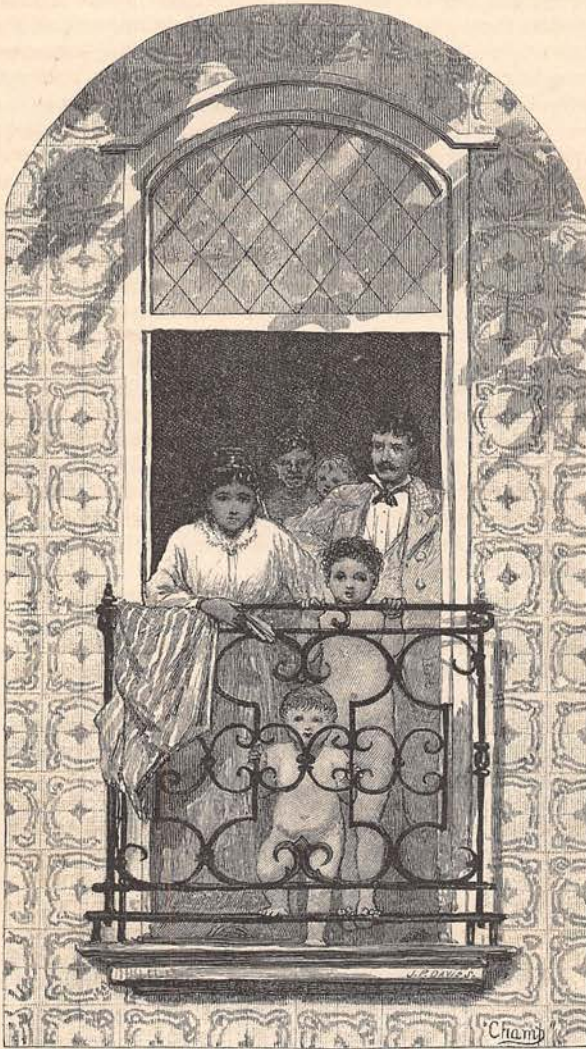


## THE METROPOLIS OF THE AMAZONS.



WINDOW SCENE IN PARÁ.

PARÁ is a city with a manifest destiny. It looks unimportant enough from the river; a row of white and yellow washed warehouses along the water-front; the ancient-looking custom-house; and, rising over all, the square towers of two or three churches. Rampant Swamp forest draws close in on either side as if it would reclaim its royal ground and bury the town in green glories; turbid water sweeps angrily around the point, and the score or two of vessels lying before it tug at their anchors and rock uneasily.

All day we have been running along the

low, forest-lined shores; past white-rolling surf at the mouth of the river; past fishing-canoes with their odd, three-cornered sails and little palm-thatched cabins; past a few tile-covered *fazendas*, and tiny white chapels half hidden in the forest, and farm-houses with rows of cocoa-nut palms and broad-leaved banana-plants. The northern horizon might have been the ocean, and the shores of Marajó a thousand miles away, for aught we could see; so broad is the Pará estuary. Only near the city the channel is narrowed by islands—and such islands! All

glorious with regal palms and tangled vines and tall forest trees. Then there is the little round cheese-box fort, in looking at which we speculated curiously whether the big gun on the parapet would be more dangerous to a hostile ship or to the walls themselves; and we came to anchor two miles below Pará, the city of the future—the city that shall yet enrich the world with its commerce,—sometime, perhaps, the true metropolis of Brazil. For no other place can wrest from Pará her title of nobility; by her situation she is Queen of the Amazons.

We sit on deck and watch the great purple storm-clouds piling themselves up in the eastern sky, and the sun-touched towers sharply outlined against them,—purple passion-robos for this tropic queen. And we dream of white-sailed vessels bearing to all climes the wealth of the Amazons and the Andes; rows of stately warehouses and pillared mansions, and parks that shall eclipse all art in their splendor of tropical vegetation. But then—so it goes with dreams—the purple clouds change to black and send down a deluge of rain over the ship, hiding our sunset towers and dissolving our air-castles.

There are no piers except the small ones of the Amazonian Steamboat Company. Freight is landed in lighters, and passengers and luggage are taken ashore in boats, whereof there is a small fleet manned by exceedingly dirty Portuguese boatmen; you pay from one dollar to ten, according to the state of the tides and your own state of greenness. However, our deep-draught steamer has to anchor so far below the town that it would be a long pull for the men and the passengers' purses; so a steam-launch is arranged for us all. We leave the good *City of Rio de Janeiro* a little loth, for it has grown home-like during our voyage; we are proud of the ship as a splendid specimen of American skill, and proud of Captain Wier and his officers as American sailors and gentlemen.

