as I could discover. They become young ladies at ten or twelve and frequently wives and mothers at thirteen to fifteen, soon broken and quickly fading and, I regret to say, not attractive at twenty or thirty, and the lower classes become hideous at forty, all because of careless habits.

There are exceptions to this, as to all other rules. A number of married ladies of Para are considered to be the prettiest of their many pretty women.

CHAPTER X.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.



LEST the reader, interested in South American business prospects, may think it time for the consul to tell something about the commercial features, I submit the following, printed first some years ago, but which is applicable to present conditions:

Any believer in Solomon's saying that there is nothing new under the sun

should pursue his investigations in the Amazon valley under an equatorial sun.

During my residence and visits, I discovered more things that were strange and new to me than dreamed of in all the philosophies, romances and advertisements that have recently been unloaded on the American public as contributions to South American literature, and this is saying a good deal.

It sometimes occurs to me that everything in Amazonia is done by contraries. To get into a cool climate you go south. The rule of the road is to turn to the left, and street cars or bonds are always on the wrong track, and the conductor gives the passenger a ticket.

When gentlemen friends meet after an absence, or are about to separate, they embrace warmly, each giving the other three pats on the back.

It is the custom for both sexes to shake hands every time they meet and separate, even if it occurs twice an hour. When ladies meet, they kiss each other on one cheek, and then turn the other; they do not embrace in public.

A very clever Brazilian friend with whom I have talked about their customs, assured me that he never kissed the lady

who became his wife until after his marriage, and all know that we reverse that sort of thing in the more civilized America, where most of the kissing is done before marrying.

The ladies wait for the gentlemen to first recognize them, as I early discovered to my embarrassment. Subsequently I lifted my hat to almost all the pretty *senhoras* whose bright eyes I could catch, and received in return a pleasant smile and nod.

The *senhoritas* were not in sympathy with the foreign boycott. Although they did not go out much, they managed to know what was doing. The better class of the native merchants also appreciated the situation and early volunteered their assistance. They were most hospitable and polite, particularly Señor Jose Ayres Watrin.

The new consul was indebted to a few of these friends for much valuable information, in the line of which the foreigners had prearranged to withhold. In a sense it was a fortunate circumstance that the foreign cabal chose to ostracize the new consul, as it had the effect of affording better facilities through reliable Brazilian sources.

It is a tradition in our consular bureau that a consular commission from the State Department is an open sesame or passport giving the bearer access to all sources of information.

In one sense this is right. But it opens the door for an influx of all sorts of useless matters of no particular interest, and sometimes is a means whereby interested persons may avail of this channel to get printed, at government expense, matter that even a country newspaper would not use.

Fortunately much of this extraneous plate matter never reaches the public. It is stillborn and sepulchred in government reports.

My earlier and later observation led to the conviction that a new consul's arrival at a port serves to close the sources of really useful or valuable information. This is not the exceptional case; but on the general principle, perhaps, that a new consul is usually energetic.

His arrival produces an effect similar to that of a stone thrown into still waters; that agitates its smooth surface and has the effect of scaring the fish away, and the oyster, that cannot get away, closes his mouth tight.

The early mornings of my first days were occupied in the preparation of consular reports to the department, and by way of relaxation—writing up for a press syndicate—some attempt at description of the life of the consul and business prospects.

The evenings were agreeably occupied in social investigation, for the benefit of our countrymen who might wish to emigrate there on business. In connection with this first reference to rubber, I beg to invite attention to the fact that the matter immediately following was referred to the department years ago, before the wonderfully increasing demand for rubber for bicycle and automobile tires.

As may be seen from the consular reports, as well as correspondence, it developed early that not only the question of trade and transportation, but every other business in that consular district depended upon the one crude article—i. e., India rubber, or *borrachio*.

This indigenous product of the rich soil and boundless forests of that region is, next to the coin or bullion, which came from early California, the most valuable cargo of commerce carried in the bottoms of ocean ships.

The United States absorbs two-thirds of this export. The British and American steamships which sail weekly from Para sometimes contain cargoes valued at half a million dollars.

The handling of these rich cargoes of crude rubber is confined to about a half dozen firms, who have their agents in Para. Perhaps one reason for the avowed purpose to withhold information is that these few American merchants did not wish to have their rich bonanza of free trade in rubber ventilated in official reports, nor their rich find advertised in press correspondence to invite competition.

It also developed that although we absorbed two-thirds of the products of the Amazon valley, the balance of trade was against us as two to one.

The English and German traders, who have been long established, import from their country two-thirds of everything required by their laborers connected with rubber gathering.

The American importer of rubber pays out large amounts of gold coin daily, always through English banks. There is no reciprocity in rubber, though a prominent rubber importer, also a member of the Para American Congress, read able arguments in favor of reciprocity on sugar and coffee.

The government of Brazil exacts an export duty of twenty-five per cent. on the crude article that is not cultivated, the only outlay otherwise being for gathering.

It is God's free gift to all mankind growing in the forests of the equator, the product being generally collected by American enterprise and English gold. It is received in our country free of duty.

The manufacturers in the wealthy shoe districts of New England are buyers, but they do not offer for sale any Yankee shoes in Brazil. The usual price for fine rubber has ranged from sixty cents to two dollars per pound in New York.

The coffee and sugar from the Southern provinces of Brazil, on which reciprocity was based, are by comparison quite insignificant in the prices per pound for each article, though all are alike indispensable to American trade.

A proper idea may be gained of the extent and value of this trade to the Brazilian government by the statement furnished me by a Brazilian officer, that over five hundred thousand dollars in gold is collected monthly at the Para Custom House alone. They do not receive their own paper money for duties.

I was early instructed by Secretary Blaine to give this question of rubber my particular attention. Exhaustive reports were made, which the government printed in a special form, a year after I had ceased being a consul, which reports may be had



Courtesy of Director-General John Barrett, of Pan-American Union.

AMAZONAS THEATER, MANAOS, BRAZIL.

This splendid structure is situated 1,000 miles up the Amazon. The entrance and supporting pillars are finished in white marble, the interior is richly decorated, and the allegorical paintings that ornament the ceilings of the foyer and auditorium are the work of the celebrated Italian artist, De Angelis. The cost of the edifice, which viewed from the harbor is one of the most conspicuous features of the landscape, was \$2,000,000 gold.

upon application to the Department at Washington. These contain full information as to collection, manipulation, cultivation, etc.

There are some hides, nuts, cacao and tonka exported from Para, also balsams, but particularly everything hinges on this one indigenous product of India rubber, in its different form of fine "sernamby" and the "caucho," the latter being from the upper waters of the Amazon in Peru.

Nothing is cultivated in this extensive valley, that nature has so bountifully supplied with a rich soil, and the necessary warmth and humidity, except, perhaps, some sugar cane, which is consumed in the manufacture of the cachaea, or the native rum of the country, the home demand for which exceeds the supply.

A little tobacco of strong quality is raised, and a fractional part of the "farinha" or mandioca meal of the country and of the tropical fruits.

Some cotton and coffee are produced in the upper Amazon districts of Peru.

About everything necessary to sustain civilized life is brought from Europe, and pays a heavy import duty.

No proper effort is made by American merchants to extend their trade in that direction by sending out their own commercial agents.

The English, German and French have their branch houses established at all important points under the management of competent young men, who know the language and make it the business of their lives to look after their home trade.

An American consul in Central and South America, during the reciprocity period, receives innumerable circular letters in each mail from all classes of his countrymen, requesting information, or the official influence of the consul in advancing each business man's separate interests.

Sometimes they enclose samples of goods, neglecting to properly prepay postage which is doubled on the receiver. None ever encloses a stamp for reply, while a few only, thank the consul in advance for his good offices.

At first I attempted to answer this mass of correspondence, but finding it becoming too great a tax on both my slender income and depleted energy, consequent upon a few months' life in the tropics, I declined to act as commercial traveler and exhibit samples through town in the hot sun.

I prepared a circular letter in reply, in general terms advising that the best way to introduce American goods was for each merchant to send out a handsome American commercial traveler, well supplied with cash and samples, duly authorized to talk business in the language of the country.

I felt sure this courteous American gentleman, one who could dance and talk in several languages preferred, would get away with the English and German who were monopolizing the business of reciprocity. One such agent who understood his line of business could make contracts much more satisfactorily than through consular correspondence.

Yellow fever, beriberi, or leprosy would not, in my opinion, have any effect on the average American commercial drummer.

A prominent coal dealer of my State wrote that he desired to extend his exports to Brazil and, as usual, asked for advice and information. The reply, to which I now refer as being still pertinent to all coal dealers, was that there did not seem to be much prospect for starting a boom in coal in that consular district, since the generous rays of a vertical sun supplied about all the caloric that was needed for both animal and vegetable life on the equator.

There are no chimneys to the houses, and the little cooking necessary is performed by means of charcoal or wood.

The gas company that is supposed to illuminate the dark ways of that tropical city is an English corporation, that get its coal from home; and, I understand, sells the resultant coke for as much as the original cost.

The gas is of an inferior quality. I indicated in reports to the State Department that there seemed to be a fine field for an American electric lighting plant, which has since been established.

The immense steam traffic of the Amazon river and its tributaries, its sixty to one hundred steamers navigating some fifty thousand miles in extent, require enormous quantities of coal for fuel, amounting perhaps to five thousand tons per month, outside of the ocean commerce coming there. These steamers are generally owned by English capitalists, and their supplies are brought from South Wales, in sailing vessels.

It is said that the large number of Brazilian ships would burn American coal if it could be purchased at the same rate they pay for Goole (or Yorkshire). I suggested bringing coal from the Ohio and Mississippi, in barges that could be towed across the gulf of the Amazon.

I repeat here that Para is not only the hottest, the unhealthiest, but the most expensive port in the civilized world.

In this last regard it may aptly be compared to California during the early rush to the gold mines in the 50's or to Pennsylvania after first discovery of oil fields in the 60's.

This is the probable cause and effect produced by the mad rush for getting rich quick in the collection of rubber from the Amazon forests.

The rubber gathering being more profitable (as two to one) than all other labor, results in the population of working people going into the forests, and entirely neglecting cultivation of the soil.

Everything consumed is, therefore, brought from abroad, upon which heavy import duties are collected.*

*The Brazilian budget for 1911 includes a clause of special interest to the United States. The authorization to the Executive to grant a preferential of 20 per cent. to those countries giving Brazil special advantages in not taxing her products, such as coffee and rubber, shipped to such countries in certain quantities, is continued. The United States is the only country which enjoys the 20 per cent. preferential on a list provided for in previous decrees. The only change in the present budget is the increase in the preferential on flour. This ought to make it possible for American millers to sell flour in competition with Argentine millers in any port north of Rio de Janeiro.

The retail merchants sell at greatly exaggerated prices to all consumers alike. It is the same old law of prices governed by supply and demand.

The retail business, which is quite extensive, is done in five or six figures, as represented by the Brazilian paper and nickel, bronze and copper money. One of the coins of the old monarchy, which has entirely disappeared from Southern Brazil, is still in circulation in large quantities in the Amazon valley. It is an enormous copper, worth about half a penny, so heavy that I did not care to carry them in my pockets, but found them useful for paper weights in the consulate. There is no temptation to steal them, as nobody cares to burden themselves with them.

One day I stepped into a shop and succeeded, by a deaf and dumb exhibition, in making the Jewish looking Portuguese merchant understand that I wanted to buy some shirts. I paid at the rate of four thousand five hundred reis for forty-nine cent shirts, or two and one half times the price in New York.

As it takes from two to four weeks for the leprous laundrymen or women to do a day's washing, and a week for drying, quite a supply of linen is necessary in this perspiring latitude. I owned fifty-two shirts. I found it agreeable to change twice a day regularly, and some persons put on fresh linen for breakfast, dinner and evening dress.

The delay in the washing is commonly reported to be not entirely due to the laziness of the laundress. It is sometimes quite a convenient thing for her husband and other members of the family, who want to cut a swell at a festival, to extemporize one of the United States consul's shirts for the evening or Sunday, as the case may be.

In proof of the accuracy of the story, the missionary clerk told me that at a cottage prayer meeting, in a mud shanty in the suburbs of the city, a laundress was present with her family. One of the little urchins wore nothing except a large white bath towel about his shoulders, while an older son, about eight years of age, had on nothing but a nicely starched white shirt which trailed in the mud, and looked for all the world like those the consul wore.

My first laundry bill was also in five figures, and not being as yet familiar with the value of the money, I was disposed to resent it as an imposition, until my friends laughingly interfered, when I treated them to Amazonia mineral water for which I was taxed one thousand two hundred reis.

A bill looking very much like a greenback, that has engraved in each of its four corners, and on the margins and back, the gratifying figures "500," at first touch gives its happy possessor a quick flash of the "bloated bondholder" sensation; but on experimenting, however, with its purchasing power, it "means business" at about twenty-five cents' worth even when quoted at par.

It bears the words "Quinhentos reis" and "Imperio do Brazil," with the likeness of the late Dom Pedro, as still does almost all the paper money of Brazil; though silver and nickel coinage of the republic is in extensive circulation.

This recalls the story told of the departing consul and his tenderfoot successor, to whom he handed some of these tempting looking "500" bills, just as the former was embarking. "Take this," said the tender hearted fellow, with sympathetic tears in his eyes, "and settle with any of my creditors, whom I have overlooked and that may call to see me after I am gone;" interrupting the receiver's suggestions as to the amounts and disposition of balance remaining in his hands, the generous giver departed, waving his hands "goodby," as the boat pulled off, saying, "Oh, never mind sending me the change. Just set it up all around for the boys."

I attempted the same trick by sending one to the genial quartermaster of my G. A. R. Post, of Washington, with a request that he pay my dues, and set it up for the boys of the post. I have not heard how much it cost him.

I also enclosed a number of these bills as souvenirs to friends, with requests to divide between my tailors, using the surplus toward treating the boys and girls of my acquaintance for "Auld Lang Syne."

As I had no one to guide my early footsteps, I had some funny experience in rubbing against the manners and customs of

the people, that helped to vary and relieve the daily monotony of a boycotted life in the tropics.

The country is as flat as the broad ocean, the only scenery being the dense green foliage of the forests, that grow down to the very edge of the mighty Amazon.

The leaves do not begin to fall here. As I may have previously observed, every day is alike. There is no joyous budding spring time, no invigorating autumn, but all are melancholy days.

One of the customs that I found difficult at first in adapting myself to was waiting for breakfast till midday. The early morning in the tropics is simply glorious. I love to rise with the sun and enjoy the walk while it is cool and refreshing; but one cannot get anything to eat before eleven a. m. except "early coffee," which consists of a small cup of black coffee and a piece of bread.

I, however, made an arrangement by which I paid three hundred reis extra each for a glass of coffee which they have a way of mixing with a couple of spoonfuls of sugar with the yolks of two eggs, into which the heated milk is slowly poured, the Portuguese Pedro all the while stirring vigorously. On the top of this rich mixture the purest of strong black coffee is poured, the whole making a glass of foaming creamy nectar, fit for the gods.

It goes without saying that they make good coffee in the land where it grows—Brazil.

I do not know why they insist on serving coffee made this way in a glass, but I took the morning medicine with a relish without question.

A good breakfast is served from eleven a. m. to one p. m.

I lived at the "Delmonico" or "Chamberlin" of Para, which is kept by a Frenchman and patronized by the English and American residents. During the boycott, I ate alone in the crowded dining room, but I managed to get what I wanted from the bills of fare. The silly ostracism did not disturb my appetite. Everything is served by plates or courses, and everybody drinks claret

—genuine Portuguese claret—at meals, which is also an extra charge.

I found no fault with the French-Portuguese cooking, but I inwardly rebelled every day against going from the consulate in the broiling sun to breakfast at eleven a. m. Dining by lamp-light is a custom one may learn to enjoy; but one is never satisfied in this world.

As a boy at home and in later years also, when I have had to rise and dress in the cold of a winter morning, before day-break, I used to complain about the hardships of having to “get up in the night to eat breakfast” by candlelight. Here one has a chance to sleep till noon and yet he does not appreciate it.

One of the most popular drinking places in Para is a store in which canned goods are sold, fronting the public square, called the Amazonia, the proprietor of which was a courteous Brazileiro.

The front part of the Amazonia is well stocked with all descriptions of French, German and English goods in fancy jars, or ordinary tin cases. I could not find a single article bearing an American brand. Cheese and onions from Portugal, which were always displayed in their original packages, served to act as deodorizers for the strings of native jerked beef, which look for all the world like dry hides.

In the rear of this establishment were several small tables, seated around which during business hours were foreign business men, engaged in the arduous task of throwing dice for drinks.

There is no rye or Bourbon whisky to be had in Para. The only whisky they know anything about is an inferior grade of Scotch.

Their tastes have not been cultivated for the American drink. The principal spirit used is brandy, or, as it is always known, “Cognac,” and this is of a quality scarcely entitled to the name except for its biting quality.

Cachaca or native rum is so cheap and plentiful that only the laboring classes use it as a beverage. I found it was very useful in the bath.

They make what they call an American cocktail at the Amazonia, a concoction compounded of materials that I could not analyze and am unable to describe. The principal ingredients are supposed to be cognac and bitters, though they tell me that those who prepare it use cachaca instead of brandy and a powerful French liqueur or bitters and a bit of ice so infinitesimal that it scarcely cools the hot dose that costs thirty cents in the glass, and more after it has been taken.

They have beer in bottles from Denmark and Germany, enormous quantities of which sell at nine hundred reis (nearly one milreis), equal to about forty-five cents, for a six cent bottle of vile stuff.

England supplies Bass' ale or brown stout. France, the brandy or liqueurs, as well as the better qualities of table wines in bottles.

The greater amount of ordinary claret which everybody uses at table comes from Portugal in casks, and is known as Collaris. They now have ice plants and breweries.

The first two words of Portuguese that I learned were gelot—pronounced jaylo—ice—and carvaje (sir way zhe)—beer. A bit of ice as large as the end of one's thumb, is an expensive luxury in a glass of beer which nearly doubles its cost to the consumer.

An American cannot swallow the drugged beer from a bottle that has been warmed for perhaps months in that climate. The natives, however, seem to prefer it without any preparatory cooling.

Immense quantities of all sorts of the stuff is consumed daily at Para, not a bottle of which comes from America.

I was obliged to pass the Amazonia several times a day in my walks to and from the consulate and my hotel, and never looked in that I did not see a motley crowd of brokers and traders gathered there. Even if I chanced to pass on the opposite side of the street, I could always hear the English tongue, though I could not see the speaker. The native merchants are not drinkers as a rule.



The three sisters of "Quinta Carmita," with little brother as cherub.

In a dispatch to my government I reported that the principal business transacted at Para (after rubber) was gambling and drinking.

The natives, citizens of the higher classes as well as all of the family, are bred and born gamblers, and they practice it all their lives.

Gambling is extensively carried on in every part of the city during all the dark hours of a tropical night.

I was careful to explain that the people of Para would not be at all offended at the publicity given to this statement. It is not considered a disgrace, but rather an accomplishment.

After the Amazonia and other ship stores have closed their doors for the day, the best gentlemen of Para, both native and foreign, may be found congregated at the club house, located in the midst of the residences in the section of the aristocratic suburb of Nazareth.

I probably shocked the department officials at Washington by suggesting in the way of reciprocity that, if some of the "gentlemanly" American bartenders could be induced to come to Para to sell clean, cool, mixed American drinks to the hot and thirsty patrons, they would surely gather in all the spare change from both foreigners and natives who were floating about the city, and furthermore, if a few "partners" would accompany these gentry and manage the poker "clubs," they would be sure to bankrupt Amazonia.

In this sort of reciprocity the American might get away with the English as well as the German resident.

CHAPTER XI.

A SUNDAY BREAKFAST AT QUINTA CARMITA.



EVEN miles below Para is a beautiful Amazonia resort, built on a point of high land known as Point Pinheiro, which is really a more suitable location for the city than the low ground on which it is now situated.

This is now the Coney Island or Long Branch of Para, where the wealthier people own cottages to which they repair at certain seasons to bathe or for recreation.

During my recent revisit it became a pleasant privilege to form one of a happy crowd of "boys," making a picnic trip to the delightful country home of Senhor Don M. Jose Oliveira and family, of "Quinta Carmita," on the Marguary river, near Point Pinheiro.

The delightful excursion was planned by our companion du-voyage to give me the pleasure of meeting the family of my friend, Sr. H. Oswaldo de Miranda, the medical student at Pennsylvania University.

The boat or steam launch, which is the private property of Sr. E. Miller, another of our "Coyaz" comrades, was elegantly fitted and tastefully decorated for the occasion. Two of the other congenial companions were the brothers Guimares, who supplied, with other appropriate things, some good music.

I had previously enjoyed the hospitality of the Guimares boys, at their home in Para, meeting the handsome father and happy mother and two charming sisters, who entertained the Consul Pickerell and myself by some remarkably fine music, and later, closing a pleasant evening with a dance.

The consul and I had also spent an afternoon together in the commodious and comfortable old homestead of Sr. Emilio Miller, whose father (a German-American) died during my consular days, and whom I had helped to bury.

Mrs. Miller is an accomplished New England lady, and the son and cousins are courteous and kindly.

The little steam launch, beside the passengers, was loaded with good will and delicacies, and steamed down the lordly Amazon like a canoe at sea, until we turned into the Marguary river, a narrow stream of clear water, not wider than a canal, but deep enough for a steamship, winding its tortuous way through a labyrinth of leafy branches of trees, reaching over the water, so numerous as to create a tunnel of foliage. But I must leave the attempt at description to the photographic views of the Marguary branch of the Amazon, which were taken by Miller and friends at the time, inviting especial attention to the beautiful "Quinta Carmita."

The progress of the little craft up the crooked river was signaled by an occasional gunshot at birds or game and the shouts and hilarious laughter of the boys, which, as we came near, were reechoed by the boys and girls already at "Quinta Carmita" awaiting our arrival.

I find it difficult to properly tell of the beauty and family home life at the charming "Quinta Carmita," in this crowded space, but promise the interested reader a more elaborate story in a fully illustrated article in one of the magazines of the day.

Heroes or great men are welcomed home in all lands, but I doubt if even on a burlesque stage has there been a happier or more beautiful reception than that accorded the returning school or college boys from the United States, with their "old boy" friend as guest of honor.

Dom Oliveira, a fine specimen of a Brazilian senhor, a picturesque figure standing in white duck suit, matching his white gray hair, stood at the gateway of his home or *cara* with two charming daughters in white, to whom we were presented in a dignified

but courteous way. Seated at a table on the porch were several younger boys and girls who, apparently, were taking no notice of us until Sr. Dom spoke one word, when all rose at once, and, after saluting the guest, respectfully stood at the first position of a soldier, "attention," until I spoke a few words of complimentary acknowledgment.

Later I met the mother of this happy family, comprising a group of as pretty, well bred and educated young ladies and handsome boys as it has been my lot to see in any land, and I have seen many in many lands.

The names of the daughters at "Quinta Carmita" are given herewith to accompany photographs.

Sta. Maria da Gloria de Oliveira.

Sta. Annahas C de Oliveira.

Sta. Letitia C de Oliveira.

Sta. Carmita de Oliveira.

Sta. Lourdes de Oliveira.

A delightful day was enjoyed at "Quinta Carmita," which was later repeated.

A few miles further is Mosquero, another desirable resort. To both of these points the Amazon company runs a steamer twice a day, leaving at 10 a. m. and 4.30 p. m., just as regularly and as promptly as trains pull out from the depot in our cities.

The efficient English manager of the Amazon company succeeded in teaching these indifferent Brazileiro the value of time and punctuality, by starting his boats precisely at the time advertised. This innovation at first created quite a disturbance among the slow patrons, who would frequently come to the wharf late and be astonished to find that the boat had not waited for their convenience.

The Amazon company's Para trapeche, as they call their docks or piers, was of a size and character that surprised visitors from our land. The improvement of Para harbor will alter conditions on the water front.

The extensive piling on which the large buildings were erected is constructed entirely of iron, brought from England. The sheds were larger than any that I have ever seen in New York. The structures for handling the immense cargoes of rubber brought down the river, as well as of the goods brought from abroad, covered acres, all built over the water.

It frequently happened that the piles of ham shaped crude rubber on the floors aggregated a million dollars' worth in value.

In one part of the trapeche were the numerous offices of the company, in which were employed a large number of English clerks, with a sprinkling of Portuguese.

The laboring force is entirely Portuguese or Paranesse natives. There are tramways, as they call the tracks throughout the large floor space, on which cars were run to and from the ships at the outside of the docks, to facilitate loading and unloading.

On one side of the trapeche Amazon steamers discharge and reload, the other side being for ocean vessels. From the front of the dock the daily boats arrive and depart, while the part fronting the street toward the town was arranged for the convenience of innumerable carts that were always being backed up to the platform.

As this was located immediately in front of the consulate, which was located in the Amazonian building, I had ample opportunity to watch the business from my arm chair on the balcony. My relations with the English official in the building were of a most cordial nature.

At the proper season it was the baron's custom to take one of these daily steamers to his country place near Mosquero.

He was a wealthy man, being the possessor of a large fazenda or cattle ranch, as well as the proud father of several pretty senhoras. The one with brown eyes, seeming to be a favorite, would always be found accompanying her father.

Though the trapeche from which they must embark and disembark each evening and morning was comparatively a good

square distant from the consulate balcony, I always had a graceful bow of recognition.

One of the customs of Para society is to invite special friends to Sunday breakfast with their families. So it happened that I seldom took a breakfast at my hotel on Sunday, except on occasions when I had myself invited friends.

The Sunday breakfasts are elaborate affairs and usually last from twelve noon until well into the afternoon.

They generally served bouillon in a small cup, good French Sauterne wine and some sliced cucumbers or Spanish olives to "open your appetite," as they say. The breakfast usually comprises fowl, fish, mutton and beef, with lettuce and radishes, French fried potatoes, and the usual bottle of claret and Apollinaris and Galot.

A great amount of talk is indulged in at these breakfast feasts. The ladies appear at the table and assist by their presence in the enjoyment of the occasion. Fruit is served as a dessert after the breakfast, then coffee with liqueurs or cognac, and finally cigars—when the ladies retire.

If the races are on, the breakfast party adjourns to the park, where a race course, a grand stand and all necessary conveniences are found which would do credit to any city in America of five hundred thousand inhabitants. I am hardly competent to describe a Sunday at the races.

Though Para has a population less than two hundred thousand, yet it is a fact that it is composed very largely (from the nature of the business in which they are engaged) of the element of human nature that is disposed to expend a great deal of money in the pursuit of pleasure. They are like all latins fond of speculation, and a majority are gamblers by intuition and heredity, not only the gentlemen, but the ladies of their families. I have been on the grand stand occupied by crowds of pretty women, as well as homely mothers and children, all of whom were gambling on their favorite horses.

The stock is usually from the United States, though some fine animals are brought up from the Argentines and Plate countries. A number of fine horses are owned in Para, and others are brought up the coast from Rio and Pernambuco in the racing season.

A brass band furnishes enlivening music. The races are conducted strictly according to the rules adopted by our clubs. Their jockey club, Paraneze, is an institution managed by gentlemen who thoroughly understand the business. Very probably it is to a mercenary extent an imitation of European and American institutions, but it is a good imitation.

Naturally everybody who is anybody attends the races on Sunday afternoons. An admission fee equal to about one dollar is collected.

I had some conscientious scruples about attending races on Sunday, but I felt that it was part of my official duty to accept the courteous invitations to the stand reserved for the club members, and especially as I knew the baron's daughter, as well as the several other pretty daughters, would be there, I yielded to the temptation.

I gambled gloves on favorite horses in a reckless manner with the senhoras and regularly lost, but I brought away with me, and retain yet as a souvenir, a pretty cream white neck scarf I won.

There are usually five or six races, ending in a hurdle or perhaps a gentlemen's race. On one occasion the baron's son, dressed in a red coat, rode in the gentlemen's race, and was beaten by a calvary officer.

Even on race days the rain would come, the crowds, gathered under the broad roofs of the immense pavilions or seated in the grand stand, chatting and laughing till the showers passed over. Everybody was happy and contented. No one seemed to get in a bad humor at the rain or their losses.

The street cars run out to the park, depositing their passengers inside of the enclosure at the grand stand.

It generally fell to my lot to go home with some party for a Sunday dinner, about dark. After that, the rule was to attend the opera, the best performances being given always on Sunday nights, which begin and end early, admitting of a private dance in the houses as a close to the Sunday's devotion to pleasure.

I am not at all exaggerating the actual condition of Sunday society as I found it in Para.

After one of these days of excessive and laborious rest during my consulate, I went to my lonely bed feeling somewhat tired and meditating on the early lessons and training I had received on Sabbath breaking. I dreamed that I wakened at daybreak, and, after suffering all the agonies of yellow fever as a punishment for my sins, I died. Knocking at the door of heaven, St. Peter opened the gate and asked where I was from. When I replied Pah-Rah, he ruthlessly shut the door in my face, saying, "No one from Pah-Rah ever enters here." I was then relegated to the lower regions, where I could see fires of lurid flame such as come from iron furnaces or gas wells. It seemed as if the place were conducted after the manner of a hotel. An impish looking clerk, with diamonds that flashed in the firelight, unconcernedly allotted rooms to the guests, ringing bells for boys to "Show this gentleman to so and so." Recent arrivals were standing about patiently awaiting assignment.

Though the place presented the appearance on the inside of a boiling, raging volcano, I felt cold. It appeared as if I had come in my coffin, which, like a cab with its open doors, was yet standing on end just as I had left it. In order to avoid an imaginary draft, I stepped back inside of the coffin to wait my turn, using it as a sort of wooden overcoat to keep me warm.

As quick as the impish clerk saw this, his hard face relaxed with a Satanic grin as he remarked so all could hear it, "You are from Pah-Rah, ar'n't you?" "Yes," I replied, my teeth chattering with cold, "I am the American consul there." "Ah, yes. I thought so. We are glad to see you, Senhor Consul. We have been expecting you for some time. A number of your friends



The Sisters Emilia and Lourdes Oliveira.
The younger (Lourdes), though but a child, is an artist of
ability, having won the prize for water color exhibit.
The writer is indebted to this little Brazilian
school girl for photos and views.

who came on ahead engaged a room for you, as they knew you were coming. I'll give you a hot berth." I expressed my thanks and hoped I would have pleasant quarters, venturing to suggest that I'd like to be assigned near the senhoras. The imp, with another sardonic grin, observed, "Oh, no! We cannot allow any of those Para scandals to disgrace this place. The girls from Para go into the kitchen, where they can be useful and keep warm. We put all the men from Para down in the stoke hole, where they exercise as firemen. This seems to agree with them." Just then I awakened, my head aching so terribly that I had to call the porter for apollinaris. I had the preliminary yellow fever. For over a fortnight I was confined to my 8x12 room at my hotel, suffering at times untold agony. I carry with me a wound from the Gettysburg campaign, which developed into an abscess. Every time since 1863, when I get the least cold, or jar myself, that little tender spot becomes affected. Coming from the races, I jumped from a rapidly moving "bond," as they call their street cars, and, being in a weak condition, I jarred myself. As usual, I thought it would soon pass off, but a sickness of any sort in this climate is entirely different from the same thing at home. A mosquito bite, if irritated, becomes a festering sore. One's blood becomes as thin as water, and this fact, with the heat, and general depression caused by the heavy atmosphere, serves to aggravate every kind of illness, especially fevers.

It seems as if the millions of animated nature that thrive in this climate are only waiting till one's blood gets a little cool, that they may at once begin to prey upon it.

A poultice of bread put on the body will attract thousands of little ants to the spot, and one can, without much exercise of imagination, believe that the vultures which you see every time your eyes look at the sky, are sailing about, watching for a chance to prey upon you.

It is no exaggeration to say that I lay awake nights, shuddering at the running noise the nasty lizards make scrambling up and down the walls. One may rise in the morning expecting to

find in his mold covered shoes a scorpion in the right and a centipede in the left. Trunks, etc., have to be raised from the floors, because if allowed to remain in one position a day you are sure to find in the dampness that gathers centipedes and scorpions.

Collars, cuffs and all starched linens are eaten to rags by other insects. This is not only the case indoors, but one cannot go into the grass outside for five minutes without becoming covered with a little red tick so small as to be almost invisible to the naked eye, well-known all over this country as moqueens.

Besides the intense, almost overpowering heat and glare of bright sunshine during the monotonous days, a sick person must suffer from a lack of nourishing diet. Doubtless this is due in part to lack of nutritious (phosphoric) food. We have no fresh green garden stuff, no tart or juicy fruits. A strawberry is unknown in this part of the world. There is an abundance of tropical fruit, oranges without any agreeable perfume, that a prominent Brazilian advised me against eating at any time because unhealthful; plenty of bananas and occasionally a pineapple. I have never seen an apple, pear, peach or plum in the Amazonas.

I lay in my hammock during these dreary days thinking over all the good things one can enjoy in God's country; dreamed of babbling brooks, springs of clear, cold water bursting from rocky hillsides; longing for the sight of a hill or mountain, and wondering why anyone should ever come here to live. The outlook from my sick chamber was not at all comforting to an invalid.

Immediately opposite my window was one of the numerous drug stores that seemed to do the principal business of Para. On the sign of the Pharmacia Imperial, which confronted me like a daily warning, are the words:

ANTI-EPIDEMICO
Preservativo das Epidemias
FERRE AMARELLIA, CHOLERA,
BEXIGAS, INFLUENZA, BERIBERI,
DYSENTERIA, TYPHOS, ETC.,
ANTIDOTO RACIONAL DA SYPHILLS.

I came through the war safely, also the Pittsburg cholera and railroad riots in 1877, and lived seventeen years in Washington boarding houses, and felt impregnable against yellow fever and beriberi. Yet even so tough a case gets tired of having a sign like this thrust before you each time he goes to a window.

The most excellent and skilful Dr. Bricio, who attended me, with his courteous French accent, said, "You must have a change. Para is no place for an Americano like you. Take a sea voyage, that will make you well soon."

But I begged that he would change the prescription, and order a river voyage. Besides, the river trip would admit of the carrying out of my original plans. With a shrug of the shoulders he consented, but directed that I carry some medicines along, for the prevention of intermittent fevers that prevail in the interior.

Among the peculiar types to be met in the neighborhood of the market are the women who make and sell the native drinks.

The most popular of these is the assai—pronounced A, sah, e, a sort of Amazonian lemonade made from the berry from the top of a certain species of palm tree.

They have a saying in Portuguese, "quem vem para parou quem beben assai facou," which Mrs. Agassiz translates and certifies to its truthfulness, "Who came to Para was glad to stay—who drank assai ne'er went away."

Though I was not able to go to the consulate for weeks, I transacted all the business from my sick room through the assistance of my clerk, Mr. J. C. Gavin, a well educated young Scotchman whom I had engaged, and whose devotion to the interests and comfort of his employer I am glad to acknowledge. He came out as a missionary, was taken down with fever and afterward employed by me.

I subsequently obtained a free passage for him to the United States, which is now his home, and perhaps he will see this, and I am sure would testify to the correctness of my story.

There are among the Brazilians at Para a large proportion of the offspring of the Africans and Indians, who retain the worst traits of both.

It is this class of arrogant barbarians, who are saturated with conceit and steeped in incredible self-admiration because of their being privileged to rub against second rate foreigners, who make themselves offensive because respectable foreigners do not affiliate with them.

I had ample opportunity to test the sincerity of friends both among foreigners and natives of the better class, while sick.

I was visited by many kindhearted persons who were anxious to render me any service they could. Among them I may name my good German friend Bush, a large man, with proportionately liberal ideas and a large heart, which I always found to be in the right place.

Brazilians whom I had never met called to see me. Indeed, I may say truthfully that I was seldom alone.

The kindhearted proprietor of the hotel, Mons. George, would himself go into his kitchen to personally prepare dainties to tempt the appetite which had failed almost entirely, because of a seeming surfeit of canned goods for months. I became so weak that I could scarcely walk over the floor, and so emaciated that everybody who saw me seemed to think I would die.

The proprietor was an almost constant attendant. One day, while trying to rest in my hammock, I overheard George talking in an earnest manner to a visitor. His broken English or French accent caused me to laugh, when he said so earnestly to the inquiring visitor :

“Oh, yez, Monsieur ze Consul, he’s blenty sick—he’s blenty sick.”

CHAPTER XII.

BRAZILIAN FAMILY LIFE ; ITS ATTRACTIONS AND LIMITATIONS.



F the reader in the more favored temperate zone, seated in an easy chair before a glowing fire and looking through a window at a real winter scene, will imagine himself living in a glass house, or conservatory such as are used for hothouses in our land, he will come nearer a realization of actual life on the equator than it is possible for me to describe.

In almost every respect the daily existence (for it is scarcely life) at Para may be compared to that under a glass roof in the close, warm, humid air of the ordinary hothouse.

You are surrounded on all sides, even to crowding, by the profuse and wild growth of the tropical vegetation of the character that is exhibited under glass in our country.

Usually these plants are damp from the heavy morning dews or evening rains. The fragrance of the bloom so fills the atmosphere that one unaccustomed to it is almost stifled by its sweet yet dull heaviness.

One of the astonishing things to the visitor from our land is this density of tropical foliage and its glorious coloring. It is said the growth is so rapid, by reason of the warmth and humidity, as well as the richness of the soil, that the forests can only be penetrated by the use of axes; that those who go gunning for parrots and monkeys always carry with the gun a machete with which to clear a path.

I am told that one who starts early in the day, and labors to cut a swath as he advances, finds it necessary to also cut his

way out, as the path cleared in the morning has grown up so closely by evening the trace of the matchete can scarcely be discovered.

It is not only stifling, but one can never get out of the glare of bright light from the vertical sunbeams. If you find a shady spot, it is liable to be damp. This discomfort is heightened by the constant fear of seeing snakes or other creeping things, which one always expects to find lurking where there is so much that is beautiful and fascinating.

In other respects life at Para may be compared to that under glass. No foreigners go to Para to live permanently; all whose business or interest takes them thither expect to retire some day to a home where they may enjoy the accumulations made from the rubber and other indigenous products during a forced residence.

The business of the region is of a forced nature—that is, it is not, strictly speaking, legitimate—it all depends upon the spontaneous production of the one article of rubber (*borracio*), which is in the hands of a few persons (like that of gold or oil in our land), everything else depending upon this one article. Even the government itself exists from the export duties, as well as imports, on articles required to sustain the rubber trade.

In a certain sense, the social life at Para is of the same spontaneous character. The most beautiful and accomplished of the ladies may be compared to the rich and rare flowers that are grown in our hothouses. These sweet buds and blossoms of the tropics enliven and brighten the dullness of a monotonous life for a brief period. They come upon the scene in gay and richly attired groups; like lovely bouquets that are prized while they please the senses, but alas, like the flowers they soon wither and are cast aside to make way for fresher growths. As previously quoted,

“The flowers that bloom in the spring”

have nothing to do with Amazonia, there it is eternal spring and summer, and no fall or winter. The rarest flowers are constantly blooming. It is the land of orchids.

I have endeavored to convey the impression that, relatively speaking, the Brazilians are as far advanced in their civilization as we are in ours.

There is considerable difference in degree or in the way in which civilization is viewed between one side of the earth and the opposite extreme.

I do not record it as a reflection on these people, but rather as indicating a practice to their credit, of doing the best they can under unfortunate circumstances. It is well known that illegitimacy prevails in this region to a degree that with us would be alarming. The difference is there is no attempt in Brazil to conceal this unlawful condition of social affairs. Neither is it confined to the lower classes, but exists to some extent in the best social circles.

Perhaps the fact that it becomes more conspicuous by reason of its elevation creates the impression that the practice is more general in the higher than in the lower classes. There is no hypocrisy on their part.

The saying that it is a wise child that knows his own father is, like many other practices, reversed in that country, to "It is a wise child that knows its mother." With us the burden of rearing illegitimate children rests upon the wronged mother, who, in nearly all instances, becomes with her child an outcast whom our society spurns and crowds down.

In Amazonia the father assumes all the responsibility and legally adopts his illegitimate children, who, in a majority of cases, become a part of his own family, taking an equal place in social privileges with those children within the bounds of the church regulations. The mother of the second family is usually a dependent widow or wife, who has perhaps been deserted.

If the father is wealthy, his legitimate and illegitimate children share alike as his heirs, provided he has adopted them.

The remarkable feature to an American is that there is no disposition in the higher social circles to discriminate against the number of these illegitimate aristocrats, who, in the matter of

education, refinement and address, are often the superior of some of those born in wedlock in the same families.

Those who with us would be socially ostracized are, in many prominent cases, the acknowledged leaders of society.

Whether or not it is better and more civilized to brand as outcasts those who are brought into the world illegitimately, or to take care of, educate and protect them as these Brazilians do, is a question I leave for the reader to discuss. I have simply stated incontrovertible facts. It is not to be assumed that this applies to all of the higher life of Para. In a majority of cases the family life is as correct and pure as it is with us, or those in the most favored lands.

It is a truth, which I gained from close observation and experience among these people, that the daughters are never in all their lives, for an hour even, out of sight of or beyond the immediate care of the parents or members of their own families.

Like a great many other Americans that have been accustomed to the society of ladies who had almost unlimited liberty, I could scarcely believe it possible that parents could entirely deprive their daughters of freedom, but nevertheless I found it to be true.

It was my privilege to have been received cordially at the homes of Brazilians where there were a number of pretty and accomplished daughters, and I visited these families every week during my residence in Brazil, attending with various ladies of different families numerous balls, theaters, dances, breakfasts and other social entertainments, but never once was I able to be long alone with any of them.

When you invite a lady to the theater all the family accept, and a box is a necessity, and so it is with concerts, balls, etc.

On Sundays it was my general custom to dine in Nazareth, at a Brazilian friend's house. One evening (after I had become pretty well acquainted), when the company had retired to the parlor after dessert, I managed to lead to a window the pretty little *senhorita* with a musical name, which means soul, and the win-



PRACA DA REPUBLICA, PARA, BRAZIL.
Facing it is the Teatro da Paz, one of the largest and finest structures of its kind in South America. Many fine residences and beautiful parks front on the avenue.

dows of her soul were surely wicked, black eyes. We acted Romeo and Juliet while a southern moon was looking down benignly upon the dark hair and laughing eyes of the senhorita, as also on the light bangs and gray mustache of the American, both leaning outside the window, so as to be able to talk out of range of those in the room. A considerate lady friend inside banged the piano. We became quite absorbed in our conversation, and as the confusion of voices and the piano in the room somewhat disturbed my flow of limpid Portuguese, I politely suggested to Juliet that we should promenade on the sidewalk outside.

"Oh," she said, glancing into the room, "My brother is not here!"

I replied, rather abruptly perhaps, "I am glad to know it. I'm not anxious to see your brother just now. I want to take the sister out for a stroll." She laughed heartily, as she observed:

"My papa and my sisters cannot go with us just at present."

But I insisted: "I don't want them to go with us." Then with a wicked laugh in her pretty eyes as she looked to me, she said positively:

"I will not go with you."

I explained by saying that an American girl, on such an occasion, would not hesitate to accept an invitation to take a walk with a gentleman. She would not even think it necessary to ask her parents' consent. Perhaps she might deign to tell them she was going to a theater with a gentleman!

"Alone!" said my friend in a surprised tone I cannot describe, but which I tried to imitate when I answered her mockingly, "Yes, alone!"

When I further essayed to make it more seductive by telling of ice cream and soda water and candies the girls in America get on these walks asking her if she wouldn't like to go to America, she quickly replied:

"No, indeed, senhor. I would not wish to live in a land where ladies are like men."

I did not succeed in creating a favorable impression of American institutions, though my inamorita laughingly consoled my disappointment by admitting that she would like to go to America as one of the party I proposed to escort, the condition being that they should all be returned to Para.

The senhoritas themselves strenuously oppose anything that looks like an attack on their customs, and would make the greatest objection to doing away with this one barrier that serves to make them exclusive.

It is not only a home scrutiny that would have to be overcome, but the eyes of all the town would, like hawks, pounce upon any lady seen with a gentleman unaccompanied by another person. It would become a public scandal resulting forever afterwards in ostracizing the innocent victim in a social sense.

The Brazilian senhorita recognizes the fact that she cannot become the wife of any respectable person, if she has not, during her life, lived strictly to the rule and custom laid down by her ancestors.

This does not mean that gentlemen and ladies do not frequently meet at their homes for social enjoyment. In truth, scarcely an evening passes in which there are not social meetings in the houses of the different sets.

It was my privilege to attend, generally as an invited guest, these social assemblies, and I may say that I have seldom witnessed more jolly, happy gatherings than those of the Brasileiros in their own homes.

They are a musical people and in this regard are also quite cultivated, nearly all their music being of the Italian school. Each house has a piano, in addition to a guitar and mandolin. In some of the homes I visited there were two pianos, one in the large dining room being used for dances.

Everything in the way of a social event ends with a dance. Perhaps because the dancing is so universal there are no efforts in the way of "literaries," or select readings.

I must not be understood as intimating that the Brazilian *senhorita* cannot talk. I have never listened to as much talk anywhere as I heard in Brazil.

The men are incessant talkers, and there is scarcely a gathering about a social table wherein some one doesn't rise in his place and propose toasts to somebody, which of course brings replies, and they all keep going until they exhaust the subjects.

The ladies never speak thus in public, but they make up for it in private. They pleasantly sit through the ordeal, smiling at the jokes and at the gentlemen.

As I could not understand much of the lingo, it was a great bore, but I usually got through with it by looking into the eyes of the pretty girls and watching their telegraphic signals.

The Portuguese (pronounced Port-u-gees—not Porch-u-guese) language is not very difficult to learn; especially if one is placed as I was, where it became a necessity.

I know nothing of the grammar of the language, but could generally understand others fairly well, and found they could also master my English.

The best and most satisfactory way of acquiring the language is by the induction or absorption method, through what is generally known as a "sleeping dictionary."

Americans should take a *Brazileiro* as a room companion, one who cannot speak any English. In this way, one soon gets accustomed to their quiet ways of doing things without the necessity of much talk.

The houses of the better classes, which are located in the suburb Nazareth, (pronounced Naz-a-ray) are as a rule all of the one-story style of Portuguese architecture.

In most instances they are located in the midst of gardens in which grow innumerable tropical plants.

Many varieties of shrubbery are cultivated for the gardens, and here I may state that I cannot begin to describe the flora of the equator. It ought to be sufficient to say that everything

grows spontaneously, such as we raise under glass, and I leave the rest to the imagination and the accompanying illustrations.

Roses and kindred flowers of that description do not grow as with us. Amidst all their wonderfully bright foliage, one will seldom see a rose. This queen of flowers does not flourish in that latitude, being only produced through careful cultivation.

Neither does one see beautiful lawns about the houses. Grass, as we know it in America, is the one thing in the way of a plant that is scarce and doesn't grow spontaneously on the equator.

There is no sod or turf. The tall grass that spreads itself over the few bare spots which are not shaded by trees is of a coarse texture, that grows in tufts quite like the prairie varieties that are found throughout our Western and Southern States.

"All flesh is grass," the Bible teaches, but on the equator it might be reversed to read, all grass is flesh.

It is no exaggeration to say that every blade of this grass contains hundreds of little pestiferous insects known and universally abhorred as moqueens.

They are an almost invisible red tick which swarms on the under side of every blade. However careful one may be, if you put a foot in the grass some of these insects certainly adhere to your body. A very few of them go a long way in adding to the discomforts of life on the equator.

From the stockings or shoes, or clothing, they find a way to the flesh. Perhaps it may be a day or two after, but they get there just as surely as that the sun will shine on the morrow.

Like ticks, they insert their bodies into the flesh, and on the second or third day the victim finds himself scratching at what appear like mosquito bites. These he will rub until the irritation increases, so that each little spot becomes sore, and his limbs may be covered with these most unpleasant sores that may become really dangerous in that climate.

The only remedy is a bath of spirits or the cachaca, which may also be used as a preventive after a walk and in this case it is

certainly worth a gallon of cure. Therefore in Para signs to "Keep off the grass" are not needed.

One of the most beautiful of the many varieties of leaves, which grow wild, are those known as the velvet or plush, which are so like artificial leaves in soft, rich texture that many ladies to whom I mailed specimens easily made their friends believe they were French imitations.

Another is the gold leaf; a small tuft of rare old gold colored leaves that grow spontaneously in the woods, as also the silver leaf, so called from a resemblance to silver, quite as striking as that of the gold.

A couple of lady friends, to whom I often applied for specimens of leaves and flowers to send to my American friends, no doubt getting tired of my demands upon them for the entertainment of American ladies, put up a cruel job on the Americano. Of course, my "soul" with the wicked black eyes was not at the bottom of it, though she cunningly enough had her mamma invite me to escort her and the young ladies to the woods one Sunday morning, where, as they said, I could assist them in gathering all the leaves I desired.

I was on hand early enough to take coffee with my persecutors, who inveigled me into the woods nearby as their escort. We tramped over the grass through all sorts of rich foliage, gathering a basket full of choice specimens.

On returning to their house, I noticed that the ladies, after a short disappearance, reappeared in the parlors in a changed costume, their faces and hair showing that they had just emerged from a bath. I supposed this, as is their usual custom, was taken as we wash our faces when exhausted or tired.

I spent the day with them, not having any opportunity for a bath; in fact, I have since found out that it was part of their scheme to detain me and prevent my changing as they had done, to clear themselves from moqueens.

In a day or two afterward I was so completely covered with the moqueen stings that I could not keep still for a minute, and

for a week I had to endure this punishment which afforded my tormentors unbounded merriment when I suggested gathering more leaves and moqueens.

One soon learns to "Keep off the grass" as well as not to touch the shrubbery.

The South American *senhorita* of the period is just as smart as are our American girls of the same date and usually has as much fun.

There are no mosquitoes or gnats or moqueens on the *senhoritas*. Though they may not be quite so rapid, as in our railroad age and country, they get there on time, and sometimes ahead of time.

This reminds me that there are no house flies in Para, that is none to bother; but that is about the only thing in the way of a pest that they do not have.

Mosquitoes are not so large, but they are numerous and vicious.

Everybody in Para sleeps under a mosquito netting, and as the entire population sleeps in hammocks, a netting called *mosquetaire*, is made to suit the swinging hammock, fitting over it suspended from the ends and gracefully hanging to the floor like a curtain.

It is said that the mosquitoes of the upper Amazon will send their little bills right through the heavy material of the hammocks, making the attacks from under the hammock, into the body of the sleeper, who awakens with a start as if a pin had been thrust into him.

Sleeping in a hammock (or *rede*) is quite an accomplishment, that one may learn only in the countries where they are used entirely in place of beds.

The hammocks are usually made of cotton or woolen material, woven or manufactured to the required shape, ready for the netting of ropes at each end. They are of all colors and mixed patterns, such as we may find in our fancy bed covers.

The ladies seem to use those made entirely of white material, many of them being richly embroidered.

To every hammock there are curtains of the same material, though not so closely woven, which hang on each side like trimmings or broad fringes.

These side curtains answer the threefold purpose of ornament, concealing the shape of the occupant while lying in the hammock, or they may be drawn over the body as a covering or protection against mosquitoes, while taking a siesta during the daytime.

A Brasileiro is as particular about the stringing of his hammock as any old maid could be about the bed she sleeps in. Neither will he permit any one but himself to get into his rede, not that he is selfish, but because it spoils its shape for him.

My Brazilian friend tells me he always knows when a foreigner has been in his hammock.

A Brasileiro, especially a Cearense, which means a native of the province of Ceara (pronounced Sea-a-raw) practically lives in his hammock. They are used as a rocking chair, the occupant sitting crosswise in the middle with the curtain drawn up for the support of his back, his feet resting on the floor while he or she swings and talks or eats.

They sleep bias, or lie diagonally across the hammock, not straight as we do; that is, the head rests high on one side while the feet are thrust out in the slack, or low part of the other end. In this way one can rest very well.

It is the universal experience of foreigners, who after a few days of backache, become accustomed to the hammock, that they prefer it to a bed.

Each house is generally provided with one bed, which is in the guest-room, and is only used occasionally, being more of an ornament for the display of the dressing than for general use.

It is not at all difficult to take up your bed (hammock) and walk in that country. Families do it every day.

A half dozen of the ladies of a family occupy one room, in which they swing their tasteful hammocks to the hooks that are always provided in every house, after saying their prayers and counting their beads, they gracefully drop out of sight into the depths of their hammocks, putting their little feet out far enough to touch the floor and, literally speaking, kick each other and themselves to sleep, their merry, laughing voices only ceasing when the hammocks have ceased to vibrate, like the pendulum of a clock that has run down—Boa—noite.

When one makes a call upon a Paranes lady of refinement, at her house, the visitor does not ring a bell or knock at the door.

There are no door bells, and the doors usually open into broad hallways, into which the guest enters, calling attention to his presence by the oriental method of clapping the hands. A knock or stamping with the feet would be considered almost insulting.

The hand signal is sure to bring some one of the family or servants to the hallway, who will warmly greet and escort the visitor to the salon or parlor, or perhaps one of the living rooms, if the visitor happens to be familiar with the family.

There are no carpets used in Para. The very best and wealthiest houses show the bare, but painted or varnished floors over which a few rugs or mats may be spread. The reason for this is obvious, as in that damp climate, so pregnant with insect life, a closely carpeted room would become mouldy and disagreeable.

The chairs are usually placed in the center of the room, in two rows facing each other, the settee or sofa occupying one side of the hollow square thus formed, so that a guest is vis-a-vis with his or her visitor, and the probabilities are that the madre or padre will occupy the sofa at the same time.

