AN AMERICAN HOME ON THE AMAZONS.

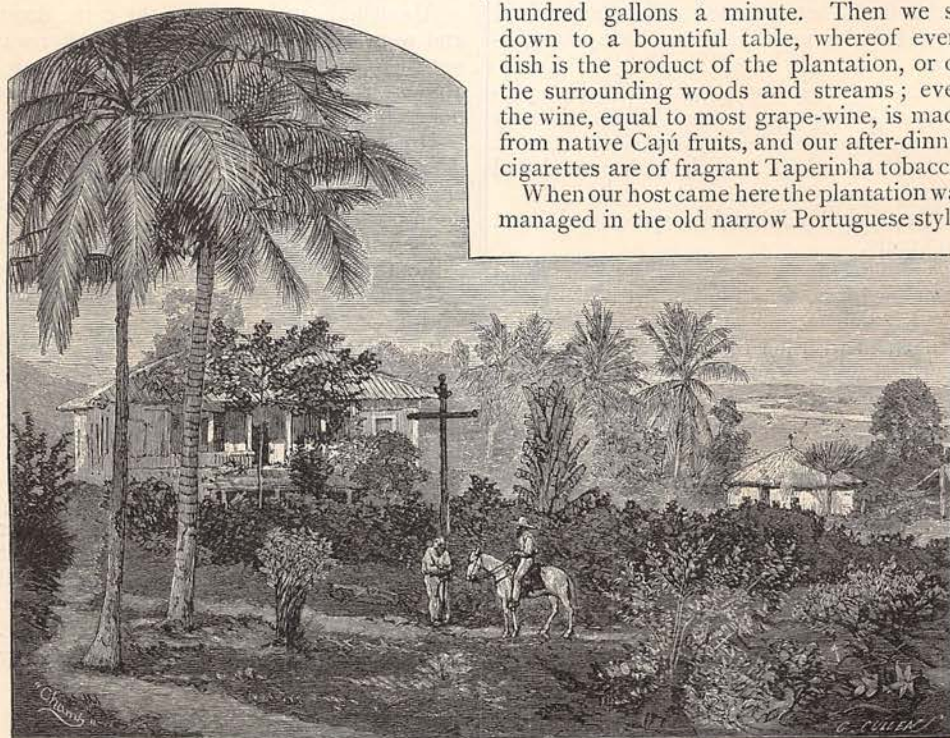
If ten American travelers were asked to give their impressions of Brazil, we should hear ten different opinions, grading all the way from enthusiasm to despair. And I suppose that Brazilians, traveling in the United States, get just as diverse impressions of the country and its people.

When anybody asks me if Brazil is a good field for the American mechanic, farmer, merchant, I can only answer: That depends entirely upon the man. The country is what it is; but you or I describe it imperfectly, because we see it only from our particular angle of vision: we judge of it, as it has treated us well or ill. And after all, our pretty theories are of small value; what is needed is the experience of practical men.

An American gentleman, Mr. R. J. Rhome, for many years had a theory that the Amazonian highlands were fitted for successful farming. So he came here with his family, took the managing partnership of a Brazilian plantation, and put his theory into practice. At the end of twelve years, the estate has become the finest on the Amazons, and American enterprise has built up an American home.

To us, who have been three days tediously canoeing across the river valley, against contrary winds and strong currents, broiled by the sun all day, and tortured by mosquitoes at night, it is small wonder then that Taperinha seems like a haven of rest. Mr. Rhome stands on the bank waving his broad-brimmed hat, and welcoming us as we land with a stout American grip. Friend of four years standing, or stranger of to-day, it is all the same to this overflowing hospitality; so we are seized and marched off to the house, where we get another greeting from kind Mrs. Rhome and the bright-eyed, healthy children. The house-servants scramble to prepare a room for us, and three or four negroes hurry down to the canoe for our luggage. The bath follows, of course: a dip in such cold limpid water as we have seldom seen in the tropics; and Mr. Rhome has a bathing-house where you can swim in the cement-lined basin, and take a shower of a hundred gallons a minute. Then we sit down to a bountiful table, whereof every dish is the product of the plantation, or of the surrounding woods and streams; even the wine, equal to most grape-wine, is made from native Cajú fruits, and our after-dinner cigarettes are of fragrant Taperinha tobacco.

When our host came here the plantation was managed in the old narrow Portuguese style,



THE PLANTATION HOUSE, TAPERINHA.

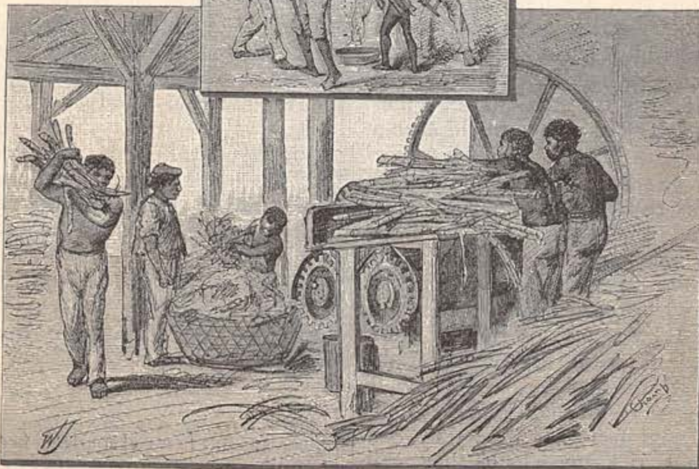
TAPERINHA PLANTATION, FROM THE RIVER.

saving a cent and losing a dollar; much labor was wasted for want of proper superintendence, and the proportion of cultivated land was very small. Since then, improved machinery has been introduced; the great cane-field has been widened year after year, and the plow has turned up rich black land that had not seen the light for centuries. The estate, joint property of Mr. Rhome and the Baron of Santarem, is measured not by acres, but by square miles. There are highland forests and lowland pastures, lakes stocked with fish and turtle, and streams with water enough to turn heavy mills.

