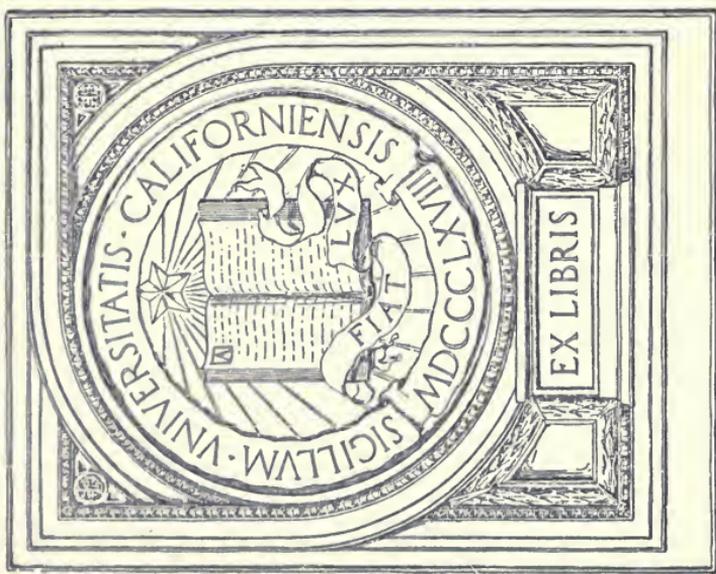


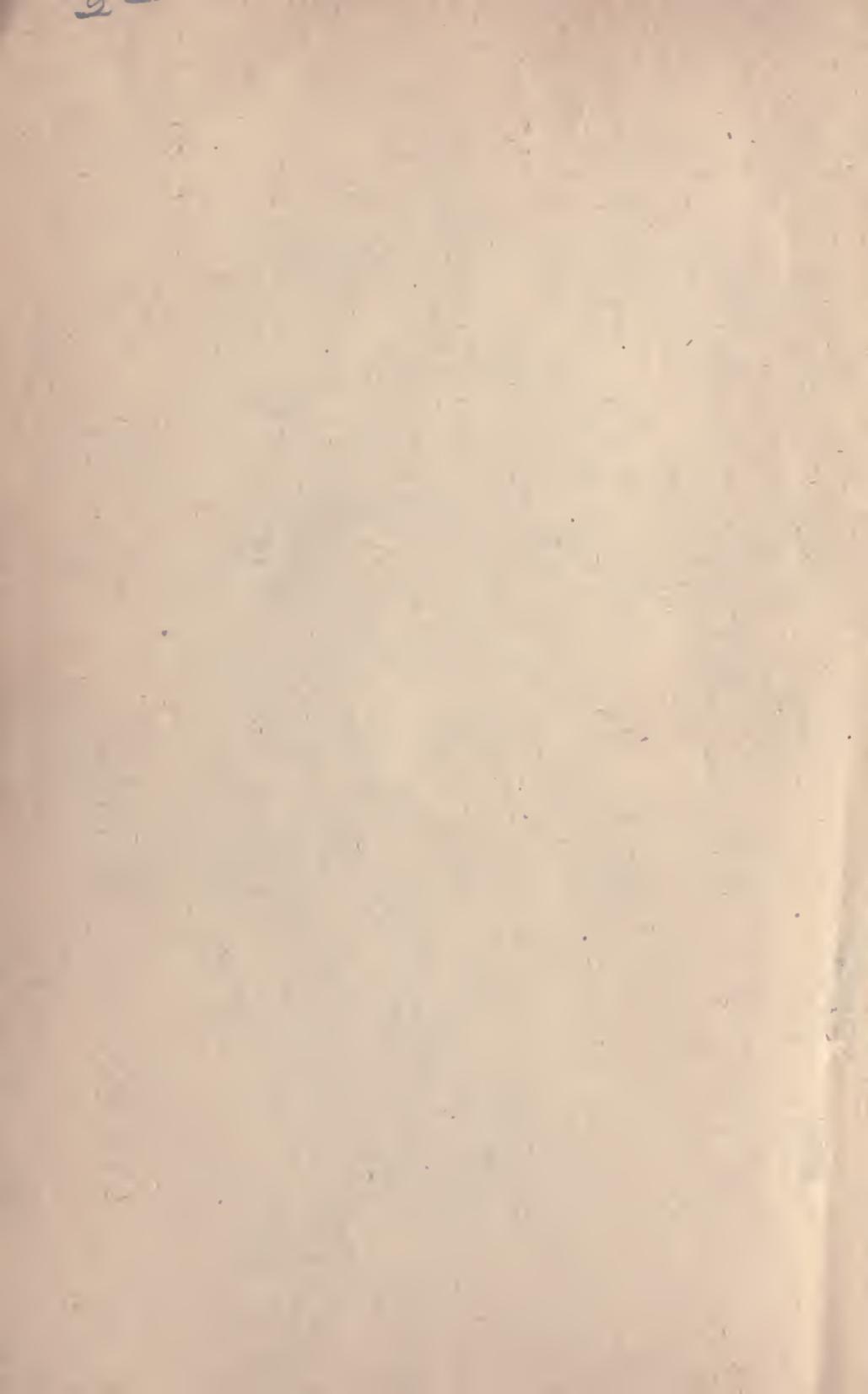
ROUNDABOUT RIO.





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ROUND ABOUT RIO.

BY

FRANK DEY ²⁴⁷ CARPENTER.



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1884.

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ROUND ABOUT RIO.

I.

GETTING TO A NUNNERY.

One seldom finds in Italy a spot of ground more agreeable than another that is not covered with a convent.—ADDISON.

“IS it snow?”

“No, it is a convent,” answered the old sea captain, in response to the questions of his little group of passengers, as they were slowly steaming into the harbor of Rio de Janeiro on a very fair morning in June.

They were looking at something white which crowned the extreme point of the mountain behind the city.

“Ah-ha!” muttered the young man of the party, withdrawing from the circle, and beginning to disfigure a page of his diary with a slashing sketch of the view in question.

The young lady of the party put her finger to her lip, enjoining silence, and softly stepped behind him. This was what she read underneath the picture:

“South side of this nun’s-nest, perpendicular rock. A thousand feet high, or more. Points straight to Heaven, like a sinner’s prayer. No show to get up there. North slope more favorable. Steep, but not

too steep for the legs of true chivalry. Covered with green. Look out for snakes. Convent is of white marble apparently. Think I can make out a window. A damsel appears. She reaches forth her hands as if in distress. She is a prisoner. Her hair is dishevelled. Her eyes are red with weeping. Patience, fair lady, yet another day. I come, I come."

"I wouldn't make any rash promises, Henry," said the practical young lady behind him. "I wouldn't specify the date. You know you haven't got through the custom house yet."

"Oh, Stacy, Stacy! How can you be so cold and soulless as to talk of custom houses and convents in the same breath? And now you have interrupted this fine flow of feeling, and all the inspiration is gone. Oh, I'll pay you for this yet. I'll—I'll introduce the price of coffee into our next moonlight talk."

"Do. It would be a welcome change. But now give me your arm and let's walk around our old promenade once more.

"I wish to talk to you," she continued. "I wish to tell you that you are making yourself supremely ridiculous with this nonsense. You have been reading 'Don Juan'—no, don't deny it—and your head is full of stuff about convents, and nuns, and foreign ladies. I have been reading my guide-book and my history of Brazil and a missionary pamphlet, and I know all about these things. Charming young ladies don't go to convents now-a-days; they get married. Or, if they do go to convents it's because they're dying for some young man they can't get; and do you think one of those broken-hearted creatures

would smile upon an overgrown foreigner like you, that weighs a hundred and eighty pounds? No, indeed, Mr. Robinson."

Stacy paused, and Robinson groaned.

"Go on," said he. "Dash the rest of my visions to the ground."

"The women in a convent are old and thin. They live on bread and water, and get up at four o'clock in the morning, and snuffle when they talk."

"I believe I catch your idea. They say, 'Go away, you bad man!'"

"And now about those young lady Brazilians. In the course of our voyage down here I have heard you pleasantly allude several times to the possibility of captivating the heiress of a coffee-plantation, or something of that sort. Of course you can do as you please. I don't care. But I guess you would repent it soon enough, and find out that a foreign wife was not all that your fancy has painted her."

"What a delightful little tyrant you are, Stacy," said Robinson, turning to look her in the face. "And how prettily you can scold when you take a notion!"

"I do not scold; I advise. I am not a tyrant; merely a friend of your sister's."

"Oh, don't misunderstand me. I am not complaining. I rather like that kind of bondage. Oppress me some more, will you?"

She leaned a pound or two more of her weight upon his arm, and they drew near a ladder, at whose foot a small boat was discharging its passengers.

"Here are the custom-house officers," cried the

girl. "What a handsome fellow their chief is! And so polite! I wish he was the one who had to examine my trunks. I know he wouldn't be rude to them. What an air, and how neat those narrow black neck-ties are! Mr. Robinson, I *do* wish that you would cultivate a foreign air."

"O Stacy, Stacy!" he groaned; "have we brought you all this distance to fall in love with a custom-house clerk?"

"Not yet, of course not. But then the possibility does not seem very dreadful to think of," she added, naively. "I wonder which he is, a count or a baron?"

"Be not deceived, Stacy. At the highest estimation these fellows are not more than remote cousins and nephews of the nobility. The reason they flock to us in so great numbers is because they are sure of getting a good breakfast here."

"Well, you must admit that these gentlemen are nice, any way. Just look at our fellow-passenger from Bahia: He is reading *Les Miserables* in the original, so he must be cultivated. I wish my French was better. I would say good-morning to him. You have noticed him, haven't you?"

"Noticed him? Yes — I have noticed this gentlemanly person at dinner make every other course out of tooth-picks — *palitos*, he calls them. If you will be so kind as to make the necessary observations you will probably notice a tooth-pick at rest over his left ear at the present moment."

"That is a national peculiarity. All nations have their peculiarities. The especial weakness of our

young men is a habit of wearing all kinds of hats. Besides, our young men are so dreadfully jealous on the slightest provocation."

Then she gave her companion no time to reply, but hurried him away to where her father and brother were standing.

"Papa," said she, "let me have your glass, please. And if ever you see Mr. Robinson taking a walk to that mountain with a guitar under his arm, bring him back immediately, or he will make himself ridiculous."

The ship's doctor, who throughout the voyage had been observed to take an undue interest in this young lady's health, now came forward with the intent of making himself useful.

"Is it the Corcovado that you are speaking of? The one with the white wall around the top?"

"A white wall?" repeated Robinson, disdainfully. "No, a convent."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the surgeon. "But where did you get that information?"

"From the captain," answered Robinson. "He ought to know."

The surgeon lowered his voice.

"I thought as much. It's another of the skipper's romances. He has a playful fancy, and he is so tied down to fact and figures out at sea that he loses no opportunity to let his imagination go ashore and sport about. He is not to be relied on at a distance of half a mile from salt water; and that is a good mile and a half from here."

"And it is not a convent?" Robinson was disappointed.

“No. It is a parapet built around the mountain-top, to keep the people from falling off.”

“And those marble walls?”

“They are whitewashed. It looks just as well, though, at this distance.”

“And the fair damsel—”

“I guess that’s me,” said Stacy, demurely.

“But you must go up there,” continued the surgeon. “Everybody goes up there. You see the city from the bay here and think it is perfectly lovely. And so it is— from a distance— and it will be wise for you to go at once to Corcovado, and, so to speak, clinch the favorable impression before you see much of the dirt and discord of the streets. Everybody goes to Corcovado, and for their convenience the paternal government of the empire has constructed a fine highway to the summit, and built a wall of protection around the top. All of the suburbs of Rio are one grand park, and Corcovado is its belvedere.”

“What did you say Corcovado means? Bel— what?” inquired the boy of the party. He was getting his first rudiments of his first foreign language.

“Oh, no; Corcovado means The Humpback, Chester.”

“But it’s not a Humpback; it’s a Pullback. See, sis! Look at it!” cried the boy, clapping his hands in the ecstasy of discovery.

“Be still, Chester; don’t be a barbarian. I saw it long ago, but I was not brave enough to say so. I’m glad that you have come to my support.”

“O Stacy, Stacy!” groaned Robinson. “What a

trivial mind is yours! Others have seen The Sleeping Giant, The Church Organ, The Ship under Sail, The Two Brothers, and The Padre's Hat, in these magnificent piles of mountains around us; but it was reserved for your intellect, feminine that it is, to trace the shape of a lady's dress there—and of the latest fashion, too. I verily believe that if you were cast away upon some lone island of the sea you would find a parasol in the tree-fern, false hair in the tree-moss, diamonds in the fire-flies, and striped stockings in the jaguar's skin."

"Miss Smith is right," said the Doctor, coming to her assistance. "It requires no powerful imagination to see this freak of nature. Others have noticed it before; and from the hills beyond, from the Chinese View, as they call it, the illusion is still more perfect."

"It is there, as plain as day," persisted Stacy.

"Or a shop-window," continued Robinson. "Sure enough, I see it now. Straight up and down in front, and sloping elegantly away to the rear. This proves that this mountain can't be very hard to climb, for at my last ball I walked right up the back of a lady's dress that was a good deal steeper than this, and without the slightest effort on my part. Oh, this must be a very easy mountain to climb."

"I think," pursued Stacy, musingly, "that I will write home to a friend of mine who knows a lady who edits a fashion magazine, and she can get her to start the Corcovado skirt. It would be all the rage, I know."

"Do, my child," said Mr. Smith, patting her

head, "and a nation of husbands and fathers will shower blessings upon you. Anything to relieve this terrible dearth of new styles in millinery."

"I think," continued this artistic young lady, "that to be truly natural it ought to be a green robe, like this, and with flecks of white, as we see here. I suppose that is green grass with daisies, isn't it, Doctor?"

"No, Miss Smith. The verdure of that mountain is of the tallest palm and most luxuriant jungle, and it is dappled with trees of white blossom."

"Are there any monkeys there?" asked the boy, eagerly.

"Monkeys, scarce. Parrots, plenty."

"Thank you. No more parrots for me. The steward has a parrot," and in proof of his statement he exhibited a triangular gash in his right index finger. "The parrot is not an amiable bird. I say, Doctor, did you ever hear the story about the parrot and the monkey?"

"Ches-ter!" said his sister, severely.

"I don't care; it had a moral to it, but I won't tell it now if you ask me to," sulked the boy.

Robinson was looking gloomily across the water. His eyes saw the glories of rock and forest and villa before him, but his soul refused to consider them. There was an expression on his face that was by no means a reflection of the morning sunlight on the mountains; it was rather the vacant and unappreciative stare of one who has missed his breakfast in his eagerness to see all of the vaunted beauties of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

“He can’t forget the convent; that’s what makes him look so glum,” suggested the irrepressible boy, in a whisper.

“As for convents,” said the Doctor, “there are convents right in the city, with street cars at their doors; but if you go to serenade there you will be taken for an Italian mendicant, grinding for charity.”

“And the nuns?” asked Robinson.

“Well, it must be confessed that they are rather along in years. It has been some time now since they were forbidden to receive recruits, by some kind of a decree issued by somebody—”

“It must have been a nuncio,” interposed Robinson, putting the truth in jeopardy for the sake of a pun.

There was a momentary lull in the conversation, and a deeper solemnity fell upon the party as they endeavored to understand the joke. As no one succeeded, the Doctor resumed:

“The consequence is that the present inmates are past the age of romance, and the convents themselves are becoming slowly depopulated as these good souls die off.”

“Alas, alas!” murmured Robinson.

“But there was a time when the convent was a scene of romance, incarceration, and tears, with an unbounded supply of gratitude for the knight who should come to deliver the fair lady from prison.”

“And that was—”

“When jealous husbands were going to spend the summer in Europe, they would take their young and pretty wives to the convent, and, in polite lan-

guage, secure apartments for them until their return."

"Which means that while these far-seeing gentlemen were larking around Paris their cherished consorts were languishing in the dungeon," explained Robinson. "And was there no chivalric spirit to rescue them? Oh, why didn't I take an earlier steamer?"

"Still, that system was not altogether without its advantages," said the practical Mr. Smith, slowly and cautiously, as if aware that he was on dangerous ground.

"Papa! If you *dare* to talk that way!" threatened his daughter, "I'll write to mamma."

The valiant colonel retreated.

"Oh, of course, I didn't mean that. Your mother is a remarkable woman, my dear. I wish she was here now, to take care of you."

"Thank you, papa, for your kind solicitude, but Pauline will take care of me, won't you, my precious? I don't care much if papa does forget me, and Mr. Robinson laughs at me, and Chester torments me, as long as I have you to love me."

"Stacy, we all love you, I am sure," answered her little sister. "And I think Rob does, too," she added, confidentially.

Stacy frowned, blushed, and then lifted her shoulders in the true Portuguese style of disapproval. Robinson observed this shrug, more eloquent than words.

"Speak for yourself, Paul," he said.

Pauline looked mystified and grieved; she feared

that she had not been discreet in this little speech of hers, though in what her error consisted she was too young and unpractised to know.

She was a shy and silent child of seven, with a habit of stealing out of the way, so that she will probably be overlooked throughout a large part of this history. Now she turns to the vessel's side, and leaning upon the railing, with her cheeks buried in her hands, she attentively considers the black rowers in the boat below. They, looking up, see a very pretty and refined child's face, blonde, surrounded by a flurry of hair to match.

They lift their hats in reverence and admiration. Accustomed as they are to the dusky brunette children of their country, they take this radiant stranger for a superior being, perhaps of a celestial order. Pauline is surprised at these tokens of homage, but she responds with graceful bends of the head, and would like to smile if she were sure it was the proper thing to do.

Let us not be astonished at this instance of misplaced adoration. In appearance Pauline was infinitely the superior of those insipid and homely wax figures which fill the niches of the Rio churches. Besides, her clothes were in good taste and fitted her, which is more than can be said of the apparel of the canonized figures that wear long hair and garments that are a quarter of a century out of date.

"See what I've found!" cried Chester, who had been turning the leaves of a book of travels in Brazil. "Rob, it makes me ashamed of you. Here you've only been up from five o'clock till nine, gaz-

ing at the beauties of nature, and you're already disgruntled."

"Not disgruntled, whatever that means; only satiated. But what have you found?"

Chester read as follows:

"More than one have had to confess that their first twenty-four hours before Rio have been spent in a perpendicular position with the eyes wide open."

"Now I wouldn't like to believe that if a preacher hadn't written it," added the boy.

"I believe he also compliments the odoriferous breezes of this bay, doesn't he?"

Robinson's nose worked in disgust, as the sickening smells from the fish-market and sewer-mouths floated across the water.

Chester continued to read:

"When the land-breeze began to blow, the rich odor of the orange and other perfumed flowers was borne seaward along with it, and, by me at least, enjoyed the more from having been so long shut out from the companionship of flowers. Ceylon has been celebrated by voyagers for its spicy odors; but I have twice made its shores, with a land-breeze blowing, without experiencing anything half so sweet as those which greeted my arrival at Rio."

"Doctor," asked the simple-hearted Pauline, "why don't travellers tell the truth?"

II.

THE SMITH FAMILY AND ROBINSON.

Who was her father?

Who was her mother?—HOOD.

SINCE there are many readers whose refined tastes will rise up in just indignation at the idea of making the acquaintance of such ordinary people as the Smiths and Robinsons of this world must be, it is to be regretted that the leading characters of this history should have been endowed with the name of Smith, and that they should be supported by a young man encumbered with the name of Robinson. Perhaps, however, the evil has been modified by presenting them singly and by degrees, instead of copying their passport descriptions upon the opening page, thus administering too sudden a shock to that large and growing class of American people who make it their glory that it was not their fathers, but their grandfathers, and, in some rare and illustrious instances, their great-grandfathers, who built up a fortune and position upon the narrow basis of a retail trade or a daily labor.

It is now time, however, that, while making what defence of them he can, the writer should frankly confess that he knows nothing of the antecedents of these good folks, and so cannot afford to stand sponsor to them to any great extent. They seemed to be sensible people, as the Smiths did not spell their

name with a *y* and a final *e*, while Robinson wrote his signature in bold and free characters which indicated that he was by no means ashamed of it. Evidently they were rich, as, although they made no display, they never appeared to want for anything; and, as money seemed to be no novelty to them, they were probably rich before the war. They were certainly well-bred, and it is not altogether impossible that they came from an old stock, as there have been Smiths that have filled a respectable position in history all the way back to Adam—meaning, of course, Adam Smith.

Taken as a group, they were handsome, though it must be confessed that the boy Chester was an exception to the general good looks; but then the live and enterprising boy of his age is seldom a beauty. Chester was freckled, round-faced as the full moon, and persisted in having his hair sand-papered down to the scalp by the barber; it was less trouble to comb it. He was careless about his boots, and continued to wear yesterday's collar, day after day, until Stacy made him take it off. His hands were scarred with numerous bites, pinches, and cuts, resulting from a careless handling of his pocket-knife and the ship's parrot. They were restless hands, and when they were not in his pockets they were in mischief. In short, he was

“— a school-boy; what beneath the sun
So like a monkey?”

On the other hand, the childish beauty of little Pauline was more than enough to atone for her brother's roughness. And as for Stacy, hers was the

maturer charm of twenty, which we cannot describe any more than we can put a flower or a May morning into print, while to her attractions of person and manner she added an inflection of speech which some people found very pretty. By this I do not refer to her way of saying "Ches-ter!" when that boy was engaged in doing wrong. With him her emphasis was imperative, for she was exercising a motherly authority; but with all the rest of the world it took the form of a plea, especially if she were asking a favor, and so irresistible could she make it that if she had gone up to one of the weather-beaten quartermasters on deck, and said, "Now, my *dear* sailor, *won't* you please jump overboard and get me that jelly-fish?" the overpowered tar would have jumped, just because he could not have helped himself.

Except with Mr. Robinson, who was understood to be her lover, and, in a tacit way, her affianced, she was most amiable and trusting. With him there was a trifle of defiance in her attitude and a spice of repartee in her conversation, which, however, was forced and not natural; she would rather have been strictly at peace with the whole world, Robinson not excepted, if it had been possible and strictly proper. A transient acquaintance with this young man did not reveal anything very wonderful or admirable in him, but as Stacy had known him for many years, and still tolerated him and his nonsense, it is not unlikely that there may have been some depth to his character. Or perhaps she was influenced by her friendship for his sister Louise, who, at the very last moment, was prevented from accompanying this

party — much to the desolation of Stacy, who wanted a companion, to the grief of Chester, who wanted some one to be gallant to, and to the profit of the foreign mail service, which carried their letters back and forth.

But Robinson, at heart, was not as bad as he seemed. He was fond of sporting certain little peccadillos of character in which he neither believed nor participated. These were, for example, a fondness for American mixed drinks ; a horror for Englishmen, and rankling thoughts of the Revolutionary War ; and, as we have seen, some crazy plans for the invasion of convents and the liberation of the beautiful creatures which, in his fancy, were imprisoned there. He was well built and good looking. If he belonged to any particular type in appearance, it was that of the well-paid commercial traveller of the United States. While he had not yet reached the ineffable elegance of an eye-glass, his dress and manners were in other respects above reproach, if we except a weakness for the soft and easy felt hat. He knew a smattering about horses, actresses, society belles, politics, and other objects of public interest ; he could dangle his arms gracefully and be properly stupid in a ball room ; and he could participate in a game of billiards with elegance and success. I may add also, although I fear it will have but little influence with the class of readers whom I am trying to propitiate in his favor, that he had been through college, and had seen the time when he could tell the meaning of a Latin quotation. So much for Robin-

son ; he is made as presentable as the truth will allow.

As to Mr. Smith, the father. He was a bluff and hearty man of forty-five, with a gray moustache shading a fine mouth, and a good color in his face, indicating that he lived well, and, since this had not all settled in his nose, it indicated that he had lived within bounds. In other words, he had steered clear of the Scylla of dyspepsia without being laid up on the Charybdis of gout. Mr. Smith was good-natured and practical, was fond of Stacy, idolized Pauline, had hopes of Chester, and could not get along without Robinson.

What took this group to Rio de Janeiro, when all the rest of the world were off to California and Italy ? So erratic was this course of theirs that they could hardly be classed among that vast army of restless spirits known as tourists for pleasure. A study of the head of the family revealed no clue to his profession. He came from a country where a man of energy is farmer's boy, school teacher, lawyer, general in the army, senator, capitalist, and railway president, all in one lifetime. So there was but little hope of finding the stamp of any particular calling in his genial face ; and since he was never heard to talk shop, his business will have to remain a mystery to us. It would be very gratifying to make him a minister plenipotentiary to Brazil, and assign Mr. Robinson to him as secretary of legation ; but an examination of the diplomatic archives at Washington would reveal the absence of the names of Colonel Dunkirk Smith and Henry Clay Robinson from their pages.

Possibly they came to Brazil to inspect a diamond mine, to buy coffee, to establish some new industry, to collect a claim against the government, to find ground for a colony, to convert the natives — but no, Robinson was not made of missionary stuff; and as for the Colonel, he was a profane swearer, not as a pirate or a mule driver, but in genteel and moderate language, as was becoming to a member of good standing in the Episcopal church.

There was at least a general understanding that Robinson and Stacy were to be married some day. This union was not an absolute certainty, but then such things very seldom are certain until the saying of the priestly words of which there can be no reconsideration. The arrangement was evidently an agreeable one to all parties concerned, either directly or indirectly. For the Colonel to hear of an estrangement between his Rob and his Stacy would have shocked him as much as a legal notification that his good wife at home had instituted proceedings of divorce against him during his absence. The love of the young couple was probably deeper than they knew. It was not the passionate and absorbing sentiment of a two weeks' acquaintance, but was the quiet, steady, and undemonstrative attachment of years of growth, during which Robinson had been on intimate relations with the Smith family. The boy Chester was delighted with their matter-of-fact conduct. He viewed with unspeakable contempt the lover's language of sighs and groans which was in vogue in the Elizabethan age, and still prevails in some unhappy parts. A man, he justly reasoned,

has no more business to sigh when he is in love than to snore when he is asleep or to snuffle when he returns thanks. Perhaps out of consideration for Chester's feelings, perhaps to avoid introducing a topic foreign to the general interest of the family circle, they were not anxious to hasten the day of full and final reconciliation which must occur when the engagement is announced. Bondage is bondage, even if its fetters be of clasped hands and orange-blossoms ; and so long as each was sure of the other, that was sufficient. Perhaps, as Stacy had often hinted, Robinson had treacherous thoughts of finding among the daughters of Brazil some one whose

“—olhos tão negros, tão bellos, tão puros,
De vivo luzir,”

would fascinate and overwhelm him, making him forget this slender blonde at his side. Stacy, also, since there is a grain of perfidy at the bottom of every woman's heart, may have entertained ideas of an affair of sentiment with the descendant of some noble Lusitanian line, whose very long name and respectable ancestry would compensate for his slender legs and want of income, health, and brains. Him she would take proudly home to exhibit to her friends, in the same category with her parrot, feather fan, and other trophies of foreign travel. Stacy, it is well to remember, was but mortal, and an American mortal at that.

III.

THE BLACK PRINCE.

When, weening to return whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path which first was showne,
But wander to and fro in waies unknowne.—SPENSER.

WHEN a family arrives in Rio from the steady Saxon countries of the North, there are but few hotels from which to choose. For a young man, or an old gentleman who has left his wife at home, or perhaps for the ladies of those Latin nations of the South who are languidly indifferent as to whom they brush garments with, the list may be a longer one. But for a group like the Smith family, not to mention Robinson, there were but few places to go, and they elected the Hotel of the Strangers.

“I like this place,” said Stacy, approvingly, as they wandered through the large and lofty rooms. “It is so quiet and cool and full of peace. I am tired of the Grand Hotels and the Palace Hotels and the Hotel Splendids of this world, with all of their magnificent discomforts. I want to rest now. The Hotel of the Strangers! What a hospitable name. I thought from what they told me that everything was a hurly-burly of wickedness in this place, and here it is as peaceful as at our Quaker Aunt Esther’s.”

“And as sleepy,” said Robinson. “However, even that has its benefits. I can’t imagine a noisy

varlet coming around at half-past four in the morning to wake up No. 417, next door. I don't believe they have any late arrivals and early trains here. I dare say the average travel in and out of the city is not more than six and a quarter people a day."

"It's awful slow," added Chester. "Poky is no name for it. Let's go and wake up a servant, just to make him mad."

"I like that, too," said Stacy. "I hate telegraphic promptness. I always receive a nervous shock from the suddenness with which a New York hall-boy makes his appearance when you touch a bell. Just as if you had pressed the spring of a Jack-in-a-box."

"And there's no elevator, so I can ride down the stair-railings, can't I, pa?" begged Chester.

"Yes, my boy."

"And there's no carpet, so I can dance in the hall, can't I?" he continued, anxious to get all the concessions possible.

"Referred to the porters and chambermaids," answered the Colonel. "By the way, things do look a little bare. Are you cleaning house, my man? Where are the carpets gone?" addressing the English attendant.

"Please, sir, it's the *pulgas*," replied the domestic, meekly.

"Eh! What?"

"The *pulgas*, sir; the fleas. They lives in carpets, sir."

Stacy was visibly shocked by this crude explanation. Robinson changed the conversation.

“I was about to suggest, Stacy,” said he, “that it would be a tasty idea for you to work a motto, like we used to see at home, and hang it up there. This will be our principal parlor, you know. Only don’t make it ‘Home, Sweet Home.’ That sort of thing is getting rather stale. Make it ‘Be Not Forgetful to Entertain Strangers.’ Particularly appropriate, is it not? I flatter myself that it was a brilliant thought in me. And for the other side of the window you might knit a companion-piece, ‘For Thereby —’ what’s the rest?”

“‘For Thereby Some have Entertained Angels Unawares.’”

“That means Polly,” cried Chester.

“No matter whom it means, you will get all the benefit of it, Stacy, for every young man that comes to call here would open the conversation by a neat compliment and a hint that you were the angel of this hotel.

“I fancy we’ll teach the folks down here how to fit up a room for Christian people to live in,” continued Robinson, with a self-satisfied air.

Then they had some lunch, for it was after noon. It was composed of coffee, black, bitter, and strong, but without any suspicion of chiccory or rye; flaky cakes that fell to pieces in the grasp, like the petals of an over-ripe rose; white and waxy bananas; a pan of the brown, sticky, *goiaba* paste, which is the staple sweetmeat of Brazil; and immense golden Bahia oranges, so plump and full of juice that their skins could hold no more. The servant in waiting chose the fairest of these, sliced off the two ends of

it, stuck a fork through it, and ran his knife up its sides with a few deft strokes; the rind fell away from it as if by magic, and its rich juicy heart was bare, without the moil of a finger's touch.

He gave it to Pauline.

"That's what you might call a full-dress way of eating an orange, Stacy. Shall I prepare you one?" asked Robinson.

"Rob can peel a watermelon pretty well, working from the inside, can't you, Rob?" The boy Chester had spoken.

Nobody noticed him, but he was bound to have a hearing.

"When we were up in the country last summer, me and Rob went out one night and — and —"

Chester stooped down to rub his shin, which Robinson's boot had chanced to strike.

"Where did you go?" asked Pauline, beginning to take an interest in the story.

"We didn't go anywhere. We came back again."

"Oh! How funny!"

"Now, children, Rob and I will have to leave you for an hour or two," said the Colonel. "We're going down to look after our trunks."

"But aren't you afraid of getting lost, papa? This is a big city."

"Never fear, Stacy. Our new friend is going with us. You have not seen him yet, have you? I brought letters to him from New York, and met him while you were in your room. He is a naturalist, you know; a scientific gent, and that sort of thing. I think you will find him interesting. I will intro-

duce him when we come back, and give you a chance to air your Darwin and Huxley and — and — and Jules Verne,” said the Colonel, whose scientific acquaintance was not extensive.

“Do, papa; it would be so nice to meet a young man who can talk sober sense.”

“I think I have a Latin dictionary in my trunk,” said Robinson to himself. “And if so, I will astonish this young lady yet.”

“So, by-by, children. Study your Portuguese lesson, Chester. I wouldn’t advise you to do anything sensational, or you may get into trouble.”

“No show for that, pa. But I wish I’d brought my galvanized battery along. I’d like to shake this house up a little.”

No sooner had the gentlemen turned the corner than Chester began to find life very dull at the hotel.

“Come, Stacy, let’s go and take a walk and see something. Rob and the Colonel are having the fun all to themselves. Come, there ain’t a prettier girl in all Rio than you are. I’ll be proud to be seen in your company.”

“No, we’d better not, Chetty,” said his sister.

“Bless me! I’ll take care of you, if you’re afraid. You needn’t be afraid.” He spoke with some sentiment of scorn in his voice.

“Come, Polly! You’ll go, I know. Oh, we’ll see lots of beautiful things. We’ll see parrots and butterflies, and cocoa-nut trees with monkeys up in them throwing down cocoa-nuts at you, and more monkeys making a bridge across the river, and armadillos rolling faster than a horse can run, and big

snakes swallowing rhinoceroses, and bats as big as barn owls, and wild folks without any clothes on them —”

“Oh!” shrieked his sisters.

“Well, we won’t go as far as that, then. We’ll stop under a cocoa-nut tree and crack a nut and pour out some milk, and have bread and milk for lunch.”

“But where is the bread?” asked Pauline, her quiet little self becoming quite aroused with interest.

“The bread-fruit tree, child; that’s where. They have things handy in Brazil.”

“Oh, Stacy, let’s go!” cried Pauline, clapping her hands.

That decided the question.

As the three stepped out into the street, some languid gentlemen, overpowered by the influence of the climate, who were lolling upon the upper balcony, might have been observed to apply their eyeglasses to their respective eyes. More than that, they might have been seen to remove these aids to vision, wipe them with their handkerchiefs of silk, and replace them in position; this, be it known, stands for extraordinary interest in the object observed. Finally, they might have been heard to indulge in sundry polyglot compliments upon Stacy and her dainty little sister, to the utter neglect of Chester.

Upon the street, also, the people whom they met looked at Stacy, some admiringly, some wonderingly, and some pityingly; these, the compassionate, took her to be a governess, and shrugged their shoul-

ders as they thought, "*Que diabo!* What a time she must have with that boy!"

So they wandered on, enjoying many things and astonished by many things that were not so enjoyable. Pauline, in fastidious dismay, was lifting her tidy boots higher and higher at each step, and drawing her breath more cautiously at every inspiration, when, to the relief of all, they came to a little gem of a park, with palm trees and fountains. As the gate stood invitingly open, they entered and sat down upon one of the benches there.

It was a very peaceful spot. The palms waved sleepily, the water flowed sleepily, and the landscape gardener by their side was working very sleepily. He plied his dibble lazily, punching holes in the fresh-spread soil upon which he was squatting, and transplanting something there.

"What is he doing, Chester? Go and see."

The boy obeyed. His hands lifted in astonishment.

"What is he doing?"

"Setting out grass-roots. Well, of all things this is the slowest. I thought I knew something about farming, but I never heard of seeding down a public park one spear at a time. I'll bet he's working for the government. I say, Stacy, this is just what I've been wanting."

"How so?"

"I've been wanting to find a true story that will be so big that nobody will believe it, like the kangaroo yarn which the English sailor told the pacha. This will answer. I'll remember it when I go home."

An old negro woman came along, and at Chester's request sold some oranges to Stacy; then, feeling that this was profit enough for one day, she went and sat down to contemplate the fountain. All nature, animate and inanimate, was under the drowsy spell. Even the ants at their feet worked with lag-gard motion; they had no winter to provide against, and why should they hurry? In irregular column they were marching across the walk, each with a fragment of leaf flung over its shoulder.

"What does this procession resemble, Chester?" asked Stacy. "What have you read about that these remind you of?"

"A Fenian army with green flags," was the prompt reply.

"Oh, no. It's the moving wood in 'Macbeth.' Don't you remember the prophecy, 'Till Birnam's wood do come to Dunsinane'?"

"That's too hard, Stacy. Give us something easy. Tell us a fairy story."

"These green-coated ants are more interesting than the fairies, Chester. If you follow them back to the tree where they get their burdens you will find a number of them up in the tree, cutting off the leaves and throwing them down. And when night comes and they all go home, these will not be required to carry any load.'

"This is all very nice, but it isn't thrilling enough. If we're going to have any startling adventures to-day we must keep jogging along. Come, girls."

They stopped to gaze a moment at a fine building across the street, with marble lions guarding its por-

tals, emblematic of the jealous watch-care that was exercised over the inmates of the place : for this was a college for young ladies. To-day, however, even the marble lions seemed overpowered with languor and to relax their vigilance.

At the farther end of the park stood a church upon whose façade were rude sculptures representing the three persons of the holy trinity. The artist's ideas of the greatest of these three were given in the figure of an old man, bald-headed, and of very ordinary appearance. Stacy shuddered, and hurried the children on before they could find time for questions. To her this seemed greater irreverence than the false hair upon the heads of the saints ; and in all of her subsequent residence in Brazil, seeing daily evidences of the grossness of the national religion, she never again felt a shock equal to this.

They turned into pleasanter ways, bordered by the dwellings of the rich, where the wanton roses and the blossoms of the creepers leaned over the fence and climbed over the wall to breathe their perfumes into the faces of the passers-by.

From an adjoining street there came the sound of a weird chant, accompanied by the clash and jingle of musical instruments. They waited for it to approach. It came from a procession of negroes, eight in number, of equal height, who were carrying upon their heads a large flat box, hidden by the cloth which was spread over it. Their movements were directed by a leader, a ninth man, who twirled himself upon his heel, flung his arms, and gave his

orders, combining the pomp of a drum-major with the agility of a dancing-master.

For castanets, some of the carriers were accoutred with tambourines, and some with *chocalhos*, a kind of a rattle-box produced by the clashing of a pint of beans within a dry gourd. To the noise of these instruments they sang an oft-repeated refrain of rude song, in such barbaric melody as only the African throat can produce. This may not be music in the higher sense of the word, but, like many other heathen rites, it is very interesting and enlivening, and the true lover of the wild and picturesque, though he be an old resident of Rio and accustomed to its street scenes, cannot resist the impulse to go to the window and be pleased when this cortege passes by.

“Here they come! They are savages!” explained Chester. “They have killed an enemy and are carrying him on their heads to the temple of their great Obsun-Jobsun, where they will burn him,—no, they will eat him, for they are cannibals in South America. Come, girls, let’s go and see the ceremony!”

Stacy did not apprehend any such tragic intentions on the part of the negroes, and being charmed by this new description of music, and led away by a girl’s curiosity to see the import of all this opera, she consented to follow behind.

“But we must not keep too close; we must not seem to be following them. It wouldn’t be dignified.”

They sauntered along at some distance in the rear, taking no note of the name or direction of the streets through which they went.

The procession never slackened pace. They kept step with military precision. When they turned a corner the first man marked time in his tracks and the marching flank lengthened their strides. In one of these circlings a gust of wind lifted the pall and revealed the burnished wood of a piano.

At last they came to a house before which the pavement was littered with boxes, indicating that it was moving-day. A little girl in the window clapped her hands and ran to the door.

"There comes the piano!" she cried.

The negro in command never glanced toward the house, but led his band past it as if their destination was a mile away.

"Oh, dear!" said the little girl, in disappointment.

Then, at a signal from their leader, the carriers turned into the street, circled around, and, with steady tramp and song, approached the door from the front. It was like a great battering-ram bearing down upon the house. The little girl retreated in affright.

The piano-movers backed into the street again, and resumed their series of feints, approaches, and retreats, sober as priests and with never a break in their barbaric chorus. Why all of these vain tactics, do you ask? Nobody knows. It is the custom.

When these evolutions were over and the piano was in position, the proprietor of the house, after paying the captain of the squad, disbursed a bonus of nickel coins among the men.

"Those are to 'kill the beast' with," said Chester. "I have read about it in books."

“What beast?” asked Stacy. “What do you mean?”

“It is metaphorical. ‘To drink your ’ealth,’ as the English cabbies say. When these darkies down here do an errand for you, they always want five cents extra to ‘kill the beast’ with. Then they go around the corner, to the nearest *venda*, and form a procession.”

“What do they form a procession for?” asked Stacy, innocently.

“To drive another nail into their coffins,” he replied.

“Oh, you horrid boy! I believe you are talking slang.”

“I knew it all the time. But come, girls, let’s go home.”

“Where are we?” asked Stacy. “Where is the hotel?”

“I’ll take you right there.”

But he did not. He started out bravely, but before he had gone half a mile his steps faltered with indecision. When he came to a cross street he looked up and down its course.

“I—I guess you’d better go ahead, Stacy. I’m tired. I’ll come along behind and keep the dogs off.”

“Why, are you lost, child?”

“No, not exactly lost, Stacy. But then I can’t say that I know exactly where we are.”

“Didn’t you notice the streets as we came up? Is this one of them?”

“These plaguy streets run into each other so that

I don't know where we are — or whether we're there or not."

"Well, this is a nice predicament. How humiliating! We'll have to inquire of the first English person that we meet, and that will make us ridiculous."

While they were standing there engaged in conversation, a Brazilian boy of perhaps fifteen years of age, dressed unostentatiously but in the best of taste, passed them, touching his hat, and gave them a look which, without being impertinent, was full of intelligence and sympathetic interest.

"He knows English, Chester. I can see it in his eye. Speak to him and ask him where we are."

But this was rendered unnecessary by the return of the person in question. He came up to them, hat in hand, and said:

"Can I asseest you?"

"We wish to go to the *Hotel dos Estrangeiros*," said Stacy, eagerly.

"I will go before of you," responded the youth politely, and beckoned to them to follow.

"We can trust him, Chester," said Stacy, with her quick intuition of character. "But perhaps we'd better walk half a block behind, so as not to appear to be in his company."

"No, he might not like to be seen with us," suggested Chester. "See, he doesn't take any notice of us except to be sure that we are following. I guess he's as much ashamed of us as we are of him. I guess he must belong to the nobility. I saw some kind of a crest in his hat when he held it in his hand."

Stacy had considered the apparent neglect with

which they were treated by this young stranger, and the distance between them, as the result of delicacy and kind consideration on his part; but now, accepting Chester's construction of this conduct, she was piqued, and began to reason within herself that a respectable American family is equal to the titled aristocracy of any monarchy under the sun: a thing which it is very difficult for the average American girl to prove to herself.

"He is very dark," she protested, as if still in doubt concerning Chester's suppositions. "He is almost a mulatto."

"All of the swells are dark down here," replied Chester. "It is the influence of the climate."

"Are you sure you saw an armorial device?"

"Sure."

"What was it like?"

"It looked to me like an alligator swallowing a mule, but I suppose it couldn't be that."

Stacy could not but admire the perfect repose of manner in the person of their guide. She observed also the small foot and arched instep.

"Blood will tell," she was obliged to confess to herself. "And birth is more than education."

Almost unconsciously she quickened her steps, but he did the same. He would not permit the distance between them to be shortened. Stacy felt bitterly that she had been snubbed.

Finally he stopped upon the corner and looked idly across the street. As our party came up to him he made a scarcely perceptible inclination of his head to the left, and said :

“There ees the hotel, senhora.”

Stacy looked the thanks that she did not dare to bow, for the customary group of gentlemen were observing her from the door of ‘The Strangers.’

“Another romance ended,” sighed she, as she passed on. “Of course he will never notice us again. It is because we are helpless foreigners that he has been so kind to us. The upper classes of this country are said to be very hospitable.”

It may seem strange that Stacy, a young lady of twenty, should be interested in a boy of fifteen; but then the Brazilian boy of fifteen is already a young man in actions and appearance.

As they drew near to the hotel she gave Chester a wholesome caution.

“We’ll not talk much about to-day’s adventures, Chester. It might sound egotistical, perhaps.”

Their father met them on the door-step.

“You remarkable children!” he said, admiringly.

“I wonder that you did not get lost.”

“You forget that *I* was along papa,” answered Chester.

IV.

STIFF-NECKED HEATHEN.

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back.

—SHAKESPEARE.

FROM Babel down to Monaco there was probably never a greater confusion of tongues than this at the Hotel of the Strangers. The civilized world was represented there, with not a few specimens from the semi-barbarous. There were gentlemen of business, gentlemen of leisure, gentlemen of travel, and gentlemen of diplomacy, and since some of the latter had been attached at Washington at one time or another, and since, as it afterward turned out, Colonel Smith had once represented a New York district in Congress, there was common ground upon which they could meet. And since, farther, the Colonel, for his pretty daughter's sake, was considered a desirable acquaintance, the rest of the world were willing to meet him half-way.

Their earliest and most valued acquaintance was the naturalist, Mr. Kingston, who, although yet young, had roamed the world over, and was now lingering in that paradise of naturalists, Brazil. He was a favorite with all classes of people. He could speak with every man in his own language, and was therefore a welcome guest at 'The Strangers.' At

capturing an insect or explaining a fern he was equally at home, and was therefore useful to the ladies of this community, who were all dabblers in science, after an amateur fashion. In all of the naturalist's functions of sketching, stuffing, and preserving, he was an adept. Although with a dozen scientific nomenclatures at his command, he was without pedantry, and used the simplest language, winning the devotion of the children as he taught them the voices of the birds, the habits of the animals, and the legends of the flowers, whistling to them the song of the *sabiá* and pointing out to them the natural "88" in the wings of the butterfly of that name.

He was now introduced by the Colonel.

"Mr. Kingston, this is my household. Stacy, P'line, and Chester."

His attention was attracted by Pauline.

"I'll declare it is refreshing to see a blonde once more. It is like a gleam of sunshine through the clouds of a dark day. I am tired of brunettes. I never before fully appreciated the force of the remark of the old Frenchman who said that God gives the blonde to the people of the North to console them for the absence of the sun. They even make their saints and angels out of brunettes down here; but this is more my idea of an angel. Come here, Stacy, and give me a kiss, won't you, please?"

"That's not Stacy — that's P'line," hastily spoke up the Colonel, in alarm.

It was hard to tell whether the stranger or Stacy blushed the redder.

“See the fire-works, Rob,” said Chester, in a stage whisper.

“Come, Pauline,” the Naturalist said, correcting himself. “I have a little sister just like you, somewhere at home.”

The child complied, raising herself on tiptoe to reach his face. This action on the part of the discerning Pauline was all the certificate that was needed for the introduction of any one into the full confidence of the Smith family.

“His talk doesn’t sound much like Darwinism. I expect he will be calling me an angel next,” thought Stacy. However, he was more practical in his address to her.

“It is too bad that you have to wait for your trunks, Miss Smith.”

“Yes, Stacy,” continued her father. “Rob and I got ours through all right, but you will have to wait until to-morrow. You see we were a little late. The men graciously consented to see ours opened and shut again, but when they came to yours they saw a lady’s name on them, and drew a long breath and said they would have to begin a new day with those. It’s wonderful what a knowledge of human nature those custom house people have, all the world over. Now, he didn’t look into our trunks at all; he just looked into our faces, saw no signs of smuggling there, and passed us on. But I’ll venture to prophesy that he will go to the bottom of yours, and like as not hang things out around on the neighboring boxes. It’s because you’re a woman, my dear.”

The Colonel spoke in a superior way that irritated his daughter.

“You would not talk that way if mamma was here. But I don’t care how much duty he charges. *I* won’t have to pay it.”

She had her father at a disadvantage.

“I hope you didn’t bring anything contraband,” he said. “They are very particular, not to say rapacious, and even a new pair of shoes is liable to confiscation. You should have been very careful.”

“And yet I happen to know that Mr. Robinson had in his—”

“Sh-h-h! The walls have ears,” remarked that gentleman.

“Now let us adjourn to the balcony and look for the procession. You will see a caravan that will astonish you, Stacy.”

They were already in sight, a line of half a dozen negroes bearing as many boxes upon their heads. Alternately trotting a few steps and walking an equal distance, they came toward the hotel.

“Mark that fellow with the camel-back trunk,” exclaimed Robinson. “Why, you have no idea how heavy that trunk is. In the States it tasked the united strength of two burly porters, while in England four beef-eaters found room at it, and numerous others stood around and wanted fees just for looking at it, it was so heavy. It is a very heavy trunk, indeed. It contains my library, and I would have you to know that there isn’t much light literature in that. Let’s see, there is a dictionary or two, a little of

Kant and Schelling, a volume of English mirth, the Colonel's speech on the national debt —"

"I always knew there were some solid arguments in that," said the Colonel.

"See, the weight of it seems to crush him at every step, but he recovers himself each time. He hasn't stopped to breathe since he left the custom house, more than a mile away. No wonder the slender wretch is bow-legged. But such strength! I never will believe that the climate of Brazil is enervating. Why aren't you astonished, Stacy?" he asked, reproachfully.

She was fanning herself in a cool and unsympathetic way.

"Oh, we have seen a more wonderful sight than that this afternoon. We have seen a piano carried that way."

"Oh, dear," groaned Robinson. "That's equal to two trunks. I see I can't get up a sensation here."

"But it took nine darkeys to one piano," chimed in her brother.

"Chester, I am telling this story. It was the most delightful sight I ever witnessed. They went along as straight as so many soldiers, and beat their tambourines and rattled their — what were those things, Chetty?"

"Squashes."

"No, gourds. They beat their tambourines and rattled their gourds, and first one would sing a line of song and then all would join in the refrain —"

"A kind of

'Yo, ho,—blow the man down!'"

put in Chester, who remembered the midnight chanting of the sailors on shipboard.

“And then another line of song and then—

‘O, give us some time for to blow the man down!’”

sang Chester again.

“Chester, I am telling this story.”

“Well, I guess I’m your first assistant.”

“And so that sensitive box of musical nerves was carried all the way without a single jar. It is a very sensible way of moving. If I was a man I would introduce it in New York.”

“I have often thought myself,” said the Naturalist, “that however much Brazil may owe us for railways, agricultural implements, and the like, if she would only send a squad of piano-movers to the States her debt would be fully paid.”

“Do they carry other furniture that way as well?”

“Everything, absolutely everything, from a cradle to a coffin. The streets are too narrow for carts and drays, and so the blacks are the beasts of burthen. All of the porters and hucksters perch their loads upon their heads, and that gives the crowded city elbow-room.”

“Not quite everything,” contradicted Chester. “I saw a woman with her baby lashed to her back, to-day, like the picture of an Indian squaw.”

“This is what gives them their upright bearing,” continued the Naturalist. “They are as straight as palms, every one of them. If you will notice, you will see that a gang of slaves are a finer looking body of men than an equal number of soldiers here. They are not so slouchy, and laggard, and stoop-shouldered.

If I were general of the army I would make the men carry cannon-balls on their heads for an hour every day. It would give them self-respect in the course of time."

"What a beautiful illustration of adversity this makes," said Stacy. "It strengthens and straightens what it seems to crush."

The Naturalist continued:

"I have seen a stalwart negress walking the street with a little tin box, weighing a few ounces, balanced on her head. She carried herself in a way that Zenobia or any other queen might envy, and yet she owed all of her dignity to the can of yeast powder on her crest."

Robinson concluded that it was about time for him to say something; the Naturalist was having it all his own way.

"Those women," he continued, drawing upon his ancient history, "may be called the Caryatides of the present day."

Then he thought to himself, "I don't talk much, but when I do, it is to the mark."

"Yes," responded the Naturalist, "and the men, they are the Telamones or Atlantes of mythology, who bore the skies upon their shoulders."

Robinson realized that he had not made much by this covert attack.

"Take them all together," said the Colonel, "I guess these folks are the stiff-necked heathen that the Bible tells about."

"Chapter and verse, please, papa," asked Stacy, demurely.

“Details are pedantic, my child. You should educate yourself up to generalities, and then you can understand us when we talk.”

The fine points of this conversation were all lost upon Pauline. So she appealed to the Naturalist.

“What else have you seen?”

“On their heads? Oh, I have seen monkeys and kittens and demijohns and umbrellas and gas pipe and—I told you about the coffins, didn’t I?—and mirrors and aquarium globes and—”

“Did you ever see one man on another’s head?” asked Chester.

“No.”

“I have—in a circus,” replied the boy.

By way of illustration of the topic under discussion, the Naturalist proceeded to tell a little story, for whose truth he vouched.

“In the early days of railway building in this empire,” he said, “the laborers employed upon the work of excavation along the route carried away the dirt in baskets upon their heads. An enterprising contractor thought it would be economical to introduce the time-honored custom of wheelbarrows upon his contract, and sent up a number for the use of his gang. They accepted them without a murmur, shovelled in the gravel, and then, as each one filled his barrow, he, with the assistance of a companion, balanced it accurately upon his head, and walked away with it to the dump.”

V.

PEDRO'S PENCE.

They have another drinke not good at meat, called Cauphe, made of a berry as bigge as a small beane, dried in a furnace and beate to powder, of a soote colour, in taste a little bitterish, that they see the and drinke hote as may be endured.—BLOUNT.

AFTER dinner, which the Naturalist shared with them, the party gathered in the parlor to sip their coffee. This they received in tiny cups. It was the genuine berry, untainted by poisonous adulteration, strong and unwholesome, pure and undiluted. It naturally became the subject of conversation.

“You do not get coffee here as you do in the States,” observed Mr. Kingston.

“For which may we be duly thankful,” remarked Robinson.

“But I mean that you do not get it in the same proportions. There you drink a temperate mixture of two fingers of milk to a cup of coffee. Here it is either strong as an essence, or insignificantly weak, according as you call for black coffee or coffee with milk. The latter means a cup of milk with just enough coffee—a spoonful perhaps—to give it a tinge and a taste.”

“This stuff must be unhealthy,” said the Colonel. “Don’t drink it, Pauline.”

“It is,” replied the Naturalist. “It is ruinous to nerves. Observe the Brazilians whom you see,

and note the amount of involuntary motion. Why, once upon a time I accompanied a lady friend into a restaurant of this city, for a bite of lunch. The place was full of people. She looked once around and then turned to me with alarm in her face and touched my arm. 'Oh, Mr. Kingston, what is the matter with these men? Everyone's knees are shaking.' Sure enough, there wasn't a quiet knee in the room. Every one was oscillating with the methodical beat of a piece of machinery, or working up and down like a pump-rod. Too much strong coffee was the matter. The Brazilians are not intemperate in the use of alcoholic drinks, but they take this beverage immoderately strong."

"They must have put the Turkish proverb in practice here," said Robinson.

"And what is that?" asked Stacy.

"'Coffee, to be good, must be black as night, bitter as death, and hot as hell.' There, I was afraid you would be shocked," he added, observing the frown gather upon her fair forehead. "But, I beg of you, don't be too hastily offended. I assure you there is nothing profane, nor even vulgar, in that quotation. I have reflected upon it long and seriously, and that is my decision. It is expressive, eloquent, and even poetical, if you view it from a Turkish and not an American standpoint."

"You have now an opportunity to forget some of your native argot, Mr. Robinson. Why don't you do it?" asked Stacy.

"Again I assure you, Stacy, that there was nothing bad about that expression. It is either very low

or beyond all reproach, according as you choose to mean and accept it. I mean it in the latter sense, and taken as a poetic conception it is no worse than the thousand other heated metaphors which we find in Oriental literature."

"It does not sound well, anyway," protested Stacy.

"And is it my fault that the American people have taken that forcible simile and degraded it into a hackneyed phrase applicable to everything above a temperature of eighty degrees Fahrenheit, from a day in August to an invalid's foot-bath?"

"Joachim," said the Naturalist to the servant, "take away these things and bring up my *maté* outfit. Coffee is irritative and provokes dissension. Now I will show you a drink that is innocent, soothing, refreshing, and strengthening, all in one draught; in short, the nearest approach to the elixir of life that has yet been found. The Indian drinks it in the morning and it fits him for a day's travel, and at night and it lulls him into a deep and peaceful sleep. It is a stimulant and an opiate, nutriment and refreshment. It is the wild Paraguay tea, or *maté*, the foliage of the forest tree *Ilex Paraguayensis*."

The servant returned with an earthen pot of hot water; a caddy of the tea in question, consisting of a dried leaf, broken and almost pulverized; a fancy gourd, with silver trimmings; and the *bombilha*, a tube expanding at one end into a bulb of wicker-work, to act as a strainer in imbibing the liquid.

A quantity of the leaf was put into the gourd; hot water was turned on, and the tea was allowed to

steep ; the bulbous strainer was rooted down into the mess, and the beverage was ready.

“As you see, we have only one straw, and will have to pass the drink around,” said the Naturalist. “But that constitutes its secret charm. If there is a bond of brotherhood existing between two soldiers who drink from the same canteen, how much more must it be conducive to the harmony of a fireside group to drink through the same straw ! It is on the same principle as the pipe of peace which one Indian smokes after another, thus pledging amity to his neighbor.”

“But I should think you would have found some disagreeable neighbors in the course of your travels in Brazil,” said Stacy.

“Oh, no ; once I smoked the calumet with a circle of Sioux, and after that experience I have forgotten how to be fastidious.”

“But aren’t you allowed to wipe the mouth-piece off?” asked Chester.

“Not under the prevailing code.”

“Then I want to drink after Stacy.”

There were two or three others who looked as if they would like to drink after Stacy.

The potion was first tendered to Pauline. She sipped it and said :

“It tastes like pennyroyal.”

The Naturalist carried the gourd to Stacy.

“Drink,” he said.

“It is not unpleasant,” was her verdict. “But I think I prefer the old-fashioned Chinese tea.”

She turned and handed the bowl to her father.

"It tastes like the yarbs of my grandmother's garret," said the Colonel, smacking his lips.

It was Robinson's turn next.

"It will never be popular among the women of the United States," said that gentleman. "Its flavor is good, but it lacks that subtle quality which promotes gossip and a friendly interest in our neighbors."

Chester came next.

"It tastes of Rob's last cigar," was his decision, as he wiped his lips.

Then the Naturalist tried it.

"It is not hot enough. The water should be almost boiling hot; that is the way the natives take it. It is wonderful what tough mouths they have. I once saw a Brazilian, to exhibit his powers, take a mouthful of this tea and squirt it out upon a dog that was lying near him. It scalded the animal so that he howled with pain."