We move up the river in the rich morning sunshine, landing at the custom-house wharf, where all foreign baggage must be examined. Climbing the oozy, half-ruined stairs, we pause at the top to look about. There is a little pagoda-shaped building on the wharf with sleekly dressed custom-house officials sitting by the door. Grouped around are negro porters, cartmen with red sashes about their waists, rough-looking sailors, women with trays of oranges, diminutive horses and donkeys dragging two-

wheeled carts—a rich tropical picture in a glowing frame of sunshine. And now we notice that the sun makes itself felt less in heat than in light. The temperature is not oppressively high; a New Yorker transported to Pará in August would call it refreshing; but blazing and quivering in the air, streaming down through every alley, flooding streets and house-tops, comes the dazzling white light. Red and yellow colors are painful; shadows are dark pits cut out of the ground, and an object in the shade is defined only by vivid degrees of blackness. It takes a long time for the eyes to accustom themselves to this superabundance of sunshine.

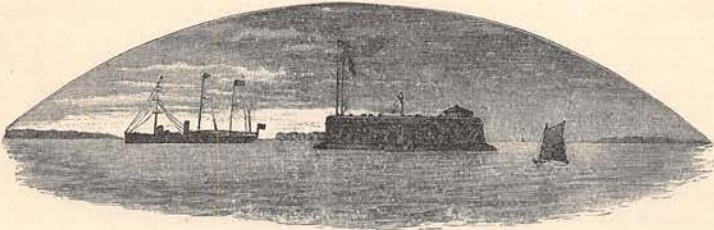
The custom-house is an immense stone structure with two great towers at the end, recalling its ancient glories. It was formerly a convent, but, by the decay and final extinction in Pará of the order that tenanted it, the building reverted to the government and was turned over to its present uses; only the little chapel is still reserved for religious purposes. The walls are all blackened with mildew, and clusters of weeds grow about the tile-roof; within, the long, dark corridors and massive pillars stand in stern contrast to the piles of barrels and boxes and crates of wine. The walls may have their dark secrets; many a noble life has burned itself out in these old convents. But our baggage inspector does not concern himself about that; he glances through his gold-rimmed spectacles with a critical eye for our trunks and valises, and brings up no pictures of gray-robed monks and penitential tears.

For my own part I have nothing to say against the Brazilian custom-house official, who is courteous enough, though with a consuming sense of his own importance, developed precisely in inverse proportion to his rank in the service. Some travelers appear to think that they cannot pass the Brazilian frontier without bribing the officers. This is unjust. In all my travels I never paid out a milreis in that way and never had occasion to. A little quiet politeness is all that is required.

From the custom-house, passing the line of stately royal palms by the water-side, we can stroll down the *Rua da Imperatriz*. It is a broad, well-paved street with rows of prim-looking white and yellow buildings, two and three stories high; tall, arched door-ways and those ugly green doors that are seen in all tropical American cities. Here the larger wholesale houses are located; orderly establishments, the counting-room

and warehouse generally together on the ground floor, while the stories above may be occupied for offices and dwellings. The merchant looks cool and respectable in his spotless white linen clothes. If we enter

wild speculation. It is no wonder that these young clerks, ignorant of the language and the country, are unable to compete with the shrewd Brazilian merchants and with well-established English and German houses.



THE FORT, PARÁ.

the store he will receive us politely, but in business hours he is not given to wasting time in words; in financial matters we will find him careful and methodical—not easily outwitted even by a Yankee.

Unfortunately, many American merchants go to Brazil with very vague ideas of the country and its people. Young commercial men imagine that they can secure a footing at once, simply by placing American goods, often of a very inferior grade, on exhibition. Commonly they get discouraged after the first few months and leave the country in disgust. The worst of these abandoned enterprises is that they deter other and wiser men from entering the field. Americans may as well dispossess their minds of all these crude ideas. If we are to secure a commercial footing in Brazil, it will be by careful and persistent effort, and by studying the wants of the people, not by

Our American manufacturers should employ experienced agents, and in most cases, probably, they would do well to ally themselves with enterprising Brazilian houses, or with American residents of old standing. Then they must be content with small profits at first; new wares must push their way little by little. Especially must they avoid flooding the Brazilian market with inferior goods, or those that are not suited to the wants of the people. Brazilian merchants, for instance, complain that the patterns of American print cloths do not please their customers. The fault is that our manufacturers have sent them the high-colored, showy goods which are sold to Southern negroes. The more refined Brazilian taste prefers the light striped and flowered French and English prints. Americans, too, must be reconciled to the tediousness of Brazilian commerce. Our active business men are



AT THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

loth to accustom themselves to these endless delays. Custom-house, travel and freight shipments, licenses, all require a large stock of that peculiarly Brazilian virtue—*paciencia*. If you take a note, it is for a year or twenty months, or more; if you are promised a custom-house clearance on Monday, expect it on Thursday.

In large transactions, the Pará merchant is governed, perhaps, rather by a wholesome regard for the law than by any abstract moral reasoning. In retail business, I am bound to say that he is quite as reasonable as his northern brother. I seldom had occasion for "beating down" a shop-keeper.