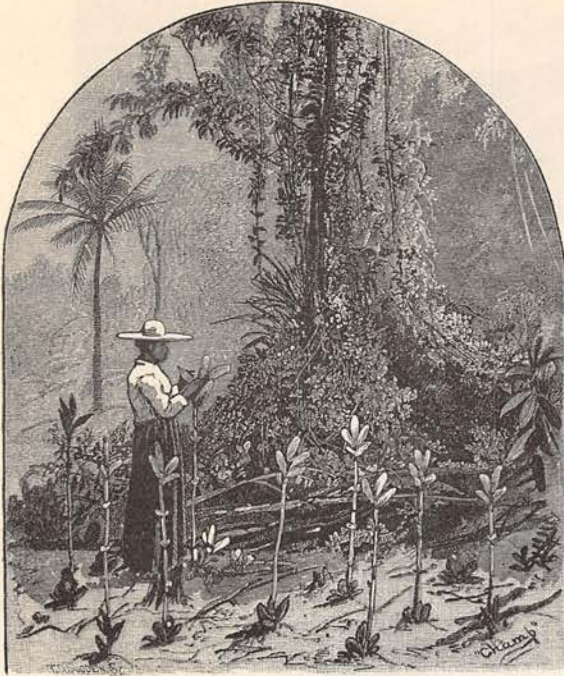
In the tile-covered mill-house, half a dozen stalwart negroes are employed in "feeding" the great cane-mill, and carrying away the crushed refuse. At Ereré, we saw the Indian mill—a pair of squeaking wooden rollers, turned by four men at an immense expenditure of breath and muscle. Elsewhere they have larger and more elaborate wooden mills, turned by horse-power, and a few of the better plantations boast of iron ones, made in the southern provinces. But Mr. Rhome assures us that his American mill has effected a saving of at least twenty-five per cent. over the Pernambuco machine that was formerly used here; and of course the daily grinding can be greatly increased with the capacity of the rollers.* At present, most of the cane-juice is distilled into rum, which commands a ready sale along the river. Mr. Rhome has introduced improved sugar-evaporators, and he believes that sugar-making will prove very profitable.

Besides the cane-machine, there is a saw-mill,—one of four or five on the Amazons, for the native carpenters are still content to saw their boards laboriously by hand, or hew them out with an adze. From the blocks and chips lying

* French sugar-machinery is popular near Pará, and in the southern provinces, where American mills are also used.



THE CANE-MILLS—OLD AND NEW.



PICKING TOBACCO-LEAVES.

around, our host picks out a dozen beautiful woods—timbers that would be a fortune to our cabinet-makers. There is true rose-wood *(Jacarandá)* and iron-like *moirapixuna*, and rich brown *páo d'arco;* most elegant of all, perhaps, the *moiracoatiára*, striped with black and yellow. All these and fifty others will take a polish like glass, and some of them are so tough and durable that they are employed to advantage in the place of brass and iron. The very posts on which the mill-roof is supported are fine cabinet timbers, and the machinery is mounted with woods of wonderfully rich color and grain.

It seems strange that the world has so long neglected this great store-house of timber. As long ago as 1639, quaint old Acuña spoke wise words about it. "The woods of this river," he writes, "are innumerable. * * * In this river, vessels may be built better and at less cost than in any other country, and they may be finished and launched without the necessity of sending anything from Europe, except iron for the nails. Here, I have said, is timber; here are cables made from the bark of a certain tree which will hold a ship in the heaviest gale; here are excellent pitch and tar; here are vegetable and fish oils; here they can make excellent oakum, which they call *embira*, for caulking the ships; here is cotton for the sails; and here, finally, is a great multitude of people,—so that nothing is wanting for building as many ships as can be placed on the stocks." Two hundred years of Portuguese oppression wofully reduced the "great multitude of people": we shall see the remains of their villages around Taperinha. The timber-harvests are yet ungathered, and no bustling ship-yards break the silence of these forests. Sometime, when the Brazilian government shall have abolished its senseless export duties,* another great multitude will come from all lands to exchange their wealth for these treasures. It has often been reported that good timber can be obtained only at a distance from the navigable channels. This is a great mistake. It is true that the lowland woods are, for the most part, valueless; but there are plenty of places where, as at Taperinha, timbers of the finest kinds can be cut almost at the water's edge. The highlands which border the Tapajos, Xingù and Tocantins, are covered with magnificent forests, and can easily be reached from the sea.

The Taperinha mills are run by a turbine wheel,—a machine which is a standing wonder to the country people. As for the artificial canal which furnishes the water-power, that was made long ago by a former proprietor; the banks have been softened down and padded with greenery for years until they rival in richness a woodland stream. If we follow up the canal we reach the thick forest, and just within is a magnificent spring, or rather lake, from which the water flows. I always bless the good sense that has left this place untouched by ax or wood-knife. It is so secluded here that the forest animals come to drink; so quiet that the crack of a broken twig drops back in echoes from the wooded hill-side. A hundred feet above, the palm leaflets tremble with a breath of wind, but the water below is wonderfully smooth; a leaf circling down to the surface sends tiny ripples to the very brim.