"While we are experimenting with these native products," said Robinson, "I would like to try some cigars. Mr. Kingston, if you will loan me your boy for fifteen minutes, I will send him out for some specimens of the native weed. I have a curiosity to try them. That was all a pleasant little fiction of Stacy's about cigars in my trunk."

"Certainly," and Kingston rang for his body-servant.

"Bemvindo, here. Go and get this gentleman a dozen of the best Bahia *charutos* you can find. The very best, mind you. No ordinary cheap trash."

"I must give him some more money. A dollar won't buy a dozen good cigars, surely."

“Trust Bemvindo for that. The boy has a genius for making advantageous purchases, and he is at your disposal at any time.”

Bemvindo bowed and departed, mentally resolving to show himself worthy of the compliments showered upon him.

As he went out his face was turned toward Chester and Stacy. They saw the same elegant stripling who had rescued them from discomfiture and piloted them to the hotel; but he was too well trained to let any sign of recognition escape him. Looking from the window that afternoon, he had seen this trio leave the hotel aimlessly, and he feared that they would meet with some perplexity before their return. He knew that they were friends of his master's, and so he saw the path of duty straight before him; it was to follow them, and, in time of need, offer his services.

Chester looked at Stacy, and Stacy looked into her lap.

“Did you see him?” he asked in a heavy whisper.

“Yes, I saw him,” she replied, as if inclined to discontinue the conversation.

“He wasn't a prince, after all; he's only a clothes-brush.”

No response.

“That must have been a trade-mark which I saw in his hat, and not a coat-of-arms.”

Continued silence.

“I feel awful cheap, don't you?”

“Chester, *will* you be still?”

“After this, Stacy, when we meet any more of the nobility we’ll make them show their credentials.”

In a few minutes Bemvindo returned, followed by a little negro boy who was carrying the result of his errand; there never was a Brazilian of so low estate that he could not find some one still lower to bear his burdens for him. It is the badge of servitude in that country.

In the boy’s hand was a package of cigars. On his head was a knotted handkerchief, contents unknown. These were divulged by pouring them out on the centre-table. It was the change which he had brought back. It lay there in a heap of mingled nickel and copper.

“Now this is emphatically the poor man’s country,” mused Robinson. “A man can be rich here on a very small capital, and the more he spends the more he has. A dozen cigars for a dollar, and fifteen hundred reis in change. Alas, that I should ever find myself smoking a two-cent weed !”

He looked at it a moment doubtfully, cut off the end, drew a whiff or two, and resumed :

“Still worse, that I should find myself enjoying it. Oh, why am I not poor, that I might appreciate these blessings as I ought.” He smoked a moment in silence, and then began again.

“Now, this is what the French would call an embarrassment of riches. I don’t wonder that the newsboys carry satchels to hold their receipts. Here, Bemvindo, fill your pockets with this small coin—no, take the large pieces, those antique dinner-plates that are marked ‘40 reis.’”

Bemvindo modestly stepped forward, and, selecting a few of these coins, gave them to his follower and despatched him about his business.

“Now, we’ll make a study of what is left,” pursued Robinson. “Come, Colonel, and children. The first thing to do on arriving in a foreign land is to learn the use of its money. That language will take you farther than any other.”

They gathered around him like so many gamblers around the stakes, but soon resumed their seats.

Robinson took up a coin and pondered over it.

“Be not deceived,” he said. “This huge disc of nickel, that looks like a silver half-dollar at least, is worth only ten cents. When we were at Pernambuco I saw a pine-apple peddler give Chester one of these in change for an English shilling. The boy’s fingers closed over it convulsively, and there was that in his countenance which revealed his thoughts to me: he thought the man had made a mistake. Be not deluded, Chester. Hucksters don’t make mistakes; that is, not to their own disadvantage. Bemvindo, a glass of water. This lecturing is dry work, and I’m not used to it. Our young friend Stacy does most of it for our party. This handsome coin, that looks like a twenty-dollar gold piece, passes for one cent only. It is a burnished sham—no, it is a burnished reality, and that makes it a sham. Let us see. It is gilded and it is a deception, but it is not a gilded deception—slowly, now—it is gilded honesty; but how can honesty be gilded? That’s a paradox. I never was much of a hand at logic. Bemvindo, water. Stacy, your fan.”

The expositor fanned himself for a moment.

“But to resume. It is a beautiful coin, and deserves to be held in higher estimation. It is artistic. It is emblematic. This circlet of twenty stars stands for the twenty provinces of Brazil. This bough of the coffee-plant and that branch of the cotton-tree are indexes of the national wealth. And yet this work of art and symbolism is good for one cent only, or the biggest orange in the market. But why is it not as good as a twenty-dollar gold piece? It hath as comely a face and is as good to look at as if each of its reis was a dollar. And what is a gold coin? A thing that each one looks at as he receives it, and then passes it to his neighbor, and so it goes around the world.”

“What delicious nights these are for sleeping!” said Stacy, yawning. “Pauline is curled up on the sofa, and Chester has stopped talking; a sure sign.”

The lecturer frowned, but would not be abashed.

“Thirdly and lastly, we take up the piece of forty reis — price two cents. The irreverent and commercial Englishman calls it a ‘dump.’ It is battered and ancient as if it had been through a bric-à-brac mill. It would be worth its weight in gold as a Trojan relic. See the green mould upon it! It is genuine verd-antique. But ha! As I dig I find a legend. It is the reward of the patient explorer. ‘*In hoc signo vinces.*’ Why, of course you can. Congressman and custom-house official, editor and policeman, all are conquered by this token. But it’s very candid and frank in them to print it on their money. Remarkably cheap, too. The Lord be thanked that

we're not so low as that. In our country we wouldn't think of paying less than a dollar for a vote, and so we're pious in all such small coins as 'In God We Trust' nickels. We don't put much trust in a little sum like that, although it must be confessed that we do repose some confidence in a—"

"Papa, papa, listen to this man! He is getting absolutely abusive," cried Stacy.

"But what shall I do with this coin, this copper platter, that would cover the eye of a dead Cyclops? It is heavier than a murderer's conscience."

"Give—it to me—kill a dog—with it," half muttered and half dreamed Chester.

'Right, my boy. You may take the pile on those conditions."

He walked across the room to the sofa.

"Paul, you poor little kitten, did I talk you to sleep?"

She reached out and put her hand in his.

"I was only making believe, Rob. I was lying here and feeling the ship rock. Do you know that when I shut my eyes I can feel the ship swinging, and swinging, just as it has every night for the last month? I wonder if I will ever get over it. I wish I was a boy; I would be a sailor."

"That's one—my schemes—Polly," muttered the somnolent Chester.

"Do you know where you are, Paul? You are on the other side of the world, now. You are thousands of miles from home, Paul. And you are such a little girl, aren't you afraid?"

She pressed his hand and said, "No."

“Do you want to know what I see when I shut my eyes, Paul? I see a beautiful lady who sits by the south window in the afternoon, and has gifts and money and smiles for the poor girls who sell matches and flowers in the streets of the city; and when they thank her, she says, ‘It was Pauline that did it; thank Pauline.’”

“That’s mamma,” lisped the child, delightedly.

“And now, at this moment, in the evening, I see her in the lonesome parlor. She lays her book down and takes up the picture of a little girl with floating hair and dainty boots, and she kisses it and whispers a prayer over it, and touches her hand to it as if she would brush the curls back from the forehead.”

“What ails him to-night?” thought Stacy, sympathetically. “He is in one of his moods again. I wish he would talk that way to me.”

VI.

SLIPPER AND SANDAL.

What energy can be expected from a people with no heels to their shoes?—LORD PALMERSTON.

“CLACK, clack! Clack, clack!” clattered the footsteps of some one in haste, in the street without. It was the afternoon of the day following the arrival of our party.

“Dinna ye hear the brogan?” asked Chester.

“No; it’s a *tamanco*,” replied the Naturalist.

“What is that?” inquired Stacy.

“A *tamanco* is a sole of wood with a little pocket of leather into which the wearer thrusts his toes, and, by some process best known to himself, manages to keep his shoes on through all the emergencies of street travel, even if a policeman is after him.”

“Come and see him,” called Robinson, who was standing by the window. “It’s the best ventilated shoe ever I saw. It seems merely to hang on one toe, and the sole gapes away from the man’s heel like an alligator’s mouth at every step. It seems to me that this is conspicuously a slipshod nation.”

“It is. This people appear to have the greatest possible repugnance for anything binding about their heels or instep, and when a man buys a new pair of slippers his first object is to break the counters down out of the way, or, failing in that, to cut them out altogether. It is very much easier to step into a

pair of slippers than to put them on, and the amount of labor that is annually saved in this manner in Brazil would be most gratifying to a political economist, however much it might displease a stickler for beauty and order like Ruskin. There's a little *moleque* who comes around to me with fruit and messages sometimes, and as he steps upon the threshold he quietly uncurls his toe, or in some other occult manner detaches himself from his *tamancos*, leaving them upon the door-sill while he patters through the house barefooted, saving a wonderful amount of clatter and disturbance. Leaving me, he thrusts his toe into the sheath, and is shod again. It is an almost instantaneous process."

"But," said Robinson, "Palmerston says that a nation without heels to their shoes must be devoid of energy. These people of the street do not seem to lack energy of character."

"That will hardly prove true in all cases. For instance, you may go out upon the pave and the first laboring man or woman that you meet will probably have on slippers to which there will be no heels, and, what is worse, not even the place where the heel ought to be. This is because he or she has travelled so energetically that all that portion of slipper is worn away, leaving only a watch-fob of remnant, which for decency's sake they wear over the toe. Or you may see a person wearing sandals, and the sandal-shod nations have never been reproached for want of energy; the Hebrews and Greeks wore sandals. Mind, I am not advocating slipshod habits, but am simply deprecating the practice of piling up

leather under the heel, a practice which the medical men heartily condemn, and which Lord Palmerston would never have favored if he had given it second thought."

"But I say," continued Robinson, "if Lord Palmerston *is* right, what an amount of energy the possessor of such a boot must have! 'How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!'"

So saying, he touched with his cane the tapering heel which protruded from Stacy's dress.

"There's no discount on Stacy's energy," said Chester. "She deserves to walk on stilts. She's the moral force of this crowd, I tell you. I wouldn't be the good boy that I am if it wasn't for her. When she says to me '*Ches-ter!*' I begin a new life every time."

"I believe that a person's shoes *are* an evidence of character," said Stacy, positively, "though whether Palmerston is right or not, it is not for me to presume to say. I never yet saw a shoe that was not full of expression, that is, if it had been worn any length of time. A subtle villain's boot is long and taper-pointed. An honest, generous, fatherly man's shoe is thick-soled and broad about the toes. A fop's gaiters are high-heeled and are beginning to run over on one side. And as for the difference between a lady-like and a slatternly shoe, everybody knows that."

"You have forgotten to classify the editor's boot," said Robinson. "It is heavy about the toes, and built for execution."

At this point the Naturalist looked at his watch

and then looked at the Colonel. The Colonel thereupon consulted his watch, and said:

"Chester, you are getting to be such a little man that I will let you take your sisters in to dinner to-day. We shall probably dine in the city."

"Where are you going, papa?" asked Stacy.

"We have a few little affairs to attend to down town, and Mr. Kingston has kindly consented to accompany us."

"Will you be home to breakfast, papa?" inquired Chester, with an attempt at sarcasm.

"Oh, yes. I shall probably return in time to send you to bed at a very early hour, if the girls do not report favorably upon your conduct."

When our gentleman friends, newly arrived in a strange city, have some little affairs to attend to down-town, it is well to keep an eye upon them; not that there is always danger of their disgracing themselves in any way, but because there is always a probability that they will see some phases of life to which, in the presence of their lady companions, they must be blind.

For instance, the Colonel and Robinson were free to give their plain-spoken opinion upon the crippled and mangy dogs which appropriated the sidewalks to themselves; to express their contempt for the civilization which permitted the sluggish streams of filth about the fronts of the churches and other public buildings; to observe the *décolleté* condition of the stalwart Mina negresses, each one a model of strength and symmetry; to be duly shocked by the spectacle of the naked child which was playing in the door of

the butcher's shop; and to exclaim against the smells — the awful smells — which are the traveller's first and last impression of Rio, and which, when the stranger encounters them suddenly, make his brain giddy and his heart and stomach sick within him.

Concerning the dogs, they all agreed that, with Constantinople yet to hear from, there are more worthless dogs to the square acre in Rio de Janeiro than anywhere else in the world;—Santa Fé, New Mexico, not excepted.

Concerning the child, *in puris naturalibus*, Robinson said :

“ Well, Cupids are common enough in real life, as well as in statuary and paintings, and are considered nothing improper, but I'll be blessed if this isn't the first time that ever I saw Psyche on exhibition; with a remarkably dirty face, too. This nation must be more classical in its tastes than ours, or an indignant community would rise up and call for screens.”

On the vile street odors the Colonel also made a remark, but it will not be repeated here.

Apropos to this subject, the Naturalist remembered the case of the young Englishman, who, apparently in good health, was walking the streets of Rio in the summer season. Incautiously he breathed a mouthful of the pestiferous atmosphere which hangs about certain localities. He became deathly sick upon the spot, was carried home, and died of the yellow fever.

“ Why do the people permit these offences to remain ?” asked Robinson.

“ Because their fathers did, I presume. It is certainly not from want of a better example, because they

are familiar with the streets of Paris, one of the tidiest cities in the world. The aspirations of all Brazilians tend to Paris as the sparks fly upward, and when a young man gets a conto of reis together he goes there to study or to lark. While they ridicule the commercial Englishman, they admire and imitate the French, in all except this matter of civic economy, and, returning from airy Paris, the passive Brazilian tolerates what you now see."

"What we now see? That is a dead dog," said Robinson.

They came at last to an immense building, rising abruptly from the sidewalk. It was as plain and unartistic as a factory, and as dingy as time could make it.

"It looks like a prison," said Robinson. "What is it?"

"The Ajuda Convent."

Robinson was disappointed in spite of himself.

"That a convent! Is that what Byron sentimentalized about? He was a fool. Any nuns inside of those walls?"

"Three old women, and they are dying off rapidly."

"Then I don't see the use of those gratings before the windows. This institution resembles Jim Fisk's grave-yard — the inmates are not likely to break out, and the outsiders are not anxious to get in."

"It has seen its best days of romance and prosperity," continued the Naturalist, "and in all probability the government will soon appropriate it for some beneficent use; turn it into a hall of science,

perhaps. In no part of the world is the conflict between science and religion, or superstition, more marked than here, and science is capturing one after another of these ancient strongholds of the church. Over there, on the hill at our right, is the Astronomical Observatory, installed in an old Jesuit College. In a few moments I will show you the Convent of Santo Antonio, a grand pile of masonry, which, from the eminence of its site, overlooks the city. There it stands, with its cells and its crypts, its paintings and statues, gloomy in its odor of sanctity and sack-cloth. This old monkery has just narrowly escaped being assigned to Professor Hartt as quarters for his Geological Commission; but the dens of the narrow-minded frades were too small and dark for the laboratories and museums of a liberal science. Think of it! after Peter and Pius, Darwin and his disciples. It is enough to make the bones of Torquemada rustle in the grave.”

Their route had lain through narrow streets, between cheap eating-houses, hucksters' stalls, and small shops, with here and there a poor dwelling-house between. The windows of the latter opened directly upon the pavement, with never an inch of grass-plot or other border of mitigation to isolate house from street. From these windows, brushed by the passers-by, the inmates leaned for a breath of the outside air, which was but little fresher than the stifling atmosphere within. Women with sour faces and frowsy heads rested their elbows upon the window-sills and stared at our travellers, offering them, however, no other molestation than this; creatures so

slovenly as these could not be otherwise than virtuous, and from these there was nothing to fear.

But finally they came to a quarter of the city where it became necessary for them to take the middle of the street, to save themselves from annoyance. There, in those same low windows, lounged the dissolute women of France and Hungary, the Adriatic and the Rhine, smoking their cigarettes, advertising themselves and their profession as far as art and the police would allow them, literally grasping for the thoughtless wayfarer who might stray within reach. They were dressed not much, but richly. Upon their faces were drifts of powder; strings of pearls were coiled about their heads; and in their looks and actions, belied by the haggard depths of their eyes, was that assumed gayety which is given to those who have sold themselves to the devil.

This was one of the streets the most travelled and the most public of the city; and yet, in the short distance of one block, the Colonel, who was accumulating statistics, counted seventeen of these creatures.

“Do you wonder now that so many young men from England and America go to the bad as soon as they get here?” asked the Naturalist. “These are a poor substitute for their mothers and sisters and sweethearts at home.”

In the last window of this row there were three other girls, undoubtedly sisters, with eyes and hair intensely black, and the latter growing in that luxuriance which is the characteristic glory of the women of Brazil.

“Eighteen — nineteen — twenty” said Robinson.

“Hold on!” cried the Naturalist. “However gratifying it would be to make out the even twenty on this block, still it would be unjust to count them in this list. They are Brazilian.”

This was not the only rebuke that Robinson received. The young women themselves, conscious of an insinuation in his looks, refuted it with a glance from their eyes, and, like vestal Tuccias under accusation, they reined up their haughty heads and queened it over him with a dignity and scorn that quite crushed him. This was probably not the first time that they had been insulted by a look. Their place of residence was an undesirable one, to which they were condemned by poverty; yet, poor as they were, they felt themselves infinitely richer than their neighbors with the pearl necklaces.

“How should I know it?” said Robinson, half apologetically. “They have no business to live here, then.”

“They are Brazilian,” replied the Naturalist, “and it is very seldom that a Brazilian woman goes to join the *roda corteza*. Why it is, I do not know. The men are certainly not models of moral character.”

“Perhaps it is their education, and the care with which they are guarded; the influence of tradition and duennas, perhaps,” suggested Robinson.

“But the French girls are similarly educated and confined, without producing the same effect, by any means. And now, while I remember it, when I was in Virginia City I learned the striking fact that a large number of the public women of that enterprising town — and there are thousands of them — began

their disreputable career by escaping from a convent-school. No, it must be in the nature of the people. Women, like wines, differ in different countries. It all seems to depend upon some peculiar qualities of the soil and the sun. Champagne is delicious, sparkling, and high-pressure, and seems to feel that its mission in this world is to be sipped and to intoxicate men; port has a richer and darker beauty, and a more quiet, sluggish, and almost stupid nature. Loosen the cork of the champagne bottle, and it overflows of its own accord; but port has to be poured out. And this difference that exists between the wines of the Marne and the Douro is also the difference between the daughters of France and those of Portugal, or its colony, Brazil."

"I think I catch your idea," said Robinson. "The French girl, in her school-days and maidenhood, lives the quiet life of champagne in a bottle. Sometimes the wine breaks the bottle; that is when the girl throws off restraint and elopes with the poor but talented artist around the corner. Sometimes the bottle is laid away upon the shelf and forgotten for years and years, and then when they come to find it the wine is flat, tasteless, and generally worn out; the girl has become an old maid."

"Exactly. But the Brazilian, girl or woman, is always the same. As soon as she is old enough to know anything, she seems to imbibe the idea that to look at a man is, if not an actual sin, at least a very scandalous proceeding. She is not gay, vivacious, and interested in the world, but, as she walks, with her parents or guardian close behind, she keeps her

eyes constantly and demurely on the ground fifteen paces to the front, like a soldier or a nun."

"That is certainly not the way they do in America and England," said Robinson. "Take one of those girls at ten or twelve or fourteen, and place her by the side of a young man of twenty or thirty, and the way that she stares at him would be impertinent if it were not so *naïve*. She looks him over from his buttons to his boots, takes a mental inventory of him, and adds him up and sets him down for just about what he is worth, and, if she has a big sister, she makes up her mind as to how she would like him for a brother-in-law. If you return her curious stare, she is not the slightest bit abashed, but welcomes the opportunity to examine the color of your eyes. There is something irresistibly charming to me in the cool impudence or innocence—call it what you will—of Young America's sister when she is about ten or twelve or fourteen years old. At fifteen, when the rosebud begins to bloom, she commences to grow formal, artificial, and fraudulent, saying No when she means Yes; and the charm is gone."

"It is very different here," said the Naturalist. "Nature did not give the *Brazileira* long and heavy eyelashes for nothing. It is but recently that she has laid aside her veil as an article of public costume, and now her eyelashes are taxed to their utmost to take its place."

"And," continued Robinson, "if a fellow looks at her, as he would look at a flower, or a picture, or anything else beautiful, I suppose the old folks ap-

proach him and ask him his intentions. I don't like that. It is equal to entering a dollar-store and having the homeliest girl sidle up to you and simper, 'What do you wish to buy, sir?' As I like to roam at will through the enchantments of the dollar-store, without interruption or importunity, looking into this show-case and longing for that chromo, so I like to wander undisturbed down through the great assembly of the marriageable women of this world, saying a word here and dancing a waltz there, without having the invitation 'the parson or pistols,' extended to me. In this manner alone a man can hope to find his affinity, or, failing in that, have at least the satisfaction of a slight acquaintance with his future wife."

This discussion did not interest the Colonel as much as it would have done twenty years ago. He found it somewhat dry and himself in a similar condition.

"Here is a garden with a band of music, and tables and benches under the palm trees. I have often remarked that where these things are gathered together there is always something more to be had. Will you have something?" he asked.

"National beer," said the Naturalist to the boy who came to them.

"National beer?" repeated the Colonel. "I'm glad you thought of it. I like to learn all of the customs and taste all of the products of a strange land. That's what I call education."

"The national beer of Brazil ought to be very good," said Robinson. "It is a country to which nature has been most generous in the gift of her

richest and sweetest juices, in the sugar-cane, the orange, and the cocoa-nut, and for them to make an inferior beer would be to prove that civilization cannot offer the advantages of barbarism."

"If I know anything about the fitness of things," said the Colonel, "I will prophesy that this Brazilian beer will prove to be brown, rich, and creamy, to be taken slowly, to the sound of distant music."

"And I," said Robinson, "think that an amber, foamy, and effervescent drink, like the *kühle blonde* of Berlin, would please the tropical nature. You know a dark people admire the blonde."

So saying, Robinson took up his glass, tasted the contents, and set it down silently. The Colonel, also, sipped a little, and made a wry face.

"It is neither one nor the other," said he. "It is a thin and sloppy stuff."

"What is it made of, can you tell?" asked Robinson.

"I do not know; but, whatever it is made of, it is very much diluted afterwards. This accounts for the vast amount of weak poetry which is produced by this people, and for the absence of great philosophers and deep thinkers among them. We cannot have philosophy without good beer. Beer promotes meditation, and meditation ripens into philosophy."

"Are you not doing the pipe injustice?" asked Robinson.

"The pipe also. I should have included the pipe. Look at Germany! Pipes and beer and philosophy. A people that smoke cigarettes are sure to be effeminate, dainty, and weakly; but where the pipe is the

national weapon the men are always sturdy and strong."

"I have noticed this fact, also," said the Naturalist, "but my conclusions as to cause and effect come out differently from yours."

"Why, what is the result of your studies?"

"First, the truth that in a nation of pipe-smokers the men are sturdy and strong ; second, the inference that it is only the man of a strong constitution that can smoke a pipe and live."

VII.

BOHEMIA.

Les Bohémiens sont fort gentils; c'est une race aimable et vivace, qui se trouve la même, relativement, à tous les échelons de la société.—GEORGE SAND.

LEAVING the beer garden, it occurred to the Colonel that one of the little affairs deserving their attention was the subject of dinner.

“I will take you to a place where you may see something of Brazilian Bohemia as you dine,” said the Naturalist.

He led them to ‘The Princes,’ down on the ‘Black Horse Square,’ as the English call it.

“This is not a bad place; a very pretty place,” remarked the Colonel, looking around upon the palms growing in the centre of the room, and on the clusters and piles of tropical fruit that was artistically arranged there.

“A very good place, indeed,” he continued approvingly, as he read the list. “A dozen *entrées*, and soup and fish in proportion. I am almost sorry that I did not bring my family here.”

“No; it is not a very good family hotel,” replied the Naturalist. “That is, for a man who has one family already.”

It was the popular dinner hour, just after sundown, and the rooms were well filled. In the main

saloon, where they sat, there were gentlemen alone, but in an adjacent and more retired recess numerous ladies were at tables.

“Ah,” said the Colonel, “the women of this country are almost Persian in their seclusion from the eyes of men. I think there is such a thing as being entirely too modest and retiring.”

The evening hour was deliciously cool. The breeze came in through the open window, fresh from the verdure in the park across the street. In the west, atop of the mountains, a patch of sky, pearl-above-sunset, was visible. All was beauty, in-doors and out.

Three children, a girl and two boys, straggled along up the street, carrying violins and a harp. The tallest of the three peeped over the window-sill to see if there was a paying house, and chancing to catch the Colonel's benevolent eye, they began their concert immediately. First they played slow and dreamy waltzes, and it was interesting to note the effect of this music upon the gentlemen at dinner. As the Naturalist has said, the Brazilians are a nervous people, and there were few in the present gathering whose toes were not tapping the floor, whose legs were not vibrating with a steady beat, or whose nether extremities were not engaged in some other unnecessary by-play. These strains fell upon them like a sedative, and put their nerves to sleep. They plied the knife and fork less vigorously, ate less rapidly, and with fairer prospects for digestion.

“There is nothing like slow music for dinners and funerals,” remarked Robinson.

Then the stunted little Mignon under the window piped her clear, sad voice to an Italian ballad, while the boys, listlessly and with thoughts far away, harped and fiddled an accompaniment. After this the collection was taken. It was a bounteous one, every person contributing. The Brazilians are charitable, and it is as hard for them to refrain from dropping a coin into an upturned hand or hat as it is for the Irishman to see a head in a convenient position without hitting it. Even the wayside contribution boxes, those "poor, poor, dumb mouths," receive an occasional obolus of alms in Brazil, a thing unheard of in other countries.

"Gentlemen, this is the best music in the world," said the Colonel. "I am free to admit that such is my opinion, and if you had the courage to say so you would make the same confession. Give me two violins and a harp, three gypsy Italians to play them, a pleasant evening like this, a cigar to smoke, and my little girl on my knee, and I want nothing more. I know I used to despise simple music when I was of your age, and dote upon the tawdry opera; but I am getting over that now; I suppose I am getting foolish as I grow old."

"It's all very well for you to talk that way," replied Robinson, "but for us young fellows, who have our future yet before us and our wives yet to gain, it will never do to confess that we are not passionately fond of the delirium of Wagner and the hysterics of Chopin."

"When I was a young buck," added the Colonel, continuing his reminiscences, "I had my opera-box

with the best of them, and few were the seasons when I wasn't acquainted with the first tenor and in love with the leading lady. In those days I used to play the connoisseur, and sport my Italian, and turn up my nose at the melody of an Irish ballad or a plantation song; but it don't last, it don't last. Here, Mignon, my dear, it's your benefit night," and he tossed her a bank note through the open window.

They had finished their fish, of which they had chosen *garoupa* because it was Brazilian, and the adventurous spirit of the traveller was upon them to-night.

"How is this?" exclaimed Robinson "Our guide-book says the *garoupa* is a fine fish, and yet a more coarse-grained tissue than this I never ate. I cannot understand it."

"That reminds me of P'line's conundrum," answered the Colonel. "'Why don't travellers tell the truth?' Your guide-book is made up out of information furnished by travellers."

"Why don't travellers tell the truth?" repeated the Naturalist. "It spoils the rhetoric, that's why."

"It is so much more natural to lie," said the Colonel.

"Truth is too ordinary; it doesn't read well," was Robinson's answer.

"There's no money in it," continued the Colonel.

They were astonished at their own readiness in meeting a question which, but the other day, had seemed unanswerable.

"But," continued the Naturalist, "in the case of this country, one great reason for not telling the

truth, and especially the whole truth, is the fear of giving offence to the inhabitants. The Brazilians are very sensitive to the opinions of the outside world, and very desirous of gaining the respect of the other nations of the earth. Therefore, if a traveller goes back home from here and publishes a diagnosis of the various diseases, physical, social and political, which afflict this empire, it is an injury which this people does not readily forgive. On the other hand, if he gushes over the fruits, landscapes, and butterflies, to the exclusion of the cockroaches, green mould, and elephantiasis —”

“They make him a Knight of the Southern Cross, don't they?” interrupted Robinson.

“Perhaps. But I have in mind now a recent director of the Astronomical Observatory, a Frenchman, who came over here on a roving mission many years ago. He returned to France, wrote a so-called scientific book on this country, called it ‘The Celestial Space,’ or some such magniloquent title, and in the chapter upon comets, and elsewhere, he found his opportunity to lavish the most fulsome and obvious flattery upon the Brazilian people. He is now Director of the Observatory, as I have said. Farther comment on his case is unnecessary.

“Take now, on the other hand, the book written by Mrs. Agassiz, a lady whom no one can suspect of partiality or intentional injustice in her conclusions; yet for the few bitter but wholesome truths which she tells the world about them, the Brazilians are almost inclined to forget the many pleasant and complimentary things that she says. Why, I wonder what

they would do with a Dickens, a Sala, or an Offenbach?"

"How about Kidder and Fletcher?" asked Robinson.

"Their book is remarkable for its completeness and the amount of information that it contains. For the ordinary traveller, it is the most useful work on Brazil that has ever been published. Their opportunities for gathering material were unrivalled, since, as missionaries, they were constantly travelling and in communication with the inhabitants. But still, theirs are not the decisions of the unbiassed judge, free from all mundane motives, as the verdict of the honest historian should be, but are rather the plea of the counsel on the Brazilian side. Not that any of their statements are false; far be it from me to say that a missionary would falsify: but then, by the way, neither does the advocate to whom we have compared the missionary; he simply presents the truths favorable to his side of the case. In the same manner, in their information upon health, temperature, and many other topics, it is to be feared that Kidder and Fletcher have culled their statistics.

"How could it be otherwise? For many years they had accepted the generous hospitality of Brazil, and were probably 'laying pipes'—as the vulgar say—for a continuation of that amenity for other years to come. If they had indulged in unpalatable strictures in their first edition, they would have closed against themselves the hearts of the people and the gates of the fazendas, and consequently all of those sources of supply from which they expected to get

matter wherewith to enrich the second and other editions of their book. Besides, what villain is quite so low as he who breaks bread at your table and then goes off and says the bread was heavy? Even the barbarous Arabs pledge themselves to do no injury to the man whose salt they have once tasted, and, in that respect, we all have more or less of the Arab nature in our bosoms; if not, more shame to us."

Having finished this homily, the Naturalist referred to the bill of fare, and said:

"What next?"

"Something national," responded Robinson.

"Then, just to whet your appetite, we'll try a paca steak first, and afterward a *feijoada*."

The Colonel smacked his lips over the paca, but with a doubtful expression.

"It tastes very like the muskrat that I ate in one of our starvation campaigns down south," said he.

"We have duly sampled the paca. Pass it on."

"Now," said the Naturalist, "we'll have *the* national dish. It is to the Brazilian what rice is to the Chinaman and macaroni to the Neapolitan. The poor subsist upon it and the rich return to it, else it would not be found in a restaurant of this standing. Behold it — the *feijoada*!"

It was brought.

"All people who write books upon Brazil speak very highly of the feijoada as an article of diet, and say that foreigners take to it with particular gusto, as they do to the dewy cheese of Germany, the cormorant soup of Shetland, and the monkey cutlets of the equatorial regions."

“If it’s considered the thing, we’ll eat it or die,” said the Colonel, who had been a soldier.

“Probably both,” surmised Robinson, eyeing the Stygian mess before him, and screwing his courage up.

The naturalist continued to explain :

“The basis of this dish, from which it derives its name and color, is the *feijão*, or black bean. This chunky piece of flesh is *toucinho*, or bacon, added to give the preparation a proper unction. This flank of meat is the *carne secca*, the dried beef. You have certainly seen it before. As it appears in the market it is of a dingy, salty whiteness, and looks like a strip peeled from a mummy. Once prepared, it never spoils, but is transferred from generation to generation, and from one merchant to another, until it is either worn out or eaten. This piece, for instance, was probably dried somewhere in the interior, perhaps in the remote colony times. Since then, darkies have trodden it as it was stacked upon the wagon ; dogs have slept upon it as it lay in the store ; and fowls have been mixed up with it in the huckster’s basket upon the street. It is an old saying that half of the world does not know how the other half lives. But that is not the worst of it ; they do not even know how they themselves live.”

“I have eaten hash,” said Robinson, sententiously.

“These three constituents, being mixed and chopped together, form the mysterious compound called *feijoada*. It is eaten by the rich and the

poor, at funerals and at feasts. Even the picnics of Brazil are known as feijoadas, the whole, by synecdoche, taking the name of the principal part."

"By all the stink-pots of Smyrna, how it smells!" cried the Colonel. "Don't stir it up! Don't irritate it, please!"

"We have a remedy for that. Do you see this basin of white grated stuff? That is *farinha*, the flour of the mandioca root. Strew this over your portion, mix it up well, and not only is it an agreeable addition as an article of food, but it also acts as a deodorizer, or disinfectant, as it were."

"But still it does not taste good," protested Robinson.

"There is a remedy for every evil. Now take a spoonful from that jar of peppers, and work them in judiciously. There! Now I'll defy you to find fault with it. As thus arranged, the feijoada is not only a nutritious food, but it possesses the additional recommendation of not tasting bad. Do you wonder now that the foreigner takes to it so kindly?"

For pleasant eating, however, our friends were fain to turn to the French dishes to complete their dinner. After these the Naturalist plied them with strange fruits, such as they had never seen or imagined before. They ate the mango with its bouquet of turpentine; the fruit of the passion-flower, sickish-sweet, like the mandrake of the North; the musky little tangerina orange, far from its native land of Tangiers; and numerous others which curiosity more than appetite prompted them to taste. Foreign fruits, however delicious they may be in reputation,

are rarely agreeable to the unaccustomed palate ; a liking for them must be acquired by practice.

By this time the wine had circled often around among the ladies in the remote section of the room, and some of their words and actions, over-loud and boisterous, attracted Robinson's attention. He saw that they were French. He regretted that mistaken economy had led them to scrimp the linen under the chin in order to provide great flanges of collar to support the ears. He noticed also that they parted their hair low on one side, and swept it in a heavy black wave across the brow ; high foreheads are not in demand among a certain class of women.

One of these wished to call the attention of a gentleman at some distance from her.

"Eh ! What's that?" asked the Colonel, very much startled.

A piece of bread, as big as a pauper's dinner, had hurtled through the air, close to his head.

"Never fear," said the Naturalist, assuringly. "It wasn't meant for you. They are sympathetic, to be sure, but they do not throw bread at you on first acquaintance."

"But I am afraid that this is hardly a respectable place that we have got into."

"On the contrary, it is a very disreputable place. But then very respectable men come here."

"Under those circumstances I suppose we may as well remain and help raise the average."

"Oh, yes; I have seen ministers, both of the missionary and diplomatic service, at dinner here, and

that is certainly sufficient proof of respectability. It is rare that you can drop in here without meeting some celebrities. Those gentlemen at our right are artists, actors, playwrights, and journalists. They belong to the Lotos Club, or at least would belong to it if there was one here. They are of the first estate in Bohemia, and live well while they may. This other handsome young man, with the moustache, may be likened to a member of the Union Club. He is the finest rider at the amateur bull-fight, and rarely is there a tournament in which he does not receive some wreath or ribbon or other token of favor from the loftiest ladies in Rio. You see also a sprinkling of the officers of the foreign vessels. That gentleman, alone at the table, with one foot thrust into a broken-down slipper and the slipper laid upon the neighboring chair, is a rich *fazendeiro* from the interior, down here taking a rest. Did you ever see a pendulum beat more regularly than his knee? He owns a big coffee plantation somewhere, and some hundreds of slaves. He is hospitable, aristocratic, and eats with his knife."

"But who are those women?" asked Robinson.

"They? They are the Bohemian girls, the Mariettas, the Giroflés, and the Rose Michons of opera bouffe, and are open to an engagement either from a theatrical manager or a rich baron. They may be seen any fine afternoon out on the Botafogo road, taking their airing, lap-dog in arms; indeed, their carriages are the principal ones that are seen in Rio. At night they go to the opera, the varieties, or the circus, and whether on the stage or off they are

equally conspicuous. They follow in the footsteps of Aimée. Did you know that Aimée's career dated from here? If you wish, we'll stroll around to the theatre which is the cradle of her fame."

But his friends wisely voted to defer all further explorations in Bohemia until some other day.

VIII.

WEST END ARCHITECTURE.

One day I went to the Botanic Garden, where many plants well known for their utility might be seen growing.—DARWIN.

“**B**UT I *don't* want to ride in a street-car, if my name *is* Smith,” said Stacy, with some show of petulance.

They were about to make their first excursion into the suburbs. The objective point was the Botanical Garden. They were discussing the methods of conveyance thither.

Robinson took up the argument.

“The public carriages of this place are awful stuffy affairs, Stacy. They have an unlimited population of *pulgas*, and a bad odor generally. And then, every coachman is a tipsy, Dick Swiveller, gone-to-seed sort of a fellow. He wears his rusty plug hat on the back of his head, and every moment it seems about to topple over upon the occupants of the carriage. He smokes cigarettes, chaffs with his comrades, and in his few moments of sober reflection he wonders what opera-bouffe combination his passengers belong to. Take my word for it, Stacy, that fellow's thoughts are constantly running upon the indiscreet, the scandalous, or the desperate. He is entirely too light-hearted for an honest hackman. As for me, give me a horse-car.”

“It is not a horse-car at all,” said her father, speaking in its defence. “It is drawn by mules.”

“And it is not a car either; it is a *bond*,” said Chester. “Why is it, Mr. Kingston? What makes them call a street-car a *bond*?” he inquired of the Naturalist, who, although unable to accompany them, had made his appearance to wish them a pleasant day.

This gentleman explained to them why it was that the street-cars of Rio were designated in popular parlance by the English word *bond*, although their own proper name of *carro* was painted conspicuously upon them.

When this innovation was introduced in that antique city, he said, the public mind was greatly exercised over certain bonds of this road, which were the financial talk of the time; and when the cars appeared upon their streets, the astonished people cried out, “Ah, here are those wonderful bonds of which we have heard so much.”

“In this manner,” said he, “the Portuguese language secured a new word to its vocabulary, and so firmly is it established now that no purist may hope to eliminate it. But it is well to remember its origin, for the musty philologist of the future will some day endeavor to trace it back to the Latin or Arabic, and will probably succeed.”

“I know of another reason why they call this affair a *bond*,” said Robinson.

“And why?”

“It’s all a piece of their grandiose way of doing things down here. No wonder that we humble Yan-

kees believe fabulous stories of Brazilian wealth when we hear that a man pays three thousand reis for an ordinary dinner in this country; and yet that's only a dollar and a half. It's the same way with the street-car; it's so much more respectable to talk of taking a *bond* than to take a horse-car. I think I have remarked before that this is the poor man's country. Here is another evidence of it. No man so poor that he cannot indulge in a bond."

"There are no finer cars in the world," persisted the Colonel. "Open, and breezy, and pleasant—"

"What an idea! Who ever heard of a street-car being pleasant?" retorted the girl. "Next, I suppose you will be telling me about the social advantages of riding in one of them."

"The Princess Imperial goes to the opera in one of them," said Robinson, in a matter-of-fact way, as if this were an argument hardly worth mentioning.

"What do you mean?" asked Stacy, doubtfully.

"Nothing in particular. Only that their Imperial Highnesses, the future Empress of Brazil and her noble husband, Prince Louis Philippe Marie Ferdinand Gaston d'Orleans, Comte d'Eu, are conveyed, in full dress and glittering uniform, from their palatial residence in the suburbs to the Imperial Theatre of Dom Pedro Segundo, on occasions of the Italian opera, in one of those same street-cars, which you, my little republican friend by the name of Smith, are inclined to disdain. Now will you go?"

"I suppose I must," she answered, resignedly.

It was easy to see that she was troubled with a curiosity to try a street-car that a princess had ridden in.

“Where’s P’line?” inquired the Colonel.

“Come, Paul!” said Robinson, calling.

“Pauline, dear, we’re waiting!” said Stacy.

“You, Polly! Where are you?” cried Chester.

“Here is the polynomial individual in question,” said the Naturalist, as the child appeared from the adjoining room. “Good morning, and a pleasant day to you.”

They found themselves very comfortably situated. The car was on its way from the heart of the city to one of its finest suburbs; hence its occupants were respectable. But four persons were permitted to occupy one bench, and so there was no promiscuous crowding and pawing of knees. And as the fares were not insignificantly small, they were not elbowed by the washerwoman with her duds and the street beggar returning from his post, as they would have been in New York. They order those things well in Rio, where the great army of the unwashed have cheaper cars of their own, labelled *Descalços*, that is, for the *sans culottes*, or, more literally, the barefooted.

Chester found this an intensely amusing idea, and being a youth of communistic proclivities, as most boys are, and desirous of seeing the world in all of its conditions, he could with difficulty be restrained from pulling off his boots and joining the first motley crowd of *descalços* that might be going that way. He was dissuaded, however, by his sister, who, in a reproachful voice, simply said:

“Ches-ter!”

Our little pleasure party were bowled along at a rapid rate through streets that were bounded by

moist walls, upon which the creepers ran and crimson flowers gleamed ; past huge gateways, guarded by carved lions and dragons, and opening toward houses that were hidden among the great green leaves of an exuberant shrubbery, and under trees, grand and straight, or gnarled and misshapen, whose names Pauline was never tired of hearing, and then, so hard to remember were they, was never tired of forgetting.

There was deep rich color everywhere, in the rock, the forest, and the sky, and, more than all, in the homes of the people who inhabit this west end of Rio de Janeiro. Before their doors and within their gates polished globes of blue, green, and yellow glass were suspended, to mirror the world as it passed by. The ashlar of their houses was of porcelain tiles, blue and white, inlaid in every design known to the artist in mosaics. The cornices, the door-posts, and all of the architectural trimmings, were of brown, maroon, or other heavy hues. A glimpse of the interior showed draperies of red curtain, painted ceilings, and walls that were papered in the same florid taste. Everywhere there was a profusion of ornament and an almost barbaric sumptuousness of decoration.

That this was not exactly chaste and well-considered, granted ; but then where Nature attires herself all the year round in the most luxurious colors, where the birds are red and green, and the butterflies seem to have dyed their wings in the rainbow as they flew, what can be expected of poor imitative man—and woman ? If they were to paint their dwellings in

the cold and tame hues of the northern climate, they would have appeared as so many inharmonious blots upon this scene of beauty.

But this subject was sufficiently discussed by our friends as they rode by.

“The fact is that Brazilian household art is now in its rococo period,” said Stacy, airing some of her seminary lore. “This people is nothing if not Parisian, and it is not so much the Paris of to-day as it is the Paris of Louis the Fourteenth.”

“As witness that young lady’s boot-heel three seats in advance of us. Two inches of leather and half an inch of heel-plate.”

It was her father who had spoken again.

“The genuine Louis Quincey style,” said Chester.

“Oh, dear, what *shall* I do?” cried the girl, in vexation. “Chester, it is *Louis Quinze*, and not ‘Louis Quincey.’ Now, *please* remember that, Chetty. And you, papa, I would be just as proud of you if you would set Chester a good example by keeping your eyes and thoughts on the mountains yonder. See how sublime they are with the clouds around them.”

When Stacy undertook to matronize this party, there was always tribulation in store for her.

“Now, Stacy,” said Robinson, who had been doing some hard thinking in the interval, “I am going to prove to you that the natural and only true type of art for Brazil is the exuberant and rich school, what you are pleased to call the rococo — that’s a big word for a little girl; I wonder what it means.”

“Go on,” said Stacy, resignedly.

“A nation’s character is determined by its climate,

and its art is an outgrowth of its character. It is hardly fair for us of the distant North to set up our paintings as a standard for all the world to go by. Just as the Brazilian pictures seem gaudy to us, so would one of our forest scenes appear loud and overdone to a Greenlander. The artist's first commandment is to study nature. Very well ; nature is as different in different zones as white and green are. It is to be expected that the Greenlander's landscape would be sober and cold and gray, while the Brazilian's would be profusely and lavishly colored. The Greenlander would consider it flagrantly gaudy and offensive to harmony and good taste; but, on the other hand, it is doubtful if a Brazilian could be persuaded to paper his wall with the finest art products of Greenland.

“When you were at the Centennial — I beg your pardon for using the word — you noticed that when you entered the art room of any nation it was like entering the nation itself, the pictures were so characteristic of the customs, morals, religion, and, above all the climate, of the countries whence they came. You remember how the Scandinavian views were too gloomy and lifeless for your taste, and how those from the Latin nations were too wanton and extravagant; while the English department, with skies, landscapes, animals, and men, as you have been accustomed to see them, was exactly in accordance with your idea of what art ought to be. So would a Swede have preferred the Scandinavian pictures, with their winter snows and their people muffled up to their ears, the men with white moustaches and the

women with cheeks of the perpetual blush. Not that the art work of Sweden is better than that of Spain, perhaps, but only that the Swede likes it better.

“The imagination of our artists at home is chilled and subdued once a year by a long white winter; if they are students of nature, how can it be otherwise? During that period their paints are frozen up, as it were, and they go to work at coasting-scenes, and sleighing-parties, houses snow-bound, storms on the prairie, and what not. Now, for an artist who has once painted a landscape in winter, it will be impossible to ever bring out the full glory of the same, or any other view, in summer. The pale ghost of that winter will follow him wherever he goes, and will creep into every picture that he may produce; just as a man who has dwelt long over the pallid dead face upon his canvas is henceforth unfitted for painting portraits in the rosy flush of health. Now does it not seem like presumption for a young lady, like yourself, for instance, who has been snow-bound within doors for about half of her existence, to sit in judgment upon the art of a country whose verdure has never been touched by a frost?”

“But you must confess,” persisted she, “that these confectionery houses of theirs are in wretched taste.”

“You mean the brown, and yellow, and cinnamon, and chocolate, not to speak of the gingerbread fixings, that we are passing? And so you and all other Americans find this decoration offensive, do you? But what kind of a shock do you think a sensitive Brazilian would feel at being set down in one

of our sun-struck villages of white paint and green blinds? Or to be condemned to live within a wall that is made up of dingy red quadrangles of brick between white lines of mortar? Or to be punished with the sight of one of those lately introduced fantastic styles of architecture, in which a red brick, a white brick, and a black brick, are stood up in a row together, like the picture of the Indian, the Caucasian, and the African races in our old geographies? With all of their faults, these suburban Brazilian dwellings are not glaring, but seem cool and refreshing to the eye, and I must confess to a weakness for them. Those Dutch tiles are becoming the proper thing in the States even now, Stacy, and in a few years they will be very common; but it may be a century before our people will know how to dispose of them artistically."

"That is out of the question," said the Colonel. "You can't build a house out of plaster and fancy chips in our country. It wouldn't last as long as one of P'line's play-houses. It would freeze and thaw to pieces in one winter. To the tropics with your porcelain veneering."

A tall, dark lady appeared at a window as the car went by, and gazed at the party with incurious eyes.

"There!" exclaimed Robinson. "That is my final justification of this abundance of color; I always save my strong arguments to the last. How would that brunette show off if she stood in a white window-frame and was seen against white walls and ceiling beyond? She would look like the statue of Nox in Ephesus."

“I thought Knox was a Scotchman,” interrupted Chester.

“But now, with the purple curtains behind her, and all of that ochre and pigment around her — omitting the white stucco on her face — she is altogether lovely. I can see the warmth in her cheek from here. I say, Stacy, do you happen to see a piece of white paper pasted in the window anywhere around this house? That is the placard for ‘Rooms to Rent.’ I have been thinking of taking lodgings in a Brazilian family, so as to pick up the language.”

“Please do not stare, and sigh, and attract attention, Mr. Robinson,” replied Stacy, with dignity. “A lady dislikes exceedingly to be scandalized by the ridiculous conduct of her escort.”

Nearer and nearer they came to the rocky wall of Corcovado, which at last stood up over them so majestic, so awe-inspiring, and so high, that the boy Chester had to open his mouth in order to see the top of it. The street became a country road, winding around the curve of the Lagoa de Freitas, where the wild birds were paddling, and penetrating jungles and swamps where the wild flowers were languishing. The passengers were reduced to two or three people on picnic bound, attended by blacks who carried heavy hampers. Thus they entered a portion of the road that is bounded on one side by a dense matting of bamboos and bananas, and on the other by a tall iron railing, at a gateway in which they alighted and passed into the famous Botanical Gardens of Brazil.

IX.

DOWN THE ALLEY OF PALMS.

There were times in which we men believed that there was something divine in every herb, flower, and tree ; when we understood that there were nymphs and satyrs in every wood.—SOCIAL PRESURE.

THERE, at the entrance, they stopped in silence. Before them, extending away into the distance, was the Alley of Palms. In two ranks they stood, their tall shafts as precise and white as so many soldiers in pipe-clay. Their lines were as regular as mathematical device could make them, and their trunks were as straight as if they had grown by the plumb-line. High up in the air their tufts of foliage were in a perpetual tremor, shaken by every breath of wind that was astir.

“Do you know,” whispered Stacy, “I feel honored as we walk between these palms. They seem like monarchs drawn up in line to do us homage. I would like to believe that these were once human beings, the kings of the earth, who have been maliciously changed into trees by the spell of some evil magician or by the sentence of some cruel conqueror. Why *don't* we have more romance in our times ? The ancients believed in Daphne, and Lotos, and Cyparissus, and even the philosophical Germans are more fanciful than we, for I have just been reading in Musæus the pathetic story of Mrs. Krokus, who

was a kind of a modern dryad. Why are *we* so intensely practical?"

"I would like-very much to believe in that Daphne and Lotos, nymph-in-a-straight-jacket theory of yours," responded Robinson. "I would go immediately and lean up against one of those trees and apply my ear to the bark and listen to hear what doughty deeds I must do in order to release its spirit from bondage. But I can't now, Stacy, and I would rather that you wouldn't ask me to. Upon my word, I can't, Stacy. I couldn't possibly get over the idea that I was embracing a drill-sergeant, and that would be unpleasant, you know. Pardon me if I offer the suggestion that you might like it."

Half way down the Alley of Palms there is a fountain, and there, at right angles, another path intersects this. Along its borders the topiarist, as if from some freak or desire of contrast, has planted rows of trees whose branches are gnarled, writhen, and stunted, and, shadowed as they are by the stately palms, they seem like hump-back dwarfs cringing in the presence of giants.

Down this route the party turned, wandering aimlessly, as pleasure seekers always should wander. They saw palms spiny and smooth, short and tall, with trunks cylindrical and conical, the latter tapering like an inverted pegtop. There were roses, pines, and oranges, and a thousand other things beside. They saw the cinnamon tree, the clove, and the tea-shrub, of which there are great plantations in Brazil; the long and crooked fruit of the jaca, which Chester likened to the stuffed club of the theatre; and the

round balls of bread-fruit which he is yet inclined to believe were only large walnuts in their green hulls.

But the stranger from the North cannot appreciate the Botanical Garden at first sight; to him it is an exotic among exotics, nothing more, and he can push his way from the tangled verdure of the adjacent hill-sides into the more orderly growth of the garden without noticing that he has passed from Brazil into the vegetable world in general. It is to the native botanist that the many rare and strange plants of this collection, gathered from all around the world, possess peculiar interest.

After that first look down the grand vista of the Alley of Palms all things else seemed tame to our party, and in an hour or two they were tired, as picnickers usually are, and wisely concluded to rest. They found themselves in a quarter of the garden where all of the tides of people seemed to converge sooner or later. It was a pleasant spot, moist, and cool, and shady. There were ponds of water for the dogs to wade in and patches of sward for the children to play on. In a grotto hard by there was a dripping spring for the thirsty. Tall sheaves of bamboos grew up from the ground and sheltered the intervening paths, which wound around and involved themselves in many a dædalian intricacy and beauty. Rustic tables and benches were here, occupied by little coterie engaged at the pleasant pastime of lunch. On the yellow, beaten earth of the walk one of these groups had collected an armful of dry fagots of the bamboo, and over their flickering blaze the universal coffee-pot was seething. A Brazilian without his coffee is as unhappy as a German without his beer.

There was an air of solid comfort about this *fête champêtre* that was quite enticing to the weary strangers.

“I am hungry,” complained Chester. “If I was to go over and look at those folks, I wonder if they wouldn’t invite me to dinner.”

The Colonel answered him.

“No. We’ll have a little spread of our own, Chester, if you and Bemvindo will just step outside of the gate to that rural Cremorne there, and get the best you can find, and plenty of it.”

“Trust me for that. Talk about catering; that’s my middle name.”

The boys returned in grand spirits, accompanied by a servant, who carried a basket on his head, a tea-urn in one hand, and an aged bottle in the other.

“Here’s dinner for a dozen,” exclaimed Chester. “We bought the fellow out. He thinks we Yankees are going to open a lunch-counter up here in opposition to him. I expect the police around here in half an hour or so to arrest us for running a restaurant without a license. See, here’s wine for the men folks, and cold tea for the ladies. It was nuts to see him look wild when I scooped his last pound of ice into the teapot. He couldn’t understand it. It’s very evident he doesn’t know what high living is.”

The boy displayed the luncheon of cold meats, biscuits, salad, cheese, olives, fruit, and almonds.

“Come, papa, give your arm to Polly, while Stacy leads the reluctant Robinson up to the festal board. No ceremony. Pitch in!”

"You have no sugar for our tea," complained Stacy.

"That's so! Well, I'll just drop in at our neighbor's over here and borrow a pinch."

And off he started.

"Chester, you foolish boy, come back," called his sister. "If you get into difficulty, how can we get you out?"

"There will be an international war yet, all on account of that boy," remarked Robinson.

"What have you in that tin pan, with the leaves over it?" Stacy inquired.

"*Doce*," answered the boy, uncovering this concentrated sweetness, and revealing several pounds of the indigestible *goiabada*.

"Oh, that sickish stuff! Why did you get it? Nobody likes it."

"I knew you didn't, and that's the reason why I got so much. Have a slice, Polly? 'Sweets to the sweet,' you know."

"Yes, please," replied the little girl, tendering her plate.

"That's right, Polly. One of the first things you want to do when you arrive in a foreign land is to accommodate yourself to its customs, and *doce* is one of them."

After luncheon and a smoke, the Colonel began to wish himself back at the hotel, where he could have a peaceful sleep. For the last half-hour he had been reflecting upon the possibility of raising such bamboos as these in the States, when it occurred to him that he could not think of any use to which they

could be applied if they were produced. This disgusted him, and he took the weary Pauline in his arms and started.

“I’m going home, children. I’ll deliver P’line over to your maid, Stacy. But don’t you hurry on my account. Better stay and make a day of it while you are here.”

Then Chester took up the subject of the bamboos, turned it once over in his brain, and in less than thirty seconds he had come to the conclusion that there were some acres of good fishing-rods going to waste in that valley. So much more ingenious and practical was this precocious boy than his experienced father.

He and Bemvindo took the remnants of doce and started out to captivate the children thereabouts. These cautious creatures timidly accepted the sweets, put them and their fingers into their mouths, and retired to their mothers’ arms. They admired the boy for his boldness, and loved him for his generosity, but feared him for his audacity ; they looked upon him as the effeminate youths of Rome in her dotage may have looked upon some brawny, fair-haired, good-natured Gothic chieftain from the North.

The next piece of divertisement was a butterfly-trap, baited with a slice of doce, over which Chester tilted his hat in the position of a “dead-fall,” and sustained it by a stick of bamboo, with a string leading from it to his hand. Stretched upon the ground, with his heels in the air, he kept his gaze closely upon this instrument of destruction for a few minutes. The children of the neighborhood, whose big

eyes followed him everywhere, could resist their curiosity no longer, but gathered around him as he lay.

But it is an adage among all country school-boys that a trap that is watched catches no rabbits, and Chester's experience allows us to extend the maxim so as to include butterflies as well. These wanton insects could find sweet juices enough upon the trunks of the surrounding trees, without venturing within reach of that natural enemy of theirs, a boy's hat.

In the meantime Robinson was extended upon the sward at Stacy's feet, after the time-honored fashion of sylvan and seaside lovers, which, however, we see oftener in the ideal picture than in real life; the ordinary swain, with self-respect and white pantaloons, is apt to think twice before he measures his length upon the sand or green grass.

He lay there in that easy state of silence which naturally follows a hearty lunch, lazily switching the air with his cane as the butterflies flew over him, just beyond his reach.

At last he spoke:

"Why don't you say something, Stacy? I am beginning to feel neglected."

"I was thinking," she said, "how strange it is that people are so much alike all the civilized world over. How strange it is that we should find human nature and dress and manner so similar here to what they are at home. It must be because all the world begins at Paris. What a sublime conceit it was to consider Boston the hub of the universe! It's not Boston, it is Paris, and Boston is the fly on the wheel."

“My thoughts were running in the same channel last night,” said Robinson. “I was reading one of the oldest books of African exploration, and the explorer said that when he got away off there in the centre of the bush, he found a tribe that had never seen a white man before, and the king’s daughter immediately opened a flirtation with him, just like a graduate from the boarding-school that you used to go to, Stacy. She rustled her bangles, fanned herself with an ostrich-wing, and looked unutterable things at him, just the same as an American woman. The poor man was quite discouraged. He didn’t care so much for the source of the Nile as he did for some spot where he could be at peace. Deliver me from a girl that flirts!” concluded Robinson, with clasped hands and an affectation of horror.

“And there,” exclaimed Stacy, “as sure as I live there is a bold thing making signs at you with her fan while her mother’s back is turned.”

“By Jove, is that so? Where? As long as I have been in Brazil there hasn’t a blessed one of them apparently been aware of my existence, and I flatter myself that I used to be an object of some interest at home. They don’t notice an eligible young man any more than they do a lamp-post.”

“But when they do look at you, don’t they bring the house down, though?” sighed Chester, who had approached them unawares.

Chester remembered a young lady, of the early age at which, in this country, the lily of childish wonder turns to the rose of woman’s desire, and too young yet to be a punctilious observer of the very strict

proprieties of Brazilian life, whom he had seen on the preceding day as he walked down the Street of the Orange-Trees. Leaning out of the window as he passed, she had melted his soul with a look that was eagerness, admiration, anticipation, wonder, mischief, and shyness, all blended in one.