On the *Rua da Imperatriz* we see nothing of that confusion of boxes and bales, carts and wagons, that characterizes a northern wholesale street. There are a few heavy carriages, but all burdens are carried on the heads of Portuguese and negro workmen, or on the ugly little two-wheeled carts. One feature which strikes us favorably is the absence of that gaudy array of projecting signs, which is such an eye-sore in a northern city. Instead of being obliged to twist our necks trying to find a name in the confusion, we see it printed in small, legible characters on the side of the white doorway, attracting the attention at once. But in the neighboring *Rua dos Mercadores* the retail stores are often covered with kalsomine patterns, got up with an artistic eye to the possibilities of ugliness, and with whole advertisements printed on them. This *Rua dos Mercadores* may be called the fashionable shopping street, though the phrase seems misapplied in a place where ladies hardly ever enter a store. During the morning hours it is very lively and not unpicturesque. The dry goods merchants hang bright-colored cloths and hammocks about their doors, and some of them have their shop-fronts decorated with gorgeous banners, or huge gilt devices. Horse-cars (or rather mule-cars) run through the street and are generally well filled with pleasure-seekers going to Nazareth, or business men coming from their houses. Looking down to the *Largo do Palacio*, you see the gray cathedral towers in the background rising above the low buildings of the street.

The shops themselves are small, but well stocked; the different branches of trade occupying separate establishments, as in a northern town. The scale of prices is instructive. French broadcloths, silks and woolen goods are nearly, or quite, as cheap

as in the United States; cotton cloths, shoes, cutlery, etc., range from fifty to a hundred per cent. higher; glass and wooden wares are abominably dear, while coffee, sugar and cotton, which the country ought to produce in surplus, cost more than at home. Books and paper are high-priced and of very inferior manufacture.

But the tropical side of Pará commerce is seen in the market. We must visit it before the sun is high, for it is almost deserted later in the day. It occupies nearly a whole block; approaching on the side of the *Rua da Imperatriz* we see nothing remarkable about the exterior, which is much like the whitewashed stores around it; only, gathered about the high arched doorway, there are groups of noisy negresses, some of them with trays of fruit which they are retailing to passers-by,—piles of glossy oranges, bunches of yellow bananas and plantains, fragrant pine-apples and the less familiar mangoes and alligator-pears. Their business involves an immense amount of wrangling, but we can forget that in the artistic effect of the scene, the unconscious grace of attitude, and the richness of contrasted color in fruit and dress and shining black faces. Passing these we enter the main building—a long, tile-roofed corridor, running around a square court toward which it is everywhere open. The meat and fish-stalls are in this court. The corridor is lined with stands for the sale of fruit, vegetables, tobacco and cheap trinkets.

So much for the building; but the scene within is indescribable; it is not so much one picture as a hundred, all melting into one another, and changing and rechanging like the colors of a kaleidoscope. Not like a street scene with its rapid movement; nobody is in a hurry, but hardly anybody is still; as if the whole visible world were in a chronic state of sauntering. And we saunter along with the rest, watching the animated groups around us.

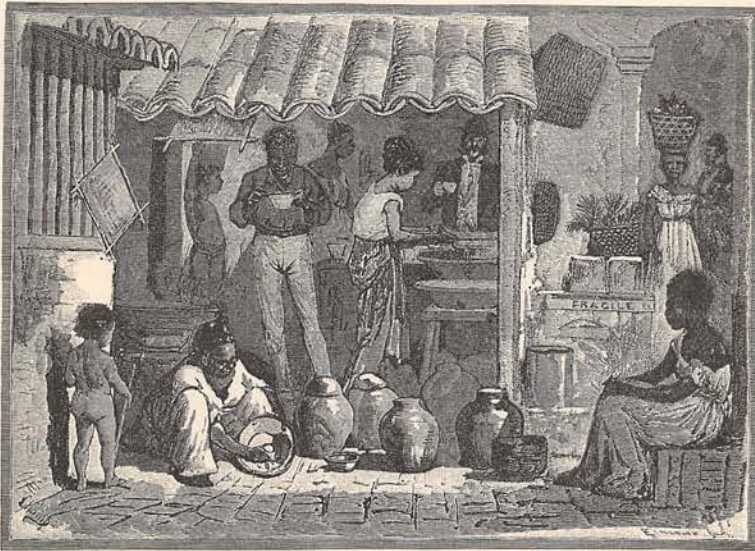
Standing here we can get the background of that fruit-stand, with its heaped-up purple and gold. The coatless and bare-footed fruit-sellers glance at us curiously as they wait on their customers,—servant girls, for the most part, who have been sent to fill their baskets with oranges and bananas. Here comes a dark-skinned Diana—a stately mulatto woman, with her crimson skirt gathered in picturesque folds at the waist, and her white chemise falling away negligently from one shoulder; her fine face is set to an expression of infinite scorn,

of withering contempt, too deep for words. To be sure, all this acting is occasioned by a difference of three or four cents in the price of a string of beads, and the villainous-looking Portuguese gimcrack-seller who is the object of her wrath only laughs diabolically and makes himself look a degree uglier than before; soon she catches sight of an acquaintance and her scorn melts into a broad grin. So the two stroll away together, chattering as only these women can.