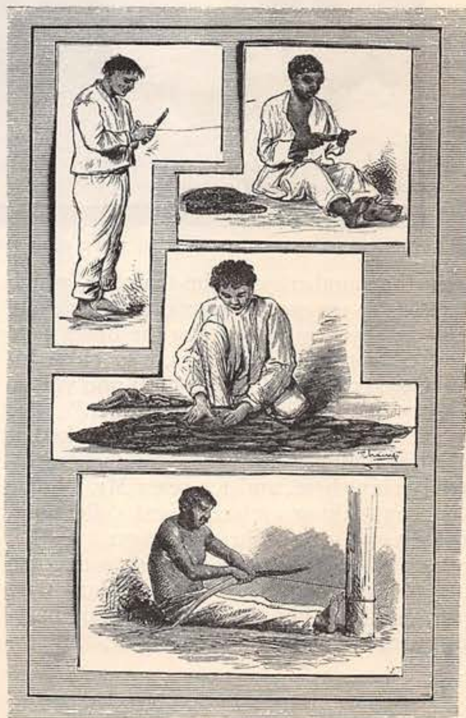
* The imperial and provincial export duties on timber amount to about fourteen per cent. *ad valorem*. Woods brought from Peru down the Amazons pay no duty.

There are plenty of interesting things to see about the house. Fifteen or twenty men and women are employed here in preparing tobacco by the Amazonian process, which is as different as possible from ours. The leaves are picked from the stalks as soon as they are large enough, slightly dried for a day or two under shelter, and brought to the house in great baskets. Here the midrib is removed by boys and women, and the leaves—two, four or eight pounds together—are spread out in layers one over the other, and rolled together and bound with strips of bark. Next, the roll is wound tightly with heavy cord, as thread is wound upon a spool; the strongest workmen are chosen for this part of the process, and one of them can wind no more than fifteen or sixteen *molhos* in a day, twisting the roll with his hands, while the cord, thrown about a post, is held tightly with the foot. In this manner the tobacco is very strongly compressed: the roll, after winding, is left for several days until it will retain its form; then the cord is removed, and long strips of *jacitara*—the split stem of a climbing palm—are wound on in its place. The tobacco goes to the market in this condition, but it is not considered good until it has passed through a fermenting stage, which occupies five or six months. Then the roll is hard and black; people shave it off as they want it for pipes and cigarettes; the Indians make large cigars with wrappers of *tauary* bark, but they are generally satisfied with a few whiffs, and then stick the cigars behind their ears to get them out of the way until they are wanted again. Roll tobacco brings from $1.00 to $1.50 per pound, but the profit is limited because no means have been devised for shortening the process of manufacture and doing away with the heavy manual labor involved in it. And in this, as in everything else, Brazilians object to any new method, because they are so firmly wedded to the old.

Even the commonest labor here gets a touch of warm tropical color and motion. A dozen or more women preparing tobacco on the piazza form a group the like of which would be utterly impossible at the North. Look at that great negro, recalling the Discobolus, with his brawny arms as he twists the tobacco-roll; but the Discobolus is only still white marble; this man is living flesh and blood, with a dash of equatorial glow thrown into his dark skin. Look at that lace-maker. Was ever a *genre* painting made to equal this picture? Yet the girl is plain enough, and her actions are simple. Our host, even, is a Brazilian American,—not by language, nor manners, nor dress, but by an indescribable *tout ensemble* that would disappear in a two-weeks' voyage. I think the most familiar thing about the house is the imported cat,—but then, cats are tropical everywhere.

A stoic would turn enthusiast here. Follow the road that leads up to the great cane-field. The hill-side is all aglow. I am afraid that our frequent stops are less to get up panegyrics on nature than to fan ourselves with our broad-brimmed hats. But on top the breeze is fresh and cool: a breath of the trade-wind coming up the valley from the Atlantic. We are on the edge of the southern table-land; the ground about us is a dead level, sinking suddenly to another dead level five hundred feet beneath. We can look across the flood-plains, thirty miles or more to the blue hills of Monte Alegre and Ereré; down below us the River Uaiaiá* winds like a ribbon through the green meadows; there are a few lakes in sight, but nothing like the spattering of them that we have seen in other places. In their place

* Pronounced Wa-ya-yá.

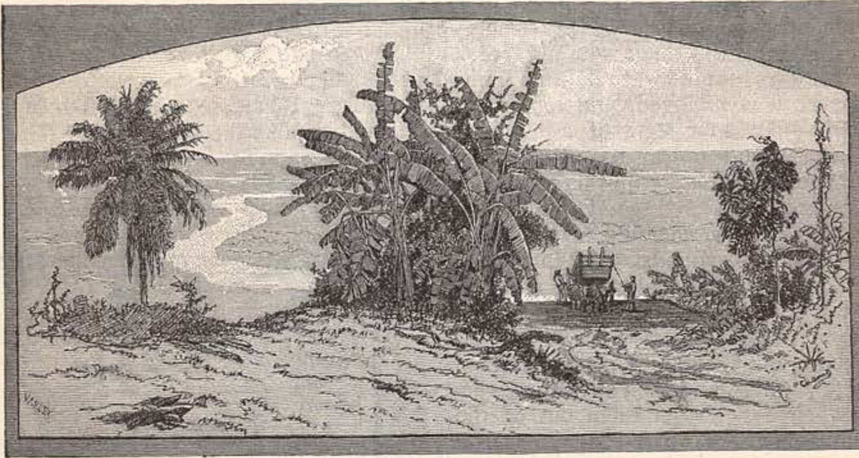


PREPARING TOBACCO.—1, SPLITTING JACITARA. 2, STEMMING. 3, SPREADING THE LEAVES. 4, ROLLING.