"I felt my toes tingle," he said. "It is evident they are partial to distinguished foreigners down here."

"At last the boy has been struck by what the poet calls 'the sweet lightnings of a lover's eyes,'" laughed Robinson.

"'The sheet lightning of a lover's eyes,'" conned Chester. "That's pretty good. I'll remember that. May want to use it some day."

"But where is she, Stacy?" asked Robinson, resuming the former subject. "I am prepared to entertain overtures."

"I was mistaken. I fear I did the lady injustice. She was only calling her poodle."

"I wish I had her moustache," whispered Chester to Robinson, running his finger across his upper lip in search of indications.

"*Apoiado*, Chester. Which means, those are my sentiments. Sweeping black eye-brows are an excellent thing in woman, but two upon one face are an ample sufficiency."

"And there are the boys romping the same games that they do in our picnics along the Hudson," complained Stacy.

"I think I could go over there and turn them a

hand-spring in the English language that would astonish them," suggested Chester.

"I wouldn't, Chester. Undue exertion is said to bring on the yellow fever. There, just look at that coffee-pot, too," exclaimed Stacy, petulantly. "It is the perfect picture of the first coffee-pot that I ever saw. Now, why can't they get up something new in that article, at least? Have they no invention at all?"

"I have frequently observed," remarked Robinson, philosophically, "that coffee-pots, like bad habits, are pretty much the same all the world over."

"They might at least change the spout to the other side and put the handle in its place," pondered Stacy, thoughtfully. "But then, don't you see, if they put the handle on the other side and the spout on the other side, it wouldn't be the other side at all; it would be the same side."

She was almost ready to cry with vexation.

"You are tired, Stacy," said Robinson, soothingly. "Let's not worry over these great questions any longer. Let's try something easy. Let's take up the future of Roumania."

"If you don't like the way we carry on affairs on this side of the world, you ought to go to China and Japan — where everything is the other side about," hinted her brother.

"Chester, you have yet to learn one of the first principles of gentlemanly conduct," she replied, with dignity.

"What can that be?" mused Chester, rehearsing his accomplishments upon his fingers. "Let's see:

I can smoke, I keep a dog, I know all the brands of champagne, I'm disgusted with the world generally; but then I can't wear an eye-glass yet, unless the glass is knocked out. That must be it. What is it, Stacy? What's the answer?"

"It's the art of being inconspicuous; try and attain it, please."

"I suppose you would like to have us go home, and leave you and Rob alone."

"Well, if you really think you *must* go home, and you are certain you won't get lost on the way, I suppose we *could* manage to get along without you."

"Come, Bemvindo, let us go. My good Bemvindo, sooner or later the time must come to every younger brother when he first learns that his big sister does not appreciate his company at its true worth. Bemvindo, that bitter moment has now arrived."

The docile boy valet merely bowed, smiled, and showed his teeth. This high tragic style was not very intelligible to him.

"*Vamos*, Bemvindo! Here we go!"

X.

THE LIVERY OF THE SUN.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,
To whom I am a neighbor and near bred.
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it. —SHAKESPEARE.

ROBINSON and Stacy still continued talking upon the same very ordinary topic. Lovers though they were, they did not lose much time in star-gazing, mooning, or other astronomical games to which young people are given in those evenings of idleness and idiocy which we call courtship. Nor was there much of the sweet complaisance of love in their manner and conversation ; on the contrary, they accepted each other's words at their least worth, and sometimes at less than their real value, frequently finding themselves engaged in the sober business of prolonged argument and sarcastic response, in the midst of which they would hesitate, fearing that they were unduly anticipating the felicity of married life.

“In other words, Stacy, you are in search of something original and unconventional. Well, there you have it. I refer to that amicable game of leap-frog between those black and white boys — a sort of an international contest, as it were. It seems that John Brown's soul has reached even this out-of-the-world place.”

“I do not mind that,” she replied. “It is natural for boys to be careless about their associations. But see that young woman lunching with the family yonder! She seems to be one of them, and yet she is unmistakably colored. It would be straining politeness to call her even *café au lait*.”

“I have seen fairer blondes,” observed Robinson. “But perhaps this radical brunette is a country cousin. They say the sun is very hot up in the interior.”

“The sun never did all of that mischief; that hair and those lips are inherited. But where did she get them, and who is she? The others seem to treat her like a favorite sister. I do not like it.”

“My dear young lady, would you have all of the flowers in the garden of precisely the same hue? Have you no eye for the heightened beauty of variety and contrast? Are you not willing to admit an occasional dusky dahlia and velvety pansy among your cold and colorless lilies and crocuses? And yet but a little while ago you talked art like a Bond street critic.”

“Pshaw!” said Stacy.

“It’s all right enough, if you will only look at it philosophically. Why can’t women be rational, as well as men? Don’t we have blondes and brunettes at home? And is not some grand division into two parties as necessary in the social as in the political system? Else how could the fashion have a chance to sheer around, giving black eyes and horse-mane hair an opportunity to triumph over blue eyes and corn-silk, and vice versa? It is probably the same

down here, only the women are divided into the brunettes and the coffee-and-creams."

"But do you mean to say that such people go into good society here?"

"As yet, Stacy, I must confess to but a passing acquaintance with that charmed circle; that is, I passed a blazoned carriage on its way to mass this morning, -and we passed the balcony of a viscount's window the other night as we were going down town—"

"It seems to me you saw a good deal on that excursion. Where did you go?"

"Thank you for the compliment. Compliments from such a source are doubly valuable. I always flattered myself that I had an observant eye. And among the occupants of both coach and balcony there were ladies with hair of the natural crimp."

"How polite!" said Stacy, sarcastically.

"Also at the theatre we noticed a young couple who sat hand in hand and sighed over the same melodrama. She was not unpleasant to look upon, but he—fall this way, Stacy, if you are going to faint—compared with him Senator Bruce would gleam like a marble statue."

"Let's talk about something pleasant, please. What a beautiful sunset we are going to have!"

"No, the worst is to come. Be a brave girl, now, while I tell you the story which was told to us as we looked upon this affecting spectacle at the melodrama. Take my hand if it will be any consolation to you."

"I feel pretty well, thank you. I never take anæsthetics. What is the story?" she asked, with an air of martyrdom.

“In this city there lives a native civil engineer by the name of Rebouças. He is renowned as being the best Brazilian engineer, living or dead; and his is a profession which in this country ranks among the very first in social preference. Therefore he is intimate with all the dignitaries of the empire, has filled numerous positions of responsibility at home and trust abroad, and is honored and invited everywhere. At one time he was present at a ball, where, among the other guests, was the Imperial Princess herself. In due time Rebouças, having pulled up his collar behind, felt of his necktie, and twisted his watch-guard once or twice around, sauntered up to a lady who was fair to look upon, and successfully went through the formula of asking her to dance. But, as he was colored—I forgot to tell you that, didn’t I?—the lady in question answered him ‘No,’ not a little to his embarrassment.

“Among the witnesses of this little conflict of races was the Count d’Eu, husband to the Princess and descendant of a line of French kings, who has won the hearts of the Brazilian people by his bravery, affability, interest in the progress of the empire, and the irreproachable character of his private life. He whispered a word to his wife; she was graciously agreeable, and in the next set she was dancing sociably with the dark engineer Rebouças. After that he did not lack partners. There was not a lady in the room that was not willing and anxious to play Desdemona to his Othello.”

“Is that true?” asked Stacy, doubtingly.

“It is history.”

“But he can't be a negro.”

“He is a mulatto, at least.”

“Well, it was very kind in her, and I admire her for it; but I must confess that I am disappointed in my first princess. I thought they were always surrounded by handsome courtiers, like Lancelot and Sir Walter Raleigh.”

“So they are — on the New York stage. But in real life it is different. Look at Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, whose most intimate associates were the faithful servant, John Brown, and the masterly Jew, Disraeli.”

“I do not like that system,” said Stacy, shaking her head.

“There you agree with the American people at large, who will be satisfied with nothing but the most stylish article in kings and princes, and whose ideal of the understrappers in nobility is equally exalted, as witness the reception which they give the barber counts at the watering-places every summer.”

“But why don't the kings and queens always have brilliant courts and elegant courtiers around them? I'm sure I would.”

“It is because, being royal themselves, they know how thin the gloss of birth and rank is, and, being powerful and above social impeachment, they can afford to choose those companions that please them best; just as a millionaire's wife can afford to wear a calico dress if she wishes to. Only a Victoria could dare to make a humble servant her honored personal attendant, to the exclusion of the lords of the realm; and no smaller person than Frederick the Great could

be permitted to welcome to his palace the ostracised writer, Voltaire. Cophetua, the king, married a beggar's daughter, it is said; and yet before her exaltation there were undoubtedly other sets and circles of beggar-maids that would not associate with this one, because, forsooth, they were doing a more extensive business than she.

“Cinderella's big sisters were grander than she, but the prince overlooked them in order to find her and make her his wife. True royalty has but little respect for rank. True royalty is not exclusive; snobbery is. It is only the snob who boasts of his distinguished acquaintances, and leads the conversation around through artful channels to this subject again and again. Prince Paladin, as he talks to you, does not insinuate frequent adroit allusions to his *camaraderie* with Prince Plantagenet; this acquaintance seems such a matter of course to him that he does not think it worth mentioning.”

“Why do you talk that way to me?” yawned Stacy. “Why don't you save your lecture for a larger audience?”

“Because you need it. Because you are as fickle as most American women, and while you often bluster—in your pretty womanish way—about our glorious republican institutions and all that sort of thing, yet you would forego a new spring bonnet for the honor of touching the hand of a foreign nobleman, who would probably disdain you for your infatuation. Why are Americans so inconsistent? While they boast that theirs is a land of freedom, floating the flag of freedom, and presided over by the bird of

freedom, yet no other civilized country in the world is so intolerant in its treatment of certain classes of humanity. England confides the prestige of her past and the hopes of her future into the hands of a Jew; Americans are too fastidious to sleep in the same caravansary with his brethren. Here in Brazil, the mulatto Rebouças promenades with the Emperor and dances with the Princess Imperial; but when he was in the United States, where he has travelled, he was refused admittance to hotels, ejected from sleeping-cars, and submitted to every other indignity which our chivalrous sons of freedom customarily inflict upon a large proportion of their fellow-citizens. And yet when he returned to Brazil he nobly forgot the injuries which he had suffered at the hands of a portion of our people, and remembered only the courtesies that he received there and the praiseworthy things that he saw there; and to-day the United States of America has no warmer admirer and American interests no more vigorous defender in Brazil than André Rebouças."

"That was really noble. Is it really true?"

"Yes, and more too. They say that when Rebouças went to New York, he was consigned, by letters of introduction, to a prominent democrat of that city. This gentleman was still steadfast in the faith of the good old times, but he felt that the duties of hospitality should be paramount to all qualms of personal dislike, and so he went to the wharf to welcome his guest to the land of the free. Rebouças disembarked, saw in this man the friend of his friend, and, in the warmth of his impetuous nature, he

rushed up to him and flung his arms about him in that close embrace with which Brazilians greet each other."

"What did the democrat do?" asked Stacy.

"History does not record any violent outburst on his part, but it is to be presumed that he suffered a whole volcano of internal emotion, for the wharves were a public place, and many people witnessed and enjoyed this encounter."

The waning sunlight upon the mountain-tops warned them that it was time to go. They followed the winding path back toward the Alley of Palms. At one of the tables which they passed they saw a laboring man and his family, assembled here for a half-holiday and a dinner in the arbor. The central and most conspicuous dish of their plain tiffin was of oranges, big, yellow, and heaped high. These gave an air of luxury to the scene; casting a golden glamour over the surrounding viands, as an immaculate shirt-front will make the coarsest dress seem respectable.

"Oranges, oranges everywhere," said Stacy. "I cannot imagine that poverty is very terrible in this country. The poor man has no overcoats to buy for himself, no shoes for his children, and no furs for his wife. If the landlord turns him out of the house, he can sleep comfortably in the park. And even though a beggar, he feasts on fruits which the millionaire at home cannot buy, they are so fresh and juicy and sweet."

"To which you may add that *cachaça* costs only two cents a drink, and a man can get as tipsy as an independent voter at the trifling cost of half a dime."

“When we children were out walking,” continued Stacy, “I peeped into a dingy eating-house by the side of the street. Some water-carriers were dining there. There was nothing upon the soiled table but bread and coffee, and a few little fish that looked as if they had died with the fever, they were so parched and thin. But while we were spying, the boy brought in a great bowl of just such oranges as these, and they fairly illuminated the den with their splendor. They changed the looks of the table so that I truly envied these men and their appetites and their feast.”

“Wasn’t Chester gallant enough to invite you in?”

“Oh, he would go anywhere, but of course we couldn’t think of such a thing. Why, the place was awful, and the men were horribly rough. The disagreeable creatures, why don’t they keep clean?”

“O, Stacy, Stacy! I fear your benevolent sentiments, like your republican principles, are more showy than practical. I fear you will never become a Florence Nightingale or a Romola.”

“Yes, I would,” answered the girl, stoutly. “I would go among the lowest classes if it would do any good.”

“Yes, and you would have a couple of pages to hold up your train, and an advance guard of small boys to scatter chloride of lime and sprinkle cologne before you. A heroic missionary’s wife you would make!”

“Do you doubt me? Then take me anywhere you choose among the poor. I will go.”

“All right! We’ll take a *Descalços* car for home.

Those bare-footed people will gain refinement just by looking at you, and if you smile on them once they will pray for us for a month to come."

"Very well," said Stacy, reluctantly, "I will go."

"But first—will you have the kindness to let me see your feet?"

Stacy knew that her feet were small and properly arched, and a moment's reflection assured her that her boots were new and neatly fitting. So, without a word of protestation, she swept her skirts back with her two hands and made the desired exposition. If she had happened to have on her old shoes that day she would have been indignant at such a request.

"Well?" she asked, inquiringly.

"It won't do," he replied. "It is very evident that you are not barefooted, and just as evident that by no stretch of the imagination you can be said to wear tamancos or slippers. I fear the conductor will not admit you."

"What! Is he supposed to know what kind of shoes I have on?"

"It is to be presumed."

"How rude! To be sure, I'll not go."

"However, it is said that this select circle is sometimes open to well-dressed persons on condition that they pay according to their attire. But I would rather not take you on those terms. It might cost me my fortune."

"How absurd! You know that I am very economical," and the fair economist complacently gath-

ered her fleecy shawl closer around her neck and stroked the finger of her faultless glove.

The dusk of evening was upon them now, the cool, odorous, refreshing dusk of a winter evening between the solstices. They were the only occupants of the car which they had chosen. Humble though it was, the seats of this vehicle were cleaner and more comfortable than the benches of the cathedrals which it passed on its daily route. Around its sides the curtains were furled, leaving nothing between them and the fresh air without. Thus they sped home again through the brakes, and the jungles, and the overhanging trees, where the cicada was whistling his shrill song, the fire-fly was lighting his lamp, the clumsy vampire was paddling about in the air, and the night-bird was croaking his complaints to his babbling neighbor, the tree-toad.

Stacy's face brightened with the charm, the novelty, and — if I may be pardoned the use of such a word in connection with a street car — the excitement of their position.

“It is delightful! It is grand! It is glorious!” she cried. “It reminds me of —”

“A summer beer-garden on wheels,” interposed Robinson. “I knew you thought so. On this point, at least, the deepest emotions of our hearts are the same.”

The sympathetic driver saw that he had an appreciative party behind him. “They are undoubtedly foreigners,” he thought, “and unaccustomed to luxury. They have probably never seen

a *bond* before. Now I'll proceed to show them what's what."

He leaned over toward the pair of little mules, which were already trotting down the smooth road at no laggard pace. Gathering up the ends of the reins, he lashed the beasts into a gallop. At every jump he lashed and lashed them again, until, with their ears laid back over their haunches, like rabbits in a race, they were skimming over the track on a dead run.

Thus they came to Botafogo Bay, whose glory of moonlight, starlight, and lamplight burst upon them with a splendor which almost dazzled the sight. The view had ceased to be merely romantic; it was now spectacular. Around its symmetrical curve of white water-wall, the lines of flaring lamps extended in either direction to an indefinite distance, as far as the eye could reach, winding in and curving out with the sinuosities of the shore. Each of these had its reflection in the quiet water below, with which it flickered and winked in constant communion, and thus the illumination was doubled. Meanwhile, far over the bay, on the other side, were the answering signals of the sister city Nitheroy, whose lamps were gleaming in a cordon of fire like a rank of musketry in simultaneous blaze.

If we except the sleigh-ride, which, of course, is the best means of internal transport yet discovered, I cannot imagine a more charming trip than this around the great bend of Botafogo Bay when the lamps are lit and the stars are out. Overhead is

the sky, peaceful and pure; underneath, the water, lying in that tranquil indolence which seems to invest all nature in this sultry middle zone of earth. There was nothing to mar the scene but the great black-brown rock of the Sugar Loaf, standing guard at the mouth of the harbor, and throwing its dark umbra far out across the water, like a frown upon a beautiful face.

The gloom of this shadow, however, did not reach so far as to dampen the spirits of our friends.

“Now, this is the true luxury of all travel!” cried Robinson, with enthusiasm. “Ah, now I regret the days and days that I have passed in a Pullman car and fancied that I was enjoying ease; or in an ocean steamship, and thought it was pleasure. In Venice I have—”

“Henry, why will you talk that way? You *know* you never were in Venice.”

“Stacy, you throw a burst of eloquence off the track by interposing a trivial fact. Simple girl! and have you never learned that truth should never be allowed to interfere with rhetoric? As I was saying, when I was in Venice, many an evening I floated down the watery streets, trailing my hand behind in the soft ripples of the gondola’s wake, while the only sounds to be heard were the song of the gondolier and the plash of the water against the marble palaces of the ancient doges; and I have thought that all of this was impressive. I have paddled the morpunkee down the sacred Indian rivers, and fancied that it smacked of romance. In Nevada I have ridden the perilous current of the mountain

flume, and in Canada I have found an uncertain seat upon the skittish tobogan, and thought that these sports were exciting. And in the backwoods I have gone sleigh-riding with eight young men and sixteen girls, packed in a wagon-box like sardines, and I have flattered myself that this was solid comfort. But, Stacy, I am glad to forget them all now. Such pleasures seem very gross and inferior when compared with this street-car ride around Botafogo Bay, with the gentle stars above and you by my side."

"There are no less than a dozen unoccupied benches in this car; I cannot see any excuse for your crowding so."

"O Jehu! This is glorious! Smite your steeds once again, Podargus! Larrup them mules, Hank Monk! You've got to get us there on time."

"Aren't you getting your mythology a trifle mixed?" asked Stacy.

"Well, then we'll try a tableau of Pluto and Proserpine. We'll play that I am Pluto, who, you know, after being refused by all of his lady acquaintances, ran off with the pretty flower girl, Proserpine. I think I'll answer for Pluto pretty well; and you—well, you are pretty, Stacy, and you can't deny it; and I saw you pluck a rose on the sly up in the garden, in spite of the prohibition posted on all the trees."

"It was so much like home that I couldn't help it. Besides, how could I be expected to read notices in Portuguese?"

"This is my chariot, and all we have to do is to

suppose that those two mules are four black horses, and our equipment is complete. As for our destination, Rio will fill that bill beautifully. I am afraid you don't fully understand the part you are to play, Stacy. I am eloping with you, and you don't want to go. You don't throw life enough into your performance. You act very much as if you *did* want to go."

"Henry, do behave yourself. What will folks think of us? Thank fortune, here is the hotel at last."

"Well, Proserpine, how do you like your new home?" asked Robinson, as they approached the door.

"It is not an unpleasant place, Pluto. Ring for a pomegranate, and I will take a bite."

XI.

AFTERNOON SERVICE.

Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance;
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance;
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize of better deeds, they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

— BYRON.

WHEN Sunday came again and the hour for morning service drew near, Chester entered the parlor, laid his prayer book on the piano and weighted it down with a glittering revolver of American manufacture. When the rest of the company assembled, a few minutes later, they found the boy industriously whetting a sheath knife upon his shoe.

“Hello!” said the Colonel. “What’s the meaning of all this murderous array?”

“It’s the church militant rising and putting its armor on,” answered Chester, critically drawing the edge of the knife across his thumb. “Every drop of Huguenot blood in my veins calls on me to be brave to-day in the defence of religious liberty and freedom of conscience. I say, Rob, if those Catholics boil us in oil, I hope it won’t be castor oil, don’t you?”

“It is evident that this young gentleman is entertaining some popular fallacies concerning religious freedom in Brazil,” said the Naturalist. “No, Chester, the Inquisition is abroad no more, and you cannot hope for the novelty of experience of being boiled in oil or roasted on a gridiron to-day. But don’t despair, my boy. If you would be a hero and a martyr, there is a greater heroism and a greater martyrdom than that which braves and endures the rack and sword; it is the heroism of him who goes to the sleepy church to which you are bound to-day, and listens to a prosy sermon flanked by a couple of machine-sung hymns, and experiences the desolate companionship of an audience composed of one person to every two pews.”

“Everybody told us so,” protested Chester. “Everybody said that we would have to fight for our faith down here, and that the Protestants had to meet in caves and garrets, and every sexton was a sentinel.”

“Everybody is mistaken, then. The Protestants have churches, complete in every feature except the bell and spire; these, being considered especially the insignia of a temple of worship, are monopolized by the Catholics.”

“I always heard that the Catholics were very bigoted here,” said Stacy.

“Some of them are, of course, but their power is not equal to their will. On the other hand, a large proportion of the educated Brazilians are Catholics only in form and outward show, having at heart deserted the Holy Church without espousing

any better, and are thus at large upon all matters of religious belief. Others, like the bitter and persevering Ganganelli, are open and avowed heretics, and lose no opportunity to ridicule the Pope and his underlings in the columns of the daily papers, the cartoons of the pictorials, and the buffooneries of the carnival. Oh, this is a very free country, as far as concerns the expression of religious and political opinions. Liberty even runs into license; and Pope and Apostle, Emperor and Princess Imperial, are at times reviled in a manner which, even to an American, seems indecent and shameful."

"I say, pa, I don't feel very well to-day," said Chester. "I don't believe I want to go to church."

He had to go, however, and endure all that the Naturalist had foretold. But he mitigated the evil by sleeping through the sermon.

"It is the way with Christians all the world over," said Stacy. "Who does not suffer, sleeps. Let us remember in his favor that, between suffering and slumber, he chose the former, like the little hero that he is."

"'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church,'" quoted the Naturalist. "Persecution, like the protracted meeting, is infallible as a means of reviving the dormant faith. A little of it would be a blessed thing for the Protestant churches in Brazil. Let the government put a prohibition upon this form of religion, and every young Englishman and American in the city would drop his novel and poker-chips and dust up his rubric and sally forth

with his heart full of the zeal which animated his fathers before him."

In the afternoon, having left the children at home under some specious pretext, the adults of this group went to a bull-fight. Stacy, who is known to us as a stickler for the proper observance of the proprieties of life, was of the party. Let us be duly shocked and saddened as we reflect upon the sights that are seen by the rural Christian when in New York, or by the New York Christian when abroad.

"It's the only chance," said Robinson. "The Brazilian bull-fight is synchronous with the boarding house turkey; it's Sunday or never."

"The best society go," added the Naturalist. "The best families of Rio will be represented there, both in the actors and the spectators. Distinguished ladies—or, rather, the wives of distinguished men, since women *per se* are not distinguished down here—will disburse the ribbons and the roses which are the victor's meed in this modern tournament.

"See, it is an amateur affair," he continued, producing a hand-bill and reading from it the announcement of an entertainment in two acts—four bulls to the act—which was to be given by the distinguished and illustrious young gentlemen of the Bull-Fighting Club of Rio de Janeiro.

"I have given a literal rendering of the phraseology," said he. "In this nation of excessive politeness, every man is illustrious to begin with; and after covering himself with the dust and glory of the bull-ring to-day, I doubt not that the amateur gladiator will be *illustrissimo* if not *excellentissimo*."

It was, indeed, a very polite affair. The shady arc of the immense wooden amphitheatre was filled with a decent and appreciative concourse, while an occasional hardy citizen broiled in the sun of the opposite side. From the boxes overhead, rich banners shook lazily in the breeze; and there were fine ladies there, musky with odors, dusky with the tan of the tropics, wearing silks and opera-cloaks, and waving feather fans. They came out this blessed Sabbath afternoon to see a few unoffending bulls harpooned by the young gentlemen of their acquaintance.

“Strange and brutal taste!” said Stacy, shuddering.

“Reminds me of the taste of the young ladies of the English nobility, who hunt the pretty fox to death and call it sport,” retorted Robinson.

“But see,” he continued, pointing out a choice portion of the veranda which was occupied by a troop of little folks, whose attenuated and lack-lustre faces, together with their general want of style, proclaimed them to be the children of some charity or other. “What hurts the bulls pleases the orphans. They manage these eleemosynary entertainments better here than they do at home, where they give the poor things nothing more substantial in the way of amusement than an occasional visit to the graveyard or Sunday-school.”

The arrangements went on. The mummery of salutation and ceremony proceeded, introducing a couple of boy pages with wands of office, a sumpter-mule in a gay equipage, and a procession and

dress parade of all the participants, giving them opportunity to show their fine clothes before the dust should fly. Cavaliers in brilliant dress rode into the ring, exhibiting the superb intelligence of their horses, which, by hint, touch, and inclination of the body, they guided through the various evolutions of salute and courtesy.

The director of amusements rode in. He was a tall man, with a great length of leg, a great deal of moustache, and an inconsiderable expanse of forehead.

Announced by a grand blurt of music, the first bull came leisurely trotting in. His horns were sheathed in leather caps.

“Alas!” mourned Robinson, “we have fallen on tender-hearted times. His horns are padded. If that is one of the results of Dom Pedro’s going abroad, he’d better stay at home.”

“These pads,” said the Naturalist, “are concessions to that advanced state of civilization which demands that the bull should be helpless, unprotected, and shorn of his only means of self-defence in his modern tournaments with man. It is equal to throwing a captive barbarian into the lion’s den on a Roman holiday, and then toning down the brutality of the affair by refusing him weapons, lest he might hurt some of the municipal lions and tigers.”

Thus cased in heavy leather, their blunted horns were not much more effective in their power of thrust than the toe of an irascible man’s boot. More than once in the afternoon’s entertainment the disgusted animal seemed to realize the mockery of his posi-

tion, and, as if in grim sarcasm, turned and kicked at his persecutors. More than once, trembling with fear and beset on every side, the victim plunged at the high board fence which surrounded the ring, and attempted to escape. Usually he fell back, amid the jeers and laughter of the people. Sometimes, climbing like a dog, he scaled the barrier, to the consternation of the outsiders, but was quickly returned through the nearest gate.

Taken at their best, these bulls were not ferocious beasts. A child might have met one of them in the highway and the bull would have given him the road. They were small, slab-sided, timid, and by no means anxious for war. The principal occupation of the fighters was in attempts to stir up the taurine temper. To this end, banners of cloth were flaunted over his horns and dragged on the ground before him. They were not necessarily red, as popular report has it, but seemed to be of any convenient hue. They produced the desired effect, and the vicious animal gored them, tossed them, and trampled them, with the most deadly intent.

"Mr. Kingston, you are scientific," said Robinson; "tell me why it is that the sweep of a few yards of fabric, about equal to the trail of a fine lady's dress, will vex so heavy a temperament into the maddest fury."

"Referred to the psychologist of animal nature," returned the Naturalist. "And now will you explain to me why it is that a chicken-cock may be mesmerized into the deepest and most motionless reverie, simply by placing his head close to the

floor and drawing a chalk line from his bill out across the boards? These cases of cock and bull are not dissimilar.”

Each bull lasted about fifteen minutes. From some hidden corral underneath the tiers of benches he bolted into the ring with a sudden impetus, as if he had been pricked in the rear by some dastardly barb in the hands of the stable boy without. This was probably the case, as no opportunity was lost for the torture and tearing of living flesh. On his left shoulder was literally pinned — for it was hooked into his hide — a great rosette, from which the streamers floated as he ran. The mounted cavalier rode after him, chasing him, circling around him, watching his opportunity, and finally thrust his lance into the bull's massive neck. The staff broke at a point in the middle, made purposely weak, and left two feet of heavy shaft swinging in the air and vexing the wound as he ran. Footmen with shorter barbs, one in each hand, hovered around, waiting for a chance to face the animal and stick the weapons into the opposing shoulders; this was close work and dangerous, as it seemed to be contrary to the rules of the ring to throw these little spears as harpoons or javelins are thrown.

The horsemen, however, were in but little peril of being attacked, as the bull, having been herded with horses and by them from his calfhood up, was slow to conceive that his old associate could mean him any harm. Once the mounted man, leaning from his horse and throwing his weight upon the lance, thrust it well-nigh to the vitals of the beast,

which staggered, fell, recovered himself, and grew frantic with agony, dropping his jaw and sweeping the ground with his tongue. This was a master-stroke, and won the rider great renown.

At this point Stacy trembled with sympathy and horror, and said :

“Let’s go home.”

“Not yet,” pleaded Robinson. “Be patient. The bull may kill a man yet.”

Whereupon Stacy brightened up and consented to remain. It was easy to see on which side her heart was enlisted.

“Be brave, as the women are down here,” urged Robinson.

“To be brave is to be brutal,” she replied.

“Would you call her brutal?” he asked, pointing out a young lady of refined appearance, whose face was as smiling and placid as if this was an opera and that was an artificial agony that the creature was undergoing. “No, she is only honest about it ; and I’ll venture to say that she is no more cruel than some of your intimate friends at home who go to the matinee and weep over the misfortunes of the persecuted outcast of some French play, and then, returning home, insult the beggar-girl who crouches at their door-step.”

Among the fighters, some thirty in number, were three professional tauromachians, dressed in the blackest of black. Two of them were white men, who looked very much like executioners, while the third, a tall and nimble negro, had something of the Moor in his appearance. This man, taking a

couple of barbs with shafts but a few inches in length, stood in the way of the approaching bull, leaned over his head when he met him, neatly fixed the toy weapons in the brawny shoulders that were bearing down upon him, and stepped aside and out of harm's way. It was all the work of an instant, and, as he charged the empty air, the bull seemed as much amazed as the lookers-on were pleased.

When it was time for the scene to change, eight stalwart young men, in plush jackets and knee-breeches of buckskin, sallied forth to catch the bull. Theirs was the crowning glory of taking the bull by the horns. As they approached him, the most ambitious nature among them threw down his gauntlet at the feet of the foe. It was not really his gauntlet, however, but his long hood of red flannel, which, after covering his brows, had drooped picturesquely down upon his shoulders behind. In this ancient and chivalrous manner he bade the bull defiance. And, as if that were not affront enough, he spat into the animal's face, calling him opprobrious epithets, which, even if the bull did not understand, the audience did, and were greatly entertained. Then this rash gladiator howled, flourished his arms in the air, and made passes as if to seize and grapple with the enemy, as the reader may have seen a bad boy defying a billy-goat to mortal combat. As a last resort, he stamped, pawed the ground, and kicked the dust into the scared eyes before him.

This was quite enough for the bull, hitherto curious as to the meaning of so much scenic display; and with his nose to the ground he charged upon the

man, who dropped his body between its horns, throttling it with his arms about its neck and wedging its nose between his knees. In this manner he thought to secure it; but he was disappointed. The bull lightly lifted the man from the ground, and easily tossed him over its shoulder and into the air, where the poor fellow turned a complete somersault, after which he came down, in an abject state of limpness and neglect, into the dust of the arena. The spectators had neither applause nor sympathy to waste on him, and the play went on.

Another bold spirit threw himself into the breach between the bull's horns, and more successfully. The animal tossed him, but he would not let go, and carrying him, like a gaudy head-dress, across the ring, it pinned him against the opposite wall. But still the man held on, with pluck and tenacity worthy of a better cause, until his friends could come up. They seized the beast by legs, tail, and whatever points of vantage there were, released their companion, extracted the half-dozen barbs from the bull's neck and shoulders, and the scene was at an end.

The tenacious and plucky victor was now happy. The great throng of people shouted their praise, and coupled his name with huzzas and acclamations. The moresque professional embraced him proudly, as if prognosticating a glorious career before him. The orphans on the free list decided to seek fame in his footsteps, and for the time being he eclipsed the immortal George Washington, of whom they had heard in an indefinite way. The judges on the stand handed him wreaths and coronets of flowers, such as con-

querors wear, and were only too happy to reach down and shake him by the hand. A party of swell young men, probably members of his club or of his set in society, lavishly flung into the ring packages of fine cigars, while others, who had no cigars to offer, showed their good-will by hurling their polished silk hats into the deep dust and turmoil of the ring, recovering them banged up and broken beyond all recognition.

“Such is glory, for which you and I and all of us work,” said the Naturalist.

“But it is not all of the world that offers such incentives as a package of good cigars,” replied Robinson. “I cannot forget those cigars. I hope this very sensible sort of testimonial will be introduced in the States before I come home to take the lecture-platform.”

During an intermission, a squad of pages entered, escorting a banner, on which, in large letters, the people were informed that alms would now be received for the victims of the drought in the province of Ceara, that unfortunate region which has since been so terribly afflicted by the famine which follows drought, and by the pestilence which accompanies famine.

“I am perfectly willing to chip in for so good a cause,” remarked Robinson, “but does it not seem a little strange that, all the world over, the ends of benevolence are reached through means of torture? Think of it at home, Stacy, where you ladies lead your husbands and lovers through all the worry and hard work of a night at the ball for sweet charity’s

sake; or else you entice them into a church fair, with refreshments, where the agony of having ten dollars extracted from one's pocket is prolonged throughout the entire evening of entertainment, so called."

Four strong men carried the contribution-box, which was a blanket firmly held at the four corners. Into this, and on the ground thereabout, the money rained liberally. From the remotest tiers of benches it came, in the shape of bank-bills wrapped around the heavy nickel coin of the country, which ballasted the paper in its flight through the air. So profusely did it fall that our friends entertained apprehensions that these alms-gatherers would suffer the fate of the Roman girl Tarpeia, who, asking for jewels, was pelted to death with them. And as the blanket, having made the circuit of the ring, passed out, it was easy to see, from the manner in which it sagged in the centre, that the collection was a heavy one.

The sun was getting low. The supernumeraries were driving the last exhausted bull back into the den from whence he came. To decoy him into these suspicious depths, a quartette of old and feeble oxen were introduced. As they passed the confines of the ring, entering, some person standing there sunk a spear-head into the rump of one of them, where its decorated shaft waved in the air like the hilt of an Indian arrow. The ox, thinking himself persecuted by some new and gigantic species of gadfly, went through a series of clumsy and antiquated contortions in his efforts to brush it away. The people laughed delightedly, and the perpetrator

of this cowardly piece of pleasantry was hailed as a rare practical joker.

“This little incident of by-play,” said the Naturalist, “truthfully illustrates the spirit of the bull-ring, and those who patronize it.”

“It is cruelty itself,” said Stacy. “I never want to go to another. And there wasn’t a man hurt after all.”

“Cruel? yes,” replied Robinson. “But are not all of our sports more or less cruel? As has been said, ‘It is an instinct deep in the heart of an Anglo-Saxon to kill something.’ The angler mangles first the worm and then the fish; yet it is one of our childhood’s sayings that Peter went a fishing. For every wild deer that is captured by your clergyman up in the Adirondacks, Stacy, one or two or three are wounded, and escape to die a slow death of thirst and pain in the wilderness. And for every duck or quail that the shot-gun kills, others with broken wing creep into the thicket, or with maimed bodies fly away. Ah! Stacy, Stacy! we all have more or less need of the missionary.

XII.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

Women are like precious carved works of ivory; nothing is whiter and smoother, and nothing sooner grows yellow.—JEAN PAUL.

THEY were at dinner. Robinson fingered his glass of wine thoughtfully for a few moments, and said:

“If I might presume to offer a few words of sentiment?”

Permission was duly granted.

“Well, then, I propose the old ladies of America, our mothers and grandmothers at home. God bless them, the world can't show their equal elsewhere. The children may be sunburnt romps and the young ladies may be impertinent and shallow”—here the orator looked hard at Stacy—“but as they grow old they grow altogether noble and lovely; if I were certain that my wife would hurry up and grow old, I think I would get married immediately. I would go a hundred miles to-night to see one of those fair, kind, tranquil, Martha Washington faces again; and I would rather pay my respects to one of my old lady acquaintances in New York than to kiss the hand of a dowager queen. They are better than queens and duchesses, and their silver hair is more to be respected than the finest metal crown

that woman ever wore. Here's to the old ladies of America !”

“Bravo! Good for you, Rob!” cried the Colonel. “I declare it makes me homesick to hear you talk that way. Stacy, let me know when you write to your mother, will you?”

“I don't like old women, or old men either,” said Chester. “They are so egoistical.”

He was about to continue, but the Colonel gave him a severe look and discouraged him.

“He must have been taking too much wine,” whispered Stacy to her father. “I *never* heard him talk that way before.”

“No, 'pon my word, Stacy; I never was more sober in my life.”

“Then do tell us what is the matter with you.”

“It all comes from going to the opera. You didn't see what I saw last night. From where I sat I had full view into the depths of a box in the tier under us and a little farther around the circle. And what do you think I saw?”

“A flirtation.”

“No, worse than that. There was a young lady there who, under the illusion of distance, gas-light, and an opera-glass, had impressed me as very beautiful. But, alas, her beauty, like the beauty of so many things down here, was not ingrain, but superficial. In one of the *entr'actes* I saw her look into the handle of her fan. There was a mirror there. I know it, because it flashed the light in my eyes once, and nearly blinded me.”

“Did you ever read the story of Lady Godiva

and Peeping Tom, or hear of the sad fate of Actæon?" asked Stacy, innocently.

"Have done with your classical conundrums. As I was saying, she looked into the mirror and then drew from somewhere a stick of something or some other apparatus—"

"That's rather indefinite, but then we can't ask you to commit yourself," interrupted Stacy.

"—and commenced dabbing her face with it and polishing it down, like a plasterer repairing a ceiling. I was horrified, and I thought to myself, If this frail creature has to patch up between the acts of an opera, how —" he gasped — "would she look — by to-morrow — morning?"

As Stacy did not seem duly shocked by this revelation of feminine weakness, Robinson prepared to tell another.

"If it's as painful as the last," said Chester, with emotion, "handkerchiefs for four!" And the boy applied his napkin to his eyes.

"I was in the *Passeio Publico* again this afternoon, listening to some bits of 'Martha' from the German band, and I happened to be sitting by the side of a young lady."

"Yes?" from Stacy, in a tone that indicated that she thought more than she said.

"Oh, I sat down there first, and then she came along with an old woman as homely as sin, and they took seats on the same bench. I turned to look at her, to see if she had room enough. She was not more than fifteen years old, but she had all the graces of a woman of twenty, with a rich brown

complexion that reminded me of the shady side of a peach.”

“Did it look good enough to bite?” asked Chester. “Oh, peaches and cream! Don’t I wish I had been there!”

“The young lady seemed agitated at the idea of being an object of interest to so illustrious a foreigner, and she fluttered around upon the bench as if she didn’t hardly know what to do with herself. Finally, as a relief from her embarrassment, she dived her hand into her apron-pocket for her handkerchief. I have always noticed that a handkerchief is an un-failing remedy in circumstances like these. As she withdrew it something came along. It dropped out of the handkerchief and fell to the ground. I don’t know what it was, but it looked very much like a head of thistle-down.

“My first impulse was to do the polite thing and pick it up for her, but then, with that rare presence of mind which never deserts me in the hour of emergency, I reflected that perhaps I’d better not; perhaps the young lady would be just as much obliged to me if I looked the other way for a moment. So I appeared to be lost in contemplation of the beauties of nature, and kept only the corner of an eye upon the girl. With a hasty movement she scooped the thistle-head up from the ground, and blushed like the red, red rose. Then with two more lightning motions she swept the mysterious article down each cheek, and wiped the blush off as effectually as if this tuft of down had been a patent paint extractor, and when she turned to me again she

had a millery expression of countenance that was not at all inviting. All of the peach was gone. Oh, it is sad to see a whole nation disguising its beauty in this manner. If anything could have been more pleasing than the healthy brunette of this *Moreninha*, it was that same brown with its tinge of red blush; if there is anything better than the shady side of a peach, it is the other side, where the sun has touched it."

"We are ready for the moral," said Stacy.

"The moral is to eschew cosmetics. Don't you see how the women of Brazil are ruining their faces with too much plaster and powder and drugs, and how black and coarse and rough they are? Then think of the soft and well preserved complexions of our matrons at home. I'll warrant they didn't carry mirrors in their fans and thistle-down in their pockets when they were girls."

"Oh! didn't they?" said Stacy, innocently, and speaking as if the subject was a strange one to her.

"I trust and believe not," continued Robinson. "But you needn't smile. I'm not so green as you think. I know that you girls of the present generation dust yourselves up well, and so I have my fears for the future of the great republic. I haven't been to balls and had the shoulder of my dress-coat all whitened up without knowing the reason why. But I am grateful to know that you do not yet put it on so thick that it drifts into the dimples of your chin and the creases of your neck, as the belles do down here, and that you can make one application last you an evening, without being obliged to stop for repairs."

“Pauline, get up and make a little bow,” said Stacy. “The ladies of this table are being complimented.”

“That reminds me,” added Robinson. “Another proof of the evil effects of their rice-powder and lotions is seen in the gradual decay of feminine beauty which begins at the nursery. The children are beautiful, there is no denying that, but it is on the younger side of ten years that they are at their prettiest. Who ever saw anything more lovely than a little girl of the better classes here? She has a complexion as faultless and clear as obsidian, large, lustrous eyes, and always a clean face, a lady-like behavior, and a tidy dress. Why, if Paul here only had black hair she would hardly be noticed in Brazil. But as the girl grows old she grows homely. At twenty she will not bear close inspection; and at forty, catch her unawares, and her face looks as though she had assisted at a powder explosion. Now, whose fault is this? Nature did her work well; therefore they must be responsible for their own fading.”

“I know one individual who has managed to hold her own pretty well until she is twelve years old or thereabouts,” said Chester.

“You mean your Juliet of the orange trees?” asked Robinson. “Yes, it must be admitted that she does preserve the freshness of youth pretty well.”

“Her name isn’t Juliet; it’s Balbinda. I say, Rob, you’ve been to college; does ‘window’ rhyme all right with ‘Balbinda?’”

“Oh, my boy, is it as bad as that?”

“Yes,” replied Chester, with importance. “I don’t deny that I am writing her a valentine. Perhaps you may have noticed that I don’t eat much lately.”

“Pardon us; we had not noticed it,” said Stacy.

“Since the old gent interviewed me so suddenly under her window, I have been obliged to write my compliments.”

“How was that?”

“He only took about three steps across the street and came down on me before I could get around the corner. ‘Young man,’ says he, ‘what’s your intentions?’ ‘Honorable,’ says I, bracing up; ‘what’s yours?’ ‘If I see you around here any more,’ says he, ‘I intend to nail up the blinds and keep my girl in the back parlor.’ ‘*Esty beng bong*,’ says I, which means ‘That’s a good scheme.’ ‘And then,’ says he, ‘I shall send word around to the English Minister to have you transferred to another station.’ He thought I was a member of the British Legation.”

“Chester,” said Stacy, in an awful voice, “I don’t believe a word that you are saying.”

“That’s what I’m going to say, anyway, if the old fellow does come down on me. I’ve got it all made up beforehand. They say they do ask a man’s intentions here the first time he looks at a girl.”

“I don’t like to appear to be meddling in my family’s intimate affairs,” observed the Colonel, “but I would like to know what is the reason that

my son keeps his hair combed nowadays and puts on a clean collar for dinner.”

“It’s a young lady of twelve over here,” said Robinson, “who divides her attentions between him and her doll, sadly, I fear, to the neglect of her parents and piano-lesson. I have seen her. I never could understand before how Romeo’s Juliet could have been but fourteen years of age. I understand it now. We went down the Street of the Orange Trees yesterday, and Chester’s Balbinda was dandling a wax doll on the window-sill as we approached. But when she caught sight of this boy she forgot the doll entirely and opened the most flagrant flirtation with him. I cannot imagine a more incongruous spectacle than this. Her hand, drooping down from the window, still grappled by one heel the unhappy waxen image, which was dangling head foremost, and with its flounces all down under its arms. Meanwhile her lips were curving in the pleasantest of smiles for this beggar of ours, and the way those velvet eyes of hers made signs to him almost made me envy him, and I don’t care much for those things either. It was as if she were pelting him with rose-petals. It was Juliet in all of her precocity, her wealth of affection, and her premature womanhood of form and nature. She must have something to love, and the doll answered very well until Chester came along. Take an American girl of the same age; she is lank, homely, undeveloped, climbs fences, goes in swimming, and hates the boys as she does the multiplication table.”

“And do you mean to say that the American tom-

boy is going to turn out better than Chester's Balbinda?" asked the Colonel.

"I do. For these reasons: These are Balbinda's brightest days. Henceforward her life will be largely made up of dissatisfaction and disappointment. About at this age she begins to grow anxious

'— to be possessed of double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,'

and ruins her face with applications of purpurine, veloutine, camellia cream, and so forth. By this time also she has probably finished her superficial little education of French and piano, and her intellect is laid by to rest. Some of these days a husband will come to rescue her from her prison-home; but since they marry on a very short acquaintance and no courtship at all, the alliance resting principally upon a business basis, they will soon find out that they do not like each other as much as they thought they did. He will neglect her, leave her at home while he goes abroad, and in other ways maltreat her, and she will nurse her grievances until the hard lines form around her mouth and all of the kind expression dies out of her face."

"What a picture!" said Stacy, shuddering. "I'm so glad I'm an American. It's such a relief to find out that you don't like a man before you get married to him."

"We'll take you as a type of the American girl, Stacy, as Balbinda was of the Brazilian, and cast

your horoscope. Now you will probably marry some man whom you adore——”

Stacy shrugged her shoulders.

“The prospects are very few yet.”

“You will always have a happy home, and that is the best preservative of all for a woman’s beauty. You will never finish your education, but will continue to read and study and think, and that will keep your intellect sprightly. And you have the best form of religion in the world, which, besides giving you something good to think about, is constantly leading you into some benevolent good Samaritan business and keeping your sympathies aroused. Why, Stacy, as I see you, in the distant future, you are such a beautiful and benign old lady that I can hardly believe it is yourself. Allow me to renew my sentiment. Here’s to Stacy Smith—as she will be thirty or forty years from now.”

“Tiger—r—r! Make it fifty!” cried Chester.

XIII.

THE STREET OF THE ORANGE TREES.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

—BURNS.

IT may be wondered how Chester learned that his maid of the Orange Trees was named Balbinda. It happened in this wise:

It was the lad's custom to take frequent walks about the city, and when that useful functionary, Bemvindo, was available, he would borrow him as a guide and cicerone.

On one of these excursions they went up the Street of the Orange Trees. It was afternoon, and Chester knew that a certain window would be in the shade at this hour, and felt almost equally confident that a certain young lady would be in the window.

He was not mistaken. She was there, in her pink and white apparel, prettier than ever, and, as he approached, the pink of her jacket seemed to cast a deeper tinge upon her peachy cheeks. Entirely overlooking the trim and graceful Bemvindo, she smiled upon the blonde Chester alone.

He now felt that the hour had come.

"Bemvindo!" he said, "come over on this side. Now, when we go under the window, say something nice for me. Tell her I like her."

“Ver’ good,” replied Bemvindo; and when he was so close that her drooping hand almost brushed his shoulder, he addressed her.

“*Vá aprender a coser!*” (Go and learn to sew.)

“*Acho bom,*” she replied, carrying her head saucily and pouting her lips into a delicious little rosebud.

“What did she say?” eagerly whispered Chester, the moment they were past.

“She say—she fin’ it ver’ good. She like-a that. Firs’-class. Bully.”

“You ’re a brick, Beng! Come and take some cream somewhere.”

After Chester had cooled himself down to business temperature, he suggested a return by the same route.

“Now, Bemvindo, ask her what her name is,” said he. “If I am going to write to her, I must know how to address my letters.”

His friend obeyed.

“*Como—*”

But he was interrupted by a shrill voice from within:

“*Balbinda! Vem ca! Sahe desta maldita janella!*”

“Hark from the tombs!” said Chester. “What a mother-in-law she will make! It ’s time to go home! Come!”

“Her name—ees Balbinda,” said Bemvindo, when they were safely around the corner.

“Yes, I had a sort of an idea it was. And what else did the old lady say?”

“She say, ‘Balbinda! Come-a here! Go from ze’—ah—*como se diz ‘maldita’?*”

“Make it ‘damn,’” said Chester. “It’s a word sometimes used in the States.”

“Ver’ good. She say, ‘Go from ze damn window.’”

“Let’s sit down here,” said Chester, as they came to the inviting shade of a mango-tree.

A stone bench was there. The boys seated themselves, and Chester, producing a lead pencil and a scrap of paper, began chewing the end of the former in the abstraction of one who is exercising his brain in search of poetic thought.

“See here, Beng,” he said, in despair, “do you know anything about writing poetry?”

Bemvindo modestly replied that his education had been neglected.

“I thought all you Brazilians made verses.”

Bemvindo offered himself in contradiction to that popular opinion.

“But, any way, you can tell me a good rhyme for Balbinda, can’t you?”

Bemvindo did not know the meaning of the word “rhyme.”

“What word sounds like ‘Balbinda’? What word would look well with it?”

“I sink ‘Bemvindo’ ees a good word,” suggested the artless and illiterate youth.

“Oh, get out! I suspect you are trying to play a joke on me, Beng. Now, think. There’s ‘binda,’ ‘dinda,’ ‘finda,’ ‘flinda,’ ‘hinda,’ ‘linda,’—”

“I sink ‘linda’ ees a good word,” said his collaborator.

“What does it mean?”

“It means ‘pretty’, like-a Mees Stacy. She ees *muita linda*.”

“Just what I want, exactly. Now, here goes.”
And in the frenzy of success the boy began to write:

My linda
Balbinda,
Come back to the window.
Your Chester
Can't rest, or
Can't sleep—

“But I say, Beng, this is English, and of course she can't read English.”

This youth of fertile resource thought it would be a good plan to send a dictionary along with the note.

“No,” said Chester, “that wouldn't be the proper idea at all. I never heard of such a thing.”

Then, he suggested, she might get her mother to read it for her.

“No, no, we don't want any mothers in this business.”

Her father, then.

“Worse, and more of it. I guess I'll have to give it up for to-day, Bemvindo. I'll wait a week or two and write it in Portuguese. We'll go home, now. Stop that car, Beng.”

Bemvindo hailed the passing street-car.

“*P-s-s-s-sio!*” he said.

The driver understood him and reined up.

“Bemvindo, how did you make that noise?” asked Chester. “I want to learn it.”

But Bemvindo did not know. Almost any boy

can whistle, but very few boys can tell how they do it.

Chester became quiet and observant. Here he was with a sturdy determination to master the Portuguese language, and found himself unable to use one of the commonest expressions occurring in it. He noticed that when any one wished to get on the car he shot this snaky sibilation at the driver, and when he would alight the passenger held up a finger and made the same remark to the conductor. He noticed also that by different persons this ejaculation was modulated differently, and even fancied that he could detect signs of character in its various inflections. The fat old women gave it a moist and unctuous effusion ; with the young and pretty girls it sounded like a reversed kiss ; the swell young men said *Pst!* like the flash of a fire-work ; and the nervous men of business expressed their wishes in a dry and authoritative *C-h-h-h!*

Our young student left the car and walked the streets in deep thoughtfulness. Forgetting all about his Balbinda, he was now determined to master this morsel of dialect if it took all the afternoon, so as to have material for the astonishment of his folks on his return to the hotel. As he walked he practised what he had learned, inflicting it on the dogs and doce-boys, but did not feel complimented in observing that the former fled from him, while the latter laughed at him. Evidently he had not yet acquired the polished accent of the court.

A young gentleman was leaning languidly over the balustrade of a window across the way. He wished

to attract the attention of a friend whom he saw standing on the street-corner opposite. Under these circumstances, you, or I, or Chester, dear reader, unpolished as we are, would have naturally called out, "I say, Perkins, look up here!" or "Hi, there, you man with the gig-lamp spectacles!" But he did otherwise. He pursed his lips and through his teeth produced the sound,—

"*Ch-h-h-h!*"

The driver of the passing tilbury, thinking that a fare awaited him, slacked his speed.

"*Ch-h-h-h!*"

The huckster woman who was tying her shoe on the curb-stone thought that some one wanted an orange, and turned her head.

"*Ch-h-h-h-h!*"

The newsboy, thinking he recognized a call for the "Jornal," revolved once around on his heel.

"*Ch-h-h-h-h-h!*"

A thievish billy-goat, apprehending that retribution was hard after him, scampered down the street.

"*Ch-h-h-h-h-h! Ch! Ch!*"

Then his friend looked up, and the usual compliments of the morning passed between them.

Chester marvelled greatly that so much time and breath should be wasted for an object that could be gained more easily by a direct form of speech, but since it was the custom of the country it was his duty to learn it and ask no questions; and when he again found himself in the bosom of his family he flattered himself that he was proficient in this aspirated whis-

tle, which is as truly a national characteristic as the *u* of the French or the *j* of the Spaniards.

He was not slow to display this linguistic acquirement. Leaning out of the window, he waited until the orange-woman came along, and then called out:

“*S-s-s-shoo!*”

The customary dog wrapped his tail around his hind-leg and scudded down the street. The orange-wench looked up, very much astonished and somewhat alarmed, and quickened her pace.

It was an ignominious failure.

“Chester,” said Stacy, reprovingly, “what do you mean?”

“Well, I don’t care. It’s a part of the language,” said the boy.

“You haven’t the accent, Chester,” said Robinson. “No wonder your sister is dismayed by such a barbarous mutilation of language. Let me show you. You see, Stacy, it is not considered the thing to whistle for a boot-black, or call out to a friend, or clink your glass for a waiter, in Rio. If a fellow wants anybody or anything he twists his vocal organs out of shape and says:

“*Fizz-z-z-z!*”

“Oh get out,” cried Chester. “That isn’t the way at all. You have been taking lessons from a soda fountain, Rob. Let’s get Mr. Kingston to show us.”

That gentleman could readily tell how the sound was made. It was nothing more nor less than the upper half of a sneeze. But when he came to illustrate his teachings he could produce nothing better than —

“*Sh-h-h-h!*”

In spite of his long residence here, his foreign birth revealed itself in that abortive attempt.

“But how do you manage to call the right person?” asked Chester.

“You don’t. To emit this sibilant summons in the hearing of a number of persons is like calling out ‘Judge!’ in a congressional lobby. Everybody, or at least everybody but the right one, turns his head in reply. I think I never knew but one Brazilian who had the necessary magnetic powers for throwing this sound as an Indian throws an arrow from his blow-gun, so as to hit the person he wanted without disturbing the rest of the community. This man could stand in the upper tier of boxes at the theatre and call the attention of his friend in the orchestra stalls without incommoding any of his neighbors.”

“I do not think it is very nice,” said Stacy.

“It is so funny,” said Pauline, who had been a quiet listener. “I call my kitten in the same way that I drive it away at home. Look!

“Kitty! *Ch-h-h!* *Ch-h-hh!*”

The cat came running to her in response.

“I think it is deuced inconvenient,” said the Colonel. “A man must have the neck of an owl to pay attention to all of the salutations that are hissing through the air. All the rifle-balls at Gettysburg were not half as trying to my nerves. As for me, I am tired of twisting my head in reply to the washerwoman who calls her child in out of the sun, or to

the dandy who wants his shoes polished and is too nice to say so in direct language."

"Still," mused Chester, "it pays to learn all these things, if we're going to show the folks at home that we've been abroad. I'm getting along pretty well myself. I can pick my teeth at the table, and eat with my knife—everything except soup and peas; they bother me yet. They will know that we have been farther than to Paris."

"Yes," replied Robinson. "Like as not they'll think we have been as far as Missouri."

XIV.

THE LAST OF THE MEGATHERIUMS.

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately palms and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw.

—TENNYSON.

IT is a pleasant morning's ride, or, for stalwart legs, a healthy walk, to Corcovado. Half walking and half riding, the Smith family and Robinson, accompanied by the Naturalist as expositor and guide, set out upon this pilgrimage one cool and clear day shortly after their arrival. The real ascent of the mountain begins at the airy Hotel of the Beautiful View, where a couple of saddle-horses awaited them. One of these, owing to certain peculiarities of accoutrement, was designed exclusively for the use of Stacy or Pauline. The other was for him whose need was greatest; this, as it happened, was Chester, who at an early hour fell a victim to the influence of the climate, as he politely expressed it, and monopolized the saddle, much to the disaffection of the Colonel, who puffed, wiped his brow, realized that he was growing old, and cast envious eyes upon his son's repose. Pauline rode behind

Chester and tried in vain to compass his substantial waist in her grasp. As for Mr. Kingston, his place, as a naturalist, was near to Nature's heart, that is, on the ground ; it were indignity to offer him a ride.

From the hotel, which stands like an outpost between the sky and the sea, between the forest and the city, they plunged immediately into the shade of the matted woods. A graded road, easy but circuitous, winds leisurely to the mountain-top. Along its edge runs the city aqueduct, keeping the way cool and moist in the hottest days of the year. It bears the date of 1744. It is a rare piece of antiquarian masonry, made in those good old colony times ere work was done by contract. At frequent intervals they came to grated windows opening into the mossy walls of this old water-way. Here and there was an open door through which they could peer into its sepulchral depths, and, peering, see a vaulted conduit as broad and high as a street of the catacombs, along the little stone trough in whose floor was trickling the thread of water for which, in times of drought, the slaves of Rio squabble and fight.

"For many a long and weary year," said Robinson, "I have been looking for the prettiest spot in the world. Here it is before us. Dismount, Stacy, and walk through this flower-garden. See how you like the place. If it meets with your approval I will buy it for you."