This is not always the case, however, though it is expected that the parents will be entertained along with their children.



Courtesy of Director-General John Barrett, of Pan-American Union.

DA PAZ THEATER, PARA, BRAZIL.

This handsome building of white marble, with fine gardens in the front and rear, is one of the noted theaters of South America. The edifice, which belongs to the State Government, is free from needless detail and overornamentation.

If the household duties prevent their attendance, one or more of the sisters or a brother or aunt will surely be on hand to fill the quota.

At first this custom was a little annoying to me, as it seemed as if they were suspicious of their visitor; but, like everything else, I soon got used to it. The practise did not prevent my making numerous visits in Nazareth.

I would find myself almost every evening meandering through the dark Estrada St. Jeronymio a Travessa principle, wading through the mud and pools of water which always collected after the rains, and that I would not always see through my eyeglasses until I had plunged in, at the risk of soiling my white trousers while en route to call on lady friends.

The lower classes live, or more properly speaking are huddled together, in rows of odd looking little one-story, thatched huts in the crooked, unpaved and ill-smelling, narrow alleys or streets of the old city of Para, as distinct from the modern section occupied by the merchants.

This old Para resembles closely, both in appearances and mode of life, the sections of our cities devoted to the colored population, without preference in favor of our kind of slum citizens.

Amongst these people are numerous types of the aboriginal African and Indian, who, with a majority of their offspring, were until the recent emancipation, the slaves of the higher classes. They are always ugly, to the verge of hideousness, when old.

They sleep in hammocks which are not only comfortable in that hot climate, but economical as well in the use of material and the space they occupy, as an entire family may be strung in one room, all the small children being piled into one bag (or rede) in which they are hung for the night.

The necessary cooking for a diet of fish, jerked beef and farinha, is usually done in a back yard. On account of the filthy appearance and indescribably disagreeable smells about these habitations, I was reminded on my first visit of some previous experience in Chinatown, San Francisco.

All who live in the old town are not of the same degraded character. Very many shopkeepers and clerks live in the better houses of what were formerly the aristocratic streets of that section. These are fairly furnished as such things go. The front room or salon is usually kept clean, but a glance behind the screens in some of the houses would develop a degree of familiarity with low life that would be a surprise to an American housekeeper, and would surely become so disagreeable through the almost universal untidiness, that the first visit would be shortened and seldom repeated.

Some remarkable stories might be told of an American consul's experience and observations while exploring the dark byways of this old tropical city.

Realizing that I was to remain in the country but a short time, I determined to make hay while the sun shone, and after it had set, especially at night; and I believe that, under the chaperonage of my Brazilian friends, I saw all they had to show.

Because of this freely expressed disposition to undergo an actual experience, even to the testing of the food and the native drinks manufactured by the women, from the nut of the palm tree, I was guyed by the English as the great American "sampler." I tried everything, getting all I desired in the way of an experience, and came away completely satisfied.

I was obliged to walk through the narrow streets of the old town almost every night on my return from Nazareth to my hotel, in the old city.

I was never molested, though I had been cautioned by friends to look out for an attack on account of my independent action and continued criticisms in the Para papers.

Early one evening, in going up the two-foot wide pavement, I encountered a young Brasileiro. The young blood enjoyed a title under the empire of which he was quite proud, and as the brother-in-law of an Englishman in Para, he assumed superior airs.

It had been raining and water was dropping on the sidewalks from the overhanging roofs. This chap stood in the center of the walk, and when I approached and touched him, asking to be allowed to pass, he pointed to the street as being ample enough, and at the same instant showed his row of grinning teeth in a sinister laugh to his comrades inside the store.

I was in a bad humor, perhaps, and on the spur of the moment, forgetting that I was a consul, I struck him on the ear, such a fierce, sudden blow that he staggered into the middle of the street himself and I walked on past.

It was all done in a minute, yet it raised a great disturbance for an hour or so. I walked over to a barber shop, being opposite, and sat down to be shaved while awaiting results. Nothing was said to me, but an incessant jabbering was kept up in Portuguese.

A few days thereafter an article appeared in the paper attacking me for the "assault." I did not mind this at all, until I found that my American friend Pussy had sent it to the department with a garbled statement of the incident from the Brasileiro whom I had "assaulted."

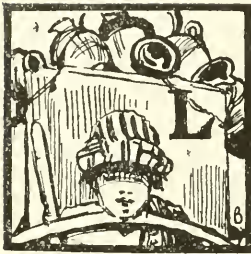
I was congratulated generally by Brazilians for having punished one of their own who had recently been found guilty of shooting a girl of sixteen.

After this, when I went on that avenue, some of the people would go out in the middle of the street to avoid meeting the "Consul Americano."

Brazileiros of a certain class seldom fight; that is, they do not strike each other. Their method is talk, talk, talk, or to write abusive articles and have them printed in the newspapers.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONSULAR REPORT ON HEALTH.



IKE all newcomers to Para, the new consul was nervous about the prevailing yellow fever, and gave the subject a good deal of attention, making official notes of conditions by preparing a health report which he thought at the time would be his first and last official communication, as he had about concluded to offer his resignation with it.

In the sense of giving Satan his due, I beg to acknowledge my obligation for data, etc., collected by the consular clerk, who, I may add, was fully competent for the task, taking a sort of fiendish delight in the work.

As this subject became an international question, I quote herewith the exact words of the correspondence, with papers accompanying the official report at the time..

(Note.—The reader will observe that further on in this narrative the sunny side of life in Para is described.)

Attention is called to the fact that the Department of State was kind enough to acknowledge one of my first reports in a complimentary dispatch as follows:

“Your excellent and valuable health report.”

As this contained information of a character that did not present an especially attractive field for reciprocity, then being inaugurated, the department did not think it good policy to publish it. I offer a synopsis of the official report sent to the department, for the benefit of those who may contemplate doing business in that valley of the shadow of death; also as an interesting study for the medical fraternity in reference to the treatment of

yellow fever, leprosy, and, worst of all, that "death in life" peculiar to this point—beriberi.

As far as I have discovered, the subject has not been made generally public.

I was under special obligations to Dr. Jose Paes de Carvalho and to Dr. Jayme P. Bricio, both eminently qualified by medical education in Paris and Berlin, as well as by reason of many years of successful practice in Para, to furnish correct data.

Dr. Paes, as he is familiarly known, is one of the earliest and most influential Republicans, was also later governor, and one of the two senators recently elected to represent Amazonia in the Brazilian Congress at Rio.

In personal appearance he reminded me so strikingly of the portraits of the "First Consul" that, after learning of his ability as a leader, I was constrained to call him the Napoleon of Amazonia politics.

He speaks English fluently, and one of his prominent characteristics is that he loves to hear the truth, and is not afraid to speak it himself, and also to practice that which the English missionaries preach—the golden rule of fair play.

I am also indebted to a brother of the governor, Dr. Pedro Chermonte, director of the City Hospital, and Dr. Lyso Castro, of the health bureau, for valuable assistance in collecting the statistics given in official reports.

This preliminary report disclosed the unwholesome truth that, for many years, scarcely a day passed in which there was not a death from yellow fever in Para.

There had been no severe epidemic for years, but the disease is conceded by all Para physicians to be constantly endemic, which fact they conceal from the public of Para by giving to the dread disease several different names, all of which are equivalent to yellow fever. The object is to keep the unwelcome fact from reaching other countries that may be interested in business at that point.

For this same reason I concluded thus early to investigate and report upon the matter.

The native Paraneses are considered to be exempt from attacks of yellow fever, and if such cases occur, it is generally diagnosed as malarial fever (*febre palastre*).

When an American dies with unmistakable "yellow jack" it is called "typho Americano," and an Englishman is buried on a physician's certificate as "typho icterco," or bilious typhus. A German gets his six feet of gravel under the title of "*febre pernicioso*." Whatever name they may give to it, the fact is that "*febre Amarella*" attacks nearly all new comers.

After a residence of two years a death from yellow fever is very rare. The mosquito theory does not seem to apply to the native or old foreign residents.

One of the peculiar features is that the dread disease almost always selects for its victims those who may be designated as good young men who come to Brazil to die early.

It is a remarkable coincidence that those of the young foreigners of abstemious habits, who live economically in order that they may send their savings home, sooner or later pay the penalty for their good conduct by wrestling with the grim monster "yellow jack." The boys who are more careless and indulge in the dissipation of the country seem to escape. Old persons have nothing to fear from it, which is one consolation to the few who grow old in Para. It is the full blooded young fellows who catch it every time.

It was, therefore, with a desire to observe nature's first law of self preservation that I early came to the conclusion to live well while an American consul, realizing that even the best I could get was not good enough to compensate for the dangers and disadvantages of life in that land.

The yellow fever was discovered by Columbus, or it discovered Columbus, in his first voyage to the West Indies, as the historians of the period describe the breaking out of the epidemic at Barcelona, on his return, yet in four hundred years the scientists have only recently been able to locate the isolated microbe, or bacterium, or whatever it might be, in a mosquito.

It will be observed from my report that the disease which causes the greatest mortality is not yellow fever, but beriberi (pronounced *bery bery* approximately), a disease peculiar to that part of Brazil, equatorial India, Japan and Africa, which is not known elsewhere.

Beriberi has baffled the skill of the best physicians of Para and Paris, who have studied it most attentively. During my incumbency Pasteur sent a French scientist to Para to investigate. Its cause is unknown. The only cure is a change of residence, or an ocean voyage, which, if taken in time, seldom fails to effect a speedy recovery, even if the patient goes but a day's journey from the point where the disease prevails.

It usually begins in a partial paralysis of the lower extremities, with numbness, and a feeling technically called by the physicians *formication*. The paralysis gradually progresses upward, accompanied by *adamatous* swelling. The flesh becomes as pliable as putty, so that an indentation with the finger ends remains as if it were soft clay.

The patient may feel but little discomfort at first, except the loss of the use of the affected parts. His appetite and spirits continue good. The paralysis slowly continues, if relief is not obtained, until it reaches the vital parts. The death is a slow suffocation. The breathing grows more difficult each day, requiring sometimes over a week for the sufferer to finally suffocate.

There is one species called *galloping beriberi*, in which the pale rider on the white horse sometimes ends his work in five days from the first notable symptom.

Happily it is not contagious, but a continued residence in the country without change is apt to induce its appearance in foreigners.

Tubercular consumption is necessarily extensive in certain locations, due to the want of care and cleanliness and the fearful prevalence of venereal diseases, especially syphilis. In collecting data the missionary clerk called special attention to the fact that more than one per cent of the registered deaths at Para are from leprosy, and particularly noted the fact that no efficient means

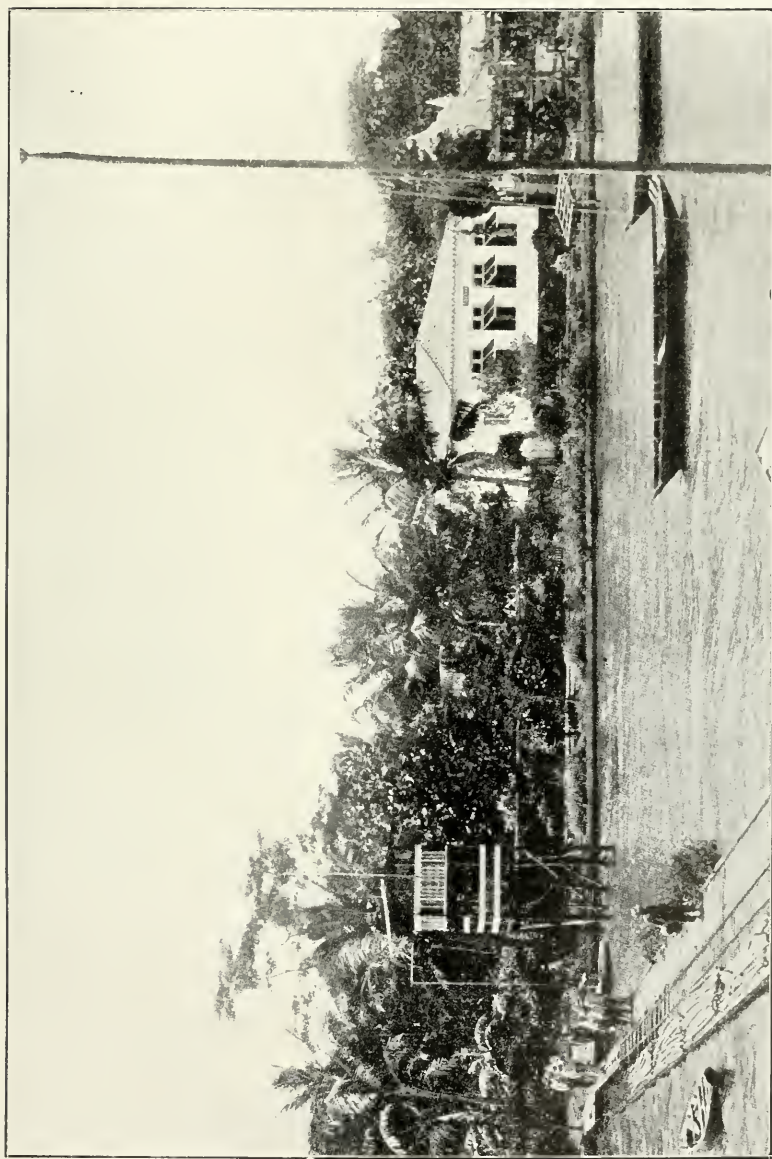
were being taken to segregate the lepers from the rest of the community. It is not considered infectious. The municipality supports a colony for lepers four miles from Para, but only the indigent lepers who require aid from the government live there. Over two hundred of these poor lepers mix indiscriminately in the city of Para, as beggars, scattered about the streets and shops.

Some of them sell in the market houses the produce raised by their labor at the colony farm; especially poultry and eggs, but the remarkable feature is that far more numerous are the lepers of Para who do not live at the colony or who are unknown to the stranger. The American missionary, who had lived there ten years, advised me that there are lepers in the very best families of Para, as well as numerous employes of business houses. I was later told that the agitation of the subject in the Para papers by foreigners was the cause of the hostility of the press to the Consul Americano. Naturally, it was desired to keep these disagreeable, unwholesome facts from the public.

The closing words of my official report reads, "It will be evident to the department that the publication of this report will, in a personal sense, add to the unhealthfulness of Para as your consul's residence, and might perhaps serve to increase the mortality list. I therefore take the opportunity to again call attention to my request for relief, or the approval of my request for a leave of absence, with authorization to visit the upper Amazon, etc."

Before dismissing this unwholesome subject it is perhaps proper to add, that the regular monthly health reports subsequently made to the department not only confirmed the statements regarding the general unhealthfulness of Para, made during the year previous, but further investigation disclosed the unwelcome truth that the official figures which are furnished consuls, were, at least twenty-five per cent below the actual facts.

Of leprosy and its treatment I subsequently made a special study, submitting fuller and more complete reports, which were referred to the marine hospital service.



A Hacienda or Fazenda, the home of wealthy and cultured Brazilians.

The British government became deeply interested in my statements, having appointed a special commission to investigate and report upon the question of contamination or contagion of leprosy.

Our department, for what may have been good reasons declined to publish the reports.

As Para is the most northerly and the last port at which steamers touch en route from Brazil to the United States, the officers usually expect a clean bill of health regardless of circumstances, because it had been the custom to give it. Of course, it is to the interest of north bound steamers to minimize the unhealthfulness of this last port of call.

The consular bill of health, in precisely the same printed form, is supplied to the consulates at all ports alike, without any regard to the healthfulness or unhealthfulness of the varying latitudes or the different climates.

The leading clause reads :

"I hereby certify that good health is enjoyed at this port and vicinity, *without any suspicion of plague or contagious disease whatsoever.*"

A consul is required by the regulations to issue to each ship, sailing from his port to the United States, one of these regulation forms, to which he attaches the large red consular seal and stamp, alongside of his signature and title as consul.

If a foreign vessel, a small fee is collected, which is accounted for to the Treasury Department. If a United States vessel, no fees are charged for this or for any other consular service.

The masters of foreign ships desired, of course, and in a majority of cases secured, from our consuls what is termed "a clean bill of health," in exchange for their fee, because it was the custom.

The officers of American ships, however, who paid no fees, demanded as a matter of special privilege to them a clean bill from the American Consul, as a means of promoting American commerce.

Without a thought of personality, or any desire to make an exhibition of "brief authority" as a consul, but simply complying with obligation and desire to do my duty in giving my first attention to this question of health, I naturally stumbled on the first block in my path—the regulation bill of health.

I did not see how I could conscientiously send to the department by the same boat a report establishing the fact that yellow fever prevailed in that district, and that there were other contagious diseases in the place, and officially issue to the steamer carrying my report, a certificate under the seal of the office, that "good health is enjoyed at this port and vicinity, *without any suspicion of plague or contagious disease whatsoever.*"

I understood from the "regulations" that each consul was required to advise the department of the prevalence of any epidemic, but the consul is shorn of responsibility in this direction by contrary instructions, and that it is the province of the local board of health to determine the question of an epidemic.

In this port there was no local board of health, but the data obtained from the most reliable Brazilian sources established the general prevalence of yellow fever.

I consulted the British consul in regard to his custom in the premises.

For the kindness and courtesy of this gentleman I am under many obligations, not only during my first, but last days as consul.

He smilingly suggested that Her Majesty's consul was also the agent for the English steamship company whose steamers sailed weekly to New York and Liverpool. He did not consider that his duty as consul restricted him, as an agent, in issuing to his own ships a free bill of health. It was generally understood in his country that, though Para was the most unhealthy city in South America, yet their ships sailing from this port were at sea eighteen to twenty-five days before reaching Liverpool, and they had in addition to pass the quarantine gauntlet en route at Madeira, Lisbon and Havre, so that if any sickness was on board the fact would be known and telegraphed

some days ahead of their arrival. The same precaution did not exist on the New York route.

He was perfectly willing, however, to pay the American consular fee for a conditional bill for his ships that sailed directly to New York in ten days' time.

In a supplementary report I called the attention of our government to the subject, enclosing one of the regulation printed forms intimating that the consul's certifying generally to good health, etc., might become misleading to our health officers in New York, especially during the summer season.

The American ships that come up from Rio, and called at Para en route north, lay a day or so in the harbor, taking on cargo of rubber, hides, etc., reeking with filth gathered in malarial swamps. Besides this, the laborers who handled the stuff were in some instances lepers.

In addition to these facts, the crew and passengers of each ship were accustomed to come ashore during the ship's stay, mixing indiscriminately with the populace, eating freely of fruit and exposing themselves to the hot sun and damp air—conditions that are almost certain to bring on yellow fever, which had in some cases developed after the vessel had gotten out to sea.

As illustrating the unreliability of ordinary quarantine regulations, I overheard a conversation between a ship's official and one of our Portuguese doctor passengers, who it was understood was to be appointed a surgeon on the American line, wherein it was humorously related how that same ship's official had, on a previous voyage, succeeded in deceiving the health officer at Barbados, in regard to a case of yellow fever aboard his ship, then en route to New York.

The surgeon's observation to the effect that "it costs about five hundred dollars a day to be quarantined, and they couldn't afford that," completely and pointedly covered the ground of objection to quarantine regulations, the inference being that the first consideration in quarantine matters, as in all others, is usually of a selfish character, more regard being paid to the

mercenary interests of the few, than to the sanitary conditions of the many.

It will be apparent that in our service the yellow fever may be carried to our own doors by ships which also carry a consul's clean bill of health.

At Barbados, five days from Para, the American steamers call en route north. The large hotel at this place is extensively advertised by the steamship company as an especially attractive health resort for invalids.

The regulations are rigidly enforced by the British health officials there.

The ship's officers, naturally enough, found it embarrassing to have to disembark their tourists into a quarantine hospital, and for this reason, are particularly anxious to conceal the truth in regard to the general unhealthfulness of their route.

After I had received the instructions asked for, and "discontinued issuing the regulation form, because it had been the custom," I was importuned to issue duplicate bills; one a clean one, which could be exhibited at Barbados, Martinique and St Thomas. They were apparently satisfied with the amended form for our New York officials.

I adhered strictly to orders, however, and one unaccustomed to the numerous subterfuges to which a Yankee skipper will resort when he wants to get around a consul would hardly credit their "ingenuity" to call it by a mild term.

For instance, I learned incidentally that the English consul at Barbados—probably appreciating the situation—demanded to see the American consul's bill from Para, when the shameful lie was cried over the ship's side—that the "Consul was on a drunk and we could not get a bill from him." After this reached me, I took the precaution to quietly mail by the same steamer a duplicate of the bill issued to the health officer at Barbados, etc., so that they were "hoisted by their own petard."

In view of these facts, I suggested to the department that the words underlined in the form "good health is enjoyed with

no suspicion of contagious diseases, etc.," might, at the discretion of the consul, be erased and amended, so as to read that "usual" health was enjoyed at Para, and certifying on each certificate issued to the number of deaths from yellow fever during the week.

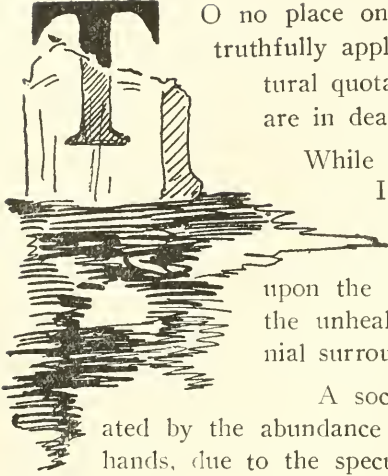
From the facts and figures so stated, without comment from the consul, the health officers would be able to base their own conclusions, after careful inspection of the ships.

I was officially advised that my "excellent and valuable" reports were favorably received at the Department of State and forwarded to the surgeon general of the Marine Hospital for his action. Soon thereafter I received a lengthy communication, enclosing a copy of a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, addressed to the Secretary of State, to the effect that the consul's timely suggestions in regard to altering the wording of the printed form to meet the exigencies of each case was fully approved and I was further instructed to at once discontinue the issuance of clean bills of health, and to fill out the qualified form as I had suggested.

Following these special instructions, a general circular was issued to all consuls in accordance with the above.

CHAPTER XIV.

YELLOW FEVER.



O no place on earth, perhaps, can be more truthfully applied than to Para the scriptural quotation, "In the midst of life we are in death."

While in the whirl of nightly gaities, I felt sympathy with the general impression, that the social dissipations are forced upon the foreign residents by reason of the unhealthful and sometimes uncongenial surroundings.

A social atmosphere in Para is created by the abundance of money constantly changing hands, due to the speculative character of the rubber trade.

The almost nightly balls, hops or dances in private houses at certain seasons bring out the more companionable element among the young foreigners.

Truly the participation to excess with exposure to night air becomes the "dance of death" to many. The sudden changes bring on chills that nearly always presage an attack of yellow fever.

The advice volunteered to new comers is to avoid the sun after eight o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, and not risk night exposure for at least three months after arrival.

It is the universal experience that when a new comer gets wet and chilled in the rains and heavy dews that begin to fall

like a mist in the evenings, and indifferently retires without the universal precaution of bathing with cachaca without and within he is sure to be awakened at daylight by a dull headache and sick stomach, accompanied by pains in the back, that are the unerring first symptoms of yellow fever.

This must be taken in hand at once to prevent fatal results, and it comes at an hour most inconvenient to find assistance.

So it is that one going from a warm ballroom into the night air, and then to bed, is liable to be called on early by the grim monster who very quickly doubles up the strongest man in paroxysms. There is no time to be lost. The crisis soon comes, and if the turn is fatal, the victim's extremities become cold before he is relieved of his sufferings.

It is a very rapid disease.

No time nor ceremony is lost about the planting of the dead. A person dying at night is buried early in the morning; and no body is ever kept overnight.

I have never gone along the streets late at night from these balls or parties that I did not see in some of the shops a couple of dusky workmen making coffins. The tack! tack! tack! of those who trim the old fashioned shaped coffin, with black cloth and white braid, can be heard all hours of the night.

There is scarcely a day that deaths from "febre amarella" (the Portuguese for yellow fever) are not reported; while numerous deaths are given as "American typhus," which is known to be the worst form of yellow fever under another name.

Ten deaths from yellow fever occurred during the carnival, and only one of them was called "febre amarella" without any attempt at concealment. There were eight different names for the ten cases, some of which, translated into English, are: American typhus, icteric typhus fever, remittent typhus fever, pernicious fever, etc. The last name is the most common one when a native Paranesie dies of yellow fever.

Nearly all new comers get the fever sooner or later. During this gay season they took, from the room adjoining mine

in the hotel, a new comer who had been taken down with yellow jack, and of whom the hotel wanted to get rid of quietly.

As this was the only respectable hotel in the place at which I could live, where the board partitions separating the rooms, extend only half way to the roof, there being no ceilings, the reader will see that this was getting the yellow fever pretty close to my home.

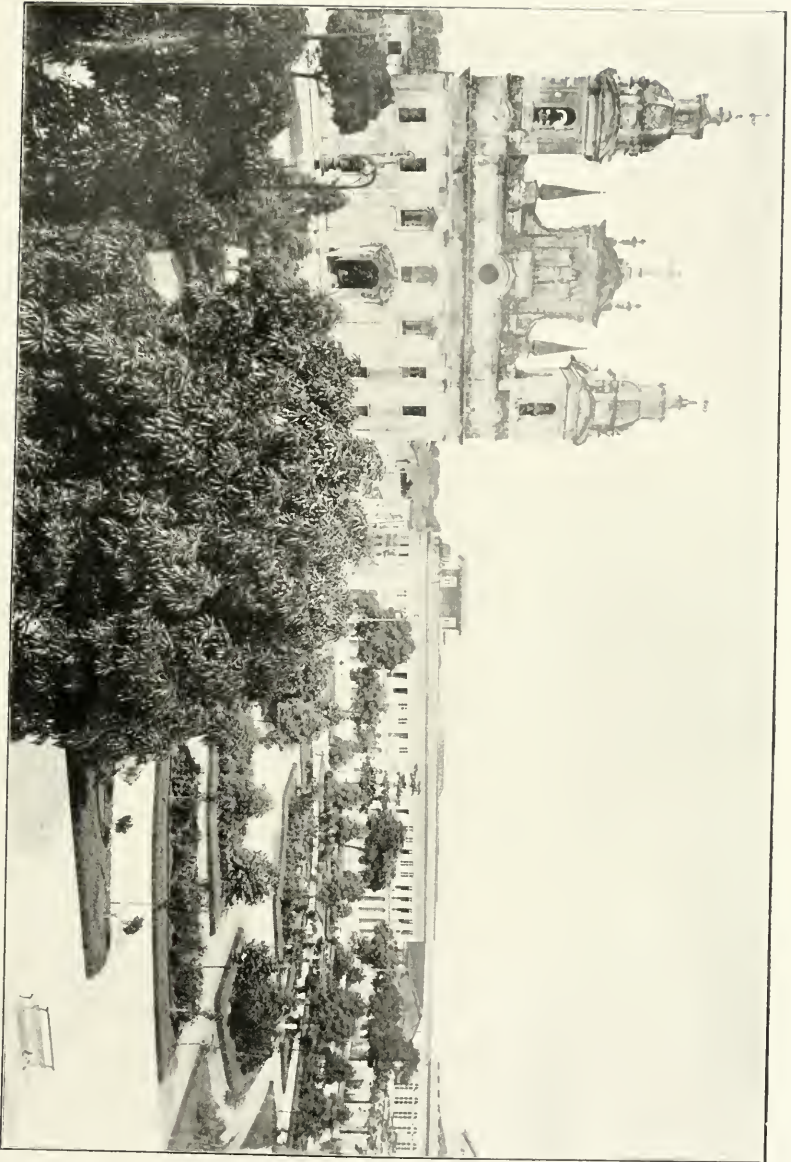
This did not interfere with my appetite for dinner that day, but when, a day or two later, I called at the British consulate to confer with the courteous English consul as to the propriety of reporting the disease as prevailing, and learned that, at the very time I was talking to him, there were four cases of yellow fever among the clerks of the English firm, who were living upstairs in the same building, it rather shook my faith in the "good health" of Para, as described in previous consular health reports.

The following morning, on returning from breakfast to the United States consulate, which is located close by that of the English, I observed the English consular flag flying at half mast.

One of the brightest of the four young Englishmen who had taken a rowboat on the river and were caught in a rain, and who were attacked with the dread disease, had died within the previous hour of the black vomit.

Though every possible attention had been given the young man by his great hearted English companions, as well as the tenderest nursing on the part of the accomplished wife of the consul, who was a mother to the poor boy, he most reluctantly found himself called upon to suffer and to die far from his own land.

I knew the young fellow personally, as one of the handsomest as well as most courteous and clever young men of the English colony—a tall, smooth, rosy faced young man of twenty-two. He had only been here eight months, was unmarried, but leaving a fond mother in England.



Cathedral in Para, said to be the second-oldest church in South America. Misericordia Hospital to the right.

When a teetotaler dies of yellow fever, his death is attributed in part to the fact of his abstemiousness, and the general observation was that this was connected with this young man's death. It was a sad confirmation of the statement previously made that yellow fever chooses for its victims young men who are full of life and vigor, and it is conceded that anything that tends to diminish a man's natural vigor leads to immunity from yellow fever. "Wine and women" are the prophylactic treatment adopted by most foreigners who come to Para, and physicians of prominence and skill in the treatment of the disease do not hesitate to prescribe this heroic treatment to recent arrivals. The experiment does not always succeed in keeping off the terrible disease; but when a straight young man dies, as in this instance, it is attributed to his virtue.

It is said that the poor fellow struggled terribly with the grim monster, declaring in his last words that he would not die. "Oh," he said to the four young friends whose strength was required to hold him to his bed in his paroxysms, "I am too young to die." "I can't die." "I won't die;" but the yellow seal had been imprinted upon his rosy cheeks, and he was released from his terrible agonies at one o'clock. At four o'clock of the same afternoon, during one of the driving rain storms that come at this hour, he was taken away by his English friends and buried in a corner of the lonely cemetery where so many sons of England lie.

His only mourners were the few but sorrowful Englishmen. The gray headed English consul, as usual, read the prayers from the Episcopal prayer book suitable for the occasion.

One of the remaining survivors was brought to the building in which is located the United States consulate. He, with the other two, recovered. But it will be seen that such experiences are not of a character to cause one to fall in love with this sort of a life, even though balls and other fascinations abound.

Para was not what might be termed a winter health resort, especially for an old soldier, who innocently sought consular

honors with a view of restoring health lost in the service of his country during the civil war.

It is not calculated to soothe an invalid to quiet dreams, to go to bed at night expecting to awake at daylight with yellow fever.

It is a great deal easier, and requires less nerve, to sleep on the outposts of an army in the field, expecting to go into battle in the morning. There you have some show, and if you die, it is a glorious death. In this consular service one is hurried off to a grave in a foreign land and is soon forgotten.

At one time I expected that it would be my fate to die at my post, and, in fact, arranged all my papers and affairs each day, expecting that I might not again return to the consulate.

My reports and correspondence were prepared along this line, so that the reader may peruse these statements as, in a manner, letters from a resident in purgatory.

I was not particularly nervous about the yellow fever and must admit that I really enjoyed fair health, notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions. I attribute my immunity from the disease to the fact that I took the very best of care of myself in every possible regard; realizing that the best I could get was the proper preventive. I determined that while I should live temperately I would certainly avail myself of all that was good and beneficial.*

I therefore lived as became an American gentleman and the United States consul—at the best hotel.

* Lest my readers should conclude that Para (or Belem, as it is locally called) is an unhealthy place on the average the following comparative statistics are quoted from Vol. I., p. 125 of "Brazil, Its Natural Riches and Industries, 1910," Librarie Aillaud & Cie, Paris:

	Population.	Death Rate per 1000.
Para (Belem)	177,000	20.2
Havana (Cuba)	280,000	21.9
Alexandria (Egypt)	208,755	30.1

The maximum temperature of Para is 33.3 degrees Centigrade; minimum, 19.2 degrees; average, 26.1 degrees.

The usual routine for the day was a shower bath on rising at about six a. m. and the daily bath is the one thing that is requisite, and it may be said, that is indulged in by all classes.

All the houses are supplied with a shower bath where each one of the family repairs immediately upon rising, for his morning ablutions.

Toilet sets are in each bed chamber, of course, but the spray bath is generally used. Immediately after the bath, coffee is served in a small cup, with one roll, and butter, which is partaken of while yet in one's pajamas and while lounging in the hammock before dressing.

The regular business of the day follows coffee. My habit was to take a brisk walk of a mile or so toward Nazareth (before the sun became hot), reaching the consulate about eight o'clock.

I kept myself occupied in making reports. Every mail carried voluminous proofs of this work, covering all matters of interest to the government and on people which I think completely covered the field. These may be had upon application to the department by any one interested in the subject, so that this narrative of a personal experience need not be further encumbered with matter already printed by the government. In letters of transmittal, which will also be found on file, I stated as a reason for thus giving them so much to read that I was expecting to be taken with yellow fever any day or other wise "relieved," therefore desired to complete the work while I had the opportunity.

This work was performed before the regular breakfast, which is served from eleven a. m. to one p. m.

This meal is the feature of the day in a social as well as in a semibusiness way, as it affords an opportunity for nearly all business people to meet, and over their wine, fish and coffee, discuss matters of business. An hour or two are usually consumed around each table.

After breakfast, a siesta in the hammock accompanied by cigarettes, and if too much wine has been used, perhaps a nap follows.

My habit was to visit the consulate for an hour or so in the afternoon to look after any routine business. The consulate windows overlooked the bay. About four o'clock each day a stiff breeze would come in as a reminder of the approaching storm; looking down the Amazon, toward the mouth, we could see the black, funnel shaped cloud, sailing up from the Atlantic.

Then I would have to hustle around to lock up the books and papers, grab my coat and hat and umbrella and have a race up the narrow street to my hotel, before the storm cloud would burst.

It never rains, but it pours in Para. In what they term their summer season these "showers" last only a half hour or so, but more water falls in one minute there than we usually get in an hour. Nobody knows what the rainfall of Para would measure. It is a drenching sheet of water, instead of a sprinkling.

These evening rains are, however, a good sanitary feature. The floods cleanse the streets and sewage, besides making it delightfully refreshing for an evening walk or ride after dinner, which is served about six o'clock.

The dinners, though very good in kind, are not as formal in the way of a daily social gathering as are the breakfasts.

This arises from the fact that a majority of the foreign business people live in bachelor quarters in the suburb of Nazareth, taking their early coffee at the house before coming down town. After the transaction of the morning business not only the foreigners, but a majority of native merchants assemble at the various hotels or cafés for breakfast, it being too hot in the middle of the day to go to their homes, and the practise also relieves their families of the burden of preparing a meal at that hour.

The breakfast room at the Central was usually well filled from eleven a. m. to one p. m. with that portion of the business people who may be called the leaders, both foreign and native.

An American dropping into the rooms at that time would imagine himself suddenly transported to Demonico's, of New

York, or the Monico of Piccadilly Circus, or perhaps one of the many cafés of the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris.

No ladies ever appear at the hotels or restaurants. The customers are all gentlemen of the better class. One table was reserved for a few Americans and Germans; another immediately opposite was occupied entirely by Brazilians who talked only Portuguese, and so on the cliques or sets got together all through the large room.

A table in the corridor was set for the managers of the English banks, along with whom one American was usually seated. As this table was directly in front of my room door, I was forced to overhear a great deal of their spicy breakfast table talk, while lying in my hammock in my own room enjoying my siesta. Some of this gossip would make interesting reading for this narrative. The "Consul Americano" was, as usual, cut to pieces or swallowed whole and digested with liberal draughts of wine and Pousse café.

It seems that some way or other I had the misfortune to have kept these people well stirred up during all of my incumbency. This clique were the leaders in the attempted boycott during my first days, and being accustomed to having matters arranged in Para according to their dictum, they were never quite able to understand why the newly arrived American did not or would not be made to fall into their lines.

Everybody drinks wine with his meals in Para, usually a Portuguese claret, of a fair quality known as *collaris*, though many prefer the French burgundies or Bordeaux.

A bottle of wine is always set to each plate according to order, an extra charge of from 800 to 1500 reis being charged for about a quart, which, with the usual dilution with water, will answer for two or three meals.

Some prefer Apollinaris with the wine instead of water. For this a charge is made equal to the cost of the wine.

Enormous quantities of Apollinaris and other mineral waters are consumed, all of which come from Europe.

Here would be a fine field for the introduction of California clarets and American mineral waters.

A piece of gelot (pronounced jay-lo) or ice, the size of the thumb adds three hundred reis to the cost to each glass of wine and water, and for each duplication of gelot an additional charge is made.

In early days ice came from the United States as part of a return cargo of the English ship. Good ice machines are now installed in Para, as well as in other sections of Amazonia.

The French proprietor, who sits on a high stool behind a little desk in a corner, does not do much talking or bossing of his waiters, but keeps his eyes open and never fails to note an extra of any kind, so that one's long bill at the end of the month is a succession of "gelots," "Apollinaris," "vichy," "cervajes" (sirvayshu or beer), which foots up in from six to ten figures.

I was startled when I asked for my account and found it a total of 320\$000.* For an instant I was so taken aback that I wondered if I had been drugged with wine and had unconsciously staked this amount in gambling somewhere that I could not remember.

I appealed to Monsieur George, the proprietor, to let me off easy. He laughed heartily, saying in broken English:

"That is much good for me, senhor consul. That is good for me."

It amounted to something over a hundred dollars, but included everything in the way of living, baths, lights and the accommodations. Proprietor had paid my laundry, servant, extra suppers, theater tickets and other little bills that were attached to the hotel life of the "Consul Americano." Each item of expense was carefully enumerated.

These receipted bills I was in the habit of sending to the department at Washington, with my regular requests to be relieved before I should get into debt by trying to live on the salary.

* Brazil is a gold-standard country—its unit being a milreis, having a gold value of 54 6/10 cents. The dollar mark means milreis. 320\$000 therefore equals \$174,62 American gold.

I usually dressed both for breakfast and dinner to the extent of changing my linen, which is frequently necessary in that perspiring latitude.

One of the tables in the *salle a manger* was occupied by a number of second rate Englishmen.

These were clerks or, as they say it, *clarks*, in the banks, or English firms, or companies. One or two had been steam engineers on board the Amazon companies boats, and being recently elevated to positions of superintendents or managers, they became quite important in their own estimation.

It is a fact worthy of note, that an English manager or banker or bookkeeper will never be found associating with his "*clarks*."

They bring their peculiar notions of caste from the old country.

This was one of the customs that I did not at first understand, and perhaps I made some mistakes in the eyes of the managers, by associating at the different tables with anybody whom I thought to be agreeable without any regard to the position he held in somebody's office.

I found a couple of young Englishmen most congenial associates with whom I made some interesting social explorations, in a direction that I could not reach alone. There are always exceptions. Some of the best people I knew in Para were Englishmen.

On the other hand, there were seated at my table one Sunday, a party of these second rate English, who under the influence of their weekly allowance of wine on a Sunday's dinner, thought to have a little fun among themselves by "guying" the American.

That which seems to hurt an Englishman most is the fact that we permit an Irishman to exist in America. The burden of their talk seemed to be directed against the Irish-American.

One cockney made himself offensive by some remarks in a nasal tone which rather irritated me; not that it was intended to mimic myself, for I do not talk in that way, but I felt annoyed

by the laughter his effort provoked in the crowd about us, and under the spur of the moment, I stooped to their level and in an imitative way quietly observed, so those around could hear:

"America don't pretend to be much, don't you know, because we are descended from the English; but a little Irish, German and French blood has improved our race somewhat.

"We have had some skirmishes in the way of wars in our brief history and were never yet defeated as a nation. Our mother country has often been whipped. In fact, we have had two wars with the English ourselves and we whipped 'em both times." Here was a sensation, caused by one of them interposing an objection. I continued quietly, as I raised my glass carelessly: "We whipped you both times, and we would have done it a third time if you all had not got down on your knees and begged off and paid us tons of gold indemnity for your cowardly attacks on our helpless mariners when we were thrashing our own unruly brethren."

This climax raised a sensation. Everybody expected to see a row, but there was no effort in that direction.

The Englishmen were conquered and became suddenly quiet, only one of them attempting to reply by assenting that my statements were incorrect; but I retorted, "It's a matter of history," and all those Brazilian gentlemen know it to be true.

"Yes, American history," retorted the English.

"No; it's the history of the period known all over the world," I replied.

"The trouble is that you Englishmen know nothing outside of the insular confines of your own country."

If there is any one thing that I as an American deprecate it is the habit of most Americans who go abroad to boast in loud tones, in season and out of season of the acknowledged greatness of our country. One will hear too much of this spredeagleism from his countrymen in other lands, and it is also to be regretted that some American residents in foreign lands are not a credit to their country.



Dr. Augusto Olympio de Araujo e Sousa,
Secretario Estadas Interior.

I made it an object to refrain from any discussions of my citizenship with a foreigner. I regretted this incident and apologized to the extent of saying that they had brought it on by their action.

When an Englishman is worsted he is generally man enough to accept the situation gracefully. I was never after this "guyed" on my Americanism.

It became a regular custom with me to ride horseback every alternate evening when the weather permitted, in company with my Brazilian friends. Being an old cavalryman of the regular army I enjoyed the exercise heartily, especially as it afforded me more favorable opportunities for getting all around that part of the country which might not be reached other than on horseback.

I rode a fine little black Hambletonian American horse that had been especially trained to the saddle, using as nearly as I could procure it, the equipment of the American trooper, or cowboy, in the way of a swell Spanish saddle and trimmings, long stirrups, spurs, etc.

I always dressed for the outing in close fitting trousers and leather leggins, military blouse fitting snugly, a fatigue cap or soft felt French hat with turned up brim, white dog skin gloves, which by the way never seemed to soil in that atmosphere, and invariably a red silk Custer neck tie, the same as those worn when I rode with the gallant general's staff, which was the distinctive badge of his division in the Army of the Potomac.

My companion was also appropriately attired as a Brazilian senhor, who rode in a dignified style a large American bay. We both enjoyed to the fullest extent each other's companionship during many pleasant evenings for many months, covering in this way under the Brazilian's guidance the entire country about Para, which but few other foreigners have seen as I did from the saddle.

Naturally we became familiar figures in the town, and it would be unbecoming to say that we did not attract the attention we desired.

I do not pretend to be a skilled horseman, but having as a boy ridden wild mustangs on my uncle's ranches in western Texas. I could ride any animal safely. My military cradle was a dragoon saddle in our regular army service.

I did not ride like an Englishman and I was proud of the fact that my cowboy style was favorably commented upon by the Brazilian horsemen.

An American cavalryman does all his riding with his left hand immediately in his front, the finger nails turned up and never using the right hand at all, nor speaking to a horse except with the spurs.

We always managed in some way to steer or gallop through the aristocratic residence estrada Nazareth, and I believe that we never rode along that way without encountering the pretty brown eyes of the baron's daughter, who would usually be found promenading with her set at about that hour every evening.

The ladies, as a rule, do not ride much in northern Brazil, although I was told the habit is common in the adjoining state of Ceara.

One of the greatest compliments I ever heard paid to an old soldier came from a little lady when invited to ride with an old boy who expected as a reply only a hearty laugh, when she sweetly said:

"Why, certainly, why, of course, I will be glad to be escorted by a soldier who had really ridden a horse in a battle."

CHAPTER XV.

A TALK WITH THE GOVERNOR ON LEPROSY.

THE UNIQUE ISLAND OF MARAJÓ.



WITH a view to create prejudice among the natives, and of embarrassing me, a few disgruntled persons of the foreign colony had influenced a Para paper to publish an exaggerated account of my reports on leprosy.

This, with other misrepresentations, had been brought to the attention of the Para government and the Rio newspapers.

The governor kindly invited me to his house, wherein we talked the matter over in an unofficial way, during which it was freely conceded that, although leprosy existed, it was not considered contagious or infectious. Moreover, the missionary from whom I had obtained my data had probably exaggerated in this, as he had in other matters relating to life in Para.

This pleasant informal talk of an hour convinced me that there was much prejudice, or at least unchristian charity, in the zeal of the missionary.

The diplomatic talk with the governor resulted in the conclusion that, even if it were true, it was not good policy to ventilate the disagreeable subject through official reports and press correspondence.

When I advised the missionary that his statements had been discredited, he renewed his efforts and I must admit supplied some additional data, fully establishing his former statements.

I did not pursue the matter, but sent data to the department for filing, where the untold story may be learned by those investigating the subject of leprosy.

As previously indicated, the British government was interested in this discussion of leprosy contagion, sending commissions to both India and Para. The British consul's son, a medical man, was on the commission to Para. I believe their conclusions were that this plague is not necessarily contagious.

The island of Marajo, near Para, is interesting in a picturesque and historic way.

There are no aboriginal Marajo natives, those that live on the island now being settlers from the main land.

A quantity of ancient pottery has been found, most of which is of an interesting character for the collector. These finds indicate conclusively that Marajo was at one time thickly settled.

Marajo is remarkable in many respects. Though closely allied to the mainland on either side of the rushing Amazon, it has an entirely different climate and in some respects a changed topography, as well as odd flora.

There are no rains on Marajo from August to January. During this dry season the grass is burned by the natives in place of being harvested. The cattle, while the grass is growing, collect at the ravines which lead from the great lake to the river, along which trees grow affording shelter from the hot sun.

The flat lands or savanas of the island are called in Portuguese fazendas, in Spanish haciendas. Here great numbers of cattle are herded, just as in the ranches or plains of our West.

During my time in Amazonia a peculiar disease prevailed among the cattle on the island. It was called guebrabunda, the strange plague attacking as many as thirty thousand head in one season. They were affected by a weakening of the spine, causing a breaking down of the hind legs. The animals seemed to lose entire control of those parts, and thus, becoming helpless, they perished by thousands.

Pasteur, of Paris, sent one of his pupils out to Marajo to make a study of the disease, which crippled the cattle quite like beriberi did humanity.

The finest of birds and animals are found on the island in the greatest numbers. Parrakeets are as common and quite as noisy as our blackbirds, and gather in large flocks. They are caught by the natives, who build fires under their roosts at night, the dense smoke causing the birds to fall into their hands in large numbers.

Parrots fly high. These birds are hunted as game, the gunners eating the birds. Flamingoes are plentiful, as also every variety of herons, with their immense necks and small bodies, their plumage as white as snow, or as red as fire, or a tasteful combination of all colors. From a species of these herons is procured the fine aigret feathers of commerce, which our ladies wear with their ostrich plumes. A great quantity of these feathers is sent from the Amazon to New York.

I was fortunate in securing some of the very finest specimens of rare aigrets, which I sent to numerous lady friends.

They are valued at about \$25.00 per ounce. A couple of young Americans from North Carolina were regularly engaged gunning in Marajo, making a business of hunting these birds for their plumage, which they shipped to the United States at considerable profit. I made their acquaintance through their being detected in smuggling them through mail packages.

Immediately opposite the city, though some miles distant, is a cluster of islands that look as pretty as a bouquet or an oasis of green foliage in a vast expanse of water.

Marajo is some distance beyond this. Another large sheet of water, known as Marajo Bay, which is sometimes quite rough, must be crossed before the beautiful island is reached.

The native or Portuguese boatmen, and they are numerous and skilful, make the ferriage with their small boats with the peculiar shaped and gracefully spread yellow or greased canvas sails.

A number of steam launches owned by the wealthier native residents, who have fazendas on the island, frequently convey select parties who make jolly excursion trips in the night, sleep-

ing on board in hammocks, so as to be on the ground in the early morning to take the field with their guns for a few hours' sport, with perhaps tigers, wild boars, and the innumerable varieties of game and birds that infest the island.

After one or two experiences I avoided any further adventures in this direction. Tramping through an Amazonian forest entails so great an expenditure of energy that gunning is robbed of its fascination. Giant alligators and snakes as large as boas are numerous, but I really had a greater dread of the moqueen or tick than of the wild animals.

A canoe in Amazonia is entirely unlike our dugouts. They are modeled more after the style of what we call a keel boat, but are more graceful, having a high bow and stern, both well out of the water.

They are double enders, like a Venetian gondola in appearance. Instead of the striped, gaily colored cloth awnings, the Amazon gondola has a rounded, nicely woven green palm leaf thatched roof over the center. This covers sufficient space to afford protection from the hot sun during the day and from the rains at night.

A great many natives spend more than half their lives in the boats, which are made as comfortable as the native huts on the shore. It was the small craft of this description that an English captain especially admired on account of the beautiful form and symmetry of her Indian built lines. She was bought immediately on her arrival at Para and christened Roberta. On this craft I enjoyed many pleasant hours.

CHAPTER XVI.

BUSINESS INTERESTS IN PARA.



THE life of a consul in the tropics is not necessarily the unhappy lot pictured in my early experiences, which were exceptional.

During the days of my revisit I spent most of the hot hours in the cool office of my friend, Colonel Chermont, interrupting his work, by continually talking of former days, and as there was much hilarious laughter, the inference was that we were having a good old time, which even the clerks in an adjoining room seemed to enjoy.

The colonel provided a desk for my use supplied with materials to do some of the long neglected work which I am now trying to finish, and which he helped to delay by his jollying.

I had thoughtlessly told him of the invention of the gin-rickey as a cooling tonic, and made the further mistake of teaching him how to mix the insidious decoction.

He procured the ingredients, crushed ice in the bottom of a tall glass, over which was squeezed the lime juice and on which a gill of gin or cachaca was stirred while it was filled with fizz water and drank while effervescing.

The colonel was full of jolly talk and laughed heartily over the fight I had with the Para papers, which was later transferred by the same influence to New York.

On the occasion of my revisits both local papers published a flattering notice of my return, as noted by reproduction from original. The *Folha do Norte* requested that I supply them

with some account of my impressions, which I am only now trying to fulfil.

In the company of the genial colonel I called on the *Folha* editor. We were especially well received as brother newspaper friends.

FOLHA DO NORTE—PARA.

(*The leading opposition paper.*)

8 de julho de 1908.

A bordo do vapor *Saturno* segue para Manaus o major Joseph Kirby, que ante-hontem mesmo, no dia de sua chegada, desembarcou nesta capital, indo residir com o consul americano.

Na capital amazonense pretende o jornalista *yankee* demorar-se apenas algumas semanas.

Mr. Kirby, em companhia do actual representante da America do Norte, hontem, durante o dia, emprehendeu um rapido passeio pelos principaes bairros da cidade, deseioso de ver o adeantamento que esta apresenta depois de sua ausencia de Belem.

Durante esse passeio teve o illustre viajante occasião de visitar antigos conhecidos, do tempo em que aqui estive na direcção do consulado americano, de onde se retirou, licenciado, em 1891.

Substituido nesse cargo por mr. Ayres, que mais tarde teve como substituto o sr. Mathews, partiu então para os Estados-Unidos.

Apaixonado pelas sciencias naturaes e deseioso de conhecer mais de perto a Amazonia, emprehendeu ainda em 1891 uma viagem com esse fim.

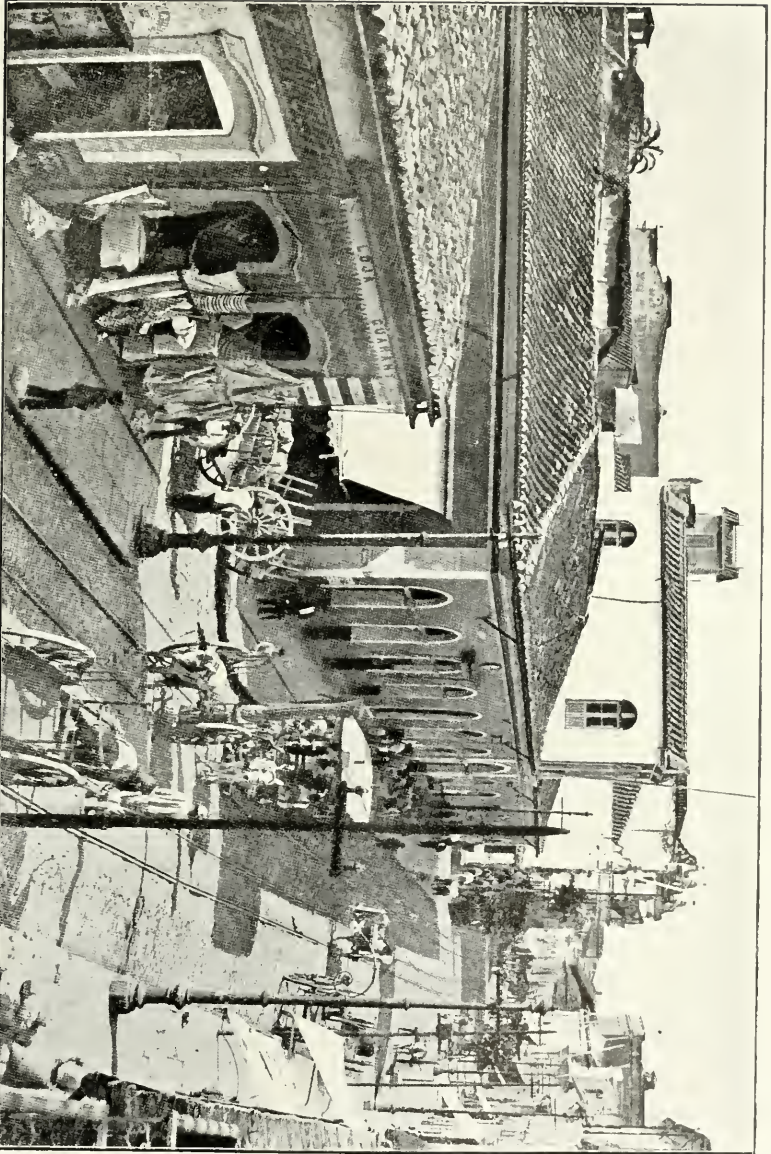
Por essa occasião teve ainda ensejo de proceder a diversas explorações em Iquitos e Muibamba, seguindo depois pelo Pacifico á America do Norte.