there are lines of swampy forest, and strips of arums, and clumps of bushes, all running parallel to the channel: seams left by the Amazons in sewing this patch-work together. Back of us the great cane-field stretches half a mile or more in every direction, fresh, green, waving—the prettiest sight a planter's eyes could find. The cane is cut by hand, and brought to the brow of the hill on ox-carts; there it is thrown into a long shoot, which deposits it cleverly in the mill-house. No wonder that the cane thrives here; the ground is a rich black loam, two feet thick; we see it in the road-cuttings, and it spreads away beyond the field far into the thick forest.

It is curious to note what gave this land its richness. The refuse of a thousand kitchens for may be a thousand years together with the numberless palm-thatches, which were left to rot on the ground as they were replaced by new ones. For the bluffs were covered with Indian houses, "so close together," says Acuña, "that from one village you can hear the workmen of another." The people made coarse pottery and marked it with quaint devices. We find fragments scattered everywhere, and for years Mr. Rhome has been making archæological collections, including all sorts of curious things: a whistle, vultures' heads, frogs, and a cock with comb and wattles complete.* The Indians were cremationists: burning their dead and burying them in jars under their floors; and several of these burial-urns have been obtained at Taperinha. Stone implements are not common: a few handsome axes and arrow-heads were picked up here, and below the hill.

Generally this black soil does not extend more than half a mile from the face of the bluff; after that the land is red sandy clay, for mold does not form in the forest as it does at the North: the leaves fall singly and are never packed together by a blanket of snow. Most crops thrive very well on this red land. There is also an important feature of vegetable growth here which has never been fully appreciated. On the Amazons, every plant tends to become an epiphyte. It is not alone the orchids that grow out of the air: many forest trees do so almost entirely; they will continue to throw off new leaves long after they are cut down. Among cultivated plants, tobacco is a striking instance of this. I have seen a strong and healthy-looking plant growing out of a stone wall where a seed had lodged; no doubt deriving a little nourishment from earth and rubbish in the chinks, but getting a vast proportion of its living from the moist atmosphere. I feel sure that the northern provinces must eventually be the great agricultural regions of Brazil, not only because of their productiveness, but because they are nearer to Europe and America, the great markets. Rio de Janeiro is five thousand miles, in round numbers, from New York; Pará about three thousand. Sugar-cane, cotton and corn will all grow better here, and give larger and surer crops than in the southern provinces. I know this, not from the



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE CANE-FIELD, TAPERINHA.

* Acuña says that the Indians had chickens, descended from Peruvian stock which had been passed from tribe to tribe down the valley.

mere prejudiced reports of the planters, but by months of personal observation in both regions. And, strange as it may seem to our merchants, even yet the finest coffee in Brazil grows on the Amazons; formerly it was produced in considerable quantities, but the industry was killed by the export duties and the lack of labor. Then there is the further advantage of unrivaled water-channels for internal communication. In fact, the country seems fitted by nature for an agricultural community.

LOOKING UP THE UAIAIÁ FROM TAPERINHA.

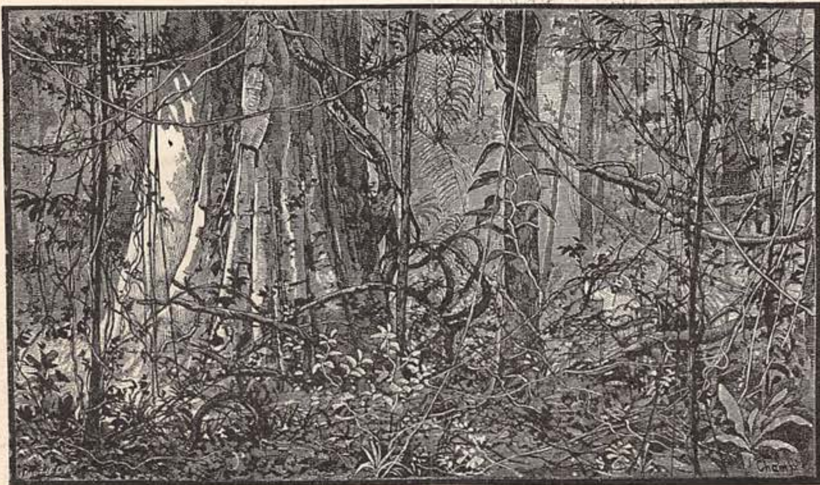
But here man steps in with his stupid laws and bars the garden gate. On the Amazons there are land-grants for settlers, it is true, but they are involved in so much red tape that one never feels sure of his property; and the expenses of surveying, procuring papers, etc., generally reckon up as much as it would take to buy the land outright. Machinery and agricultural implements are admitted free of duty; but the owner is sure to have a vast deal of trouble at the custom-house, because the law is not well understood, or is purposely ignored; and then there is the heavy expense of shipping, to say nothing of the export duties, which will ever remain incomprehensible to a thinking American. Why, for instance, should a duty of fourteen per cent. on timber be retained when the simple fact that there is such a duty keeps every stick of timber from the market? Why should a duty be kept on sugar, cotton, hides, when the only effect of the impost is to kill the industries altogether by preventing competition with other countries? It is like the stingy merchant who insists on charging double price for his goods, and only cheats himself by his meanness. Mr. Rhome has had to work against these and a hundred other obstacles; but he believes that profitable farming can be carried on here, and his own plantation is a striking proof of his position. He has adopted the rule of improving on Brazilian methods of work rather than attempting to introduce novelties; and his produce is all sold in the province, so that it is subject to no duties.