It was the reservoir to which he referred. It was a little pile of architecture standing in a recess of the hill, but, though insignificant in size, it and its surroundings made up a picture that was superb in

its beauty. Before it was a plot of green, with parterres of flowers in colors of scarlet and flame. Overhead the solid cliff rose hundreds of feet into the clouds, from somewhere in whose lower fringes a filigree stream came wavering down to add its slender contribution to the reservoir. In the smooth façade of the stone-work the builder had left a niche for the statue of somebody, and, what enhanced the beauty of the scene, this niche was yet vacant. Some day it will perhaps be filled, and the charm of this place will be frowned away by the effigy of some little great man of the city below.

As they resumed their tramp, a brilliant butterfly loitered along in the air above them, keeping tantalizingly just beyond the Naturalist's net. Little green paroquets crossed their path, flying two-by-two, as their ancestry are said to have entered the ark. Around them was the mat and jungle of tropical growth, whose freshness of eternal summer was a feast for their cold northern eyes. They saw a verdure which, never bleached by the frosts of winter, is not discouraged by the necessity of being regularly deciduous, nor can its leaves be said to have any time in particular to fall. The palms grew to the mountain-top. The tree-fern spread its kind shade over the passers-by and brushed their brows with airy and coquettish touch. With his net the Naturalist brought down a bloody-red passion-flower and explained the holy and hidden symbolism which the eye of the devout Catholic finds there. Then, dealing in insect, fruit, and flower, he beguiled the way with the peripatetic discourse of a summer-school

professor, who is companion and teacher, equal and superior, all in the same breath.

Chester, who was ever on the alert for the realization of certain pictures in his geography, expected at every turn in the road to come upon an anaconda coiled around a tree-trunk, but was gratified with nothing larger than an insignificant green snake which wound itself into the thicket and disappeared. Then he became clamorous for monkeys. If he could only see a monkey and chase it into a cocoa-nut tree and irritate it into bombarding him with nuts, as they treat the travellers in the story-books, his measure of happiness would be complete. But all of the monkeys being in retirement at that hour, the Naturalist could only offer the boy the paltry satisfaction of a "monkey ladder." It was a rope of twisted fibres, each fibre a separate vine, which led from the ground to the lofty branches of the tree above. This monkey ladder swung from the limbs of a "buttressed tree," whose trunk, solid and cylindrical at twenty or thirty feet from the ground, divided itself into flanges or buttresses near its roots. These flanges, three or four in number, and radiating from the centre like the septa of a fruit, were almost as thin as boards, and, indeed, are used as planks at times by the Indians, to whom civilization and saw-mills have not yet penetrated.

Robinson walked once around this tree and mused upon it.

"Every day," he said, "we are brought to realize more and more that a kind Providence has been

doubly kind in providing for the wants of the lazy inhabitants of these tropics."

"I hardly agree with you," said the Naturalist, "that this peculiar arrangement of fibre is a special dispensation for the lazy and the lumberless. Is it not, instead, for the benefit of the tree itself? and is not this trunk, with its material thus thrown out in buttresses, stronger and better able to stand up before the storms that strike it? Has not the engineer learned, in his experiments on the strength of materials, that almost any other form of beam is better than the compactness of the solid cylinder, such as the tree-trunk usually is? Is this not, in short, another illustration of mechanics in Nature?"

"Here, Chester," he continued, "here is a wild beast of the equator for you! Well, we are fortunate, indeed. We might go to Corcovado a hundred times and not find another such a prize as this. Look ahead there, on the upper bank of the road."

The boy looked, and saw an object which at first seemed to be a stump of a tree, of a whitish color, which could not be hidden in the dense green of the overhanging vegetation. Then it developed into an animal of some kind, with a coat of a pale opossum gray. It supported itself against the steep roadside by one extended arm, clutching into the herbage by means of long claws, stained and discolored, and curved like miniature elephant tusks.

"There it is, Chester,—the sloth. You have heard of it before. Every school-boy has the sloth and the ant held up before him, figuratively speaking, once in a while. Come near; he wont hurt you. The

beast is only about two feet long now, but he comes from a good old stock. He is the degenerate descendant of the old and once powerful family of the megatheriums, whose ponderous bodies were twenty feet long or more. Why don't you come up and look at it, good folks?"

"It's dead," said Chester. "It smells bad."

"Dead?—I guess so!" said Robinson. "It's falling to pieces."

At this point, Stacy, sharing the prevailing delusion, applied her handkerchief to her face; and the Colonel lit a cigar.

"Don't turn it over!" begged Robinson of the Naturalist, who was poking it with a stick.

"There's nothing the matter with it," he replied. "A little slow, that's all; but that's the nature of the beast. The sloth never is a very lively subject, but I must confess that this is the first time in all of my experience that I have met one whose laziness was death-like in its completeness."

"And it isn't dead?" asked Stacy.

"By no means. It's not particularly animated, to be sure; but still it's as healthy a specimen of the sloth as you will find."

"It must be badly wounded, then."

"No, no. Come forward and be convinced."

The Naturalist, fumbling with the handle of his net, managed to bring to light its three hidden legs, whose absence, as they were curved beneath its body, made it look like a limbless corpse. Emboldened by example, the others gathered around and punched him up vigorously with their umbrellas and

bamboo canes. As if in protest against this severe treatment, the animal turned his eyes reproachfully upon them, revolving his head upon his neck with the slow and mechanical precision of the minute hand of a clock.

It was not a bad countenance, and by no means disagreeable. The eyes were those of a seal, the face was flat and not snouted, and this, combined with the almost entire absence of tail, made it seem more akin to the human race than the majority of monkey kind. But there was nothing pert or smart about him, and being out of his element here on the ground he did not seem to have his wits thoroughly about him. So there was truth in Robinson's observation that, if human, he would probably make a better philosopher than an auctioneer. Anon, as his persecutors continued to poke him, he seemed to change into a great lumbering hulk of a school-boy, who, being pestered, begs, sulks, and threatens to tell the teacher.

A final thrust turned him over on his back. There he still hung, suspended by one paw, whose hold, it was seen, was slowly weakening. His other three legs dangled, and his head fell on his bosom in the besotted way of a drunken man's. Then Chester revived the story of the inebriate who leaned against the lamp-post and laid imaginary wagers upon his own stability. "Bet you I'll fall," the sloth seemed to say, as he leered at them stupidly. "Bet you a dollar I'll fall. Bet you five dol—" Here the herbage gave way and the animal descended into the road with a roll and a flop. Slowly turning its head

toward the group, it seemed to continue, "There! Won the bet."

"When we were up in the interior," said the Naturalist, "one of our men shot a sloth, but it died hard and he had to finish it with a hatchet. When one of these animals is wounded it cries just like a baby, and this one squalled till words couldn't describe it."

"Like an infant class?" suggested Robinson.

"Yes, like a whole kindergarten. Herod himself never heard such a howling. I never want to see another wounded sloth."

"I would," said Chester. "Let's make this one talk," and he began to poke it with Stacy's parasol as rudely as if it was nothing but an unfeeling plaster cast in a museum and he was a lady critic.

"I would like to hear it cry," ventured Pauline, timidly.

"*Et tu, Brute?*" said Robinson.

"Brute yourself!" cried Chester. "Whatever Polly does is right, and if she wants to hear the beast squeal it's right that it should squeal. Who's got a pin? Polly never did anything wrong in her life — only once."

"And when was that, pray?" asked Robinson. "That's news to me."

"That was when her croquet ball wouldn't lie still, and she put her foot on it and lammed it with her mallet and wished the thing had feeling."

"Chester, I didn't lam it. I only hit it."

"What depravity!" said Robinson, gravely. "O Pauline, Pauline, you don't know what you have done. You have made me lose my last bit of faith

in womankind. I thought you at least were perfect."

"I didn't mean it," replied the child, the tears gathering in her eyes.

"However, you may be forgiven if you never do anything worse than that, and never put your foot on some young man's heart, and abuse that, as your big sister habitually does with the young men of her acquaintance."

In the meantime the sloth was doing its feeble best to escape. Vain attempt. It could not walk, but could only flounder. Balanced on its hind legs, it was as unstable as a turtle on its tail, and the least touch would throw it over. Its limbs were loose-jointed and gifted with extensile strength alone. Like the cables of a suspension bridge, they were designed for tension and not for compression, and it was only on the tree, and travelling along the under side of the bough, that it was at home.

In order to carry it thither the Naturalist offered it a branch from the thicket. It grasped it with one paw, and then, hand over hand, with the practised and easy swing of an accomplished athlete, it traversed its length. Placed at the foot of the tree, it seemed to gather new life and strength from the touch of its bark. Its ascent was noiseless, rapid, and graceful. Breaking off an obtruding dry spine, pushing aside a green twig that was in the way, selecting its route with that animal instinct which puts to shame our human judgment, it was soon at the top of the tree. There, in its chosen habitation, whose leaves are its food, they left it, the type of all that is

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

XV.

ON CORCOVADO.

The Pharaohs were a vulgar lot; they cut their names wherever they could find a smooth and conspicuous place.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

N EAR the crest of Corcovado, in that lofty zone where the palms are scarce and the hard-wood trees are stained with red lichen, in that notch in the mountains where the thirsty aqueduct crosses to the other side of the range and goes its dangerous way in search of water, there is another resting-place where the tourists tether their horses, eat their cold snacks, and remove their coats preparatory to the last hard clamber to the summit. It is an umbrella of palm thatch, shaped like a gigantic mushroom, around whose stalk in the centre a table is built, where luncheons innumerable have been spread. Around this rustic board there are chairs equally rustic, being sections of the solid log.

Our party sat down here and reproached themselves and each other—especially each other—for going on a picnic without any cold victuals.

“I am thirsty,” said Robinson. “Only to think of an exploring expedition starting out without medicine, and this in Brazil, where snake-bites are supposed to be common!”

“It is but a few steps to the *venda*,” suggested the Naturalist.

“I have been there, tempted by the sight of a sardine-box and a broken bottle at the door; but alas! their shelves are empty and their casks are dry. This has not been a fortunate day. We have found bananas, but they were green; plums, but they were sour; and now a *venda* where nothing is vended.”

“A bouquet of beer still lingers around this shelf,” said the Naturalist, “and here are stains that water never made.”

“And here is a cheese crumb and half of a hard-boiled egg,” cried Chester.

“A *soupeçon* of sausage still lingers in the air,” added Stacy. “Inhale and be refreshed.”

“Rather a Barmecidal banquet,” objected Robinson.

“What would you have?” asked the Naturalist. “Those who live in the woods should take such bounties as the woods provide. Here is one of them, which, if you are more hungry than fastidious, will taste better to you than the brains of singing birds or the roe of mullets.”

So saying, he displayed a large black ant which he had plucked from an overhanging limb, and whose head he had pinched between his thumb and finger so as to effect its quietus.

“This is a staple article of food among the savages of the interior, where monkey steaks prevail. Many an otherwise unpalatable meal have I savored with a sauce of these ants — a *sauce piquante*, as it were. Or taken raw, fresh from the bush, as we pick blackberries, they are not to be despised, either

as a whet or a dessert. Indeed, it requires no very active imagination to liken this insect to the blackberry. Notice the glossy black of its lobes, and how each resembles a fragment of the berry in question. See how conveniently it is divided into sections by a kind Providence, so as to afford several bites to the dainty mouth. How does it taste, do you ask? It ought to be recorded among the Apician delicacies. Its flavor is very much like that of the blackberry, only perhaps a trifle more pungent."

"I dare you to eat it," challenged Chester.

"After you," said he politely, offering it around the circle. Then he picked off its head and threw it away, and placed the carcass in his mouth. There was a momentary struggle between the muscles of his face, which, under his control, endeavored to force the morsel down, and the involuntary machinery of his neck, which rejected it. The latter prevailed, and he was obliged to spit it out.

"It is not the right species," said he apologetically.

"I know what was the matter," said Chester. "You ought to have put it on ice first."

"That is it, exactly," replied the Naturalist. "The Indians always put theirs on ice for an hour or two. This was a little too fresh. I don't believe it was hardly dead yet. I think it kicked, and tickled my throat. This is not the right time of year for that sort of game, either. And besides, they never eat them without a pinch of salt."

It was evident that he was chagrined over his defeat.

At a later hour, in discussing this incident, Stacy said:

"I don't think I could ever love a man that would eat ants."

"Neither could I," said Robinson, with effusion. "Shake hands on it, Stacy."

"I'm so glad," she continued, demurely, "that Mr. Kingston failed in his effort. If he had swallowed it I am afraid that I never could have respected him again."

Robinson collected himself, and withdrew his proffered hand.

The penknife of many a predecessor had chipped into the soft pine of the table where they sat, carving monograms, love-knots, spitted hearts, and other nonsense of an idle hour. Chester contributed a star-spangled banner to the collection, and then brought down a storm of condemnation by beginning to hew out his name underneath.

"I don't care," complained he. "Here's ALPHEUS JOHNSON, CONNECTICUT, and I'm not going to allow any Yankee by the name of Johnson to get ahead of me."

"Let him register," said the Naturalist. "It will interest the native young ladies from Rio. They will spell out his name and build a romance upon it, with a hero of light hair, blonde face, and a full chest. Have you noticed that there is always something alluring about the names of foreigners? Imagine the effect of the prolix autograph of Pedro Henrique Carlos Rubens Ferreiro upon a boarding-

school miss of our country, if she should have it presented to her on a visiting card."

"But that is such a pretty name," said Stacy.

"In your ears, yes. But what do you think it means?" asked he.

"I don't know, but I should think the owner of it would be a count or a baron at least."

"It means Peter Henry Charles Reuben Smith."

"Oh!" cried Stacy, her illusion gone. "That is worse than Chester Smith or Henry Clay Robinson."

"Just think what a racket Pedro Henrique etc. Smith would create among the girls at Newport or Washington!" said Robinson. "And what a welcome guest he would prove to that Georgetown landlady, of a good old family in reduced circumstances, who, having daughters to marry, advertised for boarders, 'foreigners preferred.' I had the distinguished honor of knowing a young lady of that type myself, and once having occasion to draw a comparison from Hawthorne, was crushed by her lofty statement that she never read American literature. I shall never forget the look of disdain with which she regarded me, when, in response to an observation of hers, I inadvertently said 'I guess so.' But she had all of the latest Belgravian argot on her tongue and was busy, when I last saw her, in laying matrimonial snares for a villainous rake of one of the foreign legations."

"Fortunately for our national pride," said the Naturalist, "folly of this kind is not confined to the United States. It was only the other evening that I was out to dinner in this city and became the per-

functory confidant of a sensitive lady who had been slighted in some way, as she fancied. 'And this affront to me,' she said, in glowing terms, 'to *me*, whose grandfather was a foreigner!' But, after all, is not this universal weakness something of a blessing, inasmuch as in our present state of society every person has something to be proud of, and very peculiar must be the conditions of the man who cannot contemplate himself from some point of view, with complacency. If his ancestors came over with the first cargo of convicts to Virginia, he belongs to one of the old families. If they are a recent importation, then he can say, with the lady of whom I have spoken, 'My grandfather was a foreigner.' If he is rich, he is proud of his wealth; if poor, of his honorable poverty. If he has a family Bible with a well filled genealogical page, he boasts of his lineage; if he was a foundling, he glories in the fact that he is a self-made man. And so it goes. Every one, by this beneficent arrangement of Providence, may exalt himself and feel a secret contempt for his neighbor.

"Our disdain for the Chinese is not superior to their disdain for us. Even the law and the gospel obey this general rule, for the man with the green bag and the man with the surplice each thinks that his particular profession is the key-stone of the arch of useful employment. The clerk in the village grocery will not associate with the farmer's boy who brings the butter and eggs from the country; he in his turn is scorned by the young gentleman from the country-seat, who is not allowed to penetrate the

mystic circle of best society when he goes to Albany, whose members knock in vain at the doors of the New York clubs, the flower of which are annually snubbed in London and Paris.

“But this is a digression, indeed,” he continued, as the bells of the distant city told off another hour. “The day passes, and Corcovado is yet above us. Prepare for the last hard scramble.”

Reaching the summit, they ascended the final rock of the crest by steps chipped out of the solid stone. The peak was composed of a double crag, whose intervening fissure was arched over with smooth masonry. Around the outer edge of the level floor thus formed there was an inclosure of white wall, constituting the castle in the air which Robinson had erstwhile mistaken for a convent. Inside of this parapet there ran a bench of colored tiles, arranged in mosaic pattern.

“This is a warm climate, indeed,” said Robinson. “Here is more tessellated masonry at the top of a mountain where, in the States, the eternal rocks themselves would not be safe from the frosts’ hidden enginery.”

“And it must have been here a generation at least,” said the Naturalist, “for Ewbank, in his peregrinations in 1845, visited this spot, and, in the naive frankness of the American vandal, he speaks of the mosaic pavement here, ‘a specimen of which I took.’ ”

“Chester, do come down from there!” called Stacy to her brother, who was lounging on the top of the wall, taking a position in which, had his shoes

dropped off, they would have fallen a thousand feet sheer downward.

"I'm enjoying the scenery," said Chester. "You can't get the genuine thrill of a beautiful view cooped up in a place like that, any more than these folks down here can get the true idea of skating from their parlor skates."

"You'd better come away, Chester," warned Robinson. "It is for the benefit of such adventurous spirits as you that the wall was built."

"The true motive of the wall, as I understand it," said the Naturalist, "is to be found in the tragedy of which this spot was the theatre once upon a time."

"A legend!" cried Robinson, producing his notebook. "Now, this is what we have been waiting for. Make it grim and gory, please."

"It is the legend of the two travellers who came up here many years ago. While lost in contemplation of the beauties around him, one of them was grappled by his companion, who had developed a full-blown insanity on the spur of the moment and sought to throw his life-long friend down this Tarpeian cliff, but, fortunately, without success."

"Not a very blood-curdling legend, to be sure," said Robinson, "but, taken on the spot, it is quite sufficient. And then the moral is good—when you go to Corcovado, be certain that your companion is not subject to feeling queer. By the way, Colonel, there is something in your eye which makes me wish I had not come. Is it the reflection of desperation and deadly intent in your heart?"

“No, it is the result of an empty stomach, I guess.”

“Feast on the landscape around us,” said the Naturalist. “Behold the mountains, piled in all forms of imagery and green with forests from sea to summit; the great bald conoid of the Sugar Loaf, higher than several Trinity Churches; the lumpy mountain system beyond the bay, resembling, in its alternations of hill and furrow, the expanse of a Titanic potato-field; and the islands, the culminating points of other ranges now covered by the sea, how they dwindle in size as they recede from the shore! Follow the city with your eye, as it straggles along its miles and miles of coast, and runs back into the numerous little valleys which separate the equally numerous spurs with which the mountains subside into the sea. See the neat white villas gleaming from the thick verdure around. Behold this one at our very feet; what a bird’s-eye view we have of its gardens and parterres! Trace, if you can, the winding yellow road by which we came, digged for the public convenience by the kind paternal government under whose ægis we are.”

“What is a paternal government?” asked Chester.

“A paternal government, my boy, is one that taxes the distant provinces to pay for home improvements.”

“And what do you mean by ‘ægis’?”

“That is the kind attention paid to the stranger by the officials of the custom house and police, who seize his passport, scribble on it, detain it, tell him to call for it to-morrow, eye him suspiciously, treat

him rudely, and in other ways seek to convince him that he is a person so important that the Brazilian nation is afraid of him.”

In the centre of the enclosure where they were gathered was a stone pillar. Above it arose a flag-staff, which in its time had supported not only the flags of all nations, but also many a handkerchief, napkin, and apron, the colors of those who had picnicked there. Robinson was standing upon this rostrum, getting together the points of a little speech which he was contemplating, when he discovered a phenomenon which diverted his attention to another and better end.

At this hour the mists came rolling in from the sea, and, dissolving against the warm rock of the mountain top, were invisible there, while underneath, at the base of the peak, a turbulent ocean of vapors eddied and curled. Standing with his back to the sun, which was then in the distant north, Robinson saw a tiny arc of rainbow, a semi-circle in length, lying on the clouds below. In its centre was a black object, dim at first, but which took on human shape as the bow grew brighter. By some chance motion, repeated in the apparition, he first learned that this shadow was his picture, and great was his enthusiasm.

He made gestures, gyrations, and postures; his eidolon mimicked him faithfully. He swayed from side to side; the silhouette did the same, and the halo of border obligingly accompanied it. He hoisted his umbrella; its convex reflection fitted neatly into the arc of the rainbow.

“Come up here, Stacy, and have your picture taken,” he called. “It’s no slight thing to be photographed on such a scale and have it framed in so gorgeous a border of seven colors. Come, Stacy, I’ll stand the expense. There, now, take hold of my arm and snuggle up close so that we won’t crowd the rainbow. Now let’s make a little courtesy. See how gracefully the figures in the mirror make obeisance in response. Surely nature must be flattering us. But no, nature is incapable of flattery. It must be that we look well together, Stacy. Were this a fit occasion —”

“I wish you would help me down,” said Stacy, “and I will leave this platform to yourself. I have always noticed that public speakers require a good deal of elbow room.”

Robinson descended from his pulpit. At its base he caught sight of an inscription, and cried :

“*Amigos!* There are bigger fools in the world than Alpheus Johnson of Connecticut, and they are not American, either. *Viva a Republica!*”

He had found where some aspirant for fame, subscribing himself with that extraordinary length of name characteristic of the Brazilian people, had stencilled his card upon the stone pillar, while two other persons, four names to the person, had carved their autographs deep into a hand’s-breadth of lead sheeting, which they had carried all this distance and height and bolted down to the solid rock.

“Before these cases of idiocy,” continued Robinson, “the folly of Alpheus Johnson is dimmed. His was the work of thoughtlessness and an idle

moment; theirs was premeditated and aforethought.
‘What fools these mortals be.’”

And with hearts hopeful for the future of the great republic, they took up their homeward march.

XVI.

SEEING THE CITY.

A child lost in the midst of the multitude.

“Hi! Hi! Hi!”

“What are you yelling about?”

“I want my mother.”

“What’s your name?”

“I don’t know. Hi! Hi! Hi!”

“Where do you live?”

“I live in a very dirty street, where there is a church.”

“Why, my house is in the same street.”

—FRANÇA JUNIOR.

ON the day after the ascent of Corcovado, Robinson and Stacy started out for a morning walk. Upon the door-step Robinson turned to face his companion, looked into her eyes, and said:

“Now, tell me truly, honor bright, what do you think of Rio?”

“I think it is perfectly lovely,” she replied, with a girl’s enthusiasm. She was holding a rose to her lips as she spoke, and was thinking of what she had seen the day before,—the pretty chalets at the foot of the mountain, the blue dotted with green of the bay and islands, the white ships out at sea, and the fleeces of cloud in the sky.

“You think that nothing could change your opinion?”

“Certainly not,” answered Stacy, a little indignant at having her constancy called in question.

“Then, come.”

“Did you call me?” asked Chester, indifferently, as he strolled into hailing distance.

“Shall we take him?” asked Robinson.

“We might tolerate him,” said Stacy, “if he will promise to keep at a respectful distance, and not let people know that he belongs to us.”

“You hear the conditions,” said Robinson. “You are to be an outrider, a page, an escort, a skirmisher—”

“No, sir; you haven’t hit it yet. A chaperon, that’s the word. And if I say ‘*Ana-sta-tia!*’ you want to let go of Rob’s arm, sis, and brace up. And if I call out, ‘You, Henry!’ you’ll know what that means.”

Perhaps there was something malicious in Robinson’s guidance as he led his friends around the city. At least so Stacy thought.

“But aren’t there any pleasant walks in Rio?” she asked.

“Oh, yes; numerous. But they are all outside of the city.”

“What *can* I do?” she cried in dismay, as they passed the angle of a church. “I cannot hold up my skirts and my parasol, and keep my handkerchief to my face, with only two hands.”

“*Coitadinha!* Let me take your umbrella. Now we’ll leave this unpleasant quarter and go around by the market. The market, you know, is always an interesting locality in the morning.”

They met peddlers, heavily loaded, hastening to the suburbs with their various burdens; vendors of

dry goods with their chests of stuffs upon their backs, striking their measuring wands together to warn their customers of their approach; the man with a basket of culinary furniture upon his head, beating a frying-pan and accompanying his steps with a shrill tintinnabulation; the man with an Ossa of tin-ware upon a Pelion of earthen-ware, and the whole surmounted by a bath-tub; the serious Chinese shrimp merchant, ambling along, and having great trouble with his *r*'s as he announced "*Camarões ! Camarões !*"

There were women also, stalwart blacks, with fruit, vegetables, and sweetmeats, some of them sprawling upon the sidewalks and others striding along with determined gait, making the timid clerks in white pantaloons scatter before them like so many sheep. One of these bore down upon Stacy and Robinson like a black cloud upon a pleasure party. Upon her head there was a wooden tray upon which were piled a ghastly beef's-head, some tripe, liver, and other odds and ends of the butcher's shop. As she walked, with arms akimbo, she swept the pavement clean before her, and, confident of her supremacy over all ordinary passengers, she gave them no thought, but kept her eyes on the distant future. Robinson dragged Stacy hastily into the middle of the street, thus avoiding a collision.

Stacy was ruffled by this abrupt action.

"The hateful creature!" said she. "They ought to put her in prison. Where are the police?"

"All around us," replied Robinson. "This thin

stripling in the airy costume of brown linen is a policeman."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Chester, in wonder. "Why, I'm not afraid of any boy of his size. I say, Bobby! Come out from behind that sword. I know you're there, for I see your legs hanging down."

The policeman did not understand the words of this speech, but he seemed seriously inclined to arrest Chester on grounds of suspicion alone; there was something in the boy's voice and eye that seemed to threaten the public quiet and safety.

A white-gloved orderly, bearing an immense official envelope in his hand, dashed at gallop down the street, as if the enemy were at the city gates and this letter contained the terms of surrender. The shoulders and flanks of his fine horse were dashed with lather and foam, and the messenger's sword clanked ominously with its voice of war. He was engaged upon government business; probably it was an application for a widow's pension, submitted several years ago and to be decided as many years hence. In this way government business is transacted all the world over.

A waterman with his cart—that is, a barrel of water upon two wheels—next attracted attention, and Stacy's sympathy was aroused at seeing this barefooted aquarius tugging at the shaft by the side of his faithful friend and servant, the mule, to help him what little he could.

After the waterman, in logical sequence came the milkman with his perambulating dairy. He was

leading his cow by a rope tied around her horns, and she in turn was dragging her calf, an overgrown hulk of a yearling, by a cord running from the end of her tail to the head of her pampered infant ; it is a theory among these milkmen that the cow will not "give down" unless the calf is present to butt and fumble with his muzzled snout while the dairyman is pursuing his task. Both the calf and the cow hung back stubbornly and wavered as they walked, so that the three formed a procession which, though attenuated, was by no means inconsiderable, and they effectually cleared the sidewalk, driving Robinson and Stacy again into the street. These had the curiosity to watch the milkman until he came to the door of a customer, when he unslung his cup and milked it full, the calf meanwhile interfering with dumb protestations, thrusting his boot-leg muzzle into the tantalizing fluid, while the cow quietly ruminated, probably wondering how it was that this child of hers could drink so much without getting fat.

At some distance farther on was the stable, which appeared to be an important centre of the dairy interests. It was situated upon one of the principal streets, between a couple of fancy little dwelling-houses which were painted to shame the rainbow, and in Stacy's eyes the establishment seemed to be very much out of place. Two or three half-naked children were playing in the doorway and waging an unequal war with the fleas. Two or three goats, independent and aggressive as city goats always are, were holding their own, like Thermopylæan heroes,

upon the *trottoir* and in the street, to the almost total obstruction of travel.

Stacy's handkerchief was again brought into use.

"I dislike musk," said she. "I hate the smell of musk, but I am never going to come out again without it. There are some things worse than musk in this world."

"It's the breath of the kine," answered Robinson. "Have you not often read of it in poetry and stories of the summer vacation? It's the breath of the kine. How thankful ought these stifled dwellers of the city to be that they have at least this taste of country life at their doors! But, ungrateful that they are, I will venture to say that in all Brazilian literature there is not a single scrap about milkmaids and the romance of the barnyard."

"Hush! Milkmaids *are* nice — to read about."

Officials of church and state, clad in sombre vestments and gay uniforms, jostled them at every turn. Surely, they thought, the governors of the Brazilian soul and body must outnumber the governed. Between cathedral and convent journeyed the young priest, with his fleshy lips and his cheeks red and full in the grossness of sensuality. The jolly little Beranger of the brotherhood, whose sacerdotal garb could not quite smother the merry twinkle of his eye and the kindness that lay in every feature, beamed on them from a street corner, where he stood taking a pinch of snuff.

"I like him," said Stacy. "I don't suppose he is of much use, but then he can't be capable of any great harm. But here is a better one still," she

continued, as they met a Franciscan with his benevolent face and long flowing beard, and his black gown with its clothes-line cincture about the waist. "Now this man must believe what he professes, whatever that may be, and if I am any judge of character — as you know I am, Henry — he would be a hero or a martyr or a ministering angel, if there was an opportunity. I shouldn't wonder if he was on an errand of mercy at this very moment."

"He is certainly a martyr at this very moment," replied Robinson. "I wonder that he doesn't die in this hot sun, with all of that ulster of black stuff dragging at his heels."

"Black is the fashion here. You are way out of the world with that brown hat and gaudy cravat of yours. You ought to wear a high black hat, a black tie, and a heavy Prince Albert coat. Then I would be proud to walk with you. As it is, people stare at you. They think you are an Englishman."

"Oh, anything but that, Stacy, anything but that. Do I wear a towel for a hat-band and sling a field-glass to my side, that they should consider me a blarsted Briton? No, indeed. Do I stop and stammer and gasp every three or four words of my conversation with ladies, catching myself on the verge of using some low slang from the clubs or stables? I flatter myself that I don't."

"They must think you are English," continued Stacy, coolly, "for I heard a visitor at the hotel ask the servant if that man with the chess-board pantaloons and the beefsteak complexion — pointing you out — belonged to the British legation."

• “O Stacy! that is adding insult to injury. Have they no discrimination, these people? I can tell a Brazilian from a Portuguese, and I don’t see why they can’t be equally kind to us. But I don’t care,” he added, growing desperate. “I’m going to consider my comfort in the selection of my wardrobe, even if it costs me my birthright of national pride. I’m not so proud as I sometimes pretend to be, and as you think I am. If it comes to the worst, I don’t know but I would rather be taken for an Englishman than to be sun-struck and die a horrible death in the public streets. Just wait till about Christmas and you’ll see me blossom out in my white flannel suit, even at the risk of being arrested for masquerading before carnival time.”

“I will take this opportunity of requesting that you will return my letters and photographs before that time shall arrive,” said Stacy.

Everywhere in the public buildings there were stacks of arms and patrols on guard. Even the National Museum was not free from these props to dynastic power. It was presided over by stupid negro soldiers, who, with bayonets fixed, guarded its treasures from interruption as the dust of ages silently settled upon them. Woe to the over-zealous scientific man who should pull off his coat, remove his cuffs, and open one of these cases, to analyze, compare, or reconstruct among its contents. The red tape of official displeasure would bind his hands, the laws of official etiquette would restore coat and cuffs to their places on his person, the door of the cabinet would

be sealed up, the floor would be swept, and the dust of ages would settle as before.

"All things are fossils here," explained Robinson to Stacy. "The catalogue has the specimens arranged under different heads, but the truth remains that all are fossils, from the *excellentissimo* savants who control the museum, down to the humble echinoderm on the top shelf. See that stuffed bird, how it seems weary of patient standing in one position; and that alligator, with a spider's web spun across its open jaws; and that piece of tourmaline, how the dust of ages is dimming its lustre. Nothing short of an earthquake could throw any life into this establishment."

"How quiet and orderly everything is here!" said Stacy. "There is always so much confusion in our museums at home."

"Yes," answered Robinson. "Our scientific men are all the time breaking up rocks, and blowing with a blow-pipe, and mixing up chemicals, and magnifying and photographing, and all that sort of thing. Their fingers are always dirty and their clothes are always spattered."

"I think that, on the whole, I will accept a position in Brazil," said Chester.

"Yes, Chester," replied Robinson, speaking with sarcasm, "I think that a person of your fastidious tastes would find it a congenial employment. The scholar, in Brazil, is always a gentleman, superficially at least. Neatness and precision in dress and deportment are the first qualifications that command respect. So the young engineer, about to run a rail-

road alignment across a swamp, has his boots carefully blacked in the morning and draws on his kids preparatory to taking the field; thus attired, he is treated with greater deference than an Eads or Hawkshaw in his old clothes would be. Our friend the Naturalist tells me that he never starts for a tramp in the interior without wearing a chimney-pot hat and taking a supply of linen shirts and collars, however uncomfortable they may be. He has learned by sad experience that without them he will be snubbed. More than once, he tells me, he has come to a *fazenda*, all battered and stained from a long and weary exploration in the wilderness, and though he carried the best of letters to the proprietor, he could get only such a reception as his clothes seemed to warrant. Here, above all other places, the tailor makes the man."

"I shouldn't think he could do much geology or catch many butterflies in a stovepipe hat and a standing collar," said Stacy.

"So he confesses, but then he says that his devotion to science is not so great that he is willing to eat *feijoada* with the servants and sleep in an outhouse for its sake. He would rather forego a discovery or two, if by so doing he can drink of the wine of the *fazendeiro's* table and get an introduction to his daughters. He admits that he is becoming a feather-bed scientist, but claims that this is the inevitable destiny of all students who come to this country and eat the lotus with its superficial aristocracy. I don't know much about these things, Stacy, but it *does* seem to me that the cause of science

stands a poor show in a country where the young idea is trained to imitate Chesterfield first, and Agassiz afterward."

By this time they had resumed their aimless walk, and found themselves in the street called Ouvidor, the business centre of the city, toward which all of the street-cars converge, and, on a pleasant afternoon, unload there a living freighting composed of the wealth and beauty of the town. Though the Broadway of Rio, it is so narrow that it is almost always shady there, whatever the hour of day; so narrow that the tilburys and other vehicles are permitted to run in one direction only; so narrow, in fact, that it would take an accomplished marksman to shoot a rifle down its course.

They stemmed its current of restless humanity in their brave determination to see what there was to be seen. Cigar-stands, printing-offices, and the shops of tailors were there in a strange jumble. Fillets and clusters of diamonds flickered through the heavy plate of a corner window.

"Shall we go in here?" asked Stacy. "I am tired of running around."

"I'd rather not," replied her escort. "Your birthday comes too soon, Stacy, and I think I've heard you remark that the only memento that you wished to carry away from here was a Brazilian diamond. Come a little farther, Stacy. I know a better place than this, where they have Nature's own jewelry for sale. I'll buy you a bug whose splendor will eclipse the brightest dazzle of these paltry stones."

He led the way to one of those stores, museum

and mart combined, where all that is strange and beautiful in the animal life of the tropics is exposed for sale. Here the naturalist comes to replenish his cabinet, the tourist for his trophies of travel, and the lady for her ball-room paraphernalia. It is the feather-flower store, where not only flowers, but fans, birds, and butterflies contribute to the iridescence of the scene.

In the window-seat a great heap of green beetles had been poured out with the lavish hand of the grocer who displays coffee and rice in a similar position. Their deep color was framed in the rarer and more lustrous hues of others which were distributed around with a more economical hand. Above these were cases with bats, scorpions, spiders, centipedes, and other unpleasant company. Heads of humming-birds, mounted on plates of gold, flowers of all species, and fans of all shapes, completed the collection.

"Here they speak English," said Robinson, reading from the placard as they entered the door. A young woman approached them to attend to their wants.

"Oh, the pretty flower-girl!" he continued. "I wish she didn't understand English — then I could say something nice to her."

Chester opened the conversation.

"Those green bugs there in the window are common enough. I used to have a set of them myself."

"They are very hard," the girl replied; speaking apologetically, and with but little foreign accent. "You cannot bite them with your teeth."

“All a popular delusion,” said the boy, with importance. “I used to say so myself, and another fellow asked me to let him try it, and I dared him to try it, and he cracked it as easy as if it was a hazelnut. That’s what broke up my set. Have you any June bugs?”

“Alas, no,” replied the girl in the confusion of ignorance, and mortified that her customers should be disappointed in the first article of their request. “But will not the lady like to look at some pretty flowers?”

She displayed a tempting profusion of coffee, orange, passion-flowers, and others, whose material was the plumage of birds.

“Oh, there’s one that I know,” cried Chester, pouncing on one in the heap.

“What is it?” asked Stacy.

“I don’t know what it is, but it grows away up on the tip-tops of the highest trees. I’ve seen it there myself.”

“He makes fun,” explained the shop-girl. “It does grow there—on the parrot’s back. He is a funny boy.”

“What will you have, Stacy?” asked Robinson. “Make your selection.”

“I think I will take this wreath and that variegated bouquet, and one of those gorgeous fans yonder, and a set of that beetle jewelry—not the green, they are old-fashioned by this time—and a humming-bird brooch for Pauline, and a pair of those magnificent cuff-buttons for yourself, and—”

"I wish we had stopped in the diamond store," groaned Robinson.

"Let me see, where was I?" resumed Stacy. "Oh, yes; I must have a pair of those heavenly blue butterflies — have them match, please, — to pin up by my mirror, one on each side."

"To remind you of the papilionaceous nature of your life, every time you consult the glass. A good idea. I'll buy them for you willingly."

"And I," said Chester, "will thank you for that stuffed vampire. I want to take it home and tell the folks that I caught it tapping my big toe one night. Then I want that gallinipper to show as a specimen of the mosquitoes they have down here; and that straddle-bug with the lobster claws — I wonder if they would believe that was a South American flea if I told them so!"

"And I'll tell you what I want," said Robinson, searching his pockets and concentrating what change he could find. "I want to go home while I have money enough left for car fare."

"But we're going to the market," suggested Chester.

"All right. Anywhere, anywhere."

"Oh, I haven't got anything for mother," cried Stacy, as they were about to go out. "Dear old lady, I mustn't forget her. I wonder if she wouldn't like one of those mats of down. However, I can get that when I come again, I suppose. I'll come for that next week," added she, addressing the flower-girl.

"*Quando quizer*," was the polite reply.

To the market they went, but they were not brave enough to penetrate the depths of that great shed, reeking with a mingled odor which the unaccustomed nostril was powerless to analyze. Wandering through its outskirts, they with difficulty avoided the gypsy-like hucksters squatted there on the ground and proffering their simple wares of fruit, confectionery, and joints of the juicy sugarcane. Peering down the dark alleys of the building, they saw there the slouchy and clamorous market-women, whose gabble sounded above the chatter of monkeys and the squawking of chickens. Almost to the roof their commodities were piled, while from the beams overhead swung tripe, sausages, and blown bladders, salt cod, overalls, and artichokes. Approaching the water's edge, they came to the slimy quarter where crabs, shrimps and other vermin of the sea were sold.

“Courage!” said Robinson. “A few steps more, and we will be by the side of the bay and see the Greek fishermen at their work. Perchance we'll hear them sing a mournful song over their lost liberties,—

‘Again to the battle, Achaians!’

or something of that sort.”

There they were, sure enough, a dirty crew of Homer's countrymen, who were cleaning, salting, and selling their finny plunder, throwing the offal wherever it chanced to fall, sometimes in the sea and sometimes on the shore. But they were not singing; they were spinning yarns and swearing.

“And these are the men for whom Byron died,”

groaned Robinson. "He might better have gone on writing poetry."

At this moment the wind changed and wafted with it a soul-sickening stench, "a very ancient and fish-like smell," from the scene of the Greeks. It made Stacy cringe with acute suffering.

"Oh, take me away!" she pleaded, grasping Robinson's arm.

"Yes, I think we have seen enough of the market. We can go over it again in our memory, you know, at dinner and breakfast. It will naturally be a subject of conversation, since everything we eat comes from here. Oh, by the way, how did you say you liked Rio?"

XVII.

ENTOMOLOGY.

America is a great country, inhabited by many tribes of savage people, who show much difference in language, and there are in it many strange animals.—HANS STADE.

YOUNG Sanford, of an important coffee-exporting house in Rio, was a resident at the Hotel of the Strangers, where he turned his spare moments to profit in cultivating the acquaintance of the distinguished people who sojourned there, thus acquiring a stock of reminiscences which might be useful to him in the good society toward which his aspirations tended. He was an admirer of the Smith Family, Chester excepted, albeit a little afraid of Robinson, who was inclined to trifle with his feelings. At the present gathering of our group, in their parlor at nightfall, after their stroll to the market-place, young Sanford was a guest, having dropped in to enjoy what he was pleased to consider a call on Miss Stacy, but, abashed by the presence of Robinson, he occupied a retired corner and made but few remarks.

Stacy and Chester were exhibiting the treasures which they had brought from the feather-flower store.

“Yes, this is the genuine vampire,” said the Naturalist, holding up the bat. “You may know it by its two upright ears at the sides of its head,

and this third appendage, very like an ear, which ornaments its nose. Notice the massive ferocity of its mouth; it has the smile of one of Nast's Irishmen."

"Where do they live?" asked Chester.

"Here, there, and everywhere. If you stay here long enough one of them will fly in through your open window some night, fan you into a painless slumber with those great wings of his, and phlebotomize you so neatly that you will never know it till the next morning. One came to visit me one night in this very house, but I happened to be awake and captured him."

"Oh, the beast! How big was he?"

"Not very large. Only about two feet from tip to tip, with a body like an overgrown rat, and teeth like a cobbler's awl."

"How did you catch him?"

"With a wet towel. That is the best instrument of capture for all noxious things that fly. The wet towel combines the weight of a projectile with the enveloping surface of a net, and it is sure to bring down its game. Mine surrendered after being hit two or three times in its flight. Then I stifled it with my toilet *cachaça*, and in the morning I put it away in a jar of alcohol where it yet remains."

At this point young Sanford, hitherto inconspicuous, was seen to squirm about upon his chair like a martyr on a gridiron, grow red and troubled in the face, and appear to be making a fruitless attempt to thrust one foot up the other leg of his pantaloons, which is hardly the course of conduct prescribed for

an evening in the drawing-room. Then he seemed endeavoring to tie his nether extremities into a bow-knot, and, failing in that, he abruptly left the room without so much as a word of wherefore or adieu. With this exit he also drops out of our history, in which he plays but an incidental part.

“When such things happen,” said the Colonel, with a quiet chuckle, “we all know what it means.”

“And when I am visiting a young lady,” remarked Robinson, soberly turning the leaves of an album, “and when we are talking about moonlight, music, love, flowers, and kindred subjects, and when she suddenly hears her father calling her, although I happen to know that that worthy gentleman is just then on the other side of the city—I know what that means.”

“Yes,” said Stacy, languidly picking a rose to pieces, “and when a certain young man who customarily wearies me for an hour and a half at a time, remembers at the end of the first fifteen minutes that he has letters to write home, although the steamer does not sail for a week yet—I know what that means.”

“It means fleas!” observed Chester, coming to the point. For the life of him he could not see the use of all this circumlocution.

“Ches-ter!” said Stacy. “Do you consider that a proper form of speech?”

“Ana-sta-tia!” retorted the boy, “who began it?”

“Chester has said nothing wrong,” observed the Naturalist. “This is not a forbidden topic in this

zone. Fleas are a climatic evil, the same as colds and dark complexions, and so they can't be otherwise than respectable. At least, they're no more disreputable than mosquitoes."

"He might at least have called them *pulgas*," reasoned Robinson. "That would be more polished. It is so much more elegant to use a foreign word when you want to swear or say anything else of doubtful propriety."

The Naturalist had been turning over the papers of his card-case.

"Now, if there is any dialect that is particularly unexceptionable in this world," continued he, "it is that of the opera-box; and to prove to you that we are not talking upon a tabooed subject, allow me to read this clipping from one of the daily papers."

He read the following open letter:

"TO THE ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.—*We beg the maestro Senhor Ferrari to have more compassion on his subscribers, who are cruelly punished by the great number of fleas which infest the boxes, owing to the want of care and cleanliness.*

"Many Subscribers."

"We have been to the opera," said Chester, "we know how it is, ourselves."

"Yes," added Robinson, "and although ours was a family group, I did not dare to minister to my comfort in the way that an impulsive nature suggested."

"He didn't dare to scratch," whispered Chester to Pauline, translating for her.

“The best that I could do was to drop my glove, and, in reclaiming that, take the opportunity to give my ankle a knock and a rub. Agony? I could feel the slow thrills creep from my boots to my eyebrows, and all the time I had to smile and smile and look unconscious. But now that we are in the midst of polite literature upon this somewhat impolite subject, just mark how happily Joaquin Miller has alluded to it in these verses.”

As if this were a reading circle, each member of which had come prepared, he produced a page of manuscript and entertained the company as follows :

Brazil is the land where adventurers bold
Came hunting the Amazon cities of old,
Whose street-lamps were diamonds and pavements were gold.

And theirs is the spirit that rules there to-day —
All men there are hunters in this or that way;
Some hunting for pleasure, some hunting for pay,
Some hunting for danger, some hunting for wealth,
Some hunting for herbs that are good for the health,
Some hunting with shot-guns, some hunting by stealth.

Perhaps in the forest, perhaps in the brakes,
Are circus-men hunting for monkeys and snakes,
Geologists hunting the cause of earthquakes.

There artists are hunting the picturesque view,
And ladies hunt butterflies, green, buff, and blue,
And beetles and bugs which they stick sharp pins through.

But what their profession, these people agree
They're all of them, all of them, hunters of thee,
Thou nimble, elusive and fugitive flea.

“From ‘Songs of the Sun-lands,’ ” explained Robinson complacently, as he folded the paper.

“No, I do not believe that Joaquin Miller ever

wrote that," replied Stacy. "I believe you wrote it yourself; it is such remarkably poor poetry."

"Thank you, ma'am. I have such unbounded confidence in the unreliability of your literary judgment that I begin to have aspirations, and think I shall try again."

"Do. For a young poet you have one great qualification. You are not ambitious in the choice of a subject, but restrict your muse to those themes to which it is adapted. Allow me to advise you to continue as you have begun."

"My intention, exactly, ma'am. I have already in contemplation an ode to be read on your approaching birthday."

If they had been married for ten years they could not have discoursed in a more domestic strain than this. The Naturalist, not yet being accustomed to these little logomachies, was alarmed, and attempted to lead the conversation aside. Said he:

"Talking about—the present subject, I was out to call on the missionary's wife last week, and the first words she said to me were, 'Oh, I have such a *magnificent* specimen of a pulga to show you. I put it in the Bible for safe-keeping.' And she opened that book, probably at some appropriate text—"

"'The wicked flee,'" observed Chester, winking to his father.

"—and there it was, spread out like a pressed orchid. She picked it up in true Brazilian style; that is, she touched her finger to her lips and then to the—topic under discussion, just as if it was a bank-note. It was immense, and the lady was as

proud of it as if it had been a rare butterfly. Now, there is a woman with the true scientific spirit. She cares for something more than gaudy colors in her collection."

"All this may go to prove that the subject at present before the house is very respectable, but it will take more powerful arguments to convince me that it is one of the comforts of life," remarked Robinson.

"Or even necessary," said the Colonel. "I don't believe it's a climatic evil. I believe it's the ten million dogs that sleep on the pavement all day and raise the deuce all night. What Rio wants is a dog-law."

"A dog-law and water-works," said Robinson.

"And a new class of people and a new country to put them into," added the Colonel.

"That's a great mistake you make there, Colonel, — that idea of yours about the dogs. I used to be of the same belief until I spoke my opinion to a pious venda-keeper of whom I was making some purchases one day. 'No, no!' he cried. 'The dogs are our greatest boon. The good God gives us dogs so that the pulgas may not devour us. See, I have three dogs already, and still the pulgas worry the children. Ambrosina,' addressing his wife, 'we *must* have another dog.'"

"Let's coax this hotel to buy a dog," pleaded Chester. "Last night I woke up in the night, and I had a flea in one hand and a mosquito in the other, and if that cockroach hadn't slid off the pillow just the minute he did, I expect I would have swallowed

him raw. He was prospecting around my mouth when I woke up."

"Oh, papa, papa," cried Stacy, "*can't* you stop that boy?"

"Cockroaches are nothing," persevered Chester. "Why, Polly's got a pet cockroach."

"No, Chester," pleaded Pauline. "It's a *barata*. Please call it a *barata*. It's so much nicer."

It is perhaps well to state here that the cockroach of Brazil is not exactly the same animal as those which frequent the old dwelling-houses and restaurant puddings of the United States. On the contrary, it is a larger, better, and more estimable kind of a bug. In color it is brown, with white edges, of an autumnal, frost-bitten hue. In size it rivals a small mouse. In disposition it is sociable and affectionate, its curiosity not being that of the malevolent spider, but rather a friendly interest in human affairs. Let a man enter his room in the dusk, and it is necessary for him to pick his way carefully, else he will step upon one of these little creatures, as they run to meet him. The result is a startling pop as if a torpedo had exploded, the foot slips as if a banana peel were under it, and there is a streak of mangled cockroach on the floor, all of which is very unpleasant to a nervous temperament. But all of these facts were developed in the conversation of our party.

"When I sit down by my table at night," said Pauline, "it climbs upon the books before me, and waves its feelers to me, and seems sorry for me, and

I believe it's thinking, 'Why isn't she having a good time, as little girls ought to have?'"

"Yes, Paul, I have one that acts just the same way," said Robinson. "It promenades around my feet, and seems to get fidgety about nine o'clock, and it thinks, 'In about another hour he will go to bed, then, when he is fast asleep and everything is still and quiet, then we'll get away with his boots.'" "

"Boots!" cried Chester. "You ought to see my red-leather prayer-book."

It is perhaps wise to explain here that the barata has a decided taste for leather, and that a pair of slippers is its favorite diet. This is probably because it considers that article its natural enemy, since it is with a slipper that the housewife always dispatches the roach.

Pauline continued: "And when I walk across the floor in my bare feet, it rustles out of the corner and runs to me and tries to make me step on it. I don't like that so well. Ugh!" and she lifted her shoulders in an attitude of dislike.

"Oh, the pretty Juggernaut!" said Robinson. "But you must learn to be cruel, Paul. The day will come when a higher order of animals than cockroaches will throw themselves under those little feet."

Pauline did not understand him.

"But I think I like my other pets better," she continued, musing. "They are never in the way."

"What are they?" asked Robinson. "I didn't know you had any dogs and guinea-pigs."

"Trust a child for finding pets wherever she may

go," said the Naturalist. "No zone is so barren that it does not furnish material for a doll, and no living thing is so low that, in case of emergency, it may not be loved by one of these. A child's affections are cosmopolitan."

"I call them Twinkle and Whistle," continued Pauline. "My barata's name is Rustle."

"I know," cried Chester. "It's the lizard and the locust. Just come down with me to the street-lamp and I'll show you the young crocodile whisking around there on the glass after flies and mosquitoes and millers. That's the way the little joker picks up a living. I say, what an easy time an animal must have that lives on bugs down here!"

"*Chirp! Chir-r-p! Chir-r-r-p! Shri-i-i-i-i-ll!*" came the note of a cigarra at this moment from the foliage without.

"That's Whistle!" cried the little girl, clapping her hands. "It knew I was talking about it. It sings for me every night. I *do* wish I could see it once."

It was one of the greatest disappointments of Pauline's life that she never could see this cicada which sang so clearly for her from its retreat in the mimosas under her window. In her imagination it was as beautiful as a humming-bird at least, and to cloud her childish faith by telling her the truth about the insect was something that no one, not even Chester, had the heart to do. To this day it is the little girl's firm belief that it is not the *sabiá* but the *cigarra* that is the song-bird of all others in Brazil.

“As for me,” exclaimed Chester, “I want a monkey to take home. That’s pet enough for me. One of those microscopic monkeys that you can carry to school in your vest pocket and hide under the lining of the teacher’s hat. I’ll make a cage for it out of a match-box. You know what I mean — the kind the darky women carry around the streets on their shoulders.”

“A marmoset,” explained the Naturalist. “But a match-box would prove rather close quarters, I fancy, tiny as they are. It takes a cigar-box to make a palace for one of them. And I’m afraid you’d be a rough keeper for so sensitive an animal, Chester, and the probabilities are that its liberated ghost would haunt your dreams after the first week at sea. Once when I went over to Europe there was an English family on board who were trying to transport a pair of these marmosets, but it was in vain.”

“Why?”

“They never would become thoroughly domesticated. Though not exactly afraid, they always seemed too delicate for the touch of human hands, and would shrink and sway away and utter piteous cries when even the gentlest overtures were made toward them. Finally a sailor stepped on the toes of one of them, and that was its death-blow. It held up its bruised foot for a day or two, refused its banana rations, pined away, and died.”

“What became of the other?”

“The thoughtless boys had a habit of driving it out on the scorching decks, in the full exposure of the sun, to see it dance. As one of its tender feet

grew too hot, it would raise it, soon dropping it to lift a second, then another, and another, and so on with increasing rapidity until its toes twinkled like a ballet-girl's. Once they were after it as usual, and had cornered it up on the extreme edge of the quarter-deck. It turned one despairing glance on its approaching persecutors, gave one piteous cry, and then jumped out into mid-ocean."

"Poor thing! Did it drown?"

"It turned immediately and swam after the ship, but it was an unequal race. We could see it easily as it paddled for dear life, rising and falling with the white foam of the vessel's wake. Some kind-hearted person threw over a nail-keg for its relief. It made its way to it, climbed on it, and there we left it as it faded away into the distance. If I were asked to conceive a picture of utter desolation, I would find it here in this sensitive little castaway riding its frail buoy a thousand miles from shore."

"No marmosets for me," said Chester, "if they've got no more backbone than that. I must have a pet that can stand it to be loved."

"Get an agouti," advised the Naturalist.

"And what in the world is an agouti?" demanded Chester.

"It is an animal with the head of a rat and the size of a cat, but with a more vivacious and enterprising nature than either one of these beasts. On that same voyage, one of the stewards took an agouti home with him, and the farther it travelled the more it flourished. It soon became so tame that it could be taken up into one's arms with no more resistance

than a slight murmur of protestation. It made itself at home anywhere in the cabin, and also in such state-rooms as it could slip into in unguarded moments, to the frequent hysterics of the ladies whom it surprised there. But it was at dessert, when the cracking of nuts was heard and the odor of fruit was in the air, that it became most affectionate. Then it would mount the bench and finally the table itself, where it perched itself on its hind feet, squirrel-like, and made short work with the almonds offered it."

"What a barbaric table ornament!" said Stacy.

"Barbaric, but not inappropriate, since it was a nut-cracker. Its voracity was unbounded. It would drop a nut that it had gnawed nearly through, in order to accept a fresh one that was placed before it. The passengers used to take pleasure in fooling it by presenting to its view the uninjured face of an almond-shell whose kernel it had already extracted from the other side. Instead of weighing it or turning it over to examine it, as a sensible squirrel would have done, this gormandizer would immediately chip into it with its sharp teeth and nibble it through before it discovered the hollow-hearted deception that had been practised upon it. Then it would drop it with an impetuous motion of disgust, only to be imposed on again and again. I think we derived more amusement from this gullible agouti than from the sea-sick priest or the flirtation of the surgeon with the Spaniard's wife."

XVIII.

THE SEVENTH OF SEPTEMBER.

With clearer light, Cross of the South, shine forth
In blue Brazilian skies;
And thou, O river, cleaving half the earth
From sunset to sunrise,
From the great mountains to the Atlantic waves
Thy joy's long anthem pour.

— WHITTIER.

“WHAT particular blessed saint is all of this powder burned for?” asked the Colonel, on the morning of the seventh of September, after a dawn made sleepless by the fizz and bang of untimely pyrotechnics.

“What saint?” replied Robinson. “Dom Pedro the First, the original ‘Constitutional Emperor and Perpetual Defender of Brazil,’ whom his subjects exiled half a century ago, and whom their descendants worship to-day. This is the Independence Day of the empire.”

“Good enough!” exclaimed Chester. “That’s where they are sensible, and have their Fourth of July come in the winter, so that if a boy burns his finger with a fire-work it doesn’t hurt so bad.”

“That is a wise precaution, and should be recommended to the statesmen and architects of future nations,” replied Robinson. “Our forefathers were so thoughtless. Now, if they had only postponed their Declaration of Independence until January,

how much it would have added to the future comfort of our great republic, *esto perpetua!*”

“Let’s go!” cried Chester.

“Where?” asked his sister.

“To the celebration, of course. Where is it?”

“Here, there, and everywhere,” responded the Naturalist. “The streets are full of straggling enthusiasm. But you have missed the cream of the demonstration, which was from midnight till day-break. You should at least have been up at dawn to hear the national hymn sung in a grand chorus of salute to the rising sun.”

“What odd hours they do keep here!” remarked Stacy.

“It does seem odd to us sluggish Protestants, who are not in the habit of getting up for mass in the morning, or for five o’clock baths in the sea. But the Brazilians wisely enjoy the day while it is in its early flower, before the sun has wilted it.”

“Won’t there be some speeches somewhere?” asked Robinson, in search of entertainment.

“I doubt it.”

“Or an ode? Why, this is the poet’s golden opportunity. It would be so much cheaper to inflict his patriotic verses upon the public in person than to print them in the advertising columns of the paper.”

“I haven’t been able to find any in the programme,” said the Naturalist. “But it will pay you to walk out and take a look at the crowd. In visiting a foreign country one should never miss the opportunity of seeing the people in their holiday dress,

spirits, and etiquette. It is an excellent occasion for the study of human nature and national characteristics."

"But is it not dangerous?" inquired Stacy, having in mind the disorder of similar occasions in New York. "And then the police seem so feeble."

"So are the roughs of a mild type, and even yet more feeble. Their constitutions, probably weak and diseased from birth, are farther affected by the unhealthy circumstances of low life in a hot climate, so that they seldom display any great enterprise in crime, but limit themselves to such peccadilloes as the purloining of midnight chickens or chasing each other about the street with open razors,—running amuck they call it."

"I would not consider that a very mild form of roughness," said Robinson. "I hope none of them will run amuck of me."