Ainda em 1902 nova viagem realizou á Amazonia, já para varios estudos, já por parte de capitalistas particulares.

Feliz em todas essas viagens e mais deseioso de terminar outros trabalhos, veiu ainda em 1894, pelo Pacifico, até Iquitos.

Volvendo aos Estados, Unidos, alli publicou em 1906 uma grande obra a que intitulou "The Land of Tomorrow", abrangendo os seus estudos não só sobre os meios de exploração na Amazonia, para emprego de capitaes, como tambem tudo quanto observou do movimento das praças que percorreu, salientando qual fosse de futuro o progredir do seu commercio.

A' vista da erudição que demonstrou e perfeito conhecimento dos trabalhos dados á publicidade na grande capital newyorkina, não falharam ao velho e competente investigadõr recompensas ao seu esforço trabalho.



Rua Joao Alfredo, The principal shopping street of Para.

Tendo ainda, nessas longas viagens, quasi todas cheias de difficuldades, na propria navegacão que, por vezes, ôra obrigado a fazer em canôas, conseguido marcar o final da vasante no porto de Iquitos e no rio Muibamba, com documentos e cartas por si levantadas, a "Royal Geographical Society of Londres", houve por bem conferir a mr. Kirby o titulo de seu socio, distincção raramente concedida por essa grande associação de lettrados.

Sem de todo ter abandonado a carreira consular, mas da qual continúa afastado por effeito de licença, o nosso illustre hospede passou sempre a exercer a sua actividade nas grandes folhas de Londres e New-York e tambem co-operando com vantagem no "The Washington Herald" e no "The International Bureau of the American Republics".

Tratou largamente de fazer conhecido o Brasil em todas as suas linhas na grande nação americana, organizando e compendiando varias publicações para ser editada pelo "Bulletin da Internacional Bureau".

A viagem que ao presente faz á Amazonia a major Kirby, alem do objecto de seus estudos, terá o fim especial de conhecer do novo progresso industrial e commercial. Procurará no decorrer da sua visita examinar as condições para o emprego de capitaes *yankees*.

A estrada Madeira-Mamoré tambem muito interessará s. s. pelo lado do desenvolvimento que possa ella offerecer em toda a sua organizaçào.

Mr. Kirby, ao que nos referiu, de Manaus volverá de novo ao Pará daqui seguindo para o Maranhão, Ceará, Pernambuco, Bahia e Rio.

Ahi demorar-se-á o tempo necessario para visitar a proxima exposiçào nacional, afim de enviar para alguns jornes, de que trouxe representaçào, as suas impressões.

Foi mr. Kirby portador para o sr. consul americano de diversos volumes do livro que sobre sua viagem ao Brasil e outras Republicas editou o anno passado o estadista americano Elihu Root, ende se econtram enfeixados os discursos proferidos em todas as festas realizadas em honra áquelle illustra diplomata.

No consulado americano, por uma especial gentileza de mr. Pickerell, tivemos occasião de ver dois grandes mappas do Brasil, annotados e corrigidos por parte da "Internacional Bureau", que, nos affirmou o major Kirby, presentemente são os mais correctos.

Ainda outro mappa recebeu o representante da America do Norte, da republica da Bolivia, tendo discriminado todo o territorio do Acre.

E' possivel que hoje, em caracter particular, mr. Kirby visite os srs. governador do Estado e intendente de Belem.

* * * Devido a uma gentileza do competente escriptor, publicaremos amanhã um trabalho, já traduzido, que sobre as riquezas do Brasil publicou no "The Washington Herald".

The consul, Mr. Pickerell, accompanied me on a formal call on the editor of the *Provincia do Para*, the leading paper of northern Brazil, and we were entertained in the parlor of their fine building.

It was a great privilege to have an interview with the prominent Dr. Lemos, an acknowledged leader of the government party, an account of which, with an illustration of their building, was printed in the *Bulletin of the International Bureau of the American Republics*, April, 1909, in my article on Para, which may be had on request of that Bureau.

PROVINCIA DO PARA, DE JULY 8, 1908.

NOSSOS HOSPEDES.

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Um jornalista "yankee" em Belém.

Acha-se a bordo do paquete nacional *Goyaz*, procedente de New-York, o major Joseph O. Kirby, representante especial do *Boletim de Bureau Internacional das Republicas Americanas*. O major Kirby, que ha cêrca de quinze annos exerceu o cargo de consul dos Estados-Unidos da America do Norte no Pará, é um cavalheiro distincto e apreciado intellectual.

Conhecedor do Brazil, do qual se confessa devotado amigo, vem s. s. fazer importantes estudos nos Estados do Pará, Amazonas, Pernambuco, Bahia e Rio de Janeiro.

E' provavel que hoje desembarque para aguardar a passagem de um vapor que o conduza a Manaus.

Além do *Boletim do Bureau*, que se publica mensalmente em Washington, representa ainda o *Daily Consular and Trade Reports*.

Para ambos escreverá o major Kirby, tratando do nesso progresso e desenvolvimento commercial, mesmo porque o intuito d'essas publicações visa o interesse e a expansao commercial dos paizes da America e consequente permuta de productos.

No Rio de Janeiro o jornalista *yankee* representará mais outros periodicos norte-americanos, para os quaes enviará minuciosas noticias referentes á Exposição Nacional.

* * * * *

With a view of preserving the sequence in this narrative, I follow my original manuscript, even in its abruptness, realizing that there may be some repetition.

It was unfortunate for me that it fell to my lot to take the place of a gentleman who possessed the happy faculty of making himself personally popular with the large number of congenial foreign spirits who resided at Para. My illustrious predecessor could play a better game and was decidedly more popular as a good fellow than his successor.

No intimation had been given me at Washington, before leaving for the post, of any opposition to the change. Protest had been cabled from Para against a change, even the Senate being appealed to, to prevent my confirmation. I realized that I was in Para in obedience to instructions, on the President's appointment, endorsed by Secretary Blaine and my State senators.

My commission was sufficient in the way of letters of recommendation to respectable and responsible persons.

It was again unfortunate that I was not of that happy temperament that could turn the other cheek, especially when slapped in the face by foreigners, for no other offense than that of being the new United States consul.

I felt, as an American citizen and an old soldier, that I should do my duty and fight it out on the line of the equator, where every day of the year is a summer day.

Therefore, in more respects than one, Para continued to be a hot place for me, although I am happy to add the evenings were pleasant, because I essayed to enjoy myself in the congenial atmosphere of first class Brazilian society.

Literally, I accepted the situation as I found it. When it subsequently became evident that I should be able to get along alone, independently of outside assistance, a number of foreigners, no doubt feeling ashamed of their first exhibition of smallness, were disposed to make friendly advances, tendering their sympathies in a private way.

I received numerous invitations to call at the offices or houses of foreigners. During my first year's residence I had not entered the house or office of a foreign merchant, not even an American, excepting always that of the British consulate.

The courteous English Consul, Mr. E. Kauthack, was from the first in sympathy with his American colleague, and for his manifold kindnesses and good counsel I am under lasting obligations.

Though the English consul for many years, he was born in northern Germany, having spent nearly all his life in Brazil, becoming a naturalized Englishman in order to accept the important position of manager for a steamship company.

This English consul also suffered even more severely than did the American consul, from an attempt of the same cabal to have him dismissed, because he had, upon the proclamation of the republic, written a letter of congratulation to the governor of the state.

A petition signed by all the English residents of the place, demanding his removal, was sent through the consulate to the foreign office in London.

The British consul's brief explanations accompanying the numerous signed protest were more potent than the united influence of the cabal, and the request was denied and the naturalized German-Englishman retained his office.

But few Americans travel in that part of South America, and none remain longer than actually necessary except in a business way.

In discussing this matter with a courteous young Englishman, the manager of a branch of a large banking establishment in Brazil, he good naturedly chaffed me by the pertinent query, "I say, consul, what's good that ever comes from America?" "Nothing," I replied. "All the good stays there. It's the bad that escapes and finds refuge here. Nothing can compensate respectable Americans for an enforced residence in this land, not even a consulate."

It is entirely different with the Englishmen and the Germans. Their countries are small by comparison with ours, and there are fewer possibilities for a young man at home, so that they are obliged to emigrate to other lands. It must be conceded that the young Englishmen and Germans who are there to stay are of the better class.

Fortunes have been made and lost in that country.

The business is largely speculative. There have been ten liquidations of American firms in as many years, resulting probably from a disposition to overreach legitimate limits.

The European houses in Para are conservatively managed and become permanently established. A couple of the more prominent English and German houses have been doing a profitable trade for upward of fifty years.

As a rule, the American starts in to rush things on too large a scale, but he soon realizes that American business methods cannot be applied to that hot climate.

A great many obtain the impression that any effort to out- cheat a Brazilian or native is legitimate business. Some few succeed in this at the start, but any one attempting to outdo a Portuguese Jew in a close transaction will come in on the home run a full length behind, every time.

It is, therefore, advisable in the commercial ethics of Amazonia to mix business integrity with reciprocity.

In the course of my experience it developed that several persons who had lived some years in Para, where they were recognized as Germans, and who claimed protection as naturalized Americans, only presented their papers after being arrested by the Brazilian authorities on criminal charges.

One or two instances were brought to my notice by such persons requesting the official influence of the consul. I was careful not to become entangled in any way with the Brazilian courts. Declining to interfere I naturally encountered the hostility of these renegades.

One of the number of temporary American citizens of this class was a German-American of an enterprising character, who had been disappointed in his efforts to bring about a business boom through visiting New York, where he had some Brazilian currency counterfeited, which might easily have been put in circulation in Para, as their own paper money is of an inferior quality, and anything resembling money passes readily in Brazil.

Another prominent business representative of an American firm had secretly sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, becoming a Brazilian citizen in order to protect his American principals' interests in a questionable business transaction involving confiscation if found out.

The person who had been recognized as the vice-consul of the United States, for some years previous to my arrival, was also the representative of a well known New York capitalist merchant and politician, and had been the defendant in a criminal suit brought by the State authorities on the serious charge of having been engaged in defrauding the Brazilian custom house of import duties.

As this vice-consul and intimate associate of the consul had access to the books, invoices and other records, it will be seen that the United States Consulate itself was not above suspicion.

It is needless to add that, in doing what I knew to be my duty, I again added to the number of enemies who were still employed in stirring up the fire to roast the uncongenial consul. I thus supplied the fuel for my own roasting.

One of the requirements of the regulations is that a new consul may appoint a vice, preference being given to American citizens who may be residents of the port, but the department wisely recommends that no changes be made unless the best interests of the service seem to require it.

There was a vacancy at Para for which every single American in the place, from the missionary down or up, was an applicant.

I did not make a nomination during the first month of my incumbency because, I did not find an American whom

I could conscientiously recommend, and because the scramble and underhand maneuvering for the nominal position afforded me a great deal of amusement.

Each of the applicants would write to the State Department at Washington, or ask their political friends to assist them. One went so far as to have a New York party file his official bond, being sure of the appointment.

Each mail from the States would bring me back a number of these reports, so that I had plenty of quiet fun comparing the notes, keeping my own counsel in the meantime.

A New York merchant who does a large business in rubber for cash only, and not for trade, but who is nevertheless a prominent orator for reciprocity, wrote me to the effect that he would like one of his representatives made vice-consul.

He observed that his competitor in business, who was a Democratic politician, had been the endorser of the former consul, and the late vice-consul was his agent at Para.

It had been represented to the department that this competitor had been especially favored at Para by advance information as to prices paid for rubber.

The figures were obtainable through the invoices, filed in the consulate, of each exporter to New York, they being required to state separately under oath the amount shipped by them, the prices paid and to whom consigned.

This prominent exporter emphasized his request by saying that, "If necessary, I will see Mr. Blaine and have my business agent made the vice-consul."

I enclosed this letter to the department, stating that the party suggested was undoubtedly competent, and perhaps the best American in the place, but I called attention to the scandal that had been connected with the vice-consul heretofore and suggested that, as I expected to be absent on the Amazon for some time, the vice who would be appointed would in effect become consul.

It was in my judgment advisable, therefore, that no one be made vice-consul who could in any way become more interested

than the consul himself in the business necessarily passing through his hands.

The American steamship company's Washington influence was also exerted to make their agent the vice-consul at Para, but I recommended that no agent of a steamship company be appointed vice-consul.

I took the usual opportunity to again ask for relief, stating that a vice-consul should be selected who would be acceptable to the department as a consul.

As I could find no suitable American resident at Para, I asked that I might name a Brazilian gentleman, who was eminently qualified by reason of his having been educated at Cornell University, in New York State, and was therefore familiar with its people and business interests and a friend of Americans. He was by profession a lawyer, or tabellio, in his native city of Para, and his family and social connections were of the best. Being a brother of the governor of the State, as well as secretary of foreign affairs at Rio, the approval of his nomination would be pleasantly received in Brazil.

This met with the department's warmest approval. The official dispatch to me stated that my recommendations were fully approved, and that no person should be appointed a vice-consul who was in any way interested, etc.

I was duly authorized to appoint the Brazilian, and to the agreeable surprise of my dear friend, Colonel Theodosio Lacarda Chermont, whom I had not consulted, I told him of the department's approval of my selection.

An unexpected difficulty, which I had not considered, unfortunately prevented his acceptance. The fact of his holding an important office under the Brazilian government prohibited him, by their laws, from accepting another.

My friend was profoundly grateful, however, for the honor our government had offered to him, and I am constrained to add that his numerous Brazilian and foreign friends also appreciated the compliment.



Courtesy of Director-General John Barrett, of Pan-American Union.

A QUAY IN THE HARBOR OF P.A.R.A., BRAZIL.

A new quay and dock system is being constructed by the United States Engineer, Percival Farquhar, under contract with the Brazilian authorities for the improvement of Para's harbor. The complete work calls for over 7,500 feet of the shore-line construction to be completed by the end of the year 1913. At the beginning of 1909 it was estimated that nearly 800 feet had been finished. The contract was entered into April, 1906.

As illustrating the vacillating "policy" of our consular department, I will add that, notwithstanding their recorded protest against the appointment of any interested party to a vice-consulship, the same department within the ensuing few months approved the appointment of the steamship agent.

This mistake was soon rectified, however, and a Brazilian, Señor Francisco Aguiar, was subsequently appointed on the recommendation of Colonel Chermont.

As illustrating the futility of mailing tons of catalogs, circulars and documents to merchants in South America I beg to relate the following incident:

An American interested in the matter of fuel for the fleet on the Amazon, who boarded a small boat in the port of Para, found the engineer in picturesque attire leaning against the rail, smoking a pipe.

To the inquiry of the American coal dealer as to the sort of fuel he used on his boat the engineer indifferently replied:

"Sometimes we burn coal and at other times we use wood fuel, but we depend mostly on the catalogs and documents sent here by the Americans, printed in a language we don't understand."

CHAPTER XVII.

STRANDED AMERICAN SEAMEN.



THE duties of United States consuls in many places are light, and in this respect correspond with the salary. In most ports the work is of a routine character; the official duties being confined to looking after the interests of American trade and the welfare of American seamen. The consul performs, in a manner, the functions of a commercial magistrate.

One necessary requirement is that the consul shall be on hand when a ship arrives from or sails to his country. He is supposed to act as sort of arbitrator between the too frequently severe discipline of the masters of vessels and their crew.

The government acts as the ward of American sailors, on the principle that they are not able to attend to their own affairs. The "Consul's Bible," as the exhaustive consular regulations are called, is supposed to furnish instructions concerning every legal point, and each article therein is as inexorable as an army regulation.

One day, a big, blustering fellow came to the consulate, and in a loud manner demanded relief in the way of some "casy," as they term the rum, cachaca. When I mildly intimated that the government did not send me out to play bartender or to make a gin mill of the consulate, he rolled up his shirt sleeves, showing brawny arms tatoored all over with sailors' emblems, and declared that either he or I had to die. I kept my seat, but quietly opened a drawer in which I kept a revolver, and observed that I hoped he would not put me to the expense of paying for his funeral out

of my slender salary, or of making a report to the department of the "effects" he was showing.

He left, and when sober, called again to apologize, and declared he would fight for the American consul, and I believe he would.

On another occasion, a young Irishman was sent to me by the British consul, with a request that I would send him to New York on the American ship sailing that day. When I reminded him that it was the duty of the English consul to take care of Irish subjects of Great Britain, he left, muttering curses on the English government. Soon after he called again and declared himself an American seaman in distress.

The law authorizes all consuls to issue to any distressed American seamen a certificate entitling him to passage home. These certificates are in a manner drafts on the Treasury for the amount of the passage, which all steamship companies are obliged to accept.

I suspected that he had been advised by some one and was attempting to beat his free transit by our ship; but he had been so well coached that all questions that I put failed to disconcert him. I gave him, instead of a certificate, a note to the captain of the ship, with a request to allow him to work his passage, which was gracefully granted. When I told the Irishman to go aboard the American ship, he was so overcome with gratitude that he reached across my desk as I shook his hand, and attempted to kiss me, but I escaped.

"How cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
When memory plays an old tune on the heart."

One evening, while seated in the consulate, looking vainly and sorrowfully over the Amazon toward the North Star, which is just below our horizon, I heard a voice in the rear of the large building in which the consulate is located, plaintively singing that dear old song, "Away down upon the Suwanee River." Always passionately fond of music, and especially of this distinctively American air recalling the evening I last heard it sung in Orlando,

Florida, by Miss May Fleming, an accomplished Southern songstress, I was strangely attracted toward the voice, expecting to find an American, who, like myself, was "far, far away" from home.

Instead, however, I discovered that the sweet sounds came from about as unprepossessing looking a colored man as I have ever seen. He was of the African type. I found, on questioning him, that he spoke English and was employed as a servant in the building by one of the Amazon company's officials.

He had a villainous expression on his countenance when in repose, but when he discovered that he was talking to an American who had recently come from the South, he grinned with delight.

I ascertained that he was an American citizen, born and bred on a plantation near Savannah, Ga. He had been some years at sea and came out here in an English ship of the Amazon company.

I asked why he did not go home. He said, "I done left thar like a fool nigger, and don't never speck to git back thar no moah."

When I offered to send him to New York free of expense as an American seaman, he was filled to overflowing with gratitude. He came to the consulate every day with hat in hand, bowing and smiling, and offered his services in scrubbing or cleaning, doing errands, etc.

I had received a number of requests, or rather requisitions, from lady friends in the States to send them parrots and monkeys. I thought this a fine chance to execute the orders, as the colored man could see that they received proper attention on the sea voyage. He was delighted at the prospect of serving me, and in the following days walked into the consulate with a stick on which were perched two parrots, while a trained monkey sat on his shoulder.

I paid the price and arranged instructions as to their shipment the following day. I also wrote glowingly to my friend about the coming presents, telling Miss May that it was her sweet voice that had caused the happiness of a poor fellow far, far

from home, and took considerable satisfaction myself for the successful transaction.

Some days after the ship sailed, I happened to be walking along through one of the narrow, ill smelling streets of the old town, where the colored people live. Hearing a voice talking loud English in one of the cachaca dens, I looked in and, to my astonishment, beheld my Suwanee negro, quarreling with the inmates. On seeing my expression of incredulity and disgust, he began at once to offer in a half drunken manner his effusive explanations. When I recovered my breath, I interrupted him by an outpour of blankety dash jingle in English that astonished the natives, and sobered him.

I told him if he did not bring the ship's ticket and my monkey and parrot to me in an hour I would put him in jail. He saw that I was in earnest and complied, but all his subsequent pleadings could not induce me to give him another chance.

Consuls at all important seaports usually encounter the worst class of sailors, and that is putting the human nature that consuls have to deal with pretty low on the scale.

Generally the seamen who appeal to him for assistance are of a pugnacious disposition, while on board ship they cause all sorts of trouble with the ship's officers and their mates. This is aggravated a hundredfold when they get ashore and fill themselves with rum.

A majority of them are perhaps intelligent persons, whose earlier bad habits and tastes led them to the adoption of a seafaring life. These are known as "sea lawyers," who understand fully the law of the land in regard to their rights, which they call upon a consul to enforce.

The consul's regulations explicitly stated that only American seamen who were bona-fide citizens, who had last sailed in an American ship, were entitled to passage home, as distressed seamen.

On one occasion four as hard looking wretches as I had ever seen were unloaded on the consulate; literally dumped on to my

desk, all of whom were bona-fide American seamen. Yet, under the regulations as laid down, I could not return them because they had been discharged at Para from an English ship, the last on which they had sailed.

They had, of course, spent all their money and sold most of their clothes; so that they came to the consulate, as usual, half starved and sick, begging the assistance which the law prohibited me from granting.

At first a new consul puts his hands in his pockets and helps poor Jack, his starving countryman, to get something to eat, offering his good services in trying to obtain him employment or the privilege of working his passage home. In this case it so happened that there were no ships sailing home for some days, perhaps weeks.

Yellow fever was prevailing, and fully realizing that those men would surely become victims if they remained in their wretched condition in the place, I determined to take upon myself the responsibility of using a little common sense in the administration of consular duties that was not outlined by the regulations.

At the risk of the department disapproving my action and charging to my account the expense, I issued passage certificates to these men to Rio de Janeiro, which was doubly contrary to the rules, as they had been last employed on a foreign ship, and my pass sent them three thousand miles in an opposite direction from home.

The men requested this because they could get employment, or as it is termed "ship" at Rio, as readily as at New York.

The agent of the American steamship company at Para, who had been a Cape Cod skipper of a fishing smack, and as an ex-mate of a steamer seemed to bear the habitual ill will toward all seamen, protested loudly against my showing the men any sort of consideration. He subsequently attempted to defeat my action by refusing to permit the four seamen of his own land to ride in the agency launch to get aboard the American ship, then lying in the stream.

They were sent aboard, however, the consul's certificate being imperative. The ship's officers were obliged to accept them as steerage passengers.

I have recited the case as an instance of the impracticability of complying implicitly with any hard and fast rules or regulations.

It is but just to say that the department not only approved my action in an official dispatch, but soon thereafter an official circular was issued, on account of my agitation of the matter, changing by the President's express authority, the rules that cause a seaman to lose his rights as an American, because he happened to be last employed by an alien vessel. Consuls were authorized to send distressed seamen "home" by the farthest way around, if by so doing their distress was relieved by affording them opportunity to secure employment.

All persons employed aboard ships, from the captain to the cook and boys, are classed as seamen.

A type of dead beats on ships, who seek to fleece consuls, are known as "coast combers." These are men who sign papers for a voyage, merely to afford themselves temporary relief. When the ship reaches the next port they desert and apply to the consul, who sends them along to his next colleague.

It sometimes happens that better classes of persons undertake service in the saloons, as waiters or stewards, in order to reach certain destinations, or to afford themselves opportunities for traveling about the world.

The law requires that masters of vessels can only discharge seamen at a foreign port before a United States consul, who is supposed to see that the seaman has received his dues and that he (the consul) is not being imposed upon.

This law is rendered almost inoperative by a well known practice of petty officers, making it so warm for an objectionable person that he is compelled, by brutal treatment, to desert his ship at the first opportunity, and thereby loses not only his back pay, but any claim to protection.

A case of this kind reached the consul at Para. A young German-American, of prepossessing appearance and good address, had been unloaded at Para from a new American steamship, that gave a banquet in the harbor. He was unable to get any satisfaction as to his pay from the agent, and was brought to me by a large hearted German resident, who explained that the man was a student, who had, in a fit of despondency, joined the ship's stewards and officers after having fully explained his entire inexperience. The steward, who was a coarse German of the very opposite character, vilely abused the young fellow because he was unable to work on account of seasickness.

His life was threatened if he did not leave the ship. He tried to desert at Barbados, and succeeded in getting ashore at Para, while the ship was toasting and banqueting its guests.

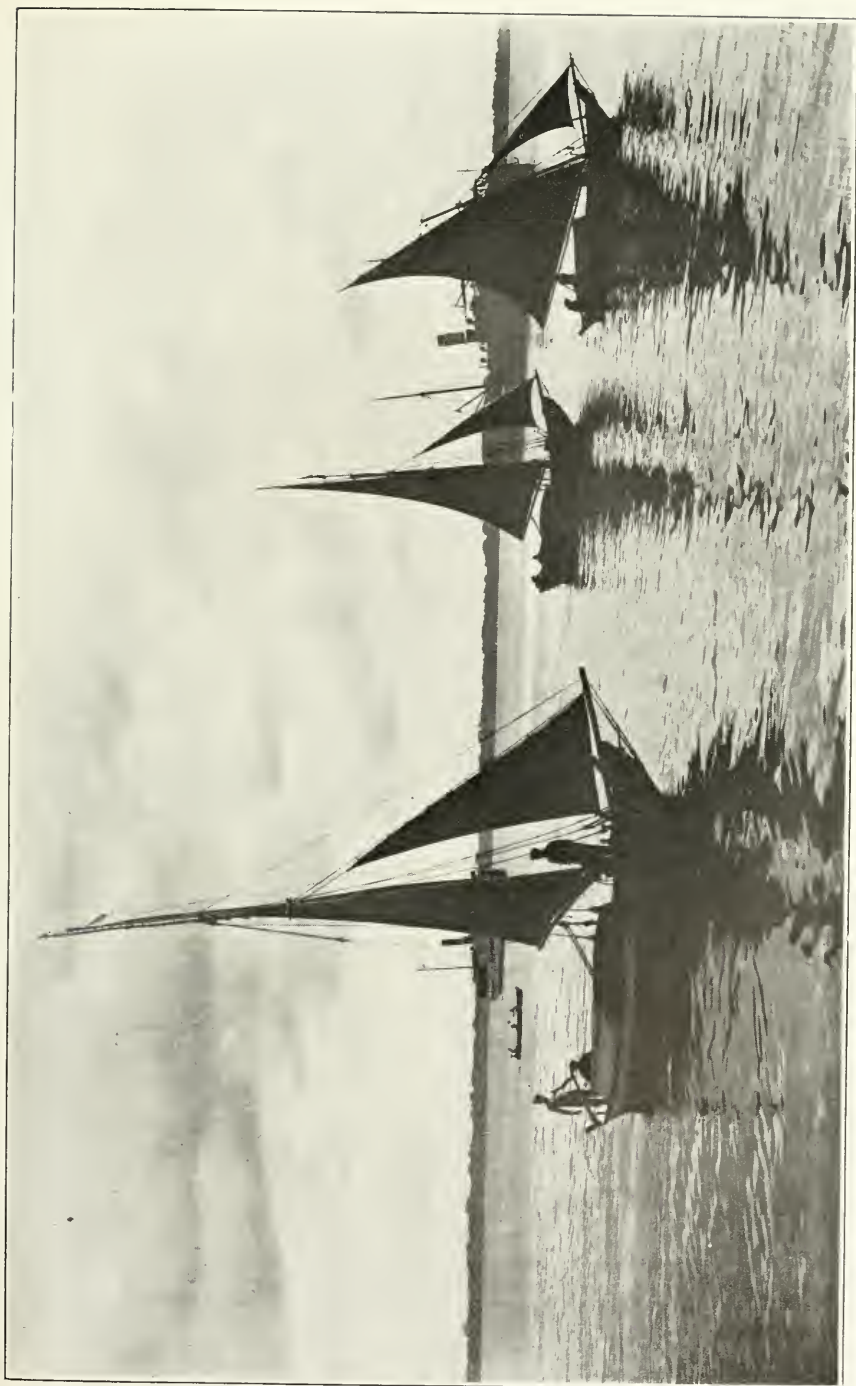
We took care of him until the American ship returned, when he was sent aboard as a passenger, with a statement of his case to the authorities.

The captain of the steamship publicly declared to me he would never take a man back to New York to bring a lawsuit against his ship. Though compelled to take him from Para, I subsequently learned that he was so cruelly treated that he was obliged to leave the ship on arrival at St. Thomas.

He was further quieted by some charges being made against him before the Danish authorities, and allowed himself to be forced into a prison. The records for this case are on file, but there are many similar or worse instances that are not reported, because consuls, as a rule, do not care to antagonize a steamship company carrying their own flag.

It is, however, a well known fact, that a second officer of the same company so cruelly treated a seaman that he jumped or was thrown overboard, and while he swam to an uninhabited island the brutal officer (since promoted to captain) fired shots at the man while swimming for his life.

The popular captain of a ship came to the consulate one warm day to discharge a sick seaman into the Miseracorda Hospital, at Para.



FLUVIAL NAVIGATION ON THE PARÁ RIVER, BRAZIL.

The south arm or estuary of the Pará River is 200 miles long with a width varying from 12 to 40 miles

This vessel had just come up the coast from Rio and was loaded with yellow fever, having buried the husband and one of the ship's officials at a port below, and the wife, two days later at Para (both in my consular district).

I did not insist on personally seeing the sick seaman, as is the custom, and took the captain's word that the man would probably die. He left in my hands a month's back pay which was due him, taking my receipt therefore and the consul's discharge of his man, remarking that it would probably be enough to get him a decent burial.

One can get accustomed to anything, yet I could not quite get rid of some nervousness about yellow fever, though it came before me officially and personally almost every day, like a stalking ghost.

I had almost forgotten about the poor fellow in the hospital or had concluded he had been buried. One day a tall, lank looking figure walked across the consulate floor, like a ghost, which, instead of the conventional white, was literally a yellow ghost. His face was thin and yellow and he looked queerly toward me out of decidedly yellow eyes.

He wore a pair of blue overalls and a closely buttoned dirty linen coat, with which he scantily tried to conceal the naked truth that he had no shirt to cover his yellow skin.

Without speaking a word, he walked to my desk, reached his bony hand over to me, which I was compelled to accept. It was so cold and clammy that I felt my blood chill. I dropped it quickly and instinctively rubbed my own perspiring hands against my trousers.

Seeing my nervousness, he attempted a sickly smile which exposed a row of yellow, grinning, skeleton teeth under the overgrown beard. He was so weak that he could scarcely stand up.

I politely pointed to a chair on the other side of the room, which I urged him to occupy.

I found that his hesitancy in speaking arose not only from weakness, but because he did not know English. He was a German-American. The seamen who had been put ashore with yellow fever to be buried had come to life in the consulate.

His story, too, is on record, and sworn to as I have stated it, supplemented, however, with the unpleasant truth that, before coming to me, he had, as an employe of the American steamship company, urgently appealed to the agent at Para, for his assistance in having him taken away from the dreaded charity hospital where he was compelled to witness so much misery.

He carried the Portuguese doctor's certificate that he was convalescent and should be removed to a more suitable place.

The agent of the company answered the poor man's polite request with a string of vile oaths, that would have blistered the mouth of any one but himself.

He told the trembling convalescent to "Go to hell or back to the hospital where you belong!" This great American steamship company pays port dues here to support that hospital. You go there and board it out. We are not going to pay for your living any place else."

Satisfying myself fully of these facts, I took the man in charge of the consulate, boarding him at a hotel, for less than the daily expense at the hospital.

I also furnished him clothing and some wines, and when he was ready to return, gave him his passage and astonished him by handing him the money that had been deposited with me to pay for his coffin.

The government approved my action, yet the Treasury officials actually disallowed the bill for which I sent vouchers on account of a week's boarding and clothing, because the law and regulations say that I should have deducted all this expense from his own money, which was left to bury him.

The curious bookkeeping of the Department would not pass this bill for a week's boarding of a sick and distressed seaman because he recovered.

It must not be inferred from these illustrations that the cruelty toward seamen is confined to the American company. Unquestionably the abuse exists to the same extent in the English ships, and it is incomparably worse on the Mediterranean steamers that come to the Amazon.

WHAT PEOPLE THINK ABOUT A CONSUL.

Most people imagine it's a fine thing
 A consul to be: representing a republic, a king,
 Or a queen, prince or an emperador
 Or a cannibal chief—if he can be no more—
 And the consul sans doute has at his command
 Unlimited cash, which is always at hand
 To give to all who seek his protection,
 Or with whom his country may have any connection.

They expect him to be a judge and a priest,
 A doctor, a counsellor, and to know something at least
 Of every language that is spoken on earth,
 Write Chinese or translate Welsh; or he's thought nothing
 worth.

Must know of biscuits, medicine and the curing of pork;
 Officiate at marriages and childbirths and do grave diggers'
 work;
 Preach and pray for others; be a timepiece, cure scurvy;
 Straighten American merchants' affairs long turned topsy-
 turvy.

He must know, best of all, the laws of all nations;
 Teach natives the duties which belong to their stations.
 But the consul has no right outside of his office, or in it,
 Neither on board of American ships, or ashore, for a minute.
 He may relax to eat, or to drink, but not to rest or to sleep,
 He pays for others' pleasures and his scant salary can't keep.

He must be jolly or sad ; on occasion, laugh or cry ;
Must be healthy, never sick. None resign and few die.
He must study all sciences, be a "savant ;"
Can never do right, but always is wrong.
When a drunken sailor comes dirty and stinking
Into the consulate, half mad with drinking,
He must be complacent to Jack,
Hand him a chair and about his girl have a crack.

In fact, a consul must know and do everything, or
The general cry is, "What's a consul good for?"
He must not be old, or young, single or married ;
And I really believe that when he is buried
They will still continue to vent all their spleen
Denying him heaven, Sambo or Fiddler's Green.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN EXCURSION WITH THE UPPER FOUR HUNDRED.



It is safe to assert that American consuls with all their shortcomings, receive greater consideration in foreign locations than they get at home.

This is especially true of Latin-American consulates, that people as a rule entertaining a decided preference for those holding "commissions" (or "com-mis-i-own-ees; as they say it) from their governments.

The boycott by the foreign colony, who were not popular with the native element, served to facilitate a good feeling between the would-be ostracized Americano and the better class of Brazilians, as will be illustrated by the reproduction of the following correspondence which was largely copied at home and translated all over Brazil.

* * * * *

"O Consul Americano," in the Portuguese is "The American consul," generally addressed as *senhor consul* and seldom called by name.

This is the custom followed by natives and foreigners in that country—a distinction which the consular representatives of the other nations do not enjoy.

Probably the reason may be found in the fact that other consuls are, as a rule, engaged in trade. The United States is known as the exclusive consul, who is not engaged in other business.

With the exceptions of the American, British and German consuls, the position is a nominal one in Para, being sought by

foreign residents for the honorary title and attendant social privileges rather than for the small compensation attached to the service.

The consuls of all nations resident in Para, except American and English, receive only the small fees that may come to them from the performances of any services to ships of their own nations which call at that port.

The British consul, when engaged in business, is allowed a stipulated sum per annum, which he considers inadequate, though more than double that which the United States consuls receive in the way of salary.

At larger ports the British consul, who gives his entire time to the service, is handsomely remunerated.

The question of consular salaries is an important consideration, which I can only discuss from the isolated standpoint of a personal experience, from which those who are interested in the subject may form their own conclusions.

The department is not entirely responsible for the unjust, if not absurd, inequalities of this service. It is claimed that formerly a committee of Congress regulated the entire matter. Consular salaries were scaled or classified, according to the political judgment of some Congressman who had never been out of his own country and who knew absolutely nothing of the peculiar requirements of this important foreign service.

If a congressman on that committee happens to have a friend to reward or a rival to exile, he will probably have a salary at a certain point increased by the mere preference of a personal request. Having secured this advance, the honorable gentleman, goes to the department and demands as a right that his friend be given the place he has created for him. In this way it frequently happens that of two consuls in the same country, one may receive double the salary of his colleague, who does twice as much work in a more expensive place.

Due regard is not paid to the cost of living at the different ports of the world. It is well known that at some European

ports, where the expense of living is trifling—the only duty the consul performs is the making of the drafts for his salary. On the other hand, a consul in a God forsaken valley of the shadow of death, like Para, has many important duties to perform.

I may be pardoned this digression, but the records will show to the congressional committees that, for the first quarter, I remitted a balance to the Treasury, after deducting salary and expenses from fees received, and by the same mail I sent a receipted board bill to the department, that showed that I had paid within seven dollars of my salary for boarding alone.

A consul is expected to dress becomingly, and to make a respectable appearance as an American gentleman, yet it is impossible for him to do so on his salary.

Congressmen will advance the argument that it is a question of supply and demand, that there are plenty of persons anxious to take places at the salaries they arrange.

This is, unfortunately, too true. Influential and wealthy persons who may have unsettled sons or friends to place look upon the consular service as a most desirable field for their banishment.

A good consul, to render reliable reports, should be well paid and promoted for meritorious service and not be compelled to beg his way, or to depend on charity or make his reports to suit political influence. The remedy seems to be through the adoption of civil service reform in our consular bureau.

An American consul is required by law to subscribe to an obligation that he will not become directly or indirectly interested in any business outside of his official duties.

He must devote his entire time to the service of his country, while resident in a foreign land.

Perhaps our consular service demands greater attention because of the tariff laws which necessitate the certification of all invoices to American ports, as well as the issuance of bills of health, etc.

The time not otherwise occupied is supposed to be devoted to the preparation of reports.

After the performance of my regular duties, I endeavored to eke out an existence by contributing to the press, of which more anon.

As the humble representative of the great sister republic of the United States, the consul at Para received considerable attention from the numerous officials of the place.

In addition to the formal cards that were addressed to the consulate soon after the official recognition and presentation of my exequatur, I enjoyed the distinguished honor of a call at my hotel from the governor. This young Paranesse governor had been an attache of the Brazilian legation at Washington. He was kind enough to say in good English that he had seen me in the press galleries of the Senate, and courteously expressed a desire to do anything officially or informally to make my stay agreeable.

He had imbibed his republicanism while a resident of our country, being among the foremost to advocate the change from the empire, and accepted the office of governor at a time when to do so was thought hazardous.

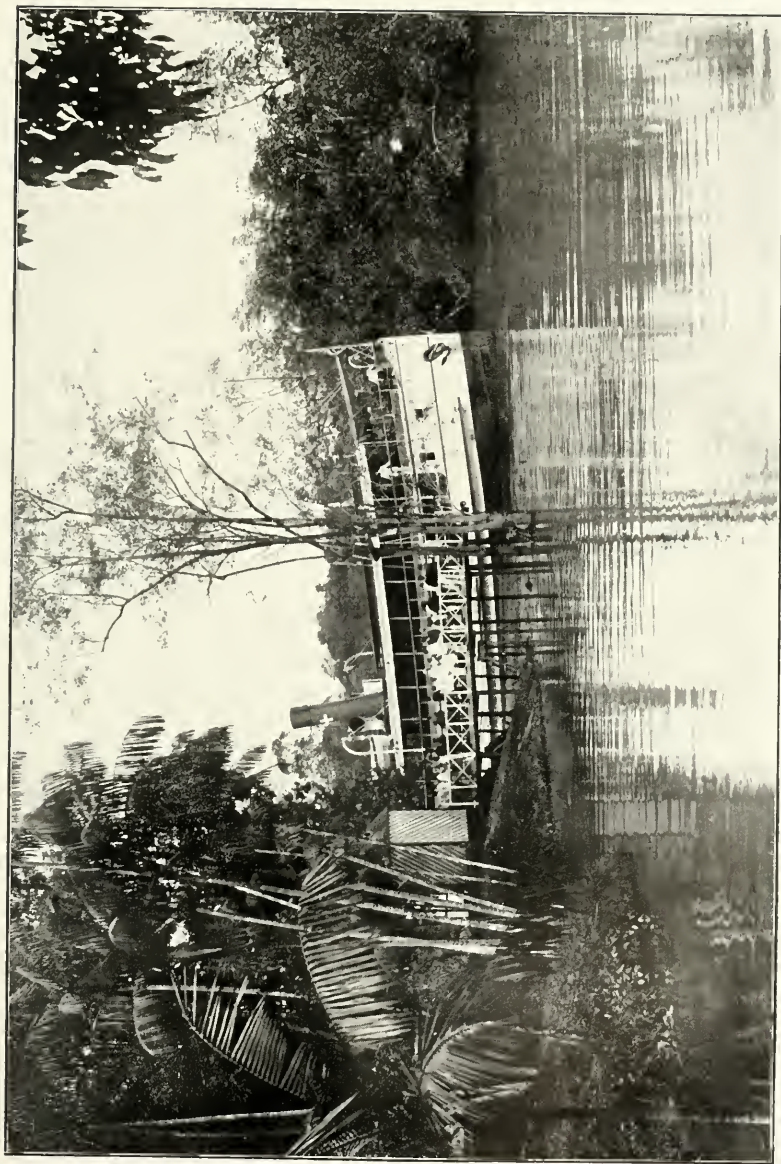
The general in command of the Brazilian army in that department, as also some of his staff, called and courteously invited me to their military headquarters, as a representative of our Grand Army and Loyal Legion.

The consuls of other nations sent their official cards and in many cases called, so that I was made to feel quite indifferent toward the "second rate Englishmen and renegade Americans."

In addition to the courteous reception on the part of the Brazilian officials, it became my privilege to be frequently entertained in their home circles.

To this experience I may not publicly refer as fully as I should like to talk with friends, the instinct of the gentleman overcoming the inclination or training of an American journalist.

It was a pleasant privilege to have met early the accomplished wife and daughters of the manager of the Companhia



Though the Amazon proper is from six to forty miles wide, with an average depth of 100 feet, the islands are frequently so numerous that the main land is not visible. The channels and cut-offs are in many places so narrow that steamers from an opposite direction can scarcely pass.

Mercantil do Para, Senhor Jose Ayres Watrin. This gentleman was among the first to call at the consulate and courteously invite the American stranger to his home circle.

He was educated in Germany, has traveled extensively, and speaks English almost perfectly, and is probably the best versed man in this part of the country on the business of the valley.

I am glad of an opportunity to record my obligations to this cultured Brazilian, for both social and business facilities.

More charmingly delightful and happy homes than those of the Brazilians I have never yet, as a man of the world, found in all my travels. The home life of the better class is absolutely pure and most affectionate. This is the universal testimony of those who have had the good fortune to have reached the inner circles.

In some respects the Brazilians are a very peculiar people. They have their exacting customs.

It has been a common mistake for some foreigners to at once attempt to override the customs of generations, and failing to break down the barrier by a direct attack, they resort to criticism and innuendo. This has had the effect of creating a stronger barrier; and very many gentlemen of refinement, who have been residents for years, have never yet entered a Brazilian home, and therefore can know nothing of the home life which they criticize so severely.

The Brazilian fathers and mothers guard most sacredly their households, and also scrutinize closely the manners and habits of foreigners.

The fact that most of the foreign element of all nations soon become dissipated in this tropical and unhealthy region is one obstacle to a free intercourse with the families.

Perhaps it is the feeling of banishment and the absence of home comforts and the lack of the good influence of the society of ladies that cause these excesses.

A Brazilian of prominence whom I had the pleasure of meeting was the Baron de Ibiapaba, a wealthy and genial old gentle-

man, resident of one of the lower provinces, who visited Para in the interest of a branch of a system of banks throughout Brazil in which he is concerned.

His Para institution is being managed by a nephew, Senhor Cunha, a most accomplished young gentleman, who would be considered quite a catch for one of our pretty blondes, who so admire that type of gentleman, especially as he is a rich baron's protege.

On the occasion of this visit the baron gave a select river party to his Para friends, to which I had the honor of receiving an invitation as consul. The cards were elegant specimens of workmanship, in Portuguese, in the most approved order of the typographical art.

I could not read the card, and on appealing to friends for a translation, I was urged to go, as I should meet the best people of Para. But I did not think it would be much pleasure for me, to get out on the river with a lot of people, be they ever so nice, if I couldn't talk with them.

On the Sunday morning of the excursion, however, I happened to be at the consulate portico, taking in the cool morning breeze from the river. The finest of the Amazon steamers, the *Esperanza* (which means "Hope"), gaily decorated, was lying at the wharf. Bands of music were playing; ladies in elegant summer toilets accompanied by the inevitable mother, father and brothers already aboard, while carriages were rushing down and unloading other ladies and gentlemen at the gang plank.

I concluded to take a closer look at the select, having no thought of going along, until I espied the baron's daughter circulating among her friends on the deck, looking as blooming and fresh after a previous night's ball as the beautiful tropical exotics that bloom in the early morning, under the equator.

She was attired neatly, but as appropriately as are the birds of gay plumage that flourish only on the island of Marajo. Discovering the British consul in the party, I went aboard, and it

didn't require much coaxing on the part of this courteous gentleman to detain me. He kindly offered to see me through.

I was fortunate also in meeting the German consul, Mr. Sesselberg and his wife, an American lady from Poughkeepsie, New York.

The boat steamed off while the band played the Brazilian national hymn, carrying out in the bay as happy and as agreeable a party as it has ever been my lot to meet.

Indeed, I have not the ability to describe this delightful Sunday excursion on the Amazon.

It was composed of the upper "four hundred," the cream of Para society. The governor, vice-governor and all the prominent officials and their families were aboard, as well as representatives of the most important banking and commercial interests. If the boat had sunk, the loss to Para would have been irreparable.

There was, however, an entire absence of formality. Each one seemed to vie with the others in the effort to be agreeable. Indeed, as the American consul, I was overwhelmed with courteous attentions; and so long as life lasts I shall, whenever I hear the song, "A Night in June on the Danube River," recall this day upon the Amazon, with the liveliest sense of appreciation.

The Brazilian people are verbose on toasts and after dinner speeches; when the dinner was served aboard, the vice-governor and senator from Para, Dr. Paes de Carvalho, who, by the way, is a handsome, as well as a most accomplished gentleman, took the trouble to look me up and invite me to a seat at his right.

I begged off on account of my unfamiliarity with the language, which the clever doctor smilingly appreciated and turned me over to my friend, Thedosio Chermont, a brother of the governor, who speaks English fluently.

I soon discovered that the courteous young gentleman had not been a resident in America during three years, as a student at Cornell, for nothing.

He and I at once became companions on this and many other larks. He is a warmhearted and generous friend, as well as an



The Baron's daughter being presented by Colonel Theodosio Chermont to O Consul, who is a little weak-kneed at meeting his affinity.

admirer of America and her institutions, and to his skilful diplomacy I am indebted for many pleasant hours.

The ladies danced with the young gentlemen; the elderly played cards or chatted pleasantly among themselves.

Wine was served in abundance; in fact, all that could be thought of had been anticipated by the baron and his accomplished nephew, so that everything wealth could procure and culture suggest was aboard and at the bidding of the guests.

Fresh oysters were served that had come from Chesapeake Bay on ice.

The menu cards were models of art, being embossed and richly printed in gold and silver.

I really do not know whether the boat went up or down the river, being so much interested aboard that, for the time being, I forgot all about the outside world.

There is this to be said about a Brazilian picnic party on Sunday: Though there was a superabundance of all kinds of iced drinks, there was not a single indication of excess. I cannot put the fact too strongly. It is a truth that impressed itself profoundly upon my mind; as I had expected, after the manner of our own like affairs, to see some of the young members of the party get too hilarious; but there was not a single boisterous word or action; in fact, the Brazilian manners so severely discountenance these exhibitions that to commit such indiscretions practically ostracizes the offender from polite society.

Of course, the blooming exotic danced gracefully, and I imagined she flirted terribly with the governor, who is quite a young and handsome unmarried man.

While standing some distance off, and talking to my friend, Chermont, about the ladies in general, and perhaps, the baron's daughter in particular, I was made almost speechless by the lady in question approaching and smilingly stand right in front of us, while my friend presented me. I have since thought that he quietly signaled over my shoulder for her to come up.

In broken accents, which sounded very sweet to my ears, she expressed her pleasure at meeting an American, and intimated that she was glad that I was not an Englishman. In reply to my question she modestly said she had traveled in England, France and Italy; but had never visited America. When I invited her to our country, offering my services as a guide, she showed an intelligent interest in the great American nation, and hoped she might make some acquaintances among American ladies.

I ventured the observation that she seemed most likely to find a great many friends among the blue-eyed, light-haired gentlemen.

"Oh, yes; I love blue eyes," she said.

As soon as I got home, the first thing I did was to look in the mirror to see the color of my eyes.

When I attempted to compliment her on her popularity among all the foreign people here, she shrugged her shoulders like a French lady, modestly disclaiming any aspirations in that direction.

"Everybody speaks highly of Senhorita," I said, adding that "I had been a very close observer, and had also been making some inquiries; and that the only word that I had heard uttered disparagingly was that perhaps, she might be something of a flirt."

She looked at me with so sweet and sadly reproachful an expression that my heart sank and I really felt at the moment like a culprit guilty of a great indiscretion. She poutingly answered in the deliberate, hesitating way in which she is compelled to study out each English word, "Nao—Senhor—Consul—I—am—not—a—vliirt," then turning those beautiful brown eyes full on me, with an arch look out of the corners, she continued to struggle with the English words that came so provokingly slow and sweet through her smiling lips: "I—must—to—Ameriky—go—to—learn—that."

After the laugh at my expense which followed this happy retort, I managed to gather myself up sufficiently to say that I had never yet seen an American girl to whom she could not give pointers on the art of flirting.

The reader must not retain the impression that the baron's daughter was the only pretty girl in all the gay party. This young lady took my fancy because of her dashing style and sweetly intelligent face, which indicated that she was well born and bred, and because of her resemblance to a dear friend.

There were other ladies present who, no doubt, would be esteemed prettier, notably the Petite Miss Zeta, the youngest daughter of the Portuguese cashier of the English bank. Hers is the ideal type of the Spanish Portuguese beauty. Where the baron's daughter is the blooming exotic, Zeta is the rare and beautiful orchid; quite small, a perfect figure—one of those straight girls whose every movement is beautifully graceful and who can dance like a little fairy—lustrous, black eyes, so large that they give her an expression of sadness, even through the sweet smiles that are always curving her lips in a most inviting way, showing pretty teeth and causing dimples in her cheeks.

Because I had guilelessly expressed my admiration of this young lady in the dance, one of my few English friends brought her on his arm to a distant part of the boat, and astonished me by an introduction. She could not speak a word of English, nor I a word of Portuguese; but I managed to stutter out the weak compliment that her eyes spoke inexpressible words to me.

Perhaps it is an advantage in not being able to speak Portuguese; it is impossible to make love at first sight to these pretty *senhoritas*.

A majority of them will say, with a smile and a bow, when you meet them, "Nao fallo Inglez Senhor;" but I have made the embarrassing discovery that they "comprehendem" sometimes better than they confess.

For instance, in the belief that a certain very attractive lady could not "comprehender" or "fallar Inglez," I ventured to remark to a friend in her presence: "She looks so sweet, I can hardly keep my hands off her;" at which she glanced significantly at her companion, and both smiled audibly, to my embarrassment.

There are three of these charming sisters, who may always be seen together, and by their clinging, affectionate ways, remind one of the three graces.

Miss Ninita, the eldest, is a tall, slender, warmhearted girl of about eighteen, quite accomplished and pleasant. She speaks English and French fairly well, and is highly spoken of by the foreign element here, because of her kindly disposition to make visits to her home agreeable and pleasant.

She has translated Longfellow's "Evangeline" into the Portuguese.

To this young lady's kindly disposition I am indebted for some delightful hours spent in her charming home circle.

She engaged to teach me Portuguese. I gladly offered to give her plenty of opportunity to practice her English on me. And endeavored to repay her kindness by giving her some instruction in American methods.

The smaller sister, Zizi, does not speak anything but Portuguese; but seemed to get a great deal of enjoyment from watching her other sisters entertaining the "consul Americano."

When the American mail brought to Para a number of papers containing this account, with display headlines, "An Excursion of the Upper Four Hundred of Para," with agreeable comments, there was something of a stir in social circles in Para, which I could scarcely understand.

My correspondence for some weeks previous had apparently not attracted much interest, but this social affair seemed to excite that part of the eighty thousand population considerably.

I had committed no breach of the proprieties in publishing my impressions of the excursion, having been careful to consult my Brazilian friends. The baron, who gave the entertainment, personally expressed his gratification at the intimation of his entertainment being made public. Besides this, the matter printed had been submitted to the nephew, and met with his approval, before being mailed.

This is mentioned here that the reader may look farther in these pages for the real cause of the commotion.

Baron de Gondoriz, who is recognized as one of the most prominent citizens and is known as the Rubber King in America and Europe, as well as Brazil, laughingly told me, in reply to my regrets for having thoughtlessly printed the name of the baron's pretty daughter:

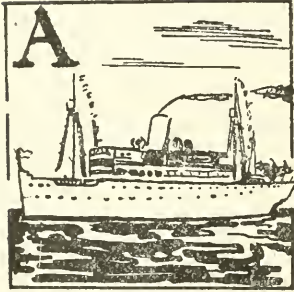
"Oh, the mistake you made was in not printing some of the other ladies' names; they all feel slighted, and take out their revenge on you through the favored lady."

The correspondence was reproduced in Portuguese in Para, and was even copied at Rio, 3,000 miles distant.

The Para paper *Provincia do Para* criticized the consul's correspondence inspired by some of the foreign element whose only motive was prompted by jealousy.

CHAPTER XIX.

REVOLUTION IN PARA—GEOGRAPHICAL OUTLINES OF BRAZIL.