That dark, handsome fellow, daintily sipping his paper cigar, is a *Mameluco*—so Brazilians call a cross between the Indian and white races. Something of the flashing Lusitanian fire he has shining through the

pails and earthen pans on their heads, and a little farther on we see a score of them grouped about a butcher's stall; the newcomers set their pans on the counter and produce little bundles of copper money; the butcher cuts the meat into shapeless chunks and, by some feat of calculation, flings to each a share apportioned to the money she brought; and the purchaser marches away with the pan of meat balanced on her head, her tongue running the while like a Chinese rattle. All the marketing is done in this way, through the medium of servants.

Observe these baskets of black berries, like grapes in color and size; they are the fruit of the *Assai* palm, the slender, graceful *Euterpe* that we saw on the river-banks.



THE ASSAI STAND.

indolent grace of his gestures; much of the half-savage independence of his brown ancestors; but the mixture is tempered neither by the intelligence of the white nor the docility of the brown races; the *Mamelucos* bear a deservedly hard name on the Amazons.

Squatted on the stone pavement is a toothless old crone, half Indian, half mulatto, with a pot of yellow *mingau* soup—a preparation of tapioca and bananas. Her customers—mostly Portuguese cartmen and sailors—receive their portions in black calabashes, and swallow the mixture with evident gusto, gossiping, meanwhile, with one another, or exchanging not over delicate remarks with the negro and mulatto servant girls who pass them. These latter bring

One sometimes hears an alliterative proverb:

“Quem veiu para Pará parou;  
“Quem bebeu Assai ficou;”

which we may translate, as Mrs. Agassiz has done:

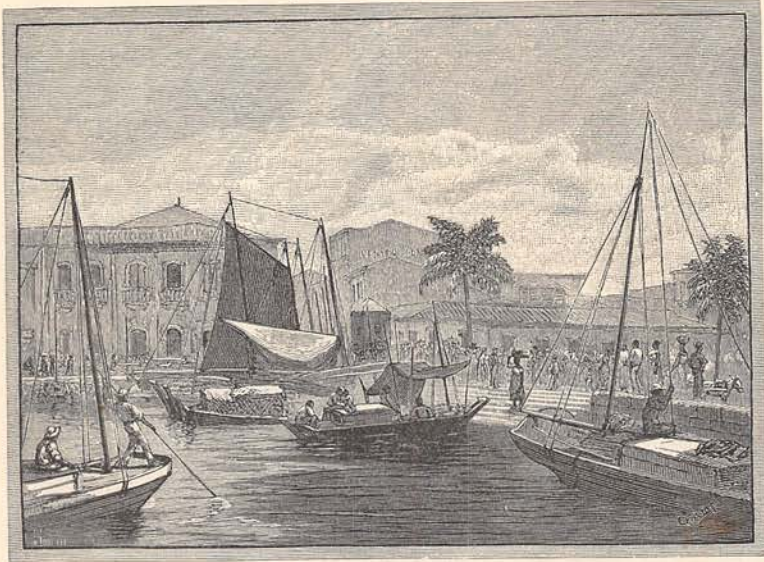
“Who came to Pará was glad to stay;  
“Who drank assai went never away.”

It is well, then, for us to learn how this famous *vinho d'assai* is made.

In a dark little shed at the back of the court, two mulatto women are rubbing off the black pulp of the berries in great bowls of water, crushing them vigorously with their bare hands and purpling their arms with the chocolate-like juice. After the first batch has been rubbed out, the liquid is de-

canted from the hard nuts to another lot of berries; these latter being treated in like manner; the resulting thick soup is strained through a wicker-work sieve and dealt out to the eager customers.

some of them, no doubt, are getting beastly drunk on the proceeds; the canoes, meanwhile, are occupied by their families, and one cannot help noting the marked difference of character displayed by the two races.



THE MARKET WHARF.

Yes; the *Americanos* will have *assaí com assucar*; so the little shirtless son scampers off after sugar: ordinary customers at the stand are of the lower classes, who drink their two cents' worth of *assaí* with only a little *mandioca* meal by way of seasoning. In the forest, where sugar was scarce and the fruit plenty, I learned to like it quite as well so myself; its brisk, nutty flavor is rather spoiled by the sweetening. However, our newcomers may prefer the civilized side; so the sugar is added, and we take a taste of the rich liquid. Even the squeamish ones empty their bowls, and begin to suggest to themselves the possibility of entertaining another half-pint. Talk no more of sherbet and ginger-beer and soda-water; hereafter we abjure them all, if we may but have our purple *assaí*. And observe,—as Mr. Weller has it,—that “it’s verry fillin’.” One can make a respectable lunch of it and nothing else.

Back of the market, by the water-side, there are other picturesque scenes. Here are numbers of canoes drawn up on the shore, the larger ones with a little cabin of palm-thatch or boards in the stern. The Indian and mulatto boatmen, for the most part, are selling their produce on shore, and

The flashily dressed negresses and mulattoes are chattering and quarreling at the tops of their voices, while their not over clean children tumble about on the muddy shore, laughing, screaming, crying, as the case may be, but always making a noise of some kind. The Indian women, on the contrary, are very quiet, sitting still in the canoes, and perhaps carrying on a subdued conversation. They are dark; not copper-colored, like our Northern tribes, but of a clear rich brown. Some of the younger ones are decidedly handsome, and almost all are exquisitely neat in their tasty, light-colored calico dresses, sometimes with simple ornaments. The children—little ones are dressed *au naturel*—are shining and clean and sleek, and always very quiet.