"Oh, you are in no danger. In your capacity of distinguished foreigner, you are safe. When these *capoeiros* slaughter for fun and the glory of their households, they kill each other, and nobody cares. When they murder for business, they are in the employ of the victim's enemy. Now, if you were a candidate for office in the approaching election it would not be strange if, in turning a street corner on some dark night, you were to encounter a negro who would draw a razor-blade across your person in the vicinity of your belt, and leave you there to die an unpleasant death. Or if you were an independent voter, and on election day should walk down the nave of one of these solemn old cathedrals

whose dim religious light illuminates the ballot-box on the altar beyond, and if by chance you should hold in your hand a ticket for the wrong man, the zealous adherents—some people call them mercenary *capoeiros*—of the right man might break your head with a club or eviscerate you with a razor. It's a way they have of doing here. As in the United States, the zealous adherents of the right man are very sensitive to any slight offered to him, such as voting for his opponent. However, since you are neither candidate nor voter, and, as I trust, are nobody's rival in love or business, you may consider yourself safe. Only I would advise you to keep a little shy of the vagabond darkies who prance and caper around a marching band of music. Music has wondrous power upon the savage soul, and, inspired by its strains, the dancing *capoeiro* is liable to shoot from his orbit at any moment and kill a spectator or two."

"I don't believe I care about going out to-day," observed Stacy.

"And I don't take as much interest in human nature and national characteristics as I did," added Chester.

"Have I frightened you? I hope not. Consider my picture overdrawn, if you will. Running amuck is not so common a pastime as it used to be when the slave trade was yet in vogue and cargoes of unregenerate Congo heathen were dumped on these shores. You'd better go. You will find a very decent, well behaved, and good-natured concourse of people, take my word for it. And as for danger,

I'll venture to say that you will meet with none more terrible than a rocket stick or an American sailor."

It was as he prophesied. Although the lively imagination of Chester saw murder in the face of every jovial negro, and a razor handle protruding from his pocket, yet they met with no rudeness or insolence from any source. They wedged their way through the densest masses of embodied patriotism, accidentally crushing a corn here and dislocating a toilet there, without provoking a single impolite remonstrance in the way of hustling, chaffing or malediction. The upper classes were conspicuously courteous, while the working people and slaves who compose the understratum of society — very dirty, as it is natural for understrata to be — were respectful even to servility.

It was not even an enthusiastic crowd, as emotional display is incompatible with that dignity upon which the Brazilian prides himself. Besides, intoxication, that prime motor of enthusiasm, was rare, and the moment a subject began to show signs of spread-eagleism he was led away to a "season of good living" as the police reporters facetiously designate a term of imprisonment. It seems that these chroniclers of crime in every country will have their little joke, and that one man's misery is another man's mirth all the world over.

Where the people mostly congregate on days of national rejoicing is the square of the Constitution, in whose centre stands the magnificent equestrian statue of Dom Pedro I, the finest and almost the only public work of art in Brazil. It surmounts a

pedestal upon whose faces are four groups symbolizing the great rivers of Brazil, the Parana, the San Francisco, the Amazon, and the Madeira, each represented by the wild Indians and wild animals that are characteristic of its valley.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked Robinson of Stacy, after they had gazed to their hearts' content.

"He has a right kingly presence," she replied. "He must have been a popular man, if this statue does not lie. Such a man as that could ride down the street and carry the hearts of the multitude with him. There is more dash about him than about the present Pedro. This man could be a soldier, a knight, and a lover, as well as an emperor. Our Pedro looks too much like a college professor."

"He was an awful rake," said Robinson.

"Was he?"

Stacy did not appear greatly shocked by this information. Strict though she was, she could pardon much to an emperor, and a handsome one like this. She gazed at the figure again.

"No, he does not look like a very good man," she said.

"Considering the fact that a colossal bronze statue is not usually a correct index to the character of the person that it represents, I am willing to admit that you have passed a very just judgment upon the monarch before us."

"You seem to know about him. Tell me his history, please. My historical studies did not come

down much farther than the Greeks and the Romans and Charles V."

"All right," responded Robinson, cheerfully. "Most happy to air my knowledge before an audience incapable of detecting mistakes.

'— let us sit upon the ground.'

"I think we'll find one of these benches more comfortable," interposed Stacy.

"There, you have interrupted me in one of my best quotations, especially committed to memory for an occasion like this."

"Beg pardon," said Stacy, humbly. "Pray go on."

Robinson resumed the broken verse with variations of his own.

" 'For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings;
How some have been deposed — some slain in war —
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed —
Some poisoned by their wives — some sleeping killed;'

how Peter the First abdicated and went to Europe, and Peter the Second got a leave of absence and went to the Centennial; how the daring hand of this dashing Peter the First snatched an empire from the wreck of Portugal's power, and the wise head and kind heart of the professorial Peter the Second have made this imperial estate respected among the nations of the earth. Chester, brace up. Listen to me, and stop your intrigues with those maidens fair.

"A little more than half a century ago, this Peter the First was Prince Regent of the colony of Brazil, under his father. John the Sixth of Portugal. But,

being an ambitious young man, he fretted under the yoke of the Court at Lisbon, and, in so doing, received the full sympathy of all Brazilians, who were extremely jealous of the Portuguese satraps who ruled them in camp and court, and, with the example of the United States fresh before them, were anxious to put an end to foreign domination. Prince Pedro found his opportunity in the year 1822. He was then travelling with his suite up in the interior, in San Paulo. A courier came to him with despatches that were more than usually galling and oppressive. His princely spirit rebelled. Then and there, on the open plains of Ypiranga, he made his short and pithy proclamation, 'Independence or Death!' which speech, printed upon a badge, he made his subjects wear upon their persons, at the penalty of being exiled if they refused.

"As you see, it turned out to be independence, and a prosperous one, too. So highly is the author of this independence esteemed, that he is known here, in rhetorical display, as the Washington of Brazil, than which no higher compliment could be paid. As the present emperor could with even greater fitness be called the Lincoln of his country, it will be seen that this empire has been exceedingly fortunate in its rulers, having escaped all of the intermediate Polks, Pierces and Buchanans."

"But why did the Brazilians exile so excellent a monarch?" asked Stacy.

"For the evil that he did in entertaining ultramarine sympathies and in showing partiality to the hated Portuguese."

“Then why did they build him this monument? It’s all a puzzle to me.”

“For the good that he did in establishing their independence. Why did Brutus stab Cæsar? For the sake of imperilled Rome. Why did he weep over his death? In memory of his fallen greatness. The exile was the stab which Dom Pedro received from his countrymen; this statue and this day represent the tears of love and gratitude with which they do him honor. Is it so strange a thing that a nation should be just as well as generous in its treatment of its heroes?”

“And so they have only had two rulers since they began housekeeping for themselves?”

“Only two; father and son. The present Pedro has occupied the chair since the compulsory abdication of the first emperor in 1831, when the boy prince was only six years old.”

“I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself for confessing such unpatriotic sentiments,” Stacy remarked, musing, “but I cannot help thinking that this stability of government is better than the transitory state of things over in these South American republics, where they change their presidents as often as they change—”

“—their other fashions,” interposed Robinson, coming to her assistance. “Yes, we may as well admit that there is a possibility of good in a monarchy, after all; that is, for certain peoples, though of course it wouldn’t do for us. In a country overcrowded with a penurious aristocracy, with an abundance of younger sons unprovided for and ashamed

to work, nothing but an imposing throne and a reverence for it will keep the revolutionary spirit in subjection. To preach the theory there that any man may be president, is to incite the great horde of adventurers out of office to strive and plot and fight for this position by any means, fair or foul — but mostly foul; and every few mornings a new dictator will ride into the chief magistracy with a hungry retinue behind him. As you are perhaps aware, Stacy, I do not admire the abject prostration of loyal Britons before their throne, however imbecile or dissolute may be its occupant; but still this reverence is good for the national quiet.”

“So are anæsthetics good for quiet,” remarked Stacy. “But are they healthful?”

“Perhaps not. But there is no great danger that political ambition in any country will suffer from too much lethargy. As I was going to say, as long as England’s chief place is reserved for the Lord’s specially anointed, the great apple of discord is withheld from her statesmen; the best that they can hope for is to be prime minister and power behind the throne, and that does not count much in the popular esteem. What is it that Pope said — something about a king being only a scarecrow of straw, but it preserves the corn all the same?”

“That’s pretty talk for you,” growled Chester. “Right under the stars and stripes, too.”

Having resumed their walk, they were at that moment at a point in the street where they were almost fanned by the waving folds of an American

flag which some lover of freedom had extended from roof to roof.

“O the beauty!” cried Stacy, with fervor. “Let’s stand under it. I feel as if I were in my mother’s arms again. I retract all of my heresies, and will never say so any more. Isn’t the sight of it refreshing?”

“And I, too, I come back to my first love,” said Robinson. “I didn’t really mean what I said. I only said it out of courtesy to the national day of the country whose guests we are, as distinguished travellers always flatter the reception committees who come to meet them. I agree with you, Stacy. That’s the finest flag that floats, and sailors all the world over agree that they can recognize these colors farther than the bunting of any other nation. Shall we give three cheers?”

“Not just here, please. But you may take off your hats if you wish.”

“Ah, there’s the constellation for you,” pursued Robinson. “There’s the cluster of stars that illuminates the world. What is their boasted Southern Cross, compared with this? And, by the way, what a gigantic fraud is that inconspicuous and irregular quadrilateral of lesser lights which they are pleased to consider cruciform in shape! Why, in our northern sky I can pick out a dozen better crosses than that. Gonçalves Dias indulged his poetic license too far when he said that his skies had more stars than ours.”

“It seems to me that you are atoning almost

too zealously for your recent disloyalty," observed Stacy.

"Oh, I am nothing if not patriotic. Just notice how airy and tasty our red, white, and blue are, and how flagrantly gaudy the Brazilian green and yellow appear. You see this combination everywhere, on the flags, the decorations, and the arches, and nature has even daubed it on some of the vegetation which grows here, for there is a shrub, with a green and yellow leaf, which is called the 'national tree' or the 'imperial plant' or some such characteristic name."

XIX.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

She went through Sorocaba,
Through Guaratinguetá,
Through Pindamonhangaba,
Through Jacarépaguá.
At last in Caçapava
A police captain brave
Made up his mind to have her
Arrested as a slave. —ARTHUR AZEVEDO.

“IT'S *awful* bad, but it's *so* funny.”

THIS was Pauline's verdict on their household pet, Wicked, the parrot. This bird was a gift from the Naturalist, who had picked it up in the course of his Amazonian travels, and, holding that there is but one good use to which this unsentimental fowl can be put, which is to give him away, lost no time in transferring him to the Smith family. Robinson had christened him Depravity, but this name was soon corrupted into Wicked, a word equally expressive and more convenient. What there was so bad in this parrot, Chester could never understand. Besides, what is the use of having a good parrot? You might as well have an owl, and be done with it. This one could not even swear, profanity being an accomplishment in which the Brazilians are sadly deficient; and as for gossip or impertinence, he did not even know what these words meant.

By degrees, as Chester's appreciation of Wicked

grew fainter and fainter, his sisters came to like the bird, which was not slow to return their fondness. When little Pauline came near his perch, Wicked would step around uneasily in his stilted way, curve his neck to her, and call "*Menina! Menina!*" until he received some notice from her hands. And when Stacy came to fondle him, he laid his beak of horn against her soft cheek, and with his toothless jaws he produced that indescribable labial sound which appears so broad and absurd in all attempts at printing it, except in the first impression of printing it upon another pair of lips. In other words, he kissed her.

It was a trick that she had taught him, among other habits of our higher civilization. A course of one lesson was sufficient. With so great gusto did he take to his new task, that there can be no longer any doubt that there is something human in the parrot's intelligence and nature.

"It's too funny for anything," said Stacy, as she received this token of affection; and she laughed a quiet little laugh of amusement and delight. The parrot, imitative that he was, thought that a part of the lesson, put it away in his memory, and ever afterward, as he kissed his mistress, he blinked his eyes solemnly and relapsed into a chuckle of satisfaction which was half mockery, half echo of the girl's musical tones.

"It's the parody of a laugh," said Robinson. "But as for the other part of the performance, it is perfect, and reflects credit upon the instructive powers of his teacher. If this same teacher would like

to open an evening school of one scholar, I wouldn't mind joining the class."

Yet Wicked continued to bear his misnomer and reputation of being a bad bird. Perhaps this was owing to his inordinate taste for opera bouffe. Like all the civilized parrots — and people — of Brazil, he knew the famous music of "Madame Angot," and could whistle it without missing a note. This was entertainment for Chester.

"Hear! Hear!" he cried. "It is the national hymn of Brazil."

"Why, Chester!" Stacy exclaimed. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"It is," the boy maintained, stoutly. "I guess I know what I'm talking about. I guess I know something, if I am a boy. I know they've got another one that they play twice a year, but that doesn't make it a national hymn, even if they do call it so. They can't make such things by law. Now, here's this 'Madame Angot,' everybody sings that, the circus horses dance to it, the girls play it upon their pianos, the music-boxes tinkle it, and the news-boys and parrots whistle it. If that doesn't make it national, what does?"

"I suppose you will say that *we* haven't any national hymn, next."

"Oh, yes, we have; lots of them, a new one every year. I don't know what's the rage this summer. 'Gentle Spring' and 'Hold the Fort' were about the last on the roll."

"Our boy is turning philosopher," observed Robinson. "Let's encourage him. You're right,

Chester. 'Hail Columbia' is not a national hymn, even if they do play it when the militia get into their uniforms."

"But I know one that is national" said Stacy. She went to the piano and sang —

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Hers was not the voice of a bird, nor even of an operatic expert; but as she forgot herself and her embarrassment and thought only of the home where her mother was waiting for her, she poured such pathos and yearning into this song of exile that the music swept through the sleepy old hotel like a breath of fresh air from the far distant north. In all parts of this Hotel of the Strangers in a foreign land, the guests felt its influence. It was like a child's laugh in a penitentiary. The strong men who were lounging in the chairs at the front door repented, and thought, one after another, "What a fool I am! Here I am lazily going to the devil in this country when I might as well be back home and have such a girl as that for a wife."

The late diners, yet at table, dropped wine-glass and banana and sat in silence to listen. Long before the end of the song, little Pauline had lost her face in the pillow of the sofa and was crying silently; while Chester, leaning back with his hands clasped above his head, thought: "Ho, hum! About this time the fellows are getting back to school again. I wonder who's got the biggest stories to tell about vacation!"

Bemvindo, who was standing just without the door, in convenient reach, closed his eyes in rapture and learned every note as the music progressed. "Ver' good, ver' sweet," he said to himself, as it closed. At the end of the next half-hour he could whistle it in all of its depth of desolate longing. Then he gave it to the hall porter, who, loitering in the doorway, whistled it to the tilbury man who was waiting there. The latter worked it over as he returned down town, and taking up his stand there discoursed it for the benefit of the Italian bootblacks and the quadron doce-vendors, and then it was popularized indeed. In this manner the beautiful music of "Home, Sweet Home," was introduced into Brazil. It was not recorded in the custom-house, nor was it advertised in the newspapers; yet who shall say that Stacy Smith's contribution toward the enlightenment of Brazil was not as important as the truss bridges and the patented machines which her countrymen are constantly importing there?

It is necessary now to go to the third day after this in order to find the proper conclusion to this chapter. The evening's entertainment began with a little comedy, opened by Chester. The boy was amusing himself with Wicked, much to the latter's disgust. The boy was in a playful humor; the bird was not. Chester invited the parrot to step upon his finger. The parrot retreated along his perch and said, in a tone of warning—

"Wh-r-r-r!"

Chester's finger pursued, alternately stroking and

punching the bird, which again gave the threatening signal —

“ *Wh-r-r-r!* ”

This admonition not being regarded, and Wicked now having sidled to the end of his chain, he deemed himself justified in proceeding to extreme measures, and he deliberately took a bite out of Chester's forefinger.

“ O Pindamonhangaba ! ” yelled the boy.

This strange ejaculation appeared very like what one would suppose a Portuguese pirate's oath would be. At least, so thought Stacy.

“ Papa, papa ! ” cried she. “ Did you hear that ? This awful boy is learning to swear. ”

“ Swear ? ” asked the Colonel, throwing aside his paper. “ I am shocked. What did he say ? ”

Stacy felt neither competent nor inclined to repeat the expression.

“ Oh, I don't know what it was, ” replied she. “ It was something dreadful. ”

“ It was the name of a little town out here in the country, ” observed Chester coolly, but with suppressed amusement.

“ Well, be careful, my child, how you ornament your conversation, or some day you may go to a worse place than — what's the word ? ”

“ Pinda-monhan-gaba, ” said Chester, beating time to the syllables. “ You pronounce it in three times and six motions, as the soldiers say. ”

“ The word is common enough now, since the opening of the new railroad, ” said Robinson, “ but it is a recent acquisition to the popular language of

Brazil. Think of a language receiving so much acquisition, all in one word !”

“What a word !” mused the Colonel. “And what barbarity to teach Brazilian geography to an infant class !”

“It is not bad, if you only give it the proper cadence,” asserted the Naturalist. “It is no worse than Jequitinhonha, Tupynambaranas, Paranapanema, and a thousand others of the same sort, not to mention ipecacuanha, jaboticaba, and the like, which are in common use. You see, they are Indian words, and the Italian language itself is not more beautiful than some of these aboriginal dialects when spoken with their native rhythm. Just hear me now.”

He repeated these words with the undulating intonation common in Brazil. Stacy was obliged to confess that, thus rendered, they were very musical.

“Fancy how mellifluously ‘Pindamonhangaba’ must have rolled from the lips of an Indian princess,” continued the Naturalist.

“Yes,” growled the Colonel, “and fancy how mellifluously it must roll from the lips of a brakeman in a hurry as the train approaches Pindamonhangaba. Under a Yankee management, this extraordinary word would be abbreviated in the first schedule. Beauty and melody are all very well in the nomenclature of railway stations, but time and convenience are the principal considerations, after all. But pshaw ! this people has yet to learn that names are made for use, and not for ornament or personal glorification. Just look at the Street of the Seventh

of September, the Street of the Viscount of White River, the Street of the Fountain of Affectionate Longing, and the Street of the Volunteers of Their Fatherland! A man could go to one of these places in the time that it takes to ask where it is."

"When it comes to my favorite," interrupted Chester, "mine is the Street of the Little Princess of the Cashew Trees."

"All of these," continued the Colonel, "had other names a few years ago, and will change again as soon as certain events are forgotten or certain men die or go into disfavor. I have faint hopes of a nation that runs to words in that astonishing manner."

The Colonel was disgusted. In the transaction of his business, whatever that might be, he had seen so many hours of time and sheets of paper wasted in salutations, signatures, and other ceremonials, that his practical nature chafed under the restraint of too much red-tape.

"I know one place where the name 'Pindamonhangaba' serves a very beneficent use," said Robinson.

"Where?"

"Down at the American restaurant. They have the Pindamonhangaba cobbler there. I have the honor to invite the gentlemen of the present company around there in the morning to sample it."

"I have yet to see anything particularly beneficent in this application of the word," said Stacy.

"Let me explain," pursued Robinson. "It is this. It is easy to realize that a man must have more than ordinary control over his tongue to be able to call

for a second Pindamonhangaba mixed drink, and so this extreme length of word is conducive to habits of temperance.”

“ Ah, indeed ! ”

“ In fact, this is the shibboleth of the moderate drinker. As long as he can call for Pindamonhangaba cobblers in an unbroken voice, he feels tolerably confident that he can converse with his wife coherently and without self-betrayal. When he begins to doubt his condition, he walks over to the bar, and addressing the whiskey puncher there, says :

‘ Will you have the kindness to shake me up another Pindanoniongaba cobbler ? ’ The mixer of drinks smiles blandly and replies, ‘ The article is not on our list, sir. ’ The man walks across the room, stares for a few moments at the advertisements on the opposite wall, collects his thoughts, bites his tongue to wake it up, and makes another charge on the bar. ‘ A Pinhandagonhanjobber cobbler ! ’ ‘ A what ? ’ asks the brandy smasher, with an air of astonishment. ‘ A Panhandlegoandgetthere cobbler. ’ ‘ Come, now, ’ says the gin-slinger. ‘ This is no time and place for joking. What do you want, any way ? ’ ‘ I don’t believe I want anything more to-night, ’ replies the discomfited inebriate. ‘ I promised my folks that I would be home about this time. ’ ”

Stacy had not evinced great interest in this recital. She had gone to the window, and, at the first lull in the conversation, she turned with her finger on her lip.

“Listen!” she said. “It is ‘Home, Sweet Home.’ Somebody is whistling it. I wonder where he learned it?”

She had already forgotten her lesson of a few evenings before.

The notes were as clear and as plaintive as the song of a caged bird.

“If my ears do not deceive me,” said Chester, “that is Bemvindo’s whistle.”

“Poor boy,” said Stacy, compassionately. “I know there are tears in his eyes. I wonder if he is away from home, too.”

“Undoubtedly,” replied Robinson. “But I’ll venture to say that a prize in the lottery wouldn’t induce him to go back to it. He is too well fixed where he is. The boy doesn’t know what he is whistling about. It is the music, and not the song, that is so affecting. The words are nothing. You can find better poetry any day in the trashy and transient contents of our literary weeklies. And yet some misguided admirers are putting up a monument to the author of the piece, when they don’t even know the composer’s name.”

“Oh, I *don’t* like that talk!” protested Stacy. “It sounds unjust.”

“It’s so,” averred Robinson. “If you don’t believe it, just sing ‘Home, Sweet Home’ once to the tune of some Irish rollicking song, and mark the consequences.”

“Horrible!” exclaimed Stacy, to whom there was something of sacrilege in the idea.

“I don’t like to shock you,” continued Robinson.

“I know I’m hitting hard against some prejudices ; but in doing so I am constituting myself a defender of the great legion of worthy men who are forgotten while others wear their laurels, and one of these is the composer of the music of ‘Home, Sweet, Home.’ ”

“Will not some one assist me ? ” pleaded Stacy. “Will not some one translate this song into Portuguese, and then we’ll see how quickly the people will adopt it.”

“It can’t be done,” replied the Naturalist. “The very first word of it is lacking. There is no such word as ‘home’ in all the Portuguese language, with that peculiar shade of meaning which makes the expression so dear to us. It is perhaps because there are so few homes, as we understand the word, in any of the tropical countries.”

“What I don’t understand,” said Chester, “is how they say they won’t go home till morning.”

“Oh, they have ‘residence’ and ‘domicile’ and ‘dwelling,’ which are sufficient for ordinary conversation, and also the antique and classical ‘lar’ and the old Roman ‘patria,’ which are very handy for their poetry and spread-eagle speeches.”

“I thought the Brazilians were a very domestic people,” said Stacy.

“They are. Their homeless condition is not their fault, but is due to ‘the influence of their climate.’ There can be no real cozy comfortable home in a land of perpetual summer. It is the winter and the outside discomfort that knit a family together around the fireplace and lend a meaning almost sacred to

the word. Just look at the course of life here, from beginning to the end of the year. There is no fireside except in the kitchen. If a lamp is lighted it immediately becomes a cynosure for a host of strange bugs. When the family are gathered together they become stifled and irritable and call for elbow-room. So they lean idly over the cushioned window sill and gasp for fresh air, or sit in the garden and look at the stars, or wander aimlessly in the park till bed-time. Ah, it is the north-land that is the land of happy homes — the land of walnuts and wassail, and the harder the storm without, the brighter the life within."

"Let me see," said Robinson. "I think you have been away from the States some time now."

"Several years," replied the Naturalist.

"That accounts for your hallucination. The longer a fellow has been away from the paternal roof-tree the more he loves the place. Home is not like strawberries and cream, to be enjoyed on the spot. For my part, I think that a good hotel or a bachelor's club is a better place to live at than the best-regulated of homes. There you have no small children climbing over you at dinner time; no gentle sisters tidying up your *toucador* and putting everything in its wrong place, and then going through the pockets of your other pantaloons in search of love-letters and schutzenfest tickets; and, best of all, your room is your castle, and no one knows what time you get home at night. They say that the author of the song in question never had a home. That is, he did not know what he was talking about,

but drew upon his imagination. I believe it. Poets do the same thing when they write about love. Yet who ever knew a poet to sing of love after he was once well married and knew what it all amounted to?"

The advance of this heretical sentiment broke up the conversation. Stacy said "Good-night," and retired from the room. She went to Pauline's little cot and leaned over the sleeping girl, and with a soft hand parted the light hair floating over her forehead. Then in the window seat she rested, looking out on the clear stars above and on the dark green tops of the trees below. The music of the players in the adjacent square floated to her in indolent waves across the fresh and fragrant air. One hour, two long hours, she sat there. Such hours as these are equal to the days of ordinary life, and by the thoughts of these hours let us judge our little friend, Stacy Smith. Hitherto we have seen her as, alas! we are doomed to see most women, at their worst, in society; now let us know her in her own true self. The world will have it that she, and all of us, shall be pert and worldly, trifling and foolish, full often when we would rather be true, simple, and thoughtful. It is the way of the hollow, conventional world.

Sitting there, Stacy thought out a poem, and putting heart and brain together, she joined it with rhymes. Like a worker who invents some new design of fabric upon the loom, she was pleased, and smiled to herself as line after line grew into shape. Then she wrote it down, not for the world to know,

but that she might read it again in years long afterward.

It went into a little book with gold edges and creamy pages which only herself had seen. This was not a diary in which to record the time of rising, the state of the weather, and other commonplaces, but was a collection of those great experiences in her life which her heart could not keep to itself, while she felt that the person worthy to hear them had not yet come.

These are the words that Stacy Smith, like the homesick Peronella of the fairy tale, wrote in her little book with its edges of gold :

IT'S O, FOR THE APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

The orange-flower is creamy,
 The coffee is waxen and white,
 The passion-flower is fervid,
 And, like a star in the night,
 The orchid-flower illumines
 The dense dark wood with its flame;
 But it's O, for the apple-blossoms
 Of the land from whence I came.

The tropical inflorescence
 Is passionate, gaudy and bold;
 It swoons in its heavy velvet,
 It shines in its dust of gold;
 Its lips are warm with the sunshine,
 Its heart is glowing with heat,
 But better for me are the flowers
 Dewy and simple and sweet.

And now I believe the story
 Of the peasant girl turned queen;
 How she said, "I am very weary
 Of the royal purple and green.

I am tired of the crown and the sceptre;
I long to lay them all down,
And wear again with my people
The kerchief and calico gown."

I'm tired of the summer forever;
I'm tired of monotonous green;
I long for the change of the seasons,
With winter, cold winter, between;
So pleasant it is in the winter
To sit by the window and think
Some day all the trees in the orchard
Will bloom in carnation and pink.

The apple-trees in the orchard,
The apple-trees by the door,
Each tree is a blossom of blossoms
And promise of fruit in store.
The earth is tufted with beauty,
The air is fragrant with spring,
And there in the early morning
The robins whistle and sing.

I envy the farmer's daughter
Who, after the day of rest,
Walks down through the apple orchard
With the one she loves the best;
And better than all exotics
Which queens in their splendor wear,
Is the spray of apple-blossoms
With which he trims her hair.

The flower of Lent is purple,
And the flowers of Ipé
Are golden and bright yellow
Like the sun at close of day;
And like a torch in the jungle
Is the flame of the epiphyte,
But it's O, for the apple-blossoms
I would give them all to-night.

XX.

BRAZILIAN POLITENESS.

German simplicity still regards rudeness as a mark of courage and honesty, but a peep into our prisons would suffice to show that there are rude rascals as well as rude cowards.—HEINRICH HEINE.

“THE great social question of the day,” said the Naturalist, on one occasion, “is whether, for a transient acquaintance, it is better to meet an Englishman, who will be bluff and bearish toward you and make you feel like an intruder, while his heart is overflowing with good-will toward you, or one of the more courtly Southerners, like the Brazilian for instance, who flatters you with politeness until you are perfectly at ease, while all the time he is thinking what a bother you are.”

“I’ll take the latter,” replied Robinson. “Give me at least the show of hospitality and I’ll not go to the bother of sounding its depth. It was long ago decided that it is better for society to be pleasantly hypocritical than to be honest and rude. What is most politeness but sham, all the world over? and when your friends say ‘Good-bye’ to you, how many of them mean it in the full breadth of its original ‘God be with you’? and when they say ‘Farewell,’ how many of them go into the details of wishing you fresh eggs and a clean napkin for breakfast?”

“But,” persisted Stacy, “the old residents tell us that the Brazilian politeness is superficial and does not mean anything.”

“Go to, thou pretty cynic. Such words do not become such lips. Is a greeting likely to be more honest because it is less cordial? And are our ‘Farewell’ and ‘Good-bye’ the more forcible because they are abbreviated and meaningless? Should we distrust a hospitality simply because it has the semblance of hospitality? I have yet to find in the English language a more charming phrase than the Portuguese ‘*Passa muito bem!*’ and when our old lady friend, Donna Virginia, of Botafogo, pressed my hand and talked that way to me in her motherly way, it sounded like a blessing. It was a whole benediction in itself.”

“Talking about politeness,” said the Naturalist, “there has been a wondrous change in Bemvindo in that respect since his associations with me began. He is becoming Americanized.”

“How so?” inquired Robinson. “He appears to me to be the model of deportment. Did he use to be any politer than he is now?”

“Yes—to the churches. He would never go under the shadow of a church, no matter how vile and dirty its surroundings, without reverently lifting his hat. But my strong indifference to those tawdry edifices discomfits him and makes him ashamed, and now he does nothing more than to watch when his neighbors uncover, and then he elevates his hat an inch and nonchalantly scratches his head, just as if he did not know there was a church within a mile.

If I detect him in this subterfuge he looks foolish and falls to staring in the crown, as if to decipher the trade-mark or learn the name of his hatter. It's a way the boy has of compromising with his conscience. It's well to be polite to the priests, he thinks, while at the same time he has full confidence in me and thinks that what I do must be just about right. Some one has said that the world's great men are not great to their valets. With me this rule is reversed ; I am a hero to my valet, but unknown to the world at large. Indeed, I flatter myself that he is so much attached to me that he would not willingly leave me under any circumstances, in this life or the next, and for that reason he accommodates himself to my customs."

"I can see the æsthetic side," said Robinson, "of uncovering in the presence of the pretty churches that we have at home, where cleanliness and godliness are joined together ; but here, where one of those attributes can't be found within a block of the other, I am tempted to go to the other extreme, and hide my nose as well."

"Please, Mr. Kingston," begged Stacy, "do not reform Bemvindo too much. That is quite possible, you know."

"I will not. I still continue to beam upon him with encouragement when he touches his hat to the Emperor's carriage or lifts it to a passing funeral."

"O, that is the prettiest custom !" Stacy exclaimed. "Chester, I do wish you would cultivate that habit. It seems to make death so much less gloomy and severe when the people on the sidewalk pay this last

courtesy to the passing stranger whom they have never seen before and whom they will never see again. I cannot help believe that it is in some way a gratification to the dead. At any rate, it must be gratifying to the mourners."

"The mourners?" said Robinson, in affected surprise. "Ah, you refer to the gentlemen who ride in the carriages behind, with their hats tilted on their heads, cigarettes in their mouths, and their feet resting on the front seat. Yes, it must be highly gratifying to them; if I mistake not, the fly was gratified by the dust which itself and the carriage-wheel raised. And now that I come to think seriously about it, it must be pleasant for a fellow on the eve of death to realize that there will be some one who will do him honor on his way to San Francisco Xavier; and if his mother and sisters are prohibited by social custom from accompanying him thither, and if the young men of his club must smoke cigars and talk opera and bull-fight on the way, then welcome be the thoughtful tribute of the stranger. It's a queer country, this."

"I agree with my sister Anastatia," said Chester, contributing to the conversation, "that funerals are not so gloomy and severe here as they are at home. I saw a coffin in a hack for a hearse yesterday, and it was drawn by four white horses, and the hack was trimmed with red and yellow, and the coffin was as stylish as a ball-dress. There wasn't a bit of black about the outfit except the driver's eye. There was nothing slow about that funeral, I tell you what."

"There is another circumstance that helps disarm

the King of Terrors," said Robinson. "It must be an eminently consolatory thought, to a person who has hitherto been condemned to a proletarian tilbury-and-street-car existence, to reflect that the day is bound to come when he will keep his carriage with the best of them."

"Speaking of street-cars," said Stacy, "I saw a lady at the station on the Ouvidor try to find a seat in one, and not one of the thirty or forty gentlemen there would give her his place. Do you call that politeness?"

"Not conspicuously polite, perhaps," answered Robinson, "but it showed very good sense on their part. Why should they, indeed? The world is not in the habit of giving up its engaged chairs at the theatre, or its engaged berths in a sleeping-coach, to any strange female that may happen along. Then why should they not be equally rude in a street-car? Away with this special etiquette for horse-cars, I say. What business had she to try to crowd in when it was full and she knew it? There are seats inside of the waiting-room provided for just such belated persons as this of yours. And yet the average woman will wedge her way into an omnibus that has twelve passengers on each side and as many more suspended to the straps down the middle, and will trust to her superior powers of browbeating to gain her a comfortable seat."

"But woman is so weak and helpless."

"Not always. Many a time I have been contemptuously frowned upon by a woman who could throw three of me out of the window, just because I would

not sacrifice my comfort to hers. And this street-car heroine of yours — didn't you notice that she had her arms full of little packages? She had been bullying and wearying dry-goods clerks and milliners all day. And didn't you notice the haggard and exhausted look of the men in the car? They were the clerks whom she had been worrying."

"You are not chivalric, Mr. Robinson. I am not at all proud of you."

"Oh, yes, I am, Stacy — another Sidney. I will give up my ease any time for the refined, the aged, the weak, or the weary, even if it is a milliner's girl. But not to a woman simply because she is a woman."

"You must remember also," said the Naturalist, "that the Brazilians are not yet accustomed to seeing their real ladies upon the public street and in the market place, and it is hard for them to realize that their women are becoming emancipated from their prison houses, and are becoming enfranchised with the privileges of gossip and shopping, like those of the more advanced northern civilization. That is one reason for the lack of politeness in the public conveyance."

"If you are against me, I suppose I must yield," said Stacy, disconsolately. "But do you admire the social customs here?"

"Some of them, very much. The devotion of children to parents is certainly most admirable. There is my friend of the Amazonian travels, for instance. Although he has incurred the sacerdotal displeasure by declining to kiss the flabby hand

which the priest extended to him, giving it a jovial shake instead, yet he never leaves his parents without paying them this tribute of respect. In the life upon the street, also, we notice much that is cordial and hearty. You see a waterman, with his tub of water balanced upon his head, pass the door of a private house, in which a little darky domestic is sitting. The waterman says a few words of salutation, and the *moleque* touches his cap in reply, as respectfully as if answering a king. And those same watermen, when they pass under a window from which you are leaning, mutter some kind of a *pax vobiscum* upon you, and go their way without looking back for a response or small change. It is not obsequiousness, but the respect of one human being to another, and as long as it is not obtrusive it is very pleasant indeed. It is something like the old plantation life in the South, perhaps."

"But we are Yankees. We are independent," boasted Chester. "We don't waste our time in such nonsense."

"I will tell you a story, Chester. It was some years ago, on the second of December, which is the Emperor's birthday, that three or four American sea captains, young fellows, were making the rounds of the city, and found themselves in the Palace Square as the Emperor went by to the chapel. These men were full of whiskey and mistaken patriotism. At home they were the poorest citizens, abroad they were the loudest boasters. They also said, 'We are Americans. We are independent. Each of us is a monarch in himself. We will be

blessed — or something worse — if we take off our hats to this man, as these minions around us are doing.’ And they kept their word. They made themselves so conspicuous by their impoliteness that the Emperor himself noticed them, and as he passed he gave them a lesson which they never forgot. In his most courteous manner he lifted his own hat, and with that kingly grace of his, he said, ‘Good morning, gentlemen.’ This action took all of the swagger out of our countrymen, leaving them almost too weak to stand alone.

“Now,” concluded the Naturalist, “granting that each of us is a monarch — a mischievous idea which is instilled into the American child at an early age — is that any reason why we should not be polite to a fellow monarch when we meet him?”

“And I also,” said Robinson, “have a story to tell you, Chester. It is about President Grant, whom I watched one cold and frosty morning as he was stubbing along Pennsylvania Avenue, with cigar and cane, taking his tonic exercise. A young woman poorly clad, probably a shop girl, went by, and as her eyes met his the light of admiration and recognition came into her face. He observed it, and, moved by the instincts of the true gentleman, his hand went to his hat and lifted it in a courteous bow. Never will I forget the expression of amazed delight with which the girl received this mark of deference. Here was a renowned conqueror of armies and ruler of states saluting her, poor little her, whom a lieutenant of marines or a government clerk would despise. I’ll warrant that this was the

rosiest of all the red-letter days of her existence, and that she will never weary of telling this story to her children and to her grandchildren after them. So you see, Chester, that pomp is no indication of power, and that true greatness is more often gracious than haughty. Was not even Brutus gentle to the sleepy boy Lucius?"

Chester affected contrition.

"After this," said he, "I am going to be very polite. I will embrace every person I meet, and hug them right and left-handed."

"Don't you do it, Chester," warned Stacy, with severity. "I never saw anything so ridiculous as two grown men embracing each other like a couple of bears."

"Or a couple of women," added Robinson. "I agree with you there, Stacy. Against this form of gush, the cold-blooded Saxon may well rebel. The masculine mind of North America is early taught that there is but one class of beings intended to be hugged, and that is — well, it is not the bearded men. I have reflected deeply on this subject, and the only practical benefit that I can see in this close communion is to brush your nose across your friend's moustache, ascertain what brand of cigars he smokes, and so determine as to the advisability of continuing his acquaintance."

"I think it's a first-rate idea," persisted Chester. "I've been taking lessons of old Joe Walker down at the docks. Its fun to see him embrace a Portuguese when there are other Americans around and he feels a little ashamed of himself. First he throws

his left arm around the fellow's neck, gets an under hold on the other side, gouges his chin into the chap's right shoulder, squeezes like a cider-press, winks with his left eye and spits out of the right corner of his mouth ; this is what he calls keeping up an equilibrium. Then they reverse the operation, and hug over the other shoulder."

"Chester, I think there are other accomplishments more necessary to your welfare than this," advised Stacy.

"No, indeed. I am getting this to astonish my young lady friends with when I go home."

At this moment Stacy rose to cross the room for some purpose, and incautiously passed close to Chester.

"I must keep up my practice," he said, and before the girl could resist he had enveloped her in his arms and was winking at the company from the vicinity of her right ear. Then, quick as a flash, he changed positions, and his clown's face appeared on the other side, while his chin was working painfully into her shoulder.

"Go away, you awful boy!" she cried, throwing him from her, and seeking her room in order to smooth her ruffled temper and dress.

XXI.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them.

—SHAKESPEARE.

“WHEN the Emperor comes.”

Such had been the universal response to all pleas for political reform, all projects in public enterprise, and all of the hopes of the business men. When the Emperor should come, the price of codfish would fall, the parched mountain sides would yield more water for the thirsty city, the fever would stop its ominous advance, and the clear light of prosperity would again shine upon a nation over which the clouds of corruption and disaster were settling fast.

“Let’s go and see the party land,” Chester suggested. “I can’t offer you a private box in one of the windows of that locality, for they’re selling at fifty dollars apiece; but I know where there’s a first-rate street corner to stand on, provided some one hasn’t got it.”

Robinson and Stacy felt that they could not, in justice to themselves, refuse so liberal an offer, and they complied.

The Street of the First of March, which was the route from the landing place to the Imperial Chapel, was strewn with the green leaves of the mango and cinnamon trees.

“I did not think these horrible streets could be made so pleasant,” Stacy remarked. “This is as fresh and fragrant as a lover’s lane.”

“Or a bridal path to church,” added Robinson. “Here they come. *Viva o Imperador!* Shall I yell and toss high my ready hat in air, Stacy?”

“Please, don’t. This is not our affair, remember. You are not after any office, and I am not anxious for any court favor, so we’ll just stand aloof, like the spectators and foreigners that we are.”

Thus the Imperial pair came home again. On foot and bareheaded, with the Empress on his arm, Dom Pedro Segundo advanced upon his triumphal entry into power again after a long experience in that easiest of all conditions, private citizenship. His brow assumed again the graciousness and dignity of one who has been for forty-five years an acceptable sovereign. And though there were tall men in his retinue, he was half a head above the tallest; and though there were fine-looking men among them, none could compare with him. In a word, he was the man whom a stranger, judging by the laws of natural selection alone, would unhesitatingly designate as most worthy to rule. Where in all of the monarchical world is there another body of king and council of whom the same may be said?

The procession having passed, the crowd scattered and went their several ways. The vivas, like the rockets, became more desultory. The Italian boot-black, who had been adding his musical accents to the prevailing jargon of greeting, now subsided into a quiet “*Viva o Imperador*—shiny your boots—

cem reis!” pointing to Chester’s soiled shoes as he passed our party.

“I think the show is over for this morning,” said Robinson. “Let’s walk down the Ouvidor and see the people from the country, and view the preparations of the committee of arrangements, and count the arches that they have made.”

In making this tour, they stopped once to consider the decoration of a piece of architectural pageantry which was built across the street. It was yet incomplete, and near at hand two men, undisturbed by all the turmoil around them, were at work, sawing out some scantlings for its frame. They were situated like sawyers in a pit, one standing upon a heavy plank and the other underneath, alternately pulling and pushing the serrate blade that was dividing it in twain. The mechanical, indolent industry of these laborers was remarkable; they worked, but it was apparently without exertion; they followed the line, but seemingly took no thought of it.

“They are asleep,” said Stacy.

“Oh, no; don’t you see their eyes are open?”

“But their sense is shut, I tell you. And look! that man’s toe is right on the line.”

“Trust him for taking it up before the saw reaches it.”

They watched the progress of the saw with redoubled interest, and Stacy’s face glowed with the excitement of the moment. Robinson could feel her hand tremble on his arm as those glittering teeth bit and withdrew, bit and withdrew, at every stroke

a half an inch nearer to the luckless great toe, which was the object of so much concern.

“Please, speak to him,” begged Stacy; but Robinson was obdurate.

At the next sweep the saw just grazed the nail of the toe. The man stirred uneasily, and was half aroused to consciousness, like one who has been troubled in his sleep. Again, and those hungry teeth got a good bite into their prey, cruelly tearing both nail and flesh. The victim was thoroughly awake now. He dropped the handle of his implement and picked up his foot instead, caressing it with much fervor.

“Oh, why *didn't* you tell him?”

Robinson felt guilty.

“How should I know that he was going to vivisect himself in that raw style? Well, I declare! I've heard of the man who was too lazy to go in when it rained. I'll believe it now. I am ready to believe anything. What a peculiar thing this tropical temperament is! What a study for a psychologist!”

“It must be the influence of the climate,” suggested Chester.

“Come on, Stacy. Let's leave this scene of carnage. I feel faint. There is a restaurant over there, and, for a wonder, the customary gang of politicians are not haranguing at its doors to-day. There is generally a crowd of idle and wordy young doctors there, obstructing the sidewalk and imperiling the lives of peaceful citizens with their gesticulations. Shades of Talleyrand! how this nation does

run to young doctors, and how these doctors run to politics!"

"Doctors?" said Stacy, inquiringly.

"Yes, doctors. In other words, college graduates, too numerous to be lawyers and professors, and too proud to go into business. So, if they can't get a Government clerkship under the ruling party, they do the next best thing and air their talents on the side of the opposition, pointing out the breakers and the demnition bow-wows toward which the ship of state is bound."

"Bemvindo asked me once if father was a doctor," said Chester, "and when I told him no, he seemed disappointed and I thought he turned up his nose a little."

"That was simply a way of asking if your father was a man of any importance. You ought to have said yes, that he was a *sabio* of the first order."

"But where are all of these educated young doctors to-day?" asked Stacy, looking around the gilded hall as if she wouldn't mind seeing some of them.

"Oh, this is an off day for politicians. All of them, malcontents, liberals, and republicans, are loyal citizens to-day. This, you will perhaps remember, is the day of Dom Pedro's return, and all of the people, no matter how much they may be opposed to imperialism, respect and welcome their emperor."

"And there are republicans here, are there?"

"Yes, indeed, a good many of them, open and avowed. They even support a paper. I'll get you a copy of the *Republic* some time."

“I shouldn't think the authorities would allow it.”

“On the contrary, the Emperor fosters it, and thus kills it with kindness, as it were. He is acute enough to know that all heart-felt principles, whether of the church or state, thrive under persecution, and so he does not persecute. If any one were to speak to him of a possible republic in Brazil, he would probably receive the idea with equanimity and nominate himself for first president. It is probable that he would be elected, too, though perhaps with less pay than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.”

“Does he get that?”

“All of that, and his wife gets a salary also.”

“Happy wife! But what does he do with so much money?”

“Gives it away, most of it, to the unfortunate and deserving. With the exception of a shabby palace or two, for which I would not trade an ordinary house on Fifth avenue, he is a poor man to-day, and probably will be when he dies.”

“Poor fellow!” sighed Chester, who, in the meantime, had been sampling various refectations, cooling, refreshing and invigorating, and recommending them to the favorable consideration of his friends.

“But isn't it funny that they ask us if we want our drinks iced!” said the boy. “Why, of course we do. That ought to be understood.”

“Not here, Chester. Ice has not yet become the necessity here that it is in our country, where it grows by the acre. It is a kind of a luxury here,

and you will find that it is counted as an extra in the bill. It is to this people as wine is to ours, a sort of an unfamiliarity to the common classes; and when the Brazilian who has been north wishes to impress his home folks, he orders up a dish of macadamized ice, and that stamps him a swell."

"I know one young Brazilian to whom ice is not an unfamiliarity," replied Chester. "That's that planter's boy from Minas, that goes gaping around our hotel, astonished half to death all the time. The first day he came here I found him standing in the hall when I came out from dinner. I was coddling a piece of ice in my hand, just to keep cool, and seeing that he was a stranger I thought I'd be polite to him and give him some. So I put it where it would do the most good, and dropped it down the back of his neck. Oh, I thought I should die!"

Here, with great bursts of laughter Chester enjoyed the scene over again.

"That wasn't very nice of you," reproved Stacy. "You ought to have been ashamed. What did the little fellow do? Did he cry?"

"No, he didn't cry; he howled. He danced and grabbed at the slippery thing, but he couldn't get hold of it until it came out of his trousers' leg down by his ankle. Then his mother came running up, and I had sudden business elsewhere."

"It's evident that ice is a novelty on the plantations up in Minas," remarked Robinson. "I saw this same chap's little sister draw a piece into her mouth from her wine and water the other night, and she also went into convulsions of tears and alarm."

All of this goes to prove that our inordinate demand for ice is an unnatural and acquired taste, and it is certainly as unhealthy as it is unnatural. Every glass of ice water that we take administers a shock to the nervous system ; and yet our temperance people at home go on shocking themselves into dyspepsia and the grave while protesting against the use of a glass of harmless and nutritious beer."

"I don't think I will ever care for ice water again," observed Stacy. "Its effect is almost painful to me now, after drinking so long from these Brazilian *moringues*, whose water is always like an October morning, just the right temperature for comfort. When I go home I am going to take some odd specimens of *moringues* with me, and keep them filled with drinking water in artistic and convenient positions around the house. In the present rage for bizarre pottery and rude and mystic earthenware, I think these barbaric vases of porous clay will be just the thing."

"But don't get up in the night and drink out of them blindly," warned Chester. "There's always a barata inside taking a sip, and when you tip up the jug and put its mouth to your lips, the water wets the bug's heels and he rushes madly out, lands on your nose, and runs all over you like a cold shiver before you know what's the matter with you. Mind what I say, now. There's always a barata inside. I've tried it a hundred times and he never failed to be there."

"Oh, Stacy!" sighed Robinson. "And has the ceramic art distemper reached even you on this far-away shore? Well, we'll go out some day and see

what we can find in the way of *moringues*. They have them in all shapes—birds, animals, fruits, human figures, jars, urns, amphoras, barrels, flagons, and champagne glasses. We'll go to the crockery-shops first, and then we'll visit Professor Hartt's quarters, at the Geological Survey. I think we can get some hints there. They have a complete museum of the ceramic art, picked up here and there throughout Brazil."

"And battle-axes, and clubs, and corals, and diamonds, and crocodiles, and crabs, and burial vases, and preserved Indians!" cried Chester, who had been there. "You ought to go."

"Talking of crockery," resumed Robinson, "this is my hobby—the *paliteiro*," and he picked up the toothpick holder from the table. It was in the form of a peasant girl, holding above her head an umbrella, which was pierced by the splinters of wood; apparently it had been raining toothpicks.

"Now this is something new in *paliteiros*," he said. "A decidedly unique design, and one which is not numbered in my collection. I've a notion to pocket it."

"Are you making a collection?" asked Stacy.

"Yes, since confessions of weakness are in order, I am. I think I have about all the other styles—the quiver of arrows, the bundle of rockets, the porcupine with his quills, the star-fish, the pin-cushion, the image of fright with hair standing on end, and all the rest."

"But the *paliteiro* does not form a part of our table service at home."

“Then we’ll introduce it. We have been abroad, you know.”

“Say, Henry, I’ve thought of something. I’ve read in French history that Admiral Coligny was devoted to toothpicks, and that he was rarely seen, in his study, in the council, or in the field, without one between his teeth. It was a personal peculiarity of his, like Jackson’s cane or Thurman’s horrible handkerchief. Now, I wonder if he introduced the custom of toothpicks in Brazil at the time that he sent over that pilgrim band of Huguenots under Villegagnon, in the days of Luther, Lefevre, and Calvin.”

“I don’t know, indeed ; but if that’s the case, the evil has outlasted the good : the true faith endured only four years, while the toothpicks have come down to us through nearly four hundred.”

“When are you going to take us over to Villegagnon Island, Henry ? You promised to.”

“I don’t see the beauty of the trip,” he replied. “There’s nothing there but a hot sand-bar, with a palm tree or two, and a fort. What do you expect to find on that sacred spot, any way ? Rusty Bible clasps and halberds and broken crucifixes ?”

“No,” she said sturdily, “but I do expect to find a sacred spot, as you say ; and if you had any reverence about you, you would be glad enough to make a pilgrimage to the place where our religion was first preached in the New World.”

“What is all this about ?” asked Chester.

“I’ll tell you,” Stacy answered. “I think you’ll sympathize with me, Chester, for you have the Huguenot blood in your veins, and take a little pride

in the history of your religion. In 1555, in the century in which Columbus died and Shakespeare was born, while Walter Raleigh was yet a baby in his mother's arms, the first colony of French Protestants crossed the ocean and landed on this Villegagnon Island out here in the bay, not over half an hour's sail from here. Think of that, Chester! That was a long, long lifetime before the Mayflower came to Massachusetts. Why, when I realize that fact, Chester, and consider that our mother was a Lefevre and descended from a branch of these same French Huguenots, those stuck-up Puritan families over in New England always seem to me just like parvenus."

"That's what they always seemed to me," said Chester, complacently.

"I may not be much of a judge," said Robinson, ironically, "but it seems to me that the meek and lowly spirit of the Reformed Church and its early martyrs does not pervade the present conversation to any great extent. On the contrary, it does seem to me to be decidedly worldly and vainglorious."

"Oh, get out, Rob!" answered Chester. "What do you know about such things? I don't believe your ancestors had any religion. If they did, they didn't bequeath much of it to the present generation. Maybe you didn't have any ancestors. We never hear much of them, at any rate."

"I am heartily glad that I cannot run my pedigree back as far as the settling of Villegagnon Island. I would hate awfully to connect with this crowd of Protestant pioneers, which Stacy gets so sentimental over."

“And why not, indeed?” she asked, indignantly.

“Because they were decidedly a disreputable body, made up of adventurers, fugitives from justice, and criminals from the jails, with a very little leaven of earnest and pious men.”

“Oh, I don’t believe it.”

“It’s really so, Stacy. However, they were every bit as respectable as the first families of Virginia, and of numerous other localities where the present generation boasts of its descent from the original settlers. The trouble with these founders of new peoples is that they are all adventurers, in not the best sense of the word, and they are not such folks as you would like to admit into your set, Stacy. So, I can’t help but ask, why be so fond of their children’s children? William the Conqueror’s knights were filibusters just as much as Walker’s comrades in Nicaragua; the difference is that one succeeded, while the other did not.”

“But these ‘adventurers,’ as you call them, are useful in their sphere,” argued Stacy.

“Exactly. Their rash enterprise is good for the political world, just as thunderstorms give new life to the air, and freshets strengthen the Nile Valley. As Emerson says, ‘Out of Sabine rapes and robber forays real Romes and their heroism come in fullness of time.’ Besides, it is in the nature of things that the pioneers of the soil should come from the flotsam of the society from which they emigrate, for the solid, prosperous, and law-abiding citizens live and die at home, leaving their business and social position to their sons after them. It is the victims

of misfortune, folly, or disgrace, who seek new homes in new lands; and why should you or I, Stacy, be proud to own one of these as the stock from which we sprung?"

"But do not honest and sensible folks move sometimes?" asked Stacy, remembering certain May-day experiences of her own family.

"Oh, yes, go down to Castle Garden almost any day, and you will see a cargo of emigrants come ashore. You will hold your dress aside as they pass, for they are not pleasant to associate with. Yet these people will go to Minnesota and establish themselves there, and in two hundred years or less their descendants will be wealthy and powerful and be laying the pleasant unction of 'old family' to their souls, and people like you will respect them for it, —like you, who despise the original founders of these families as they pass through Castle Garden. Or, I see, in my imagination, a dusty, sunburnt traveller crossing the plains with his family and all of his worldly goods stowed away in the wagon which is their only home. He goes to Colorado, ploughs a farm or sinks a mining shaft, and fortune smiles upon his efforts. His son will go to college, and in due time to the Senate. His grandson, silly and dissipated, knowing no higher ambition than to lead the German and lounge about the clubs, will accompany the Senator to Washington and be received with open arms for the sake of his family. Now I respect the dusty and sunburnt emigrant; you respect his dissipated grandson. That's where we differ, Stacy."

“That picture is overdrawn, Mr. Robinson. Families don’t become old in two generations, even in our country.”

“Don’t they? Go to Utah, among the Mormons, and see. There they date from 1846, or thereabouts. And on the Pacific coast the bearded miners of 1849 are already an aristocracy which is daily becoming more honored and respectable. If those self-exiled Johnny Rebs up here on the Amazon have not social distinctions between the old residents and later arrivals, they must have left the American spirit behind them when they shook the American dust off their feet.”

“That is nice talk, indeed! You ought to go to France and be a communist, Henry. There you might find some congenial spirits who do not know who their fathers and mothers are.”

“You mistake me, Stacy. I have no particular objection to knowledge of that sort. On the contrary, I consider a genealogical record a most excellent thing to have in a family, as a matter of curiosity and legal convenience. But we’ve no right to be proud of it, even if there are illustrious names upon its pages, for according to our republican institutions, of which we boast so much, honor is not hereditary. It is every generation for itself, and obscurity for the unworthy. Where are our President’s sons, from Washington down?”

“Have you never heard of one named Adams? I’m not going to let such sophisms cheat me out of the feeling of pride which I have when I think of my Huguenot ancestors,” said Stacy, with a ring in

her voice. "The brave men, who sacrificed home and all in defence of the truth as their hearts understood it!"

"What right have you to be proud of them? It wasn't from any influence of yours, was it, that they were what they were? On the contrary, Stacy, if I were you, and could count among my ancestors some devoted Huguenot to whom prosperity or adversity, home or a foreign land, were as nothing compared with the principles of that eternal truth which changes at the order of neither priest nor pope, I would be filled with a sense of overwhelming shame to think what a plaything, a fashion, and a Sunday garment our religion of the present day is. Not pride, but remorse, would be my portion as I would think how the race had degenerated in these two hundred years, and would hold myself responsible for my share in the decline."

"Perhaps, if you took the trouble to examine your family history, you would find that your race has degenerated also. I know it has since your father died."

Stacy was becoming sarcastic.

"I do not doubt it," replied Robinson, complacently. "I do not doubt that my lineage is full of dukes and martyrs, if I only took the trouble to hunt them up. The aristocratic name of Robinson is sufficient guarantee of that. But I save myself this trouble and the consequent remorse by maintaining an indifference on this subject, and now I can look back over my shoulder to my forefathers, as far as I can see them, and say, with a clear con-

science, 'Cast no reproach on me! I am as good as you. I have kept the talent which you transmitted to me, and lo, it has suffered no loss, no harm, no stain in my possession. Perhaps, O shades of my fathers, it has even increased a little in value, but that's not for me to say.' This is a very comfortable reflection to make, Stacy, and I'm sorry you and other members of 'good families' can't indulge in it."

Stacy thought a moment, and then laughed at the oddity of the idea and the self-complacency of the man who made it. There is nothing like a laugh for breaking up a bitter war of words. It is oil upon the troubled waters.

XXII.

OUR LADY OF THE ROCK.

Upon this rock I will build my church.—MATTHEW xvi, 18.

ONE Saturday morning in October, the boy Chester, assuming an air of business, remarked:

“I understand they’re having a camp-meeting somewhere out in the country, and I am thinking of getting up a party to go out there to-morrow. Who wants to go?”

“Who, indeed?” said Stacy, with a frown of disapproval.

“Better go, sis. To-morrow is the big day, so Bemvindo said. I guess the presiding elder is going to be there, or something of that sort. Besides, I could mention some members of the Smith family who have neglected their piety lately.”

“What is the boy talking about?” Stacy asked.

The Naturalist came to her relief.

“It is the Festa of Nossa Senhora da Penha—Our Lady of the Rock,” he explained. “To-morrow will be the last of the nine days of celebration, and it will be the day of all religious days in the year. The affair is really worth seeing.”

“Do you know where the place is?”

“Not this particular church of Our Lithological Lady, but I have seen several similar ones in Brazil, all perched upon Gibraltars of rock. There is one

in Victoria, up on the coast, which the lightning strikes regularly once a year. It is a wonder that the Sugar Loaf is not crowned with a chapel of this name."

"It must be very interesting. But how can we ever find the way there?"

Kind offers of guidance were now in order, but they came from an unexpected source.