As previously indicated, Brazil covers a greater area than the United States, being in contact with all the other republics of South America, except Chili. Reference to the map will show that South America lies almost entirely to the eastward of the continent of North America. A north and south line drawn along the eastern coast of our country passes along the western coast of South America.

Para is in latitude $1^{\circ} 27'$ S., longitude 48° W. The Amazon valley extends generally due westward for three thousand miles. Figuratively speaking, the point of land of South America farthest to the east is in the middle of the Atlantic, about half way over toward Africa.

As it appears on the maps, this continent may be likened, in geographical outline, to a shoulder of mutton, or a quarter of beef, Patagonia being the soup bone.

It will also be observed that the northern part of the Brazilian coast line, for over three degrees, runs almost east and west, facing toward the north.

The fifty thousand miles of inland navigation of the mighty Amazon and its tributaries, at its outlet, curves toward the north, marking a path in the deep blue of the Atlantic for three hundred miles with its old gold colored water. It may be said to have the appearance of inviting trade from its sister continent, toward which it seems to mark a golden trail.

The Amazon is as near New York as it is to the capital of Brazil at Rio de Janeiro. Northern Brazil, more properly described under the general term of the Amazonian valley, which in itself is an immense country, is in almost all respects entirely distinct from that portion of Brazil lying to the south.

I ventured the prediction, in an official report, that the time would come when northern Brazil would secede from the south, and Amazonia become an independent republic.

There is no inland communication between Rio de Janeiro and the large states of Para, Maranhao, Ceara, Amazonas and the greater part of Matto Grosso, except by ships along the three thousand miles of coast, and adding another thousand miles of the Amazon to reach Amazonas.

Though the American steamship line was withdrawn from this service long since, it seems necessary to refer to it in order to preserve the sequence of the narrative.

As a matter of business, the Amazon valley was not adequately served by the American steamship line. American shippers are indebted to the Booth and former "Red Cross" line of steamships for the large trade they now enjoy in this section, and are yet largely dependent upon these well conducted English ships, and a friendly rivalry is courted which will benefit all parties.

The five American ships, by reason of their subsidy from the Brazilian government, were required to do a general coasting business along Brazil for trade with the United States.

The English people, as a rule, were not friendly toward the new republic.

The agitation of American trade and commerce with this section has seemed in a manner to rouse the British lion from his lethargy, induced by being indulged so long and overfed so well.

The English colony is securely planted. In numbers, they are as ten to one compared with the Americans; and probably, in a business sense, they can compete with us as twenty to one.

As a rule, the managers are personally a pleasant set of gentlemen. They do not assimilate largely with the Brazilians, except in a business way, seldom marrying in this country; in fact, I have understood that in some cases the English firms, to which they are nearly all attached, have stipulated in their contracts with those sent out here that they shall not marry in this country.

On expressing my surprise at such a restriction being placed upon an employe, it was explained that the purpose was to avoid any business complications with the government which might result from there being any citizens of Brazil financially interested in their firms.

The English banks and numerous navigation companies, however, employ a large number of Brazilians, who do not in any way become important factors in the control of their immense business interests in Brazil.

A large number of both English and German commercial travelers are in every city along the coast. These remain year after year in the country, becoming familiar with the language and the people, as well as with the trade.

There were never less than three to five at my hotel in Para, during my residence there, yet I never saw or heard of a single American business agent during this time. Our merchants rely too much on printed reports of the bureau of American republics, which are, as a rule, devoted largely to a few special interests.

In the last days of the empire, under the reign of Dom Pedro II, the Brazilian milreis, the currency of the realm, was equivalent to fifty-four cents gold.

After two years of Republican "dictatorship," the same milreis was worth about twenty-five cents.

These are the undisputed facts and figures, which speak volumes, and "Faks," as Sairy Gamp says, "is stubborn things whitch wunt be druv—not mutch."

Columns have been printed and voluminous official reports circulated which are "calculated," as the Yankees say, to account

for or to explain to outsiders this sure and steady decline in the new republic's finances.

As the United States consul and an old newspaper man, with the reputation of being a keen observer, I was kept in a continual heat, in that perspiring latitude, by trying to keep the government posted on the probable causes for this falling barometer, which seems to portend a financial cyclone. The first glance at a morning paper is at the commercial column, which shows the closing of the previous day's rate of exchange; when two friends meet in the street they discuss in the sun, under their umbrellas, the all important question of "exchange." We get "exchange"—in pounds, shillings and pence for breakfast and dinner, and after dark the clubs gamble on the probable exchange of the following day.

The remarkable feature to a stranger is that all this "exchange" is posted through the English banks which receive their instructions over telegraph wires owned and controlled by English capital in London. Everybody seems to accept, without question, the quotations that come from headquarters in this manner. However, as the "Consul Americano," at Para, I did not fret about such matters, as the only financial transaction that the consul is at all concerned in personally consists in exchanging all of his salary for his boarding. I will not attempt to ventilate any financial views. Opinions are just as plentiful and as cheap in Brazil as in America, and the intelligent readers understood fully that printed opinions do not make them any more reliable.

When a physician visits a patient, his first move is a quiet reach for the pulse. With watch in hand, he intently counts the beats, paying but little attention to the rambling talk or, perhaps, beseeching glance of the sick person. So it is with sick nations, which need to be doctored, the physician is the capitalist who examines the pulse, which is likened to the exchange or gold rate, and makes his recommendation and prescriptions according to the healthfulness of the body politic as thus indicated.

It is well known that the "revolution" which overthrew Dom Pedro II did not come from or through the people, but was con-

ceived and executed by the officers of the army, the populace, however, promptly giving its adherence to the new order of things. This placed General Deodora Fonseca, of the Brazilian army, at the head of the new government as military dictator, for a probationary period of one year, during which time elections were ordered, and all the preliminary formulas promulgated, constitutions adopted and other necessary steps taken to put the new republic on a solid basis.

General Fonseca was subsequently elected President, not by the people, but by the newly organized congress at Rio de Janeiro. The governors of the different states were likewise chosen by the various state legislatures, which were elected by the people.

It will be seen that in this regard their constitution is not modeled after our own. It is claimed that subsequent elections for the executive officials will be by the vote of the people.

An election in those countries frequently means a revolution. Their conception of civil service reform is to go for the office holder with a gun to create a vacancy. In this code of examination it is the best shot who wins the prize.

An election held in the state of Para, during my incumbency, resulted in the choice of all the candidates of the "ins." The "outs" loudly charged that the election was wholly fraudulent. At the time there was considerable excitement in and about the city of Para, it being conceded by the "ins," or Republicans, that the new election laws practically gave them the power to "control" the vote.

An ominous quiet prevailed during the few weeks subsequent to the election, but it appears that an extensive and widespread revolutionary conspiracy had been secretly organized by the opposition party, the object of which was to prevent by violence the seating of the so-called "fraudulently elected" delegates, and putting the defeated candidates in their places. The avowed purpose was to thus organize the first republican legislature of the state of Para, which would immediately elect their leader Miranda as the governor, and then claim recognition by the general government at Rio.

The new state assembly was to be organized at the government palace on June 11. On the day preceding, at about two o'clock in the morning, a body of some two hundred men moved silently through the narrow, dark and crooked streets of Para, toward the police barracks.

It should be explained here that the police battalion of Para were regularly drilled, armed and uniformed after the manner of the military, and, of course, commanded by the usual large complement of officers. There is also a "mounted" or cavalry police squadron.

These are under the sole control of the state, which is practically the municipal government of Para, and which pretends to be independent of the general government at Rio.

There is also quartered in the city a battalion of the fifteenth regiment of the regular Brazilian army, and in the harbor a couple of small gunboats, all under command of officers of that army, who are likewise independent of the state's government.

As previously outlined in my reports and correspondence, there had been innumerable street skirmishes between these two armies on account of petty jealousy, engendered by this immature state rights conflict resulting usually in the wounding of one or two, and of the alarming of the entire populace.

The state government depended largely upon their police force, which were comfortably quartered in the barracks, adjoining the palace.

The revolutionists were under the leadership of a hot-headed young man, who, it appears, by the subsequent testimony, precipitated the revolution and probably by his impulsive movement prevented greater success. Instead of boldly assaulting the barracks, the leader alone approached the sentry who was on guard at the gates. He was evidently an expected visitor, as he was cordially received by the sergeant of the police guard. After a short conference between these two worthies, the leader signaled for his revolutionary army to advance. The sergeant took his sentry off his guard, and two hundred men rushed into the bar-

racks disarmed the remaining guards and seized all the arms and ammunition that had been so carefully housed there to be used against just such an expected attack.

The disgraceful feature of the affair is that nearly all these especially selected loyal police soldiers immediately joined the rebels, energetically aiding the enemy in their seizure of the garrison. The officers of this police battalion behaved in a cowardly manner, concealing themselves under their bed clothing in their rooms on the corridors above, from which they afterwards safely witnessed the proceedings without in any way offering any resistance.

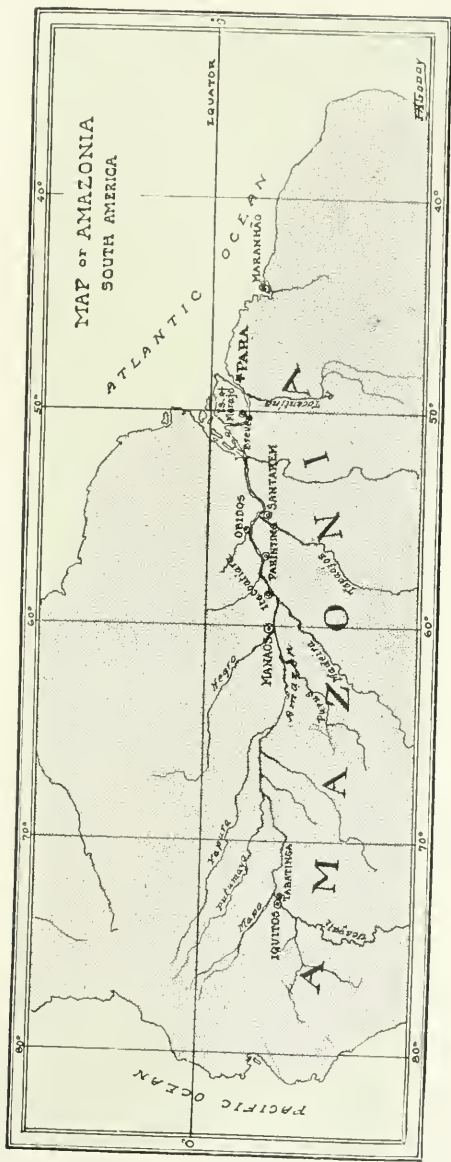
Thus strongly reinforced by the uniformed and drilled police, the revolutionary army well equipped for dangerous rioting, marched out, after first impressing into their service the brass band attached to this battalion.

This was only one of the many silly mistakes made in consequence of the want of proper leadership.

Instead of going quietly about to add to their strength the recruits that are always ready for such occasions, the revolutionists paraded the streets of the city, accompanying the music of the band by shouts and threatening language, thereby created a feeling of apprehensiveness, instead of enlisting encouragement.

The home of their leader and intended governor was visited. The band serenaded, while the expectant crowd waited to welcome their new governor; but the "governor" was not equal to the emergency, or else, disapproving of the movement, he declined to make an appearance.

The mob was largely increased by the half Indian and negro populace that had been aroused by the confusion in the streets, but, alas! they had no real leader, and, as is usual in such cases, they withdrew in some confusion and disorder from the city streets, and entered a thicket or jungle in a swampy suburb, from which they were subsequently hunted down by the military, after a spirited resistance, during which five of the regular soldiers were wounded. Though somewhat exaggerated stories are re-



lated as to the large casualties of the rebels, it is not officially known what number were killed or injured.

From their well covered retreat it is probable the fatalities were less than that of the soldiers, who occupied more exposed places, though at a very safe distance. No attempts were made at a charge or rout of the rebels.

In the meantime, while this idle skirmishing was being kept up in the outskirts, the recently elected republican assemblymen (or as they term themselves here congressmen) were brought together at the palace, and at nine o'clock of that day, in silence and with many of their bronzed faces blanched with terror, they assembled in their hall and were hurriedly sworn in. This was the first republican congress of Para organized under the protection of the numerous cannons that had been placed in the largo, or square, surrounding the government buildings.

One of the most popular as well as influential gentlemen is my friend Col. Theodosio L. Chermont, a Brazilian-American. Though not an American citizen, he was by special provision approved as the vice-consul of the United States at this point. In criticising the Brazilian character Col. Chermont and a number of other Paraneses of his high standing are always excepted. This gentleman, early in the fray, interested himself as a peacemaker, and became the commissioner or ambassador between the governor in the palace and the rebels in the woods, and, through his tact and diplomatic management, peace was restored and a probable revolution arrested through the arbitration of the United States consulate. A number of arrests were made, and the balance of the insurgents disappeared, but at times their ghosts yet haunt the people of Para.

CHAPTER XX.

IMMIGRATION TO BRAZIL.



NOTE.—Though the following pages on immigration were written some time ago, the conditions remain relatively the same.

Those interested in the subject are advised to procure from the bureau, or the Brazilian embassy at Washington, or any Brazilian consul, the valuable little booklet by J. C. Oakenfull, entitled, "Brazil in 1909," published by the Brazilian government commission of propaganda and distributed gratis.

While it gives more attention to southern Brazil than the American region, the little book contains much valuable information.

The character of information that is cheerfully supplied to consuls by these Latin governments is indicated by the official circulars they put out to induce foreign immigration.

These are attractively got up, very much after the manner of our own boomers' publications.

From a large supply of data furnished by the government officials, I extract the following brief points.

Brazil desires and endeavors to stimulate European immigration to her territory.

It is well known that the European immigrants coming to the new world generally seek the north and south temperate zones, while Brazil, which lies almost entirely within the tropics, receives hardly any.

Since the abolition of slavery in Brazil, through the proclamation of Dom Pedro's daughter as regent in 1888, the large

planters of southern Brazil have found difficulty in obtaining enough laborers for their needs.

The immigration law therefore has the southern Brazilian planters especially in view and it is very poorly adapted for attracting immigrants to the Amazon valley.

The general plan of government aid is :

The subsidizing of transatlantic steamship lines which bring a minimum of ten thousand immigrants per year to Brazil; the payment of third class passage for such immigrants on certain conditions; the granting of lands to capitalists or corporations for the purpose of founding colonies of immigrants; the granting of stipulated amounts of money to said capitalists and corporations for the construction of houses and roads; payment of return passage to Europe for the widows and children of immigrants who may die within a year after arrival in Brazil, and for persons maimed by accident within six months after arrival.

The law contemplates both the old planters who may wish to people their plantations with foreigners and also speculators who may wish to go into the colonization business; but aside from these two channels, the law offers no help to foreigners coming to Brazil. And in these two similar cases the aid is only for agricultural laborers and their families, and for artisans and house servants, not including their families.

It will be seen that the law was made for the Brazilian capitalist and the old slave holding planter, and not from pure, unselfish love for the immigrant.

It will be seen also that in such a case the Brazilian proprietor in the south has in his hands almost unlimited means for oppression and extortion. A forty acre farm of wild land, thus bargained for in a foreign country, with a mortgage of at least double its value to begin with and, in case of poor crops or sickness, ejection with loss of half the amounts paid, is hardly worth going five thousand miles to find, unless one is in a pretty bad fix at home. It would be white slavery without the independence and irresponsibility of a slave.

As already stated, the plan is not at all suited to the Amazon valley in its present conditions.

From a communication to the department, which may be had upon application, consisting of a translation of a series of articles published in the daily newspaper, "A Republica," entitled, "Land Property Titles in Para," it will be evident that with land so cheap and so available for those who wish to buy, no sane man if he knew all the facts, would submit to the conditions of that law for the paltry amount required to pay his third class passage across the ocean.

Besides, the tracts of land available for immediate settlements, as I subsequently ascertained by visits, are narrow, frequently interrupted stretches along the margins of the water-courses. The upland of the Amazon valley is still untouched except in a few little spots. It is too far from the rivers, and the only roads are the rivers. In fact, nobody knows much of anything about the upland, except that it is for the most part an unbroken and almost impenetrable forest.

The low lands, where the yearly floods prevent the growth of forest, are magnificent grazing lands; but the small farmer with fifty or a hundred cattle would be at a great disadvantage. His house would be on the narrow, elevated margin of the river channel, out of the reach of the annual flood. His pasture land is back of his house on a lower level, and under water from one to three months in the year.

He must generally have some higher land somewhere, perhaps ten miles away across the flats (*varzea*), back of the bluffs that border the river plain, for the high ground on which his house stands is forest and affords no pasture. He must also have money enough to hire a steam tug and a barge to take his cattle to this distant land (*terra firma*), if the flood rises suddenly, as it often does.

During my visit up the Amazon the floods were rather higher than usual; and for the lack of means for transporting cattle that were unexpectedly imprisoned on the narrow ramparts be-

tween the river channels and the flood plains, it is estimated that over thirty thousand head of neat cattle and five thousand horses and mules died of starvation and pestilence on the lower Amazon above the delta.

Large fortunes have been made, and still larger ones may be made, in herding in the Amazon valley; but it is not immediately available for immigrants. If people of limited means ever succeed in it to any extent, co-operative methods, or at least organized methods, must be resorted to in order to be able to escape the disasters of the unexpectedly sudden rise of the floods and their occasional extraordinary rise.

The agricultural possibilities of the Amazon valley are large. The soil is fertile and there are never any droughts, or frosts or grasshoppers. But the products are mostly tropical. The almost exclusive breadstuffs of the temperate zones will not grow in the Amazon.

Wheat, barley, oats and rye grow rank as far as straw is concerned, but produce no kernels of grain. Potatoes grow well, and of excellent quality, but the yield is exceedingly small. Corn yields abundantly, but it is used for food only when other food fails; because it is too "heating" to the blood.

A hunk of "Johnny cake" as big as one's fist will produce an eruption like nettlerash all over one's body within twenty-four hours after eating it. Foreign corn eaten here does not produce any such effect.

Consequently rice and mandioca are the only breadstuffs that will ever be raised in the valley. Rice grows spontaneously and mandioca—which is the bread of the country—with almost no cultivation except cutting and burning off the brush and sticking the joints of mandioca stems into the ground. Six or eight months later the roots are pulled up and made into meal (farinha).

As it has not the phosphatic elements that make wheat the prime breaststuff of the world, the Amazon valley, in spite of the richness of its soil, will always be a gradually increasing market for our wheat flour.

Sugar cane grows luxuriantly. In many places it is only necessary to burn off the grass and reeds and scatter pieces of sugar cane stalks over the surface of the ground. They will sprout and take root without being planted in the ground, and will yield two crops a year for a dozen years without cultivation and without replanting. That, of course, is on low land. On high land the cane "runs out" in four or five years, and begins to produce an inferior quality of sugar. The cane field is then burned over and a new crop planted.

But the price of labor is so high since the rubber fever began that it does not pay to make sugar. Nearly all the sugar cane is turned into rum, but even so, it supplies only a small part of the rum consumed in the valley.

Bananas and oranges and a great variety of other edible fruits grow in greatest abundance and with very little labor.

Coffee grows luxuriantly, but is said to be of a quality inferior to that produced farther south.

The only agricultural product exported from the Amazon valley is cacao, which goes largely to France. Chocolate is manufactured from this seed by roasting and grinding. Its culture is very remunerative, and it gives quick returns for outlay.

The trees begin to bear in paying quantities at three years of age, and are still vigorous and productive a hundred years later. The labor of planting is slight, and the after care is simply to keep parasitic plants from the branches and gather the fruit. The foliage forms so dense a shade that no form of vegetation will spring up in a cacao orchard after the trees are five or six years old. The only weeds are those which grow on top of the trees, and these are easily destroyed.

The cacao orchards which I saw were nearly all on low land. It has not yet been proved that cacao would yield profitably on high land. When there is lack of rain at the fruiting season, or the floods fail to reach high enough to fill the soil with water, the crop is a failure. Irrigation, however, would be easy on the lands where cacao is raised. This crop will always be one of the

most valuable for the Amazon farmer, who can have his cacao orchard on the elevated river front and his cattle and rubber tree plantations on the low flood plains, between the river and the distant hills.

Cotton grows well and yields a fair quality of fiber, but as yet it has not been planted to any great extent, especially since rubber gathering began to call away so large a part of the population.

The remains of the American colony at Santarem, which I visited, however, are planting cotton and are bringing from the United States the machinery for working it into white cotton cloth.

The experiment is being tried not without some misgivings, and with a good outlay of American pluck that has already braved unnumbered difficulties in many new and untried industries, only to find that most of them had some drawback that made them impracticable.

It will be remembered that the American colony at Santarem was composed of southerners, principally from Alabama and Mississippi, who came out to Brazil at the close of the civil war and settled at Santarem, a most beautiful location, five hundred miles up the Amazon at the mouth of the Tapajos River, but it has not been a success, notwithstanding the favorable, if not flattering, reports that were published by the Scribners in regard to the enterprise.

As these Americans were located within my consular district I had every opportunity for getting the dark side of their experiences. Everything is done differently in Amazonia than with us, the climatic conditions requiring this.

An immigrant would have to learn everything from the beginning, and the probabilities are that he will "die a learning," as the Brazilians say. One thing is pretty sure. If he doesn't learn quickly and does not possess a faculty of adapting himself gracefully to adverse circumstances, he will soon declare Amazonia to be the most God forsaken land under the sun, notwithstanding its rich soil, warm climate and immense resources.

CHAPTER XXI.

FIESTA OF NAZARETH.



ONE of the most interesting of the many religious festivals is that of "our Blessed Lady of Nazareth," the patron saint of Para.

Though unfamiliar with the early history of this favorite saint, I bear willing testimony to the universal and joyous observance of the anniversary fiesta in one of which I became a happy participator. The tradition is that, ever so many hundred years ago, Our Lady of Nazareth performed some astonishing miracles, such as the rescuing of shipwrecked Portuguese mariners, the healing of lepers, and I believe also the raising from the dead.

As she continues to exercise this godly supervision over Para, it goes without saying that our lady is a prime favorite and receives as great adoration of those who worship her as does the Virgin Mary.

The evening previous to the beginning of the fiesta, a procession or rather a surging mob, composed of the half dressed, dark skinned populace of the lower class, escort from the church in Nazareth to the bishop's church of old Para, a distance of two and a half miles, the effigy representing Our Lady of Nazareth in the diminished caricature of an overdressed modern doll baby.

This doll being ceremoniously deposited with the bishop, the crowd disperses to spend the night in preliminary enjoyment. Early the following morning the populace, to the number of at least fifty thousand persons, attired in all sorts of gala holiday costumes, assemble at the bishop's church to take part in the grand escort accompanying the return of the doll to the Nazareth church.



CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

From a photograph taken on the day of unveiling, March 13, 1904.

This colossal bronze statue stands on the summit of the Andes, three miles above sea level. The inscription on its base is as follows: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Chileans and Argentines shall break the peace which, at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain."

Sculptor, Mateo Alonso, a young native of Argentina.

During this day all business in Para is suspended, the streets through which the procession passes are profusely decorated, the windows, doors and balconies being occupied by the more refined people. Everybody from the governor down to the humblest native, dresses in his best.

The military, with brass band, accompany the surging mob, who crowd along the narrow streets all seeming to be anxious to get as near as possible to the carriage of state in which a priest rides, carrying in his hands the huge doll, which he holds up to view to the intense gratification of the populace.

The carriage is drawn by men and women, it being accorded a special privilege to be selected to take hold of the long rope.

Immediately following the effigy comes a ghastly, and at the same time ridiculous, feature of the odd display, in the way of models of widely different characters intended to represent the numerous miracles or cures that have been performed by this saint.

Next comes a lifeboat, said to be the identical craft in which the ten mariners were preserved for many weeks without food or water and finally guided by the unseen lady to Para.

A coffin or two which are carried along with the procession are intended to prove that the former occupants were raised from the dead. But the most remarkable exhibit is the great number of wax models of arms, legs, and heads exposed to the hot sun which almost melts them over the bareheaded men and women that carry them. Each model is molded and painted in colors in a ghastly way, to represent the horrible and, some cases truly disgusting sores, of which they were cured by this good saint. A room adjoining the church is used as an anatomical museum, wherein these models are deposited or melted down for future use.

The better class of devotees ride in carriages in which are carried little Nazareth saints, numerous children dressed in virgin white; dark skinned pickaninny angels, with quivering uncertain wings, sky blue stockings and red shoes, carrying in their hands religious emblems.



During the carnival, ladies and gentlemen of the best family connection who seldom appear in public, wear the fancy dress and mask at the several balls in the large Teatro de Paz.

On each occurrence of this anniversary, which is happily arranged for that season of the year when the rains are less frequent than at other times, the people of Para of the better class who do not take an active part in the religious festivities make it the occasion for a general interchange of good feeling, pretty much as with us during Christmas holidays.

It is the only week of the year when it is permissible for ladies to appear at night unattended by their parents.

The large square in front of the Nazareth church is filled with fancy booths, gaily decorated, in which all manner of holiday wares are exhibited and most vociferously auctioned off. A majority are gambling booths. No attempt is made to conceal the almost universal practice, from which source the church is supposed to profit.

Bands play alternately in different parts of the grounds. Platforms are erected on which the natives dance to the monotonous tom-tom of the tambourine.

The houses of residents fronting this square are always leased or opened to the public on this occasion, and are usually occupied as restaurants or used for refreshments or gambling purposes.

The brilliantly lighted square—enlivened with music from the lively booths and the noisy but happy attendants enjoying the delightful promenade on the broad stone sidewalk, make a charming spectacle. Here the ladies of the better classes are on this occasion at liberty to walk with gentlemen, who thus have the opportunity once a year to make love to the pretty *senhoras* while promenading under wide spreading mango trees, or sitting under the tall, graceful palms inhaling the fragrance of the cinnamon or the perfume of the tropical flowers wafted on the heavy air from the neighboring gardens.

It is a scene that I cannot accurately describe. The happy memory remains as a lasting impression on my mind. With all the discomforts of a life in that region one becomes so fascinated by the recollection that he longs to repeat the happy experience of the Nazareth fiesta.

Of course, the baron's pretty daughter, as the acknowledged belle of Para, circulated during these fiesta evenings, always accompanied by a bevy of her dark eyed associates, with whom she had attended school in Lisbon and Paris. It was on these glad occasions that she so sweetly smiled upon the forlorn consul Americano and in her ladylike manner made him feel quite at home in the crowd.

Here also I was privileged to promenade almost nightly with the pretty Zeta on one arm and her sister Zizi on the other, while the charming Ninita, on the arm of a banker friend, was always near enough to interpret for me.

I could not talk love in the limpid Portuguese to these senhoras; at least they laughed at my attempts and pretended not to understand my English, but I am quite sure they knew very well what I tried to say. I really could not decide which of the two I admired most. I have since been told that everyone attending the fiesta was as uncertain as myself as to which of the many senhoras the consul would take to America.

This continued free advertising, of course, made the consul somewhat notorious in Para. When walking along the streets people would stop and turn around to look at the terrible "O Consul Americano."

Whenever the consul attended a theatre or a ball, he became in a sense the "observed of all observers." I do not refer to this in any spirit of vanity because, as a matter of fact, I was being severely criticized.

CHAPTER XXII.

A NIGHT ON THE AMAZON WITH THE BOYS.



THAT "comparisons are odious" is a correct saying I realized by making myself odious through publishing as a disinterested journalist, by way of contrast with the Brazilian Sunday excursion, a truthful account of a night party on the river, with a delegation of foreigners.

It had been generally announced that on the arrival of the new steamer *Seguranca*, of the United States and Brazil Mail Steamship Company, commonly known as the American Line, there was to be given a grand reception on board.

The talk on the part of the manager, during the days previous to the arrival of the *Seguranca*, was emphatic and loud to the effect that "We Americans are going to show these people how to do things up in style."

The governor and staff, as well as the municipal officials and ladies, the prominent merchants and shippers were to be taken out to the new steamer on a chartered tug, with the usual display of bunting, and brass band accompaniments, and we were to sit down to an informal banquet.

In anticipation of the grand event, I, as an American deeply interested in the success of a specially American display, laid my plans carefully for a happy evening, and, in fact, I enclosed to the baron a written invitation for himself and his charming daughter to become the guest of the "Consul Americano," on board of the American ship.

I laid awake at night thinking over the good time I should have, as the favored escort of the beautiful *senhorita*, on this occasion, of how I should sit by her at the banquet and talk of the

good things we had to eat in America, of which this was only a sample of the "joys we have tasted" in the way of oysters, ice cream and soda water.

Imagine my discomfiture on being advised, the day previous to the arrival of the much talked about American ship, that the proposed reception on board had been declared off.

In this case the agent had reckoned without his host, as the captain of the *Seguranca* had cabled from a lower port a message that scattered cold water, instead of champagne, on the proposed guests.

The explanation was offered that, on account of her limited stay in this port, the entertainment was to be postponed to a later date.

Though no announcement had been made in the press concerning the entertainment, the fact of the postponement being published as a card, it seemed to excite the curiosity of those meddling people who want to know the why and wherefore of everything.

It was the general comment that the American steamer was being pushed by one of the English ships which was following her up the coast, and hoped to reach Para in her company and take cargo away from her, and race with her from Para to New York.

The English ship was the *Paraense* which had been described as one of the "tramps." Though twenty-one years old, she was considered to be a fast old girl; and, in fact, the race did come off, and the American beat the tramp in a race of three thousand, three hundred miles, arriving in quarantine only two hours ahead of her, though both sailed out of the Amazon together. The American made three stops on this, her first voyage, and perhaps did not do her best.

Notwithstanding the "postponement," a number of choice spirits of the town, composed of gentlemen only, including the consul, were invited aboard in the evening.

The party of happy and companionable fellowships, required no outside stimulant to add to their enjoyment.

We were courteously received on board by Captain James R. Beers, who, as an old and frequent visitor to this port, is well known and universally popular.

After an inspection of the beautiful ship, the elegance of her adornments and fittings being especially admired by the English gentlemen of our party, who were mostly connoisseurs in this direction, we were invited to the luxuriously furnished saloon. Here was laid before us a lavish abundance and variety of good things, and a tasteful display, in the way of table decorations, that I have seldom seen equaled, and that certainly has not been excelled at that port.

It was my good fortune to be seated at the table with my good Para friend, Chermont, the brother of the governor. As previously stated, this gentleman was educated at Cornell and speaks English perfectly.

He is evidently a born politician, as he can make good speeches on the spur of the moment, easier than any Brazilian here, and that is saying a good deal, for all the prominent people are speakers.

I supposed, from the previous postponement, that there was to be merely an informal lunch, and was not prepared for the "feast of reason and flow of soul" thrust upon me.

I was surprised to see my friend Chermont rise in his place and, with glass in hand, begin to speak in Portuguese. In a moment everything in the crowded dining saloon, where the lady passengers also sat down with us, became hushed, and the closest attention was given to the handsome Brazilian orator. I did not understand a single word he said, though I applauded him as vigorously as the rest, because I took it on faith as good talk, knowing he was a friend of America.

The little ripple of excitement that followed rather increased my appetite, and I became so deeply immersed in the enjoyment of a turkey bone that I failed to observe that, over on the other side of the saloon, Captain Beers was on his feet, seemingly, talking. But Captain Beers' voice on the bridge in a storm and

Captain Beers at dinner, in the presence of a select crowd of ladies and gentlemen around his own table, are two different persons.

I did not hear a word he uttered, and was struggling away at the bone, when my vis-à-vis observed:

"Come; that's you."

On glancing up, I was surprised to see that Captain Beers had disappeared, and apparently everybody was looking at me. Somebody in my rear, sotto voce, observed:

"Get up, consul, the captain calls on you to respond to Chermont's toast."

Others alongside added encouragingly:

"Chermont paid a high tribute to the United States, and you are the representative at this place. Now's your chance to distinguish yourself. Go in, old boy."

Well, Great Scott! The idea of my making a speech, and especially of such an unworthy son being called upon publicly to represent our great government. It was such a surprise to me that it completely took away my breath.

I merely blushed and bowed, but was too badly rattled to trust myself on my feet; and muttered that I couldn't make a speech, even if I were on the gallows and my life were to be saved by such an effort.

I promised to write them one, however, and I am now trying to keep my word.

I succeeded in preserving the dignity of the position by a discreet silence, and though some criticism was made by a few who perhaps hoped to enjoy a failure, and my refusal to talk was commented upon as being exceptional, etc., I was subsequently complimented as having made the best speech of the many that were uttered on that occasion.

This unexpected demonstration entirely took away my appetite. Indeed, if there had been the least opportunity, I should have been tempted to run away; but we were out on the river. An escape was impossible, and I sat it out in silence.



Courtesy of Director-General John Barrett, of Pan-American Union.

RUBBER GATHERER'S HOME ON THE UPPER AMAZON.

Not succeeding in getting the new consul to make a debut, the leading spirits determined that somebody should pay the penalty of a speech for the government, and called upon the former vice-consul, a well known resident of Para. This gentleman is always present at such affairs, and has had considerable practice in this direction.

He was so astonished and overcome by this spontaneous selection as second choice that he was almost too full for utterance. However, with hands resting on the two chairs beside him, he succeeded in delivering himself of a speech.

As a preliminary, he observed that he was no longer in the "diplomatic corps," and did not think that he should be called upon to do the talking, especially as he was not a politician, but only one of the boys, ready to do his part, etc.

This rather weak attempt at sarcasm served to loosen my tongue sufficiently to permit me to say, sotto voce, that it was too bad he had been serving in the nominal position of a vice-consul for six years, under the false impression that he was in the diplomatic corps, and that he had demonstrated before these people that he was a better politician than I, as he could make a speech and I could not.

When he sat down, apparently exhausted by the effort, the boys spontaneously broke the heavy silence that followed by singing the sad refrain, to the familiar tune of "We won't go home till morning."

"Oh, he was a jolly good fellow,
He was a jolly good fellow,
He was a jolly good fellow,
And Jingo was his name.
Boo boo bah."

All joined in this chorus, and for awhile the cabin of the good ship rang with the merry bass voices of the boys, no doubt to the astonishment of the ladies.

After a number of toasts had been drunk, and speeches made by nearly all who were present, the crowd adjourned to the captain's room, for a smoke.

The captain's cabin, in this ship, is a large and luxuriously furnished room in the forward part of the deck. Here the jolly Captain Beers was on deck and himself again, and right royally and courteously did he entertain his guests in his own room.

It goes without saying that Captain Beers has more good friends in Para than even his steamship company, especially among the Brazilians, as well as with the foreigners, and the many expressions of good will to him come from sincere hearts.

It would be unfair to attempt to describe too minutely the many funny and jolly scenes that were enacted on the deck of the *Seguranca* that night, on the bosom of the broad Amazon.

Old men, whose heads were gray, and who at home or in business affairs were severely dignified, became as little children, and toasted indiscriminately with the "boys" who may have been their clerks.

There was only the southern moon to look on our pranks and, by the way, the moon is one of the best things they have in Para. Like the sun, it is very close to us.

While in the captain's room, I discovered that the jolly tar wore on his coat lapel the small buttons of the G. A. R. and Loyal Legion.

These emblems are common in our country, but here, on the Amazon river, three thousand miles away from home, I had found a new charm in the little emblems. The old veteran sailor we were honoring was a comrade, and under such impulses as those only can appreciate who have served in a war, I took his hand, and pointing to the badge on his breast, told the assembled foreigners that they were being entertained by an American nobleman; that the Loyal Legion button on his coat proved that his breast had been bared in the defense of his country, and that the only aristocracy we had was that which entailed the privilege to our children of being listed on this grand roll of honor.

I proposed good health and a happy old age to Captain Beers who helped to save his country and is now again serving to ad-

vance her prosperity as the commander of the finest American ship carrying the American flag to Para.

“There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lovers’ knots, I ween;
The boy and the girl are bound by a kiss;
But there was never a bond, dear friends, like this:
We have drunk from the same canteen.”

This sort of thing lasted until the wee small hours, just before the ship sailed, when we re-embarked on the tug, and, with cheers and shouts, parted company.

On the tug there was a grand tumbling match. Dignified men lay down on the deck and kicked and squalled like infants. that sadly needed a spanking. Hats were thrown about as balls.

I take this opportunity to say that the better class of the foreign element of Para is, with some exceptions, composed of pleasant and courteous gentlemen; but they will have their good times without regard to consequences, and it is this fact that militates against their more general entry into the genuine Brazilian society.

Perhaps they do not care for this. The poor fellows who are banished here, in a most inhospitable climate, and are deprived of all the comforts of home life, and have to pay excessively for the mere necessities of life, which they may be able to extract from a miserable existence under the tropics, are to be excused for occasional indulgences when genial spirits from God’s country visit them.

I do not claim by any means to be a model and am not addicted to dissipation, but I confess to having experienced, when I first came here, an inclination toward strong drink, such as I had never previously felt at home, which seems to indicate this appetite is peculiar to the climate and surroundings.

Probably it came from a desire to drown one’s sense of loneliness, and of exile, by the use of stimulants, but in this climate it is very dangerous to indulge in alcoholic spirits.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RUBBER, CACAO AND S. S. SUBSIDIES.



HOSE who have read these pages will naturally wonder why it is that so many people contrive to live in what seems to be so undesirable a location, when it is known that there are plenty of other more agreeable and healthful lands in South America.

The reason may be summed up in the one expressive, if inelegant word, "lucre," filthy lucre, or greed of gain.

Precisely the same incentive is bringing and keeping people in this country that made them brave dangers and overcome obstacles in their early efforts to seek the gold fields of California, in 1849.

It is, in a manner, the enterprising element in human nature that has more recently populated the scrub hemlock counties of Pennsylvania.

In one case the attractive magnet was the golden ores hidden in the bowels of the earth, or in the beds of the rivers; in the other, the gas wells on the bleak hills became the ignis fatuus that lured the seekers for sudden wealth.

In the Amazon valley it is neither gold nor gas nor oil, though it is predicted that in time the rich deposits of gold and diamonds in the foothills of the Andes, in Para, Venezuela and Bolivia, will attract to those now unknown regions a class of earnest, fearless and determined people who will penetrate the two thousand miles of almost unknown interior, and become the Argonauts of South America, and make a California of the western inland slopes of the continent.

The objective in the Amazon valley is india rubber, a most valuable product, indigenous to the forests of the equator only, the demand for which in this electric age is increasing, perhaps beyond the supply.

In addition to its indispensable use as an insulator in all sorts of electric plants, it enters largely into the manufacture of various descriptions of useful articles of trade, art and mechanics, and especially in the manufacture of bicycle and automobile tires.

Indeed, if my readers will look about them while perusing these pages, they will most likely discover some household necessity in which either hard or soft rubber is used.

There is an important distinction, however, that will be observed between the hunt for crude rubber and that for gold and oil. One does not have to bore deeply for this product, and there are no "dry holes" in Amazonian valleys.

Figuratively speaking, the gold grows on the trees of this rich valley. All that is necessary is to penetrate the dense forests and tap the trunk of the tree, with a hatchet for a wand, and the liquid gold, like oil, and without any labor, almost magically drains into the clay receptacle; at least, so say those who have never tried it. But the rubber gatherer who has to rise before daylight, and trudge barefoot through swamp and cane brake, at times up to his waist in water and often knee deep in the ooze of the tides, or the mud of the swamps, a journey of five miles, more or less, before breakfast, to tap his one or two hundred trees, soon realizes that he earns all he gets.

It is coagulated by dipping a wooden paddle in the pail of liquid rubber and then holding it in the dense, black smoke of the palm tree called "burity." Thus one thin layer after another is added to the paddle until a ball is formed looking like smoke cured ham in shape, which weighs from five to fifty pounds.

The forests of rubber trees are said to be practically inexhaustible. There are thousands of miles of this territory which is reached by rivers that are navigable by large ocean vessels.



One method of tapping the rubber tree, practiced principally in the upper Amazon region. The best quality of rubber is obtained from trees growing on land that is partially swamp.

For a full account of rubber industry the reader is referred to the United States government reports.

To collect the crude rubber from the territory reached by the fifty thousand miles of inland navigation, as well as to distribute necessary supplies received in exchange for it, has developed a most extensive system of river and ocean transportation.

The major portion of this inland service has been acceptably performed for many years by the Amazon Steam Navigation Company, Limited, an English corporation capitalized at six hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds sterling.

This company is managed by English gentlemen, who, by long residence here, have become familiar with the trade.

The principal managers are Captains Hudson and Pontet assisted by Mr. Melville Marrack, a most courteous young gentleman, to whom, with Captain Pontet, I was indebted for numerous courtesies gracefully extended to a stranger in a strange land.

"Competition is the life of trade," it being freely conceded that any sort of "subsidy" policy that tends toward fostering a monopoly will have the result of injuring American trade in Brazil.

I beg to repeat that that part of northern Brazil known as Amazonia, which is geographically and commercially the closest to us, comprises an area equal in extent to that of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains.

Large ocean steamers ascend the Amazon over three thousand miles, to the base of the Andes, in Peru, delivering their cargoes almost at the doors of the merchants, and carrying away the valuable natural products of the valley, viz., rubber and cocoa.

Practically nothing else is produced in this large section which nature supplies so bountifully with a rich soil, humidity and heat, because the business of collecting the rubber is so profitable that all labor is diverted in that direction. Everything necessary to sustain civilized life is imported generally from Europe, while America takes the bulk of the exports.



HEVEA BRAZILIENSIS

The Hevea rubber, known commercially as "Para," which averages 50 per cent. higher in value, and also in production, than "Centrals," is indigenous to the Amazon and the numerous tributaries arising in Bolivia and Peru.

Not an American steamer ascends the Amazon above Para. The enormous trade of the valley is developed by English companies, principally the Amazon company, which, fostered as a local enterprise, confines its business to the river transportation.

The American companies call at Para at long and irregular intervals, en route to and from Rio and New York. The British Red Cross and Booth Steamship Companies extend their commerce from Manaos, a thousand miles up the Amazon, direct to Europe and the United States.

These English companies are well managed in the interests of shippers in northern Brazil to and from Europe and the United States, and are in no sense "tramps," as has been erroneously stated in a government publication.

Each of the two has been engaged in exclusive trade with northern Brazil for a number of years. They do not receive any subsidies from the English government, nor from the general government of Brazil. Each, however, has contracts with the state government of Amazonas, of which Manaos is the capital, entitling them to certain sums per year; but, as a matter of fact, no cash is paid to the companies, the conditions of the contract being such that the balance is generally against the steamship companies.

The Booth line, which is owned in Liverpool and ably managed in Brazil by Mr. Guilhame Purcell, extends direct from Manaos to New York, via Para, is entitled to a subsidy of forty-eight thousand milreis per year. For this they are obliged to perform twelve round trips a year between New York and Manaos.

They also have to carry free on each voyage, the mail, three tons of state cargo, three first-class and six third-class government passengers. It will be observed that the Brazilian state government of Amazonas gets full benefit for their promised subsidy.

They are required to carry all state cargo, exceeding three tons, at twenty per cent. reduction from their tariff rates.

They must maintain a fixed tariff for freight and passengers, approved by the government.



BURT

Castilloa elastica

The "Castilloa" is the second grade of rubber, found in Central America and Mexico, known commercially as "Centrals," corresponding to the "Caucho" of Peru.

The penalties are so severe and the requirements so exacting that the steamship officers do not hesitate to say that they would be better off without any subsidies.

Heavy fines are imposed for the nonperformance of any contract voyage, and a loss of the contract if the voyages are interrupted more than three times in succession. Smaller infractions are subject to lighter penalties.

The steamers in contract voyages, enjoy packet privileges, but pay all the exorbitant taxes and port dues demanded in Brazil. Substantially the same conditions were formerly required in the contract with the Red Cross line, which extends from Manaus direct to Europe, but that company now runs its ships to a better advantage without the subsidies.

The state government pays no cash, but in settlement of any balances they tender what is known here as "titulas," receivable for state dues.

It will be seen, therefore, that the "subventions," as the English call their subsidies, are not of any material benefit. The companies have sustained their lines for some years by the good, hard cash freight rates paid by American shippers of rubber. The freight rate on rubber from Para to New York is twenty-five cents and five per cent primage per cubic foot, delivered in New York. This is equivalent to about four-fifths of a cent per pound.

Unlike coffee or sugar from the lower provinces, crude rubber is a safe freight; that is, it is not liable to any sea damage in transportation, and the rates charged are out of all proportion to the values.

A rough box containing rubber is eleven and three-quarter cubic feet in small sizes, or twenty-four cubic feet in large sizes. These can be safely stowed, and make what is known as good, solid cargo.

There is sufficient business from the Amazon to require all the ten steamers of the Booth and Red Cross lines, in addition to the five American steamers which call at Para at irregular intervals en route, from the south to New York, and vice versa.

I believe that the United States, known as the American line, received a subsidy from the Rio government equal to six thousand dollars per voyage, or double that paid the English steamers. They are so economically managed in the way of speed that they do not exceed ten miles per hour, at the cost of four hundred dollars per day for running expenses. It has been estimated that their profits on some voyages exceed twenty thousand dollars per round trip.

Substantially this so-called United States line is a Brazilian line, as their contracts with the Brazilian government are so binding that they are under their close supervision, and in case of war they at once become Brazilian transports, and sail under the yellow and green flag of that republic. These American steamers do not carry any United States government freight free.

It is a common observation here that the passenger list of the new American line was largely made up of our ministers plenipotentiary and their ladies and attaches, consuls and ex-consuls and families and a large sprinkling of missionaries, but very few business people to introduce reciprocity. Probably some of these passengers secure reduced rates as "complimentaries" or as "charities," on a "reciprocity" basis.

What Para and the Amazon urgently require is more frequent and regular ocean communication with the United States, and there seems to be enough business to sustain the demand.

Competition will do more to advance American trade along the Amazon, than subsidies. As illustrating the advantage of several lines of steamers, I call attention to the consular reports from Bahia, a city on the Brazilian coast reached by one American steamship only.

Their published freight charges from New York to Bahia are equal to those of Santos and Rio, two thousand miles further off, but there is competition to these latter ports and none to Bahia.

This discrimination compels Bahia merchants to import goods from Europe, because of lower freight rates, there being competition, between the English lines.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HISTORY AND RELIGION.



IN the present agitation looking toward the establishment of closer relations between the United States and the Latin American republics so much attention is devoted to the "commercial" features that social, ethnological and religious conditions are overlooked.

The writer ventures the opinion formed from close observation, that, to accomplish satisfactory results in our dealings with those countries; full consideration must be given to the question of race conditions and religion.

With a view of bringing these matters home, it has been my purpose to describe the situation, as outlined by the reproduction of the following pages, published some time ago, but applicable to the present.

Brazilian histories say that the discovery of Brazil was "by accident," but taking the story just as they tell it themselves, it looks very much like an accident done on purpose, as Pedro Alvares Cabral, when he left Lisbon for the Spice Islands, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, was empowered to preempt, in the name of the Portuguese sovereign, any new worlds he might run across in his travels; and he gave Africa such a wide berth that he touched Brazil.

This happened in the year 1500. Porto Seguro was his landing place. The proper thing was done. He went ashore with a flag and a cross, stuck them in the ground, had mass said to solemnize the possession in the name of Portugal and the church, and then sailed away.

The picture of that first mass, in a variety of conceptions, is one of the most common parlor wall decorations and school book illustrations in Brazil.

It was in that same year that Vicente Pincon discovered a "fresh water sea," from which he filled his casks while still out of sight of land, just as the Brazilian steamers now do, with most excellent drinking water.

But it was not until forty-one years later that the Spaniard, Orellans, drifted down the mighty stream from its source in Peru and claimed the Amazon for Spain.

In the same year another Spaniard, Ignatius Loyola, was confirmed by the Pope, as general of the new order he had just formed, called the Company of Jesus, which was to play so large a part in conquering the new world. His followers were the flowers of that age, picked men, heroes in perfect keeping with the spirit of the century of the bloody Spanish inquisition, when military and religious zeal were almost identical.

The heroes of the *Luziad*, the great epic poem of the Portuguese "went spreading faith and the empire." So it is impossible to deny that the military religious organization of Loyola, perhaps floating on the tidal wave of military power that inundated the new world, played a most important part in the civilization of the Amazon valley, yet only half complete. The noble monuments of their religio-bellicose zeal, valor and skill are still a constant surprise to the traveler.

Not only the massive architecture they left there, but also the peaceable, civilized and half civilized, tribes of Indians they left in place of the cannibals they found, and the tremendous superstitious devotion which they inspired in these converted savages, who before were nearly devoid of any formal religion, reveal the adamantine convictions, the contagious zeal, and the herculean industry and courage of those early Portuguese missionaries.

It is not the purpose of one reared a Protestant to write a eulogy on the Jesuits. The order seems to be absolutely out

of joint with what is natural and best in the present time, but that the first Jesuits accomplished much in the way of taming savage human nature and wild forest nature is a well-established historic fact.

Theirs is an imperishable record that later day missionaries of a different faith can scarcely hope to overcome by proselytizing.

The churches, which until recently have been, in a manner, subsidized by the government, are large and on the whole architecturally superior to anything we have in the United States. Some of them are exceedingly beautiful, all are artistic.

Indeed, there is not in Washington or Philadelphia or Pittsburg as fine a Catholic church as the cathedral at Para, which has been undergoing restoration for the past ten years. Artists were brought from Italy to do the frescoing, which is marvelously beautiful.

There certainly is exhibited by these people a most tasteful and harmonious blending of colors and designs, that creates a pleasing effect upon the mind of a beholder while within the ambient of the cathedral's massive walls, even though he be a disbeliever.

Not having been educated a Catholic, I am unfamiliar with their numerous symbols: but I can comprehend that everything has an appropriate significance. And I am glad of an opportunity to bear my testimony as a noncatholic to their good works, as I have seen them.

The secretary of the famous one-man-and-his-wife commission which recently traveled along the coast of South America as the government's disbursing officer, seemed to think it part of his duty also to publish, at the expense of the United States government, all the threadbare criticisms or scandals that he could collect, bearing against the Roman Catholic Church, which is universally recognized as the religion of the countries they were authorized to visit in the interest of greater American intercourse.

Besides the cathedral, there are several other large churches in Para, all of them old; indeed there is a curious looking plaster-covered brick chapel in Para, close by the cathedral and in the rear of the government palace, called St. John's church, the date of the construction of which is not quite certain; but it is said to be the oldest church building in South America, except one in Peru.

The abandoned church previously mentioned, once the property of the expelled Jesuits, was confiscated by the Marques de Pombal in Portuguese colonial times, and has been closed for many years. The remainder of the immense edifice, which served as a monastery, is now the Custom House. The bells in its massive tower are silent, and over the roof and wide cornices shrubbery has grown to the height of three feet.

This church faces my lodging from the other side of the plaza, and every night can be distinctly heard the voices of the owls that inhabit its weather-stained belfry tower. I often quoted to myself the words of Poe's "Raven:"

"Perched above my chamber door
Quoth the raven: 'Never more.'"

There is a legend often told, and firmly believed by the less educated classes of Para, that there are many subterranean passages leading from the old monastery (now Custom House) to different parts of the city, and that by these secret passages the old monks used to visit the larger and smaller seminaries, and especially the convent of St. Anthony. Just at present the principal, and daily services are held in the Santa Anna Church, which is situated in the very midst of the old portion of the city, although it enjoys still the official title of the "country" church (*da campina*), to identify it with that part of the territory, while still a village.

To a stranger, unacquainted with the customs of the country, its big bells, with the "ding-a-dong-dong" Chinese minstrel like accompaniment of smaller ones, causes a peculiar impression, and they seem to be going every hour of the day from early morning till bedtime.



A Brazilian Saint dressed for church.

My first Sunday seemed to be a sort of a festal day, and business was very brisk at Santa Anna Church. In the morning I followed the crowd, and with due reverence and respect, took a standing position among others in the rear of the church.

The altar was handsomely decorated with flowers and brilliantly lighted. A choir, composed probably of some of the opera singers, rendered in effective style some fine devotional music. The tones of the organ were full and round. Altogether it was an impressive scene.

On the brick or tile floor, in front, kneeling before the altar were numerous attendants, while the priests officiated much in the same way that Roman Catholics do all over the world.

To my surprise, a band near the entrance played lively airs. It looked to a stranger as if the purpose was to attract a crowd to the church, on the same principle that induces our cheap theaters to use horns and drums to beat up a crowd.

I learned, upon inquiry of a prominent Catholic, that the band played for the entertainment of the people outside the church, and only before and after services.

During the beautiful ceremonials incident to the services of the church here, at signals from the altar, on the elevation of the host, numerous rockets are fired from the little plaza in front of the church. They go up into the darkness of a tropical night with a whirl, and explode with a tremendous noise, scattering vari-colored stars.

A Protestant gentleman said these were prayers being fired to heaven; but I am told that it is the practice thus to express joy and glorification, this method being the most impressive ceremonial to those of the more ignorant worshippers, a large proportion of whom are of Indian ancestry, with a mixture of African and Portuguese.

A courteous padre from the island of Martinique, with whom I became well acquainted, laughed heartily when I ventured the irreverent suggestion one evening as we stood watching

the rockets from the churches in different sections of the city, shooting up in the darkness, that I thought if there were any angels hovering around Para they would be frightened away.

They fire rockets during the service in daytime also, when their course cannot be seen, the noise of the explosion only, reaching the worshippers.