Many of these Indians have come from the surrounding rivers, a hundred, two hundred, occasionally even five or six hundred, miles away. Most of them will sell their small cargoes and leave with the return tide. The women and children will see nothing more of the city than is visible from the water, or, at most, they will be treated to an hour’s walk about the town, or a visit to one of the churches. And that is enough. They do not care to



CITY SCAVENGERS.

remain longer among the sweltering streets and glaring white walls. They long for their cool, shady forests, where they can

swing their cotton hammocks by the water-side, and lounge away the hot noon hours, as free from care as the birds are above them.

Besides the small canoes, there are many larger ones belonging to traders, who make long voyages on the upper rivers. They bring back forest produce which they have received in exchange for their wares. Here are bales of crude rubber in flask-shaped masses as it came from the molds; tall baskets of mandioca-meal, the bread of the poorer classes; bundles of dried salt *pirarucu* fish; bags of cacáo and Brazil-nuts. There are turtles, too, reposing peacefully on their backs, and odd-looking fish, and pots of crabs and shrimps. Not a few of the canoes bring monkeys and parrots, but their owners are loth to part with these. On the Amazons all classes are extravagantly fond of pets.

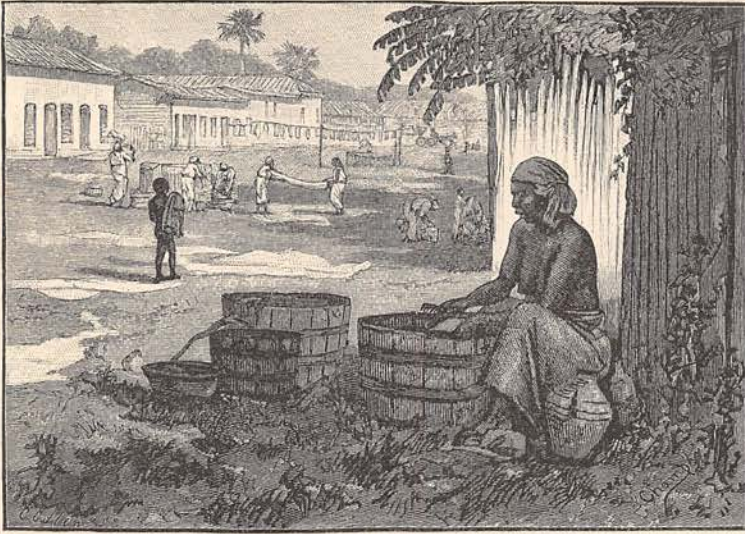
Formerly all the commerce of the river was carried on in trading-canoes. Now the steamboats have taken their place; trading centers have been established at various points along the river, and the canoes make shorter voyages. We can see the busy wharf of the Amazonian Steamboat Company from our breakfast-room at the Hotel do Commercio, and two or three of their vessels are lying in the river; they make voyages at longer or shorter intervals

to the Madeira, Purús, and Tapajós; twice a month passage can be engaged to Manáos, and from there other lines extend their trips almost to the base of the Andes. There are several smaller companies, but they are all thrown into the shade by this rich Amazonian line, with its numerous branches. It has a large subsidy from the government, too much, probably, for its wants, now that the enterprise is well established.

At Pará one day is like another. The mornings are cool and pleasant. From ten till two the heat increases rapidly, commonly reaching 92° or 93° Fahrenheit. A little later great black clouds appear in the east, spreading rapidly over the sky and turning the intense glare to a twilight darkness. In a few minutes the rain comes pouring down in great dense masses, flooding the streets, hiding vessels on the river, drenching unlucky boatmen and their passengers, and then—ere we know it, the shower has passed, and the sun looks down brightly on the freshened earth. Sometimes the first shower is followed by another one, and even a third; after that the clouds disappear, or hang like purple curtains on the western horizon. By sunset the ground is dry, and all nature is smiling. This is the rule all the year round; only the wet season, extending from January to May, is



A PEEP AT THE AMERICANOS.



A PARÁ LAUNDRY.

distinguished by more copious showers, sometimes lasting until evening, with an occasional day or night of continued rain; while, in the height of the dry season, a week may pass without any showers at all, but even then the ground is watered by the heavy dews.

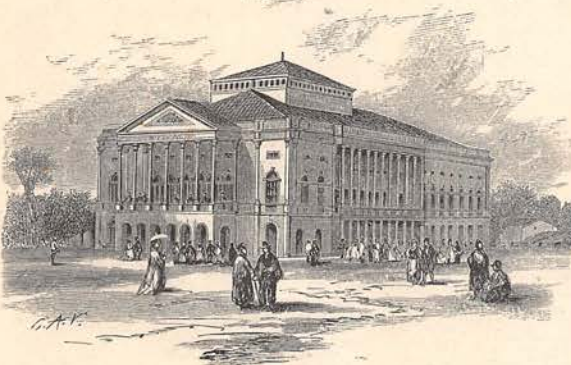
Pará would be a healthy city if sanitary rules were properly observed. The streets, it is true, are kept decently clean, but in many of the houses there are filthy courts, the receptacles for garbage and rotteness of every kind; it is a wonder that people can live within range of their stench. As it is, there are many cases of typhoid; but yellow fever, though it appears nearly every year, takes a milder form than at Rio de Janeiro, and the number of deaths from

it is not very great. Sometimes intermittent fevers are prevalent.