On three sides of the cane-field the forest rises in solid mass, fully a hundred feet. A distance of fifteen or twenty miles, may be, has been reached by the hunters and sarsaparilla gatherers; beyond that the country is as completely *terra incognita* as the other side of the moon. But so far as we know, with very slight breaks, the whole of the Amazonian highland is covered with this thick growth of trees; there is no other forest region in the world of like extent, and none so remarkable for the variety and richness of its productions. Where the land has been recently cleared we get a kind of section of the forest: hundreds of gray and white columns set close together like the pickets of a fence, and supporting a green roof above. But within, everything is a maze: a chaotic confusion of tree-trunks, and vines, and branches, and leaves. Even on the ocean you are not so weighted with a sense of your insignifi-

A LACE-MAKER.

cance as when wandering in these pathless solitudes. For at sea there is always the same horizon, a definite boundary to vision; and in the very attempt to reach beyond it the imagination forms an ideal ocean, a limited immensity. The ship carries you on without any bodily exertion of your own: you know that you are moving, as you know that the earth moves, but day after day, there are the same sea and sky to give the lie to your reasoning. In the forest you are forced to measure your own power with the infinite. Guided by the compass, you keep a straight line for days together, but it is not like a woodland walk at home; you must do battle for your right of way, cutting a narrow passage through hedge-like thickets, and mats of woody vines, and interlaced branches. And then, after a day of hard fighting, you lay yourself down at the foot of some giant tree, and look up, up, to where the boughs are all mingled together, and single leaves are indistinguishable, where the fragments of blue sky seem hardly more distant than the tree-tops, as if you saw them through an inverted telescope; and then off through the vague net-work of leaves, and tree-trunks, and rope-like air-roots, and twisted vines, until the vision is lost, you know not where; only you feel in your inmost soul that there is a mysterious, an unfathomable depth beyond; you know that you are hardly within the borders of this wilderness where you could travel for months and never reach the end; you compare your own littleness with the littleness of a single tree, which, standing alone, would be a beacon for miles around; and you bow your head with fear and trembling, with the cry of the human, "Be pitiful, O God!"

At first there is only the overwhelming impression of extent and impenetrable tangle. After a while the eyes grow accustomed to the labyrinth, and we begin to notice its component parts; then we see how different the highland forest is from the pictures we had drawn of it. We get our ideas of the tropics from green-houses, where a great number of broad-leaved, handsome plants are gathered from every quarter of the world, and thrown together without any regard to their distribution in nature; all of them remarkable for their singular forms, or bright colors, or showy flowers. But the high forest has nothing to compare with this; in many respects it rather resembles our woods at home, only it is far thicker and higher. Palms are common in many places, but as their tops are lost in the tangle above, we hardly notice them; only the large stemless *curuás* sometimes form a peculiar foreground. There are no bananas, no callas, no bamboos; even the orchids and bromelias are hidden among the branches, fifty feet over our heads. For the most part the trees look much like northern species. Almost all forest trees are straight and comparatively slender; here the trunks are more buried in foliage, and the upper branches are a hundred, perhaps a hundred and fifty, feet from the ground. Some form fluted columns, or buttresses around the roots; a few are spiny. In the foliage we only notice the curious effect produced by the preponderance of pinnate leaves, as in the acacias and myrtles. But in a northern wood, over large



IN THE FOREST.

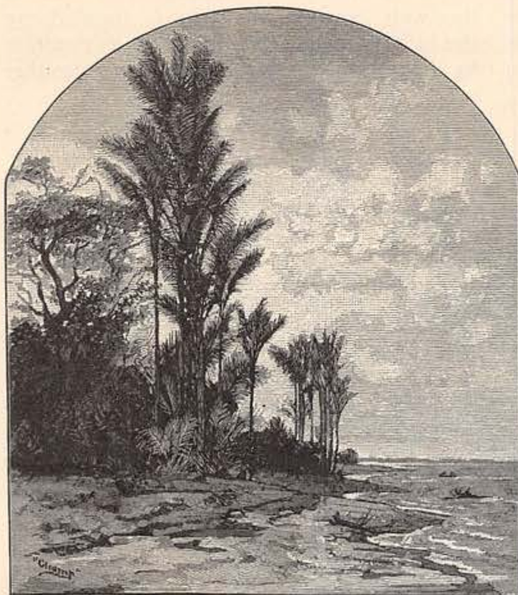
tracts we find only pines, or beeches, or oaks, or at most only four or five kinds together. Here there will hardly be two kinds alike on an acre; in a day's walk we may see three or four hundred species.*

The real tropical aspect of the scene comes from the vines; not puny trailing things, such as we are familiar with at home, but giant climbers, with woody stems like tree-trunks, and tops that throw their arms over a half acre of forest. There is a wonderful variety of curious forms: species with stems straight like a ship's cable, or twisting themselves about trees, or dropping in fantastic loops from the branches, or flat, or zigzag like a staircase; species with broad leaves and narrow leaves, or with no leaves at all so far as we can see, for they are lost in the maze above; species which begin as air-plants on the branches, sending down long cord-like roots to the ground, then growing and strengthening until their stems clasp their giant host in a deadly embrace, choking and killing it, and becoming a giant in its stead.