This bombarding, with the incessant ringing of bells which commences at early messa (mass) is rather more provocative of profanity than of devotion on the part of the foreign residents who are accustomed to a Sunday morning sleep.

The bells are not "rung" as with us, but hammered by some half naked worshippers, who are well drilled by constant practice. They stand in the towers, armed with hammers in both hands, with which they tap the different bells, creating a confused jingle of harsh sounds which at first is irritating, but after a while one becomes used to it, as they do to the yellow fever, and rather misses the chimes when out of hearing.

One of Bishop William Taylor's self-supporting missionaries, who has labored in this field for ten years, says in one of his reports to his church in America: "The use of rockets and brass band music is an integral part of the cultus of this Roman Catholic country. There is a wide difference between that Latin word and our Anglo-Saxon 'worship,' and they have two words for the two things.

"It is not a sufficient explanation to say that the fireworks and brass music are merely used to attract the people, though that is doubtless the prime motive on the part of the priests. The people are taught to believe that 'pomp' and 'imposing ceremonies' and 'brilliant festivals' (words employed by the priests themselves) are eminently pleasing to the various patron saints to whom they look for favors.

"With some exceptions, of course, the great majority of the 'religious' people here do not carry their religion further than to 'keep on the right side' of their favorite saints, and have as good a time otherwise as possible meanwhile.

“But after the fireworks and music and other festive ceremonies, if the saint fails to obtain the answer to prayers, he often has to take a whipping or be hung up by his heels, head downward in a pail of water, or in some other way be made to feel that ‘one good turn deserves another.’”

The latter day saint speaks from an actual experience. He considers it part of his duty as a so-called “independent” American missionary to make himself personally obnoxious to the Roman Catholic populace by publicly obtruding himself, and presenting, in season and out of season, his anti-Catholic sentiments.

On the universally observed fiesta of Corpus Christi an imposing procession passes through the streets of the city. On this occasion the independent missionary ostentatiously occupied a prominent position on the sidewalk, about which were thronged masses of the worshipping populace.

Everyone without exception uncovers as the procession passes. Most of the ladies either kneel or reverently cross themselves.

The “missionary” however took this opportunity to attempt to harangue the people in a loud voice on their idolatry, illustrating his independence by refusing to take off his hat. This act so enraged the people that he was viciously attacked, and severely punished, and might have been killed but for the intervention of some Brazilian merchants who hustled the badly damaged preacher into one of their shops and barred the doors against the mob.

His hat, which had been knocked off, was used as a foot ball, and the exercise of kicking it in the streets and throwing it into the air seemed somewhat to relieve the outraged feelings of the mob.

During the melee one of the converts, rushing to the consulate, breathlessly told of the assault on this brother American. I realized that it was simply an attempt to make a martyr of himself for his own glorification and emolument.

I told the messenger I was glad of it; and he deserved his punishment, and that he would certainly get no protection from me. This was evidently an unexpected dashing of cold water on the prostrate missionary who had expected sympathy. The American consul did not hesitate to take off his hat out of respect for the rites of the church of the country to which he was an accredited official.

The fact that Brazil ever since its discovery has been subject to the Roman Catholic church made necessary some provision in the constitution quite different from anything in that of the United States of America, and it is about these very differences that the hottest battles will be waged in the new Republic. Personal and religious liberty are as well guaranteed by the constitution of Brazil as they are by that of the United States.

In considering this question it should be remembered that the Roman Catholic Church has been accustomed to receiving favors from the government in Brazil, and so demands more from the new republic than she does from the United States.

The new republic says "no," a little like our Puritan reformers perhaps, and the church calls it persecution. Self-defense is the duty of every government, and that is just what the proposed constitution means when it disfranchises paupers, illiterate soldiers of the rank and file, members of monastic orders, and members of companies, congregations or communities who are subject to vows of obedience, rules, or by-laws which amount to a renunciation of personal liberty.

The section of the proposed constitution entitled "Declaration of Rights" not only prohibits all relations between church and state, but also guarantees universal liberty of worship, makes civil marriages obligatory, which is unusual in Latin countries, and provides that public instruction shall be secular, and gratuitously secularizes the cemeteries; excludes all Jesuits from Brazilian territory, and forbids the founding of any new convents or monastic orders. It is a fearless and perfectly unambiguous challenge to ultramontaniam.

It seems more than probable that some of the restrictions will be toned down a little; for example, the exclusion of the Jesuits, and the disfranchising of the clergy. It may strike the reader as rather remarkable that these antichurch restrictions were voted into the new constitution by those who profess catholicism.

The Brazilian constitution is modeled somewhat after that of the United States of America. The terms of office are longer, that of president being six years instead of four. Members of the House of Representative are elected for three years and Senators for nine years. It is remarkable that, although a Roman Catholic country, but few of the voters (who admit their catholicism) are friendly to the church party. That part of the republican constitution which separates the church and state is the most popular with the people. It would be safe to say that the party at present in power are altogether Roman Catholic, while those of the opposition are of the same creed. Therefore, there being no question of tariff, civil service reform, etc., it resolves itself to the single issue of "ins" and "outs." The party cry of the "outs" is that the "ins" are robbers, and they want to get in that they may have their chance to rob.

An American visitor undertaking to gain information from an intelligent Brazileiro may conclude that affairs of state are still much mixed, and the farther he pursues his investigation the more fully convinced will he become that the masses of the people have no proper conception of the importance to each citizen of the change from an empire to a republican form of government. The usual comment of strangers is that the native population is habitually "indifferent" to all such matters.

As a majority of the people are unable to read or write, and as a large part of the balance do very little reading, public opinion groups around certain leaders, and becomes a personal matter rather than a question of principle or polity. But, evidently, the great majority are contented with it because the spirit of republican is in the air.

Unquestionably to this climate under the equator must be chargeable much of this inherent weakness and indolence of the population born and bred under its depressing influence.

The Brazileiro of the Amazon valley, of mature years, sometimes acts in important political matters in a manner that leads a stranger to think that the brain has not developed with the growth of the body—in other words, they frequently conduct grave affairs after the manner of boys. They have been so long accustomed to a paternal form of government that the masses are practically as incapable of self-government as school children.

The natural consequence is that the “republic” is in the hands of a few—a very few—of the leading minds, who manage and control almost everything. Whether these leaders are unscrupulous and scheming men, as charged by their enemies, remains to be seen.

CHAPTER XXV.

GOVERNOR'S BALL AT THE PALACE.



AS indicated by the title and text this necessarily becomes a narrative of a consul's past experience, rather than an attempt to exploit present personal matters, in which spirit I hope any reader will kindly view the too frequent reference to the personal pronoun. The desire is to simply relate the customs and manners of the good people of Amazonia with whom I became pleasantly associated.

When consul, I did not think it proper to avail myself of the special privilege of the section of the consular regulations which permits a soldier consul to wear the uniform of his brevet rank held in the army, I preferred to make a public appearance at the ceremonials in the evening dress of an American gentleman.

I wore the loyal legion or G. A. R. button on my fatigue coat, because it happened to be the one I wore at home before I became a consul, and I brought it as an office coat.

On ceremonial occasions a consul ranks with a colonel in the army or a captain in the navy.

When a United States war ship visits a foreign port, it becomes a duty of the captain to call on the consul, who is invited aboard. On leaving the ship a salute of seven guns is fired in his honor, which the consul is expected to acknowledge by rising from his seat and facing the smoke, making a formal obeisance.

I note here that it is the proper form for any citizen, when reaching the deck of a man of war to first turn to the flag and salute by lifting his hat. The executive or officer of the deck who receives him on board will be sure to courteously return the salute.

I am happy to say that no men of war visited Para during my incumbency. I have talked with some brother consuls who congratulated me on my escape, their universal experience being that the visit entails very great expense, sometimes bankruptcy. As a rule, naval officers on shore are jolly, good fellows. To entertain them properly entails considerable outlay for a poor consul.

On the occasion of the visit of the Brazilian minister to Washington, on board the American ship that called at Para, this accomplished gentleman, Señor Salvador Mendonca, called on me at the consulate. I in turn accompanied him aboard when about to sail, when captain Meissner, of the *Allianca*, paid the consul the honor of a salute from his signal gun, which had the effect of startling some lady passengers near by so violently as to almost cause a panic.

There does not seem to be any friction between the races on account of color, and no disposition is shown by those who are on the one side to get over or under this line, because they may be lighter in color than some who are more favored in this natural selection.

Following closely upon the religious festas, we enjoyed a participation in what is known as the carnival, the same that is universally observed in all Spanish countries.

The carnival lasted several days and nights, during which I saw more fun than in all the balance of my stay among those mercurial people, and I may add, further, than I have experienced within the compass of three days anywhere before or since, and I have been to London and Paris in the pursuit of pleasure.

I attended five balls in three nights and a funeral each day. Though these were held in different parts of the city, it did not necessitate the dividing of myself into sections, as my friend and I made use of a carriage in which we vibrated between the different points.

"O Consul Americano" was, of course, invited to the governor's ball. This superlatively grand affair of the year is the



Dr. Joao Antonio Luiz Coelho, Governador do Estado do Para
1909-1913.

state ceremonial, held at the palace in honor of a retiring governor, which event happened about the commencement of the carnival.

The palace, it should be understood, is the name yet clinging to the large and beautiful building erected and formerly occupied by the Emperor Dom Pedro's governors, previous to the declaration of the republic. It is now the home of the republican governors, as well as the state capital building, in which are the assembly rooms of the legislative bodies, as well as the governor's executive offices.

There are two large public buildings of this character, both located on the large largo, known as Palace Park, which extends from the Amazon docks to the bishop's palace and cathedral on one side and the government buildings on the other, in the rear of which is the arsenal or armory and the large barracks occupied by the troops.

To fully appreciate the scene, the reader should, in imagination, transport himself to the equator, where, encompassed by the luxuriant tropical vegetation, he sees a large and most brilliantly illuminated palace, and curious moving shadows, made by the bright lights upon numerous varieties of the tall and gracefully waving palm trees mirrored on the dark waters of the rushing Amazon.

A suggestive background for the picture is the gloomy, old fort and the massive walls of the dark and now silent cathedral, adjoining which are the bishop's palace and the too well known Misericordia hospital, with which the dead, past history of Para is indeed darker than any of the ghostly shadows reflected on its heavy walls, while this charity hospital is yet full of living misery and living death.

The palace itself is full to overflowing with the life and beauty of the living present, some of whom are the lineal descendants of those who participated in the massacres and cruelties of the earlier days, committed under the shadows of the walls that now surround them, which are now echoing the voices of gladness.

Apparently the greater part of the colored populace, who, like our own, are always attracted by music and gay scenes, were congregated in orderly and admiring groups in the public grounds adjoining the palace.

Stationed in different parts of the grounds, or patrolling in the neighboring streets, was the usual complement of armed soldiers of the Brazilian army. These, in their adaptation of a French uniform, are like the poor, always with us.

The colored soldiers and semimilitary uniformed police are so common in Brazil, and make themselves so numerous, that one gets used to them. Like the yellow fever and other evils, one does not mind them.

Certainly every officer in his gorgeous full dress uniform, whether militia or regular, was to be found inside the palace doing duty as a carpet warrior.

I am sorry that I have attempted to describe this grand ball, feeling that I cannot do it justice. I will have to ask the reader to help me by imagining everything that he has ever seen or heard of in the way of a ball. If he will then consider the genius of these people for imitation, especially of matters in the way of ceremonials, he will gain a better idea than I can give of their display in the way of grandeur.

Perhaps there is something of exaggeration in the lavish efforts to pattern after the style of the European courts by the Brazileiro on these occasions. The disposition may be accounted for by the fact that a majority of the leaders of the best society have been educated abroad. Many have spent their earlier years in the gay society of Paris and Lisbon, from which they have brought to their own land, perhaps, the worst of their impressions. The exotics bloom luxuriantly, rapidly spreading their roots and later bear abundant fruit. Everybody, even to the lowest citizen seems to take delight in the ball, though but few, and only the cream of the best society, are invited.

As "O Consul Americano" I felt it to be my duty to uphold the dignity of my country by attending in great shape. It cost

me a month's salary for the extra dressing necessary for the occasion. I put myself in the hands of the best Portuguese tailor with *carte blanche* instructions to do the proper thing.

For several days of this preparatory period, I was subjected to as many fittings as a young girl who is to make a *début* in society at her first ball or become a bride.

The one suit of clothes that a Portuguese tailor can make in a style superior to the average American cutter is the full dress. This is made of black broadcloth of finest texture, cut in the same form used everywhere else for evening dress. Perhaps the coats are a trifle small and fit more neatly or snugly, seeming to be molded on to the body.

The vest is cut low and straight or V shape, exposing a good deal of full dress shirt front, with the usual white necktie.

I am describing this matter of dress here for the benefit of those who may purpose to visit South America as either tourists or business agents, because, in my judgment, based on experience, it is a necessary part of any gentleman's outfit who may desire to spend any time or to become introduced into good society in Para.

A full dress suit worn by a gentleman of good address will assist very much in the promotion of reciprocity with those countries, and, I may add, fully as useful as samples, and will do more to advance American trade than our business people are apt to consider.

One becomes more and more impressed with the feeling that, in their way, these people are as far advanced in civilization and culture as we are.

They certainly do not require the aid of the missionaries we send them, but, instead, more well dressed and respectable young American gentlemen who may become acquainted with some of the pretty, dark eyed *senhoras*, and secure their influence, and not spend their time carousing with foreigners who shrewdly get hold of a new comer and soon "fill him" with their own medicine.

I was fortunate in being accepted as part of the escort of the charming daughters of a well known Brazilian congressman. The father and mother spoke not only English, but French and German, and were most competent guides for me.

One of the daughters, conceded to be one of the prettiest *senhoritas* in Para, whom I have already designated as "my soul," as that is the English of her Portuguese name, is the happy possessor of large, lustrous, black and rather wicked eyes, dark hair, but somewhat lighter complexion than the native born, her face being something after the German type.

This lady gracefully consented to become the partner of the consul Americano.

Our party drove from Nazareth in two carriages. Arriving at the *palacio*, we were received at the driveway by a party of gentlemen ushers, in full dress, wearing white gloves. Each of the gentlemen offered a lady his arm, and we filed in procession over the carpeted sidewalk past the crowd, through the palace gates, to the reception rooms.

As our party entered the doorway and ascended the grand staircase, a band, which was screened behind some fragrant plants, played the welcome unusually given on the approach or entrance of ladies.

The marble stairways and halls throughout were filled with richly blooming and deliciously fragrant tropical plants, which I cannot name but they were certainly of a variety such as may not be seen anywhere else on the earth's surface.

Scattered throughout the mass of truly tropical decorations were innumerable fairy lights of variegated hues. These were everywhere, on the balconies or in parallel lines, in the grounds forming pathways or lovers' lanes, to guide the guests' footsteps to retiring points.

Inside the palace was lighted by the numerous elegant chandeliers suspended from richly frescoed ceilings. Suspended on the walls were the historical paintings or dignified looking portraits of the earlier Paraneses heroes, who seemed to look down

approvingly on the gaily moving kaleidoscope of richly attired humanity.

It goes without saying that the senhoras and senhoritas were of the better class. All were tastefully and richly attired. The dark eyed senhors in the black full dress suits blended beautifully with the flowing white drapery and colored trimmings of the ladies.

The formal stately quadrille inaugurating the dance, in the large double dining rooms, was of course, led by the young governor, his partner for the first occasion being a matronly senhora honored for her past history or present position in the social scale.

This was the signal for the general opening of the ball, and for the hours following "on with the dance" was the sentiment expressed in motion to the strains of entrancing music that seemed to come from the depths of a real forest of tropical palms.

The interior of the palace is composed of a number of large and well proportioned rooms of state. As nearly all of these have communication through large archways, the vista from the governor's corner room, in two opposite directions, was enchanting.

It presented the effect of a number of grand balls going on at once. Each roomful furnished a considerable quota of its own.

The tastefully arranged programs designated all the different sets or dances, as well as the music.

While each ball is opened with a rather dignified quadrille or cotillion, the cards provide for the latest waltzes, polkas, mazurkas, etc. When the music started the waltz the real enjoyment seemed to have just begun.

The round dances in Brazil are, as a rule, not so rapid as with us. I am tempted to say they are not so ungainly or abruptly executed as seems to be the method with our ladies.

The senhoritas do not present an appearance of trying to rush their partners and the senhors are not acquainted with the long strides in what they call the "American waltz."

There is an indefinable Portuguese Spanish dignity, even in the more reckless dancer of the later hours of their balls, that is sometimes rather a surprising object lesson to some foreigners, who may undertake to attempt to introduce their methods into the dance.

The entire palace was laid open to the guests, who were at liberty to dance with any of the senhoras whom they might be lucky enough to find disengaged.

Some of the elderly statesmen formed groups among themselves to exchange reminiscences of their youthful days—or to make comments on the present scenes.

Others wandered about in couples through the wide hallways, or promenaded with their cigarettes on the broad verandas, overlooking the court garden.

In the large dining or breakfast room was tastefully displayed and served a collation that would have been creditable to any of our best caterers. Champagne flowed freely, as well as all the other iced drinks used on such occasions. Though supplied in the most lavish abundance to all who desired, there was not, on this as on the boat excursion, any indication of boisterous excess on the part of the Brazilians.

Perhaps I should qualify this somewhat by the statement that along toward morning when the crowd began to go home, my good friend Chermont, my jolly vice-consul, in the goodness of his kind heart felt that he must hug the consul savagely, but this is a common occurrence in Brazil.

A strict regard for truth compels me to record that the vice-consul especially desired to make the consul as happy on this occasion as he was himself, and with this laudable object in view I was invited to drink all sorts of toasts with everybody with whom he would come in contact, and as he was popular and knew them all, it was a pretty big contract.

He became so much interested in his effort that he failed to observe that with me "there was many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." I did not swallow everything he gave me.

This little scheme of my Brazilian friend kept us in the neighborhood of the refreshment rooms, where ladies mixed freely with the gentlemen most of the time.

While the Englishmen were dancing with my girls, I was being steered all over the palace by my friend to be introduced to perhaps every one present that I had not previously met.

The editor of the *Provincia*, who had been so savagely attacking me, was present and to my astonishment my friend took the opportunity before a crowd to introduce me to my enemy, whom I had never before met.

A number of persons looking on rather expected a scene, but my diplomatic friend managed so well that the incident which was openly commented upon resulted in a general hand shaking, the editor being shoved into my arms with orders to hug the consul, which he did. Apparently, peace was restored.

I had first paid my respects to the governor, in honor of whose promotion to the cabinet as minister of foreign affairs the ball was being tendered. He was kind enough during the happy evening to show me some marked attention, inviting me especially to call at his rooms.

Of course, the blooming exotic was there, with the baron's party, attired in a most elegant costume of white, fluffy in rich lace trimmings, looking as pretty as a picture and being generally recognized as the belle of the ball.

This lady is of about the medium height, of a rather slender, graceful figure, proportionately developed, with a face modeled after the French brunette type, sweetly intelligent when animated and when in repose rather sad. But it is her eyes, which are a beautiful dark brown, from which beam a most agreeable expression, that are so fascinating, and over which so many men rave who have had the pleasure of coming under their influence.

She was educated in Lisbon, at the best English and French schools. I believe she was born in Portugal, at least she told me that "of all her life she had only spent four years in Para,

of which she was very fond." This lady's gowns, as well as those of a majority of the other ladies of her set, were made in Paris for this occasion.

I will not venture upon a description of the millinery or dry goods of the ball. There are no décollette toilets worn in that country on public occasions.

The lady readers will understand that the costumes are of the finest and most tasteful because of the general custom of these senhoras to have their gowns made in Paris or Lisbon. I am told that some of the daughters of wealthier merchants have a standing order in Europe to supply them regularly with patterns of all the latest styles of gowns, hats and even shoes.

This may read like exaggeration, but is only another of the many facts common to this people of which we know nothing in our country.

I was told by a lady, at the time of the ball, that the best and richest costume was that worn by the daughter of a Paranes lawyer bearing the Scotch name of Samuel Wallace Macdowell, the son of one of the earlier pioneers. Neither the son nor any of the descendants of this Scotch patriot speak a word of English, though they are familiar with French and Spanish, as is the case in all of the more refined families.

I am advised that the gentlemen also employ French tailors and hatters, and wear shoes made from measurements recorded in Europe, and I know that my Brazilian friend Watrin wears very neat boots made especially for him in Paris.

These statements will assist somewhat in the discussion of reciprocity and trade with America.

Of course the pretty trio of sisters, Ninita, Zeta and Zizi, were present and participated in every dance.

Along toward morning, discovering little Zeta reclining on a lounge, her mother apparently nursing her through a faint, I eagerly approached to offer my assistance. The little beauty was only tired. Though exhausted from fatigue she could scarcely rise. She laughed sweetly at my concern as she gave me her



Courtesy of Director-General John Barrett, of Pan-American Union.

RESIDENCIA DEL GOBERNADOR DEL ESTADO DE PARÁ.

El Doctor Augusto Montenegro, Gobernador de Pará, tomó posesión de su cargo á principios del siglo actual, y ha sido un Jefe Ejecutivo muy popular y de ideas progresistas. Su residencia oficial y particular radica en Pará. Este es el tipo de las muchas mansiones hermosas que poseen los ricos ciudadanos de Pará.

hand. When the music struck up for the next waltz a young fellow suddenly made an appearance with whom she glided into the waltz, as if it were the first dance.

I verily believe these *senhoritas* would dance if they knew the next would be their last dance.

They all dance, and most of them do it very well. As far as I could observe everybody retired in good order. I succeeded in escaping from the machinations of my jovial friend the vice-consul, and got away with my lady friend, who was so fatigued, through having taken part in every dance, that she leaned so heavily on my arm that I almost carried her to the carriage.

The governor's ball, which was the social event of the year, successfully closed in the early morning hours.

The other grand balls of the carnival season, which immediately followed, are not to be mentioned in comparison in the same chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FUNERAL AND A CARNIVAL.



IT may seem a little out of place to introduce a funeral chapter after the attempted description of the two consecutive nights at the fancy balls, but, as I have before mentioned, Amazonia is a country of strange customs.

An unusual number of the people carelessly expose themselves at night during the carnival season, when the ghastly yellow jack stalks around and reaps a proportionately rich harvest of death.

It is quite inconsiderate for people to die during carnival time, which occurs in the winter, but the dark skinned natives of the surrounding country that flock to the city are as liable to attack as are foreigners: so it often happens in that country of strange customs that they go blackberrying out of season.

One of the principal duties of a consul is to keep a record of the deaths of his countrymen and take charge of their effects, and this necessitates the performance of some sad duties at times, especially in notifying friends.

Among the deaths that occurred during my incumbency was one of the oldest, both in years and in residence, at that tropical city, of any of the foreigners living there. He had survived the terrible cholera epidemic of some thirty years previous and had probably known hundreds, perhaps thousands of the foreigners die of yellow fever during his many years among these people, escaping all of the dangers, living to a ripe old age, and at last going off to sleep peacefully when life's candle had burned out.

As previously stated, yellow fever seldom attacks an elderly person. The only time I ever felt glad I was growing old was

when I experienced the first symptoms. The Portuguese doctor said to me, "Oh, you got nothing. You are too old to die."

As is the custom in this latitude, the remains were buried within a few hours after death, being followed to the lonely St. Isabel Cemetery by nearly all of the foreign element of the city, as well as the best portion of the native residents.

A funeral in Para is certainly one of the features that is not calculated to induce immigration. The service most frequently occurs in the afternoon, when the heavy clouds that come up from the ocean at this time of the day hang over the place like a pall, and the rains that follow seem to add to the distressing surroundings.

"Into each heart some rain must fall—
Some days must be dark and dreary."

But we seem to get more than our share at Para. When the gilded—I was tempted to say gaudy—hearse bedecked with tinsel drawn by four horses trotted up to the cemetery gate, the old fashioned, oval top coffin was tenderly carried inside the grounds, a son, the only relative present, being one of the pallbearers. The uncovered heads of Russians, Swedes, Danes, Frenchmen, Germans, English and Americans, as well as the best of Brazilians, thus solemnly and sadly indicated the universal respect for the dead.

On reaching the open grave—located in that part of the grounds allotted to foreigners—the coffin was placed on a single stand or trestle, being balanced after the manner of a seesaw, while the Brazilian attendants slowly and deliberately unscrewed the nickel plate handles from the coffin. It was, indeed, an embarrassing and indelicate proceeding to those unaccustomed to such exhibitions of economy before an open grave in the presence of bareheaded mourners. There seemed to be some danger of tipping over the coffin, as it required a hand to steady it, while the undertaker fiend vigorously plied his screwdriver.

After the handles were saved, the double folding or hinged covers of the coffin, were thrown back, exposing the face to the

mist that was then falling. A strip of white cotton cloth was then laid over the entire body, when, to my utter surprise and horror, the attendants proceeded to spread over the body thus thinly covered shovelfuls of slaked lime. This may have been a necessary proceeding, but it did seem as if the coldblooded actions might have been decently concealed from the sight of those foreigners who were present and unaccustomed to such exhibitions. The lime might have been placed within the grave, where it would at least have served as a cleanly looking lining and have concealed the slimy red clay which held at the bottom small pools of water that had collected during the rain of the day.

There are no rough boxes or other proper receptacles placed in the bottom of the graves. The black covered coffin, with its gilt and white braid, is lowered into the damp, cold grave and the muddy clay is raked over. This, of course, adds to the very general repugnance toward death in this locality.

No ladies ever attend a funeral at Para, but visit the grave alone the day immediately following. In this connection it may be recorded truthfully that, in the burial of the poorer classes, the "last sad rites" partake of the nature of savage brutality. They are taken from the cheap box coffins and dumped into a hole ten feet—a square excavation always open and yawning for more, which is called the dead hole—the box being returned for use again and again, a mere sprinkling of lime and clay being thrown over each body as it is interred. That which I am attempting to describe was a first class funeral for Para.

When the wooden, double hinged top lids were folded over the remains, and properly secured, two of the attendants laid the coffin on the ropes that had been spread on the ground. Each taking an end, the coffin was lifted over the grave and lowered. The grave digger had not done his work properly—the end of the coffin scraping the earth. To my horror and disgust, one of the brutes deliberately placed one of his naked, muddy feet on the casket to force it past the obstruction.

In compliance with a telegraphic order, this body was taken from the grave, in which it had laid but three days, and prepared

as far as the facilities of that country afforded for shipment to New York, an application being made to me as consul for a certificate of death and preparation. I declined to give this in the form requested, and the British ship about to sail refused to receive the body, which was held for a week or ten days, and actually sent to the United States on board of an American ship on which there were a number of passengers, none of whom nor even the sailors were aware of the fact that they carried as freight in a box a decomposing body that had been hastily buried and again raised, to be exposed to that climate for days before sailing.

Hard and rough as this attempt at the description of the funeral of a highly respected foreign merchant may seem, it was reserved for an American citizen, who claims to be a minister of God, to add to the horrors of the dreadful scene by giving vent before the open grave to his "opinions" in the matter of the "present whereabouts" or hereafter of the deceased. He said in effect:

"The deceased was a good enough man after his own way of thinking."

He further added insult to the highly respected Catholics present by injecting an attack on the religion of the country in saying:

"Nobody knows where he has gone, and as a Protestant minister it is not my business to pray him out of any place that he may have gotten into."

As previously stated, there were assembled about that open grave in respectful attention the very best and most highly cultivated people of Para, educated gentlemen from France, England, Germany, Russia, Denmark, America and other places, any one of whom was the peer of this so-called American minister.

The consuls of Germany, England and America were present, either of whom had in fact more authority than this self-constituted missionary, but because the deceased had lived a Protestant it was thought advisable to permit the only representative of that denomination in Para to perform the burial service.

It was a sad mistake. The heads of the American consul and the few American citizens were bent lower in their grief through the mortification inflicted upon them by their countryman. For foreigners, without a single exception, were bitterly indignant, and where but a half hour previous the assembled citizens who had followed in meek humility and with sad hearts full of charity toward all mankind, as becomes all human nature, to the open grave, the same men walked away with feelings of hatred and contempt toward the American missionary.

Fortunately, the class of attendants were of a character that would not tolerate any exhibition of resentment at such a place.

The general indignation was suppressed. One person, however, could not resist telling the "preacher," while en route to the city, that he was "neither a man nor a minister."

It was decency outraged in a most harsh manner on the part of one from whom all had a right to expect Christian charity.

The charitable reader may hope that the preacher felt that he was performing a Christian duty in a conscientious manner, but the facts are against the supposition.

Realizing, as far as such a nature is capable, the popular indignation at his conduct, the minister called upon the American consul to explain, but his explanation was adding insult to injury, as he stated in his own defense that the people assembled at the grave never attended his church, so he embraced the opportunity to give them the benefit of his intolerant views. He took advantage of his opportunity before an open grave to vent his spleen against the dead and the living because they could not subscribe to his intolerant practices, and it would seem his own conduct fully justified their actions.

His own words were: "I did not propose to do any 'monkey business' out there."

When remonstrated with on the use of such harsh terms, coupled with a suggestion that he should have simply read the burial service appropriate for such occasions, he retorted in a coarse way: "I was not giving them any 'machine religion.'"

Here the American consul, whose mother lived and died in the church of the missionary, and whose family are all of the same persuasion, entirely lost his temper, and forgetting his early training in respect to reverence for preachers, abruptly closed the interview by the observation, "You are a positive hindrance and obstacle to the cause you represent in this country, and I do not believe the people of your church would for one moment sustain you in such indecent action. I will be obliged if you will not again come across my path."

If a Catholic priest from South America were to behave himself so outrageously in our country he would be mobbed; yet these easy going Brazilians look on in an indifferent way, and for years have tamely submitted to these insults.

The matter is on record in the Archives of the Government at Washington.

"By their works ye shall know them" would form the text or subject of a very interesting essay on the so-called "self-supporting missionary cause" at Para.

It is a well known fact, conceded by this self-styled "superintendent," that the result of ten years' labor as a self-supporting missionary only shows about ten colored converts of the lower class, so that altogether there is nothing to be superintendent of. In a business as well as a missionary sense he is a failure, as by his indiscreet utterances he has antagonized the entire respectable element of the country.

He is not a self-supporting missionary, as a greater part of his time is devoted to secular work. Some American friends have presented him with a press and type, which affords him an opportunity to ventilate his peculiar views; but, as a matter of fact, the better class of people do not read the paper, and those that it should instruct are not able to read, so that practically it is a waste.

In this connection I mention the unostentatious custom of these people in the observance of all saints' or all souls' days, which occur in November previous to the festas of the carnivals.

On these days the friends and relatives of the deceased repair in crowds to the different cemeteries, carrying flowers, crosses, and other like tributes with which they decorate the graves.

It is a general holiday, during which extra cars or trains are run out to the suburban cemeteries, being observed very much as our Memorial Day, when soldiers' graves are decorated. With these people all graves are remembered, either by the depositing of flowers or perhaps only the widow or children will gather about the little mounds and offer their prayers for the repose of souls.

The sincere devotion of these people in their sorrows and their joys alike is a most agreeable contrast to the harsh, uncharitable conduct of the American missionary who receives the contributions of our kind people to support him in indecent attacks upon their belief.

The cemeteries of Para are well kept, being generally under the care of religious societies. As far as such things go, they are equally and as tastefully arranged as with us.

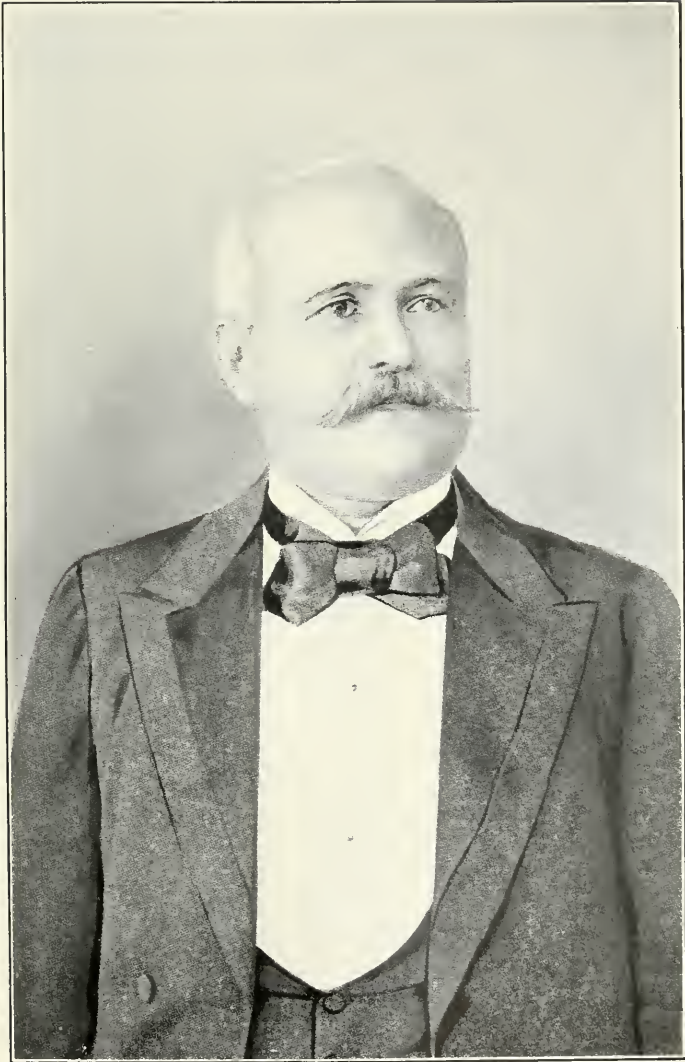
In nearly all there is a chapel in which bodies are deposited for the last rites of the church, previous to burial. They do not permit the dead to be taken inside of the city churches.

The best families have separate vaults, as with us, most of them being constructed in Europe and sent out ready to be put up. There are no stone quarries in Amazonia, so that all grave or tombstone work, like almost everything else, is imported, and considerable money is expended and taste and art is shown in the cemeteries.

The principal inn is named St. Isabel.

A beautiful little Spanish *senhorita*, the friend of one of my English companions, upon whom we called one evening and found quite ill, her large eyes seeming larger and sadder because they appeared sunken, whispered in soft Spanish, as she smilingly extended her hand:

"Se senhor, Ah-de-leen-ha- (Adelina) must go to San Is-a-bel."



Dr. Paes de Carvalho, Governador of Para and Senator to General Government at Rio. Dr. Paes, as he is familiarly called, is recognized as an authority on yellow fever and the friend to Americans.

The slow pronunciation of her name and that of the cemetery, the accent on the syllable *Is*, in a sweet voice, made quite a sad impression upon me.

The most interesting feature of the observance occurs after dark, when the lighted candles are placed around each grave. One must see this to be deeply impressed with the weird solemnity and wild beauty of the scene.

If you can, imagine acres upon acres of burning tapers, there being six to each grave. Around these dimly lighted altars, like dark outlines of statues kneeling on the damp ground, may be traced hundreds of men, women and children, so deeply immersed in their devotions that they appear wholly unconscious of all that is around them. Others are walking about in quest of graves that may be difficult to find in the darkness.

Apparently nobody speaks aloud. There are no orations or readings of poems and rendering of choruses by paid singers.

The cemetery, though crowded, is as quiet as at a church service, except for the bands that in some distant corners are playing most mournful dirges.

In walking about I heard sobs and moans from true-hearted Catholic breasts, that believed their loved ones had died in the Lord.

A visitor from the land and people who send missionaries to Para may find a lesson in the San Isabel cemetery, in the darkness of a tropical night, made darker by the shadows from the palms and other beautiful trees that are reflected from the sad southern moon that seems so close.

One of the features of home life in Amazonia that will strike the average visitor, as savoring of a relic of barbarism or half civilization, are the numerous high fences that may always be found surrounding the houses.

Not only of the rich, but the poorest hovels will be almost concealed by a stockade of palings ten feet high, one end being put in the ground, the top sharpened like a spike. These, in

rows or panels, are closely and securely bound with a wisp of vine. They soon become covered with growing vines that look quite like our Virginia creeper, and bear in abundance brilliant flowers. These vines and flowers of every conceivable variety serve to conceal and beautify, beyond the art of man, the rude structure made of split rails standing on end.

One can seldom see what is behind these fences except the heavy growth of trees.

My friend and vice consul, who has had some experience in climbing Para fences, assures me that like high neck dresses they are a relic of barbarism.

One of the peculiarities of Para gardens is that many of the trees usually contain bright red blooms or clusters of crimson berries. Everything seems to grow high, there being but few small plants.

The orchids, of which this equatorial Amazonia is the home, grow spontaneously in the forests. There are people who make it the object of their lives to hunt the forests of Amazonia for rare varieties of the orchid, many specimens of which are sent to Europe by every steam sailing.

The better homes are supplied by their native rubber gatherers with any new species that may be discovered in the pursuit of the rubber and cocoa industries.

Orchid gardens are quite common in Para. The trellis work usually surrounding their verandas and porticos are availed of to attach the numerous collections of beautiful plants, so that in Amazonia hanging gardens of the most wonderfully beautiful flowers that the earth produces are quite frequently to be met with in the cultured homes.

I have seen some orchids in the little brown hands of senhoras, whose tapering fingers pointed out their beauty, that, for exquisiteness and variety of form and color and perfume, could not be portrayed by pen, pencil or coloring, so that I need not attempt a description. Only a born poet could do this subject justice.

The wealthier homes are usually situated some distance back from the streets. These are invariably "protected" by a high iron picket fence which surmounts a wall of masonry that is of itself a fence, being from two to four feet high from the ground. Through these iron pickets the stranger may view most luxuriant gardens, such as may be imagined from a high colored painting, but are only found under the Equator.

It is seldom, if ever, that a stranger is admitted inside of this fence. Therefore, but few brief tourists are competent to describe the home lives of these people.

It will seem like an exaggeration to say that along the line of these fences of the aristocratic homes the visitor will find in front of each house what seems to be like an iron cage of the same form and style used in menageries to confine tigers or leopards.

There are fancy iron seats on them, however, and surprise will give way to disbelief when I assert that these cages are intended for the ladies of the families when they wish to look into the outside world, or, strictly speaking, to view the numerous street processions. Like the pickets of the poor, the iron fences and cages of the rich are alike, relics of earlier civilization.

These may have been in years past a necessity as a protection from their own savages, but they are not now required. As a matter of fact, I never have seen a cage occupied, but in my evening walks or rides witnessed the ladies promenade in groups on the sidewalks, in front of their homes, but they did not venture far beyond.

These iron fences, as well as the workmen to construct them, are imported from Europe, as also the paint and brushes necessary to keep them in good form. Every one of the large stone slabs in the broad pavements comes from Portugal, and it is not necessary to say that the street cars and rails come from England, where they are manufactured after American models.

The Brazileiro does not manufacture anything. It would be too much trouble. They are always tired or indifferent, and

prefer to sit still, while generous nature supplies them with the rubber and cocoa, with which they buy what they require. So that it must be conceded that in everything that is good and useful Amazonia is supplied by other lands, while that which is beautiful and in that sense useful, like orchids and lovely flowers, as well as pretty *senhoras*, are spontaneous productions due to the warmth of the climate and the natural richness of the soil.

The carnival, like most of the other social observances in Amazonia, is an importation from the Mediterranean countries, or perhaps from Paris.

It is an exotic that thrives well in that warm climate. The nightly jollifications are inaugurated by a procession on the afternoon of the first day. This has been so frequently described by visitors in the European countries, that I need only say that here it is an imitation in a greatly exaggerated form.

Most of the masqueraders ride through the city in carriages or on horseback, dressed in all manner of ludicrous costumes, intended to represent in burlesque, or caricature anything in social, political or business life that may take their fancy. And here I may be permitted to say that the Brazilian is an expert in caricature. Some of their comic illustrated papers indicate a great fund of originality in their productions.

As "O Consul Americano" I suffered somewhat, though the comic papers made efforts to defend me from the attacks of the daily *Provincia*. I was represented with a very large head and small body, riding whip in hand, driving off a pack of dogs that were barking at my heels.

The likeness was ludicrously correct and, coming after the reference to the *senhora's* pet dogs, the application was quite good. So in the dressing for the carnival the opportunity is availed of to caricature such as strike their fancy in real life. I was looking for a brother Jonathan.

All are closely masked and no attempt to undo or uncover a masker is ever made, so that they are perfectly safe in the exercise of their talents, and some most absurd situations occur between

maskers and their victims, to the great amusement of the crowds, which always follow them about in anticipation of these scenes.

The appearance of numbers of *senhoras* attract the greatest share of attention. One of the most striking figures to me was, the caricature of what looked to be a woman fully fifteen feet in height, that came stalking down the middle of the street in a most dignified way. It was intended as a representation of the height of folly, and a most amusing and correct representation it made.

This sort of thing lasts all of the early evening, during which visits are made by the maskers upon families, friends and shop-keepers.

The business merchant will suspend all work to answer the call of a masker at his front door, and often with pen or paper in hand he will laugh and talk half an hour to his visitor, trying meanwhile to discover his or her identity. Everybody takes all in good part; none are angry or insulted, but all are happy.

In the evenings the crowds, I may say the entire city, assemble at different places in attendance at the masked balls. These are as numerous and as varied as are the different social sets.

It was my privilege to have been specially invited to the two of the masked balls which represented the higher classes of society. One was that tendered by the young men of the foreign element to the *senhoras* of their acquaintance, in whose delightful and refined homes they had been pleasantly entertained during the previous year. This sociable was held in the large home of one of the best families of Para.

I can avoid any necessity for explaining this truth by stating that it was the home of my friend, the Portuguese cashier of the English bank, the father of the trio of pretty *senhoras* Ninita, Zizi and Zeta.

This family home was located in the Estrada St. Jeronymo, so well remembered by foreigners who have been kindly entertained under its spreading roof.

The house is large, of the usual cottage style, but covers a great deal of ground, being situated in a pleasant tropical garden in the suburbs. The dining room, where the social gatherings are held, is quite large. Indeed, it is probably larger than any other two of the rooms, being arranged, no doubt, with a view of entertaining a number of visitors.

His family is large. In addition to the three grown sisters there is a son, a young doctor and a younger daughter Alee, who is not yet "out," but who nevertheless takes an active part with her younger brother in all the dances. They begin early in that country and are taught to dance soon after the babies walk.

On the occasion of the grand private mask ball of the year, all the young people of that set attended in full costume, and they comprised innumerable cousins and friends, accompanied by uncles and aunts. This was perhaps more of a fancy dress than of a mask character.

I regret exceedingly my inability to describe this wonderful exhibition of fancy dry goods witnessed during that night on the Amazon. Only a lady expert in such matters would be competent to do it justice.

All the younger people and most of the older were nicely attired, and, as no two were alike, it follows that the whole presented a bright scene.

There were fairies, flower girls, hobgoblins and what not. The charming hostess, Ninita, as a fairy queen, made a grand entree from the large garden while red lights were burning, casting their weird reflections onto the palm and cinnamon trees.

She was beautifully arrayed in white and wore the first décolleté toilet I had seen in Para, which fact seemed to embarrass her. Perhaps it was because I showed so much surprise at the innovation as she approached me on her round, distributing the beautifully printed programs for the evening.

One lady on this evening wore a robe made up entirely of the richest and rarest feathers of the birds of brilliant plumage.

that may be seen only in Amazonia. Her dress would no doubt become the admiration of any gathering in our land.

My other little sweetheart, Zizi, not larger than a piece of chalk, looking even smaller in short skirts, skipped about, laughing all the time, carrying a tray of flowers. She represented a flower girl.

Zeta was, I believe, dressed in black lace, over which were embroidered silver stars; a most becoming dress for a representation of the star of the evening.

A couple of mighty pretty little girls resembling Jewesses, whom I had not previously met, took my fancy on account of their brightness and beauty, but neither of them could speak a word of English. "My soul" with the wicked black eyes, with her sister and companions, of St. Jeronymo, were also present. The best English boys took the most active part in making the affair enjoyable, and to their efforts and attendance is due the credit of carrying it to a most happy termination.

Good music was supplied and an abundance of refreshments served, which, with the dancing and the crowd of pretty, black eyed girls, each with an English blond for a partner, made it indeed a happy event.

The host and hostess are of French-Portuguese extraction, the mother being one of the best preserved women of Para; as gay and as happy as the youngest of her large family. The parents unite with their children in entertaining the young visitors, all of whom are well treated if they are worthy of consideration, without regard to their nationality.

The foreign visitors are more numerous at this elegant home than are the Brazileiros.

It unfortunately occurred that this private fancy dress sociable was given on the same night on which the annual fancy dress of the Para swell social club was to be given, so that I retired about midnight, and with my chaperon was driven to the highest toned social affair of the season.

The Assembleia Paranesa, it should be known, is a club or social representing strictly the upper four hundred of Para, though probably its actual membership is circumscribed to two hundred of the *crème de la crème* of Para society.

The assemblea, pronounced as if spelled *assemblay ah*, is a wealthy corporation, which owns a large building that has been constructed expressly for their use. It contains a large, well ventilated dancing room, from which porticos or verandas may be reached through the numerous richly draped windows that extend to the floor. There is adjoining this a music room, where the large and complete orchestra, also under the control of the managers of the assemblea, is placed.

The walls are appropriately decorated and the seats for the visitors comfortably arranged. There is also a large banquet hall, in which are a number of tables. Around these the old gentlemen sit and play the Brazilian games of cards, while the younger folks dance.

A refectory or refreshment room is conveniently arranged, as also dressing and retiring rooms for ladies and gentlemen. In short, everything necessary for comfort and style is here supplied.

The difference between this and the club rooms is that the assemblea provides for their lady friends handsomely; the object being a weekly meeting for dancing, ladies and gentlemen who are members being admitted.

A lady or gentleman member may, upon a written application to the board of managers, secure an invitation for a friend, but this is seldom requested, except for strangers, as it is expected that any desirable residents will become members by paying the large initiation fee and contributing to the current expenses.

I had the honor of being repeatedly invited to the assemblea, and am glad of an opportunity to tell my American friends that I have never met anywhere with more accomplished and pretty ladies, handsome and courteous gentlemen, than I was privileged to become acquainted with at the Assembleia Paranesa.

We found a line composed of nearly all the vehicles in Para on the street, near the Assembleia building, where we drove over at midnight. We were cordially received by the committee, and being relieved of overcoats, which are necessary in that damp climate when wearing evening dress, walked up the stairways and were quietly ushered into the moving throng.

As long as life lasts, there will not be effaced from my memory the happy impressions of that hour.

One feels when among strangers a certain loneliness even in a crowd, but there was an atmosphere of refinement pervading the very air that one naturally succumbed to its good influence. At the moment of our entrance the splendid orchestra was playing the well known waltz, *Estudiantina* by Emile Waldteufel. I glanced into the dancing room at the moving, graceful figures, attired in rich and elegant toilets (for the grace and beauty of Para's capital was gathered there). Instinctively my eyes first caught those of the very one I wanted to see, the baron's daughter. Great Scott! How superb she did look!

Her costume was black, which I had so often told her was decidedly becoming. She was dressed to represent Justice. Her luxuriant brown hair, profusely powdered, was flowing over her shoulders, which seemed very white, probably because of her dark dress, though she is a pronounced brunette. Only a Spanish *senhorita* or a Portuguese *senhora* can drape or wear black lace with such fine effect and the soul of the baron's daughter shone through her brown eyes, that beamed unutterable words as she smiled over the shoulders of the savage who was holding her for the waltz.

I did not get a chance to talk with her, and it is just as well, perhaps, as I should not have been able to properly acquit myself.

I imagined that each person in the crowded room had one of their black eyes directed toward the baron's daughter and the other on the consul. It was not altogether imagination, as it was well enough known throughout the city that the American admired their pretty, blooming exotic. There was no secret about it. Had he not made love through the American newspapers

which had reached Para, to the great entertainment of the entire people? Naturally, when together, they expected to be entertained. It was also well enough understood that the exotic was not only smart and pretty, but also a most accomplished flirt. Therefore, the curious observers became very much interested in the development of the little diplomatic episode between the old United States and the young Brazilian republic.

I could only compliment her, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, suggest that, as a representation of Justice, she should be blindfolded and not use her pretty, brown eyes to fascinate poor, weak Americans; so that we were not responsible for the wickedness committed by reason of their influence.

Though the rooms were crowded with pretty girls, I remained till the *boa noite*. I did not see any one but the baron's daughter. The following days I attended the public carnival balls for the benefit of all the classes alike, held in the grand *Theatro do Paz*.

The entire lower space of the large theater, comprising what we call the orchestra, is floored over on a level with the stage, which in itself is as large as the front portion. The two thrown together make an immense floor space, which is all used as the general dancing platform.

The musicians are provided with a temporary balcony in front of the boxes or in the center of the large floor.

An admission fee of about two dollars is collected from every attendant, and, as the entire place from floor to dome is usually crowded, it goes without saying that these mask balls are financially and otherwise successful. Neither expense nor labor is spared in the preparation for the enjoyment of everybody who may desire to attend.

The entire theater being thrown open, the crowd of dancers may, after the violent exercise of the fancy dances, rest in the box chairs or repair to the large open corridors for a promenade while cooling off.

There are dressing rooms for ladies and gentlemen, also refectories, which the ladies on these occasions freely patronize as the companions of gentlemen.

The dancers are all in complete mask—that is the general rule, though it frequently occurs that a looker on may be unexpectedly dragged into a dance with a charming mask.

I believe I have said everybody was free to attend, and it looked to me as if they had all availed themselves of the privilege to the fullest extent.

As the majority wore not only masks, but grotesque and fancy costumes, it will be apparent that I cannot tell who were there; but a pretty close study of the situation and strict attention to details satisfied me that what were known as the better classes of both sexes mingled freely on this occasion with those with whom they would not publicly recognize.

The British consul, attended in company with my Brazilian friend, who, if he knew, refrained from divulging to us their identity. He would chatter in Portuguese and laugh in English with many masks whom we encountered in our peregrinations in the crowds. We struggled through the dancers, ran over the stage into the dressing rooms; in fact, every place, and, as usual, saw it all as far as any one could see through such masks as they use on these occasions.

To attempt a description would lead into a confusion worse confounded than I experienced while looking on the gay scenes of that night.

The three galleries or boxes were occupied by families. Fathers, mothers and children, who looked down upon the brilliant mass of richly attired humanity, that were gracefully and wildly moving in accord with the delightful music of a large band.

Many persons, like ourselves, not in mask moved about among the dancers. Where one set seemed to become especially attractive by their superior dancing or gyrations the crowd would gather about them, forming rings inside of which the dancers, urged on by the applause and shouts of the crowd, abandoned themselves wholly to the excitement of the moment.

I have witnessed the famous dancing at the Jardin de Paris, the Champs Elysées, as also at the Moulin Rouge, in Paris, and those readers who have been there need only be told that this Amazonian carnival is an exaggerated imitation of the nightly affair of Paris.

Perhaps I am justified in saying that, for wild and yet graceful dancing, the Amazonians excel their French masters. Mixing of a little French or German or English, Spanish or Portuguese blood with the Indian and African makes a musician and a natural dancer, a trait which this climate fully develops.

One of the most attractive of those dancers was a young, well formed girl, of Indian and French extraction. She was attired as a page, in well fitting black silk tights, her face concealed by a domino. Her small feet were encased in French boots (as they call shoes), her costume showing beautifully proportioned limbs and body. I gathered the impression that I had seen her before, and hung around her set a long time in a fruitless endeavor to penetrate her disguise. I could only discover that her flesh was so near the color of her tights that I could not tell where one left off and the other began. So I gave it up in despair.

There were every conceivable kind of costumes worn. Perhaps all those that had done duty in the inauguration day procession or in the previous nights' balls had been exchanged or remodeled, and were here doing duty on this grand occasion.

Certainly I saw there more than one elegant costume which was worn at the high toned assemblea, but undoubtedly not by the same person.

The English and German gentlemen, as a rule, appeared in fancy costume, and in this way got a little closer to the crowd, and perhaps had a little more fun than those of us who were lookers on in Venice.

There seems to be inherent within certain temperaments a strong feeling that admonishes them of the presence in the same room of some other persons, either a friend or enemy, whom they have not seen.

A great many persons have been so impressed, and subsequently realized the actual presence of such affinities. This has frequently occurred in my life.

On this occasion I felt sure that some persons were present, who were closely watching me, and especially anxious that their identity should not be made known.

I have before said that the best of the gentlemen of the upper classes came to these balls in mask, and it was told me that they were frequently attended by their sisters, who were also carefully masked.

I noticed a number of couples carefully disguised who took no part in the dancing and only looked on at a respectful distance. They would walk about on the arms of the gentlemen, seldom speaking. It did not escape my observation that there were several couples of this sort, who made exclusive groups, usually promenading in a little procession of their own. I did not, of course, know one and would not presume upon addressing them.

Some of the characters, beautifully attired as Sisters of Mercy or Charity, were escorted by what seemed to be a portly, good natured old padre. I have always felt that one of those was the baron's daughter. As they passed near me, I saw only brown eyes, and from these beamed that expression which could only come from hers. They did not remain long and neither did I after the departure of my affinity.

The Theatro was so crowded and so hot that an overflow ball was held in one of the celebrated Paranes hotels, well known as the Café Carneiro.

As this was near my hotel, I stopped inside and took another turn at investigation on my way home. Like the Theatro, the entire house was thrown open. It was a select gathering of the kind, being composed principally of those who were known professionally as the Italian opera troupe then performing, or other characters.