If we walk out after midday, we shall find the streets almost deserted, though the heat is not excessive. At four o'clock the wholesale stores are closed, and the merchant goes home to his dinner. Retail establishments are kept open until after dark, but they do little business.

The evenings are delightful. Walking out in the better quarters, we find the whole population out-of-doors, gentlemen sitting before their houses under the mango-trees, smoking, or sipping the after-dinner coffee and enjoying themselves with their families. The merest chance acquaintance makes us welcome at once to these groups; chairs are brought, coffee and cigars are served, and we may sit for an hour, chatting with our host and watching the groups around us.

Out of business hours the Paransense is the most sociable person you can imagine. Pleasure is his occupation; the cares of his counting-room are all locked up in the safe with his day-books and ledgers. You get acquainted despite of yourself; everybody knows everybody else, and insists on introducing him. I have found no other Brazilian city where there is so little ceremony. We see people dressed sensibly in white linen; except on state occasions, the sweltering black coats of the southern provinces are not *de rigueur* in Pará. There the



THE THEATER, PARÁ.



women wear natural flowers in their hair; but in Rio de Janeiro and Bahia they must needs disfigure themselves with abominable French bonnets.

Since the establishment of hotels, the rule of universal hospitality is no longer adhered to, but most of the better classes still keep open table to their acquaintances, at least for the late afternoon dinner. People live well and simply, though with too great a preference for animal food. Portuguese or French wine is generally served with breakfast and dinner, and there is a light dessert of fruit.

In domestic life, many of the old bigoted notions concerning women are still retained; but at Pará one no longer sees ladies shut up from all intercourse with visitors and banished from the table. In exact proportion to the advance of more liberal ideas, the standard of private morals has risen; and though there is vast room for improvement in this respect, though infidelity on the part of the husband is still looked upon as a venial sin, still vice has no longer that openness and unrestrained license that formerly made it painfully conspicuous.

As in Rio de Janeiro, the city merchant has his *chacara* in the outskirts, so here he has his *rocinha*,\*—a country dwelling in the city, a house with ten acres of back door-yard. The finest *rocinhas* are in the suburb of Nazareth, to reach which we can take the mule-drawn cars which we saw on the *Rua dos Mercadores*. The seats are well filled with passengers of both sexes and all colors,



A SOLDIER, PARÁ.

\* Diminutive of *roça*, a clearing. The word is apparently a provincial one.



A PARÁ DAIRY.

many of the laborers without coats and bare-footed, but clean and neat.

From the business part of the town we pass first through a series of narrow streets, where there is hardly room for passers-by to avoid the car. The streets are close and dirty and uninteresting; black mold spreads itself on the kalsomined walls, and weeds hang over the projecting tile roofs. An apology for a side-walk exists in some places; but there are so many ups and downs to it that pedestrians generally prefer the roadway. We get glimpses of slovenly looking women peering out from behind the swing-blinds, and dirty children disappearing through the open door-ways as the car comes up; looking in, we see nothing but blank white walls and bare floor. And down into the barren street the sun sends its liquid gold, and casts black shadows, just as it does in a thousand other ugly places.

Turning next into the great *Largo da Polvora*, we pass on by the pillared *Theatro*, one of the finest of the public buildings, whose white walls are set off well by the heavy foliage behind them. As for the *Largo*, it is a great, treeless waste, like a dozen others in the city; but the sides are lined with magnificent dark mango-trees, and the houses are of a better class than those we have seen; very fresh and pretty some of them are, with their facings of glazed white and blue tiles. We observe these tile-facings in many places along the *Rua de Nazareth*, where we turn off from the *Largo*; decidedly the prettiest dwellings in the city are here, and they are contrasted with rows of noble mango-trees, like those of the square. The gardens in front of some of the houses are stiff and pedantic, it is true; but in this climate Nature gets the better of the gardeners, and, despite them, will disport herself in glorious masses of foliage and bloom; plants, such as grow in our

green-houses at home ; but not the delicate nurslings of the North ; great, hearty shrubs, with the vigor of their forest homes fresh on them, and their untrammelled roots sinking a yard deep into the rich loam.