The flowers we see are generally small and inconspicuous; never gathered in masses near the ground. Looking down from a hill we might see a few trees covered with showy yellow or purple blossoms; but we hardly notice them from below. The forest picture is a vast shadow, deepening to blackness, or paled to gray and brown, but everywhere dotted with little patches of brilliant white light. Colors, no matter how vivid, become inconspicuous in this web, because the eye is dazzled by the light patches. Scarlet, from its contrast to the green leaves, is least subject to this

* There are exceptions to this: in many places the ground is largely occupied by two or three species, but not to the entire exclusion of the others.

JUDAS-TREE.

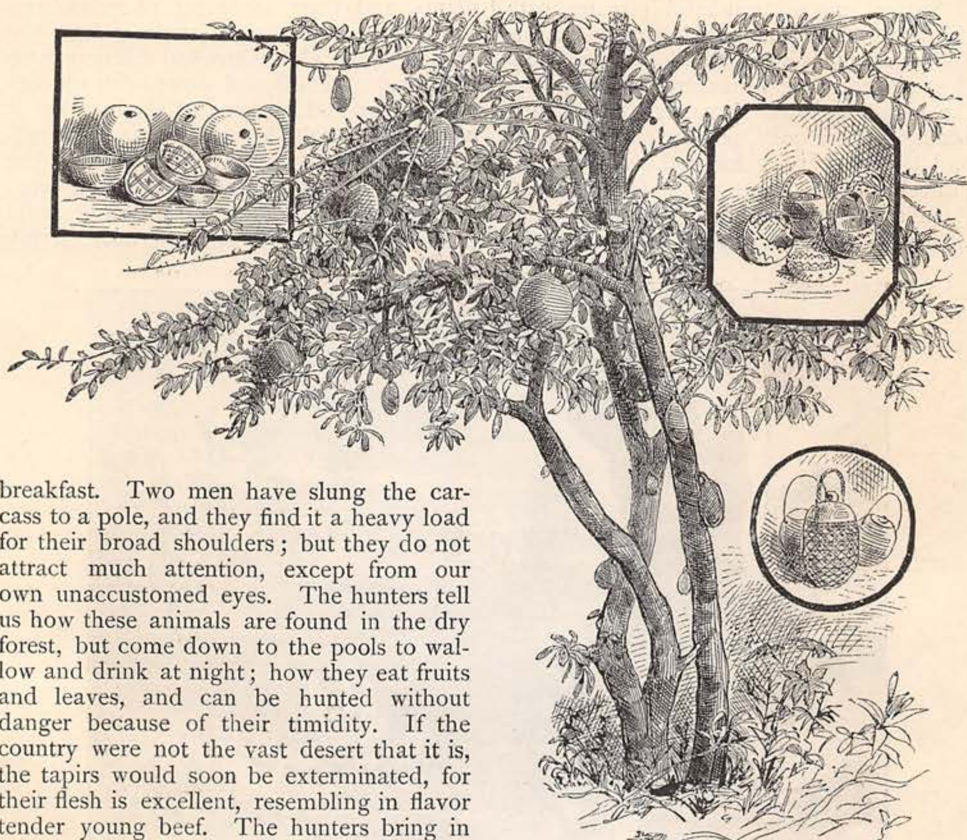


THE BEACH BELOW SANTAREM.

rule; but even a scarlet passion-flower may easily escape notice. It is wonderful how well the bright colored birds are concealed among the branches. A universal instinct teaches birds and insects and reptiles to remain perfectly still when they are alarmed. This is one reason, no doubt, why we see so few of them in the deep forest; but in point of fact there is a greater paucity of animal life than would be supposed. Birds gather around the edge of the forest, and on the open plains of the lowlands; insects and reptiles often live out of sight in the tree-tops. As for tigers and anacondas, the traveler may as well give up the idea of having adventures with them. For three years I was in the forest alone nearly every day, and often many miles from the settlements; but my experience of the great cats is confined to meetings with two red panthers, both of whom ran away with the utmost spirit. I frequently saw the tracks of very large jaguars, and I learn from the hunters that these and the black tigers will sometimes attack a man without provocation; but I fancy that the danger incurred from them is no greater than that which we brave in railroad traveling at home. In the woods I never saw a snake even fifteen feet long; there are much larger ones, but they are not greatly feared; in fact it is a common practice to keep the smaller boas about houses to kill bats and mice. Mr. Rhome has had several of them which lived in his roof, and were quite harmless; I have often seen one of these, eight or ten feet long, snugly coiled away under the tiles.

Our every-day life at Taperinha gets its dash of the forest. "By the way," says Mr. Rhome, "have you ever seen a tapir?" And he is reminded that one was killed last night; we are to have a bit of its meat for

FISHING BY TORCHLIGHT.