"I'll show you the way," cried Chester, launching out in a parody on Rio nomenclature. "We only have to follow the crowd. It's down the Street of the Day Before Christmas and through the Lane of St. Peter and the Washerwoman, then up the Street of St. Patrick's Day in the Morning and across Purgatory Square to the Wharf of the Italian Eel-Skinners of the Fourth Ward of the District of John Baptist, Junior, which used to be called the Wharf of the Forty Thieves. The boat starts from there."

The boy stopped for a moment to take breath, and then added, complacently:

"I guess you can't lose me in this most loyal and most heroic city of San Sebastian."

"I will accompany your party, if I may," said the Naturalist, courteously.

Stacy's brow cleared once more.

"It is very good of you, and I am sure we appreciate your kindness more than we can tell," she said. "When we are left to ourselves, we are very stupid, indeed."

"Hear that, Rob? That's a fling at us," whispered Chester.

"Perhaps Mrs. Laurie would like to go," sug-

gested Robinson. "She would add life to the party."

Mrs. Laurie was a young widow, residing at the hotel. She was spirited, but of unblemished history, so that even Stacy could formulate no objection to her. In a recent conversation with Robinson, in which she attempted to arouse him to an invitation to the opera, she had bemoaned the pitiable condition of a lone but respectable woman in Rio de Janeiro, whose only privilege was the monotonous one of hanging over the window sill and watching the funerals go by.

Mrs. Laurie was only too glad to go. Indeed, so desolate did she find her life, it is safe to say that she would have gratefully entertained an invitation to a picnic to the North Pole or the coast of Cariboo, wherever that may be. On the following morning Chester officiously conveyed his charge to the wharf where, according to the printed directions, they might expect to find a steamboat in waiting for the pilgrims to Penha. The Colonel was not of the party, nor was Pauline. Their quiet natures anticipated no pleasure in the fuss and weariness of a religious holiday. And, to tell the truth, Stacy felt reproachfully that she had been taught better things of this day, until Chester comforted her with his rude logic.

"This is not Sunday," he said. "It is *Domingo*. Makes all the difference in the world."

The boy gallantly led the van, until, approaching the vessel's side, he saw an Apollyon of a ticket seller blocking the way. Then he suddenly allowed

himself to become interested in a dog fight until Robinson, who was walking with Mrs. Laurie, had conciliated that official. After this confession of weakness on his part it was vain for him to try to gain ascendancy again. Henceforth the party, which he had taken such pains to organize, noticed him only to snub.

They found a shady corner upon the boat, and from there issued criticisms upon the people as they arrived. It was rude, perhaps, but then it is one of the perquisites of travel, and one that is especially enjoyable when the subjects of your comments do not understand your language; in that case you can say the most unkind things of your neighbor, aloud and in his hearing, and yet with impunity. First to attract their attention was a bulky negress of immense girth and a color so densely black that it made the atmosphere gloomy around her. In her arms she carried, tenderly as if it were a favorite child, a very delicate and shapely wax leg, reaching from the knee downward. It was a shell of wax, of symmetrical proportions and faultless morbidezza. The toes were pink-tipped, the flesh was white where it should have been white and rosy where the rose was due. The incongruity between this work of art and its sable bearer, a portion of whom it was supposed to represent, was quite absurd. While Robinson was wondering over whose last this model could have received its shape, his companion turned to him and, laughing, said :

“I *can't* believe that that was moulded over her stocking.”

Robinson brightened up.

“Here,” thought he, “I have a partner with some animation about her. I might travel with Stacy all day and she wouldn’t say anything as vivacious as that. Kingston may keep her if he wants her, to have and to hold for this day at least.”

Other wax works appeared as the boat loaded up; arms, hands, heads, and small children entire, carried by people with arms withered, hands crippled, heads swollen, or babies left at home ill. They were on the way to their Bethesda, for the pool was going to be troubled to-day. Every pilgrim carried something. If it was not a ceraceous effigy, it was perchance a musical instrument; and if not the latter, he brought with him a well-spring of consolation in the huge horn of wine that was swung over his shoulder. Happy is the man that carries the biggest horn, and the proudest cattle of the southern pampas had yielded up their glory for this pilgrimage to Penha.

Before our party there sat a man whose wine flask encircled him as the serpent did Laocoön.

“Look at it,” said the Naturalist. “You have heard of the stick that was too crooked to lie still; here is its counterpart. See that restless horn, how it writhes about him and will not be quiet a moment. Do you notice how its nozzle follows his mouth, and is never out of convenient reach?”

“I fancy that the fascination is at the other source,” replied Robinson, “and that the mouth follows the flagon. See, their lips meet again. There is great affinity between those two mouths.”

“He is taking a horn,” observed Chester, from behind.

“Ha! I’ll make a note of that. A discovery in philology.” Robinson jotted down a memorandum in his note-book, adding, “Send it to Richard Grant White.”

“There’s where you get your ‘tangle-leg,’ too,” continued Chester, feeling encouraged. “Great Cæsar! If that fellow was to trip up on that horn, wouldn’t he fall down a good deal! I reckon he’d fall down three or four times before he could get up once. It would be ten times worse than falling over a wheelbarrow.”

“Chester,” warned his sister, “don’t work your brain too hard all in one day. You are young yet, remember.”

To keep himself in equilibrium, the wine-bibbing subject also wore, slung to his right side, a gourd vessel, popularly supposed to contain *cachaça*, the cheap and efficacious rum of the country. Between these two he trimmed himself most impartially, mixing his drinks as judiciously and methodically as an apothecary mixes his drugs; and ever as he drank he smiled and offered the beverage to his neighbors around him. Here was the case of a man truly happy and at peace with the world, and here was a religion whose followers were not of the sad and dyspeptic order.

“‘Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?’”

hummed Mrs. Laurie.

“It wouldn’t be safe to offer that fellow those

terms," said Chester. "He would take you up too quick."

"Religious devotion among these Portuguese—for these are nearly all Portuguese that we see—is not the sober ceremony that we have in Anglo-Saxon countries," remarked the Naturalist. "They hear with the greatest astonishment that it is not considered decorous to laugh or converse during the service in our churches at home."

"Here's the music," shouted Chester, attempting to follow the somewhat uncertain strains. "Yes, it's 'Madame Angot,' as usual."

Three minstrels came thrumming and whistling on their way down the passage. One of them staggered against the old lady in black, knocked her wax leg into the aisle, accidentally hit it with his foot, and made a serious dent in the calf. First, the negress uttered some kind of an African malediction, but soon her brow cleared—or, rather, smoothed, and she was at peace again. It seemed a characteristic of this party that all of its members were bound to be happy, whether or no.

Slowly the vessel steamed out into the bay and pointed its prow northward. It threaded its way among the war ships, rusty now, and rocking in the lazy indolence of peace; through the fleet of lighters at rest, looking like so many Noah's arks at anchor; and skirted the numerous green islands which dot this long blue bay of the River of January.

"Yonder is our church," said the Naturalist. "Do you see it—a white chapel crowning a great

black mound of rock, apparently as inaccessible as a robber baron's castle?"

It was yet far away, however, and when they stepped on shore there was a hot and tedious walk before them. Stacy was inclined to complain.

"Why didn't the carriage meet us here?" she asked.

"Why? Because it is not considered the proper thing for a pilgrim to make his progress to the Celestial City in a barouche. Besides, there isn't room for a barouche to drive through the Strait Gate. They run on the other route, down the broad boulevard which leads to destruction. Christiana, I am ashamed of you for such a thought," continued Robinson. "Just think of our many fellow travellers here who have peas in their boots, and yet never complain."

"I don't believe it. They are barefooted, most of them. Besides, I guess peas can't be much worse than corns," said Chester.

The road wound through a landscape luxuriant in its richness, but desolately empty of human habitation. Over the rolling country there were scattered large trees of a foliage so dense and green that their shade was as cool and refreshing as the night time. It was a country both fruitful and charming, yet there were none to take advantage of it except the shiftless inhabitants of the few mud hovels that they passed; and this was in the suburbs of a great city in which hundreds of thousands of people were sweltering for want of room.

The crowd of church-goers, more merry than pious,

grew larger and louder at every moment. It was the Derby day in England; it was a clam bake on Long Island; it was the wedding festivities of Camacho and Quiteria; it was all of these and more, for it was the festa of Our Lady of the Rock, the most powerful and beneficent of all saints that bless.

At the foot of the great whale's-back of rock, which our party reached after long sauntering, they found themselves in the midst of what was perhaps a fair, perhaps a camp-meeting. Families were bivouacked in the shade. The wheels of the raffle were never still. Cachaça and syrups were flowing freely. There was music in every group, and those who could not play the fiddle, sang. The sweets of indolence and Jacubina were everywhere. The trees extended their umbrageous arms over the sunburnt brows of the travellers, and they fain would stop.

"I am tired to death," said Mrs. Laurie. "I can go no farther.

"There is no joy but calm.

Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?"

"No," urged the gentlemen. "To linger here is worse than death. We'll stop when we come back. First let us pay our respects to our lady upon the hill. Know ye not, faint-hearted pilgrims, that this is the famous Vanity Fair, established by Beelzebub and his companions in deviltry, and at which honors, titles, pleasures, husbands, wives, and all other vain things, are sold? Wait till we come back, ladies," Robinson persuaded, "and we'll stop and buy you a husband apiece."

"And you a wife?" asked Mrs. Laurie.

“No, indeed, not at present. I’ll take the title of duke or viscount for mine, and when I go back to the States I can get a wife for nothing and a million of dollars thrown in.”

“And I,” said Chester, “first I’ll get an introduction to Balbinda, and then, after that, I think I would like to have a commutation ticket to a soda fountain for about fifteen minutes. Oh, what a country! Twelve months of summer in a year, and no soda water.”

“Why is that, Mr. Kingston?” questioned Robinson. “What’s the reason we don’t find any soda down here? I would like an occasional glass myself.”

“The public do not demand it,” was the reply. “The artificial taste which craves the airy nothingness of that unsubstantial beverage is yet to be formed in Brazil, whose people drink wine and coffee and are blissful in their ignorance of the aërated compounds with which our countrymen inflate themselves.”

Robinson’s Yankee instincts came to the surface.

“I see a chance for a speculation,” he said. “I’ll import a soda fountain and set it up in the *Passeio Publico*. Chester, you may run it, and for a salary you can have all you want to drink.”

“And treats for Balbinda?”

“Yes, and for all the other pretty girls, present company not excepted. It will advertise the business and promote amicable relations between the United States and Brazil.”

“Do so,” said the Naturalist, “and upon the mar-

ble slab of that fountain you may inscribe the epitaph of a departed fortune, as other men have done before you."

"Very strange," said Robinson. "I don't see why they shouldn't like it."

"Nor can they see why you don't take kindly to *feijoada*. The fact is that habit is stronger than logic. When a man's appetite is governed by reason, you may argue your soda water into public favor; but not before. At present you can only introduce it by throwing an ocean of the stuff on the market, and almost giving it away to consumers. Create a fondness for it, and then you, or your successor when you are in the alms house, can charge any price you please and get as rich as Bass himself. In this same way a popular American perfume was introduced into Brazil. The company sent an agent here with a cargo to sell, but unfortunately, the people, feeling no need of his toilet water, would not buy. In despair he at last sold out at auction, receiving about the cost of the bottles, and realizing enough to buy a return ticket to his employers. This sale, apparently so disastrous, was really the best the company ever made, for by its means its commodity reached the farthest and humblest dressing tables in the land. The luxury soon became a necessity, and now whoever is rich enough to own a handkerchief also feels able to moisten it with a drop of this perfumery. Only in this costly manner can you and your commercial friends hope to introduce your soda water, lamp chimneys, wire fences, cooking stoves,

gymnastic apparatus, and other articles of commerce in which you deal."

Stacy was not interested in this conversation, and turned the tables on Robinson by remarking :

"Those business affairs of yours, gentlemen, are hardly appropriate to this occasion. In fact, they remind me strongly of the sordid discourse of one Mr. Worldly Wiseman, in a book which I, as well as you, have read."

The mountain was before them. The first stage of the ascent was by a paved road, bounded by fine walls of masonry. It led up to a little settlement of two or three houses which were adjunct to the church, but for which, unfortunately, there was not room upon the crest of the rock. A priest or two, with sober faces, were strolling around. Other sacerdotal appearance there was none, but of lay people there was legion. They were thronging into the main hall of the principal house, from which there proceeded the commotion of a stock exchange in session.

"If my ears do not deceive me," observed Robinson, "that is a church fair. Let us avoid it. It is worse than Vanity Fair itself. Hear the voice of the auctioneer! He is probably the Talkative that we read about in the allegory."

"Here is the parsonage," said Mrs. Laurie, who came up, faltering with exhaustion. "It looks as cool as a cellar inside. Let's go in and inquire the way."

Stepping within, they found the inevitable auction in progress. The crier held up to view a faded

flower spitted upon a hairpin. The interest in the sale was intense. At his right hand stood a group of very handsome young ladies, and the glittering eye and the changing color of the one in advance left little room for doubt as to whose toilet had last been robbed for the good of mother church. Now the question was, whose pocket was to be depleted in the same holy cause. There were several aspirants for the honor of that modern martyrdom.

“*Um milreis!*” cried an admirer of the girl.

“*Dous!*” remarked his rival, coldly.

“*Dous e quinhentos!*” said the first, and his voice had an undertone of agony as he reflected that he would not have enough money to pay his fare home.

“*Tres!*” added the rival, with a business-like air which seemed to certify that his patience and his pocket were alike inexhaustible.

The lady threw a sweep of her grateful eyes over him. Then she turned to the other with a questioning look of expectation, which was not altogether free from scorn. The auctioneer, less delicate, as auctioneers usually are, hinted broadly that any subject whose week's salary did not amount to more than a dollar and a quarter would have to buy his hairpins at the fancy store, where they were cheaper, and also that it was for the poor, such as he, that the wild flowers grew.

At this stage the object of so much disdain disappeared into the crowd, and his competitor received the prize.

“The fellow with the red nose gets it,” said the auctioneer, kindly identifying the purchaser.

XXIII.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

Each day less distant from the City's Gate,
Through shade and sunshine, hand in hand they pressed,
Now combatting the foes that lie in wait,
And now in pleasant meadows lulled to rest.

—E. C. STEDMAN.

EMERGING into the open air, the pilgrims found themselves at the end of the road and at the foot of the steps. Beyond this point no carriage or other wheeled vehicle could go, and it was a matter of conjecture how the material of the church was ever lifted to the high eyrie which it occupied.

By this time Stacy was at Robinson's side again. Hitherto the party had not seemed in equilibrium, but now its elements were in sympathy, and were contented, all except Chester, who had no companionship. He had attempted handkerchief flirtations with numerous precocious children of the opposite sex, but they had either received his overtures with ill-concealed astonishment, or had smiled to each other in that unsatisfactory way which left the boy in doubt as to whether they were laughing with him or laughing at him—a very important distinction. On other occasions, their stern mothers, following close after them, had frowned upon him severely, and, to disguise his artifice, he was obliged to burst into convulsions of coughing, which he smothered in his

handkerchief. On the whole, this day's pleasure was not a pronounced success for Chester.

In seeking Stacy's company again, Robinson was not governed by motives entirely unselfish. He had noticed that Mrs. Laurie was quite too trusting in her disposition — that, in fact, she had intrusted him with the greater part of her weight in the first stage of the ascent; and he reasoned wisely that, although a confiding nature is all very well for a sleigh ride, when it comes to climbing a blistering hill of Zion like this, it is not comfortable to have a partner who fits too tightly upon your arm. And Stacy, in these latter days, had been more than usually self-supporting.

At first the steps were long and broad, as if this were the perron to some grand cathedral, and trees were growing by the walls on either side. Here, as everywhere, the devotees were resting their weary feet. In the centre of one group an old and toothless negro played his violin. The body of this instrument was a cocoanut shell, from which a curved stick projected, curling up at the end to receive the solitary string of the fiddle. Upon this he rasped, producing two notes, high or low, according as the string was taut or slack. His accompaniment was a song of equal range in gamut, but when the fiddle sang high he sang low, and when his voice squeaked the fiddle grumbled. He hugged the sounding cocoanut to his bosom, either because he loved it so, or else, in obedience to some acoustic principle which he knew but did not understand, to give the shell greater resonance. The artist, like a nightingale,

was in raptures over his own music; and, as he improvised, he sang his withered old heart fresh again, remembering the happy days of his heathen boyhood in some land of Mumbo Jumbo on the African coasts.

The people girded at him in derision and mocked his song; little cared he, so long as his own soul was satisfied. The Naturalist threw him a coin. Scraping away, he did not seem to see it with his eyes, but automatically he swung his flat foot over it. Robinson tossed him another, and, deserting the first, his sandal covered it in similar manner. A black boy with a simple countenance artlessly shuffled his foot over the Naturalist's contribution, was seen to curl up his toes and walk off, and, by some sleight-of-foot performance, the money went with him.

"Buy me that fiddle, please, Rob," begged Chester. "I think I can play on that."

"You will find that that is not for sale," answered the Naturalist. "You might purchase the man himself, body and soul, for the price of a dinner; but not his fiddle."

"Why? It can't be worth much," argued the boy. "Cocoanuts and cats are not so scarce in this country."

"Nor were reeds scarce in Greece, nor is it probable that Pan's cyrinx was ivory-tipped, nor that Apollo's lyre was gold-mounted, nor that either one of them would have brought much in the market; but still a king could not have bought them. Thanks be to a remnant of human nature yet unperverted, there are some things left in this world that are not for sale, and that fiddle is one of them, Chester."

“I have heard,” observed Mrs. Laurie, “how Paganini made a violin out of a wooden shoe, but I never knew before that there was music in a cocoon. And I have read of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, but this is something new.”

“Come, Christiana,” urged Robinson, “we must not listen longer to the strains of this siren. I suspect strongly that this old man is a device of the devil, if he is not the devil himself; he is certainly black enough to have received the contents of Martin Luther’s ink-pot. Come. We have yet far to go to reach the Celestial City. See the pure white of its walls in the distance; and the flags, how they welcome us from the summit; and the zealous pilgrims with their staves, how they are outstripping us.”

“They are not staves; they are candles,” replied Stacy.

“Sure as you live, so they are. See, here is a pious youth with a candle as long as he is, and he is no boy in stature. I thought it was the wax model of a lamp-post at first.

“Here is the Strait Gate,” he continued, as the road became a mere path of rock, being confined to the sharp spine of the whale’s back, and inclosed on either hand by railings of gas-pipe to protect the people from the destruction which awaited them should they wander from the narrow way. Here began a series of steps, one for each day in the year, which are hewn out of the solid rock. It was a fearful gauntlet of hot sun above, burning rock for the feet, and scorching iron for a hand-rail.

Half way up they passed a man who was making a pilgrimage of grievous penitence to atone for some misdeed or other. Slowly and painfully he was climbing the rock of Our Lady, walking upon his knees. He was cheating the saint, however, by resting much of his weight upon two stalwart friends who were supporting him, and also by wearing pads under his knees,—aids to grace which were not included in the outfits of the early palmers.

“How nice it is to be good,” said Stacy, consoling herself. “I am glad we are not as wicked as that man.”

“But it would be still nicer to have an elevator for the ultra-Pharisaical, like the nearest and dearest of my friends, here.”

“I wonder what horrible thing he has done. Please ask him, Henry.”

“I would, but I don’t think it is right to encourage your thirst for the sensational. It isn’t likely he has done anything very serious—killed his mother-in-law, perhaps.”

“Ah! I will *not* have you cultivate the habit of speaking of mothers-in-law in that frivolous way.”

“*Ana-sta-tia!*” was heard in the terrible voice of Chester, who was always on hand at the wrong time. “Is that the way to talk to strange young men? I consider it very unpretty.”

This reproof set Stacy to reflecting, and it occurred to her that this thoughtless speech of hers might mean much or little, according to the construction placed upon it. Robinson came to the same conclusion, and immediately proceeded to construe it

to his advantage and her embarrassment. They were lovers again.

After this bit of reconciliation, the sun was not so hot nor was the road so steep. Love reconciled can make a barren rock as pleasant as a rose garden. Could Prometheus, upon the Caucasian cliffs, have had the ecstatic sensation of making up after a tiff with one of the goddesses, he could have quite forgotten that his liver was out of order.

The top of this mound of gneiss had been blasted and planed away, leaving a level surface, oval in shape, in the centre of which the unassuming little church was built. Between its walls and the edge of the cliff there was just room enough for a narrow promenade, separated from the precipice by an iron fence. At the front of the house a terrace shelf had been constructed in the rock, its floor had been covered with loam, and some one had planted a garden of flowers there—roses, pinks, and the many blossoms that are strange to us. A fountain of water was flowing before the door. Peering through the iron railing, Stacy could see the tops of the trees hundreds of feet below her. Looking out over and around the bay, the eye took in all of that grandeur of mountain scenery for which Rio de Janeiro is celebrated.

“The Celestial City is well worth the pilgrimage,” said she.

“I could not have believed it possible. Here is a clean, fresh and airy Catholic church. But then, it would be difficult to bring the material up here for

making a muss; perhaps that accounts for it. Let's go in and see her ladyship."

A negro soldier, standing guard at the entrance, swung his musket forward, and the bayonet almost grazed Stacy's face.

"The other door," he said.

"You're a brute!" exclaimed Robinson. "I've a notion to dip you into this tub of water."

"Don't!" pleaded Stacy. "Maybe it's holy water."

To the other door they went. Robinson elbowed his way through the sweltering mass and dragged Stacy after him. A portly negress heaped vituperation upon him for tearing her dress. He, seeking to appease her wrath, went to offer her money, but gave it by mistake to another, who seized it and departed with a shrill cackle of laughter at the joke. He stepped on the coat tail of a respectable man, who was down on his knees on the floor, and he felt guiltily that this was the worst crime that he had ever yet committed.

"Henry, take off your hat; the folks are looking at you," whispered his companion.

"By George, I forgot it. I'm all in a flurry. Isn't this the jammedest place ever you saw?"

There were people black, white, and of all intermediate shades; mothers and daughters; fathers and whole families; lovers and sweethearts, the latter adorned with tin-types of the former in huge bosom pins—a low habit, and equivalent to wearing one's heart on one's sleeve. There were dusky women whose crinkled hair was divided into two heavy

shocks, standing like horns on each side of the head, and other women whose flowing tresses were confined in those baggy and untidy nets, which, whether in fashion or out of fashion, will always be an abomination in the eyes of all lovers of neatness and good taste. There were men with coats and men without, with neck-ties and without, but principally without; with shirts buttoned and shirts open, but mostly the latter. But it was too much to hope that this would be a select affair, seeing that its patronage was chiefly derived from the quarrymen, muleteers, and small vendors of the city.

“Do you think all of these folks are going to Heaven, Henry?” asked Stacy, somewhat irreverently.

“I do not know, indeed; but if they are, it’s no more than fair that we should have a glance at the other party, so as to take our choice. As for me, I want to go with the crowd that uses more soap and cologne. I don’t see why they can’t throw a drop or two of bergamot into their consecrated water.”

“Hush! I am afraid it is wicked to talk that way.”

The priests were transacting their unintelligible business at the altar. The lady singers of the choir were leaning over the parapet and coolly staring at the worshippers below, just as they have been known to do in other and less heathen lands than this. The members of the brass band were dislocating their instruments and emptying the moisture from the tubes, and all of the time the pilgrims were coming, going, jostling, talking, kneeling, and praying before the waxen effigies of the saint which stood in

the niches of the wall, overhung with garlands of artificial roses.

Stacy inadvertently stepped before one of these lowly worshippers.

Robinson rebuked her.

“You thoughtless girl! come out of the way. Don’t you see that this man is getting you confused with our lady. Ah, he is worshipping to some purpose now. Before you eclipsed the saint, he was going it like a machine; but now he seems to be experiencing a revival of religion.”

Stacy did not hear him.

“Did you ever?” she exclaimed. “There is a man with two tooth-picks over one ear. How very absurd! And there are none at all upon the other side.”

“Very bad taste, indeed,” said Robinson.

“He must have lunched early to-day. I suppose after dinner he will have three. I do hope he will put the third on the other side.”

“We are about to have some heavy music. Shall we stay and endure it?” asked Robinson.

“It’s as bad as to wear two ear-drops in one —”

The girl’s complaints were drowned in a grand blurt of music from the brass instruments of the orchestra. The singers’ voices swelled high and higher in some canticle of praise, but they could not get above the deafening groaning and braying of the horns. Robinson and Stacy threaded their way vigorously toward the door of exit. By its side there was a table, upon which numerous rolls of paper, tied with ribbons, were lying. Presiding

over this counter there were two or three men in priestly black gowns. They were not priests, however, but were probably specials enlisted for this occasion, as their faces had all of the worldly look of insurance agents or modern theological students. When business was not pressing they stroked their moustaches and made eyes to the pretty girls; two privileges denied to the brethren of the holy order.

As the pilgrims entered they had dealings with these officials. To them they delivered their contributions of candles, which were carelessly shocked together in a corner, and also their anatomical specimens, which were thrown into a loose heap under the table, where hands, feet, masks, and statuettes of wax lay in an unpleasant confusion. Then each one laid down a bank-note and received one of the ribboned scrolls, which he cherished as if it was a college diploma, to which, in fact, it was not very dissimilar.

“As I live, they are selling permits there, Stacy. Do you think he will let me have one? Do you think he will know I am a heretic?”

“Go on, he won’t know the difference. You look disreputable enough to-day to be a true believer. Wait, let me pull your necktie around under your ear. Now unbutton your vest, and he will sell you as many as you want. Get me one, too, please.”

“No, Stacy,” he replied, pressing her hand. “I would rather you wouldn’t have one. I might get one for the Colonel, but I don’t like to take the responsibility. Perhaps your ma wouldn’t approve of it.”

Stacy thought it strange that he should deny her a slight request like this, but then reflected that he might not have much money with him, and it would hardly be delicate for her to persist.

“Keep close to me, now, Stacy. If the fellow asks me any questions, I am betrayed.”

But he was not questioned. With an air of boldness he approached the counter, noticed the denomination of the bank-notes lying there in a pile, silently covered them with one of similar value, received the coveted paper, and retired.

“Now we’ll go off and open it and see what it says,” he continued, starting for the door. “Remarkably cheap, too, only fifty cents.”

Having slipped the ribbon off, he unrolled the paper, and found a very poor print, representing a woman of uninteresting face, who stood on a lofty height, surrounded by clouds, tempests, and impossible lightnings. It was Our Lady of the Rock.

The greatest disgust overspread Robinson’s face.

“Well, that is a pretty sell!” he groaned.

“Why, you didn’t expect to get a very fine engraving for half a dollar, did you?” laughed Stacy.

“I didn’t expect to get a picture at all.”

“What then?”

“I thought I was buying an indulgence.”

“A what?” asked Stacy, dropping his arm.

“An indulgence, a recreation permit, such as the Pope grants to his pious ones. I was calculating on having a time to-night.”

“You wicked man!” cried Stacy, in horror. “If I believed you I would never speak to you again,

never, never, nev — Oh, see, Henry, that man has put his cigarette over his right ear, now, and he looks ever so much better. He had such a half-dressed appearance with no ornaments but tooth-picks, and those all on one side. But he is quite symmetrical now," she added, with an air of satisfaction, forgetting all about the dispensation.

They found Mrs. Laurie, the Naturalist, and Chester, on the shady side of the church, seated on the narrow edge of stone which served as a basis for the fence. They were all thoroughly wilted, and the latter was especially unhappy in being wedged in between two negro women who were anything but sylphs, and whose flounces met across his knees.

"Come here, Stacy, and let me pin up your skirt; it is torn," said Mrs. Laurie.

"If you would straighten out your hat, Robinson, you would show off to better advantage," suggested the Naturalist.

"Hope you prayed for me," said Chester. "If you didn't, I'll have to run on my good behavior for another year. I'm too comfortable here to think of going inside. What'll you give me for my seat, Rob?"

Still the pilgrims came and went, and the hustling and crowding and fanning and joking continued. The twang and toot of musical instruments heralded the approach of a delegation of important dimensions. They came close upon the heels of the players, beating time with candles and umbrellas, and dancing with a weary shuffle which was indicative of an enthusiasm at its very last gasp. Before the

church door the band halted its steps but did not cease its strains. One beat a drum, a second thrummed a guitar, a third worked away at a fiddle, a fourth blew a cornet, and the fifth — well, he deserves a sentence to himself. He was an elderly man with gray hair and the self-satisfied expression and diacritical appearance of one who was an important man in his parish at home. It was his part to carry the bell of a clock mounted on a fragment of umbrella handle. From this, with the aid of a small hammer, he evoked silvery sounds in unison with the general tune, whatever that might be. His duty was also to marshal the group; and when an outsider brought the clatter of a kettle-drum to bear upon the prevailing harmony, the deacon advanced upon the interloper with an unquailing eye, and awed him and frowned him around the church corner and into silence.

Then the fiddler, who was a young man, wearing a clown's hat with green cock's feather, began to sing in a snarling falsetto voice, and not all of the operative flights of the choir inside attracted attention and admiration as this did.

“Oh, I wish I had that music!” cried Stacy. “I would learn to play it and astonish the folks with it when we get home.”

“That music,” answered the Naturalist, “is like a Colorado morning or the play of moonlight upon the waters: it is to be enjoyed while it lasts; but the artist does not live who can perpetuate it. However, I have the words here,” and he referred to a

piece of paper upon which he had been taking notes. He translated them for her.

“My cane is little and green,
O, my little green cane!
All speckled and spotted with green,
And spotted and speckled again.

“If ever you go to Bougarica
Of Cantonhêde beware,
For the biggest devil that ever you saw
Is painted upon the walls there.

“The little green cane in the sea
Goes swimming around the ship’s side.
And it’s yet to be born is she
Who is going to be my bride.”

Again they resumed their march, circling the church as if it were a Jericho, and singing as they went —

“*Oh, minha canninha bierde,
Oh, minha bierde canninha,
Salpicadinha de bierde,
De bierde salpicadinha.*”

With a boy’s instinct Chester followed them, but he had not been gone long when he returned with news of an important discovery.

“Come a running!” cried he. “Beats Mrs. Jarley all to pieces.”

He led them to a window in the rear of the church. Peering in, one could see a vestry-room where two or three priests and two or three guests were at ease. Candles were burning before some figures of Our Lady, while upon the floor there were at least a cord of others awaiting their turn, which would come some time during the year. On the opposite wall hung a

painting of a vessel in a storm, which, in the last hour of peril, had been saved by the miraculous intervention of Our Lady of the Rock. So they were informed by a volunteer cicerone, who said that this picture was the gift of the never-to-be-sufficiently-grateful officers and crew of the same.

Aside from this the apartment was full of the *ex voto* anatomical offerings of the afflicted, the materialized prayers of the hundreds of the faithful, who were neglecting the doctor and his doses while hoping against hope for some special dispensation in their behalf. Every available inch of the walls was covered. Hands, feet, legs, arms, bosoms, bodies, integral and partial, and heads, entire and fractional, gave a most ghastly appearance to this little museum. Some were pure white, some were tinted carnation color, while yet others were painted in the revolting detail of ulcers and such imperfections of the flesh. This exhibition did not command the attention of the party very long.

“Just look here before you go,” pleaded Chester, who feared that his discovery was not receiving the appreciation that it merited.

Upon the window-sill there was a heap of *dissecta membra*, piled there for want of room elsewhere. The hot sun, beating in upon them, had melted the wax in places, producing the most lugubrious results.

“Only see!” cried Chester, “here is a man whose mouth has run all over his face.”

“Don’t be low, Chester,” said Stacy.

“And this one’s nose is on crooked, and here’s a head caved in, and there’s a leg collapsed, and here’s

another case of the Siamese twins, and there's a boy who looks as if he had been through a wringing-machine."

By this time the party were well on their way of descent, and the youthful expositor was obliged to turn and follow them.

"They miss the best part of everything," he grumbled to himself.

XXIV.

VANITY FAIR.

Glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players upon stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city.

—BUNYAN.

ARRIVING at the Vanity Fair on the plains below, they drooped on the grass under the dense foliage of a tree, wiped their brows, and, like the rest of this little world, having been duly religious in the forenoon, they made up their minds to enjoy themselves for the rest of the day.

“Chester, run and hunt up our carriage. It was to meet us here. Come, there is caju cream there, boy.”

He found it standing in the glare of the sun. The detached mules were tied to a neighboring fence. The driver was investing his week's earnings in a wheel of fortune, intent upon securing a bottle of champagne which was numbered among the prizes; but as yet his winnings were limited to breastpins and baby-rattles, articles for which he had no use whatever. The caju ice was melted and was flowing in a sloppy disorder.

“Call the villain!” said Robinson, sternly.

The culprit appeared. In one corner of his mouth was a cigarette; on the other side, a tooth-pick. The

muscles of his face worked nervously, and, with a duplex action, which was a study for the Naturalist, he was smoking the cigarette and chewing the *palito* at one time.

“What have you to say for yourself, sir?”

He had much to say for himself. He had left the carriage in the shade a few hours before. How was he to know that the sun was going to shift around in this inexplicable manner? You couldn't expect an accomplished astronomer in an humble coachman, could you? And how could they hold him responsible for the doings of the solar system? He wasn't a Joshua, was he?

He was willing to argue farther; but it was refreshment, and not argument, that this party was thirsting for. At their right hand was a small mountain of watermelons, over which two or three hucksters were presiding. Like the carriage, they had been deposited in the shade, but now the sun was blanching the healthy green out of their complexions.

“Shall we cut a watermelon?” asked Robinson.

“I think we may venture,” responded Mrs. Laurie.

“There is a drug-store right across the way.”

In truth, a speculative pharmacist had established his booth on the opposite side of the road. It was a grim commentary on the wilted fruit, which had lost all of its inner blush and crispness, and was of a flaccid white, disagreeably suggestive of cholera, dimaying all but Chester and the coachman.

“This druggist's enterprise,” observed the Naturalist, “reminds me of the sagacious undertaker of Virginia City. When I was in Nevada the last time,

they had a prize-fight one Sunday at the Five-Mile House, just outside of Virginia, and I went."

"How very wicked!" exclaimed Mrs. Laurie.

"Yes, but it was a much politer affair than this. As I was saying, there was an undertaker in the town who had an eye for business, and he sent a hearse out to the scene of conflict and had his agent go through the crowd and circulate cards advertising cheap coffins, ready-made, warranted a comfortable fit. There was a business talent that was worth a silver mine. Ah, Virginia City is the place for life and enterprise. Their practical jokes are scintillations of a true genius. The town is waked up every morning by a practical joke."

"They are not altogether deficient in that line down here," said Robinson. "I strongly suspect that this coachy of ours is eating all of this watermelon so as to have an excuse for going into convulsions and calling for brandy."

These were the last hours of Our Lady's *novenas*, and the bottles of beer, the horns of wine, and the gourds and skins of *cachaça* were fast running dry. To drink was to be happy, and to be happy was to be musical. A half-dozen inebriated pilgrims were dancing fandango near at hand. One picked his guitar, the others chanted, and all danced. While the sun beat fiercely on them and the perspiration trickled down their flushed faces, they twirled their arms over their heads, approached, retreated, and circled in figures which might have been graceful if they had not involved the loss of so much good, useful, manual labor. Another party, made up of two

old cronies of darkies, took their amusement more easily. They came down the road together, dancing side by side, utterly oblivious to all of the rest of the world, and anxious only to be agreeable to each other. The upper portions of their bodies were motionless; their feet did all the work. With these they wiped the road as they walked in a lazy shuffle that was really quite peaceable to contemplate; so it seems that, even in their recreation, the negroes of the tropics are more indolent than those of colder climes. They were singing to each other in a confidential way which made our friends feel like eavesdroppers to listen to them. One pursued the argument of the song with a droning voice, while, at the refrain, his companion would chime in with a shrill outburst that was like the sharp cry of a coyote.

These heathen melodists passed on. Behind them came a man and his wife. His cachaça gourd was now so empty that it rattled when he walked. Suddenly he stopped, as if he feared that he had forgotten something. Thrusting his hands deep into the pockets of his pantaloons, he exclaimed:

“Where is that devil of a saint got to now?”

“Why, it’s in your hat, of course, Candido, where you put it and where it ought to be,” replied his wife.

“Ah, so it is,” he said, with relief.

“Doesn’t that sound a little irreverent?” asked Stacy.

“Oh, no,” answered the Naturalist. “The people are on very neighborly terms with Our Lady. They are exceedingly polite to each other, but they are

hardly civil toward the saints in glory sometimes. When I went up on the Amazonas last year I took a dozen or so of cheap prints of the canonized with me. I found them very good letters of introduction into the best society of the Amazonian backwoods. In one house, where I was resting for the night, I gave the proprietor a gaudy picture of saint somebody, I forget who. It pleased him, but it puzzled him, for he could not read her name printed on the card. He turned to me for information.

“ ‘ *Como se chama o bichu?* ’ he asked.”

“ And that means — ”

“ What is the name of the beast ? ”

“ That sounds like an Englishman’s question,” said Robinson.

“ It sounds dreadfully disrespectful to me, and I am a Protestant, too,” added Stacy.

“ Oh, there is nothing very bad in the word *bichu*. It has as broad a meaning as the word ‘ outfit ’ in our Western Territories. It is applied indifferently to the angels, whether above or below; to a comet and a fire-fly; to a flea and a horse; and to a ship at sea and a hand-cart in the streets.”

“ But what do they do with these wretched pictures ? See, almost every man has one in his hat-band. What have you done with yours, Mr. Robinson ? ”

“ Oh ! mine ? ” he answered, smiling feebly. “ I am saving it till I get home. I contemplate buying a clock and turning it into a locket and wearing this picture in it.”

“ They keep them to look at and adore,” contin-

ued the Naturalist. "And even if they are out of sight they are very good things to have around the house, like a horse-shoe or any other periapt. So they keep them on hand and fancy that, in some mysterious way, the pictures keep them from harm. In that same trip up the Amazonas I was accompanied by a young Brazilian gentleman, a most amiable and intelligent fellow. On leaving home his sisters packed his trunk for him, storing it with the thousand useful trifles that he would be likely to forget, such as castile soap, buttons, a Bible, and an almanac, and in the bottom they placed an engraving of their favorite saint, to whose patronage they commended their brother. But the joke of it was that he never knew it was there until he came home again."

"And did your friend lead a charmed life?" asked Mrs. Laurie.

"It may have been a charmed life; it certainly was not a charming one. He had the fever every other day; he lost the best part of his baggage in going over the rapids; a scorpion bit him on the little finger; and the mosquitoes would come half a mile to dine at his expense."

The man with the saint in his hat was gone. After him there came one with a rosary of large wooden beads around his neck. Another wore a peculiar chain, each one of whose links was a ring of cake. They were candied over with red, green, and blue powders, which were dusting his clothes as he walked.

"If that is his rosary, and those perforated bis-

cuits are his Ave Marias," said the Naturalist, "what shall we call that affair which he has slung over his shoulders?"

"It must be the Pater Noster," responded Robinson. "It looks like the father of all jumbles."

"That's the life-preserver for me!" cried Chester. "Useful on sea or land. I'm going to buy one."

They were referring to a huge ring of cake, not unlike a life-preserver, which this man was carrying in addition to his rosary of titbits. A keen lookout, sustained by Chester, revealed the fact that this was a popular way of putting up luncheon, and that many were wearing these circlets of bread for hatbands. From the persons of others dangled strings of crackers which clashed with their empty gourds. They were victualled as if the nine days were now beginning, instead of at an end.

"They are too happy to eat," suggested Stacy.

Perhaps it was so. What with music, water-melons, religion, rum, and other light refreshments, perhaps they were feeling no desire for things so gross as cakes and crackers, but were saving them for the children at home.

They were all in good humor. It seemed to be a part of their duty to themselves to let no unpleasant incident mar their day's enjoyment. A straggling pedestrian was sauntering along the roadside. Three horsemen approached him, riding in single file. The first brushed rudely against the less fortunate footman; the latter responded by striking the horse a cut with the twig in his hand. The equestrian thereupon turned in his saddle and struck him a blow

with his riding-whip. The second rider did likewise, knocking him into the hedge of thorns. The third, not to be outdone in valor, twitched the hat from the man's head and into the middle of the road. At the end of all this persecution the object of so much abuse did not swear, nor threaten, nor call the police; he simply picked himself and his hat up, and smiled feebly to himself, as with a grim determination not to let a little thing like that spoil his day's happiness.

Chester spied a flocking together of the people in a remote corner of the grounds. Young as he was, he knew that there is never a crowd without an attractive nucleus.

"This way!" he cried, and our party, listlessly reckless now concerning their comings and goings, followed him.

It was an itinerant dentist, pulling teeth free of charge. In this manner he advertised himself, and when he had gathered sufficient people around him, he suddenly changed his tactics, and sold them a few bottles of his nostrum before they could help themselves.

He was standing in a handsome cushioned carriage, drawn by four gray horses. Upon the footman's perch stood a tinselled assistant, with a feather in his cap. He constituted the orchestra, and turned the crank of a hand-organ as his master plied the forceps. The latter was a man of superior appearance, characterized by that courtly and self-possessed bearing which comes from years of intercourse with the world, and which is seen to such perfection in

the tin peddler and the book agent. Indeed, there are dwellers in the baronial halls that I wot of, who might envy the prestance of this peripatetic tooth-puller.

He had a happy word for every occasion, and could make a man laugh while plucking his molars up by the roots. His shirt-front was ruffled, and for a neck-cloth he wore a heavy golden chain, thrown into a tangled tie. Taking into account also the elegance of the chair to which he invited his patients, the strains of music with which he made them forget all of the lesser pains of life, and the liberality of his terms, it was no wonder that his customers were many.

As our friends approached, he was bending over a girl of perhaps fifteen years of age. He turned, exhibited a tooth, and flung it into the crowd.

“There must be some jugglery in this,” said Robinson. “She is an accomplice of his. Women don’t have their teeth pulled without screaming.”

“Do you think that a girl would scream on such an occasion as this?” asked Stacy. “No, indeed. It is worth while to be heroic when there are a hundred people looking on. See how red her cheeks are with excitement!”

“And the grind-organ,” added Chester. “Think of having your teeth pulled to the heavenly strains of a grind-organ!”

Again the forceps were applied. The girl’s shoulders writhed and lifted convulsively with the pain which she could not altogether conceal, and when she withdrew the handkerchief from her mouth there was

a stain of blood upon it, and her lips, half trembling, half smiling, were of a deeper red than was quite natural.

The dentist motioned her out, stopped the organ by a signal to the musician, and sold a bottle of his medicine.

A little child then timidly clambered into the carriage. She opened her eyes very wide to the people around, and then opened her mouth very wide to the dentist. He took a nickel coin from his vest pocket. The coin and his fingers disappeared in her mouth. What happened there nobody could tell, but in another moment the nickel reappeared, balanced on the end of his finger, and with it the offending tooth. He generously threw the money back into her mouth, patted her head and dismissed her. After that exploit he sold a couple of bottles.

The next subject was a man. A subtle smile played under the dentist's gray moustache. He leaned over to the people outside and borrowed an umbrella, carefully brushing the sand off its ferrule. Then he looked at his victim and laughed, and, turning to the spectators, he laughed still more; but the victim himself never so much as smiled. The dentist inserted the end of the umbrella into the man's mouth, and made a feint as if he were about to spread it, whereat there was more merriment all around, the subject excepted.

After these few indications of a playful spirit the operator turned to business, and, putting the umbrella under the snag, he used it as a lever and a pry to uproot it. The sufferer lifted his hands in mute

protestation, but the dentist rudely struck them down; if he was going to pull teeth for nothing, he was not going to have any foolishness and squeamishness about it.

A brisk market for the bottled tooth-wash was the reward of this triumph of dentistry.

Clip, clip, went the forceps, as, one after another, men, women, and children, the Samaritan despatched his customers, and, like another Jason, sowed their teeth around him. But, man, woman, or child, and whether one or six teeth were pulled, not one of them uttered a cry.

"I cannot understand it," said Robinson. "It is a reproach to my countrywomen, who raise the roof with their hysterics whenever they have a tooth filled."

"I know how it is," Chester said. "These women are not put together in the substantial way that our folks are. They eat too much candy and doce. Now watch this one and see if her teeth don't come easy. I'll bet she'd fall to pieces if she'd sneeze right hard."

The person referred to was an angular maiden lady about forty years old, but still retaining some of the coquettishness of youth, which she manifested as she settled languishingly into the cushions, and simpered under the united gaze of a couple of hundred eyes, the handsome operator's included. In his dealings with her this dissimulating Janus assumed two phases and faces, one of which he turned toward her and the other toward the populace. As he chucked her under the chin and touched her faded

lips, and gazed tenderly into her mouth, she felt, poor creature, that she had not been so well treated since her sweetheart ran off with another girl, some seventeen years ago last May. Then, facing his auditors, a droll twinkle beamed in the dentist's eyes, and, opening his mouth, he rolled up his sleeves and pointed therein with an expression of the most absolute amazement.

Chester acted as interpreter to the pantomime.

"He says he can see—"

"*Ches-ter!*" interrupted Stacy—

Again the dentist made a reconnoissance, and returned, holding up the wide-spread fingers of both hands.

"He says her jaws are as full of snags as the Mississippi River itself."

The dentist inserted a couple of fingers, plucked out a tooth as easily as Jack Horner with his plum, and flipped it out upon the ground.

"*Um,*" said he, in a matter-of-course way.

"What did I tell you? It wouldn't take much of an earthquake to shake her to pieces."

Then the forceps were used.

"*Dous!*"

"This begins to look like business."

"*Tres!*"

"I didn't think she had so many teeth in her head."

"*Quatro!*"

"Spoon victuals will have to be her portion."

"*Cinco!*"

"Save the pieces down there! A sailor's sweet-

hearts aren't scattered half so widely as this woman will be."

"*Seis!*"

"Won't she have a lively time getting together when Gabriel comes?"

"*Sete!*"

"If I'm indicted for murder, you'll bear witness that she told me to!"

"*Oito!*"

"If there are many more I'll take her head off and be done with it."

"*Nove!*"

The exhausted operator held up his hands in dismay, and his toothless subject minced down the steps and was lost in the crowd again.

After this entertainment, wealth fairly rolled into the coffers of the dentist, and our party wisely concluded that, stay they all day, they would not see an equal display of dexterity on one hand, endurance on the other, and good humor all around.

One by one the bulky furniture wagons, now trimmed with a holiday dress of boughs, bunting, and garlands, and filled with a holiday freight of merry men and women, rolled away from the scene. In the rear of each stood a man discharging erratic rockets, maliciously calculated to wind a squirming flight through the crowd and stir up the people there. Lash was given to the six mules, and over the heavy sand of the road they started on the dead run, scattering the people to the right and left, grazing everybody but hurting no one, as if they were but a flock of geese.

“*Viva a Penha!*” cry the inmates of the wagon, while the man in the rear fires the tail of another rocket.

“*Viva a Penha!*” respond the pedestrian pilgrims, hooting with laughter to see the rocket burst in the man’s hands, and the joker hoist with his own petard.

That evening, when the stars were out, Stacy sat by the window, gazing into the sky above.

“What is it?” asked Robinson, approaching. “Are you looking for the satellites of Mars? Are you pining over some lost love? Are you—”

“No, I was thinking. That man must have had dinner by this time. I *do* wonder where he put the tooth-pick.”

XXV.

CHESTER SPECULATES.

There is not, however, a more certain proposition in mathematics, than that the more tickets you adventure upon, the more likely you are to be a loser. Adventure upon all the tickets in the lottery, and you lose for certain ; and the greater the number of your tickets, the nearer you approach to this certainty.—ADAM SMITH.

CHESTER was reading the morning paper, understanding some words, guessing at the meaning of others, and filling in the intervals from his imagination. In this manner he managed to keep posted on the movements of the vessels in and out of port, the amusements at the theatres, and the progress of the fever, and also got an inkling of the meaning of the scanty three-line foreign telegrams and the items of news from the United States.

One morning he was worrying his way through the advertising page, reading of escaped slaves, new polkas, and wonderful medicines. His finger finally stopped on a piece of poetry which was ignominiously placed among the prosaic announcements of some false hair and cod-liver oil. He divined its general import, but yearned for details, as it was a subject in which he was interested. With his finger still on the spot, he came to Robinson for assistance.

“Translate that, please, will you, Rob?”

“That,” said Robinson, “is an advertisement of

the Kiosque of the Black Captain, at which, in addition to the usual commodities of coffee, codfish, and cigarettes, you can also purchase tickets for the approaching lottery with every prospect of success. Or, in the words of the poetical proprietor,—

‘ Advance, my gallant warriors,
With cash and without fear;
The biggest prizes are yours
Who get your tickets here.’

And so on through a dozen of stanzas of seductive promise. I have noticed this fellow’s productions before. He is a very prolific poet, and on the morning after the drawing you will see him come out in another jubilation, a quarter of a column long, in which he announces the success of the tickets which have passed through his lucky hands; already he has got such a reputation for luck that the people would rather have a ticket bought of him than one blessed by a priest. But, shades of Shakespeare! how these Brazilians do run to poetry! Why is it, I wonder?”

“Perhaps,” the Naturalist replied, “it is in the language and its word terminations, which offer superior facilities for rhythmical and metrical construction. But it is not so much the flesh and blood of true poetry as it is the dry bones of a lifeless rhyme, which, although it is pleasant to the ear, fails to stir the heart. Rhymesters are as abundant here as in a ladies’ seminary of the last generation, but poets are rare.”

“You forget Gonçalves Dias,” said Stacy, defending her favorite.

“Yes, there was Gonçalves Dias. But sometimes

even he, following the fashion of his country, relapses into the maudlin gush of sighs and tears, which is the first stage of poetical development; it seems to come as natural for the young poet to weep as it does for the young infant. The fate of Gonçalves Dias was tragically poetical in itself, and that perhaps adds to his reputation. He was shipwrecked and drowned on his native shore as he was returning from a foreign land. And then the people, hearing of his death, remembered the longing words of his 'Song of Exile,' written in Coimbra."

"Oh, I know it," said Stacy. "I have translated it.

"And now, God grant I may not die
 Except in fair Brazil, among
 The sweets of home, which often I
 In exile think of as I long
 To see the palm-trees kiss the sky,
 And hear the *sabiá's* sweet song.'

"That's the last stanza. It's the best I could do for it," she added, apologetically. "Some day I will translate them all,—'Green Eyes,' 'The Maiden and the Shell,' 'Leave Me Not,' and all of his pretty verses of society."

"Not forgetting 'Marabá,' 'Y-juca-pyrama,' and his other American poems," said the Naturalist. "You must not forget them by any means, for they are his greatest glory. He seems to have felt that it was his mission to stand between us and the old Indian tribes of this country, of whom we are so ignorant, and sing their songs of fortitude and bravery over again in language intelligible to us. It is for this that the world at large owes him its

gratitude, and that Brazil honors him as one of the founders of its national literature."

"I think any country ought to be proud of a poet like him. He is greatly revered here, is he not?"

"Well, yes, after a fashion. That is, they've put up a statue of him somewhere. They've named a street after him in Rio, and at the last bull-fight they passed around the hat and collected a few nickels for the support of his aged mother."

"Shameful, that the mother of such a son should depend on the public charity!" cried Stacy, in indignation. "I thought this Government was paternal, and made a practice of fostering literature and the arts."

"What can be done? There are so many younger and abler persons squabbling for the Government clerkships and pensions, that a feeble old woman doesn't stand much show."

"I am afraid I can't translate those Indian poems," said Stacy, discouraged, as she turned over the leaves of the book. "Their melody is too martial for me. There is too much of the clang of barbaric arms and instruments there. My poor school-girl's vocabulary is incompetent to interpret the sounds of the *janubia* and the *murmuré*. Mr. Robinson, won't you help me?"

"No, I thank you kindly for the honor. No translations for me. It is hard enough to write poetry of your own, where subject and verse are free, and where you have the whole world, and the rhyming dictionary in the bargain, to choose from. But when you are restricted on one hand to the necessity

of following a certain line of thought, and, on the other, of compelling this thought to occupy the Procrustean bed of another man's metre, the restraint becomes irksome. My Pegasus is like those other horses which they put on the tops of barns for weather-vanes — it must be free to turn with every change of the wind ; and the poet's afflatus is a fickle and inconstant breeze."

Robinson resumed his consideration of the paper which Chester had put into his hands.

"I've struck it now," he continued at last. "Here's a piece of purely sentimental slops, all about a broken heart and a wild despair, printed in the advertising columns. Of course its author must have paid for its insertion at the regular rates. Is it asinine conceit or the audacity of genius, I wonder, which leads a man to pay for the publication of his verses among the sordid announcements of pills and pocket handkerchiefs? And is it modesty or moral cowardice which restrains even the most confident of our young poets at home from doing more than to express a shamefaced hope that their verses may be found worthy of publication?"

"Look in the page of 'By Request,' if you want to see poetry of this order," advised the Naturalist.

"Yes, here it is, graspings after the infinite, mockery of the prime minister, and adoration of old Suzanne, of the Alcazar. I don't see anything on the subject of 'Spring' or 'Beautiful Snow,' however."

"No, that is an infliction spared to this land of perpetual summer."

Long before the end of this conversation, which had been initiated by Chester, that mercurial boy was on the go again. With Bemvindo for a companion, he was taking a walk, and the magnet does not point toward the pole more steadily than his steps and thoughts tended to the Kiosque of the Black Captain.

This Kiosque, like all of them, was a little mutilated sentry-box of an affair, which, crowded as it was with articles of trade, fitted like a strait-jacket to its proprietor, who had barely room to turn around in the centre. To swing a cat there would have been impossible, but that did not matter to this contented little man, who had no cats to swing; he could deal out his coffee, smoke his cigarettes, concoct his poetry, and sell his lottery-tickets there, and that was employment enough for him, especially as he was doing a rushing business in the latter article, since his establishment had achieved its reputation for luck.

As allurements to the hesitating buyer, one face of the Kiosque was painted with the gaudy picture of Fortuna, who showered blessings in the shape of lottery-tickets upon the waiting world at her feet; and upon others were the figures of the prizes hitherto drawn through this favored agency. These numbers were well displayed and were calculated to loosen the purse-strings of the most miserly or prudent.

10.000\$000,

20.000\$000,

so the prizes read, being drawn out to that ultimate

and imaginary Brazilian coin, the *real*, which is equal in value to one-half of a mill. The working men and the beggars gazed wistfully at these figures as they passed, and fell to making plans as to what they would do with all of that money when they should get it, as get it some day they certainly would. Though they might have doubts concerning the heavenly inheritance which, as the priest said, awaited them, yet they were confident that, if they only lived long enough and invested often enough, the grand prize in the lottery would not fail them.

“What do you think of these lotteries, any way?” asked Chester in a casual way of Bemvindo, as they stood before the Kiosque of the Black Captain.

You might as well ask a lover his opinion of his sweetheart as to ask a Brazilian what he thinks of the lottery, and Bemvindo was no exception to this rule. His judgment, though of value in most things, was a little biased on this subject.

“Oh, firs’ class!” he replied, with ardor. “I like-a them ver’ much. You get reech ver’ easy.”

“Did you ever buy any tickets?”

“Ver’ man’ times. Every month when Mr. Kingson he pay me.”

“Did you ever make anything?” continued the practical Chester.

“No-o,” reluctantly and slowly; then eagerly and in explanation, “but I deed not buy ze right numbers.”

“But how do you tell the right numbers?”

“You get them at ze lucky kiosque; thees ees the lucky kiosque.”

“I say, Bemvindo, I’ll tell you something. I’ve got twenty milreis. Father gave it to me on my birthday, so I could get some photographs and things to take home with me. Do you think I’d better buy a ticket with it?”

Of course Bemvindo thought so. It would be foolishness itself to waste twenty milreis for photographs and things when there were lottery-tickets for sale. Why, with that twenty thousand milreis,—and he pointed to the figures on the board,—one could buy almost all the photographs and things in the world, and still have enough money left to get some more lottery-tickets.

“But if I don’t get the twenty contos,” urged Chester, “there’ll be the mischief to pay. The folks will laugh at me, and maybe father’ll do something more than laugh. Sometimes he does.”

Bemvindo was astonished and almost vexed to hear such boyish reasoning. Was not somebody bound to draw the grand prize, and wasn’t Chester just as likely to get it as any one? Then the folks would laugh, indeed, when Chester would send all of them fine presents—thousand-dollar diamonds, tickets to Paris, and so on. However, nothing venture, nothing have. He had thought the Americans were an enterprising people, and yet here was one who had twenty milreis and was going to throw it away for photographs and things.

At this moment an old woman, evidently of the poorest classes in life, approached the kiosk, and, scrapping her pockets for money she accumulated enough for the purchase of one of the smallest frac-

tions of a ticket that were for sale. Then she departed, a tranquil smile on her face and a well-spring of joy in her heart, her happiness guaranteed until the drawing should take place.

“You see,” said the tempter, Bemvindo, “she weel draw ze gran’ prize. She weel be reech and go to Petropolis, and wear diamonds and feathers. Perhaps she weel be good and geef much to ze poor, and then ze Emperor weel make her marchioness, and ze Pope weel make her saint. Oh, ze blessed lottery!”

“How is this?” interrupted Chester. “There is only one grand prize and you have promised it to both of us. We can’t both get the twenty contos.”

Bemvindo was obliged to acknowledge his error.

“You are right,” he replied. “She weel only get ten contos. She cannot wear diamonds and go to Petropolis.”

At last Chester yielded, but he surrendered more to his own inclinations than to Bemvindo’s logic, in which even his untutored mind could discover flaws. He drew his cherished ten dollars from its hiding-place, and, like the patriotic boy that he was, exchanged it for ticket No. 1776, seeing in those glorious figures the omen of success.