Most of those present had attended the Theatro and came here to unmask and have refreshments with their friends. I

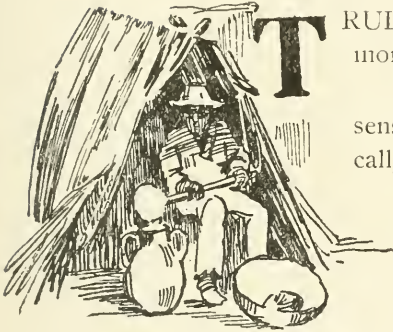
found a number of familiar faces that I had not seen at the Teatro.

Perhaps the finest dancing was done here by professionals who were competent to execute the cancan in all its varieties. I confess that I remained much longer than I intended, being detained by urgent invitations to join a select party at a supper given in one of the private apartments of the Carneiro.

I have not been able to tell the half of this night's performance, but I had all the fun I wanted for one day and night.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AGRICULTURE AND NATURAL RESOURCES.



TRULY Brazil is the "Land of Tomorrow."

This is true in almost every sense in which it may be applied locally to Amazonia.

The wonderful resources in the way of agricultural possibilities, especially in the staple articles of coffee, sugar, and cocoa, are practically unlimited,

while the natural resources that are indigenous, such as rubber, nuts, cabinet and dyewoods, the wonderful contributions to our materia medica, the hides of animals, the plumage of birds, are as yet practically unknown.

Hundreds of square miles of forests of the most luxuriant and valuable nature have never yet been penetrated by man, and the rich deposits of mineral in the mountains of the interior are yet to be prospected.

What lies beyond the margins of the rivers is as yet a sealed book, and far more interesting to our country, than the fascinating equatorial Africa, so graphically described by Stanley.

It is a land also of fevers of all kinds, but the eternal spring fever is more disastrous than the yellow fever, in a land where spring blooms "eternal in the human breast."

It is probably true that, whatever is to be accomplished in the development of this beautiful land of manana, must come through the energy and enterprise of the Anglo-Saxon, reinforcing the Latin race which now predominates.

German scientists have for years interested themselves in exploring Amazonia. The French government naval officials have made the only correct survey of the lower river, but it is well known that the English practically control the steam navigation of the country which the early Portuguese navigators discovered. Excepting the early explorations of the Amazon by the naval officers St. Herndon and Gibbon, and Professor James Orton and the ill-fated Mamora and Madison railroad expedition, the Americans have done little beyond sending their gold out through the English banks, with which to pay for the rubber consumed in the United States, but transported to New York by English ships.

The Brazilians have made some commendable efforts in the direction of local exploration, and scientific research, also occasional attempts at development of the Amazon basin, but comparatively their achievements are almost nil. A majority of the native Brasileiro lack the energy, if not the ability and force of character required to accomplish the best results. They are not only indifferent, but they are indolent, due to the climate perhaps, being content to live from day to day the same monotonous lives, sustained by what they gather from the crumbs that fall from the table of foreigners who come to develop their country.

If you question the average Brasileiro on this subject of development he will most likely answer, "Oh, it's too much trouble;" or, "What's the use?"

The native is never in a hurry, absolutely never. Like many other customs which in this land are reversed, they never do today what can be done tomorrow.

If one is urged to a task, he will likely say, with a surprised yawn at any expression of urgency, "Oh, tomorrow is another day."

On one occasion I had some business in the alfandega or custom house, with one of the officials, who received me courteously.

I was in a hurry, and declining the proffered chair, proceeded to the business in hand by a direct question. The official smiled

blandly, put his hand in his pocket, drew forth the cigarette papers, case and pouch which they all carry, and after first tendering to me, began to leisurely pull out the tobacco and roll it slowly into the paper with that easy grace which only a Brazilian can acquire. As he did not show any signs of talking on the business, which was of a mere formal character and required no diplomacy at all, I ventured to repeat my question. Looking at me in a surprised way, he began his answer by the preliminary gush they use in the way of compliments.

After relieving himself of the formality he began to search for a match, and not finding any in his own pockets, walked to the other side of the room to borrow from another official, stopping en route to chat with him, while I was standing or walking about the floor impatiently. After he had lighted and puffed the cigarette, he answered my question. There was no disposition whatever to be discourteous, and I am only relating one of many instances of the kind that continually occur.

It cannot be avoided. It is one of the customs that a stranger must endure and the irritation grows to anger when one finds that after he finally does get a reply to a business interrogatory it seldom gives satisfaction, and the performance must be gone over again with some other individual equally slow and tedious.

When a Brazilian talks about the development of these regions, his first and last lament is "a lack of arms" (*falta de bracos*). Just as though there were not twice as many arms as heads in Brazil already.

The principal trouble is a lack of will to work. The men who sigh over the "lack of arms" never count their own two arms.

The liberated slaves, in large numbers, are afflicted with the same rudimentary and undeveloped indisposition to work. In view of this unanimity of feeling on the subject between them and their former masters, the latter long for some people whom they can compel to work for them. The slaves as a rule do not marry, but live promiscuously. Consequently the male part of the population liberated by the emancipation act of 1888 have

no families and no anchor to hold them to labor. The present aim of the government is to introduce a class of people, preferably Chinese, who will be in a condition to be compelled to work for those who have capital and who do not wish to work for themselves, in other words, a serf class to take up the labor of the emancipated slaves. Besides the call for "arms," there is also a great opening for "heads" and capital, and especially a little conscience, to be mixed with reciprocity.

While confined to my room during illness I found it quite a relief during the monotonous days to continue my reports on the wonderful resources of the Amazon, the publication of which in special form the government did me the honor of continuing some months after my successor had relieved me. I found that practically there was no end to the abundance and variety of valuable natural productions of Amazonia which are still but slightly touched, or not at all. The flora of this part of Brazil is especially rich in plants producing available textile fibers.

The Baron of Marajo, previously mentioned as an ex-president of the province, late commissioner from Para to the Paris Exposition, and commissioner to the Columbian Exposition, at Chicago, and the Louisiana-Purchase Exposition, at St. Louis, published an excellent monograph on the textile fibers displayed at these expositions and especially those of Amazonia, which book the baron kindly sent to me, accompanied by a nicely written note in excellent English, from his accomplished daughter, in which she stated that her father would like her to act as his private Secretary and translate the articles from the Portuguese for me, and she added, "I would like to do so, but I really cannot. I do not know enough of your language, which I seldom speak, and never before have written." This note, with the crest of the baron's family in embossed gold, and elegant stationery I preserve as one of the rarest prizes from Amazonia.

Singularly, the baron does not refer to the wonderful source of supply for the materia medica. He mentions fifty-four distinct species of plants and trees, some of them having many sub-varieties, all of which yield valuable textile fibers, and most of

which are indigenous to the Amazon valley, all of which grow there and are available for an infinite variety of manufactures, such as cloth, cord, ropes, mats, hats, baskets, etc. But it must be remembered that almost every industry there is vastly different from the industry of a similar name in other lands. You cannot introduce American methods generally into these industries any more than you could use a bob sled for logging on the Amazon.

There are known to be rich deposits of gold on some of the upper tributaries of the Amazon, but their long distance from the towns and the intervention of rapids, which interrupt the navigation of most of the tributaries for part of the year at least, have been a great barrier to development.

The gathering of Brazil nuts is quite an extensive industry during two months of the year, the total exportation being about eight million hectoliters per annum.

India rubber is, however, the great industry and resource of the Amazon valley, an exhaustive report upon which may be had from the Department of State. It was my own investigation which first developed that there is great danger from diminution of supply, rather than an increase of rubber production in the Amazon valley.

In the delta or lower Amazon are many rubber forests "worn out" (*cancados*), as they say to Portuguese. No legal precautions were taken by the government for the preservation of the trees. The instinct of the rubber gatherer and the interests of the owner are the only law. As stated in official reports, if but three gashes per day are made in the bark of the tree, and the hatchet does not strike the wood, the rubber tree does not seem to suffer from the treatment, the only result being that the trunk of the tree grows thick and the surface irregular and bumpy; but it will continue to yield milk in abundance for thirty or forty years, and continue in good health. But when the hatchet wounds the wood, decay begins at once, as the wood is soft, and a little wood-weevil called *punilha* enters the decayed spot and hastens the destruction, while the tree drags on a miserable half dead existence (*cancado*).

For this reason many rubber swamps on the lower Amazon are already wholly or partially abandoned for the newer swamps of the upper tributaries.

Renters of the rubber swamps are, of course, less careful of the trees than are the owners who manage their own work from their central rubber stations.

The Peruvian rubber or caucho forests are fast disappearing, and the nearest are far away. The practice of felling the caucho tree to collect the rubber has destroyed all the trees near the rivers, except far up on the Ucayali and Javary Rivers. It is affirmed that extensive tracts of forest have not been touched, because they are difficult of access, on account of the distance from the rivers and the lack of roads. It is safe to assert that in the near future all the available caucho forest of Para will have disappeared, never to return. This early report of mine has been confirmed in later reports.

There is no doubt as to the practicability and immense lucrativeness of planting the true rubber tree, *Hevea*, or *Siphonia elastica*, the best rubber tree in the world.

The seeds or nuts are abundant and easily obtained by those who will personally visit the country. The traders, however, will not ship any seed, being careful to first boil any specimens sent abroad.

They are somewhat smaller than horse chestnuts, which they resemble in shape, growing three in a capsule, which bursts with a sound resembling a firecracker and throws the nuts some distance.

In one day a man could gather enough of them to plant a quarter section of land.

They germinate easily and grow rapidly. They need plenty of moisture and heat, but not too much direct sunlight while young.

The young rubber trees can be found in the forests and transplanted with facility; care being taken not to plant them too deep, spreading out the roots horizontally, and shading them until

they have reached a certain height; but it is much less labor to plant the nuts in a garden bed, taking care to protect them from the sauba ants and the sun's rays until they are ready to transplant.

When six or eight inches high they should be removed to small half bushel baskets of earth, in which they may grow until they are two or three feet in height. They are then ready to be planted where they are intended to remain. The basket, which costs but a few cents, is set into the ground with the plant, just as it is, and the work is done.

The trees will never crowd each other if planted twelve to twenty feet apart. This would give over five hundred trees to an acre of ground.

This land needs no preparation. The young trees will do well if planted in the original forest, but it would be still better to plant them among second growth of last year's clearing.

The second growth would give the necessary shade to the young rubber trees, and they would soon shoot above it.

At the end of the first year, the young trees will be from eight to ten feet in height, and from twelve to fifteen feet at the end of the second year. No cultivation or care is necessary.

The rubber tree thrives well on both low and high land, but in order to yield plenty of milk, it must have plenty of moisture in the soil, part of the year at least.

For example, near the river Purus, where the flood plains are covered with water from one to three or four months in the year, the trees yield milk in abundance; while thrifty trees of the same sort, not reached by the floods, do not pay for the trouble of tapping them.

On the lower Amazon not only the trees on the tide flats and annual flood plains yield milk in paying quantities, but also those on the high land (*terra firma*), because the abundant rains of the lower Amazon of six months or more in the year supply abundance of water to the soil.

The extent of territory in the Amazon valley, aggregating many thousands of miles of forest that might profitably be planted

in rubber trees, would yield not only rubber enough to supply this world, but might safely fill the contract for the whole solar system.

The great advantage of a compactly planted rubber forest, or grove, would be the saving of labor in traveling through the swamps. The rest of the work is light and quickly done, except perhaps the coagulation of the milk.

Taking the most unfavorable figures and features of the rubber swamps and applying them to the rubber grove, we may calculate that the man who cares for one hundred and fifty trees in the swamp could care for an acre in the grove with its five hundred trees.

As four kilos is an average yield from the one hundred and fifty trees, his five hundred would yield him fifteen kilos of rubber per day.

One dollar per kilo has been perhaps a low average price. Thus the laborer would get fifteen dollars per day, with no other expense than ordinary living, during four or five months of the year.

Then why don't they plant rubber trees? This is the question that Brazilians are now beginning to ask each other.

The only difficulty in the way is that it takes from ten to twenty-five years for a grove to become profitable.

It is a long time to wait, but every one confesses that it would be a magnificent investment of capital.

The few experiments that have been tried abundantly establish this fact.

I collected a quantity of nuts, and some leaves of the tree at different stages, as well as sections of the wood, all of which I sent to the department to be deposited in the Agricultural Museum, at Washington, with specimens of crude rubber as it is prepared for shipment; also a hatchet used to tap trees, the earthen cups, and implements for the coagulation of the milk.

I took the opportunity, also, of recommending to the department that rubber culture might be a successful and profitable ex-

periment in our country, if properly undertaken, in the Everglades of southern Florida.

It was my privilege and pleasure to have spent part of a winter near Orlando, in southern Florida, the guest of some old friends, Prof. O. F. Winkleman and wife.

This gentleman has made a special study of the branches of forestry and agriculture adapted to Florida, being the owner of extensive orange groves beautifully situated on the spring or source of all the lakes of that region, which they have named Lake Geno. Around this crystal lake some native rubber trees of *Ficus elastica* variety are now growing.

As the region of overflowed swamp land of southern Florida corresponds with those of the Amazon in richness of soil, humidity of the atmosphere, and warmth, I could not see why these immense wastes of water in our own land might not be utilized in the cultivation of this most necessary and profitable tree, and respectfully suggested that I be authorized to make an extensive collection of nuts and young trees, which my friend Prof. Winkleman would undertake to experiment with.

The department replied that they could not justify the expense of the experiment. I was shortly relieved from my consulate without due acknowledgment of my services in this direction. Later I undertook investigation on private account, and have tried to give the American people the results of my observations.

The Mexican and Central American governments became interested in the subject of rubber cultivation, resulting in some agreeable correspondence between Sr. Romero, then Mexican minister, and myself, while consul.

It is safe to assert that over a hundred million dollars of American gold were lost or expended in the promotion of rubber plantation in Mexico and Central America in the past fifteen years, and probably without satisfactory returns.

Not only American, but foreign capital has been largely invested in this way, resulting in several scandals, especially with English or American investors.

The writer's official rubber reports and suggestions are probably responsible for this early agitation of rubber growing in Mexico and Central America, but not for the scandals.

After leaving the consulate, exploitations for new rubber territory were made to the head waters of the Amazon, and later, on my return to the United States, a trip was made to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and other Mexican rubber territory, also to southern Florida and Cuba, in these efforts to foster rubber conservation and cultivation. Though these researches were undertaken under the direction of rubber interests, I showed my usual lack of policy by antagonizing my principals by reporting, as an expert familiar with real rubber forests, against the Mexican enterprises. I made it clear that the Mexican rubber tree was not the genuine rubber of the Amazon, known commercially as Para, or botanically as the Hevea, but of a decidedly inferior grade, similar to the caucho of Peru, known in Mexico and Central America commercially as "central" and botanically as "*Castilloa elastica*."

The important difference is that Para or Hevea is worth fifty to seventy-five per cent. more than caucho or centrals, and, moreover, the Para yields fifty per cent. greater results without injury than the caucho. There is as great a difference relatively as between gold and silver, or, in other words, the Para giving cream and the caucho skim milk.

The recommendations from my visit not being satisfactory to the promoters of Mexican rubber plantations, who were interested only in selling stock certificates through florid prospectuses describing the profits of rubber culture based on Para, which they could not produce, depending on inferior caucho plants, my work was discredited.

After years of waiting for their rubber trees to mature they now find they had planted the wrong tree.

Through the senators from my State and other officials I communicated with the Secretary of Agriculture, who was interested in rubber production, and was referred to Mr. Gifford Pinchot,

chief forester, whose first question was, "Are golf balls made of hard or soft rubber?"

Later on I had several brief talks with Mr. Pinchot about the transplanting of Para rubber in the Philippines, and I treasure a letter in Mr. Taft's handwriting, when he was governor of the Philippines, regarding the transplanting of rubber trees in the Philippines, where conditions were similar to those of the Amazon, in the same latitude. I tried to convince Mr. Taft that, if rubber trees were transplanted as the English are doing to Ceylon and the Straits, it would make our possessions as valuable in time as California and Alaska had become.

I tried to convince the officials of the forcefulness of the assertion in my official reports. That gold grows on the rubber trees of the Amazon forests; that, unlike the gold and silver mines, it was not required to expend money in prospecting or operating; all that is necessary being for the native, with his little hatchet or a wand, to enter the forest and tap the trees when the liquid gold flows into his coffers.

A natural Hevea rubber tree will yield an average of lacti or milk in a season, which will coagulate into five pounds of fine rubber, worth over \$5.00 in gold coin in any market of the world. It will do this without any labor, for forty or fifty years.

This is a fine yield for conservation as well as for cultivation.

Unquestionably, the most valuable product of the soil is the rubber tree, which is grown in swamp land of no value for anything else.

The product is necessary to our civilization, and a war, blockading the Amazon and creating a rubber famine, would cripple this electric age, which depends upon rubber for insulation of telegraph and telephone wires, motors, lights and railroad air brakes; to say nothing of the increasing demand for bicycle and automobile and other tires, belting and packing for machinery, roofing, flooring, clothing and its use in the arts, etc.

My investigation of the rubber began with my consular work and was pursued as an electrical expert for insulation, and has

been persistently and consistently continued by study and research, as outlined in the pages herewith, which are offered as a practical record.

There are fortunes to be made in Amazonia outside of rubber business, and lost also, in trade and government contracts. Many a fortune has been lost in a day in rubber speculation. A large number of the business houses are built, or rather propped on the ruins of their own selves. They break, settle with their creditors, and go right on.

But in spite of the appearance of Sodomie corruption in commercial habits, there is an opportunity for making fortunes by fair dealing. In fact, the foreign houses that have stood the wear and tear of the financial crises that at times come over the Amazonian trade are those which lean most strongly toward fair dealing.

European merchants come young and grow up in the business, and are there to stay; consequently, they have something of a reputation at stake, and an incentive to fair dealing.

As a rule, American merchants do not come to stay, and adopt the Yankee idea, that to be successful, they must outdo Brazilians in business smartness.

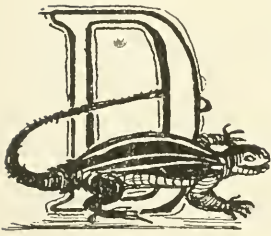
Many American trading houses have liquidated in Para, either to leave the place or to continue under another "alias."

It may not be assumed that the Americans in Para are the only merchants who have made this unfortunate business record. I am trying to tell specially of the efforts to introduce our trade in that land, and necessarily detail more of the experiences of our own countrymen.

Though the American record seems to be the worst in the number of failures, it is not denied that in aggregate amounts and figures the foreigners excel.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

O CONSUL RELIEVED ON MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 30.



URING slow convalescence from a serious illness I learned from the newspapers of the nomination of a gentleman from Ohio as consul to Para, my name being freely published by the Washington correspondents as having been recalled through the influence of that cabal who claim to make and unmake men. This was an injustice to me which the department permitted. But despite the enterprise of the Washington correspondents, it will be seen I had remained consul a year longer than I had intended.

The government did not seem to be in so much of a hurry to dismiss me as I was to be relieved, so that I might carry out my purpose of visiting the upper Amazon regions.

My report to the department had made it clear that no first class American citizen would come to Para as consul and stay, simply because the ordinary expense of boarding for one person alone exceeds the salary. I proved this by sending to the department receipted board bills for several months, with the urgent recommendation that the salary of my successor be doubled. It has since been more than doubled and a deputy and clerk added.

I found it also true that, in sickness, Brazil is the "land of tomorrow." An Anglo-Saxon who may become ill in the climate of the equator will find that recovery is slow, though illness may be rapid enough. The heaviness, as well as the dampness, of the atmosphere seems to prevent speedy recuperation. There is no ozone in the air. A convalescent must leave the country to facilitate recovery. This was the physician's advice to me, but

not being relieved, I could not desert my post, as there was no vice-consul to act. I had not made any later appointment hoping that I would be relieved soon.

The President appointed as my successor a gentleman who, upon his arrival, informed me that he had been an applicant for a consulate for eight years, and was glad to get Para. He also stated in the first interview that he had been a hospital attendant in General Harrison's brigade during the war. I do not mean to infer that this was mentioned in the way of a qualification. Probably it was to indicate the "influence" of the war association. He had since then become a pharmacist and doctor, and, to the astonishment of several gentlemen whom he met, announced that he had sacrificed a lucrative practice in Ohio to come to Para for his health.

He was relieved after a short service, and later became an inmate of a soldiers' home, dying there recently.

Personally, I was as happy to see my relief as if it were a brother who had come to my sick chamber to take me home. The new consul was a middle aged gentleman, wearing a full beard, rather below the medium height, one of those energetic, positive little men who impress one at first as a distinctive type of the Yankee race. He created the impression that he would not only make a good consul, but, like the traditional new broom, would correct the mistakes of his predecessors, regardless of the climate or other obstacles.

Though quite ill, and barely able to walk about, I introduced my successor personally to everybody whom I had known, friends and enemies alike, expressing to each and all a sincere wish that they would help to make his social walk more agreeable than mine had been.

One English gentleman feelingly said to me, on this occasion, "Mr. Consul, if you had been properly introduced by your predecessor, as you have done by your successor, it would have saved us all some wretched business. We had to find you out, and have learned, against our prejudice, to appreciate and respect you." Then, turning to the new consul, he added, "Your prede-

cessor has cleared away all the barriers from your path and made it possible for you to have a clear walk-over." Another Englishman explained brusquely: "The situation is reversed. The major was unfortunate in following a personally popular man. His successor comes after one who, however unpopular he may have been at first, always remained a gentleman."

Through the missionary's reports regarding my predecessor's singular social attachment, as well as his successor's alleged too numerous attentions to society exactions, the government no doubt concluded it would be advisable to send a married man to Para.

The new consul was accompanied by his wife, whom he proudly introduced as a most estimable lady. He was quite effusive in volunteering his early love experiences, explaining that he had first met his wife when he was an attendant, and she a nurse, at one of the hospitals of the army. She was a large lady, taller than her husband, with robust frame, a strongly marked face, with an expression of determination indicating that its possessor could upon occasion take care of herself in any land. The British consul said she resembled the steel engraving pictures of George Washington.

To my sincere expressions of sympathy for any lady in her position who must, from the customs of the place, become lonely and isolated, she replied in tones that were unmistakable in their character, which at once relieved my apprehensions, "I don't care a cent what other people do or think. I am here to stay, and will pursue my own way regardless of custom." She informed me she was a professional lady, a nurse or a pharmacist, having kept a small drug store of her own, where she could assist her husband and make a little extra by the sale of cigars on Sunday.

I was advised by my successor that he has the permission of the department to practice medicine among this people, and that his wife was to draw the salary of consular clerk and assist in the practice.

I was glad to see they had the opportunity to eke out an existence by engaging in philanthropic missionary work. I real-

ized that it would be a revelation to those people to have a female doctor practicing with them. Attention is called to the inconsistency of the department, permitting a successor to engage in his business, while they persistently declined to allow me to follow mine, which was equally important—that of trying to educate our people through the press to the importance of the business of the Amazon valley. I knew very well that the numerous Portuguese doctors of Para would protest as violently against a doctor coming into their field as the Para journalists did to my work.

On the 30th of May (Memorial Day), ever memorable to me, and the date of my appointment and relief as consul, I formally turned over the consulate, completing the ceremonial duties by calls on the governor and officials, and the distribution of P. P. C. (*pour prendre congé*) cards to numerous colleagues and friends as well as enemies.

On the morning of the following day, at 9 a. m., I embarked on an Amazon steamboat, but not for home. The government at Rio de Janeiro gave me a special passport through the United States legation, with endorsements identifying me, which would be good anywhere in Brazil, it being understood that I proposed to penetrate the interior by a long journey to the head waters of the Amazon. This was literally going from the frying pan into the fire, as malarial fevers at that time were prevailing throughout the interior; but I was well supplied by Dr. Bricio with remedies in case of a relapse.

I subsequently learned that the friends who came to see me off that morning expressed the belief that I would never return, and the genial general manager of the Amazon company, Captain John Hudson, said, as he bade me good-bye with kindly words of cheer, "It's only the live fish who go up stream."

Being relieved of my duties as consul, the narrative of that experience ends, but as a matter of compliment I have continued to be addressed as "The consul" to the present day during my several revisits to Para.

To Captain Hudson I am indebted for an official letter which gave me unlimited passage to go as I pleased on any of the Ama-

zon steamers during six months. This was substantially a free pass to "Sun Set" that I highly appreciated as a personal compliment after I had ceased being a consul. Its intrinsic value will be understood when it is explained that the Amazon company owned fifty fine steamers, which cover fifty thousand miles of navigation, extending from the Atlantic Ocean to the Orient of Peru, Cis-Andine Bolivia, and Venezuela, via the Amazon and its innumerable tributaries.

The Amazon steamboats along the water line are modeled like those in our rivers and bays. They are generally wider and present a squat appearance, as compared with the trim steamers on our rivers.

They are not built for speed, but are well adapted for carrying cargoes. The lower decks are constructed especially for the convenient handling of rubber and other solid freight in the holds, and cattle, horses and sheep on the after deck. The decks below are open all around, quite like a southern cotton boat in the United States.

The engines are located about the same as ours. They are English of the low pressure class, and not so noisy as our high pressure type.

Those that run into the numerous tributaries are propelled by patent feathering side wheels. These are not nearly so large as are our paddle boxes, the tops of the wheel house not reaching above the cabin.

The upper deck is well arranged for the passenger traffic of the equator. A few staterooms are located in the center opening on each side on a roomy promenade deck.

There are no cabins. The tables are set in the after part of the upper deck, under the awnings. When necessary to protect their open saloon from a rain storm or an evening or morning sunbeam, the canvas curtains around the guards are let down.

The commandante occupies a small room forward, alongside of which is the escriba or clerk, and "immediato" or first officer. The half dozen or more small rooms on each boat are intended

for lady passengers or foreigners who do not care to sleep on deck.

On his travels, as at home, the native sleeps in a hammock. He could not be prevailed upon to occupy a bunk in one of the staterooms.

When a Brazileiro or Amazonese prepares for a journey up the river, he invariably packs a hammock or rede with his luggage, and he never omits the netting to protect him from the mosquitoes.

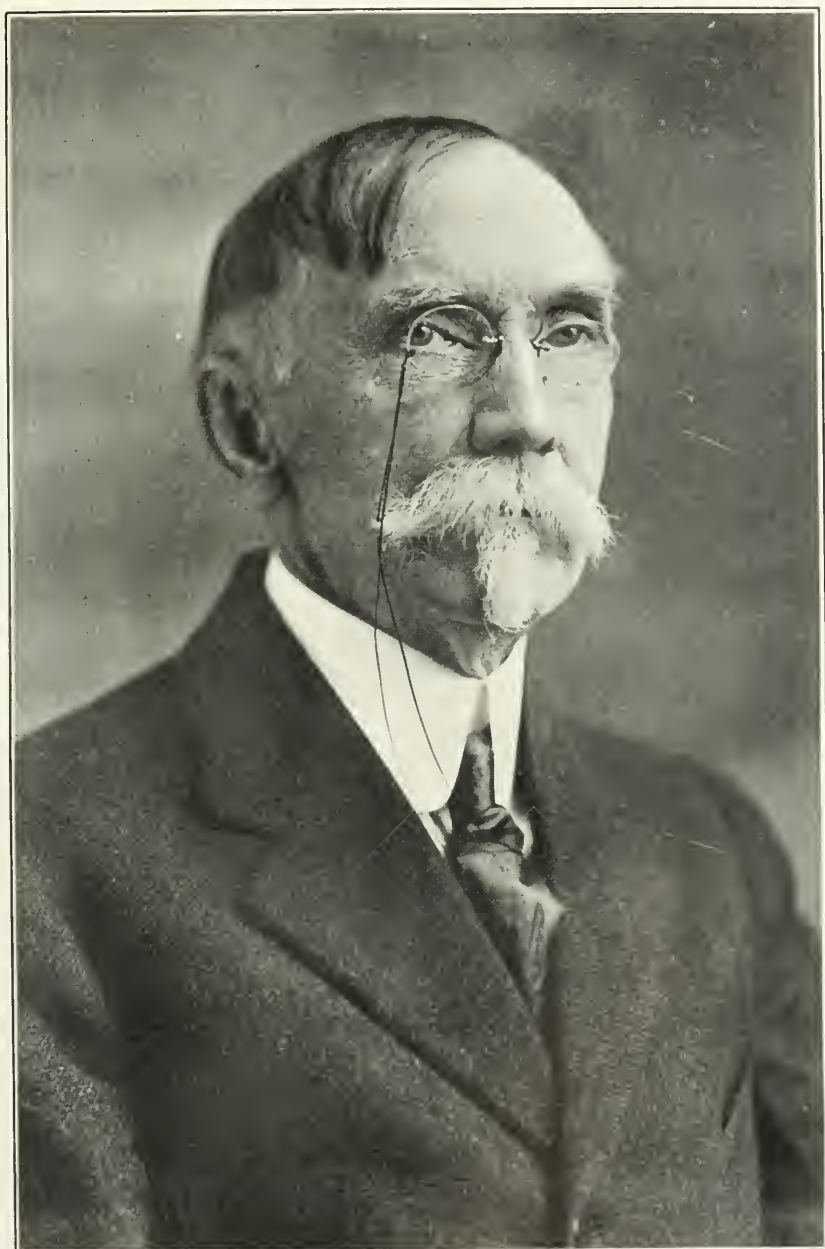
On all steamers of these waters hooks are attached to the rafters or supports of the upper deck, for the convenient stringing of the passengers' hammocks. One of the first things a passenger does after getting aboard is to appropriate the most desirable place in which to hang his hammock.

They do not wait until night, but at once stretch their hammocks, put on slippers and pajamas and prepare to enjoy the tedious voyage. The boat, when about to sail, presents a picnic or excursion appearance.

The passengers lounge in their redes all the long days, smoking cigarettes, laughing and chattering to each other in that happy, childish manner peculiar to these people. At night, if it is a little cool or the draft of the moving steamer too strong for their thin blood, they will wrap themselves up in a "rug," as the English call their traveling shawls, and rest soundly, lulled to sleep by the gentle roll of the slowly moving boat and the monotonous sound of the paddle wheels that continue to revolve without a stop for days.

The wheelhouse and the pilots are on the cabin deck, well forward. Each boat has one or two short masts, to which they may rig a sail when needed, for this inland voyage is quite like going to sea. There are no coaling stations on the way. If a boat is disabled, it must drift or anchor until a passing boat comes to its relief.

Such was the boat on which the sick consul embarked one June morning, bound for Peru and the Andes.



MAJOR J. ORTON KERBEY

Ex-Consul to Pará, Brazil, and author of "The Boy Spy," a Civil War Episode, "The Land of To-Morrow," Etc., Etc.

Major Kerbey, late of the staff of the Pan-American Union Bureau, has visited South America four times and proposes to make another trip in April, 1911.

There was not one among the forty or fifty passengers aboard who could speak a word of English. The old captain made some attempts, but as regards companionship, in the way of conversation, I was indeed alone—a stranger journeying alone and sick in a strange land—yet I was not entirely unknown to them. Indeed everybody seemed to have learned that a Jonah was aboard, and they were curious as to my errand or perhaps interested in what he would have to print in the American newspapers about their country.

Some days after, when a young German friend, the chief bookkeeper for the Amazon company, joined us at Santarem I had a chance to let my tongue loose. We happened ashore one day and visited the usual apology for a town, which consisted of the omnipresent church, some scattered huts and a few desolate shops and dirty half clothed natives. While in one of the shops, my German friend introduced me as the American consul, when, to my surprise, the head of the establishment and all the loafers in the place came around to have a closer look at me, as if I were a rare curiosity from another world.

My interpreter explained that these people had asked if I were the "O Consul Americano" they had read about in the Para newspapers, and on his answering in the affirmative, they became quite interested in inspecting me.

So it appears my bad reputation had preceded me even to the wilds of Amazonia, over seven hundred miles from Para. After that experience I turned the tables on my German friend by inducing the captain or purser of the boat to represent my German friend as the "consul" at the other landings, while I traveled incognito as the general manager of the Amazon company.

We had lots of fun during the latter part of the dull and tedious trip, though I was almost too weak to thoroughly enjoy it.

One day on the Amazon is very like a day at sea or when coasting along a shore or among tropical islands, when all is quiet to oppressiveness. It is a disappointment to every one who has made the journey up the Amazon, because of its tiresome monotony.

I sat on my chair with my feet on the rails during the hours of every day for a week, gazing at the one scene passing before me, rich and gorgeous as it was, beyond my powers of description. Yet with the greatest appreciation of the beautiful in nature, one gets tired of this superabundance of luxuriant vegetation that is thrust upon the eyes from every direction.

The exquisite colorings of the flora, the twining, clambering clustering vines, like immense boas, form lovely arbors for tigers. For a background are innumerable varieties of tall, graceful palms and the Brazil-nut and other immense trees.

This makes a continuously changing panorama of beauty.

There are thousands of miles of these scenes along the banks of the great Yellow River, from the ocean to the Andes; varied a little at times by cocoa orchards that begin to appear in the scattered settlements after the first five hundred miles of the lower flood plains have been passed.

During my first trip the water was unusually high, overflowing the surrounding country for a thousand miles. The boat was compelled by the force of the current to hug the shore so closely that at times we could almost touch the overhanging branches of trees.

Each evening about sundown we could see monkeys jumping from tree to tree, chattering about the passing boat like chickaree squirrels bark when a hunter with his dog walks through the woods.

Birds of beautiful plumage were almost always in sight. Parakeets in flocks like blackbirds, and just as noisy, kept flying from tree to tree ahead of the boat.

Because of the high water we were literally out of sight of land all the time, except when stopping at some little town or settlement on the occasional bluffs or high land on the river bank.

The Amazon does not impress one who travels on its bosom as being a river at all. It is more like journeying on an inland sea; the ship or boat going most of the time through some short cut or channel.

We seldom get near the mainland, properly speaking. The islands are so numerous and the channels so frequent and tortuous that each time I inquired they said we were passing an island. Sometimes we were in a wide expanse of yellow water like a bay and the next hour were creeping through a cut off, so narrow as to be dangerous when meeting a boat coming down the rapid stream.

Our boat was eight days and nights of the pleasant June weather in ascending the first thousand miles of the Amazon.

The voyage up river is covered frequently in less than half that time by the ocean steamers with their screw propellers and greater power, even though the draft necessitates their keeping in the middle of the stream when they have the current to contend with. Neither can they take the risk of running through the numerous short cuts that open to the lighter draft paddlewheel boats.

The ocean steamers make but one or two stops in the thousand miles, while the river boats call at all important landings. Time and speed, however, are of no consideration in steamboating, as in everything else in Amazonia. Like the people, the boats are never in a hurry.

In a word, the country is a sea of forest, dense, pathless and impenetrable. I might follow my bent for comparisons, and say that even the topographical features are reversed like everything else in the way of custom and climates which appears upside down.

The forests cover three-fourths of the surface and are as pathless as the ocean. The great Amazon outlines a mere pathway, through an ocean of lovely green, waving foliage.

The Amazon valley proper has never been explored. Notwithstanding all the books that have been published in all languages on the Amazon; it is indisputable that the writers have generally confined their investigations to what they have been able to discover from the decks of boats or investigation at settlements.

However small the boats may have been, they have not gone beyond the margins of the river.

What lies beyond, in the thousands of square miles of mountainous interior, is a sealed book whose virgin pages must be cut and turned over by some future Stanley of Amazonia.

Perhaps I saw everything through the eyeglasses of an American journalist, but I must admit that my observations can be told in three words or in a line—forest, water and sky.

The few settlements or houses were invariably erected on piles. The water at this season not only encircles the houses, but is underneath to a depth sufficient to require the use of a boat, every time the inmates desire to go out of doors. The live stock, which is, fortunately, limited on the lower Amazon during the floods, collect in droves with wild animals on some higher ground in the neighborhood.

The settler on the river plains must locate convenient to some piece of ground that is above the flood, and, as such land liable to be overflowed is uncommon, it necessarily follows that settlements are exceedingly sparse.

The numerous women and children we could see perched on the limbs of trees and on high platforms about their houses were apparently jolly in their isolation. The naked boys and girls of all ages, who so skilfully paddle their canoes out to the passing boat, shouted and laughed at us as if they were having a good time.

I thought then that the only way to properly see the Amazon would be to live among these people for a season, adopt their aquatic habits as far as possible and, through the use of their canoes on the small tributaries and availing of their experience in woodcraft on land, penetrate the forests through to the Orinoco on the north or the Rio Plate on the south or the Amazon proper to its source in the Andes in Peru.

A steam light draft launch, properly fitted for the express purpose of exploration, which the occupant could use as a home

or base of operations, is the only means of reaching the innumerable tributaries of the Amazon.

Santarem, also called Tapajos, is a beautiful location at the mouth of the Rio Tapajos, the clear water from which comes from the mountains of that part of the interior nearest and south of the Amazon.

In the background of Santarem are some picturesque high grounds.

This point is considered healthful, as its name indicates. There is little malaria, and, strange as it may appear, yellow fever, which prevails on either side, is unknown at Santarem.

The American settlement at Santarem has been altogether unfortunate.

It was a sad privilege to have met with Mr. Rhome, the wealthy, courteous Southern planter, the leader of the enterprise who so hospitably entertained American visitors at his extensive ranches on the beautiful hillside near Santarem.

I found only a wreck, financially, physically and mentally, of this once almost princely American gentleman.

It is another of the peculiar features of this climate that a continuous residence, without any change of scene, weakens mentally, as well as physically, the hardest Anglo-Saxon. The English managers recognizing this truth, have wisely stipulated in their contracts with those they send out from home that each person shall be required to visit his home once in every two or three years. A vacation of six months, with pay, is given to all English employés who serve for that period in Brazil.

The exploration of the Tapajos, which flows from the south, is nearly as interesting as that of the Amazon. There is a species of Brazilian ant so vicious and numerous that they actually compelled abandonment of a town by their persistent attacks. The empty houses are yet standing.

This is not an exaggeration, any more than the statement that at Obidense, which is the only point where the Amazon water flows between two banks, the Brazilian military authorities, at

great expense, erected a fortress of masonry, every stone for which came from abroad.

It is quite a large work, which I visited, and upon the massive walls saw numerous heavy cannons of the old Spanish or Portuguese type, that had fallen from their wooden carriages through dry rot.

This extensive fort, covering acres of ground on the hill tops, at the most prominent point in the Amazon valley, had been abandoned on account of the attacks of the ants and mosquitoes.

Hordes of insects attacked the garrisons so incessantly that these actually compelled the retreat of the garrison.

Though the river at this point is not so wide as elsewhere, it is one hundred and fifty feet deep—sufficient to admit the flow between its banks of the entire volume of waters that constitute the Amazon. This is the dividing line between the state of Para and Amazonas, five hundred miles from Para, and in a sense the dividing line between lower Amazon rubber and cocoanut and hide industries.

Beyond Obidense is an immense rubber territory, principally on the low lands of the numerous tributaries. Beyond these foothills may be discovered the horizon of the distant mountains.

Nobody could tell anything about these, except that they were the homes of tigers and innumerable wild beasts that infest those regions.

Among the most valuable wild animals of the Amazon which I had been commissioned to collect, if possible, for the new national zoological garden, at Washington, were the jaguar, which they valued at a hundred and fifty dollars, while an ocelot or leopard cat was only worth two dollars.

A spectacled bear from the Andes was especially desired. Tapirs abound on the hills, and a rare specimen is the dolphin, of the upper Amazon. The most interesting animal that I met with was the great ant-eater, which is quite valuable. The smaller species are common. A giant armadillo is only valued at ten dollars.

I had a couple of little sloths that would crawl over a stick held in my hand like sick rats. The bird that I desired most of all to procure was the condor of the Andes, which I saw later, and was disappointed and disgusted at its appearance.

Harpy eagles are as plentiful as vultures and toucans or mascaws. An umbrella bird may be obtained from any native for a trifle.

The high waters compel the animals of the lower Amazon to flock to the few hills or high grounds, where, by reason of their being half drowned and nearly starved, they become an easy prey to the native trappers. Generally they secure all the tigers or wild animals after first half drowning them.

The officers and crews of the ships of the Amazon make a business of collecting animals and birds from the natives, which they either take directly to foreign ports or sold in Para to collectors of animals and skins.

The establishment of "Monkey Jo," a famous bird and snake dealer of Para, was located close by the United States consulate. Jo and the consul became good friends, as I had sent him many customers and transferred to him numerous requests for monkeys and parrots. Whenever Jo received a particularly interesting specimen of any animal he would call my attention to it. He presented me with some rare Indian idols or gods, but that which I prized most was a necklace or string of beads made by an Indian girl, from young monkeys' teeth, which I sent to a lady friend in the United States. She wears it to the envy of some who have pearls and diamonds. He had bucketfuls of a beautiful Brazilian gold bug.

Not only wild animals are collected. The Amazon boats are frequently loaded with cattle and horses and sheep that are gathered at the different fazenda landings, to be sold in the cities for food.

On our way up we tarried an afternoon taking on a drove of cattle. These were not driven into the boat through fenced gangways, as with us, but each poor brute was separately lassoed,

a rope thrown around the horns and the steam winch set in operation. The helpless writhing animal was jerked into the air as high as the top of the boat. After a moment's swinging he was hauled around into proper position, and as suddenly dropped on to the deck, the rope untied and the steer, that probably had fallen half stunned on the slippery deck, was goaded to its feet and forced back among the others who had already gone through the terrible operation.

As the river was high, many of the cattle had to be driven into an overflowed corral, and, after being lassoed, they would be thrown in the water and half drowned before the ropes could be adjusted to lift them out. These cattle are so poor and light that they are readily lifted in this inhuman way apparently without material injury.

The same method applied to our good, round cattle would pull the horns or perhaps the entire head from the body by the weight of the carcass.

Horses are more decently treated, simply because their necks would not stand the pressure. They are raised by passing a strong canvas under them to which ropes are attached. They go into the air kicking violently and receive more consideration from their inhuman masters than horned cattle.

On Amazon steamers the captain is also chief cook and steward to the extent that he is the caterer for his own table. The steamship company sells the transportation only. The captain of each boat arranges his table and collects from each passenger an additional fare for meals, which is his own perquisite. By this arrangement the captain who provides the best table is the most popular; it frequently occurring that travelers will delay for a week that they may travel with a certain favorite.

As a rule, however, the table fare is poor. The average Portuguese captain who has been a sailor or boatman until made a commandante is seldom capable of managing a hotel table, and when he entrusts it to a steward, the chances are that each subordinate makes a good living out of what he may be able to save.



Regina de Miranda e Oliveira, a agradece o minoso cartao e deseja ao bom amigo um feliz arereo novo.

I was especially favored during my trip through the good offices of the general manager, who had given instructions that I should be fed as an American or as well as a sick man. Though I was yet quite ill and had but little appetite, the air or change even to worse conditions than I had been accustomed to at the hotel, was agreeable to me, and I enjoyed the peculiar Amazon steamboat cooking, but, like the scenery, it soon became monotonous.

My late genial landlord, on the day I left Para, had brought me a case of wines and a bottle of pure French brandy. I learned to take a little of this brandy in each cup of the good, strong, black, clear coffee that is served only in Brazil.

The poorest laborer in Brazil will have wine and good coffee, drinking coffee and cognac in the mornings and claret at meals.

I attribute my being able to withstand the fatigues of the voyage to these stimulants.

The captain butchered one of the beeves every other day, so that he had plenty of fresh meat, such as it was; but their way of preparing or, rather, of spoiling a piece of beef is one of the things an American or an Englishman cannot get used to.

There is no such a thing as a beefsteak in Portuguese. They cut the entire animal into chunks or strips, so that a roast, boil or steak are all alike stews, which they cover with a strong gravy. This suits the Brazileiro, who mixes farina with everything he eats.

Though we passed several important tributaries (which are really large rivers) which I had requested be pointed out to me, I failed to distinguish any difference in the generally monotonous outlines of the surrounding shores.

Madeira, which is the principal affluent flowing from the south (including Cis-Andine Bolivia), enters the Amazon near a settlement on the north bank bearing the Indian name Itiocupatara, meaning, I believe, painted rock. It is a picturesque settlement on one of the few bluffs or high grounds of the lower Amazon, located at a distance of ten or twelve hours' steaming from the

Manaos, corresponding in location to the Missouri in its relation to St. Louis. I was shown what they said was the mouth of the Madeira, but it was like looking across a wide bay. Strong currents from the Madeira reach the shore at Itiocratara, which no doubt has in ages deposited the sediment on the rocky shores, thus forming the bluffs.

Itiocratara is perhaps the best site for the handling of the extensive traffic that must eventually come down the Madeira River, upon the completion of the railway now being built around the rapids. The reader interested especially in this railroad and location, the coming center of traffic in the Amazon valley, is referred to the excellent book by my Philadelphia friend, Colonel Neville B. Craig, entitled "An Ill Fated Expedition."

The headquarters of the Madeira and Mamore Railway are located at this point.

At present all traffic from the Madeira is compelled to go out of its way to reach Manaos, the capital of the state of Amazonas, where are located all the customs and state officials.

On the morning of the eighth day, we entered the dark water of Rio Nigro, which, unlike the Madeira and Tapajos, flows from the north, being the high water way to Venezuela. In a few hours more we are at anchor in the stream opposite Manaos, one thousand miles due westward from the Atlantic.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AMAZONIA—A FUTURE EMPIRE.



MAGINATION—and not very exuberant imagination at that—can see a world power in Brazil, in the distant Aiden.

Just as the Amazon is the greatest river in the world, its valleys will some day be the seat of the greatest empire of the world.

The Ganges and the Nile are of the historic past; the Danube, the Volga and the Mississippi are of the present; the Amazon, the Orinoco and the Congo belong to the future.

In all the world there is no valley so riotous in fertility as that of the Amazon waters, but as it exists at present all mankind is impotent to conquer it from nature—from savage beasts, loathsome serpents, venomous reptiles, and poisonous and pestiferous insects.

Suitable population, aided by modern machinery and appliances, may in time blaze a pathway for civilization in the forests of that portion of South America known as Amazonia (which comprises an area greater in extent than all of the United States of America east of the Rocky Mountains), known geographically as the Amazon basin, which drains this immense area through the one thousand and ten known tributaries or affluents of the mighty river.

The Amazon basin includes the two large states of Para and Amazonas, in Brazil, extending from the Plate watershed of Matta Grosso in the south to British Guiana, Venezuela and Colombia on the north, reaching due westward to the Orient of Ecua-

dor and the vast Montana of eastern Peru, and covering nearly all the immense territory of cisandine Bolivia.

The City of Manaos, which was in my consular district, is the capital of the large State of Amazonas; the most centrally located city in the Amazon valley, is beautifully situated on high, rolling ground.

The harbor and water front are excellent. Large ocean steamers regularly sail from the docks to New York and Liverpool. The river is six miles wide and a hundred feet deep at this point.

Extensive docks, costing ten million dollars, with the modern appliances for handling and large railway storage warehouses, have recently been installed.

There are no tides or reverse currents to disturb extensive harbor work. While some of the business streets along the water front are conveniently low for the transaction of the heavier traffic, they are yet higher than the resident portion of Para.

The town is built literally on the gentle slopes of its seven hills.

It is not a boom town, being one of the oldest settlements, raised to the dignity of a city a hundred years ago.

It was well planned and in late years has been growing steadily, and approaches the population of Para, and is rapidly advancing.

The main street is a broad well-paved thoroughfare, rising at a moderate grade from the main landing pier over the hill, and extending in a straight line some distance back to still higher grounds in the suburbs.

The business houses in the down-town section are larger and architecturally superior to similar structures in Para, perhaps because of more modern construction. The residences are of a tasteful appearance, generally of a European character, and for that reason more gratifying to the eyes of an American visitor than the monotonous Portuguese architecture in Para.

A number of fine streets, running parallel with the river, cross the main thoroughfare at right angles and form the usual city blocks. Altogether, Manaos is a surprise, being a much more agreeable city than visitors expect to find.

Climatically, it is superior to Para. There are no excessive rains as at Para, that come up from the ocean and drench things almost every evening.

These storms do not reach as far inland as Manaos, so that it is drier; but, at the same time, it is hotter at night, by reason of the air and earth not being cooled by the refreshing rains that prevail nearer the coast.

They have yellow fever at Manaos occasionally, but it is generally brought from other points, being contracted by travelers or boatmen upon the numerous low and malarious rivers and lowlands.

The Rio Nigro, on which Manaos is situated, is considered to be unhealthful some distance above, where the shores are low and swampy, and where rubber is gathered.

No amount of inquiry at Para will develop anything to the credit of its rival city. Correct information about Manaos is not to be obtained anywhere in Brazil outside of Amazonia.

Paranese business people, or the few who control the trade there, are exceedingly jealous of the rapid encroachments of the inland city upon their monopoly of the trade of the valley.

As previously stated, but it will bear repeating—relatively Para is the New Orleans of the Amazon valley. Its location makes it the gateway for its extensive commerce, and it is situated similarly, geographically, to New Orleans, being seventy-five miles above the deltas of the Amazon and the Mississippi respectively. Both are in low ground, almost entirely surrounded by fresh water and populated largely by an incongruous mass.

In like manner, Manaos will become the St. Louis of the Amazon valley and in time excel Para, as St. Louis has excelled New Orleans.

Like St. Louis, in the Mississippi valley, which is one thousand miles from the Gulf and relatively the same to head of navigation on the upper Mississippi and Missouri, Manaus is equidistant one thousand miles from the head of ocean steamer navigation at Iquitos, in Peru, and the mouth of the Amazon, near Para.

It is thirteen hundred miles due west from Manaus to Iquitos, in Peru, which may be compared to St. Paul in the United States. Ocean steamers may go almost another one thousand miles southwest beyond Iquitos on the largest tributary, Rio Ucayali, to the Tambo, where canoes may be had to the actual source of the Amazon, in the great divide between Cuzco and Lake Titicaca. Another one thousand miles north from Manaus the Rio Nigro reaches in the direction of the Orinoco, which may be crossed by a canal, uniting the two, or by a canoe portage, enabling the adventurer to reach the Caribbean sea.

Steamers also sail regularly five hundred miles due south from Manaus by the Madeira river, corresponding to our Missouri, reaching the Madeira and Mamore Railway, now being constructed around the falls, and which will open Bolivia, the richest of all the South American interior.

The large ocean going steamers sail directly from the wharves at Manaus to any part of the world, laden with the products of the valley which the fleet of steamboats have collected and delivered on the docks.

In like manner steamships may sail up the Amazon directly to Manaus from any foreign port, and deliver cargoes to be distributed by smaller boats. By decree of the late Emperor Dom Pedro II, the navigation of the Amazon is free to all nations. Dues are collected on exports by the state governments of Amazonas and Para, but steamers from Manaus or other points of the river are not subject to any charges or tutelage at Para.

Steamers formerly making Para the end of the voyage now make Manaus their destination.

Steamers also sail directly from New York to Iquitos, two thousand three hundred miles up the Amazon, making a round trip voyage in thirty days.

A larger class of steamers is proposed which will complete the voyage from Manaos to New York in ten days.

In this connection, I beg to recall the discussion, in an early chapter of this book, on direct steamship communication between St. Louis and Manaos by a class of boats and barges that can navigate the Gulf, the Mississippi and the Amazon, carrying an exchange of cargoes and passengers direct from southern ports to Amazonas, and towing barges of coal, kerosene and machinery from Pittsburg, in the United States, to points on the Amazon.

It is predicted that the trade of this region will excel that of China and the East—on which the Panama Canal depends.

We have at our doors the Amazon "canal" of fifty thousand miles of rich territory awaiting us.

Foreign residents and some dissatisfied Brazileiros believe that the Amazon states, with Peru and Bolivia, will assuredly unite in forming an independent republic of Amazonia.

They have everything in their own hands to insure success and prosperity. The world must have rubber, cocoa, sugar, hides, nuts and coffee, which will pay tribute sufficient to carry on a strong government. With a blockade of the mouth of the Amazon they can compel recognition from the nations of the earth who are dependent upon their natural products. A rubber famine would affect disastrously the entire civilized world.

Should Para endeavor to hold Manaos in check in the interests of that port and of the Rio government, which it is now claimed is being done, Manaos trade will find an opening to the world by the outlet on the north side of Marajo Island, and Para would be shunted.

In Para the English largely predominate as the foreign element. In Manaos it is the energetic Germans who are quietly but determinedly planting themselves.

There was not a solitary American in Manaos on my first visit. I was the first newspaper friend who had visited that land.

It was my good fortune to be met on my arrival by Mr. James Baird, a Scotch gentleman who has lived all his life in Amazonia, and is engaged in extensive enterprises. He is not only familiar with the country, but is possessed of the happy faculty of making visitors and strangers feel at home in the country of his adoption.

Mr. Baird, as the United States consular agent at that point, exerted himself to make my visit pleasant and profitable. He is married to an estimable Brazilian lady; lives elegantly, and, with his accomplished wife and two most interesting little girls, entertained the Americano most hospitably.

I could scarcely walk from weakness. A carriage was brought to my door and, between Capt. Montgomery and Mr. Baird, I was shown up and down and around the beautiful suburban section. Mr. Baird has since died, leaving a wife and daughters, who were educated in England.

On my recent revisit I called on the family in Manaus, and was delightfully entertained by the mother and these two charming young ladies.