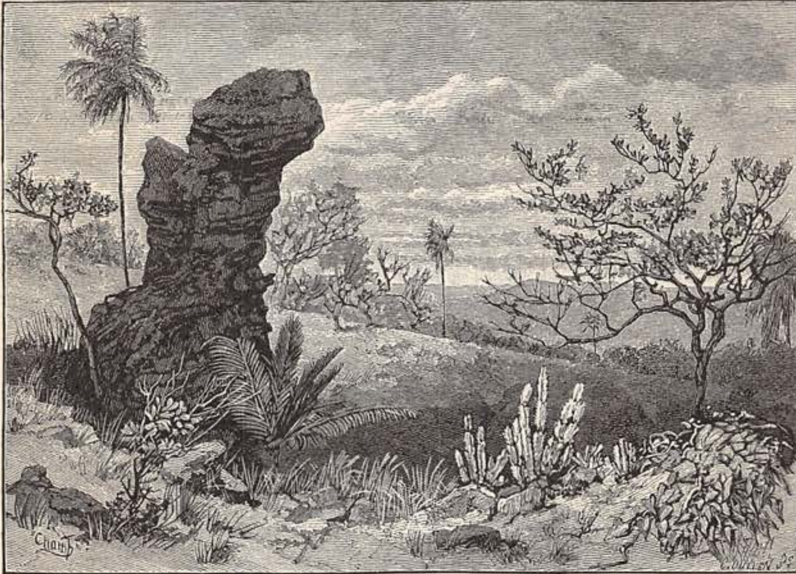


CALABASH-TREE.

breakfast. Two men have slung the carcass to a pole, and they find it a heavy load for their broad shoulders; but they do not attract much attention, except from our own unaccustomed eyes. The hunters tell us how these animals are found in the dry forest, but come down to the pools to wallow and drink at night; how they eat fruits and leaves, and can be hunted without danger because of their timidity. If the country were not the vast desert that it is, the tapirs would soon be exterminated, for their flesh is excellent, resembling in flavor tender young beef. The hunters bring in deer, sometimes, and wild hogs, and cotias, and pacas: Mr. Rhome shows us the skins of half a dozen jaguars and pumas which have been shot about the estate. One might hastily infer that the forest is crowded with game, just as it used to be represented in the geography pictures; but in point of fact the hunters often search for hours without seeing so much as a monkey or a squirrel.

The real provision houses are the lowland lakes and channels. We can go out any evening with the fishermen, who supply not only the proprietor's table, but the people of the estate. Motherly Mrs. Rhome packs away a great basket of provisions for us, and we take care to go with thick coats, for the night air is cool. Thus fortified, we seat ourselves with our host in the middle of a wooden canoe, among heaps of Caraná faggots, which are to be used for torches. The river is still and dark: we see the stars reflected in it, and flickering with the current until we can hardly tell them from the dancing fire-flies above. Nothing is defined; clumps of forest stand out vaguely over the meadows; in the shadow you cannot tell where water ends and land begins. The men paddle swiftly but silently; we can hear fish leaping from the water, night-birds complaining from the solitary trees, frogs and crickets in the marshes, a stray alligator, may be, rippling the surface as he disappears beneath it. Our fisherman lights his torch and throws a ruddy glow over the water. Flap! Already he has speared a fish in the shallows; waving the torch with his left hand, while he uses the trident with his right. Flap, flop! A big carauaná is squirming about in the bottom of the canoe. Flop! There is another fish—and another—a harvest of them; the torch-holder cannot spear them fast enough. We paddle slowly about among the grass-clumps; sometimes startling a bird on an overhanging branch; once the poor bewildered thing comes within reach of a boatman, who catches it in his hand to carry home to the children; finally the torch goes out and we go home to sleep far into the bright morning.

Nature makes wonderful pictures with the palms. We have seen them about the Breves channels, where the forest is resplendent with their regal processions. But along the highlands are fairy palaces, where their beauty is more quiet, perhaps, but so warm and tender that we forget all about their princely lineage, and grow familiar with them, and form special friendships, just as we would with beeches, and oaks, and elms. Many kinds gather about the swift-flowing streams, for they are delighted to have their roots bathed in the cool water, while their leaves reach up toward the sunshine. There is such a stream at Taperinha,—the Igarapé-assú,—and I think I never appreciated the possibilities of palm-scenery until I went there. The mouth of the Igarapé is lost in floating grass, through which the canoe must be poled for half a mile or more: "a voyage overland," Mrs. Agassiz called it. By and by we enter a narrow stream, bordered on either side by thickets of fan-leaved *caraná* palms and pretty *marajás;* these two grow only on very low, wet land. It is very beautiful, even here; but farther up, the swift stream is all closed in and arched over with trees, and there the *assais* grow in thousands, slender stems throwing themselves fifty or sixty feet into the air, the leaves all alive with that tremulous motion that is seen with every palm, but never so perfectly as in the *assai.* The banks, too, are covered with broad-leaved plants, and there are great philodendrons on the trees, and vines trailing from the branches; but all this tropical splendor is so mellowed and softened down with touches of sunshine and curtains of shadow that it comes back to the heart like strangely familiar music, heard now for the first time, but floating in the memory far away, long ago.



SANDY CAMPOS (HILL-SIDES).