The fever of expectation now began. “Day after to-morrow the wheel will turn,” was the placard hung out in all quarters of the city, and it was necessary that he should contain himself until that time, and even until the day after that, when the results of the drawing would be published in the morning papers. Sleepless were his nights and restless his

days, as he thought over the thousand and one ways in which he would dispose of all that money. Castles in Spain, do you say? Why, in all the distance between the Pyrenees and the sea there does not lie area enough to hold the shadow-mansions that his busy fancy contrived, assisted as it was by the sympathetic soul of Bemvindo. What stocks he would invest in, what parrots and monkeys he would buy, what legacies and suppers he would give, what juvenile club-houses he would endow, these were the subjects of his thoughts and his dreams. If he saw an unhappy slave-child beaten by its master, he would purchase its freedom; if Robinson and Stacy would get married without any further delay, he would pay the expenses; if he could only find that old darky with the cocoa-nut violin, he would have the cherished instrument or know the reason why; if the lure of precious stones would have any influence on Balbinda's heart, her heart and herself should be his. He would buy a yacht, an opera-house, or at least a box in one; a country-seat on the Hudson; a cottage at Manitou; a buckskin hunting-dress and mustang; a Paul Boynton swimming-suit; a bushel of—but sometimes the still small voice of common-sense would whisper in his ear that there were five thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine other tickets in the field, and, considering that fact, there was a considerable possibility that his solitary No. 1776 might not draw the grand prize. Then his aspirations would droop like dampened flowers, he would remember the photographs and things that his ten

dollars would have bought, and he would be sad until Bemvindo came to scoff away his doubtings, which, he said, were only the evidences of an indigestion or the fatigue of sleeplessness.

When the morning after the drawing came, Chester was up bright and early. He seized the daily paper, and with trembling finger and eyes bleary with excitement, ran over the list of successful numbers. Among them was No. 1776, sure enough, but it had drawn only the paltry sum—you could not call it a prize—of twenty milreis. It had paid for itself, that was all.

Chester pretended to some disgust, but, for all of that, his heart was light to think he had his ten dollars back again. He went to confer with Bemvindo concerning the steps he should take to secure his money, which, like bread thrown upon the waters, had returned to him again. Announcing the inglorious result of the drawing, he expected to see the confident Brazilian taken aback, but Bemvindo's hope had lost none of its elasticity. He bowed and smiled with a knowing air as he said :

“That's all right. It always work-a that way. You draw a leetle, leetle prize first, and then you take-a that money and you buy some more ticket, and you get ze gran' prize, sure. I go with you thees aft'noon, and we buy another ticket in ze nex' lottery.”

This was a new phase of affairs. Chester had not contemplated further investment in the wheel of fortune. He had had his excitement, and, withal, his lesson, free of cost, and he felt it would be wise for

him to stop. But while prudence warned him, the spirit of adventure and Bemvindo urged him on, and, the latter influences being in a majority, he yielded, and again became the possessor of one of those mystical bits of paper which sometimes prove a passport to a palace, but more often, alas, to an alms-house.

In selecting the number of this second choice, Chester did not allow himself to be carried away by motives of patriotism. In his soul there was a higher interest than love of country, and that was love of the little maiden who lived in the Street of the Orange Trees — hasten the time when those trees should blossom for her and his benefit, upon their wedding morning.

In the days of old, he had read, it was the brave knight's custom to go into conflict with his lady's name upon his lips and her colors upon his person; and in modern times, so he had heard, the fond lover, in the last stage of infatuation and idiocy, sometimes sits for his picture with his heart as full of thoughts of his mistress as is possible under the photographer's rigid discipline, so as to procure a speaking likeness for his lady-love. But as Chester was neither knight nor photographer's victim, he must choose other means of showing his devotion, and he did so by selecting a lottery ticket of the same number as the house she lived in, and thus, in this roundabout manner, dedicating his enterprise to her. Surely, he thought, fortune will smile upon this adventure, and Heaven will bless it, if Heaven ever stoops to interfere in matters of this kind.

In the evening Chester was taking his preliminary nap upon the sofa in the parlor, and the Colonel, his father, was walking up and down the room with that martial stride which he retained, with his sword and a scar or two, as a result of the late war. Once in a while he would stop to gaze upon his sleeping son and in paternal pride to forecast the honorable and prosperous manhood which must await the boy who spends his first ten dollars in works of art and education. In one of these halts, in which he stooped lower than usual, he discerned the corner of a peculiar piece of paper, with characters in red print, which protruded from Chester's vest-pocket. He drew it cautiously out, and bit his lip and knitted his brow as he read it, for it was ticket No. 157 in the approaching lottery for the benefit of some dirty little church in the suburbs. Having learned its contents, the Colonel replaced it and resumed his walk, but stopping less often than before to prognosticate upon his son's future.

"Well, Chester, my boy," said he, when occasion offered, "have you invested your ten dollars yet? You ought to have bought a whole album full of pictures with so much money. Of course you have views of the Sugar Loaf and Corcovado and the Alley of Palms. Everybody gets them."

"Well, no, not exactly," was the stammered reply. "I mean yes. I've got one, but it's only an—*an engraving.*"

"Let us see it some time, won't you? We want to see how much of a connoisseur you are."

"Yes, some time," Chester answered. "But

I've got to get my French lesson now *Que j'aille, que tu ailles, qu'il aille; que nous allions, que vous alliez, qu'ils aillent.* Oh, dear, I don't see what they ever invented the subjunctive mode for! We could get along just as well without it."

The Colonel sighed over the duplicity of his son, and stepped into his office to open the letters of the day.

It was not long before the next drawing, and on the following morning — the eventful morning upon which the results would be published — Chester, with the nonchalance of the practised gambler that he was becoming, overslept himself, but when he did appear his pulse quickened very rapidly and his eyes soon threw off the drowsiness of the night.

The family were already at breakfast. The Colonel had the *Journal* in his hands and was going through it with a deliberation that was maddening to Chester, who longed for it, but did not dare to say so. Finally he saw his father turn to the page where stood the dense columns of figures in which some thousands of people were to find their thrilling news of the day. Chester tried to get a glimpse of this portion, but whichever way he turned, and with eyes shut or open, he could see nothing but the blessed combination :

No. 157, . . . 20.000\$000

which danced before his brain.

"Another of these ruinous lotteries," said the Colonel. "They seem to have one about every other day. I consider them the one particular curse

of this country. Think how many homes have been impoverished to buy all of these tickets, and how many thousands of people will be heart-sick to find that they have drawn nothing but blanks! But, on the other hand, there's one fellow who is probably happy this morning. I wouldn't mind owning ticket No. 157 myself, even if it is immoral. But the holder of it is probably some poor laborer who will lose his head and get drunk and squander his ten thousand dollars the first year, and then he will be worse off than ever."

A thrill of indescribable ecstasy shook Chester from head to toes as he heard these words. He felt as a man feels when he is elected to Congress or kissed by his sweetheart for the first time. As drowning people review all their past history in the one brief moment that remains to them of life, so the panorama of a rosy future floated past his moistened eyes, and he saw himself in company with Balbinda, who had orange blossoms and diamonds on her brow, seated in a yacht and sailing up the placid Hudson to their country-house upon its banks, where Robinson and Stacy, now Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, were to be their guests. If he had been a woman he would have fainted under all of this pressure of an imagination running riot.

At last he found voice — the low intense voice of great emotion — and said:

"Oh, father! That's me! I've got it! I've got it!"

"What's that?" asked the Colonel, in feigned surprise. "You've got what, Chester? Not the fever, I hope."

“No, the prize! I’ve got the grand prize—the ten thousand dollars! I’ve got ticket No. 157! Here it is!” And with trembling hands he unfolded and displayed it.

“Why, what are you talking about, child? No. 157 didn’t get the prize. Let’s see. No. 157 is a blank. It was No. 4613 that drew the ten thousand dollars.”

The hand that writes this history never put pen to a more painful task than the reporting of the above words. It would have been so easy to make Chester a lucky Tom Sawyer sort of a chap, finding his pot of gold in the shape of a lottery prize, that no one but the maker of books can appreciate the temptation that has been withstood. Besides, says the voice of froward impulse, where would be the harm, since it would have given joy untold to the writer, been perhaps more agreeable to the reader, and would certainly have given greater satisfaction to Chester himself? But history is history, steadfast conscience replies, and whoso introduces upon its sacred pages the sweet amenities of fiction can never hope to regain the confidence of a betrayed public.

“Oh, father!” the boy cried, leaning his head upon the table and bursting into tears, “You said it was No. 157!”

The yacht sunk in the waters, the country-house changed owners, Balbinda turned up her pretty little nose and said No, and Robinson and Stacy were respectively old bachelor and spinster.

“What a mistake I did make!” mused the Colo-

nel, sympathetically. "It must be that my eyesight is getting poor. I'll have to get a stronger pair of glasses, I guess. But then there isn't so much difference, after all, between No. 157 and No. 4613. Younger eyes than mine might have made that error."

From the pinnacles of rejoicing to the depths of despair was a long way to fall, and Chester continued to sob as if his heart would break, while Pauline joined in silently.

"Poor boy!" said the Colonel. "So that is where your ten dollars went to, is it? It wasn't much of an engraving, after all. If I am any judge of art it was rather a cheap print. I'm sorry for you, Chester, but I'm glad you did it. It's a good lesson for you and will be worth ten times ten dollars to you, if you only mind its teachings. And, Chester, if you're not above receiving a point or two from one who is older and wiser than you, and has had a little experience in these things, I'll follow this up with a morsel of advice. Never you gamble again, my boy, in any kind of venture, whether gold mines, poker, or lotteries. It is the sharpers who gain, and I am thankful that you are yet a green simpleton in this art."

Chester winced as if this were a doubtful compliment for a young man of his years and experience to receive.

"Yes, you are very fresh yet, my child, and while you have this freshness of honesty and uprightness about you, you are almost sure to lose. Even if you do gain a few dollars, it will cost you a blunting

of your moral sense and a loss of prudence whose value cannot be estimated in money."

"I'll never do so again," he sobbed.

"Yes, you must do so again," said the Colonel, "but after a peculiar method which I will describe to you. Every time a new lottery is advertised I want you to go to one of these kiosques where the tickets are pasted in the windows and deliberately pick out the number which you would choose if you were going to buy. Don't allow yourself to vacillate from that choice, but stick to it as firmly as if you had the ticket itself in your pocket. Write the number down in your diary and keep there a couple of columns of gain and loss, putting in one the cost of the tickets and in the other the amounts of the prizes. Follow up this course as long as we stay in Brazil, and you will have all of the excitement of this style of gambling without any of its penalties."

Chester did so. Several times he had his money returned to him, and once he drew a prize of fifty dollars; but at the end of the season, when he came to balance his accounts of profit and loss, he found that he had had the pleasure of losing an imaginary sum of one hundred and twenty dollars.

XXVI.

LET'S TALK OF GRAVES.

At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows.

—SHAKESPEARE.

NOVEMBER, the last month of spring, waned into the early summer of December. The sun came on in its steady advance, reached its southern solstice, appeared to hang there in the zenith of Rio for a day or two, and then retraced its course toward the wintry north, looking back, however, with a sullen and baleful eye, parching the streams of life and developing the germs of pestilence.

Under such depressing circumstances, what could our friends do for further entertainment? All sources of amusement were gone. The opera company had gathered up its robes and trophies and departed. Excursions and picnics were out of date, for even the most fanatic of pleasure-seekers were too sensible to leave the cool and comfortable shade of their thick-walled homes for the rain of fire which greeted them outside.

“There is one thing left us, however,” proposed Robinson. “We can go down to the beach to-morrow morning and see the bathers. I’ll swim you a race to Villegagnon Island, Stacy, if you’ll promise not to flirt with the officers there.”

“Agreed. Shall we go before breakfast?”

“Before breakfast? I think so. Five o’clock at the very latest. If we’re not home by seven the sun will strike us, sure. At six o’clock the streets are full of ladies in dowdy dresses, with long rolls of moist hair down their back, going home from their matutinal plunge.”

“The idea! But don’t people bathe in the middle of the day here?”

“Yes, with umbrellas. But I doubt your ability to hold an umbrella in your teeth and make a graceful exhibition of yourself,—I believe that’s what women bathe for. Besides, a land-breeze might spring up, and, taking your umbrella for a sail, might blow you out to sea.”

“The people are great bathers down here, aren’t they?”

“Yes, as in all tropical countries. But, since it is simply a method of administering to their personal comfort, they deserve no great credit for it. The Esquimaux, who is obliged to use an ice-floe for a dressing-room, should have greater praise for his semi-annual ablution than the tropical savages who spend half of their lives in the water.”

Looking out of the window, Stacy saw the dense, dark, billowy green surface of the mountains and hills around. This intensity of verdure had an ominous and unnatural look in her eyes, accustomed as they were to the December snow-fields of her native land. In it she saw the rank growth of the grave-yard and the battle-field—life rioting upon death. Though the forests were green at the top,

their roots sprang from decay, and in that decay were the seeds of fever and death. She feared for the safety of their household.

“Henry,” she asked, “what is that old proverb about a green Christmas? I can’t help think about it. I dream about it nights.”

“A green Christmas makes a fat church-yard.’ Cheerful prospect for us, isn’t it?”

“And is it true that the fever is spreading?”

“You can almost taste it in the air.”

“Did you go to that funeral yesterday? What was his name?”

“Arnold’s? I did. Poor boy, he’ll never see the pleasant slopes of the Connecticut Valley again.”

“Is it true that there weren’t any ladies there?”

“You artless girl! You might as well ask if women are admitted to the clubs down here. Why, his own mother wouldn’t have been permitted the sad satisfaction of accompanying him on this excursion. No, it was strictly an affair of the sterner sex, who arrived at the cemetery by the street-cars, and smoked and talked business and politics while awaiting the appointed hour for the final rites. One of these mourners got restless in the hot sun and demanded impatiently why they didn’t hurry up and put the box into the hole. I must confess that that remark shocked even me, but then I haven’t been here long enough to get acclimated. When the time came, the coffin was lowered, the last words were said, and then each of us, in turn, took a little scoop and threw in a handful of earth. To me that was the only pathetic part of the ceremony.”

“‘*Oh! Schwer ist's, in der Fremde sterben unbeweint,*’” quoted Stacy, sadly.

“So says the poet,” replied Robinson; “but no poet can realize how hard it is to die unwept in foreign lands until he tries it down here in Brazil. Why, the authorities won't even let you rest within the sanctified area of the cemetery, but consign you to the common ground where sleep the Jews, heretics, suicides, and other outcasts. Nor do they *give* you that little grave, but so great is the demand for burial space down here that, after an occupancy of a few years, the helpless tenant is taken up and thrown into the general charnel-heap.”

“Oh, don't tell any more,” begged Stacy. “I do hope that I won't die down here.”

“And I, too. I am particularly anxious that I shall not die here, because you couldn't go to my funeral if I did, and I would not for anything deprive you of the pleasure of going to my funeral.”

“It will give me unlimited pleasure,” she murmured, in polite acknowledgment.

“I don't believe in this thing of women going to funerals,” said Chester. “They ought to say good-bye at home. They take on so that it makes us feel bad. Why, sometimes I've almost cried myself.”

“I know it's uncomfortable,” replied Robinson, “to hear the women sob when the first clods rattle down, but a little of that discipline will not make our hearts any too tender. And if we do chime in a little with them sometimes, we're none the less manly for it. A man is never degraded by the presence of a woman in grief, Chester, no matter who or

what that woman is. Weak though she is said to be, woman's influence is a power, a restraint, and a blessing. She keeps us in decorum at the funeral, just as she refines and civilizes us in the college class and at the social dinner. They stay at home here; and just notice the result. As far as respect and solemnity are concerned, a fellow might as well be an ox going to a barbecue as a dead man on his way to Caju. I sincerely hope that I shall die before the system of bachelor funerals comes in fashion at home. I hope that when my time shall come, there will be at least one woman who will look into my grave and feel her eyes grow moist as she thinks, 'Poor fellow! He had some good qualities. I loved him.'"

Stacy smiled to herself.

"You say 'at least one woman,'" she observed. "Does it occur to you that it would be hardly conventional for more than one woman to indulge in all of those thoughts, since you are not a Mormon, and, I trust, not a deceiver? But I was going to remark that if such a display of feminine weakness is essential to your future happiness, it is hardly safe for you to die at present. I would recommend you to seek a healthier climate immediately."

"Let's go to Petropolis," cried Chester, bounding from his seat, and finding here an opportunity to advocate a long-cherished scheme of his.

About this Petropolis: The world at large had recently two very distinguished guests. They were husband and wife, the Emperor and Empress of Brazil. Their names are Peter and Theresa. Hence

the origin of these two other names, Petropolis and Theresopolis, which a loyal people have given to the two prettiest of all Brazilian villages.

They lie just beyond the summit of the Organ Mountains, which cut the sky like a jagged wall, to the north of Rio, in the upland region of cloudy days and cool nights, where the mosquito and the yellow fever never come. Thither the thoughts of the people of the great city tend when the summer comes on. Thither, to the summer court of Petropolis, the imperial household move in the early November. The Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary take up their great seals of office and follow. The wealthy merchants and doctors despatch their wives and daughters to this resort, for, as it is well known, nobody that is anybody remains in Rio during the unfashionable and unhealthy season.

It may be asked, therefore, why it was that the Smith Family and Robinson saw the Christmas time, with its passion-plays at the theatres, come and go; saw the New Year's Day, gaudy with its wealth of flowers, dawn upon them; saw the fever-list in the morning papers increase with an alarming growth; saw the thermometer rise day by day as if by some regular law, and yet they remained. The same thought had occurred to Chester more than once, and he had repeatedly urged a change of base.

"Children," again he said to Robinson and Stacy, "would you like to go to the mountains with me?"

"Papa can't go yet," replied his sister. "Will this horrid 'business' never end, I wonder?"

“Doubtful,” replied the boy. “I’m afraid we’ll have to leave him.”

“Oh, but that would not be dutiful, nor pleasant, either,” pleaded Stacy.

“I’ll fix that. If he orders us to go I guess we’ll have to go, however great a sacrifice it may be. I’m going for the necessary orders.”

Chester lounged into his father’s presence with an air of the greatest exhaustion. The great drops of perspiration stood out upon his forehead, for he had just been going through a severe course of gymnastics in his own room, not for pleasure but for effect. His collar was wilted and the moisture appeared here and there through his garments, for he had not neglected the precaution of pouring a pint of water down his neck, at great expense to his comfort and with a great shock to his nervous system.

He fell into a chair in that spread-eagle position indicative of August weather, in which no one limb is allowed to touch the other. Then he removed a large green leaf from his hat, fanned himself languidly, and said:

“It’s awful hot!”

“Why, my boy, you’ve been running. It’s not warm to-day. See how cool and comfortable I am.”

“Can’t help it, pa. You must be a salamander —”

“Eh! What’s that?”

“What lives in the fire, you know, and never burns up — if you can keep cool such a day as this. It must be a hundred and over.”

“No, no ; it’s only eighty-something to-day. Just step into the office and see.”

It was only eighty-seven, but, by the patient application of a few burning matches to the bulb of the thermometer, the ingenious boy sent the column of mercury up to a hundred and five degrees.

“There, pa, what did I tell you?” he cried out in triumph. “Now come and see for yourself!”

The old gentleman looked, and was astonished ; adjusted his spectacles, and looked again. Fortunately he did not look too long, as the mercurial thread was rapidly falling as it cooled off. “I had no idea it was so hot,” he said.

“Hot ! Hot is no name for it. Why, they say that in February there’s only the thickness of a sheet of paper between this town and the next place below. As I came past the Passeio Publico to-day I saw the ostrich with its tongue out and its wings held off at arm’s length, just like an old hen on the fifteenth of August. Everybody left the city long ago. The yellow fever is getting awful bad.”

“I must send you away immediately,” said the Colonel.

“One of the Portuguese bull-fighters died last week, and the fellow they shoot out of a cannon at the circus, he’s gone,” continued Chester, following up his advantage. “It is said to be particularly bad on distinguished foreigners. Better look out, pa.”

“You may go anywhere you please up in the mountains. Ask Rob where the best place is. I will follow you in a few days, as soon as I can get my

affairs in some shape. Suppose you try Theresopolis first and then join me at Petropolis."

Chester still persisted.

"Rob complained of a pain in his back this morning, and Stacy has a headache, and I don't feel very well, myself. That's the way the yellow fever always begins."

His father was getting excited.

"You'd better go immediately, you three. Don't wait a day. P'line and I will go up to Santa Thereza hill to live. Its healthy up there. P'line can't go, for we couldn't get along without each other. She will have to keep Jaquenetta with her, so Stacy will be obliged to get along by herself."

Jaquenetta was lady's-maid to Stacy and Pauline. Her real name was Eliza; but Stacy, having some romantic ideas on the subject of domestic nomenclature, had re-christened her as above, much to the unoffending girl's amazement.

"All right," responded Chester, resignedly. "We must expect to have some inconveniences in this life."

Then he went to the parlor to announce the news.

"We are going to start to-morrow for Theresopolis. That is, I am going to escort my sister Stacy, and you, Mr. Robinson, will accompany us as an invited guest. Us four, no more. No, there's only three, for Polly can't go and Jacky's got to stay with Polly. So, Miss Stacy, you will have to do your own waiting on."

"Oh, I can't get along alone."

"Must! You'll find it easy enough, for we're

going to rough it. No Saratoga trunks on this trip. Its an awful mountain we have to climb on mule-back. Do you remember the picture in our geography of the travellers crossing the Andes, with bottomless pits all around them? That's a fib. It wasn't the Andes, at all. It was a picture of the trail to Theresopolis. So you see we're reduced to the stern necessity of *allowing ourselves only one suit of clothes apiece.*"

"I won't go," protested Stacy. "Fancy going to a summer resort in that kind of style!"

"But if you will be a right good girl, Rob and I will fill our pockets with your personal effects, and maybe we'll organize a pack-train to carry the rest. We men, however, are going to limit ourselves to our most intimate baggage, as the fastidious young man said of his shirt-case. And if you'll be very, very good, maybe we'll hire an Indian girl to look after you; that is, if you're very good, and she's very pretty and knows how to tie a neck-tie and make herself generally useful."

This was the programme, as arranged by that diplomatic boy, Chester. On the afternoon of the morrow they were out upon the bay again, and again the nose of the steamer was pointed northward as on that October day when they went to pay a tourist's devotion to Nossa Senhora da Penha. There was but little breeze upon the water. The sun burned everything mercilessly, the floor upon which they trod, the seats that were exposed to its rays, and the tranquil blue waters of the bay, so that even the turbulence of the vessel's wake, usually so refresh-

ing to look upon, seemed like the ebullition of boiling water.

“Come in under the awning, Henry,” called Stacy. “Your neck is scarlet already.”

He complied, and sitting down by her, he wiped his brow and sighed.

“This must be the January thaw that we read about in the almanacs,” said he, with a thoughtful air. “Just look back upon the city. What an Inferno of heat, wickedness, and pestilent exhalation!”

“Remember Lot’s wife.”

“Lot’s wife looked back with longing. I don’t. That’s where we differ.”

“Better look forward to the mountains, where we are going. See the clouds about the summits, how cool and refreshing!”

“Yes, and how suggestive of damp and rheumatism!”

Far away in the dim blue north the shafts of the Organ Mountains, ascending in regular scale like the pipes of an organ, were vexing the serene horizon with their sharp angles of rock, and prominent among them was that wonderful shape which the people call God’s Finger, which points unswervingly and forever to the sky.

XXVII.

ROUGHING IT.

At night such lodging in barns and sheds,
Such a hurly-burly in country inns,
Such a clatter of tongues in empty heads,
Such a helter-skelter of prayers and sins.

—LONGFELLOW.

THE steamer puffed along lazily, winding in and out through a little archipelago, some of whose islands were scarcely more than gigantic stone-heaps rising above the surface, while others were green to the water's edge. Thus they came to Paquetá, the insular home of most of the passengers on board. Sweeping into a curve of the bay, they saw a throng of people awaiting them at the wharf. These lounged upon the vessel, some to greet friends returning from the city; others, the negroes, to carry off such freight as was destined to Paquetá. There were, perhaps, a dozen parcels of this; at least two dozen slaves came for it. They stood in the way of each other, scratched their heads while they tried to recollect their masters' names, fumbled in the pile of packages until the proper label was found, gossiped, nibbled at the piece of *carne secca*, and in other ways dallied beyond all endurance.

“They are slaves, poor creatures!” said Stacy.

“They doubtless earn all they get.”

“That is, black beans for dinner and a gunny-

sack for an overcoat," added Robinson, by way of illustration. "However, these fellows don't lead a hard life of it. Living here at court, they feel some of the effects of the world's sympathy, they know that a system of emancipation is in progress, and that the slaveholder's tools of torture will soon be laid on the museum shelf. So they crack their fingers at the crack of the whip, and are idle with impunity. But in that vast isolated region known as 'the interior,' it is different. There the slaves are literally worked and starved to death. If an able-bodied man endures this life for two years after his purchase, it is calculated that he has paid for himself. If he lasts longer than that, his services are so much clear profit to the planter."

"Ugh!" shuddered Chester. "Why don't they kill their masters?"

"Very frequently they do. It is an ordinary occurrence up there for a slave to shoot his owner from an ambush, and thus revenge his wrongs, gratify his malice, and ameliorate his condition, all in one shot."

"Better his condition? How? By death?"

"No. Capital punishment is not practised in Brazil. The murderer is transported to the penal colony on the island of Fernando de Noronha; but since the convict's work is lighter and his fare is better than the slave's, his last state is better than the first. In this ocean resort the slave sees a premium for crime, and, in consequence, a man might as well be a tax-gatherer in Ireland as an overseer in Brazil."

Our trio were the only passengers remaining when they reached the landing of Piedade, where the *diligencia* was in waiting to carry them to the foot of the mountain.

“We go to-night as far as Barreira,” said Robinson. “But on our return it will be necessary to pass the night here. Look out of the window, Stacy, and see how you like your future quarters.”

She looked and saw a solitary house whose white wall was discolored by the stains of the weather, and whose windows were boarded up, all save one. From this the pane of glass was gone, and the vacancy was filled by a child’s head, unkempt and dishevelled.

“The dismal place!” moaned Stacy.

“Folks that will travel must expect some inconveniences,” said Robinson, philosophically. “I know a man who stayed here once all night, and was rash enough to walk across the floor barefooted. He told me—and he was a trustworthy man, too—that no less than six *bichos de pé* took that occasion to burrow into his toes. I merely recall this incident now so that we may remember to sleep in our boots. And as for fleas,—however, fleas are only an incidental injury, and not worth consideration.”

“But the advertisement said there was a good hotel here.”

“Did you ever know a man to advertise a bad hotel?”

“It looks like a stable. I would rather sit on the wharf all night than to try to sleep there,” said Stacy.

“A good suggestion. I will volunteer to keep tryst with you.”

“And I, too. We’ll go fishing,” put in Chester.

“And catch the malaria,” said his sister.

“By the way,” said Robinson, “the name of this place, Piedade, means Piety. A pious-looking community this is !”

“What an idea !” exclaimed Stacy. “Do tell me why it is that in these Catholic countries the worst places have the holiest names ! I have noticed that wherever a town or a street is particularly ill-favored and disreputable, it is sure to bear the name of the brightest saint in the calendar.”

“Or,” added Robinson, “if a person is a particular rascal and horse-thief, he is named after the entire twelve apostles and their Master. Why is it ? I don’t know. Why is it that the dirtiest hermit has the widest reputation ? It must be that the Catholic people and the Protestants understand differently the expression, ‘the odor of sanctity.’”

The carriage rolled away with them. Piedade was lost to sight, and the travellers applied themselves to an inspection of their surroundings. There was nothing novel in the vehicle which conveyed them. It was a hackney coach, very old and shaky, with upholstery in an advanced state of eruption, and had probably once had its station at some wharf or depot in New York. The front seat, which Chester had fondly hoped to occupy by himself, was shared by a portly negress, who, at the last moment, was thrust in upon them. Chester was inclined to murmur, but Robinson felt that it would be in vain to protest.

“There is no prejudice against color in this country, Chester, and we cannot judge of our companion’s social position by the hue of her face. Possibly she is a baroness. If not a lady of distinction, why would she be going to a summer resort at the height of the season?”

“To cook,” growled Chester, “and wash clothes for the boarders; that’s why.”

It was not probable that the lady in question, even though a baroness, had received an English education, as the foregoing very personal remarks failed to affect her visibly. On the contrary, she calmly loosened the draw-string of a green bag which she was carrying, and, producing some cakes therefrom, proceeded to lunch; like an experienced traveller in Brazil, she carried her rations with her. But first she politely offered of her bounty to our friends, who as politely declined. This action mollified Chester greatly, for he foresaw that, though her acquaintance might not be a pleasant one, it might prove exceedingly useful.

Their route lay through a low country of sand, swamp, and covert, with here and there a melon-patch and field of wind-driven mandioca to break the monotony. The roads were bad and their advance slow and tedious.

“Whoop! Hi! Ya-ya! S-s-s-s-st! S-st!” clamored the man above, showering down a volley of unmeaning expletives, but never an oath. Then he slapped the foot-board with the reins, and stamped loudly with his foot while recovering breath for another outburst.

“Will this awful chorus never end?” wondered Stacy.

“I fear not, only with our journey,” replied Robinson. “The Brazilian Jehu drives as the Chinese warrior fights: with a great deal of noise and but little execution.”

“Why are there five mules in that team?” asked Chester. “Why don’t they make it four or six, and be respectable?”

“My child,” replied Robinson, “it is to prevent a tie. Do you not remark how frequently two of them want to go one way while other two yearn for the opposite direction? It is then that the fifth has the casting vote and prevents a world of embarrassment and delay.”

These animals began to stagger and sway with weariness as they plodded along, but with redoubled whoop and halloo the driver encouraged them into a feeble gallop as he swept into the little village of Magé. Then they stopped as suddenly as if death had overtaken them, and reposed against each other while waiting to be released from harness. Poor creatures! their shoulders and their sides were lacerated, so it was no wonder that they pulled bias and reluctantly.

The colored woman munched another cracker, pressed her hand languidly to her forehead, and said: “Oh, dear!” or words to that effect.

“She must belong to good society,” said Robinson. “She has a headache.”

With a relay of fresh animals, the crazy carriage proceeded on its way, rattling and creaking as

if threatening instant dissolution. Night came on apace, aided, perhaps, by the dusky face of the Baroness; so that, while yet there was a glimmer of light in the outside world, the darkness within the carriage was intense. They were ascending the mountain. This they knew by the slant of the vehicle and the difficulty with which the incumbents of the front seats retained their places.

“Look out, Rob!” warned Chester. “If the Baroneza comes down upon you, it will be worse than a land-slide.”

Then the wheel of the coach plunged into a rut, there was a rocking sideways, and much commotion and disturbance among the occupants. Chester now sang in another strain.

“Oh, by George! I won’t stand this any longer. This is the third time that she has tumbled square into my arms. And it isn’t fair, for she weighs twice as much as I do. I believe she does it on purpose. She didn’t flop around that way when it was daylight.”

“We must put up with these little annoyances, Chester,” reasoned Robinson. “Why it is that the ruts seem deeper and their effects more disastrous by dark than by day, I do not know, but it certainly is so. Even Stacy — your reserved sister Stacy — who kept her place with so much *aplomb* all day long, has been uncommonly erratic and uncertain in the last hour or two. But I do not murmur. I do not complain.”

“But Stacy doesn’t weigh a ton,” growled the boy. “Nor she didn’t eat codfish and onions for

dinner, even if she isn't a baroness. I like Stacy, and I wish I was a little fellow again, so I could go to sleep in her arms."

"Ah, the sweet perquisites of childhood!" said Robinson, enviously.

"Shinny on your own side, Madam Baroneza," called out Chester. But his companion never moved an ankle, which may be accepted as positive proof that she was not cultured in the English language, and did not understand the drift of the conversation.

It was ten o'clock when they arrived at Barreira. Around them rose the dim shape of lofty mountains. At the side of the road stood a long white house, through whose open door the light gleamed to welcome them. Entering, they found themselves in a dining-room, in whose centre was a table with covers in place. The apartment was low and dingy, with benches for seats. Upon the wall was one solitary Catholic picture, representing man's rise and decline, from his cradle up through successive stages to the wedding-day, the culminating point of his life, whence he descended to the grave.

This was the other excellent hotel of which the advertisement spoke. The yawning proprietor, in shirt-sleeves, was waiting. He finished his yawn and responded to their greeting.

Could they find apartments there for the night?

They could.

What could he give them for supper?

He twisted his moustache and pondered.

"Now, listen," said Robinson. "He is going to propose a chicken."

But the landlord did nothing hastily. He scratched his head and deliberated, as if he had the resources of a king's butler, and the difficulty was what to choose.

"I suppose we might kill a fowl for you," he said, at last.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Robinson to his companions. "The rascal knows that we will not wait for the capture and cooking of a chicken. But, refusing that, we are at his mercy, and must take what we can get."

"What else have you?" asked Robinson.

"A box of *mortadella*," he replied proudly.

"Very good; we will sup on that."

"But tell me, Henry, what is *mortadella*?"

"Mortadella, Stacy, is an Italian preparation, and hence it is a mystery. It is a kind of sausage, and hence the mystery is increased tenfold. Mortadella is a thing to be eaten and no questions asked."

It was brought on in the half-moon box in which it is put up. From this, Robinson lifted layer after layer of the laminated minced-meat, and served his friends.

"Take it with your bread," he said. "As the soul for a sandwich, there is nothing equal to a leaf of mortadella."

With this and the wine and their voracious appetites, they did not fare badly.

But the bread was soon exhausted.

"Another loaf," called Chester to the host.

This gentleman twirled his moustache and shook his head gravely.

“There is no more,” he replied.

Hitherto the Baroneza had been a silent spectator, seated on the bench at the side of the room. At the last words she fumbled in her lunch-bag again, and produced a loaf of bread, which she placed before the diners.

“Oh, the predicament that we are now in!” groaned Robinson. “I would rather starve a thousand years.”

“Why, what is the matter?” asked Stacy.

“How to repay this courtesy, that is the matter. Now, if this woman is really a baroness, and I offer to pay her for this loaf, she will justly feel insulted. And if she is a cook, and we invite her to a seat at the table and a share of our sausage and wine, we will lose caste in the estimation of our magnificent host, who, I think, is already inclined to despise us a little. I suppose he has taken umbrage at not being invited to help us eat this scanty fare, for which he will charge us six prices to-morrow. I won the ill-will of our stage-driver to-day by intimating that he ought to feed his mules daily instead of semi-weekly, and I don't want to make any more blunders if I can help it. Ah, the tyranny of social form and custom! And the laws of etiquette, where are they not found? Stacy, what code do you think ought to prevail here?”

“The code of gratitude and generosity. Let us give this poor woman the rest of our supper.”

They were the only two women in this out-of-the-way place in the mountains, and, baroness or cook, Stacy could not help feeling a friendly sympathy

toward this negress, who, at least, was decently dressed and of modest demeanor. At the signal for retiring, a separate wing of the house was allotted to them, and, at a whispered request from Stacy, accompanying her good-night, Chester, valiant as a watch-dog, threw himself upon the bench before the door of the room, and in a few moments feigned slumber. At the end of an hour, however, when the solemn stillness of midnight reigned throughout the house, Robinson heard him enter his room.

“Roll over, Rob, and let me in here. It’s awful lonesome out there. I think I heard something.”

“But your sister—”

“Oh, Stacy’s all right. Stacy is brave. Bravery runs in our family. Roll over and let me in.”

“I think I will take the sofa for the rest of the night,” said Robinson.

“Stacy won’t like it if she knows it,” warned the boy.

“She won’t know it.”

XXVIII.

THERESOPOLIS.

Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too.
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.—GOLDSMITH.

AT Barreira the Rio Soberbo dashes down its rocky bed. On the morning following the arrival of our party, this stream was true to its name, being really superb in its beauty as it came leaping from the mountains above. Its source was hidden by the mists which hung low upon the hills, and, looking up its succession of cascades to where they were lost in the clouds, one could not help but imagine them going on and on, like some beautiful Jacob's ladder, to the high heavens themselves. Into this cañon the early morning light and the influence of the coming sun penetrated, and, playing with the whirls of mist and lighting up the valley's brown walls of rock — there was wonderland for you.

Ere it was broad day, Robinson and Chester were alert and on their way to the Soberbo for a bath. The accomodations were ample. In the pool below the waterfall they could plunge and swim; the floating spray washed their shoulders with a

touch as light as a feather ; and the cascade, pounding their backs with the force of a cannon-ball, gave them such a douche as no artificial establishment could afford.

On their return Stacy awaited them at the door. The Baroneza was not yet visible.

“She must be a baroness,” Chester thought. “She gets up late.”

“The hardships of travel are not so very hard after all,” said Stacy. “I slept splendidly, and felt as safe as if I was in New York, thanks to Chester.”

“Oh, I am equal to a whole metropolitan police,” said the boy, and added in an undertone to Robinson, “at sleeping.”

The proprietor looked at the bloom on Stacy’s cheek, and sighed as he thought, “She is not feeble; she will not need the *cadeira*.”

The *cadeira* was the sedan-chair, in which, carried by two mules instead of two men, the invalids are accustomed to ascend the mountain.

The rest of the journey was to be accomplished on muleback. The party was led by a boy guide, who seemed to be of Portuguese-Irish parentage, so shrewd, freckled, red-headed, and villainous he was. The procession gradually lengthened out, making conversation difficult; on occasions of this kind the perverse mule seems to have no higher ambition than to keep his nearest predecessor in sight. Robinson soon fell to the rear, in spite of all his efforts with club and spur. When he rejoined his friends at their first halt he was disconsolate.

“Here comes Rob, working his passage,” exclaimed Chester.

“My last resort has failed,” said that gentleman. “I did cherish the hope that a lighted cigar would quicken a mule’s conscience, and so I bored it into my palfrey’s rump just behind the saddle—”

“Heartless!” interposed Stacy.

“By no means. The pachydermatous brute thought a ray of sunshine had struck him, and wanted to stop and rest in it and enjoy it. But I’ll fix him yet. Here, Patsey Manoel O’Flaherty de Albuquerque,” said he, addressing the guide, “here we are at a deserted ranch. In this house there is an empty pantry. In that pantry—I forget now whether it is on the shelf or on the floor—you will find an old table-fork with one prong broken off. Just slide through this hole in the window and get it for me, will you?”

The boy did as he was bid, and returned with just such an article in his hand and amazement in his eye; he was afraid that he had sold himself to the devil in entering the service of this man.

“It was on the table,” he stammered. “The one on the floor had all the four prongs whole.”

“Indeed. I must have made a mistake in my calculations.”

“But how did you know it was there?” asked Stacy, almost equally amazed.

“My dear friend, did you ever know an empty house without an old fork lying about it somewhere? Could you imagine such a possibility? It is as certain as the hair-pin on the floor of a seminary chapel.”

“But what are you going to do with it?”

“You will see.”

He removed his right shoe and nailed the flat of the fork handle underneath the heel, leaving the prongs projecting to the rear.

“There, how is that for a spur?” he asked. “I flatter myself that with this I can pick up my steed and carry him along at a respectable pace. Stacy, Chester, and you, Patsey Manoel, mark my words! In the bitter strife that for centuries has been waged between man and mule, the ingenuity of man is bound to conquer, sooner or later.”

Ere resuming their journey, Patsey, in his capacity of guide, led the way to a spring of excellent water, around which the cresses were growing. They drank from its spout, nibbled at the water-cresses, and breathed the dewy morning air in long and rapturous draughts.

“It seems as if we were in a different world from yesterday,” said Stacy. “In the first heaven at least. I do not remember Rio as upon the face of the earth. It seems as if it were in the heart of some deep volcanic crater.”

“Still there is something wanting yet,” replied Robinson. “In this exhilaration there is not that wine of life which we taste upon the top of a peak in the Sierra Nevadas. Nor does this unbroken surface of green satisfy us as an October frost at home would. We think we are perfectly happy, but we are not. The influence of the climate is still upon us.”

Upon the mountain-side beneath their feet, so

steep that it was with difficulty that the birds could fly up, the forest absolutely cushioned the earth and made its irregularities smooth. All interspaces between the trees were filled with smaller trees and shrubbery; upon the ground the more lowly herbage grew, and died, and rotted; while, binding this thicket into an impenetrable mass, where only the snake and the lizard could find thoroughfare, the vines and creepers wandered at their own sweet will. Wherever, upon the round mountains of rock, a handful of earth had accumulated, there the vegetation sprang up, a green patch upon the brown.

“This is a peculiar region, equatorial in its botany, and alpine in its geology.”

“And Greek in its nomenclature; just think of Theresopolis and Petropolis!”

They crossed the highest ground of the pass, wound around the mountains on the other side, entered the pleasant valley along which the village is scattered, and, riding at high gallop down the road, were the event of the day. They passed unpretentious hotels here and there, pastures, orchards, cornfields, and other evidences of comfort and prosperity. Then, turning into a gate and winding through a grove of quince-trees, they came to the Hotel of the Mountains, and were in time for breakfast.

Room was made for them at the long *table d'hôte* at which the other guests were already assembled. They were received cordially, but with inquiring looks, which seemed to say, “What is the matter with you?” “Why do you come here?” “You don't look sick.”

One boarder, with a husky voice, which told of wasted lungs, was inquiring of his neighbor concerning the state of his liver this morning. By the side of one plate was a bottle of some kind of Yankee tonic. One gentleman sported Quinium Labarraque. Numerous others were imbibing new life with their port wine and seltzer.

“They all take something,” said Chester to Robinson. “But do you know, I am awfully afraid this gentleman on my left is going to offer me some of his liquor, and the bottle is marked Cod Liver Oil! I wonder if it would be polite to decline it?”

“It is just like a hospital,” observed Stacy. “I always thought folks didn’t have consumption in warm countries. I thought they went to Florida to get cured of it.”

“On the contrary,” Robinson replied, “Brazil suffers more from that insidious disease, as the medical almanacs call it, than from the yellow fever, bad as it is. You see the people are not vigorous enough. They do not skate in the winter and have athletic sports in the summer, as we do up north. Then they sleep in little alcove rooms in the centre of the house, as far from the pure outside air as possible, where their lungs starve for oxygen. The consequence is that they fall a prey to the first sudden change in the weather.”

They talked freely together, not supposing that their language was understood by the others.

“Rob,” asked Chester, “what is that dish of yellow scraps before you?”

“I do not know, indeed ; this is a piece of fried banana that I am engaged upon now.”

It was then that a little wizened old gentleman at Stacy's right hand cleared his throat, hesitated, worked his hands nervously, and said, in answer to Chester's question :

“Cod-d-feesh !”

“Oh !” cried Stacy, with a suppressed scream.

“Ah, you speak English?” said Robinson, encouragingly.

“I am an American,” replied the old man, straightening up proudly and speaking more freely as his native tongue came back to him. “I was born in Philadelphia—Philamydelphy, we used to call it,” he said, with a feeble attempt to be funny.

“And why are you here ?”

“It is many a year since I left the States. I was only a boy then. I am now old and poor and weakly. I am teaching our landlord's eleven children their French and English, and at the same time I am trying to feed and clothe and educate my own boy and girl. It is a hard task,” he sighed.

“We are glad to meet you, sir. You can tell us much about this country.”

“It is not so good a country as the United States. What a handsome city Philadelphia is ! And New York, there is some life there,” said he, dealing in reminiscences.

“We crossed a pretty stream a mile or so back. Was that the Paquequer ?”

“It was,” replied the old man.

“It was upon this river that the scene of Alencar's

novel of 'The Guarany' was laid. Is it true that it is possible to recognize the spot from the description that he gave?"

"I will ask the vicar-general."

The vicar-general occupied the end of the table opposite to the host. He was dressed in a flimsy gown reaching to his ankles. His paper collar and his beard had been equally neglected, and were perhaps a week or ten days of age. The lines of his face, and especially his full, red, fleshy lips, were indicative of a carnal mind. His bearing was that of an autocrat, whose word had never been disputed and whose sway was absolute.

"There is no such place," he said. The insolence of office, even if it was a holy office, was in his manner.

"But I have it from excellent authority—"

"There is no such a place," he repeated, with majesty. Robinson was crushed.

The eyes of the breakfast table were upon the rash American whose temerity had led him to impeach so high a testimony. He was embarrassed, and immediately grasped for another subject, coming back to the codfish, which he discussed in the English language with the old schoolmaster.

"The taste for this article of diet seems to be national here in Brazil. Why is it?"

"There is no accounting for tastes. Why does the American love oysters? Why does the Englishman love beef? It is true that these people seem to have a passion for codfish. I once travelled on an English steamer, where there was a Brazilian too

lazy to get up for breakfast, except when they had it. But when the steward would come to his state-room door and sing out, '*Bacalhão! Bacalhão!* Codfish for breakfast!' he would leap from his berth and be the first one at the table."

Robinson was silent. He was mentally putting in shape the following entry for his note-book:

"In Brazil the codfish is the poor man's turkey and the rich man's reed-bird and turtle. All pictures of the early Portuguese pioneer represent him returning home at night from his labors with a codfish under his arm. The salt cod is brought from Newfoundland by the ship-load, it is stacked in the warehouses by the cord, and is eaten by the pound. A dish of this rank savor will always cause a Brazilian's nostrils to curl in delight and his brow to wreath in smiles. Brazilians arriving in New York and afflicted with nostalgia will find it to their advantage to select a boarding-house down town, where they will find all of the comforts of home, poor ventilation and codfish included."

XXIX.

PRIEST AND PEDAGOGUE.

Tartuffe! il se porte à merveille,
Gras et gros, le teint frais, et la bouche vermeille.

—MOLIÈRE.

THE days passed very pleasantly at Theresopolis. Dodging the frequent showers, our travellers rode or walked morning after morning, following the various mountain paths of the vicinity. In the midday they lounged upon the porch and tasted a dainty lunch of fresh figs and peaches. In the evening the favorite stroll was down the dewy valley along which the village is scattered, where, at nightfall, surrounded by the dusk, they could look upward and upward and see the wonderful pinnacle of the Dedo de Deus yet aglow with the colors of sunset. Who has not taken that walk and seen that sight, has visited Brazil in vain.

Often they wandered through the garden, where the fruits and flowers seemed to vie with each other in hue and profusion. The strawberries blushed in their seclusion of leaves; the black clusters of grapes drooped from the lattice overhead; and the apricots lured them from one tree to the next. How the great downcast heads of the dahlias languished, as if they too felt the general indolence of the country! How the tulip was gaudy and bold, and the

madresilva was pale and chaste! And how the roses were rich in their velvet and perfumes, voluptuous as the Brazilian maiden in her short June of beauty, before she begins to fade! Blessed be the seasons which come and go and bring to every land and people that fairest of months, June, which never deserts the earth entirely. At every period of the year the strawberries are reddening and the roses are blooming somewhere, be it in California, be it in Brazil.

At this Hotel das Montanhas they saw a Brazilian family at home, and had a peep into the domestic life of this nation.

“Things are not so very stiff here after all,” said Chester, approvingly, on the evening of the first day. “Wherever we went to call down in Rio the parlors were always as solemn as a funeral. I used to get so nervous that I would fairly squirm. But in the sitting-room here the chairs get quite sociable and mixed up in the course of the day. There is some chance for a fellow to get his feet out of sight.”

Chester was thinking of the mathematical exactness which prevailed in the Brazilian reception-rooms as he had hitherto seen them; of the geometrical order in which the seats were arranged, a wing composed of two chairs running out from each end of the sofa toward the centre of the apartment; and of the dreadful feeling of incarceration which pierced his marrow as he sat there in one of those chairs, and twirled his fingers, and wished the visit was over.

“The mother’s position is not an enviable one,” observed Robinson. “Do you notice that we rarely see her in the parlor and never at the table? She is engaged in ranching the children and marshalling the female slaves in that out-building over yonder.”

“They are pretty children, and well-behaved,” replied Stacy. “Now what could be nicer than the manners of this little girl?”

The child in question approached them, shook hands with each, and with a soft “*Boa noite!*” left them for the night. The Portuguese language never sounds so charming as when in the mouths of children.

“That’s Margarida,” said Chester. “I am going to cultivate the acquaintance of that little lady, just to learn the language, you know.”

“But I notice,” observed Robinson, “that what is naïve and artless in the child becomes affected and simpering in the woman. Oh, I made an awful blunder to-night, just after tea.”

“Why, how was that?”

“When we all got up and stood in a row around the table I supposed we were going to get a benediction from the priest, and so I waited for my share. Then what does that spinster who sits near us do but walk straight toward me and throw out her hand at me. As we had never been introduced, and I did not know what her intentions were, I was a trifle scared, and retreated into a corner. She giggled, and went to the next man, shook his hand, said, “*Bo’ Noi’!*” in an automatic way, and so went the rounds. When she came back to where I

was, I looked at her in a way to intimate that Barkis was willin'—just to appease her, you see—and we crossed our palms, and then she snickered again. Hers was the most lifeless grasp I ever encountered. I do not like this promiscuous hand-shaking; just as if a person was President of the United States."

"I think she has designs upon you," said Stacy, quietly.

"Fruitless efforts. I do not like her. I think I have caught her laughing at my Portuguese once or twice. If she thinks that is the way to win my affections she is sadly mistaken."

"I reserve all of my repugnance for the vicar-general, the high priest, as you call him. I dislike that man exceedingly. It is impossible for a man with his face—and collar—to be refined and good. I wonder that a people so intelligent as these can respect him."

"As for me, I wonder what constitutes a beard in the etiquette of the Catholic church. If beards are prohibited to the holy orders, his present growth must be a serious sin of omission."

"Well, to-morrow is Sunday; we will hope for the best," said Stacy.

"That is, a clean face and a new paper collar."

The compliments of the next morning were being exchanged. Stacy was fresh and bright as ever. Chester had not yet appeared. Robinson had a haggard look.

"You did not rest well?" asked Stacy.

"Rest?" and he laughed bitterly.

"Why not?"

“Rest? The prey to a myriad of fleas? And a goat in the next room? And that goat with a guilty conscience?”

“Oh, your picture is certainly overdrawn.”

“Fancy a goat with a guilty conscience! Or maybe it was fleas also; but no, it could not have been. I had all of the fleas myself. And there was that miserable goat groaning and stamping and struggling the livelong night. Macbeth’s remorse wasn’t a circumstance to it. Fancy a goat with a guilty conscience!”

“Where were you?”

“In one of the cottages. And the goat had the other apartment. And that goat with a guilty con—”

“Have you seen the vicar-general this morning?”

“What, the high priest? No. The father of this parish—whom I presume we may designate as the low priest—was up betimes and off to mass, as clean and jaunty as a boy in his Sunday clothes. So, whatever the condition of the high priest, we must not allow ourselves to lose all faith in Catholicism yet.”

Stacy assented.

“This parish padre is a nice little old gentleman, even if he is an Italian and a priest. I do not object to him. He is really quite agreeable.”

Here Chester made his appearance and yawned forth a lazy good-morning.

“Chester,” said Robinson, “run and hunt up the vicar-general. Acquaint us with his whereabouts. Inform us of his condition. Also of his occupation.

Report in full. Hath he shaved? Hath he a clean collar? Hath he buttoned the bosom of his gown? Doth he agonize in prayer? Upon your reply depends very much of our future opinion of the holy Catholic church."

Chester collected the desired information. It was as follows:

No, he was not praying. On this beautiful Sunday morning the vicar-general of this province was engaged in the harmless and salubrious amusement of punching a game of billiards with three of the boarders. When Chester left him he was chalking his cue. He had not fully buttoned his gown. He had not a clean collar. He had not apparently washed his face, let alone to shave. He had a tooth-pick over his ear, but it seemed to be an old one, left over from yesterday.

"I despair," moaned Stacy.

"And I," said Robinson, "if I were invited to get up a device emblematic of the condition of the Catholic church in Brazil, I would take the figure of a man high in holy orders, dressed in a priestly gown, unshaven and untidy, chalking a billiard cue and wrangling over the number of points made. On the other side I might put the same person reading a French novel and flirting with the women of the household, for that is probably what this man will do for the rest of the day."

"But do the people really believe in these men?" asked Stacy.

"Yes, and no. The ignorant and the women — pardon me the words — are their devotees, and

probably would be if the devil himself turned monk. Woman's nature, as you know, must have some religion, and this is the only one that she is acquainted with. The educated and refined men, however, soon shake off the yoke, and, finding no better belief handy, become scoffers at all religions. But since it is in bad form, speaking in society slang, to be outside of the church entirely, they still say masses over their dead friends and go through the other forms of mummery. The priests don't care how deep in purgatory a departed soul may be, so long as they get their fees for lifting it out. Why, once there was an American up in San Paulo who got tired of the half-way existence which they call life down here, and killed himself. Not only was he a suicide, but also a Protestant and a Free Mason, so there were three cogent reasons why he should be denied the holy ceremonies and solicitude of the church. But a companion of his, prompted perhaps by curiosity to see just how venal the priesthood is, perhaps by a kind desire to have this friend treated with all the courtesies customary on these occasions, determined to have masses said for his unabsolved soul. And the mercenary padre said them as long as the money lasted."

The return of the benevolent and rotund parish priest preserved the Catholic church from yet harsher judgments, and in the evening of that day he behaved so nicely that he won the esteem of all. A lady was at the piano with her hands upon the keys. What should she play?

“*La Fille de Madame Angot!*” cried a gentleman, true to the national taste of Brazil.

The little priest looked up and shook his head, with a frown upon his brow, but so benignant that, while it reproached, it did not offend. At his suggestion the lady then played a strain of some quaint old opera, while he, standing at her side, with his hand upon his heart, head, or in mid-air, according to the sentiment of the piece, sang the accompanying words. This was loudly applauded, and, in response to an encore, he stepped to the middle of the room and recited a long piece of verse whose subject was “Charity.” His declamation was schoolboyish, abounding in gestures, but it was pleasant to hear, and at its close he was a greater favorite than ever.

Following this entertainment some of the guests read; for this house had a library plenteously stocked, unlike most Brazilian homes, where an opera or two and a manual of exercises for the soul are the principal literary treasures to be found. Some played at games, and among these were Chester and the child Margarida, whose pretty demeanor had won his heart the day before. By this time they were so deeply involved that, in their present contest at draughts, he would make the most eccentric play, just for the opportunity of touching her hand as it lay upon the board. The wily creature soon discovered her opponent’s weakness and availed herself of it; using the tiny hand as a lure, she beguiled Chester into moves that were simply suicidal.

One of the children brought in a captive pet to please the stranger guests. It was one of those

beetles upon whose shoulders, like epaulettes of the carbuncle stone, Nature has placed two sources of phosphorescent light. When the insect is agitated these kindle up and shine like two flaming eyes. In quiet they die away to the hue of an expiring coal of fire.

“It is a means of defence,” explained Robinson. “When it wants to frighten another animal away it turns on the gas. I am no coward, but I do not know as I would like to meet one of these animals alone upon a dark night. The glare of its eye is terribly suggestive. If history is correct these inoffensive bugs nearly scared the Spanish conquerors of Mexico out of the country; they thought they saw in the woods the distant torches of an innumerable enemy.”

“Yet,” replied Stacy, “the ladies wear them as ornaments, so the travellers say. Fancy a ball-room gleaming with these fires.”

“And since the illumination is proportioned to the agitation, think how they must blaze in a good romping gallop! They would outshine all the diamonds of Mato Grosso, and would be a good deal cheaper, too.”

“They say that the Indians use them to light their way upon their travels. I wonder if it is true.”

“I can understand how these would make excellent flambeaux for a party of savages in an idealistic novel of the Cooper style, but for good solid practice I think the intelligent and unromantic aborigine would prefer the flame of a pine knot.”

“Travellers,” said Chester, “always say that they

have read fine print by this light. Let's take this bug off in a dark corner and try."

"Here is a good, honest oil lamp on the table," replied Robinson. "Why not read your fine print here?"

"But I want to be able to say that I've read it by the light of these beetles."

"Well, can't you say so? What's to hinder?"

"The truth," responded Chester, sturdily.

"My dear boy, after you have knocked around the world long enough to write a book, you will have learned that truth is one of the least of the obstacles that the indefatigable traveller has to encounter and overcome."

The arbor was the lecture-room of the old school-master. There, morning after morning, he ranged his pupils upon a bench, and, seated opposite them, taught them the language of that city upon which their tender hopes made focus—Paris. The Brazilian infant imbibes the French vocabulary and verb with its nurse's milk, and when the benevolent godfather comes to see his pet, he does not catechise it after the manner of the United States, where they inquire how much are seven times nine, what is the capital city of Austria, and how many parts of speech there are; but, touching its nose, he asks what is the French for this, and pointing to its ear, "for this," and kissing its baby mouth, "for this."

Chester joined the class, but, as may be inferred, he did not distinguish himself in either Portuguese or French. One day, after the others were dismissed, the school-master retained him and gave

him a private lesson in the former, which Robinson also listened to with profit.

“My boy,” he said, “you must not say *tombeng* for *tambem*. It is very wrong indeed. And I observe that you pronounce *não* as if it was spelled *now*, and *barão* you render *barow* or *barong*, neglecting that nasal intonation which is so necessary. Strive to correct these faults, and be careful about your terminations for gender. Remember to sound the final syllable. If you wish to say that a thing is white, it is either *branco* or *branca*, and not *branc’*, as you so often say.”

“But nobody uses that last syllable,” protested Chester.

“The educated do, and it is these niceties in the use of language that distinguish the accomplished from the vulgar.”

“But what if a fellow don’t know whether a thing is *branco* or *branca*? How is a man going to remember what gender a telegraph pole is, or a window shutter?”

“I thought that was your reason for saying *ell’* and *est’* and *pret’* and *branc’*. It reminds me of a pupil in French that I once had. He never could remember when to use the acute and when the grave accent over a letter, so, as a compromise, he made the marks all vertical, saying that the reader could lean them to suit himself; he meant them right.”

Chester pondered deeply on hearing this. He was wondering if that was not better than his own system, which was to make all accents acute, and then he would be right half the time on an average.

“Again, you must be cautious in your translations. Do not think that the same word always means the same thing in both languages. If you want to buy a cigar, you call for a *charuto*, not a *cigarro*. This morning you read an account of an accident from the paper. It was headed ‘*Lamentavel Successo*,’ which you rendered ‘Lamentable Success.’ That was very wrong, for successes are not lamentable. The same with *desgraça*, which does not mean ‘disgrace,’ but ‘disaster.’ Now do you know what ‘*Pois não*’ means? It is in very common use.”