There is an excellent system of water and gas supply for Manaus, and a telephone exchange. The one thing lacking for their advancement is reliable telegraphic communication with the outside world. This is now being arranged by a cable system in the waters of the Amazon, as well as cable through the forests. Until this is completed Manaus is dependent upon the market at Para, where rubber prices are arranged by cable from abroad, and everything depends on the rate of exchange. When this connection is made banks will be opened and business will boom for Manaus. Recently efforts have been made to install wireless telegraphy, but it does not give satisfaction over the forests.

It happened that I arrived just as a fiesta was being inaugurated, similar to the Nazareth at Para. (See Chap. XXI.)

The church is beautifully located on a hill in the center of the town, around the sloping sides of which were arranged the numerous booths.



A type of young Brazilian girl being educated for the profession of Pharmacist. Her sister is studying for the dental profession.

We were especially honored with an invitation to witness the inauguration of the new state government, Amazonas, wherein I was surprised to hear the newly elected governor in his inaugural address compare Fonseca to Washington, rather to the detriment of our George. The speaker declared that, while Washington had but few difficulties to contend with, Fonseca's greatness was enhanced by his overcoming extraordinary obstacles.

Socially, the people of Manaus are fully up to the standard of the Paraneze. In their musical culture they probably excel, by reason of the greater number of educated Germans among them who are accomplished musicians, and perhaps they devote more time to practising the music of the fatherland because of their comparative isolation.

At Para the music is principally of the Italian schools.

We also attended a "swell social" of Manaus by special invitation. It is named the Club Limatado, and is similar to the Assembleia Paraneze previously mentioned. On this occasion there were gathered in full evening dress the best people of the town, and, as far as beauty and accomplishment were discernible, they were fully up to my conception of the standard of Para.

As usual, I found one bright particular star among the galaxy that shone that evening. By the exercise of some diplomacy I was introduced to the little beauty of the evening with whom I exchanged cards. Perhaps this little Senhora Carvalho may see her name in an English book some day, which may incite sufficient interest in the study of the language to ascertain what is said of her.

I spent a week in this agreeable way. The Brazilian gentlemen of the local press made it an object to show me every courtesy.

I thus pleasantly waited for the sailing of an Amazon steamer that would take me the other thousand miles to Iquitos in Peru in double the time occupied from Para to Manaus.

Perhaps it was a kind Providence that delayed my departure. Maybe it was the exercise that caused it; but I took a severe

relapse and was quite sick with fever. Still I had no other thought but of going west, on my recovery. I was advised by Mr. Baird and Captain Montgomery that it would be hazardous for me to undertake the journey alone in my weak condition, as after leaving them, I should be among entire strangers with whom I could scarcely talk, and being beyond the reach of medical assistance and the conveniences of nursing, I would be in a bad way if taken sick, but I felt that success lay upstream. Montgomery remarked: "You have the grit, my boy; but you haven't the grip and will have to let go."

To make a long story short and to dispense with personal explanations, I will have to close abruptly by saying that, instead of going up the river, I was carried aboard an ocean steamer that sailed down the river, the doctor's imperative orders being that I must have a change of climate or die. A sea voyage was recommended, and, with a hope that I should be able to return, I reluctantly consented to a postponement of the upper half of the river journey, and instead of going west to the Andes, I took the doctor's prescription and a very bitter pill, determined in my own mind to return when in better condition to undertake the exploration. I succeeded in carrying out my long cherished plans a year later, the eventful experiences of which cannot be crowded into these covers.

The story has been told separately in "*The Land of Tomorrow*," the publication of which preceded this account.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DOWN THE AMAZON FROM MANAOS. AN IMPROVISED FUNERAL.



THE ocean steamers descending the Amazon from Manaos to the Atlantic make the voyage of one thousand miles in three days. To secure the advantage of the strong currents, the downward steamers take the middle of the broad river, so that the return trip loses some of the interest attaching to the journey up, when the ships hug the shore, giving the tired passenger some entertainment in attempting to penetrate with his glasses the almost impenetrable forests.

One always meets a good breeze going down, so that the long, hot days are less oppressive. We put in the hours lounging in pajamas and slippers on steamer chairs, or swinging in hammocks under the awnings, only going below when it rained or when the ship's crew washed the decks with the hose, which is one thing a ship captain thinks he must do every day, no matter if the decks are burned clean by a hot sun or have been washed for the previous twenty-four hours by a heavy sea.

On ships of the Booth line meals are served on deck, when in the Amazon. Passengers will also be very apt to avoid the close staterooms below, and avail of the privilege and convenient hooks placed to swing their hammocks above at night.

A greater part of the time is occupied in listening to the captain or passengers spinning yarns. Whether entertaining or not, one must hear as it is not possible to take one's hat and escape, with a polite "Boa noite."

It happened that a young Portuguese gentleman and myself were two quite sick passengers; both of us had to be carried aboard, while a third, a young Scotch friend, Mr. Baird, the United States consular agent at Manaus, who had entirely lost his health, was going abroad with a hope of recovery, but was yet able to be about. This sick trio comprised the entire passenger list; but, luckily, we had for a captain one of the heartiest and, I may say, liveliest of all the commandantes of the Booth fleet, whom I need not name, as he will be recognized everywhere by the part he took in the events which actually occurred on board.

The English ships to the Amazon are more properly cargo boats, though all have good accommodations for a few passengers. They do not carry a doctor or a purser. In fact, the captain is supposed to be the doctor, being supplied with a medicine chest, and a book of directions as to their use. If, however, a vessel has a stormy passage at sea, the chest, which is always on the cabin floor, rolls about, sometimes mixing the medicines in a manner that will outdo the most efficient prescription clerk of a country drug store. The captain-doctor does not seem to think it of the least importance what he administers to the sick sailor, who comes aft with a wry face for medicine. If poor Jack has rheumatism from exposure, he is likely to get a purge or an emetic, whichever comes handy. He goes away satisfied at having "taken something." A captain once said to my inquiries, "Oh, you can't kill a sailor with medicine. He won't feel it if you give him a bucketful."

The sick Portuguese passenger on board had brought along with him quite an assortment of his own medicines.

He could not speak a word of English, was quite weak, and suffered greatly. Our captain could not diagnose the disease, as he spoke but little of the sick man's language. However, the

United-States consular agent, who had long been a resident, acted as an interpreter; but even this gentleman was unable to tell exactly what the trouble was. At least, neither the captain nor the consul told me, though I suspected it was yellow fever.

I was obliged to look on as a helpless witness to the young fellow's terrible sufferings. At times he would lose his mind, writhing in the agony of paroxysms, crying out for medicine. The ship's steward stood by the captain's side holding bottles, glasses and spoons, from one or the other of which he would dose the poor fellow, as he said, "just to soothe him." I noticed particularly that one of the bottles was of dark green glass covered with paper, as if to protect the contents from the light. My impression is that it was the Portuguese label for an acid. Whatever it was will never be known, as it was thrown overboard, but it seemed to be a favorite medicine of the half delirious man, who would shriek for it like a crying child. They gave it to him straight and in large doses.

When I ventured to observe that perhaps the doses ought to be diluted with water, the captain, taking the bottle and holding it up to the light, as if to measure the remaining contents, observed carelessly, "Oh, he's got it nearly all now;" but I said, "That stuff will kill even a sailor." "Well, he wants it all the time, and we may as well let him have everything he wants, as he's going to die anyhow."

I walked away from the sad scene—nervously paced the deck alone, myself weak from illness, wondering whether I should fall a victim to such treatment, while alone on the Amazon, thousands of miles from proper medical aid. The poor fellow, continually tossing about in his hammock, occasionally gave a shout like a Comanche Indian on the war path, waking the echoes in the silent wilderness, that sent the cold chills down my back.

He had all the attention that it was possible to give to a sick passenger, to whom we could not talk. The young English steward was especially kind, and stood by constantly to hold him during his paroxysms. I looked on from my chair, noting every

quiver of his frame. He tossed in his hammock, his hands swinging about in the air wildly, while he talked in his own language. God knows what the poor boy was saying. He realized that he must die, no doubt, and perhaps it was his last words to his friends that fell upon strange but sympathetic ears and hearts.

I realized then that, if in my weak condition, I had gone up the river, perhaps it would have been my own fate to have so suffered among his people, who would not have understood my dying words. One's feelings under such circumstances may be imagined but not described. I turned my face, and, looking up to the starry skies that seem so close to us in this latitude, I uttered a silent prayer that God would receive the departing spirit; also of deep thankfulness that my steps had been turned backward to where I might regain health, and be of further use in this world.

When I looked back again, the arms that had been swinging about so wildly clutching at the air were yet outstretched over the hammock, the hand was tightly clutched, but they were still now. The life, the vital spark, had passed from the suffering body. Heaven is as near to these people on the equator as with us.

Sad as the lonely death on the Amazon may seem, there was yet a humorous ending. The question of disposing of the body was one which at once concerned our energetic captain.

The poor fellow's eyes had scarcely been closed to the light when the captain, still standing near the body, gave orders to prepare to "Drop him over the stern." Luckily his ears were forever deaf to this harsh voice, and though it made no difference to the spirit what became of the abandoned shell, it seemed heartless; yet, if properly analyzed, it must be admitted the captain was right enough in desiring to get off his ship the dead body of one who may have died of a contagious disease.

If yellow fever is contagious from a dead body, every moment increased the danger to the remaining passengers and crew. At sea, it would have been proper enough, but it appeared cruel to put into the river a body where land was so close and so easily

accessible; but preparations were made in the usual way to sew or tie the body up in canvas in which an iron grate-bar is enclosed as a sinker.

The Portuguese pilot on board, being a Catholic, protested against this so earnestly, and was seconded by the consular agent, both of whom advised taking the body to the nearest shore. The captain argued that the banks were overflowed; which was a fact, and that it was "more respectable to chuck him overboard to the bottom of the river than to plant him in the swamps on shore among alligators and wolves." The pilot knew of a little settlement within a few hours' sailing, in which was a Catholic church and a graveyard, though a little off the ship's course. The captain consented to allow the pilot to stop the ship at this point.

"Chips," as the ship's carpenter is always called, was ordered to make a box. All the crew gave willing assistance, some in preparing the body and others in assisting with the construction of the box. I do not know now whether the dying shrieks of the poor fellow or the sounds of the saw and the hammering on the deck, on that moonlight night on the Amazon, in the making of his coffin, produced the more painful effect upon my nervous system, but I shall never forget it.

It became the duty of the captain to look into the effects of the deceased. Upon opening his trunk they found eight candles, which the Portuguese pilot said were intended for use in just such an emergency as had occurred, but the old captain, being a Scotch Presbyterian, objected to having any illumination or torchlight procession on his deck. So the candles were not lighted, but I observed that, when the captain was called elsewhere, the sailors placed a lantern at the head and one at the feet of the corpse.

The amusing part of the painful incident appeared in the superstitious actions and quaint remarks of the sailors, who had charge of the preparations for the funeral services. They went about their several tasks in a serious way that was comical, because so unusual to them.

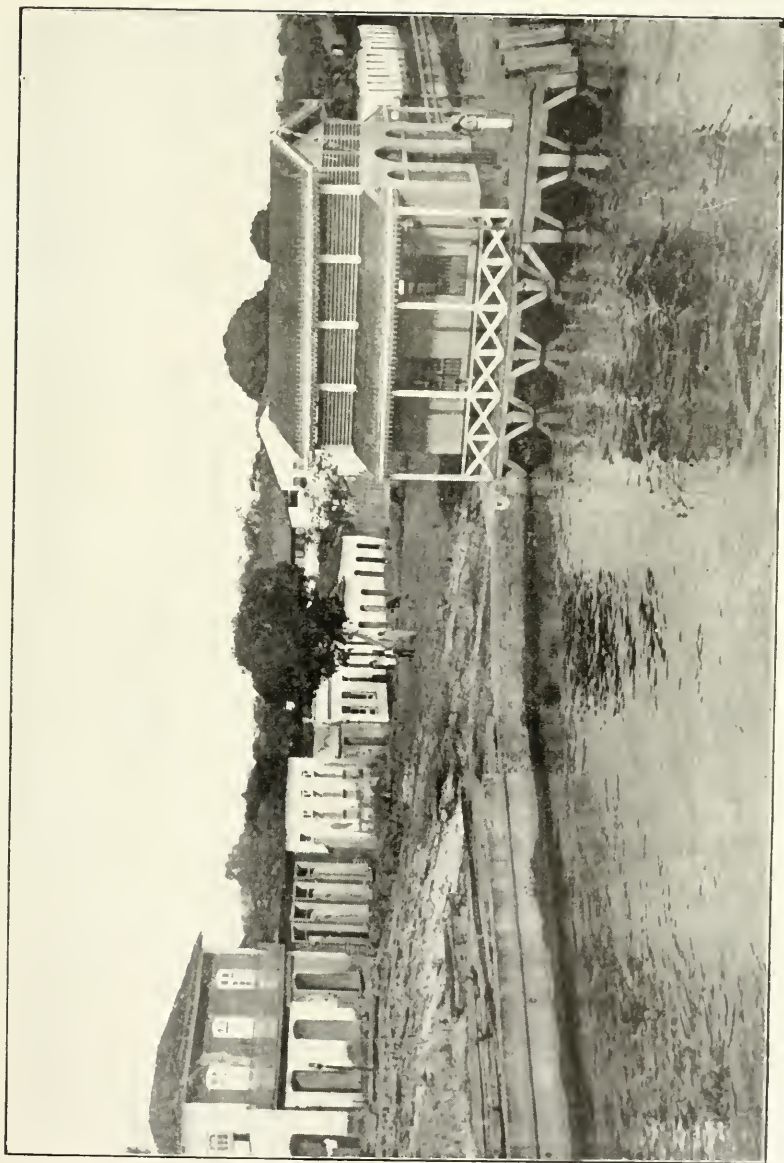
The rough, unplanned lumber was in the usual board lengths of sixteen feet, the widths averaging a foot. The captain had

cautioned "Chips" not to waste any of his lumber, and to be in a hurry and "Get him boxed up." Jack and "Chips" had a little discussion in bass voices, which they attempted to reduce to a whisper as to the proper proportions of the box. Neither of them would go near the body to measure it. Their quaint remarks, coupled with their curious demeanor and the surroundings, must be imagined to realize the absurdity of the situation. When a rope is too short a sailor will quickly splice it, and when it is too long he coils up the end; but when he gets hold of a board that is too long, he does not know what to do with it. So they cut the sixteen foot boards into two equal lengths, probably the only thing occurring to them, as to cut off three feet would be a waste of material. So they made a box eight feet long, and broad enough to hold a giant. In this the steward placed the body of the little man, not five feet in length. The captain observed, as he looked sadly on, "Well, you've taken a hell of a lot of stuff, mind you; but if we do not get him ashore, we can fill it up with coal and that will sink it overboard."

The same officer told me subsequently that he was going to keep the man's steamer chair as part payment of that lumber, and he did. I saw it on board the same steamer, at a Brooklyn, N. Y., pier, when I later visited the captain.

About midnight the pilots ran the big ocean ship into a little affluent that to us would seem like a creek, yet deep enough on the Amazon to float an ocean steamer. The big box containing the little body had been placed in one of the ship's boats, so as to be out of sight of the superstitious sailors, as well as convenient for disembarkation.

The village before which we dropped our anchor was composed of probably a half dozen thatched huts, a store and the usual government shanties, and the everpresent Portuguese Catholic church, with square tower. Not a light was visible until the hoarse steam whistle of the ship vibrated over the still waters, and no doubt startled the inhabitants from their sleep, when lights began to flicker like fireflies. The boat was quietly manned and lowered, the Portuguese pilot going ashore to talk for and repre-



A village and landing on the lower Amazon.

sent the captain. The first visit was made to the padre or priest of the village, who declined either to get out of his bed or to allow the box containing the body to be placed in the church until morning.

The captain had given strict orders not to bring it back to the ship; so that the pilot and crew, rather than leave it exposed on the bleak shore, were obliged to bury it themselves.

A graveyard on the Amazon is perhaps one of the most gloomily desolate features of the entire region. Not all the beautiful foliage and flowers of tropical vegetation can compensate for the sense of utter loneliness that oppresses the visitor who may unfortunately have occasion to visit a Brazilian cemetery.

Generally the cemeteries are cleared of trees, creating an impression of utter barrenness, or a sore spot in which only underbrush grows, and almost covers the innumerable wooden crosses that are placed over graves. Fortunately, there are but few graveyards to be seen; the natives generally living so far from settlements that they are obliged to bury their dead in the woods adjacent to their huts.

On this occasion the box was carried to one of these lonely God's acres, by the stout sailors, who were in truth trembling with superstitious dread. They were all anxious to get the body off the ship, but none volunteered for the burial service in the dead of night, on the banks of the Amazon, the silent stars only lighting their quivering footsteps. As alertly as possible the men began to dig a hole, which was necessarily large enough to cover a horse; in the haste and nervousness they had not carefully selected a proper place; in fact, the entire ground was probably filled with bones.

While digging away silently and energetically, one of the men happened to throw up a skull, in his shovelful of dirt. As soon as the mellow light revealed the hollow eyes and grinning teeth, all hands jumped out of the half dug hole, and run as hard as they could tear from the spot. It took a good deal of persuasion and some grog to induce the scared sailors to return to finish

the unpleasant job. There were four of them, but not a word was exchanged. Each looked about him in a frightened way and at the others, stepping gingerly, as if treading among snakes. If the spade of one of the grave diggers happened to strike a root, down would go the shovel (roots are plentiful in this soil). Jack jumped from the hole, only being prevented from running off by the stern command of the first officer. In fact, the work had to be abandoned before it was properly performed. The captain, still on board ship, becoming impatient at the long delay of the party ashore, gave his whistle a fierce blast, the hoarse tones of which frightened them as much as if a devil with horns had made a charge on them from the dark woods. They refused to dig any deeper, and the box was lowered into a hole scarcely deep enough to cover it. I shall never forget the blanched face of the boatswain, as he sat in the boat with both hands at the oar, saying to the too willing shipmates, "Come on, lads. Let's get away from here." And they certainly did pull for the ship with a hearty good will.

Our vessel took the short cut between the islands of the bay of Marajo at the Amazon's mouth, but on account of the delay caused by the funeral we did not reach the anchorage in time to receive the official visit before sundown; so we had to remain aboard until Sunday morning.

The exchange of salutes on anchoring attracting my attention toward the flags, I was pleasantly surprised to see on the tall foremast of the noble ship the American colors proudly floating over our heads.

Not quite understanding why the American ensign was being displayed conspicuously on an English ship, turning to the captain and pointing in the direction, I inquired, innocently, why he was sailing under false colors? Replying in his quiet, courteous way, he said:

"Oh, that is our compliment to an American we have on board."

As there was but the one American passenger, and he a very poor representative of America, yet he felt in his heart at that

moment, far from his native land, doubly proud of the fact that he was being recognized as an American citizen; and profoundly grateful to the English officers for the compliment they had shown toward his country, through this delicate courtesy to an humble citizen.

Though only up the Amazon a short time I was cordially received at my old home in Para, as a returned prodigal.

Sunday being the day of my return, there were but few foreign merchants "in town." In the cool of the evening I took the opportunity to stretch my legs by a walk, sauntering alone leisurely through the familiar, narrow streets toward the aristocratic suburb of Nazareth, where everybody who pretends to be anybody wants to have a residence, even if it is an unfurnished room in a mud hut on a back street.

One of the finest houses is the home of the "Belle of Para," or at least the belle of this story, whom I may not name, but respectfully designate as "Our Blessed Lady of Nazareth" or as the "Patron Saint of Para," also known as "The Virgine de Nazareth," to whose goodness the people here are indebted for many of their blessings.

On this occasion, I did not see "Our Lady," but at a distance I recognized her distinguished padre, who is sometimes irreverently called "Jesus of Nazareth," who did not fail to speak as he passed by. No disrespect is intended either to the sacred name or the feelings of any scriptural readers, nor to the gentleman himself, who bears an honorable title and popularly gets the designation because of his recognized superiority over the people.

The use of the name Jesus is quite common in these countries. I have before me, as I write, a neat card which bears the name of "Maria Nunes de Jesus," the proper name of a pretty little olive complexioned senhora recently arrived from Portugal.

The name Maria is the Portuguese of Mary, which becomes generally abbreviated among the lower classes to "Morocco," so that this senhorita is familiarly called Morocco Jesus or Jesus Morocco.

Friends, whom I surprised by my unexpected return, pretended to look upon me as a ghost. My friend Chermont gave a Brazilian hug as his form of welcome.

Among the most pleasantly remembered were these last days in Para, after I had ceased being a consul. A farewell breakfast at my good friend's home is a most agreeable memory.

Perhaps in Para or Brazil there is not a more cultured or courteous gentleman than my friend Chermont and certainly not any lady more refined than his accomplished wife. There are two children, not of the usual Brazilian type of premature and precocious young man or young lady, but a real boy of seven and a smart girl of ten.

After an hour of interchange of Brazilian and American jokes with the genial host, we sat down to a sumptuous breakfast, which is the meal of the day in Brazil. I may not describe this family breakfast party except to say that it was in every respect elegant and hospitable.

The kinship of souls was only equaled by the delightful repast for the other part of the man. The breakfast table talk in correct English would perhaps make interesting reading but must be omitted.

There were two kinds of fish and all sorts of meats and vegetables of the country; a variety of such fruits as grow only in the tropics, served with the choice wine such as only a Brazilian can select.

The reader must imagine the delight of spending such pleasant hours around such a social board far from home, surrounded with the fragrance of flowers in the tropical garden adjoining the house. Under the verandas were in truth hanging gardens of rare and beautiful orchids in the perfume of which we sipped delicious Brazilian coffee while lounging in hammocks.

Subsequently the ex-consul had the distinguished honor of attending a grand "soirée" of a private and exclusive character, in the nature of a political and family reception tendered to Pedro Chermont, senator, a brother of my friend who had just returned from the sitting of the Congress at Rio de Janeiro.

This entertainment was in the private residence situated in the extensive estate of one of the oldest and wealthiest Brazilian families, Sr. Jose da Silva Santos. The commodious house is located in what was at one time the botanical gardens, containing all that is rare and valuable in the way of tropical growth, further improved by Sr. Santos and members of his family, most of whom had been liberally educated in Europe, where they acquired elegant taste, which they were able to indulge.

The architecture is of our southern style, with its broad verandas and halls and portières, annexes and bay windows spreading themselves like vines over the garden.

The gardens were brilliantly illuminated by colored lights.

The best people, and only the best, of all Para were there, a majority of whom wore costumes imported directly from Paris. Of course, the blooming exotic was present, as were also numerous other daughters of distinguished Paraneses, all of whom were equally refined and accomplished. Some of them prettier, perhaps; certainly others were as highly admired as was the charmer.

The daughter of the host, the accomplished wife of the senator, who speaks English quite well, in a most ladylike way, vies with her sister, the younger daughter-in-law, Senhora Monard da Silva Santos, in their polite efforts to make the foreigners at home. Though this pretty little lady could not speak one word of English, she managed to be always conveniently near to serve us, whether on the saloon floor, in the crowded dance rooms, or promenading in the corridors. Seated at the banquet table, we were delightfully surprised to find her hovering in the rear of our chairs, prompting the servants in our interests. The young wife is indeed the charming little hostess of a charming house.

It was a pleasure to have been specially entertained also at the country home of Sr. Jose C. da Coimbra, one of the enterprising Portuguese business men who find leisure to pursue a line of improvement for the country, reaching beyond the rush for gain.

Mr. Coimbra is the owner of a fine stock or stud farm, located at Apihu, about forty miles from Para, on the line of the only railway in Amazonia.

We spent two delightful days at St. Vincent, as this old homestead is known, which reminds one of the plantation life of our antebellum days in Louisiana or Mississippi.

Under the shade of mango or palm trees of various species were groups of the finest horses of Brazil; among them, a son of the celebrated English trotter "Foxhall."

The old fashioned southern house is snugly situated among coffee, bread-fruit, cocoa and cocoanut trees (which are two different things), as well as every other valuable tree known to this latitude. A small river of clear, cold water rushes by, which is almost hidden by overhanging branches of dense foliage.

We breakfasted in the usual delightful way common to Brazil at midday, but on this occasion, there being no ladies in the party, an entire absence of formality in the way of dress was permitted.

A congenial and jolly company of Brazilians and myself, the only foreigner, in shirt sleeves sat around the table spread on the veranda, and enjoyed a breakfast while the air was deliciously perfumed by the cinnamon and other flowering trees that completely shaded the house from the hot sun.

It was my custom, which I gladly renewed, to enjoy the delights of a Sunday evening dinner at the home of my early friend, Mr. Jose Ayres Watrin.

This friend considers it to be a part of his bounden duty to compel me to partake of the fruits of the country, as he says, in extenuation of my first criticism of their watery oranges, tasteless pineapples, etc., which I perhaps prematurely judged from the samples served at the hotel, but which were really not to be compared to the best fruits of this section.

Both of us being present later at an elegant breakfast with the famous Baron de Gondoriz, this subject of fruits was discussed, when I was delighted to find the jolly baron on my side of the question. He and the baroness having traveled extensively,

knew something of our strawberries, peaches and pears. He laughingly observed, "Oh, yes; our fruits here are very good for making salads, if you use plenty of salt and pepper and mustard in their preparation."

Some of the best housekeepers make pies from bananas, but the baron insists that bananas are intended only for monkeys, and he has no relish for monkey pies.

About this time there arrived at Para an "American woman," as these people termed a lady representing the Women's Christian Temperance Union. She delivered a lecture in a hall, which, though largely advertised, was attended by a few rowdy foreigners only and some curious natives, who guyed the lecturer unmercifully. On this occasion the new consul and his wife were present, the lecturer being introduced by the missionary herein-before mentioned, who acted as interpreter, and whose fanatical remarks raised a storm of indignation in which even the lady lecturer joined. It resulted in closing the hall against further lectures of the sort.

One living in those countries cannot see the propriety of temperance societies sending out lady lecturers who cannot speak the language of the country, especially where the people do not indulge intemperately in either drink, language or absurdities, like these examples.

No doubt these professional lecturers afterwards go about our own country relating their experiences, expressing entirely erroneous views of what they call heathen lands.

These incidents are only referred to as illustrations. They do our refined and cultivated American ladies at home a positive wrong. All the arguments that can be brought to bear would not convince the Brazilian people that these loud specimens are not representative American ladies.

I again explain that, in presenting these illustrations to the public in comparison with foreign society at this point, I am only prompted by the desire to exhibit some of the absurdities of our consular service, of which I considered myself an example, along with my predecessor and successor.

Yet after considering all the disadvantages detailed in this personal narrative, in conclusion I am willing to concede that life under the equator, at Para, has many, very many pleasures that fully compensate for the discomforts, such as may not be found in our more favored lands.

There is a singular fascination in the life of the tropics which all who have been there long enough to become acclimated have experienced.

However enervating the climate, to which cause is due the principal objection resulting so frequently in illness, such as I was then experiencing, the fact remains that this does not detract from the inclination to take part in all the festivities.

There seems to be in the very hot and humid atmosphere an overpowering influence, that like wine stimulates every one to enter with unusual zest into the enjoyment of the free and easy excitement of social life.

There is not only an absence of restraint, but one soon learns that the people of that region, generally speaking, are not disposed to meddle with the affairs of others. Probably because each has as much as he can attend to in his own separate environment.

* * * *

At the urgent solicitation of Brazilian friends who were good enough to assure me that this effort describing scenes and incidents of "*O Consul Americano Na Amazonas*" would be looked for with interest, I have attached an excerpt from the well known Para paper, *The Folha do Norte*, which the courteous editor requested me to contribute, detailing impressions of the revisit, which is reproduced herewith in the original Portuguese.

Impressões de sua viagem ao Pará.

Por mais de uma vez temos tido occasião de nos referir ao sr. J. Orton Kerbey, que, ha algum tempo, foi consul dos Estados Unidos no Pará, e que anda actualmente numa excursão pelo Brasil, colhendo notas e informações afim de publicar uma obra sobre o nosso paiz.

Pretendia elle seguir, no desempenho de sua missão, para o sul da Republica, a bordo do *Ceará*, não o tendo podido fazer e reservandose para tomar passagem no *Alagóas*, com aquelle destino.



A type of a Brazilian School Girl.

Antes de deixar esta terra, o sr. Kerbey, attendendo a solicitações que lhe foram reitas, enviou-nos uma extensa carta em que relata as suas impressões colhidas no tempo em que aqui esteve, as quaes representam um ligeiro extracto da correspondencia que vae mandar para a imprensa norte-americana, destinada, sem duvida, a ser apreciada por um extraordinario numero de leitores intelligentes do seu paiz.

Eis o que escreveu para a FOLHA o referido jornalista:

“Addiei, pela segunda vez, a minha partida para o sul; espero, porem, seguir pelo paquete *Alagôas*.

Estas delongas parecem confirmar o dictado de que me faço echo, por experiencia:

“Quem vae ao Pará, paron.
Quem hebe assahy, ficou.”

[Who comes to Para was glad to stay.
Who drinks Assahy never goes away.]

Sendo esta a minha quarta viagem ao Pará, parece que, com effeito, houve alguma virtude neste *preventivo* assahy.

Posso, em geral, dizer que a minha quarta experiencia confirmou plenamente as minhas anteriores impressões sobre esta cidade, que, apesar de não ser espaventosa, caminha a passos firmes para o progresso e importancia.

Não partilho do conceito do velho imperador dom Pedro 2º, que dizia: “O Pará é uma cidade deliciosamente pervertida”, ao contrario, estou de accordo com o famoso observador que assim se referia a esta capital: “O tempo não pôde emmurchece-la, nem os costumes lhe destruir a infinita variedade”.

Emquanto sentimos agradavel surpresa ao vermos os melhoramentos, especialmente no estylo agradavel de architectura de casas de morada, nos suburbios observamos monumentos na fórma de edificios de educação, taes como os institutos Lauro Sodré e Gentil Bittencourt.

O viajante a cujos ultimos olhares, ao deixar a America, se apresentam os feios e altos edificios de Nova York, a custo apreciará as primeiras vistas do Pará, que exhibe na linha do firmamento aquelles immensos tanques dagua que, apesar de necessarios, não podem ser estheticamente admirados.

Na viagem do vapor *Goyaz*, do Lloyd Brasileiro, sob o commando do capitão Mísner, tivemos o prazer de ter por companheiros 7 ou 8 rapazes brasileiros, que vinham de collegios americanos passar as férias com suas familias.

Entre estes rapazes se achavam Emilio Miller, paraense, que ha alguns mezes é estudante technico do Instituto de Pratt, em Brooklyn, e que tem de voltar em setembro a Nova-York; os irmãos Almyro e Humberto Guimarães, da rua 28 de setembro, n. 142 e o estudioso mancebo H. Oswaldo de Miranda, da rua Conselheiro João Alfredo, 184-A, que faz os seus estudos de medicina na celebre Universidade de Pennsylvania.

Além desses paraenses, havia outros estudantes que regressavam a Pernambuco e S. Paulo, e uns dois commerciantes, em caminho do Rio, bem como outros passageiros.

Como unico passageiro americano a bordo, tephoo satisfação de dar este publico testemunho:—que em longas viagens, por todos os mares, nunca encontrei companheiros de viagem mais agradaveis do que os do vapor brasileiro *Goyaz*, em junho.

Não obstante a jovialidade propria dos estudantes de todos os paizes, devo dizer que este grupo era excepcional. Houve exercicios de agilidade, exhibição de força e todos os jogos athleticos, canto, saltos e dança; mas não houve durante a viagem de 15 dias um unico exemplo de grosseria, de palavras indecentes e nem sequer appareceu á vista um copo de cerveja.

Os paes e amigos dos estudantes do Pará devem orgulhar-se de seus filhos, que têm a coragem moral de se portarem bem, quando soltos no mundo, com a mesma correção cavalheirosa que se lhes ensina no lar da familia.

O unico americano a bordo sente-se feliz em reconhecer o procedimento cortez dos moços paraenses tanto nas casas de suas familias, como por toda a America.

Ao chegarem a este porto, foram recebidos por suas familias e amigos. O dr. Miranda foi o primeiro a dizer adeus, seguido de Emilio Miller, que desembarcou com seu Primo.

Dentro em pouco aproximou-se um escaler trazendo a seu bordo duas senhoritas, vestidas de claro, trazendo nas cabeças grandes chapens á "Merry Widow" (viuva jovial), agitando os lenços para os seus irmãos Almyro e Humberto Guimarães. O pae, que parecia satisfeito, apreciava o encontro dos irmãos e irmã.

Depois da sahida destes rapazes (o vapor ainda ao largo), o ex-consul, encostado á amurada, a olhar para a cidade, demorando o desembarque, até que o vapor atracasse ao trapiche, foi surprehendido pelas saudações cordeaes do consul americano e seu pessoal, o qual tinha ido especialmente em escaler para dar as boas vindas a um ex-collega, a quem até então não conhecia.

Este acto praticado com tão elevada cortezia bastante me penhorou.

Em excursões subseqüentes por algumas das velhas ruas estreitas e sobre seus passeios ainda mais estreitos, notei muitos dos aspectos que me eram familiares no Pará, que eu conhecia, salientando-se os grandes melhoramentos nas largas avenidas, especialmente no Largo da Polvora, que provocou a minha admiração.

Nos meus antigos tempos aqui, o theatro da Paz, em via de conclusão externamente, parecia estar localizado no meio d'um terreno esteril, que se não parecia absolutamente com o bello parque actual.

Inquestionavelmente a cidade vae melhorando dia a dia; e, pela natureza das coisas, deve continuar a fazel-o; pois que é porto do mar natural da grande bacia do Amazonas, cujos productos naturaes de suas florestas são d'uma riqueza incalculavel e desconhecida, tendo a borracha só tanto valor quanto o tinham as minas de ouro e prata da California e do Perú.

O prazer de encontrar-me com velhos conhecidos e amigos e as perguntas sobre outras eram frequentemente ennuviadas pelas respostas: "Já morreu".

Entre os da colonia estrangeira, cujas saudações cortezes tanto me fazem falta, estão os srs. Power do Banco; Fred Bush, o magnanimo allemão; Purcell, os capitães Hudson e Pontet, o consul allemão Serselberg e senhora; entre os ausentes ou que já se retiraram do trabalho, estão incluídos o sr. Kanthack, consul inglez, e Dom Carlos Mouraille, de Iquitos. Não sei quaes os successores do sr. Norton ou Parbst e Rickenberg; mas estou contente por haver encontrado um hotel particular, delicioso como um lar, sob a habil e apurada direcção de mrs. R.

Fazem-me igualmente falta os passeios a cavallo á tarde, em companhia do Watrin, e a ausencia do Luiz da Costa, ambos meus companheiros.

Registro com grande satisfacção o fraternal acolhimento do meu velho e sincero amigo brasileiro, o coronel Theodosio L. Chermont, de cuja elegante hospitalidade é uma delicia partilhar-se.

O consul americano, o Hon. Georg Pickering, insistindo para que o consulado seja o quartel, teve a bondade de collocar tudo á nossa disposicção e, como o nosso grande amigo Theodosio, tudo tem feito para tornar a minha visita agradavel e bem succedida.

Além das distracções em casa dos velhos amigos, fiz varias visitas ás casas de outros brasileiros, que me deram muito prazer.

Guiado pelo companheiro de viagem, dr. Miranda e os Guimarães, fizemos uma viagem ao interior, que muito me deleitou, sendo ahi recebidos amavelmente na "Quinta Carmita" pelo sr. José M. de Oliveira,

sua esposa e suas encantadoras filhas as senhoritas Maria da Gloria, Anna C., Leticia C. e Carmita C. de Oliveira.

Desta visita guardo a mais grata recordação do modo feliz de viver n'um lar brasileiro, durante o qual apreciamos o *tróte duro* d'um burro, com immenso gaudío das senhoras; trazendo connosco um grande numero de "lembranças vivas" d'um passeio sobre a relva humida da bella avenida ou alameda sombreada dos amantes. Parece-me que os rapazes deram-lhes o nome de *mucuius*, *invisiveis carrapatos* vermelhos, contra os quaes disseram-me, o unico remedio era beber-se cachaça e friccionar as partes atacadas por elles com a garrafa vasia.

Dizem-me que os *mucuius* se encontram nas folhas da relva e com facilidade se transplantam para o nosso corpo, onde, sem duvida, florescem bellamente.

Nos parques americanos encontram-se, a cada passo, taboletas com estes dizeres: "Não andem sobre a relva", "Não toquem nas plantas", para evitar que se passeie ou mesmo pize na relva.

A repetição destes signaes gerou a expressão corriqueira que frequentemente se emprega como cautela aos dedicados amantes para "Não andarem sobre a relva, nem tocarem nas plantas".

No Brasil estas taboletas são desnecessarias; os *mucuius* encarreram-se do policiamento.

Para vos demonstrar as minhas impressões a respeito do Pará e do Brasil, em comparação com a America, consenti-me citar as palavras do vosso poeta:

Nosso céo tem mais estrellas,
 Nossas varzeas teem mais flôres;
 Nossos bosques teem mais vida,
 Nossa vida mais amôres.

[Adapted Translation.]

Your sky has more stars,
 Your fields have more flowers,
 Your forests more life,
 And your life more love, than ours.

J. ORTON KERBEY.



Captain Reis, Jr., of Lloyd Brasileiro S. S. "Aere," return voyage
Rio de Janeiro to New York.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A SIDE TRIP TO RIO.



It will be recalled that the Introductory outlined an itinerary including side trips of one thousand miles up the Amazon and three thousand miles down the coast to Rio, and return to Para. But so much time and space have been consumed in and around Para that it has become necessary to omit some social, educational and fam-

ily matters pertaining to Para, in order that we may complete the voyage as outlined. On the suggestion of a critical friend, we may be able to tell the further story in one of our uplifting magazines, with dates and illustrations.

With the consul and Brazilian friends accompanying me to the dock, I reluctantly embarked in the large Lloyd Brazilian steamer *Alagoas*, renowned as the ship that conveyed the deposed Emperor Dom Pedro from Rio into his unhappy exile in Portugal and Paris, during my consular incumbency. There were many passengers aboard. The steamers of this line do an extensive local business along the four thousand miles of the Amazon river and down the coast to Rio. Through the kindly efforts of Consul Pickerell and the courteous interest of the Para agent I was given a good room.

In a few hours, while at dinner, we are reminded by the gentle roll of the ship that we have again passed out of the Amazon into the sea. After a day of pleasant sailing we reach the city and port of Maranhao, anchoring for the night in the roadstead, because the pilot failed to get over the bar, which is only possible at high tide. This delay gave the passengers a welcomed opportunity to spend an evening with friends in the town.

I tried to find my old friend Ed. James, whom I met on the Peruvian Andes, but he was at his country place.

Like Belem do Para and other Brazilian cities, Maranhao is the name of the state, though usually applied to the principal city, which has another (official) name.

From the anchorage, the city resembles all the other Brazilian coast towns, with their one story, white walled houses and an occasional Moorish looking church.

The harbor was enlivened by numerous small boats bringing passengers or friends and visitors to the ships, a custom of the people followed at all the ports. This became such a nuisance that the steamship companies were compelled to check the habit.

I was advised that the State of Maranhao is the Greece or Athens of Brazil, because of the number of learned citizens.

It is said that a majority of the literati, especially poets and authors, date their works from some of the pretty mountain towns and valleys of the State of Maranhao, which is said to be the most distinctively Portuguese state in Brazil.

After another day and night's sailing along the barren shores of white sand, which in places have drifted into large sandhills, we reach the port of Ceara (pronounced See-a-rah), in the State of same name.

Though Ceara adjoins Maranhao and is not far from Para, where it seems to rain incessantly, it suffers the extreme of famines, caused by extended droughts. Ceara furnishes the principal number of laborers for the rubber forests of the Amazon.

Ceara is famous for its make of the "Ceara hammock," or "rede" as well as for extensive sugar plantations. I was surprised to hear that, at all the ports or towns, railroads reached into the interiors from two hundred to four hundred miles.

After Ceara and Natal comes Cabadello or Parahiba, which belongs geographically to northern Brazil.

The several railroad feeders of these ports will eventually be connected, making a continuous line of rail from the Amazon to Rio de Janeiro.

The most important port, Recife (reef) or Pernambuco, is situated at the extreme easterly point of Brazil. The outer reefs

have been utilized as a sea wall. The town is built on a number of small coral islands, and is familiarly known as the Venice of South America. Numerous bridges connect the streets, on which are trolley cars, electric lights and all the conveniences of a first class Brazilian city.

The tall buildings facing the harbor were erected by the first Dutch settlers.

Pernambuco, or Recife, sometimes called "the beautiful," is usually the first land of Brazil sighted from steamers from Europe and the United States.

At this point we discharge and take on a number of Pernambuconas, men, women and children, forming excursion parties to the opening of the national exposition at Rio.

It was my good fortune to meet here a Brazilian gentleman and his wife, bound for Rio, who, in very good English, kindly gave me a great deal of assistance during the following four or five days' journey to Rio.

I am glad of this opportunity to publicly acknowledge my appreciation to Senhor Pedro Rodrigues Soares, of Rua Duque de Caixas, Recife.

In this territory sugar is the staple article, while further south the coffee industry predominates.

The next important port is Bahia, or the City of San Salvador, State of Bahia.

Though only four hundred miles distant Salvador is the antipodes of Recife, having a fine, extensive and well protected bay in which the largest ships may safely anchor.

Bahia, instead of being on islands, is a city on the hills, affording a most picturesque appearance from the deck of a ship, as it approaches the bay. A closer view of the tall buildings on the water front, with a background of other styles, apparently built on the hillside, reached by winding and devious roads, gives a stranger an impression that he would not care to spend a night ashore at Bahia.

My Brazilian friend advises that ninety per cent. of the population are negroes, including officers, who practically control af-

fairs. Reference to a map of the world will show that Bahia does not appear very far distant from Africa, making it a convenient depot for the slave trade, which fact may account for the preponderance of people of African ancestry.

If apparent content and absence of friction or social and political agitation be the criterion, the Brazilians have made greater advance toward solving the race problem than we have. Invidious reference and personal comment on the subject in this narrative has been avoided as far as possible, the writer desiring to state conditions and facts as he observed them, from which the reader may form his own conclusions.

During an official residence as a consul, enjoying an entrée into the best families, I have encountered highly accomplished ladies and gentlemen of culture who showed unmistakable evidence of African ancestry; but, in the many years of my association among that hospitable people, I have never seen any offensive evidence of prejudice or class distinction.

There is, however, a decided caste, the line of which is distinctly drawn, but it is in no sense a color line. Portuguese Brazilians look upon this condition as a matter of course, for which they are not responsible.

This subject, however, is never discussed, except by American travelers or literary tourists, who sail around South America, and who have the unhappy faculty of criticizing anything not of United States origin.

They are usually good talkers, but disagreeable *compagnons de voyage*, who spend the days in searching for defects; and write their observations for the Sunday papers or favorite magazines, and some have even written books. Of course they do not always get their contributions printed, probably because the intelligent editor at home has had a surfeit of South American fiction.

Without intending to criticize any efforts in this direction, I beg to reproduce a few paragraphs from a recent popular book, entitled "The Other Americans," compiled from letters to Col-

lier's and Scribner's Magazine by one of the finest of these writers, who traveled around South America in less than eighty days.

"Of the various manifestations of atmospheric laxity none is more interesting to a North American than the haziness of the color line.

"This land of coffee and sunshine is tinged with African blood. Of the seventeen and a half millions of people in Brazil, only seven millions are whites.

"There were seven hundred and fifty thousand slaves in Brazil when the princess regent emancipated them [May 13, 1888], and there are many neighborhoods where the negro is a problem only so far as life may be a problem to Africans in their native jungle."

All of this is exaggeration. There is probably a larger proportion of negroes in some of our Southern States than in Bahia; but listen to this opinion of the writer quoted above.

"There is so little prejudice against it that the most scholarly Brazilians often maintain that the mixture has been beneficial, and has resulted in a type better suited to the Brazilian environment than either of the original stocks.

"They flatly contradict Agassiz and other northern biologists.

"About one-third of Rio's population are negroes. From blacks who might have been landed from a slave ship yesterday, the African tinge fades out through every graduation of mixed blood up to that of the cultured whites of the ruling class. There is, in fact, almost no color line at all; comparatively few families into at least some of whose members has not crept a shadow of darker blood."

Fancy the Pan-American having this translated for circulation in Brazil!

To illustrate the difference between our western civilization and that of Brazil, I reproduce an excerpt from the editorial columns of the Washington Post of April 11, 1909:

SHAKESPEARE, ETHNOLOGIST.

"For sheer perversity, the verdict rendered on Saturday, at Muskogee, Okla., would be hard to beat, and the reasoning which induced twelve good men and true to render it caps, without doubt, the climax of absurdity. One Louis Hall, who states himself to be of Portuguese descent, sued the school board officials and the officers of a literary society for damages for excluding him from a white school and denying him membership of the society. In rebuttal of his charges, the defendants' lawyers quoted 'Othello' to prove that there is a strain of African blood in the Portuguese race, and the jury was so impressed that, by its findings, it declared the plaintiff had no grounds for his suit."

As a singular coincidence the same paper, and of the same date, prints the following Associated Press dispatch of Professor Goode, teacher of geology at the University of Chicago, commenting on the chance of true politeness to percolate into the inner recesses of his fellow citizens. He had the convictions thoroughly grounded into him, he said, while he escorted the Japanese Commissioners on their recent tour of America.

"Special to The Washington Post.

Chicago, April 9, 1909.—"If a culture could be attached to the point of a javelin, you couldn't force it through the pachydermatous hide of the average American." (Pachyderm—an order of mammals distinguished for their thick skin, including the elephant, hippopotamus, and hog—Webster.)"

The Japanese, as well as the Latin race, are people of culture and refinement. No better evidence of this was shown than their attitude toward those who so grossly abuse them.

They read the Washington Post in Brazil.

The usual tourist or traveler on the larger steamers of Europe and North America, which touch at important coast cities only, seldom has more than a glance at a small section of Brazil. He accepts without question the advice of those foreigners, who have never traveled in the interior, about the difficulties and dangers of such travel.

There is an individuality in all cities, more striking in some than in others, yet there is a marked similarity that one soon tires of in most foreign cities. This monotony, however, seldom extends to travel in Brazil, which abounds in enchanting scenery, remarkable plants and flowers and animals, and marvelous works of nature. The city of Bahia, for instance, situated on the hill side, and that of its neighbor Pernambuco, which is built upon several islands. In the interiors of these states are mountains and extensive valleys, large rivers and wonderful waterfalls, resembling the Yellowstone, Yosemite and Niagara. One of the most interesting is the Paulo Affonso falls, to reach which it is necessary to take a coastwise vessel from Pernambuco or Bahia to Penedo, about thirty miles up the wonderful San Francisco River, which, except for a short distance around the falls, is navigable for over one thousand miles into Brazil, and is full of interest from mouth to source.

The next port of interest is Victoria, situated on a winding river leading behind high hills, anchoring in front of the beautiful little town. On the hill tops are convents, and on winding roads, houses that resemble castles on the Rhine.

There is a railroad connection between Victoria and Rio Janeiro, but most of the travel is by sea, as it affords a delightful sail along the coast, shadowed by the immense hills leading down to the wonderful bay of Rio. On entering the harbor of Rio the forecastle is cleared for the benefit of passengers, who flock forward to enjoy the beauties of the bay. So much has been said descriptive of this enchanting bay that we will have to omit details, hurrying along to the city of Rio Janeiro, which, like Rome, is built upon hills or rather mountains, whose summits are two thousand feet above sea level.

Rio Janeiro means river of January, but there is no river at Rio. It is simply an immense bay. In this respect, and also in its picturesque character, it is unlike Buenos Ayres and Para, which are located at the mouths of the Rio Plate and Amazon, respectively. Few writers or visitors to Rio refer to the name

of the city as a misnomer. The disadvantage, aside from its commercial features, arises from the fact that there is no current to cleanse the harbor, the tides forcing the waters back to the city docks. The lack of natural drainage has probably been the cause of much of the unsanitary conditions of Rio. Plans are being considered for opening a drainage channel by tunneling the hills to the ocean. My good Pernambuco friend, Senhor Pedro Rodrigues Soares, interested himself in pointing out various places on the shores or the islands, being particularly interested in the charming location for the (1908) exposition buildings, situated in one of the numerous little valleys reaching to the waterfront. On anchoring we were immediately surrounded by the usual fleet of Portuguese boatmen anxious to take passengers ashore for a consideration. As this was a second visit to Rio, I was prepared for the confusion, but through the kindness of Senhor Soares I was introduced to a prominent gentleman, Senhor M. Ados Santos Dias, who had come out with a party on his steam launch, which I was invited to join. On reaching the basin or landing stage I prepared to find the way to the Hotel Cintra, a small hostelry patronized by ship captains to which I had been indorsed. Not knowing exactly the location, I appealed to the owner of the launch, who could not speak a word of English, but understood my wants, and to my surprise took me by the arm and escorted me several squares to the Ouvidor, leaving his companion to await his leisurely return. I mention this incident to add force to the query, "Would the owners of American yachts have done as much for a stranger arriving at their gates?"

After being settled in my hotel I looked up my good friend of the first chapter, Senhor Rodrigo Vianna, with whom I was made to feel quite at home during my fortnight's stay in Rio.

It was my pleasure and privilege to meet with a number of friends, under whose care we visited all the points of interest, including the wonderful botanic gardens.

As this revisit was fully described in press correspondence, one brief extract from my home paper being attached herewith, I need not give further details.

"Major J. Orton Kerbey, author of 'The Land of To-morrow,' and well known to readers of The Tribune, will land in New York within a few days on his return from Brazil, where he had been for several months in the interest of the Bureau of American Republics. Just before sailing Major Kerbey addressed the following interesting letter to The Tribune:

"Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, August 29, 1908.

"I'd be glad if The Tribune would say that I am starting on my return by Lloyd Brasileiro steamer Acre, sailing on August 31st via Para and the Barbadoes to New York. It will take from twenty-six to thirty days to make the voyage, as we will call at the several ports on the Brazilian coast en route north.

"Some idea of the extent of the Brazilian coast may be gathered from the fact that it takes a good steamer sailing at her best thirteen to fifteen days to go from here to the Amazon, and there is yet several days' sailing south of Rio to cover the coast to Santos Rio Grande do Sul en route to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres.

"It may interest the school boys and girls to find on their maps Rio de Janeiro and the ports of Victoria, Bahia, Maceio, Recife in Pernambuco, Cabadello in Parahyba, Natal, Ceara, Maranhao, Para, and Barbadoes, or up the Amazon to Manaos and Iquitos.

"I will have doubled this route during this trip, affording me an opportunity to go ashore at each place to corroborate the data I have attempted to give. Rio de Janeiro is, I think, the most naturally beautiful city on the earth. I can't recall any place in any land where there are such natural combinations for the picturesque as their grand old hills, some two thousand feet high, bringing their green foliage to the very edge of the blue sea. The hills surrounding Rio are numerous and all picturesque, while between them are tropical valleys, riotous in foliage and flowers. The streets and buildings are fine, with none of the ugly squares of skyscrapers, while the residence section is a paradise of neat cottages in terra cotta or colored tile, snugly nestled in the gardens on either side. There are no long, ugly rows or blocks of buildings and the public edifices are models of tasteful and artistic architectural design.

"Rio can claim the distinction of having one street that is not duplicated in any other city, the Rua Ouvidor. It is a narrow thoroughfare with narrower sidewalks, on which no vehicles, not even automobiles, are permitted, except at certain early hours for the delivery of goods. The street is scarcely ten feet wide, but includes in the several blocks the most important business houses of Rio. The Rua Ouvidor is always crowded. There are many 'shops' for the retail trade, principally jewelry, fancy goods, and department stores in four-story buildings,

as well as one or two of the important newspapers and the usual number of restaurants, where the small cups of café are supplied to the throngs of frequenters. It is said much of the business of Rio is transacted over the small cups of strong coffee.

"At right angles to the famous Ouvidor has been recently opened the Grand Boulevard, or 'Avenida Central,' probably a hundred feet wide, between sidewalks that are twenty-five feet wide. This avenida extends directly across the city from the business landing in the bay to the Beri Mar, the wonderfully beautiful extension and promenades on the upper or fashionable water front. On this avenida are located the principal public buildings and large hotels and business establishments.

"The Rio exposition is a very agreeable surprise, both in location and equipment. Though not quite prepared, the exhibition is very satisfactory so far and promises to be a local success. It must be remembered that Brazil is not advertising an international exhibit and has not extended any invitations to other nations to participate. It is designed essentially as a local, or national, enterprise, in which it is desired to exhibit only the products of Brazil. In this regard it is a decided success, the exhibits of natural and agricultural products and manufactured goods of Brazil being a genuine surprise in extent and useful variety even to their own people.

"Aside from the location on the seashore at the foot of the immense peaks, which of themselves are an exhibit, the fine buildings, and tasteful display, the exposition is especially beautiful when lighted brilliantly at night—more beautiful and gorgeous than the pretensions of predecessors who make larger claims.

"But Rio de Janeiro is of itself an exposition worth traveling weeks to see, and it can only be seen here. You will be interested in knowing that the Young Men's Christian Association is a thriving institution in Rio, accomplishing more real good for the cause, both business and sentimental, than the formal consulate and embassy, both of which are so full of official dignity that they cannot bend to meet the people, while this association gets down to the masses and accomplishes a lot.