But the gardens are tame compared to those neglected *rocinhas* where the grounds are yard, orchard, wilderness, all thrown together ; where flowering vines clamber over the fruit-trees, and the rich flowers are smothered in richer weeds, and rampant second growth threatens to annihilate the whole estate, as it undoubtedly would, did not the inhabitants make a sally sometimes with axes and wood-knives. I think Nature here has a grudge against humanity, with its angular houses and fences ; she wants to round off everything to suit her flowing fancy. But if, instead of the blows and hard words she gets, she were coaxed and patted on the back, how she would break out into smiles and loveliness ! Ah, well ! I suppose we shall go on abusing her while the world lasts ; but she will have her rights, for all that. From this primly dressed child, daubing and mussing its frock in the gutter, to the tumble-down houses of the side-streets, half covered with moss and weeds, she is forever picking up our ugly art and turning it into something picturesque. Even the new white chapel at Nazareth is getting its coating of gray and brown mold, and the artist will go on painting it with delicate touches and rejoicing in its beauty, till vandal man comes along with his whitewash brush and spoils the work of years.

The chapel is dedicated to *Nossa Senhora de Nazareth*, who is not to be confounded with *Nossa Senhora* of anything else. You see this one is remarkable for a miracle which she performed in the eleventh century, when the devil, in the form of a deer, was leading a noble hunter over a precipice. As she saved the life of the hunter, she is entitled to especial regard,—may be invoked, for instance, in cases where *Nossa Senhora de Belem* has failed utterly, and *Nossa Senhora da Esperança* has given little hope.

Our Lady of Nazareth, then, is the patron saint of Pará, and every year there is a grand festival given in her honor. Then the city is thronged with strangers, often from towns three or four hundred miles away. Our Lady is carried in solemn procession through the streets, and the church is daily filled with worshipers. The great square near by is lined with booths, and gay with flags and transparencies. Every night there

is a display of fire-works ; costume dances are extemporized ; theaters with execrable actors attract the public, especially on Sunday evening, and for a week the city is given over to universal enjoyment. People are orderly and quiet. There is less hard drinking than you see on any holiday at the North, and hardly any quarreling and fighting.

I do not think there is a very strong religious feeling either in Pará or in the other Brazilian cities. The more ignorant negroes and mulattoes delight in the brilliant ceremonies of the Catholic Church. Better educated people yield a discreet assent to the forms and observances, but there is very little deep feeling underlying their zeal. The explanation is to be looked for in the utterly corrupt condition of the clergy. In Brazil a virtuous priest is the exception. I do not say that there are none who do their duty with zeal and reverence, and practice their own precepts ; but the majority lead lives that give the lie to their preaching and bring the church into disrepute with all thinking men.

The present Bishop of Pará is one of those remarkable men whose names will always be landmarks in the history of the Church. Pure in his own life, he has gathered around him a body of young priests who emulate the sacrifices and virtues of the early Jesuit missionaries. I have met these young men at Pará and in some of the river towns. One of them I esteem as a personal friend—a man whose life is above reproach, and whose scanty income is all expended in deeds of charity and kindness. If the Bishop of Pará is to be praised for this work, he is unquestionably to be censured for his interference with political matters. The feeling is rapidly advancing in Brazil that church and state must be disunited. If the ecclesiastical power meddles with the secular one there is always strong comment. Sometimes the government resists the priests, and then there is a storm, often ending in popular tumults, as was the case recently in Pernambuco. The bishop holds, in the fullest sense, that the state should be subservient to the church, and the whole to the See of Rome. Hence he is unpopular with a large class of the people. These, led by the Masonic brotherhood,—a body of great political importance in Brazil,—keep up a determined resistance to the bishop and his party. An extreme wing of this Liberal party has developed into Communism, or some-

thing very much like it. Hatred of the Portuguese immigrants is a cardinal principle of their creed; the overturning of both state and church power seems to be their ultimate object. It is difficult to estimate the real strength of this party. In 1835 it made itself felt in a general insurrection, which flooded the province with blood. Pará was given over to a mob of the worst character; all the respectable inhabitants were obliged to withdraw from the city, and it was only after a long season of anarchy that order was restored by the arrival of troops from the south. Since then there has been no direct outbreak, and it is probable that the party has lost much of its influence.

bare, except around the altar. One sees three or four conspicuous life-size figures of saints, which on certain days are carried through the streets in procession, with ringing of bells and firing of rockets, attended by red and green coated brotherhoods and dainty little child-angels with spangled dresses and gauze wings. For the rest, religion involves nothing more than an occasional visit to the confessional and pretty liberal contributions to the church treasury and to the poor.

Aside from the churches and the custom-house, we shall find little to interest us in the public buildings. The president's palace is a great, glaring, barrack-like structure, looking out on one of the squares. Within



MONKEY JOE'S.

Emphatically, an American need not fear to express his principles in Brazil; he is protected as well by public opinion as by the government. Even the priests, who might be supposed to be intolerant, will discuss theological differences with the utmost good-nature and with no small powers of argument.

We can visit the churches almost any morning, or go to hear high mass at the Cathedral on Sunday. There is more glitter and ceremony than in our northern Catholic churches. Worshipers stand and kneel on the stone floor, for there are no seats. The churches are high and rather

it is richly furnished, but with that stiffness and lack of ornament that characterize all Brazilian dwellings. The Episcopal palace is still worse; jammed in among the surrounding buildings, it looks like a warehouse.