Truly, there is no end to the beautiful places one can find at Taperinha; sunny orange groves, and woodland roads, and clean, bright meadows, and the group of giant *miriti* palms at the spring, and little clumps of forest on the lowlands. And then, by way of change, we have a touch of comedy in plantation life and odd characters about the negro quarters. One evening, Mr. Rhome arranges a rustic dance among the people. It begins in the orthodox Amazonian manner, with a singing prayer-meeting in the little chapel, to which worshipers are called by the monotonous beating of a great drum. Then, when the concluding *Padre-Nosso* is sung, and the saint's girdle is kissed, the leader turns master of ceremonies, and such nondescript dances follow as could only originate in the fertile brain of a negro. There is an indescribable mingling of weird and comic in the scene: the dark faces and arms, set off by white dresses, the octogenarian negro striking his tambourine with a trembling hand, the half-naked babies tumbling about under the feet of the dancers, and the dim,

flaring lamps, half lighting, half obscuring the moving figures. We sit and watch them until midnight, and then go away as one goes from a theater, dropping out of dream-life into the dark street.

But the time comes when we must say a regretful *adeos* to our kind host, who loads us with favors and presents to the last, and sends a canoe to take us to Santarem with the treasures we have gathered through his kindness. Then there is the long night ride, and the torturing mosquitoes, and the sunny morning and the bright sand-beach by the mouth of the Tapajós, with its clusters of javary-palms. At last we reach the picturesque town where we must wait for three days, until the tardy river-steamboat comes along.

One could spend more than three days enjoyably at Santarem. There are no insect pests here, strange to say, and we can sleep in peace with our windows open at night. Then we get a glimpse of town-life, with its familiarity and ceremony, its indolence and activity. From our house on the water-front we can see strange-looking river-craft constantly passing and repassing, and from morning till night there is a succession of odd pictures along the shore: first the women trooping down at sunrise to fill their water-jars; next the bathers; then the washerwomen, tucking their skirts between their knees and wading out into the water, and spreading the clothes to dry on the sand; later, the fishermen coming in with their loaded canoes, and pleasure-parties of Indians camping on the beach and lighting it at night with ruddy fires.

The country about Santarem is open and sandy, as it is in some other places along the river, for the forest is not entirely unbroken. The *campos* of Ceará and Piauhy have outlying fragments in the very midst of the Amazonian woods. So far as I know, these strips of sandy campo are never very extensive, but, small as they are, they stand out in glaring distinction from the woods around them. The vegetation is utterly different from that of the forest. I do not know of a single plant which is properly indigenous to both. There are plenty of trees on the campo, but they are lôw, spreading, almost always crooked and gnarled, as if they passed their life in a chronic state of trying to do better, and never succeeding. They are thinly leaved in the dry season, but verdant in a rough way during the winter months. Beneath, scattered tufts of wiry grass grow over the glaring white sand, only half hiding it. The landscape reminds one of a neglected orchard, where the trees have been left unpruned for years, and weeds and bushes have sprung up about their roots.

I cannot see that the limits of the campo depend on any peculiarity of the soil. We find the forest rising like a wall on all sides, but within it there is the same sandy ground, with a substratum of clay. The general level is neither higher nor lower, and the earth is no more abundantly watered. The campo soil is drier and more barren, because it is not protected by a thick roof of foliage; but you will find it just the same in old forest clearings where the thin upper coating has disappeared. I suppose that the campos are remains of an old flora which has been gradually smothered by the encroaching forest. The campo trees are fitted for a hot, dry soil; they cannot grow in the shady woods. Forest seeds, on the contrary, are killed by baking on the hot sands; so new trees spring up only in the shade of the old ones, and the forest wall advances but slowly. In rocky places, as we saw at the Serra of Ereré, the campo vegetation is somewhat changed; it is rougher, and has a more tropical cast from the small palms and sword-leaved plants and giant cactuses.

But, after all, the grand feature of the Amazons valley is its forest, and it is with the forest that Americans will have to do, either gleaning its natural wealth or clearing it away for plantations. So we come to the important question: Is the Amazons an inviting field for American enterprise? Especially, is it fitted for profitable farming? By nature, yes. Perhaps so, even with the present barbarous laws that govern settlers; but, after all, as I said before, it depends on the man. We have seen what Mr. Rhome has done. He has succeeded because he is the man to succeed; very likely, also, because he has found a rich and enterprising partner, with thirty or forty slaves to do his work. I describe one man's success as I see it, but with the express addition that this success is exceptional, almost unique. I have known many good and enterprising men who have failed, or almost failed, on the same ground; I know a few who have succeeded. In general, if a man has no money, I would say to him, keep away from Brazil. Brains and muscle are worth at least as much at home, and if you fail you fail among friends. But if you have a few hundred or thousand dollars to spare on the experiment; if you are content to do without Protestant churches; if you have no

children to educate, or can afford to take a tutor with you; if you can be satisfied with strange customs and little refined society, then you may go to the Amazons with a clear conscience. But go with a definite purpose. Don't waste your time on some vague idea of riches, to be gained you know not how. Go prepared to do hard work; with knowledge and judgment enough to keep you out of the fever districts, with patience enough to stand the mosquitoes. Then, if you fail, you will at least have gained a valuable test of your own capabilities. If you succeed, you may possibly build up a fortune.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

Down among the orchard-grass,
A happy, careless rover,
Pretty little Margery
Goes hunting four-leaf clover.

Timid little Margery
Gives her searching over,
Startled by a shadow
Darkening the clover.

Kneeling down beside her,
Blossoms arching over,
Martin in the orchard-grass,
Goes hunting four-leaf clover.

Gazing in each other's eyes,
Searching is all over;
There's no longer any need
For hunting four-leaf clover.