"A great many are assisted to employment, some are aided to get to other cities, and information and advice of a reliable character is given freely to all—to say nothing of the educational classes. The work is done altogether in Portuguese and is for native young men principally, though all others are cheerfully looked after. There are six hundred and sixty-nine members in Rio, seventy-five per cent. of whom are Brazilians. They own their buildings, valued at fifty thousand dollars, and all current expenses are paid by local contributors. The education of the young men is an important feature of the work. There are evening classes with one

hundred and sixty members registered and with an average attendance of ninety-five. There are periodical lectures and socials and the religious work of the association is conducted much the same as in the United States. Proselytizing is unheard of, and the association meets with no opposition from the Catholics. Myron A. Clark, the secretary, will appreciate any American newspapers, magazines, or books that might be sent. Address, 'Mr. Clark, Secretary, Quetanda, No. 39, Rio de Janeiro.' He will also be pleased to give any further information.

"J. O. KERBEY."

I desire to record my obligations to Mr. Clark and his associates for many courtesies. Also to Rev. K. C. Tucker, Agent American Bible Society (same address), Bishop Kinsolving, Dr. Brown and many others.

The leading paper of Brazil is the *Jornal do Comercio*, occupying its elegant home on the principal streets, Rua Ouvidor and Avenida Central. The plant of the *Jornal* is the second most complete printing establishment on the two continents, that of the *Prensa* of Buenos Aires being the first; either of the two probably surpassing any newspaper outfit in the United States or Europe.

Instead of the usual American editorial disorderly sanctum, with untidy reporters' dens, there are reception rooms, grand salons, parlors and libraries, with papers on file from all parts of the earth, an elegant café, as well as barber and bath accommodations. It is more like a first class club.

The principal editor, to whom I had the pleasure of presenting personal letters of introduction, received me with the usual Brazilian hug, and pleasant, effusive courtesy.

Subsequently he, with the editors of *Diario* and *O. Pais* and others, did me the honor of calling at my hotel.

As indicating the friendly spirit and fraternal feeling, I produce herewith a notice from the daily *Jornal do Comercio*, August 29, 1908, in the original Portuguese, for the benefit of my numerous Brazilian friends, who may read this.

Acha-se nesta Capital o Sr. Major Joseph Orton Kerbey, escriptor e jornalista norte-americano, autor do livro sobre o Brasil *The Land of To-morrow*.

Chegado a esta Capital no dia 13 do corrente, procedente do Estado do Pará, pelo vapor *Alagôas*, o Major Kerbey fez uma longa viagem pelo Pacifico, atravessando os Andes e descendo o rio Amazonas até o Pará, onde embarcou para esta cidade.

O Sr. Major Kerbey acha-se em missão especial do Governo de Washington, em connexão com *The International Bureau of American Republics*, com o intuito de estudar e relatar o estado do commercio, industria e actual progresso do Brasil, segundo as impressões que colher na visita á Exposição Nacional.

Consul no Estado do Pará, nomeado pelo então Ministro Blaine, exerceu esse cargo durante dous annos, tendo feito um estudo e estatisticas da producção da borracha nos Estados do Pará e Amazonas, os quaes visitou quatro vezes.

E' jornalista ha quarenta annos e servio na guerra civil, tendo-a historiado em um livro sob o titulo *The Boy Spy*, muito conhecido e apreciado em sua patria.

Amigo dos Brasileiros, como bem demonstrou no seu livro *The Land of To-morrow*, o Major Kerbey aceitou a grata incumbencia de dar a conhecer aos Americanos as bellezas naturaes e as riquezas do Brasil, procurando despertar o interesse emprehendedor dos seus concidadãos.

O Sr. Kerbey se demorará nesta Capital por espaço de um mez, indo depois a S. Paulo, de onde regressará ao Pará.

During my short stay in Rio the holiday festivities preliminary to the opening ceremonies and the later dedication of the several state buildings at the exposition took place. A glance at a map will show a considerable population near Rio, in the several coast cities of the north and interior, as well as Sao Paulo, Santos, Rio Grand do Sul and other large towns.

Steamers brought excursion parties from these ports and the River Plate and even from Europe, without mishap or disturbance.

On account of the congestion on all steamers when I was ready to return north, I found it impossible to obtain accommodation. In this dilemma I was fortunate in meeting with Dr.



A Rembrant, reluctantly granted, by a cultured young lady of Para, who is doing missionary work as a School Marm.

Hargrave, the manager of the *Brazileiro* in Rio. He is a gentleman both competent and courteous, fluent in several languages, and very kindly obtained the cabin de luxe, the best room on the new steamer *Acre*, then about to sail for New York. Dr. Hargrave also introduced me to Captain Reis, the handsome young officer, who has a fine reputation for skill and popularity in the handling of the vessel and passenger traffic of five thousand miles of coasting.

With regrets at leaving we sailed out of the harbor one summer evening, in a brilliant illumination from the thousands of electric lights on the exposition building grounds, which, with the city lights, were reflected in the water, thus doubling the fine effect.

As we smoothly glide up the coast, calling again at the ports we visited before, we take easy chairs on the shady side, or lounge in the pretty cabin, dreaming of and recalling the pleasant hours and recording some of the impressions and observations of the visit. It should be remembered that this correspondence is dated in August, which is the winter of this latitude, south of the equator. It is with regret that the time was limited to the Brazilian coast at Rio, which prevented visiting cities of Sao Paulo, Montevideo and Buenos Aires, all of which I had seen previously.

Buenos Aires is the largest city in South America, and by some considered the most beautiful, but it is not so historically interesting as Rio. Buenos Aires is modern, resembling in some respects our own Chicago, being situated on the edge of an immense pampas or prairie, upon which millions of cattle and sheep are raised, and near high lands upon which are grown immense crops of wheat. The products of this vast pampas make Buenos Aires a great shipping port for beef, mutton, hides and flour, which are sent almost daily in refrigerator steamers, to feed Europe and perhaps Africa.

As illustrating the sentiment of the people of Buenos Aires, I quote from an afternoon paper printed during the visit of Mr. Elihu Root, then our Secretary of State:

“Mr. Root, an intelligent observer of political and social phenomena, will not search for the basis of his judgment in the honors, exaggerated or not, which our government bestows upon him.

“A politician as eminent and as keen as he knows very well that these international alliances are formed solely under the pressure of the needs of commerce, and by the stimulus of selfish interest. If he will consult our statistics, he will perceive that it is with the European nations that we maintain an interchange of products, the United States being our strong rival. Our cereals and our beef, our hides and wool, have no place in the United States—a country which produces and exports these same articles. Let us receive most kindly, then, our illustrious traveler. But if we resist certain tendencies of the Pan-American agitation, let him understand that we do so inspired only by the purest patriotism and the highest interest in our country. Our statesmen no longer can shut up in a box, so to speak, the collective thought . . . and interest of the native. . . . Modern means of communication often give greater efficiency to an experienced and practical commercial agent than to a polished ambassador.”

Rio and Brazil, on the other side, produce those standard articles the world requires and which may not be had elsewhere, such as coffee, cocoa, mate, rubber and the natural products of tropical forests.

I take the liberty of quoting my Brazilian friend and author, Senhor Oakenfull:

“A casual visitor to Rio Janeiro or Sao Paulo has no conception of the native character. If he is a lion, he is hurried on a round of excursions and banquets, and presentations to this or that notability. Probably he is met on the steamer and personally conducted as it were from one object of interest to another, until the all too brief period has come to an end, and he flits off to Buenos Aires and elsewhere, to go through the same performance. During an experience of many years I cannot remember

any really important or observant guest of the nation who had sufficient time to see more than that which he especially desired to see. Within the last two or three years there has been a procession of celebrities across the stage. Their parts have all been rehearsed for them as desired, and they have returned home to sing the praises of the glorious and great republic. Now I state it as an indictment that it is many years since an English or American savant has spent some time in Brazil. In spite of the glowing pictures, the country is a real terra incognita.

"There is no other land under the sun (and I say this without fear of contradiction) that offers so many opportunities to the trader, miner, naturalist or simple tourist. The mountain lands of Minas, Goyaz, Matto-Grosso, etc., are real health resorts where one meets with no extremes of climate, encounters no demonstrations or inspiring and awe-destroying forces.

"By way of reply to the intimations of a preponderance of African ancestry mentioned in the book, 'The Other Americans,' I add that there are many particulars in which Brazil offers a contrast to her neighbors, and racial differences are not the least modifying ones. It must also be remembered that Brazil had an aristocracy and that its influence is still to be traced today.

"It may possibly be news to many that the monarchical element still exists and has its organ in the press. I venture also to affirm that several of the most highly placed and trusted Brazilians of today are still imperialists to the backbone, but nevertheless good citizens.

"One finds, outside official life, the surviving aristocrats, as a rule, quiet, dignified and often striking looking men of a philosophic turn of mind. They, like some of the members of the old French school, speak of the decadence of the country, of the absence of character among the younger generation of more pushing, business like Brazilians. There is, of course, some truth in this, but it must be borne in mind that the republic was, as it were, thrust on the people. Like the emancipation of the slaves, a necessary but badly executed measure, the empire's downfall

was premature. Although the farseeing Dom Pedro himself foretold its coming, and expressed his convictions that it could not be deferred; it would be quite untrue to say that even now it is one and indivisible.

“Those who are prone to attack certain petty vices of the Brazilian of today, whether European born or otherwise, must again cast their eyes in the direction of the first American republic. There are no inherent faults in the Brazilian that one does not find intensified in the north. Youth cannot possess the calm reflection and staid custom of the mature. Their defects are those of their qualities, and if the republic succeeds in uniting all its diversified parts into one homogeneous whole, these defects will disappear. A great deal of my belief in the future of this great nation lies in the earnest efforts now being made to properly educate the people. Where else, for example, could one find the children of the secretary of state sitting side by side with the peasants’ sons on the bench of a public elementary school? The intellects of the people are keen, they have good material to work on. They are almost without exception musical. Without the slightest attempt at flattery, I assert that this people are destined to fill the same place in South America as the United States in the north. Taking the disadvantages under which they work in Brazil into consideration, and the newness of everything, wonders have been done. Politics play a not inconsiderable part in the development of a nation, and, like all other South American countries, Brazil suffers from the all too frequent change in the government.

“The spoils to the victor is a fundamental law, without a doubt, and it is a melancholy fact that the passion for office is nowhere necessarily accompanied by capacity for administration.”

Though the Acre was crowded with passengers returning from the exposition to coast towns, there was no discomfort, and all aboard seemed to enjoy the voyage. There was an American electrical engineer, with wife and baby, and a Portuguese nurse returning to New York for a visit; and in the steerage, or working their passage, were three American mechanics who had left

good positions at home to try their fortune in the new land and had failed. As heretofore stated, my observation, strengthened by a considerable experience with stranded Americans, is that it is unwise for any skilled mechanic or laborer to give up even an inferior position at home expecting to improve his condition anywhere in South or Central America.

A working acquaintance with the language is a first requirement, and a written contract duly certified by the consul of the country is advisable.

As a rule, young men from England and Germany almost invariably go out under a three year contract, with a saving clause for a six months' vacation with pay.

At Para there are always a few Americans of the genus hobo or salt water tramp sort, who appeal to their countrymen or the consuls.

At the present writing the list of "undesirable citizens" in Brazil is greatly augmented by the construction of the Mamore and Madeiro Railway. A full account of the hardships and fatalities incident to the unhealthy climate of that region where the railway is being constructed have been graphically given in "Recollections of an Ill-fated Expedition," by Neville B. Craig, of Philadelphia.

On our passenger list was a family of several adults and children, who had been to the exposition and were returning to Para.

One of the accomplished ladies was the beautiful *Senhorita* *Leclesia Gurjao*, a member of one of the distinguished families in honor of whom one of the monuments in Para was erected.

This lady sang sweetly and played charmingly, accompanied on the piano by a lady cousin. So popular was the music that passengers crowded the little saloon at every concert. Even the sailors and steerage passengers collected at the windows, enabling them to share the enjoyment with others.

A love story, both interesting and amusing as well as sad in its dénouement, was enacted on the part of the sweet singers

and a young Portuguese naval apprentice from Pernambuco, the ultimate climax of which may be told in a later account.

In due time the Acre arrived at the Para dock, where some sad adieus were spoken, as well as cordial, jolly greetings from the consul and the quartets of college boys who had been fellow passengers out from New York on the Goyaz and were now returning to resume their studies in the United States.

In the usual crowd that throngs a Brazilian ship entering port are usually a number of senhoritas come to welcome friends. In this instance the young men and old boys were favored by the gracious presence of a bevy of ladies, escorted by obliging papas or brothers, including Senhorita Gloria, whose Rembrandt photograph is shown herewith.

At this point the narrative divides, the Acre and boys continuing to New York, while the "consul" completes the old story by following the original route home via Europe, and which is reproduced, that the reader may have the advantage of traveling in imagination over both routes, each leading to the same ultimate destination—home.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TRANS-ANDEAN RAILWAY.



It has been reserved for this chapter close to the end of the narrative, to give the story of the International Railway, which created a commotion, and was the immediate cause of the relief I had repeatedly solicited.

I offer this prelude to explain that personally I am in favor of the proposed railroad connection of North and South America, and hastily submitted this criticism of the methods of the few persons who were agitating the matter for their own personal interests.

I beg to add that as an old employee of the great Pennsylvania Railroad, in the same office with Mr. Andrew Carnegie, as a telegrapher, I had imbibed some knowledge of railroading, and felt competent to criticize the methods of promoters who had neither knowledge of the location nor experience in practical railroad construction or operation.

I had enjoyed the advantage of both of these conditions, having been trained by Mr. Carnegie as master, and later had the privilege of extensive travel over the proposed route, which is wholly beyond the Amazon basin.

To bring the matter up to date, I will add that since this original matter was published I have made another exploitation across equatorial America, having crossed the Andes five times, at different places.

Closer observation leads to the belief that the proposed railroad is possible, but not practicable.

As previously indicated in my correspondence, electric railroads may be operated on grades and under conditions that render

steam impossible, because of the lack of coal or fuel in the routes, and the great expense of bringing it from other lands, but power sufficient to overcome all obstacles is being continually deposited along the proposed route, in the banks of snow on the peaks of the Andes, which, melting gradually, form rushing torrents of water over the cascades and rapids of the cañons of the Andes all along the route.

There is not only power wasting daily sufficient to operate the railway, but wireless telegraphy also, together with all the machinery of a nation.

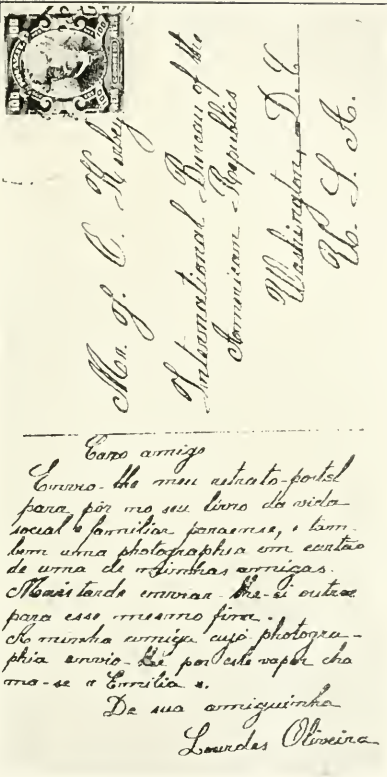
The writer claims the credit of having first suggested the application of "wireless" telegraphy from peak to peak of the Andes as being suited to the vast interior of South America, inhabited by savages, or half-civilized natives and wild beasts, all of which would in their ignorance frustrate any attempt to maintain isolated land lines. Besides this, the severe storms and snows of the altitudes would render telegraphy by wire inoperative and unreliable.

The writer, as a signal officer in the civil war, as well as a military telegrapher familiar with methods of communication in the army, was impressed (while riding over the Andes on mules, viewing the wonderful vistas from peak to peak, or across extensive plains and valleys) by possibilities of regular signaling stations, using the "wig-wag" of flags by day and by torches by night.

The flag and torch signal system uses the Morse international telegraph and wireless alphabet, sometimes called the "one-two" code, the principle of which is capable of unlimited combination, the alphabet being formed by the two simple elements of a dot and a dash, a motion or dip of the flag or a torch to the left representing the dot, while the swing of the flag or torch to the right represents the dash—the two quick motions forming a dot and a dash making the letter "A," thus:

Morse system • —

Signal system ·↵



Fac-simile post card from Lourdes, showing the neat and perfect form of her writing.

The upper signal being expressed by a swing of the flag or torch to the left and the lower one by a succeeding swing to the right, thus forming the equivalent of the Morse dot and dash signal, representing the letter (A).

This signal system, first used in our civil war, has since been adopted by all nations.

The Morse code is used by the South American telegraphs, and is the principle of cable telegraph signals, and is almost universal in its application. The United States Army Signal Corps are equipped with visual signal apparatus, supplementary to the wireless field outfit.

It is possible to signal rapidly by the use of a prearranged code or cipher combination, conveying sentences and phrases over the heads of an enemy or other obstacles for a distance of twenty miles or more, by use of telescopes or field glasses, and at night by exploding alternately red and white rockets, using the "one-two" code.

The same principle may also be utilized by long or short blasts of a bugle or whistle, the same as sound reading of the ordinary telegraph.

Among the reports sent to the department was one giving the history and status of the abandoned Madeiro Mamore Railroad, which resulted so disastrously to the American contractors.

I procured reliable information from official sources, not only on this railway, but also on all others in operation and projected in the Amazonian valley.

I am indebted to my friend Chermont for valuable data and assistance. His brother, then governor of the state, and others of that influential circle, including the officers in charge of railways and telegraphs in Amazonia, also aided me materially.

I felt, therefore, quite proud of my exhaustive railway report, having given the subject such close attention. I came of a railway family in the United States, having been educated in that business in the office of Thomas A. Scott, vice-president and Andrew Carnegie, superintendent of the greatest of all trans-

portation companies, the Pennsylvania Railroad, and I believed that I was competent to intelligently inspect and report upon railways and telegraphs in Brazil.

This report, like many others of a similar character, was first submitted to the inspection of the chief of the annex bureau in the department and, although in every sense trustworthy and useful to the American people who were interested in knowing the facts, it was not of a character to further the interests of certain persons.

It was about this time that Washington press dispatches were being spread broadcast over the land, for the purpose of manufacturing public sentiment in favor of the great Trans-Andean Railway, which was ultimately to extend from New York to Patagonia in one unbroken line, across the isthmus and over the Andes.

Congress was asked to appropriate money for the survey, which was done subsequently, thereby providing soft places for the friends of the measure. Naval and army officers were detailed for this service in connection with a number of civilian commissioners.

I knew that, so far as Amazonia was concerned, the scheme was wholly impracticable and visionary. Statements were being widely printed in my country in favor of organizing a company to make investments in my consular district, that I, as the United States consul, supposed to be looking after the interests of all America, knew to be misleading.

My reports were "edited" and condensed and altered in the annex beyond recognition, and though dated October 20th, they did not appear until the following January. In the meantime numerous circulars continued to be sent out by the annex bureau, compiled from other data that suited them better. With a desire to make public the entire facts which the annex has suppressed. I prepared an article that was published in Washington while Congress was still in session, and also in New York, Chicago and Pittsburg, about January 15, 1890, three months later than my official report on the same subject.

The official railway organ of the country also published it, with a very good illustration taken from my own photograph, showing an actual scene representing a section of a Brazilian railway over which trains so seldom ran that the line had become almost overgrown with foliage. It looked quite like a tunnel through a forest.

This picture was accompanied by the statement, jocularly made, that one objection to railway building in Amazonia was that the rapid and dense growth of the forests would quickly cover the tracks after each train passed, necessitating a clearing each day.

As the article was quite favorably received and copied, and variously commented upon, and was the immediate agitation resulting in my long sought for relief, I reproduce it here, with a copy of the department's vigorous comment:

"RAILROADING IN BRAZIL.

"Brazil is a wonder land, especially the part of it called Amazonia. There are a thousand times more marvels in it than Captain Mayne Reid has told. But marvels do not make good ballast for railroad track, except on paper.

"Much of the 'Pan American' literature that is being palmed off on the trading public of the Three Americas, when Brazil, for example, is the topic, reads very much like a Jules Verne story by one who is on the spot; and a weird suspicion forces itself upon the reader that the 'pan' attachment is principally for 'scooping' purposes.

"The great 'Pan American Railway' is a beautifully taking conception. The American eagle shivers in every pin feather, and his teeth chatter with delight at the mere suggestion.

"'Trans-Andean,' too, not trans-across, but trans-lengthwise, from peak to peak, and from crag to crag, in the aerial path of the condor. What would not the Fourth of July bird give for such railroading, in a Pullman sleeping car, and an early morning handshake with the biggest bird that flies, right on the wing, and hard by his snowy equatorial roost?

"But, however glorious this may be for the great American eagle, when the average American citizen proposes to send his own private 'ten dollar eagles' a-railroading, especially a pan-railroading, he wants to know how it is going to pan out and where the 'pan' is going to dump after the 'scoop' is made, and where the eagle is going to light when he comes down.

"Not long since my attention was called to certain articles published in the United States on this subject, whose author has the reputation of knowing pretty near all that is worth knowing about Brazil, and which treated especially of the most necessary and most promising of Brazilian railway schemes, as he thinks.

"The road which he suggests, or some of them, would be situated so that they might be utilized as part of the great Pan-American Railway, if that is ever constructed.

"'If?' some reader may exclaim. 'Why, of course, it will be constructed.'"

"A continuous line of railway may some time in the far distant future be in operation from New York to Buenos Ayres; but it will never be used for carrying through freight between these two points. As long as half an ounce of coal can be made to move a ton of cargo a mile on the open ocean, no born Yankee is going to send his freight by rail to the Amazon valley, or to Rio, or to Buenos Ayres.

"The Pan-American Railway will never be for Pan-American trade. An ocean steamer can beat a freight train by 50 per cent., as to speed, and by a greater difference in cheapness of carrying. Consequently, it is nonsense—excuse me—it is poetry—this Pan-American Railway dream.

"It might become quite interesting for the American tourist in a parlor car to be whirled through a series of different revolutions as they passed through the various countries. The trains might make as much time as tramp steamers, provided we did not introduce railway strikes and riots with our reciprocity and railway management.

"Amazonia has fifty thousand miles of available river navigation; and by the construction of six or seven hundred miles of railroad to get around the rapids of the Madeira, Tapajos and Tocantins Rivers, several thousand miles more would be added to Amazonian navigation.

"With fifty thousand miles of waterway, every man can have a steamboat at his front door, as often as he needs it, the year round.

"There is only one steam railway in the Amazon valley, the Braganca Railway, running out forty miles from Para, on which trains of two cars run regularly on Tuesdays and Saturdays. This road has never paid half of its running expenses. The deficit is paid by the state.

"The trouble is that there is no population back from the rivers and the coast to support a railway, except in a small part of southern Brazil. In nearly all the rear of this republic, back from the river margins, there are forest-covered mountains. What lies back of these mountains is still as unexplored as the interior of Africa, and perhaps more profitable to us, and as interesting as Stanley's 'Equatorial Africa.'

"When the high lands of the interior are peopled, they will need railroads to give them communication with the watercourses, which will always be the grand trunk lines of communication of Amazonia.

"Except on extensive plains where nature has already done the necessary grading, the rule of railroad building is to follow the watercourses. When a range of mountains or hills is to be crossed, the road follows a valley up to the summit, and descends the other slope by another valley. To follow the course of the range of mountains, tunneling the spurs and bridging the mountain valleys, is to multiply by one thousand the cost of building.

"But that is just what is done in much of the present railroad building on paper.

"The watershed between the Amazon basin and that of the River Plate is a mountainous region, and its flanks are cut on

either side by the valleys tributary to the Amazon and Plate Rivers, respectively.

“Still the New York pan-railway dreamer proposes to shove a railway, more than a thousand miles lengthwise, through mountains from Ouro Presto, the capital of Minas Geraes, westward to Goyas and Cuyaba, cutting at right angles every valley and hill he meets, through a nearly uninhabited region for most of the distance.

“The two objects proposed are to reach the possible mineral wealth of the region to be traversed, and more especially to give to Rio direct communication with Cisandine-Bolivia, which is locked in by the rapids of the River Madeira.

“It is perfectly safe to predict that no railroad will be built along that route very soon. The natural outlet of that part of Bolivia, which is two weeks nearer to Europe and the United States than the one proposed, is down the Mamore and Madeira Rivers to the Amazon. A short railroad past the rapids is the solution of the problem for Bolivia.

“The same writer has another railroad ‘castled in the air,’ to run from Manaos, on the Amazon, across and along the Orinoco to Paramaribo on the coast of Dutch Guiana. The distance is an insignificant one thousand miles. Nothing would have to be paid for ‘right of way,’ for there is no one living on the route, and no one has ever been over the ground, so that it is impossible to prove that the plan is not feasible. There is a range of mountains to cross; but he has the general direction of watercourses in his favor. He is crossing the mountains, and not riding them astraddle as in his southern plan.

“But the great puzzle is to know what use the railroad could be put to after it were built. He thinks that it would give to Manaos quicker communication with New York; but that is an enormous mistake.

“New York steamers sail direct to Manaos, a thousand miles up the Amazon, the year around. They can make the distance from Manaos to Paramaribo, via Para, in five days, and be there

as soon as his overland freight train, with much less than half the expense, and with no reshipment of cargo, the cargo going unbroken by steamer from Manaus to New York in ten days.

“The whole scheme seems like a desperate attempt to dispense with the Amazon River, by carrying the Amazonian products from one to two thousand miles overland, either to Rio de Janeiro or to Dutch Guiana before shipping them.

“But the Amazon will not be dispensed with. It has not only the right of way, but will hold it exclusively. No railroads need apply. They cannot be built down the valley proper, for the river rises thirty feet or more annually, and overflows its plains, changes its channel, tears out its islands, builds others and plays the mischief generally. At low water, this year, a steamer may find fifteen fathoms of water, where last year there was a forest with trees sixty feet in height.

“Over the bluffs that flank the flood plains, a railroad would have to tunnel and bridge without end; and on crossing the tributaries of the Amazon there would have to be Firth of Forth bridges, built on mud, miles in length, fifty feet above low water mark; for those tributaries annually rise from thirty to forty feet, and overflow their flood plains for miles in width.

“The Amazon will never allow an east and west railroad as its rival, nor allow itself to be bridged after it leaves its cradle in the Andes.

“There are railroads to be built in Brazil, however, as already indicated, to pass around the rapids of the Rivers Tocantins, Tapajos and Madeira. These three short railroads will add immensely to the material wealth and resources of Brazil and Bolivia; for the territory to be thus opened is inhabitable and very rich in its soil, forests, pastures and mines.

“The Madeira and Mamore Railway, for passing the rapids of the Madeira River, was a most disastrous enterprise. Fortunately for Brazil, she was not to blame for the failure. P. & T. Collins, of Philadelphia, were the contractors for building the road. English bondholders laid an injunction on the funds and

the work stopped. Five miles of finished track, several ship loads of rails, locomotives and other appurtenances still lie in the forest at Santo Antonio, on the Madeira River, where they were abandoned years ago.

"The Brazilian government sent a commission of civil engineers to survey the route. After returning to Rio, there were charges of "sham survey," etc. The commission quarreled, the survey was pigeonholed and is still there, where it was put seven years ago.

"The Alcobaca Railway, on the river Tocantins, has fared better. Present prospects are dubious, although the federal government is promising that it will soon be built.

"It was to have been built by the Para Transportation and Trading Company, an organization chartered by the State of Wisconsin, and said to have a nominal capital of ten million dollars.

"This company obtained the first choice of large tracts of land at a nominal price, exclusive privileges for the road for ninety years, and other advantages that in all probability would have made its stockholders immensely rich, if its plans had been carried out.

"The grant was obtained in a marvelously easy manner, to all appearances. But just as the company was about ready to begin actual operations, the government of the state of Para suddenly and mysteriously voted repudiation of part of the privileges granted.

"The bad faith implied in this partial repudiation caused the company to abandon everything and let the grant lapse by neglect."

If the history of the Para Transportation and Trading Company could be written in full, both on the side of the company and on that of the Brazilian government, it would, in all probability, serve as a valuable guide for future railroad contractors in Brazil, as to what ought not to be done by either business men or governments under any circumstances. Colossal bad faith is the mightiest obstacle that hinders Brazilian railroad building.



A Para boy and his donkey.

One afternoon, while lounging in my hammock, dreaming of home and wondering why the government did not pay any attention to my repeated requests for relief, the Portuguese telegraph operator handed me a cable dispatch which had crossed the Atlantic to England, thence to the continent, and to Lisbon and Madeira Islands, again across to Pernambuco, Brazil, and finally a thousand miles of coast cable to Para. It read as follows, as shown by the original in my scrapbook:

“Kerbey, Consul:

“You were forbidden to write for the press; further disregard of instructions not tolerated.

“WHARTON.”

This aroused me so that I had to order a Para cocktail from Monsieur George, and, really, one has to experience a Brazilian cocktail—it cannot be described.

I grieved to say that I laughed heartily, as if I had received good news.

I remembered that the above railway letter was due in Washington about this time. I subsequently ascertained that the railway lobbyists promptly called attention of the department to its publication, particular emphasis being laid on the last sentence, which as a reflection on the Brazilian government I should not have made, as consul.

It was all true enough. The mistake was in putting my name to it.

The railway journal editor, thinking to compliment me, had not only illustrated my article, but attached a facsimile of my signature to it.

I saw that the proper way to facilitate my departure, which was the thing I had been hoping for, was to continue the press correspondence, and the following mails took out fuller reports and a letter on leprosy in high places and on Brazilian politics, which I believed would have the desired effect.

The records of the department will show that my first report was a request for relief, and also that every mail afterwards carried a similar notification that I desired to go up the Amazon, yet I was kept there against my wishes, refusing to desert my post, hoping that every steamer would bring me relief.

This was well enough known by everybody at Para, as I had openly declared my purpose, but the department at Washington had taken no notice of my requests, at least they did not do me the courtesy of notifying me.

I could have no particular objection to the return of my predecessor as a successor, except to the way and manner in which it was proposed to be done, the avowed purpose being to seek "vindication" by making an appearance of having forced me out. This was the game of the lobbyists and the ring.

I was not consulted at all, though I was advised fully of the program and knew of every move they made on the board in this game of chess. I checkmated them, playing alone against the field, and somewhat blindfolded. A petition was sent to Washington, signed by many persons, asking for the reinstatement of their friend and former consul, which was carefully worded to create the impression that it was forwarded because of the declared intention of the present consul to vacate.

This matter was being forwarded by the wealthy importers or buyers of rubber in New York, whose agents were at Para, as also by the United States and Brazil steamship companies, all of whom had axes to grind, and intended to use them in cutting off an objectionable consul's head.

I had the evidence that officials of the consular bureau favored the project of reinstating the late consul.

Indeed, it was all so cleverly managed that his English friends in Para publicly asserted that the arrangement had in fact been made.

Letters to this effect were received in Para, it being common talk that all that was now necessary was the formal nomination and confirmation of the Senate. I was frequently reminded of this by some one.

The noteworthy feature about this scheme is that it indicates the utter inconsistency of our consular regulations, in regard to their requirements as to probity of character of those who may be appointed consuls.

Where "influence" prevails, an applicant who may have been proven characterless and inefficient for the discharge of his duties, and ostracised by respectable people of the country because of indecent public and private life among them, is approved for appointment; while the same "influence" may be successfully directed so as to have the effect of breaking down a consul for trying to conduct himself as becomes a gentleman and to fearlessly do his duty, in the performance of which he antagonizes interests and becomes unpopular.

As will be apparent, I had furnished some good reasons why the department should take action for my removal, on account of my continued press correspondence, and I was not disposed to complain about that.

I did not entertain as great resentment toward my popular predecessor as I did toward the officials, knowing of their underhand work, so I determined to defeat their schemes, and it will be seen that I succeeded.

The date and steamer were actually named for my predecessor's return, which was to be celebrated by a grand "turn out" of the consul and the reinstatement of the friend of the officials.

The steamer arrived but the former consul did not make an appearance. Then it became my turn again, and the way I went for the boys in a quiet manner was the talk of the town. I could not resist the temptation to say to the numerous persecutors whom I met accidentally:

"I am very anxious to get away. I do hope you folks will hurry up and get your man here." Or,

"When is your consul coming?"

As a rule, the better class of Englishmen laughed heartily over the affair, and being defeated again at their own game, they were manly enough to give me credit for my share in the single-

handed fight, in which I was victor over them and the influence of the department officials.

On the other hand, the few interested Americans continued sullen. The agent of the American steamship company, who had done so much talking, was convicted by his own loose tongue of maligning a countryman. His conduct not only demeaned him among honorable men, but it damaged the business of the steamship company he misrepresented.

I had considerable sport with my courteous colleague, the English consul, through whose efforts the charity subscription had been secured for my predecessor.

This gentleman tried to make me believe that the late consul was not aware of the contributions being gathered. When I assured him that I had heard it talked about on board the ship that brought me to Para, and was confidentially advised by the American steamship agent that he had himself procured the money, and had freely talked to his friends about it, the British consul hardly knew whether to laugh or be offended at the deceit that had been practiced upon him.

We frequently met at table or elsewhere in a social way. Because of his annoyance over the turn the "private affair" had taken, I enjoyed guying him by pretending to whisper a confidential inquiry as to how he was getting on with my subscription. I explained that I did not know anything about it, of course. That I was going soon and as there was no road leading from Para, I could not tramp home; so I needed all he could raise on my "popularity" among his countrymen.

He laughed heartily and generally managed to square accounts by some reference to the American consuls' scant salaries.

In all my dispatches to the department, referring to relief, I was careful to say that, because the salary scarcely paid expenses (as my vouchers showed), I requested that notice of my relief be sent, authorizing me to draw on the Treasurer for the return expense account allowed retiring consuls.

I desired that I should leave no debts, but a clear record. Neither would I accept a charity subscription.

A letter had previously been sent me by the American steamship company's manager, tendering free transportation on their line, coupled with some suggestions regarding my correspondence on the subject of steamship subsidies and postal contracts, which was at this time agitating congressional committees.

My reports had not suited the parties interested in subsidies, as they had clearly shown, that to the very reliable British steamship service to and from the Amazon for over forty years, was due whatever of the Amazon trade the United States had so far enjoyed.

The following extract is from "Daily Consular Reports" of March 23, 1911:

"NEW TRANSANDEAN RAILWAY.

[From Consul Alfred A. Winslow, Valparaiso.]

"The Chilean and Argentine Governments have agreed on a plan to connect the two Republics by another railway some 400 miles north of the present Transandean Railway between Valparaiso and Buenos Aires. It is proposed to have this line of the same gauge all the way, thus avoiding the transfer of freight as is the case via the present Transandean line.

"Such a line would open up some rich mineral country on the Chilean side as well as rich mineral and agricultural lands on the Argentine side. This line would require a tunnel of only 1,640 feet to pierce the Andes at the point selected, and only about 36 miles of road is needed to connect it with the Longitudinal Railway now building and the port of Caldera, which would bring the farms of Argentina much nearer the nitrate fields of Chile than the present route.

"The Argentine Government has made the appropriations for that portion of the road, and from the sentiment on this side there seems no doubt but that Chile will be ready to connect as soon as a tunnel can be completed through the Andes.

"The Chilean section would open up a country now occupied by 30,000 people, which number would be greatly increased, since that part of the country is rich in minerals."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOME VIA EUROPE—CONCLUSION.



THOUGH I had been ordered to go to sea for my health, it was necessary to return from my southern voyage via Para, where I was in danger of delaying too long under the seductive influences of that delightfully wicked little city.

At the end of a week I was reluctantly escorted by friends aboard the Red Cross steamship *Obidense*, that was to sail in an hour for Liverpool, via Madeira, Lisbon and Havre. This new vessel of the Red Cross Line was making her first return voyage to England.

After all my official and private accounts of whatever character were paid, I found myself in possession of just fifteen dollars, with which to pay my passage home, via Europe.

Though return expenses or traveling time is allowed by the government, the department had not, up to that time replied to my requests for the advance which I had asked, at the time the free pass was returned to the steamship company some months previously.

As far as the department was concerned, the United States consul was left by the government at his post without means to return. In discussing this situation with my Brazilian friend, Senhor Watrin, he at once volunteered to advance me all the money I required. It is due to this gentleman's kindness that, while still sick and in need, I was enabled to take the voyage to sea on my return home.

I wrote the department again of my condition and requested that funds be sent to me at Liverpool.

It was indeed a pleasure to find that my friend, the British consul at Para, Mr. Emil Kauthack, and his excellent lady were to be my companions during the voyage on the *Obidense* to England.

This courteous colleague, to whom I was under many obligations, may be described as a highly educated gentleman, who had spent the greater part of his life in business and in his country's service in Brazil, and was not only familiar with the Portuguese language, but spoke fluently that of half a dozen other lands.

A most popular gentleman with all classes, he with his wife, had been received in what is known as the best society. Though of German parents, in personal appearance he is distinctively English, wearing the regulation mutton chop side whiskers, now quite gray, slightly bald, though not over fifty years of age. His quick step, as he swings his silk umbrella along the narrow streets, stamps him at sight as English, even if he did not wear the gray suit, checked trousers and derby hat. There is nothing in his bearing that would indicate that he had occupied the responsible position of an English consul, at three times the salary of the *Americano*, while at the same time the English laws permitted him to occupy the post as the manager of an extensive mercantile concern, so that he was able to entertain visitors in correct style.

While the *Obidense* was built expressly for the heavy freighting trade between Europe and the Amazon, she was also elegantly arranged for the comfort of the large number of passengers who prefer to travel on such a comfortable ship.

There is an especially good paying business between the Amazon points, northern Brazil and Lisbon.

The same line extends also to Havre, Liverpool and Hamburg. The sailings of one of the two lines, Red Cross and Booth, occur weekly, and each ship carries all the passengers it can accommodate.

The *Obidense* being new, the saloons were comfortably arranged in the modern style amidships, but, as is usual in vessels of that class and trade, always below deck.

The captain, Edward H. Collins, though quite a young man, had been selected from among the commanders in the company's fleet, as the most suitable officer for the new ship. He is an agreeable officer on board and on shore a companionable gentleman, who enjoys horseback riding in the company of a large English mastiff that always accompanies him to sea.

It was my pleasure to have met the captain at a fashionable gathering in Manaos, described elsewhere. He seemed to be the ladies' favorite; talks Portuguese and French in a softer voice than he does English in a storm at sea, and dances as gracefully as his ship sails.

The large passenger list of the *Obidense* was made up of Portuguese *senhoritas* and *senhoras* with innumerable children, returning to their fatherland, Portugal, either as visitors or to retire in that land of cheap living on the fortunes they had gathered in the rubber trade.

These people were all as happy and contented as a lot of school children on an excursion. Among them were two sisters of the Catholic church, natives of Italy, one of whom was returning to die from consumption, the other little sister having her in charge, each of whom occupied her time in endeavoring to relieve the other of the discomforts of a sea voyage.

Sailing on the South Atlantic is wholly different from an experience on the North Atlantic. It is seldom rough except in the Bay of Biscay, after leaving Lisbon for Havre.

The evenings were spent in music and social games in the saloons, in which the captain joined heartily.

I had been honored with a seat at the captain's table, alongside of the wife and opposite to that of the British consul. The courteous and genial Captain Collins occupied the post of honor at the head of our table.

English dinners, even at sea, thousands of miles from home, are very like those in England, in some respects rather formal and heavy with roast beef and puddings, but yet most agreeable when properly taken. On July 4 we were at sea, in the middle of the South Atlantic. During the courses we had the usual jolly conversation and chaffing that I, as a "Yankee," had to take with my dinner on this occasion, but which I so much enjoyed that I failed to notice the champagne glasses at our plates. After the dessert and champagne was served, I was surprised to see the handsome English consul rise in his place and, in a neat little speech, address the crowd of passengers of all nationalities in the saloon, and to myself particularly, as the only American on board. He proposed a toast in honor of our national day. It was a fine compliment, handsomely expressed in honor of an ex-American consul, and, through him in this book, to the thousands of American people, emanating sincerely and disinterestedly from an English consul on board of an English ship on the South Atlantic ocean, on July 4. Thus it happened again that "one touch of nature makes the world akin," and one is made to feel at home at sea or in foreign lands.

I am sure that all who could have the pleasure of meeting my good friend personally, as well as other such representative foreigners, would soon lose their latent prejudice against foreigners generally and Englishmen particularly.

A certain American consul, to whom I talked on this question, recently assured me, in that positive and somewhat dogmatic manner that most Americans are apt to indulge in, myself included, that he "was the recognized opponent of everything English."

O Consul Americano, who attempted to be the opponent of everything wrong, observed that he had found a great deal of the worst sort of human nature had come from our land and lodged like driftwood on the coasts.

The insinuation that he was perhaps too English brought forth the fire from the veteran.

“Those who have served in the front and offered their lives as a sacrifice on the altar of liberty have forever placed beyond discussion the question of his fealty to his country.”

May 24 was the queen's birthday, and as such was celebrated by the many sons of England scattered all around the world. In company with other foreigners as well as the representative Brazilians, the writer, remembering the speech of the English consul on July 4, had the honor of calling at the English consulate, on May 24, as an American citizen, to pay his respects to this same consul who had so kindly remembered our national day.

In the interim both had traveled largely. After separating at the close of the voyage, we again met at our original starting point on the equator, at the center of the earth's surface, extending to each other a cordial handshake of congratulation.

On this occasion the flags of the consuls of every nation represented are displayed. The one noticeable exception being that of the American consul, who did not call to pay his respects to his English colleague and whose flag pole was conspicuously bare. This was perhaps an oversight.

There is something singularly touching in the almost universal attachment of the English “boys,” as even the old gray heads are called, in their expressions of devotion and loyalty to their good queen who has since died. Gathered about the table of the British consul and quaffing champagne good humoredly, giving the toast “God Save the Queen” at same time indulging in some jokes at her expense, was every Englishman in Para, as well as the officials of foreign governments.

Before saying farewell to the Englishmen connected with this story, I beg to add that, when I hastily wrote “Englishmen” in the first chapters I did not mean to decry the nationality which has produced and yet claims some of the noblest and best specimens of human kind.

My first experience dealt only with a certain small clique of second rate Englishmen then resident abroad. After having spent some delightful months in England visiting the beautiful country

of the south, near Bath and Bristol, the latter the birthplace and home of my grandfather, who was an officer in the Royal Navy, one is prepared to modify his first impression of all English from the unhappy experience with a few.

In due time the good ship sighted the lofty tops of the mountains, which seem to rise out of the waters known as Madeira Islands.

The quarantine regulations are so rigidly enforced against Para that we were not permitted to communicate with the pretty town of Fayal, which is built on a steep hillside. We were encalled, in their expressions of devotion and loyalty to their good some ripe peaches and strawberries by means of baskets let down over the sides to the numerous boats hovering around.

One day from Madeira put us into the river leading to Lisbon. We sail up this beautiful stream, on each bank of which are all the evidences of European civilization—tasty houses, cultivated fields and a hustling railway line.

On the hills near Lisbon the captain points out a large oblong building as the Palace. The Portuguese passengers reverently gaze upon it as the home of the long line of their monarchs.

A flag flying from the staff indicated that the king was in his palace. Here, again, we were not permitted to land, because of quarantine.

The numerous Portuguese passengers at this point left us, all of whom were obliged, by the strict law, to spend some days in the quarantine station or lazaretto, before they were permitted to cross the river to the city of Lisbon.

Not being ashore, we could form no impression of Lisbon from our anchorage in the stream, beyond the observation that it seemed to be a large city. We remained here twenty-four hours. The captain's wife and son, under the care of Captain Collins, senior, a vigorous old gentleman, had come out from Liverpool to meet the husband and son.

We were also joined at Lisbon by a Para family, who had been visiting in Portugal and were then destined to Paris and

Brussels. They consisted of mother, son and two young daughters, both of whom were of the pretty, neat, little brunette types so numerous in Para.

The captain's wife afforded a striking contrast, being a well formed, beautiful blonde lady of distinct English type. She was accompanied by her blonde sister. Through this exchange at Lisbon we certainly were the gainers, as our new passengers were not only attractive and agreeable, but all were accomplished.

The elder of the young Para ladies appeared to be quite delicate, but this event had the effect of heightening her attractiveness, her large, expressive, dark eyes seeming to give her intellectual face a sad expression. She made friends as readily as any American girl on her travels abroad. Through her agreeable ways and accomplishment as a musician, we were afforded delightful days as we sailed up the coast of Spain, the time passing so pleasantly we did not discover any discomfort in the "Bay of Biscay."

The *Senhorita Antoinette* required that those who had listened to her own and her brother's music should take an equal part in the ship entertainment. If they could not play, she insisted that they must recite or tell a story.

The younger sister *Augusta* extracted a great deal of pleasure from teasing or playing tricks on others.

The refined and motherly wife of the English consul was the life of all our little enjoyments. I had prevailed upon the ladies several times to partake of American cocktails, at which they would sip, and make wry faces.

It is the well known custom on all steamers, when stewards furnish wines, to require a ticket signed by the receiver. These are presented for payment at the end of the voyage.

The British consul, a whole souled, generous gentleman, was buying beer for the whole ship's company and crew every few days, and had quite a bundle of tickets presented to him the day we arrived in port.

I had great sport with his wife by pretending to believe that they were all on account of cocktails which she had drank. When with a serious face I assured her that I had kept tab, too, and could show a record of about six a day, she did not know whether to scold or laugh.

It was a joke on the consul's family when they subsequently returned to Para, where the English boys enjoyed teasing the lady about the cocktails she consumed.

As predicted by the doctors at Para, the sea voyage of eighteen days had almost entirely effected my recovery. I was sorry when we reached Havre, as at this point the Para ladies were to leave us for Paris.

My first day and night in La Belle France I shall always remember as a most agreeable experience in that beautiful land. In company with a genial young Portuguese gentleman in business in England and Brazil as a traveling salesman, we visited all points of interest, including the residence of the divine Sara Bernhardt, the lighthouse, the gardens, boulevards, and in the evenings the French cafés and theaters.

We had breakfast with the ladies, who soon after left by train for Paris. I came very nearly going along with them, thereby cutting off the journey through England, except on the return trip, but concluded on account of the proprieties, that I had better go with the captain and consul to Liverpool.

When we returned to the ship, an hour before sailing, the captain good humoredly declared that they had no expectation that I would rejoin them. Subsequently I was so severely chaffed by the captain and wife during the rest of the journey that I was really sorry I had not deserted them at Havre.

It was a cool, misty Sunday morning in July, when we sailed up the English channel. When the fog like a curtain lifted, I was surprised to find we were in the midst of shipping as numerous as on the North River, New York.

The first town in England pointed out to me was named West Kirby. We soon got into the Mersey, anchored in the stream,

were visited by officials looking for cigars and tobacco. After a farewell to the captain and family, the consul and wife and I jumped into a tender, that landed us on a floating dock, thence into a cab to the Northwestern Hotel.

My first experience with English civilization, as she is at home, occurred at the hotel office.

In a little eight by ten box on the first floor of the great building I was directed to find the "hoffice." A tall, pretty, blonde girl, in a black silk dress, was standing inside, carrying all the indifferent airs of the American hotel clerk. I supposed she was a lady guest, or the daughter of the proprietor. As she did not deign to notice the anxious look of a tired traveler, I ventured to ask if the clerk would allow me to see him a moment. "What did you wish?" was the reply. "I want to register here for a day or two, if I can be accommodated." She meekly added:

"Do you 'require' a single or double bed?"

I stammered that I only required a little bed for myself.

She called somebody and gave directions to show me to my room. To my inquiries regarding trains for London, she haughtily referred me to "the head portah," whom I found subsequently to be a sort of rough clerk.

I spent Sunday afternoon at Birkenhead and New Brighton, those Sunday bathing points over the river. The evening in the streets and on the next day I went to London.

I will not begin to tell of my month of sight seeing in London, except to say that I believe I saw as much as any one else in the same length of time.

Next to Para, I like London for enjoyment.

Oh, yes, I saw the tower, Westminster Abbey, Parliament in session, and all the rest of the routine trip as laid out in the books, but that part which afforded me the greatest entertainment is not down in the guide books.

I lived for a month in Russell Square, near the British Museum, and never once entered it, but I was on Piccadilly Circus

every evening and visited the Alhambra or Empire theatre every night regularly and Hyde Park every Sunday for the church parade.

The great naval exhibition was on at Chelsea, where I spent many delightful half days looking at the sights and such crowds as we never can get together.

I called to pay my respects to the minister, Honorable Robert T. Lincoln, and through the personal efforts of Mr. White secured a seat as an American newspaper man in the Parliament galleries. I was also under obligations to Consul General John C. New, for courtesies, as well as to my old friend Tom Sherman, an ex-telegrapher, consul at Liverpool.

* * * * *

I take the opportunity to record my obligation to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, then in Scotland, for his kindly remembrance of an old associate. We had been boys together in the same office with Thomas A. Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in Pittsburg. I went to the wars, he remained at home and by attending to business interests became a capitalist, while the best I could do was to become a consul in a poor country. "Andy," as we used to call him, never, however, forgot his early friends.

In reply to Mr. Sherman's cable requesting transportation for the ex-consul, the department stated that the law only authorized the payment of expenses after return home. In communicating this to Mr. Carnegie, he further forwarded my desires by at once telegraphing from Scotland to the consul at Southampton to secure me passage to New York by first steamer.

One of the misfortunes that served to add to my gratification, however, was that, in reaching Liverpool in July, I was surprised to find every berth fully taken up for the ensuing two months by returning American tourists. This afforded me a good excuse for the delays that enabled me to see some of London and Paris.

On reaching Southampton I called upon the consul, Mr. Jasper P. Bradley, whom I found to be a most entertaining and

clever young gentleman from West Virginia. Not being able to get passage at once, I occupied the delay in revisiting the homes of my grandparents at Bristol, and walking about the docks of Southampton and Portsmouth, made familiar to me by my grandfather's diary of his early sea voyages, starting from these ports when a boy.

Finally I secured a first class passage on the North German Lloyd Fulda, with the privilege of sleeping on a sofa in the saloons. The Fulda was overcrowded with returning tourists. Among them were the usual bevy of gushing New England schoolmarns, whose whole conversation related to exchanging notes on the sights they had seen. One of the brightest young ladies selected me as a victim. I had to take it all until happily relieved one day. She was, of course, enthusiastic about the Royal Art Gallery and the Louvre in Paris, and evinced astonishment at my frank observation that I had been inveigled into the big Louvre by my companion who was following a girl. I did not like it; no. There were too many holy pictures of crucifixions, last suppers, etc. I declared that I had seen prettier pictures in the shops in Palais Royal. In exclamations of astonishment she continued: "Didn't you see the Murillos?" My mind was evidently wandering as I replied: "Does Murillos dance at the Jardin de Paris or Moulin Rouge?"

That settled it. She walked off with as much dignity as the rolling of the great ship would permit, and I was thereafter left to enjoy my seasickness in quiet.

Through the kindness of the steward I with a couple of others were made comfortable after twelve at night on the sofas of the smoking room, which, being on deck and well ventilated, was, in fact, superior to many of the rooms below.

This trip has been finished. Suffice it to say that I got home all right and in good condition, without, however, the assistance of the consular department.

On reaching Washington city, my home, I at once reported in person to the State Department, and was courteously received.

The officials explained that the then acting Secretary of State, Mr. Wharton, had decided that, as the law read, payment was to be made only after return home, and therefore he could not authorize the necessary funds to be advanced, even though the consul of the United States should be actually left in distress in a foreign land.

I called upon the treasury department officials, who courteously facilitated my final settlement, which resulted in the payment to me of over three hundred dollars as a balance due me.

I received warrants for the amounts, which ended my official business connections with the government.

Just one word in conclusion: As hereinbefore stated, I did not want to go to Para as consul neither after my arrival there did I desire to stay, but I have no grievance against the government. They paid me all that was due under the provisions of the law governing such matters.

This ends my narrative, which I hope has proven of interest to my readers to whom I now say good-by.

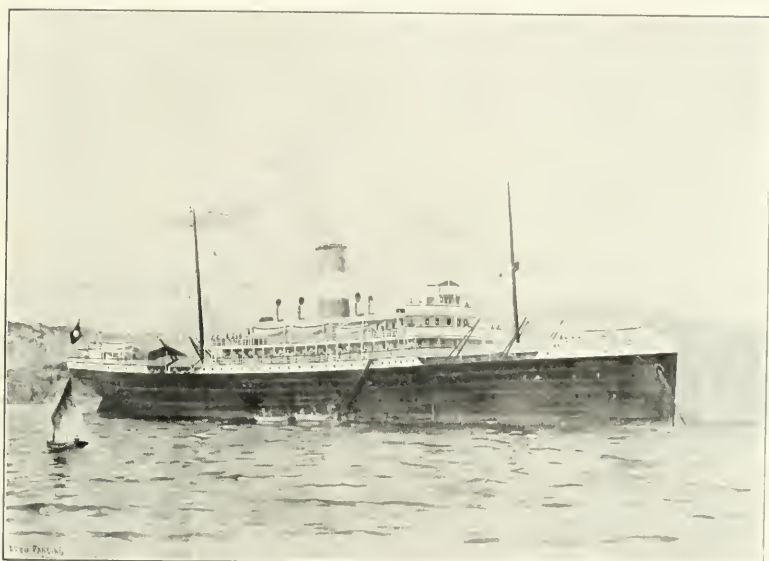
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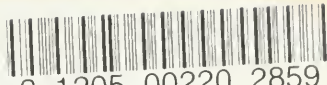
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