It is a pity that the Paraenses have left their public squares the weed-grown wastes that they are. Only in some of them there are picturesque wells, and, of a sunny day, when our walks take us past these, we see groups of noisy washerwomen drawing water over the curb and spreading their clothes on the grass to dry. There are no water-works aside from these wells. Water is hawked

about the town in great hogsheads set on ox-carts and attended by rough-looking *Gallegos*\* with red scarfs and glazed hats. As for milk, that is carried around by the cow, who, with her bleating calf tied to her tail, is driven from door to door and milked in sight of the customers. Of course, under these circumstances, watered milk is unknown.

There are a hundred other odd characters in the streets,—bakers with great baskets of bread; negro women selling sweetmeats, or pots of *assai*, or tapioca soup; porters carrying heavy trunks on their heads, and so on. Ladies buy their dresses by samples carried around from house to house. If you engage board of a family the meals are sent to your room.

When we have "done" the streets, and the dirty little wine-shops, and the animal store with its monkeys and wild hogs and boa-constrictors and electric eels, we have yet the never-failing beauty of vegetation in the outskirts. Everything seems buried in green; here is a ruined house, for instance,—a wonderful picture, enshrouded in flowering vines until hardly a beam or a square inch of wall is visible; a rolling, tumbling, rollicking mass of foliage; the very ruin seems to catch the infection, passing its last days in a kind of tottering hilarity. And so it is with everything on which this rampant plant-life can get a hold; palings, stumps, heaps of rubbish, are all draped and curtained and padded with vines and weeds till their rough angularities have disappeared under the soft curves, as you have seen a pile of sticks covered with snow.

The Monguba avenue has lost much of its ancient glory; the trees, for some reason, are dying, and no care is taken to renew them. But the *Estrada de São José* more than fills its place. There is something so wonderful in the stately simplicity of palm-trees, and these royal palms are among the most beautiful of their tribe. Looking down the long avenue we see the feathery tops almost meeting overhead and quivering with the lightest breath of wind, lending, somehow, a kind of dignity to the tapering stems which do not sway as other trees do, even in a storm.

We can follow out this road to the gas-works, and back of that on to the wet ground near the river; there the second growth is one tangled mass, with palms, and vines,

\* A term of reproach, originating in the hatred of the Portuguese for the Spaniard, and especially for the natives of Galicia.



ESTRADA DE SÃO JOSÉ.

and great glossy *Arums* by the water-side; not the little arrow-heads of our brooks, but trees, with leaves a foot long and almost as broad, like polished shields among the vines that clamber over them.

Or we can visit the Botanical Garden, where the not very elaborate culture has only given Nature a better chance to show her skill. And when gardens and outskirts and second growth are all familiar, a little walk beyond the city limits will bring us to the high forest, thick, dark, massive, where the few roads are mere paths, and one may lose himself almost within sight of the cathedral towers.

Finally, there are the lowland channels, with the indescribable richness of swamp vegetation, with palms and broad-leaved wild bananas, and I know not what of the grand and beautiful in plant life. One could spend weeks in excursions about this netted water-system.

The channels are the great highways of travel and commerce, for the few roads that extend inland from the city are soon lost in the tangled forest. Canoes are constantly arriving with loads of produce from the interior, and two or three times a week the river steamers discharge their cargoes at the city wharves.

Aside from her most important export,—rubber,—Pará sends us Brazil nuts, cacáo, and various drugs; but sugar, coffee and cotton are largely imported from the South,

and the immense riches of Amazonian timber are untouched.

The time must come when all these things, and more, will fill the markets of Pará, when the Pacific republics will make

ers; already there is a much-talked-of project for building a railroad to this point; when this is done, the old city will still be the residence of the richer classes, but foreign trade will all turn to the new harbor.



THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

the Amazons and its metropolis the guardians of their commerce. The northern channels are more or less obstructed near the mouth, and the furious currents make it difficult for vessels to enter; it is not probable, then, that Macapá or other northern ports will ever offer any serious rivalry to Pará. As commerce increases a new port will be formed, eight or ten miles below the present one, where the banks are high and the river deep enough for the largest steam-

Soon or late, the future of Pará is secure. A century hence, the ships of all nations will crowd to her wharves, bearing away the riches of half a continent. Assuredly, it will be our fault if we do not profit by the commercial center that is forming so near us. To turn this tide of wealth to our own doors, while yet the stream is small, is a problem that may well engage the attention of our rulers and of every thoughtful American.

APRIL.

Oh, strangely fall the April days!  
The brown buds redden in their light,  
And spiders spin by day and night;  
The willow lifts a yellow haze  
Of springing leaves to meet the sun,  
While down their white-stone courses run  
The swift, glad brooks, and sunshine weaves  
A cloth of green for cowslip leaves  
Through all the fields of April days.

Oh, sweetly fall the April days!  
My love was made of frost and light,  
Of light to warm and frost to blight  
The sweet, strange April of her ways.  
Eyes like a dream of changing skies,  
And every frown and blush I prize.  
With cloud and flush the spring comes in  
With frown and blush maids' loves begin,  
For love is like rare April days.