“It sounds like a double-barrelled *no*. I would translate it ‘Certainly not,’ ‘By no means.’”

“On the contrary, it is the strongest kind of an affirmative. It signifies ‘Certainly,’ ‘By all means.’ I will tell you a story to impress it on your mind.”

In words of his own he proceeded to relate the following incident:

There was once a young American who went to an evening party at Rio. He was an expert at dancing, but of the language he did not know much more than enough to keep him out of the hands of the police. “Shall I have the pleasure of the first *walsa* with you?” he asked of a young lady.

“*Pois não*,” she answered, and smiled upon him.

“Well, that is blunt enough. She might have drawn her refusal a little more mildly,” he said to himself.

“May I have the honor, etc.,” he asked of another.

“*Pois não*,” she replied.

He was now abashed. He wondered if all of the Brazilian ladies were as rude as these. He went to the mirror to see if he was all right; that is, if there was no whitewash on his back, and no salad in his whiskers. His toilet was irreproachable.

He resolved to try another.

"*Pois não*," was her reply, although she did not seem to look upon him unkindly.

This crushed him completely. He went and stood himself up in the corner and watched the dance begin. When it was nearly done, the hostess came to him and inquired:

"Why are you not dancing?"

"Can't get a partner," he replied, gloomily.

"But have you tried?"

"Three times."

"What did they say?"

"'No, indeed;' every one of them."

"But what did they say, in Portuguese?"

"*Pois não*."

"Stupid! That means 'Yes, indeed.' You have made three engagements. Don't you see them glaring on you? They are mortally offended."

"Oh, Great Scott, what a scrape! I don't want to live any longer."

The old schoolmaster drifted again into personal history, beginning with his boyhood in "Philadelphly," since which time he had wandered hither and thither about the world. At last he married a Brazilian woman and became more stationary. She had died, leaving him two children, a boy and a girl, for whom he was now living.

“Did you notice my daughter?” he asked. “She was the one sitting nearest me. She is only thirteen, but, young as she is, she is exposed to temptation night and day. Before I came here I was tutor at the fazenda of the Baron of Curumarú, but for the safety of my child I was obliged to leave. The house was full of young men, and all of them idle. Idleness is the great curse of this country, and hence its moral tone is very low. With such a priesthood as ours, what else could be expected?”

XXX.

MOUNTAINEERING.

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild woods and the downs,—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind.

—SHELLEY.

IT was high time to come out from their seclusion at Theresopolis and join in the family reunion at the sister village of Petropolis. Though anxious to see her father and little Pauline, Stacy shuddered whenever she thought of Piedade, that dismal house with the insect population, and again and again begged further delay. At last Robinson suggested a trip by the mountain trail to Petropolis.

“It is only thirty miles. We can easily make it in one day,” he assured her.

“Is it really passable?” she inquired, eagerly.

“Barely passable, as the guide said to Napoleon.”

“Then let us advance, as Napoleon said to the guide.”

“It can't be a very rough road,” Chester said, as encouragement. “The Princess went over it once.”

“Oh, well, then I can go easily,” replied Stacy.

“But the Princess had courtiers to smooth her way,” Robinson warned her.

“So have I—you and Chester. Any more would

be an embarrassment of riches. Even you two are sometimes one too many."

"Which one?" asked Chester. But Stacy did not choose to tell.

So their plans were laid, and one cool and cloudy morning they mounted their sturdy mules and said their adieux to their host.

"How kind he is!" remarked Stacy. "He seems really sorry to see us go. I think I saw a tear-drop glisten in his eye."

But Robinson was always misanthropical in the early morning.

"Yes," he growled in reply, "so sorry to lose us—and our board-bills—that I think I caught him counterplotting against me in my efforts to engage this outfit. A deep attachment, indeed."

The drooping foliage, heavy with rain-drops, showered them with malicious dashes as they brushed under it. The winding woodland road went up valleys, across divides, and down other valleys. Here and there were shabby houses and little farms, with fields of corn upon the adjacent hill-sides.

"This doesn't amount to much for scenery," said Robinson, still in an unappreciative mood. "We might as well be at home; they have corn-fields and green woods there. I expected to see something grand to pay us for this trip."

Chester had expected the same.

"Such as tapirs, and Indian girls, and diamond-mines with slaves at work in them, and one darky finding a diamond, and big snakes, and cocoa-nut

trees with monkeys in the top throwing down coconuts at you," added this imaginative boy.

"Don't you see anything marvellous and beautiful in these dense thickets of plant-life by the road-side?" reproachfully asked Stacy. "See, it is all different from what we have at home. For me these peculiar forms of leaf and flower possess a great fascination—or at least they would if I were a botanist," she added, with a strict adherence to truth which did her credit.

"Yes, but we are not botanists," observed Robinson.

"Well, then, consider that corn-field which you have just despised. Do you see near the centre that dead tree, white as a skeleton almost, with the epiphyte all aglow with the color of life clinging to the side of the dry trunk and drooping its tendrils down? It is like a living bud on a dead and withered stalk. I think that you will confess that this is a rare spectacle. You never saw the like of it in a corn-field at home. If I were an artist I would ask no better subject for a painting than this."

Here they caught up with Chester, who had been riding in advance with the guide. He was apparently troubled, and was switching the overhanging leaves sulkily.

"Well, my son, what is the matter with you now?" inquired Robinson.

"That fellow insulted me."

"Indeed. And how was that?"

"He told me that a goose was a goose, and I won't take that from any man."

“Insulted ! I should think so. We’ll have to wash that out in blood. But what in the world ever made him give you that piece of gratuitous information?”

“I was riding along this morning with him when a funny bird, two-thirds bill, like the accommodations at our hotel, flew across the path, and I asked him what it was. After that he told me the name of everything that had wings, just as if we didn’t have birds in our country, and when we passed that house back there, and he told me that a goose was a goose, I couldn’t stand it any longer. But I really would like to know what that is,” continued the boy, pointing to a black butterfly which crossed their route before them.

“That is the omen of disappointed hope,” Robinson informed him. “Having looked upon that dark insect of destiny, your most cherished scheme is bound to fail.”

“I suppose it is all up with me and Balbinda, then,” said the boy sadly.

The already narrow road narrowed into a mountain trail, which zigzagged up the precipitous slope. It was long since it had been travelled, and the matted bamboos and underwood, weakened by the luxury of much rain, had lopped across its course. The guide drew from its sheath on his hip the big knife, half cleaver and half broadsword, without which the Brazilian mountaineer’s outfit is incomplete. With this he hewed a path for them, but his progress was slow, and it was noon when the summit was gained and they found themselves at the highest point of their journey.

They were still within the limits of vegetation and in the shade of the friendly trees, although immediately at their left the stupendous mass of rock arose, so high that it seemed to be one of the substantial pillars of the sky. It was barren of all life except the hardy growth of some strange plant, yucca or cactus, which clung with tenacious roots in the crevices here and there, and which, its white color standing out from the weather-stained brown of the granite, appeared in the distance like scattered sheep upon a hill-side.

In the course of the ups and downs of the afternoon's journey they came to a fazenda, where, upon the porch, was sitting the proprietor.

“*Quer repousar e refrescar?* Won't you rest awhile and take some refreshment?” he called out to Robinson.

The fazendeiro's cordial manner, the comfortable shade of the piazza, the ruddy peaches and the purple grapes, were all very inviting, but Robinson was obliged to express his regrets that the way was yet long before them, and they could not delay.

“Now there was hospitality for you,” said he, as they passed on. “That man's house, isolated and massive as it is, is not his castle, in which to intrench himself against the weary traveller passing by. That man would scorn to make the selfish claim so current in England,—that one's house is his castle; from which it is to be inferred that the Englishman considers all of the outside world as his enemy, and with insolent servants, vigilant keepers, and impenetrable hedges, seeks to keep it at bay. Cas-

ties were all very well in the times of baronial feud and perpetual skirmish, but if England were the civilized country that she pretends to be, she would have no use for them to-day. This Brazilian fazendeiro puts the English gentleman to shame."

"I think you are mistaken, Henry," replied Stacy, hesitating, as she always did when about to advance bold opinions of her own. "It may not be to my credit to say so, but I have sometimes thought that pure and disinterested hospitality, entertaining for the sake of entertaining and not for the hope of recompense, very rarely exists. Selfishness underlies it all, and the reason why this man opened his doors to us was because he was lonesome, wanted a chance to talk, as all Brazilians always do, and had an indistinct idea that we were some important family from abroad, whose acquaintance would do him honor. Who would not be willing to sacrifice a basket of fruit, a bottle of wine, and an hour's time in such a cause?"

"An Englishman wouldn't."

"Neither would a New Yorker, perhaps. That's because these countries are so thickly populated that their people have no time to get lonesome and no need to call in strangers; and inns for the traveler's rest are so numerous that private families do not feel the duty of hospitality incumbent upon them."

"Ah, California is the place where the latch-string is out," mused Robinson. "And the poorer the shanty, the heartier the welcome."

"Certainly. That's what I have said. Hospi-

tality increases as the population diminishes. Backwoodsmen are always hospitable, because new faces are a rarity and welcome."

"I am going to stop at the next invitation I get, and stay there," Chester declared. "I can't go much farther. This saddle is getting too awful hard. I've a notion to get the guide to strap me on that pack-mule, like a Mazeppa in a theatre. Wouldn't I make a sensation, galloping madly into Petropolis in that style?"

"I, too, expect to create a sensation in Petropolis," said Robinson, "but in another way. This rural mule of mine stops to bray at every sign of civilization, as if he were astonished at the world's progress; and I just know that when we get into the heart of the city, before some stately palace in whose windows young ladies as beautiful as odalisques lean and wonder who is that knightly personage riding by, this ill-bred beast of mine will plant himself in the street, point his nose to high heaven, and heehaw till the policeman comes. I know the brute is going to act just that way. I can feel him brooding over it. And thus will the knightly personage be transformed into a statue of Don Quixote, the princesses of the palace will giggle, and our pageantry will be shorn of its glory."

The mountain trail broadened into a country road, and from this, at dusk, they emerged upon the magnificent highway which leads away into the mining regions of the interior, and which, since the construction of its rivals, the railways, must have proved a true *Via Dolarosa* to its stockholders.

Henceforth it was easy riding. They were now almost in the suburbs of Petropolis. By the side of the little river, which they were ascending, the cottages became thicker. Their occupants, fair-haired and red-cheeked people, the descendants of the first families of this old German colony, greeted them as they passed by. The evening air was rich and heavy with the cool fragrance of the great white lilies which bowed their heads over the rushing water. They came to oddly painted country houses, seeming out of place upon the streets of this little city, and caught glimpses of others that were stowed away in the romantic nooks of the adjacent valleys. The Emperor's palace, a mass of yellow wall, loomed up from its beautiful surroundings of roses and lawn. The wayward river, which they were following, was now speeding smoothly along the rock floors of its artificial channel, into which the engineers had constrained it. Upon each border stood an umbrageous row of willow trees, throwing their shade half upon the water and half upon the parallel drives of this avenue up which they were riding to their journey's end.

All Petropolis was in the windows or on the streets. The people had on their holiday dress and manners. Carriages rolled by, and the riders in them turned to look with curious eyes upon the strange and travel-worn procession.

"It is evident that they are not accustomed to have tourists enter this resort by the back-door," remarked Robinson, using every endeavor to present

a respectable appearance and calm down the astonishment of his mule.

Not till the next Saturday did the Colonel and Pauline arrive. Then they came up with the great concourse of fathers, sons, and brothers who repair to the mountains at the end of the week to escape the mosquitoes and enjoy the luxury of a Sunday with their families. Stacy, Robinson, and Chester took a horseback ride up to the summit to meet the new-comers. They found themselves members of a large cavalcade, gathering there for the same purpose of friendly greeting. As carriage after carriage of the approaching procession toiled painfully to the mountain-top and rolled smoothly away on the down grade of the Petropolis slope, welcomes were given, handkerchiefs waved, and kisses thrown. "How is the fever?" asked the ladies, while the gentlemen inquired for the latest news from the European war and coffee markets. At last came a coach upon whose box sat the Colonel, with Pauline in his arms, as usual. Inside was Jaquenetta, enveloped in bundles and very uncomfortable under the impression that two young Brazilians on the front seat were making facetious remarks about her. The reunion was now complete.

Rides, walks, and picnics followed each other in rapid succession during the first few days. Then the interest began to flag as the influence of the climate and the example of their fellow-creatures produced their effect. At last, when Stacy suggested to Robinson a morning promenade into the surrounding mountains, she was met by open rebellion.

“No, Stacy, I won’t go,” he declared. “Do you know that we Americans are making ourselves conspicuous by this perpetual motion of ours? People are beginning to talk about us. It is not in good taste to gad about in the way we do.”

“What is in good taste, then? To sleep all day?”

“Yes, and sit on these rustic benches under the willow trees and listen to the running water. That is considered the perfection of good breeding.”

“The perfection of laziness!” she replied, scornfully.

“Besides, it isn’t healthy. Haven’t you heard the Brazilian maxim of hygiene — never to go out to walk when it rains or when the sun shines, rain and sun being equally injurious?”

“Then what are parasols and water-proofs made for?”

“For errand-girls who go to market; not for fine ladies like you.”

“But you must go with me this morning to see our favorite *cascatinha*. I want to see how it looks after the rain.”

“Anywhere but there, Stacy. Since I received that crushing rebuke from Senhor Indolente the other day I have sworn off from water-falls altogether. I wouldn’t take a five minutes’ walk to see Paulo Affonso itself.”

“What rebuke was that?” asked Stacy.

“Didn’t I tell you? It was the morning that we were going out to the falls of Itamarity. As I was drawing on my gloves I remarked to Senhor Indo-

lente, in that superior way which travellers adopt toward those who stay at home, that we were going for a morning's ride to the cataract in question. He looked at me in the greatest astonishment. 'Did you never see a water-fall before?' he said. 'Why, I have seen two.' The superiority was all on his side then, but I hastened to assure him that I also had had some experience in the cascade line, having seen at least three or four in the course of my short but eventful life. His astonishment was then greater than ever. 'Then why do you go to this one?' he asked. 'If you have seen one, you have seen all. One water-fall is just like another. Simply a combination of water, rock, and trees, with more or less moss and ferns.' I persisted in going, however, as I had made a solemn engagement to take you there, and, what was still more important, I had already hired the horses. Indolente shook his head gravely when he saw us depart, and from that moment he seemed to lose all faith in the practical nature of the Yankees, for here was one of them wasting a great deal of energy to visit a cascata when he had already seen three or four. His scorn pierced my soul, and I will never go to another."

XXXI.

THE VALLEY AND SHADOW.

Slow it behoveth our descent to be,
So that the sense be first a little used
To the sad blast, and then we shall not heed it.

—DANTE.

UPON the shores of the monotony of Petropolis there broke an occasional wave of excitement from Rio, where, between the ceremonies of funeral and mass, the people were preparing for the approaching carnival. Chester read the mystic announcements in the daily papers, listened with eagerness to every scrap of news upon the subject, and longed to be there. Robinson, who yet possessed some of the restless and adventurous spirit of youth, shared in his curiosity, and, fever or no fever, would have welcomed any excuse to go to Rio.

At last it came. The Colonel said that his affairs again required his presence in the city below, and he thought he would go down by the morning stage. Chester and Robinson, hearing this, exchanged a significant glance.

“Can’t I transact your business for you?” asked Robinson. “I would be only too happy to save you the discomforts of such a trip.”

“With my assistance?” added Chester.

“But I’m afraid to let you young fellows go.

You are too reckless. You would catch the fever if it tried to get away from you."

"Oh, there's no danger," Robinson assured him. "We'll be careful. We'll go up among the hills to live."

"And never touch a banana," said Chester.

"I'll swear off from brandy punches," continued Robinson.

"I'll take a Cockle's pill every day," said Chester, not to be outdone.

"We'll never get into a perspiration and cool off suddenly."

"It's the good that die young," Chester went on. "We'll be careful not to be too good, even if it does cost us a pang."

"We'll never go out in the morning air without first taking a cup of coffee and a roll."

Assured by these and many other solemn promises, the Colonel finally consented that Robinson and Chester might be his proxy to represent him at Rio.

Bright and early in the morning, so early that they almost missed Stacy's parting gift of flowers, they started on their eventful journey. The mountain air was cool and bracing, and their hearts were light. Arriving at the summit, they saw before them the grand spectacle of a rich forest sloping abruptly down into the sea of fog below. At their feet was a medley of brushwood and vine, tree and creeper, in which the vegetation of late summer was prominent, and from whose prevailing green the flame of the Flower of Lent shone gaudily, with here and there

the hardly less brilliant coloring of a belated Flower of Christmas.

Farther down, and the mountain's skirt of verdure was lost in the heavy mist, which, white as a waste of snow, covered the bay and valley of Rio de Janeiro, and with a regular shore-line of its own lay against the surrounding hills. Like the black heads of serpents, peering above the water, stood the lofty caps of the Sugar Loaf and the islands of its vicinity. Like the horizon of the sea itself was the meeting of the distant sky with this second ocean above the first, of which it seemed to be the unsubstantial ghost.

"We'll need a diving-bell and an umbrella before we get to the bottom of this hill," thought Robinson.

He was mistaken. The mist, like the rainbow which rests upon it, flies before him who approaches it.

One after another, the carriages of the caravan stopped at the summit, and brakes were applied for the descent of the mountain, along whose steep slope the road tacked in its search for an easy grade. Looking over the parapet, the travellers could see other carriages a half-mile in advance, yet so circuitous was the route that they were scarcely more than a stone's throw beneath them. Without dust in the drought and without mud in the rainy season, with terraces above and safety-walls below, this stone highway over the mountains and through the wilderness is rivalled by few of the pleasure-drives of the world, and by few works of engineering since the times of the old Roman road-makers.

It connected at the foot of the mountain with a short railway upon which the travellers were whirled across the valley to the bay, where a trim little steamer was waiting to carry them to Rio. Disembarking at the wharf there, Robinson worked his nose in disgust, and remarked :

“It’s the same familiar old smell, only worse and more complicated. How sweet and fresh that air was upon the mountains. Shut your mouth and hold your nose, Chester. Breathe through your ears, if possible. This atmosphere should be well filtered before taken in. You might as well expect a trout to flourish in a horse-pond as for a civilized being to retain any vigor of body, mind, or soul in this air.”

For a few days Robinson and Chester were cautious, but finally curiosity got the better of discretion, and they decided to take a walk through the town, to see how the preparations for the three days of social chaos were progressing. By keeping upon the shady side of the street always, and suspending respiration in passing certain localities peculiarly pestilential, they hoped to escape all evil consequences of this temerity.

They strolled into the theatres to see the banners, statuary, foliage, and other decorations for the masked balls. In the shops of the artificers they saw the gigantic framework and the hidden mysteries of the grotesque conceptions designed for the street parades. Once they came to a building painted black, red, and green, in balmoral stripes. It was the club-house of the Lieutenants of the Devil, a

body of young men, very disreputable it is to be feared, who contribute largely to the antics and success of the carnival. From the open windows of this building a deafening tumult issued. It was the mingled rubadub and rataplan of numerous bass and kettle-drums, pounded with a vigor of muscle rarely displayed in this climate, and played without regard to time, unison, or anything except mere volume of noise. To the boyish ears of Chester this was amusing. Robinson, however, expressed no approval. He was distracted and reticent.

“He is homesick; he is thinking of Stacy,” said Chester to himself with pleasure. “The plot thickens.”

But it was not that.

At the next café they entered and sat down. Robinson rested his forehead in his two hands and was lost in solemn thought. Then, in a half-crazed way, he reached around behind his back and clutched at something that was not there; he felt as if the demon of pain was clinging to his shoulders and taking his life away.

“What’s the matter, Rob? What makes you act so queer?”

“There’s no use talking, Chester, I’ve got it.”

This remark may seem a little indefinite in print, but it was enough for Chester.

“I was afraid that that beer on ice was not good for you. I’ll run for some castor-oil,” said he, starting up without delay.

“Better get a carriage and take me home,” said Robinson.

“I’ll do both.”

In a few moments he returned and displayed a good-sized bottle of castor-oil. If Chester knew any one thing better than another, it was that this was the first step to take in a case of yellow fever. Not in vain had he seen, upon the dressing-tables of young men, an array of strange and hitherto unheard-of varieties of physic, outnumbering by far the toilet waters and tooth-washes usually found in such places. Not in vain had he listened to the conversation of old folks at the dinner-table, as they discussed the most painless manner of taking a dose of castor-oil, and decided upon the cold-coffee method, in which one layer of oil is hidden in a cup between two layers of coffee.

Chester called to the waiter for some cold coffee. There was none ; it was all piping hot, as, in the waiter’s opinion, all coffee ought to be. If desired, he would put some in the refrigerator.

But there was no time for cooling processes.

“You’ll have to take it straight, Rob. Step back into one of these boxes out of sight, and down with about half of this.”

Robinson shuddered.

“Has it come to this ?” he groaned. “There are some indignities that are worse than death, and for a great strong man to dose himself with that juvenile stuff is one of them. I won’t do it.”

He brushed the medicine away.

“Yes, you will. Down with it !” repeated Chester, imperatively. “I am responsible for you now, and I haven’t been studying up the yellow-fever treat-

ment for the last six months for nothing. Down with it, old fellow! It's an awful bad place to be buried out at Caju. You know how it is. They take you up after you've been there five years and throw you in a heap."

Robinson bravely tilted the bottle and drank from it. The fluid flowed lazily into his mouth, as if to prolong his agony.

"That's enough. How did it taste?"

"I didn't taste it," replied Robinson stupidly.

Chester shook his head dubiously. His patient was either very ill or very badly scared.

"How do you feel now?"

"Feel? There's a stratum of my brain across here," drawing his finger across his forehead, "that is all on fire with pain. It isn't an ache; it is pain, deadly pain, and that is the way I feel all up and down my back and legs. It's been coming on me all day, but, as you say, it's probably that iced beer that hurried the business up. And then I was so careless as to yawn once and draw a full breath; that was enough to kill a man."

"Those are the symptoms," replied Chester, with all the gravity and solicitude of a family physician. "But take it cool, Rob. Remember that you've always calculated that two out of every three recover from the yellow fever. Now, you are only one. Why, both of us together are only two."

"Yes, but that rule works both ways. One out of every three dies, you know; and I am one. I don't want you to think that I am in a funk, Chester, but I'm bound to confess that that one chance for

Caju looks a good deal bigger than my two chances for the United States. I never before imagined how one could seem bigger than two. Oh, my head, my head! Put your hand on it, Chester."

"It's as hot as that pavement. Come, don't wait any longer."

"I always said I would go to a hospital if the fever struck me."

"No you don't. You are my prisoner now, and I am going to take you right back upon the hill, among the English and Americans. We are going to forget all about the Revolutionary War, and all that sort of thing, and we're going to pull you through if it takes a dozen mustard plasters. Driver, to No. 401 Rua da Princeza Imperial!"

"For God's sake, don't tell the folks at Petropolis."

"Trust me for that. I'll keep them amused."

The mists of fever and pain were already forming a cloud over Robinson's eyes; yet to this day he remembers how the trivial objects of the route impressed him as they were rapidly wheeled along. He saw the crowd of wrangling water-carriers at the public beaker; the same crippled dog which he had stepped over so often was still extended across the pavement; upon the walls of the deserted opera-house there was a flaunting advertisement of the bull-fight for the next Sunday. "Will I ever see these things again?" he wondered.

Once—he confessed it long afterward—he was seized by a generous impulse to draw forth his watch and give it to Chester, as some recognition of the

boy's kindness to him, and as a memento by which he should be remembered after he was dead and gone ; but then a sober second thought told him that he might recover, and might live to regret this premature legacy, and so he desisted.

XXXII.

BLANKETS AND ACONITE.

Shall we drink aconite?—MRS. BROWNING.

She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm,—
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm.—POE.

ARRIVING at home, Chester assisted Robinson to his room and into bed, piling the blankets of a winter's night over him, and then he sat down at the head of the couch and waited for the doctor to come. It might be long to wait, for in those busy times the physician was working twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and when he did sleep, it was in his tilbury or on the street-car, or, if at home, with the door-bell ringing in his ears; he must be a Napoleon in endurance to live through the season.

Chester walked from the bed to the window, and from the window back to the bed again. He laid his cool hand upon Robinson's forehead. It was flushed and burning, and without moisture. Would the doctor never come?

At last he arrived, himself haggard from travel and want of sleep.

"I fear it's going hard with him," said he, after giving Robinson an inspection. "He is a strong,

full-blooded man, and that redness about the eyes looks ominous."

He commended Chester's forethought. His action was all that could be desired. In addition to the boy's precautions the doctor prescribed the usual preparation of aconite, gave some general directions, spoke a few hopeful words to the patient, and departed. But first he asked how many thicknesses of covering there were on him.

"Three," replied Chester.

"Give him another blanket. It's always best to be on the safe side."

The young men of the house began to drop in, in order to volunteer their services for the watches through the night. The first one leisurely picked his teeth—it was after dinner—felt of Robinson's forehead, and said :

"It is pretty dry. You'd better put on another blanket."

"He has four now, and the thermometer outside here is at ninety-one."

"Better do it. It's always best to be on the safe side."

In a few moments another entered and said :

"Keep him well covered up. You'd better give him another blanket while you're at it."

"But there are five on him already."

"It can't do any harm, and it's always best to be on the safe side."

A third adviser soon appeared.

"You've got to start that perspiration," he said. "Spread another blanket over him."

“But they’re six deep now,” protested Chester.

“It’s always best to be on the safe—”

Then Robinson spoke up, like a mummy from his wrappings, and said :

“Is this infernal nonsense ever going to stop ?”

At these words they gathered around him, and one or two sat down upon the edge of the bed, to hold the blankets down, they said. One of them, who had taken a little too much wine at dinner, indulged in reminiscences.

“Two years ago,” said he, “when the fever was so bad, I found myself feeling just as you do, one morning, and I scooted right off to the mountains. If I hadn’t done it, I would be a dead man to-day, sure. It’s a pity you ever came down here. But then, you haven’t got the yellow fever—Lord, no, old fellow; not the first symptom of it. We’ll have you out again to-morrow or next day, livelier than ever.”

Then they, like veterans fighting their battles over again, rehearsed the ravages of the yellow fever in other years. They told each other of the entire family that perished within a week ; of the business house whose doors were closed because its people were all dead; of the ship lying idle in the harbor because its crew were no more; of the young woman who was so violent on the approach of death that she had to be locked alone in a room whose floor was carpeted with mattresses; of the young man who, having read his death-warrant in the doctor’s face, calmly called for his papers, and sorted out and burned such letters of his correspondence as he

wished to die with him; and the thousand and one other stories which are current in Rio, and which are brought up at the dinner-table, at the grave, and even, as in this case, at the patient's bedside. It was not a judicious subject of conversation, perhaps, but then they did not fail to acquit their consciences by assuring Robinson that he had not a shadow of a symptom of this disease.

"What does the doctor say is the matter with me?" he found strength to ask.

"It's only a little touch of the prevailing fever."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, the fever that's going around."

Robinson closed his eyes and relapsed into his former stupor. But he still had life enough to hear one of his friends say to another, in low tones:

"That reminds me of the evasive language of the life insurance agent. He never speaks of a person's dying, but refers to the contingency of his being 'taken away.' It sounds better."

The patient changed but little through the night, but that little was for the worse. The young men of the house took turns in sitting by his side. To while away the hours they read Balzac and Boccaccio, stray volumes of which books were at that time passing around. As the man on vigil turned the leaves he laughed quietly to himself. Unusually rich passages were marked for the benefit of the next watch. Once his chuckle was louder than usual, and he could not refrain from calling out:

"I say, Robinson, here's something pretty good."

He read the extract aloud, but no applause re-

warded him. The sick man writhed under his blankets in disgust. He wondered that he could ever have read those books and smiled. He wondered if such stuff would ever please him again, if he should get well. It is an established fact that the tastes of the moribund are not of the earth, earthy.

No, the conduct of this watcher was not heartless and inhuman. He was noble and self-sacrificing, for he gave up his comfort and his sleep and exposed his life freely to disease, though he must take his light literature along with him. In times like these it is too much to expect any person to feel a great pang of sorrow over an individual sick-bed. The human heart can sympathize only so much, and when its sympathies must be distributed over the community, the individual gets small share. It is the rarity of death which makes it impressive. After all, to be philosophical, what is one man's life more or less, when so many are dying? and when half of your friends die and half of them live, why is it worth the turn of a copper whether you go or stay? This feeling accounts largely for the non-chalance displayed in the city of pestilence and on the field of battle.

“Here's to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!”

sang the British officer in the depths of the prison. The tales of the Decameron were told by people in imminent danger from the plague. “Who's next?” abruptly said a gentleman on his way home from the cemetery in Rio. “Is the

grave a barber's chair, that you should ask such a question?" was the reply.

"A very ludicrous thought has just occurred to me," said another, on an occasion similar to the above. "There's Larkin, he was buried to-day, and Amesbury yesterday. They were great cronies, you know, equal to Orestes and Pylades. Now, Larkin did not know that his friend was dead or even seriously ill; they did not dare to tell him. Won't he be astonished when he gets over there, somewhere beyond the Styx, where the asphodel grows, and finds Amesbury in ahead of him? 'Why, bless me, chum,' I imagine I hear him say, 'how you surprise me! When did you come?'"

All of this seemed especially strange and sad to Chester, who, what other attendants might come and go, was steadfast in his presence through that long first night. Once he leaned out of the open window and wondered to himself why it was that the world was so cruel and thoughtless. Why, on this night of all nights, when his friend was perhaps dying, should the glittering and discordant city at his feet continue its mad carousals? What right had half of the world to be merry when the other half was in mourning?

Over all was the pale serenity of the moonlit summer sky; below was a sabbat of noise and confusion. A band of music, not yet fully in accord, was practising for the carnival to come. In another quarter the stertorous panting of a great brass horn was heard; this, with a solitary flute, whose feeble notes could scarcely be heard, constituted the

orchestra of a negro ball, in a little shanty at the foot of the hill, where, in all sobriety, with never a smile on their faces and never a word on their lips, four African couples were patiently dancing the night away. Chester had often seen them, for they gathered periodically at that place to practise their laborious merry-making. He wondered if they really enjoyed this solemn exercise, from which as from some more pretentious entertainments, the dignity crowded out all of the fun; he wondered if the man at the horn was not tired, and why the neighbors did not charitably kill him and put him out of his misery.

At eleven o'clock a troubadour of great endurance, seated safely in his own back yard, began to rehearse a ditty which lasted until three in the morning. It was a song of only two lines in length, but it was repeated a hundred times at least; it is astonishing how much self-gratification a low-class Brazilian can derive from a simple couplet of verses and a simple strain of music, sung until sleep or daylight overtakes him. What was peculiarly aggravating in this melody was its decrescendo die-away ending, which encouraged the illusive hope that each repetition was its last.

At half-past one a shirted figure, exasperated beyond all endurance, appeared at the window over Chester's head.

"*Cala a boca!* Shut your mouth!" he yelled to this indefatigable disturber of the public repose.

Then there came the rattle of an oyster-can as it rolled down the rocky cliff, and the jingle of broken

glass from the wine-bottle which followed after. This emphatic protest produced a transient respite, but it was not long before the voice began again with renewed vigor; its owner had probably been in for refreshment.

And the dogs — it seemed as if they had never before been so noisy and numerous. They barked at the moon, at the shadows, at the policemen, and at each other. They barked for hate, for love, for desire, for their own amusement; had they not been quietly asleep upon the sidewalk all day, and therefore had they not a right to their nocturnal communions? They barked singly and by groups, while ever and anon there was a snarl and turbulence of sound, telling of a conflict in which great numbers were implicated. Whenever two dogs begin a fight in Rio — an event which is of frequent occurrence — all others within hearing distance gather to this spot, on the full run, and with their jaws open. As they approach they take in the situation at a glance, see which is the under and weaker dog, and hasten to tear him to pieces in their wrath. And, by the way, the policeman bears a wonderful resemblance to the dogs in this respect.

So wore the night away. The moon went down. The small hours of morning, so fatal to fever patients, came and passed. Robinson's condition began to change. He became restless, shook off his stupor, and tried to do the same with his blankets. He evinced an inclination to talk, but instead of a lucid conversation it was the senseless chatter of delirium.

When the doctor came again, he saw Chester's careworn look, and divined the truth that he had been up all night. He reproved him sharply, but the boy shook his head and answered :

"I am responsible for him now."

"I wish you were in Petropolis. Does your family know of this affair?"

"No, indeed; nor they won't. I wrote them a letter last night to fool them. I didn't know I could write such a funny letter."

"You don't look like a master of humorous literature just at present."

"Doctor, did you ever hear of the clown who played in the pantomime when his little child was lying dead at home? The people had never seen him so amusing as he was then. Well, that was the way with me last night."

"But I tell you that you must sleep to-night," said the physician, with the authority of his profession. "And you must get out of this room and forget it for a few hours to-day. There are plenty of others to take your place. If you don't, you will be the next one down."

Then Chester forgot that he had been playing the man, and his boy's nature asserted itself again.

"What if I do get it?" he asked. "Yellow fever is nothing to be ashamed of, is it? And when I go back to New York I can tell those fellows something that will astonish them. There's Bouncer Brown, and Ed Winslow, and the others; they never had anything more respectable than the mumps and such baby complaints. Oh, I guess they'll envy me."

The doctor sighed over this case of mistaken ambition, and resumed his writing.

“Richard,” called out Robinson, addressing some imaginary friend or servant, “Richard, who worked those shadow-pictures in this canopy?”

Chester went to him. He was gazing up at the drapery of mosquito netting which fell around him.

“Keep quiet, Rob. There are no pictures there; only some rough excuses for roses in the lace.”

“Yes, there are pictures, I tell you. Ah, what a beautiful tracery! It must have been a genius who designed it. I wonder that I never noticed it before. But then, I never was a genius before to-day, and it takes genius to—to—it takes—They are skating there, don’t you see? And around the edge of the pond there is a road where a couple are sleigh-riding. I wonder who that is with me in the sleigh.”

“Is it Stacy?” asked Chester.

“Yes, it’s Stacy. Where is Stacy? Tell her to come here. I love Stacy. I want her to lay her hand on my head. It is so cool and soft and refreshing. It is like a flower. But the flowers are all gone now, and the meadows are all covered with snow. No, the meadows have vanished, and there are the mountains. It looks like the Sierras. It must be awful cold there in winter. See, even the water-fall is frozen up, and the spray is frozen on the pine-trees, and there is an overhanging cliff with frost on the rocks, and icicles hanging down. Let me get one,” and he drew his faded hand from underneath the clothing.

“Put that hand back!” said Chester, sternly.

Robinson cowered and obeyed, moaning piteously the while.

“His mind runs to cold weather,” said the doctor. “Give him all the ice he wants.”

“I do. He takes more than a cream freezer. It melts in his mouth as if it was a stove-oven. It seems as if he can’t get enough. Crazy as he is, I think he knows that it comes from home.”

“Yes, it comes from home,” muttered Robinson. “It comes from Maine. I know. I was there. There is the map of Maine,” added he, looking at a certain portion of the curtain. “It is bounded on the north by New Jersey—no, it’s Spain, where you see the man with the dancing-bear. Why don’t those two men finish their duel and be done with it? One has been sticking the other with his sword and the other has been falling over backward ever since yesterday morning. Why don’t he die? Why don’t he die? Why—don’t—he—die? Oh, it makes me so nervous.”

“Withdraw those curtains, or he will wear his brain out with raving,” was the doctor’s advice.

Chester did so, and the sick man’s eye rested on the blank white wall of the room. His brow contracted with a frown of displeasure.

“I must have that wall papered over again,” he resumed. “Everything is crooked there now. The shepherd boy’s nose is growing out of his chin, and the rose is growing on the orange-tree, and the priest’s plug hat is over one ear. It’s all because the paper-hanger hadn’t a mathematical eye. Hear me, ye walls!” he cried, throwing his blankets

aside and gesticulating like a school-boy. "Hear me, ye walls! Death, *death*, DEATH to the paper-hanger that hath not a mathematical eye!"

"He is getting violent," said the doctor. "You will have to call in a stronger arm than yours to hold him down."

XXXIII.

THE BOY NURSE.

And none of you will bid the winter come
And thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burned bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

—SHAKESPEARE.

“**D**ID I have it bad, Chester?”

“First-cla—yes; that is, dreadful bad. The landlord was down town pricing some coffins; or, at least, he said it was about time to do so. And do you know, Rob, I've learned something awful since you've been sick. They keep gorgeous coffins for rent here in Brazil, and if the corpse—or his friends—want to put on style, they carry him to the grave in one of these, and then they bury him in an ordinary box and bring the gilt-edged affair back to the undertaker. How is that for sham? But we weren't going to give you a second-hand funeral,” added Chester, apologetically.

“Everything seems so strange and new to me,” said Robinson, in a weak voice. “How kind you have been to me, Chester!”

“Oh, I'm only one out of half a dozen. All the fel-

lows chipped in cheerfully, and helped to sit down on you when you would persist in kicking the blankets off and getting up to put your duster on; you had some business up at Albany, you said."

"How kind they have been to me. I will never forget it. Tell me who they are. I will have them down to the *Globo* for dinner about next week."

"Oh, everybody, Americans and English alike; and there's Laddie MacLair, he is Scotch, and The Flapper is Irish. That Gregory is an ingenious chap. He's got an idea for an affair which he calls the Perspiration Promoter, and he's just been aching to get you into it. He wanted to set you up in a chair and hang the blankets around you and build a fire under you, like you was a balky horse or a Fox's martyr."

"The bloodthirsty Englishman!" groaned Robinson. "It was his ancestors that shot the poor Sepoy from the cannon's mouth."

"But when it came to the crisis, Gregory was right at home. He has had the yellow fever twice himself, and it doesn't scare him much. When you were going it wild, and striking out from both shoulders, and tearing the mustard plasters off as fast as we could put them on, and when we were all scared and weeping, and wondering who would get your fish-rod and dressing-case, Gregory took hold of you and stroked you down as if you were a little baby. You had to surrender, even if he was an Englishman."

"But I am well now. I can throw off these things now."

“No, sir; not a bit of it. The back-bone of your fever is broken, but there is a little left yet.”

“I don’t believe it. I am steaming to death in here. I am coming out.”

He produced a hand from beneath the coverings. It was white and limp and without strength.

“There is what is left of me.” he said, reproachfully.

“Put that back, or I won’t be responsible for you,” commanded Chester. “I know all about yellow fever now. It’s a deceitful game. It has a grand tussle with you at first and tries to kill you by main strength, and if it can’t do that it goes off and sits down and waits its chance. Then you get bold, just as you are now, and you get up and foolish around. You catch cold, the fever comes back and pounces on you again, and you die in about three hours and twenty minutes.”

“Nonsense. Some old woman has been talking to you. I tell you I’m as well as ever I was. I want to get up and get into my summer clothes again.”

Chester tried another kind of argument. He went to the window and looked out, and as he did so he casually remarked:

“I see they are burying that man Buckingham this afternoon. You knew him? He lived across the way there, and was taken down just before you.”

“I didn’t know he was dead.”

“Oh, yes; died three o’clock this morning. Is to be buried at five this afternoon.”

“But they were having a good time over there last night. I heard the piano from here.”

“Just so. They were celebrating his recovery. As you say, the music was a-going and the wine it was a-flowing. But the celebration was a little premature. *He got up too soon.*”

From the corner of his eye Chester saw Robinson subside under the blankets like a turtle into his shell. The boy chuckled to himself.

“I thought that would fetch him. They told me not to tell him about Buckingham; it might scare him. That’s just what he needs. After this I’ll hunt through the papers to find a new dead man every day.”

The boy was proud of his success.

“Wonder if I hadn’t better make medicine my profession?” he thought.

“Chester,” said Robinson, “I wish you would draw the covering over my shoulder. I think it is exposed to the air.”

A plenteous dew of perspiration began to form again on the sick man’s forehead.

“Oh, Chester,” he moaned, “you can’t imagine how mean I feel down in this steaming mess.”

“I’ll bet it isn’t half so disagreeable as one of those Brazilian coffins, the same shape all the way down, as if a man’s feet were as broad as his shoulders.”

“Isn’t it about time for some more of that aconite? Don’t forget the hour. And while you are about it, just flirt that aspergill of carbolic acid around the room again. Here, let me smell of it. Oh, the de-

licious stuff!" said he, inhaling a long draught. "It seems to be just what I need. It is better than water to a thirsty man. It seems to clear the fever out of my system, and to refresh me more than wine or the smell of the pine-woods. And to think that I ever should have despised it for an unpleasant odor!"

"There's one man who doesn't share your fondness for it, and that is Park Taylor. Oh, it's an awful good joke. Are you strong enough to hear it now?"

"Anything to make me forget my misery."

"You see, Taylor keeps an atomizer of perfume on his toilet-stand, and a few days ago when I was prowling around the house I found it and thought I would make it useful. There was about a spoonful of oriza-flowers in it then, and I filled it up with carbolic acid and brought it down here to sprinkle your hair and pillow with, and to make the mosquitoes sneeze, and to have fun with it generally. Yesterday that darky Pedro was in here fixing the room, and he found this bottle, and knew it belonged to Taylor, and so he took it back. In the evening Taylor came home again, half tight as usual, and after dinner he concluded to polish up and make the rounds of the town. He's great on perfumery, you know, and before he started he took his oriza bottle and gave his beard and hair and the lapel of his coat a good sprinkling. Of course he made a sensation wherever he went. He said he smelled carbolic acid in the street-car and along the pavement and everywhere else; but he didn't

pay much attention to it, except to suppose it was a sanitary regulation of the city. When he got to the club, one of the fellows asked him if he was disinfecting his character, and another told him he had better skip to Friburgo without farther delay; he probably wouldn't keep much longer in this climate. He thought that perhaps these were good jokes, but as he had been drinking a little he couldn't exactly see the point to them. After that, he went to call on a young lady; but what happened there he will never tell us. We only know that he was dreadful anxious to kill somebody when he came home."

"Chester," said Robinson, in feeble tones, "I wish you would do me a favor. I want you to hunt up my revolver and load it and shoot the first man who comes in to ask me how I feel. I feel bad, of course. They might know that without asking."

"I'll write a bulletin every hour and post it up outside, just as they did when the Princess was sick," Chester assured him. "I'll get up the first one now, and say that you are well enough to growl again; a very favorable symptom."

"Do so. But have you written to Petropolis yet?"

"Almost every day."

"What did you say?"

"Everything but the truth. But I can't keep this thing up much longer. I have told so many lies that it is giving me the nightmare."

"What did you tell them?"

"All about the carnival and the adventures we had there."

“Did you go?”

“No, but I read about it in the papers, and got the other fellows to tell me about it, and imagined the rest. I described the processions and the masked ball at the opera-house. I said we bought three dozen *bisnagas* apiece, and went around the streets squirting everybody in the eye with Florida water. And, what do you think? Stacy wrote me that there was a pretty girl up there who squirted a *bisnaga* in the Emperor’s face, and he smiled and took it gracefully. Stacy says that all men are equal before the *bisnaga*—”

“And the pretty girls,” added Robinson. It was evident that his health was improving.

“You’ve got to help me get up to-day’s letter,” said Chester. “Tell me some startling adventure. And they’re awful anxious to know why you don’t write. What shall I say?”

“Don’t tell the truth yet. They will be down here to see me if you do. Make up some reasonable excuse.”

“But I can’t. I’m exhausted. It’s as hard for me to tell a lie as it is for some persons to tell the truth.”

Robinson mused awhile.

“Say that we went down town together, and went into a masquerade ball, and I got into trouble.”

“That sounds too suspicious.”

“Oh, say anything. Say the roof caved in. Say I haven’t got the flour washed out of my hair yet. Say there was a Damon and Pythias there, and they

got into a row—and one of them accidentally—hit me with his club—and bruised—my thumb.”

Robinson fell back exhausted.

“O Chester, Chester! Don’t set me to inventing lies the moment I’m rescued from the jaws of death. Say anything you please.”

After much deliberation and chewing of his penholder, Chester produced the following communication to his family :

“DEAR FOLKS : I suppose I have got to write to you again to-day but I hate to take the time for it because there’s fun here till you can’t rest. I took a walk last night with Rob and there was lots of little red devils about my size on the street with long tails. One of them squawked a plam-leaf horn in my ear and I accidently trod on his tail. He got mad and jerked off his red mask and tied his tail around his waste and was a going to thrash me but I told him I guess he had better not and so he thought he wouldnt. As we were going down the Ouvidor some folks in the window poured flour down on us till we looked like a snow-storm. Then a trecherous woman away up on the third floor of the Hotel Ravot hung a paper bag full of water out of the window and when I got exactly under she let it drop. It hit me fair on the head and bursted like a boom-shell and spoiled my hat and made the flour all dough. I had to come home bare-headed in the hot sun and that baked the dough and I could have sold my head for a loaf of bread if I had wanted too. Father I wish you would send me ten milreis to get a new hat with. I don’t care

how I look for myself for I am not proud but when I go through the city the folks all come to the door and say there goes Colonel Smith's son. You keep asking me why Rob don't write. I didn't want to tell you the truth before because I was in hopes he would get over it. When we were at the mask ball he got acquainted with a pretty girl and now he don't have any time for writing any letters except to her. He goes to see her every day. She is awful pretty though if I am a judge and I guess I am. I expect he will bring her with him to Petropolis when we come next week and then you can see for yourself. My sheet of paper is full and I must stop. Kisses to Polly.

Your son and brother, CHESTER SMITH."

Chester read this letter over so as to correct any mistakes into which his pen might have inadvertently fallen, and his eyes glistened with satisfaction when he came to the ruse with which he explained away Robinson's silence.

"There," he thought, "that's the best I've done yet. That will stop Stacy's bothersome questions. He might run for six months without writing now and she'd never ask the reason why."

Happily the lovers were not doomed to a half-year of this misunderstanding. In another week Robinson was able to sit at his desk and write in straggling words the truth about his condition, past and present, and to say that on the following day he would follow his letter to Petropolis.

Arriving there, he was greeted with a warm reception which made the jealous Chester almost regret

that he, too, had not taken a peep through the key-hole of death's door; here though the boy had proved himself to be, he was left quite in the background on this occasion. Pauline threw her arms around Robinson's neck and gave him a thousand kisses in her joy at finding him still alive and in his own complexion; she had expected to see him as yellow as a Chinaman at least. Stacy was not so demonstrative, but she looked almost willing to follow Pauline's example, now that she had learned that the influential and improper lady of the masked ball was a figment of Chester's brain, and that Robinson had devoted to herself a due proportion of the raving of his delirium. In her loyal heart she resolved that she would immediately proceed to discourage the attentions of the handsome young Baron of Cabo Frio, who had been unusually zealous in his services to her of late.

XXXIV.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

Down-stairs I laugh, I sport, I jest with all,
But in my solitary room above
I turn my face in silence to the wall;
My heart is breaking for a little love.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

IT was long ago decreed that stories should close at the zenith of their interest—the marriage ceremony, which is the end of romance and the beginning of the prosy era of dollars and cents, going to market, and soothing the fretful infant. As a substantial dinner is fitly crowned with a *pousse-café*, an iced punch, or a thimbleful of vermouth, so does that other promoter of ecstasy, the wedding-day, naturally follow a season of wooing. This climax of bliss and orange-blossoms is demanded by the reader; and since young people, with some exceptions, are sure to get married sooner or later, the complaisant chronicler of their affairs does not find it difficult to bring about this consummation in the last chapter, upon whose last page the happy couple's carriage turns from the shady lane of courtship into the business street of matrimony, while we hurl the old shoe of good wishes after them.

For these reasons the historian of the Smith Family and Robinson has exerted his ingenuity to the

utmost to compass within these covers the marriage of Robinson and Stacy. Although to his infinite regret he has fallen short of this, he is able to report upon the next thing to it, and that is the engagement. In order to accomplish so much, however, he has been obliged to crowd out much other interesting matter, as the editors say, including a grand ball at Petropolis, in which Stacy danced with the gallant young husband of the Princess; a picnic at Tijuca; and three religious processions in Rio, to which city our party removed on the approach of the pleasant weather of May.

After May came June again, and Robinson was making preparations to go to Paris to pursue his studies, but what the nature of those studies may be is a mystery which our year's acquaintance with him does but little to dispel; when a young man of the present day talks of a mission like this, various suppositions are in order. It was also arranged that the Smith Family should return to the United States in the course of the month.

As yet no serious word of love had been spoken between Robinson and Stacy. It seemed so hard to break off from their easy-going friendship and enter upon the changed relationship of lovers. Like every other neglected duty, the longer it was postponed the harder it seemed. But in his moments of sober reflection, Robinson felt that all of the glories and gayeties of Parisian life would be but scanty compensation for the loss of the companionship of this one honest and gentle girl, unless she was pledged to await his return. So, looking ahead, he

selected the evening before he should sail and dedicated it to the task of obtaining from Stacy the word that would make him happy.

That was a mistake. Love should be spoken when it is upon the lips. Love is fickle, coming and going at its own sweet will. Appoint a trysting-place, and your Beloved may come and Love may stay away; if your boots are too tight or if she has a headache, the little wilful mediator between heart and heart may find the atmosphere uncongenial to his presence. You talk in platitudes, she finds you stupid, and you are convinced that she cares nothing for you.

Upon the evening in question Robinson was in trouble and vexation of spirit. He wished to pack his trunks, and his linen had not yet returned from the laundress. This may seem a trivial annoyance to the general reader, but it is these little things that make or mar the happiness of two lives forever. A cat, a spider, a younger brother, that grain of coffee we ate before going to see her, these are the pebbles that interrupt the current of true love. What kind of a lodging, then, could Cupid hope to find in the heart of a man whose linen had been in the hands of a negro washerwoman for fifteen days, especially when we consider that Robinson felt a well-defined suspicion that this woman's male relatives were at the present moment wearing his shirts.

He spoke of the laundry system of Rio de Janeiro in the loudest and deepest and blackest terms. A friend, who was standing by, sympathized with him and advised him to despatch a policeman with a

search-warrant, if he wished to have his clothing before the steamer sailed. Another informed him that three weeks was the usual time of retention of linen, and that if he wanted to call it in on the short notice of fifteen days, he would have to starch and iron it himself.

Can you imagine a worse preparation than this for the rare and refined process of love-making? When Robinson entered Stacy's presence the gloom of wrath still hung around his brow. He had resolved to go straight to her and ask her for her affection and some troth of it, and have the business over; but the moment he saw her, refined and gentle and so many thousand times better than he was, he felt that it would be sacrilegious to open the subject in his present condition of mind.

"I know what is the matter with you," said she, noticing his vexed appearance. "It is that washerwoman. How dreadfully slow they are."

"There, she reads my mind," thought Robinson, with a sigh of relief. "There's no use to think of being sentimental to-night. She would very properly resent so abrupt a transition from linen to love, and would probably laugh at me. It would be ridiculous."

In the long hours of the night, forgetting the washerwoman and remembering Stacy, he made many resolves to say the tender words in the morning. But with morning came the hurry and confusion incidental to a departure of one of the family, and he could find no opportunity. Officious friends were always in the way. Once only he found Stacy

alone and under auspicious circumstances ; but before, by using a few preliminary phrases, he could bring her *en rapport*, a Brazilian servant burst into the room and ran between them holding out an Indian club to Robinson.

“The gentleman has forgotten it,” said he.

“You stupid idiot! I’d like to brain you with it,” was Robinson’s manner of thanks.

Stacy contracted her brows with displeasure at seeing this outburst of temper, and the last chance was gone. It was now time to leave the hotel. Stacy was only one out of a dozen who were assembled to bid him adieu. She was the last to take his hand.

“Good-bye, Stacy,” he said. “Be good to yourself. What shall I bring you from Paris?”

“Oh, anything you please. A box of those nice caramels. Good-bye.”

He turned to go, but smiled back over his shoulder.

“Shall I bring myself?” he asked significantly.

“Oh, yes, to be sure ; but don’t forget the caramels.”

However deep might have been her regret at his departure, she kept her feelings under admirable control. He might have been going for a day’s jaunt to Corcovado ; she would have displayed as much emotion.

“She does not love me,” thought Robinson, bitterly. “She thinks of caramels. She is like the rest of women. However, a courtship that has

lasted five years might just as well be prolonged for another. I will write to her."

The Colonel noticed Stacy's indifference, and sighed. It looked as if his cherished plans were doomed to miscarry. But he did not see her return to the parlor and throw herself into a great arm-chair behind the curtains, while the smile faded from her mouth and the joy died out of her eyes, and while, leaning her forehead against the back of the chair, the tears fell fast upon the cushions.

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XXXV.

ORANGE BUDS.

Then a hundred sad voices lifted a wail,
And a hundred glad voices piped on the gale;
“Time is short, life is short,” they took up the tale;
 “Life is sweet, love is sweet, use to-day while you may;
Love is sweet, and to-morrow may fail;
 Love is sweet, use to-day.”

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

IT is not the parting moment that is sad; it is the hour, the day, the week, the life-time which comes after. Even in parting they are yet together, and blinded by their present satisfaction, they cannot yet realize the great desolation that is in store for them. But when he turns the distant corner or is lost behind the crest of the hill, and she leaves the doorway and retires to the solitude of her room, then the misery begins.

It was in this hour after parting that Robinson first began to experience that dull and heavy sensation under the left fold of his coat which convinced him that he had a heart, and that this organ was capable of aching; a malady which he had hitherto considered a fiction of the poets. It was then, also, that Stacy hid herself behind the curtains in the great arm-chair and began to reproach the world in general for being very hard to her, complaining to herself of Robinson's cruel conduct. Had

he not looked his love into her eyes a thousand times? And now he was going off unconcernedly to Paris, where the women were all fascinating and bad, like those who once upon a time surrounded St. Anthony, and she doubted if Robinson had the staying power of that abstemious and holy anchorite. She wondered, in revenge, if the Baron of Cabo Frio still carried her image in his heart, and how Robinson would feel to receive wedding cards inscribed with the Baron's name and her own. She wondered if all men were villains, and cared no more for the confiding nature of woman than they did for the flowers at their feet. Ah, if she were only a man, she would be so noble and chivalric, so brave to defend a woman and so tender to care for her, so quick to sympathize with all loverless maidens, and to love them, too—but no, she did not mean that, either. Here the poor girl got confused in her plans and began to cry quietly to herself.

Although Robinson was as deeply in love, his conduct was not so childish. It was more disagreeable, however. It was the conduct of a man who was very much dissatisfied with himself, and, consequently, with all the rest of the world. In short, he acted very much like a man who had just lost a month's income at playing poker.

He went on board the ship and abused the steward because his state-room was not larger. His fellow-passenger was a Frenchman, who politely offered him a cigar. Robinson took it moodily and without thanks, lit it, but because it did not draw well at the

first puff he flung it through the open port-hole with a malediction, much to the astonishment and mortification of the Frenchman, who entered in his notebook the general statement that Americans are rude.

On the deck he met an Englishman whom he had known before.

"Ah, I say, Mr. Robinson," he asked, "what takes you to Europe?"

"Because I'm a fool," Robinson rejoined, and passed on.

The Englishman screwed a monocle into his eye and gazed after him.

"That man ought to have a keeper," he said. "He is dangerous."

It was the hour to start. The bell sounded. The company's agent stepped over the vessel's side and into his boat. Robinson's eyes followed him wishfully. A convulsive shiver of motion ran over the ship. This decided him.

"Hold on!" he cried. "I've got to go ashore."

"But it's too late," remonstrated the captain. "We can't wait for you."

"I don't want you to wait. Go on."

"But your luggage is stowed away in the hold."

"I don't care. Keep it. Give it to the poor. But no, put it ashore at Bahia."

"He was dangerous," repeated the Englishman, with a sigh of relief, as he eyed the receding boat.

Robinson lost no time in returning to the hotel. Immediately ascending to the parlor in search of Stacy, he saw the folds of her dress beneath the window-curtain which enveloped her. He stepped

on tiptoe across the room. She did not hear him, for she was in a reverie, her hand grasping the back of the chair and her head pillowed upon her arm. This, at last, was his opportunity. Stooping over her, he passed an arm gently around her and kissed her upon the forehead. She did not lift her brow, over which a thrill of pleasure passed, but, clinging to his shoulder, she, rising to her feet, crept into his embrace and hid her burning face in his bosom. She knew whose arm was around her.

“That’s right, Stacy, my darling. Don’t speak, or it will break the charm. No, we’ll never talk any more, my little girl, for if we do, I will say something rude, or you will say something saucy, and we’ll have to begin all over again.”

They had been friends; now they were lovers. Their relationship had been pleasant; it was now blissful. It was that one kiss that wrought the change. He had never kissed her before.

It is said that the tiger-cub, taken young and reared upon unsanguinary food, grows up as harmless as any household pet, but once let it get the taste of blood and its savage nature asserts itself, and it is henceforth insatiable.

Robinson kissed Stacy again.

She thought it was now time to interfere. She raised her face all burning and radiant.

“Henry, I *don’t* know whether to like that or not.”

“It doesn’t take me long to make up *my* mind,” responded the insatiable, attempting a third embrace.

She put up her hand to ward him off.

“But what brings you back? I thought you had gone to Paris.”

“I—I—forgot my handkerchief,” he answered.

“Here, take mine. Now, hurry, or you will be too late for the steamer.”

“The steamer’s gone,” he said with elation.

“But your trunks, what will become of them?”

“Oh, bother the trunks! I’m happy enough to live without baggage henceforth.”

In this remark we may notice one of the essential differences between the masculine and feminine mind. The man, thinking of marriage, says that he is now happy enough to live without baggage. The woman, once that she hears the auspicious proposals, immediately begins to calculate how many dozens of this and that article of clothing will be necessary for her trousseau.

A forced cough was heard near the door. It proceeded from Chester, who had entered unobserved, and was standing with his fingers modestly spread out before his eyes.

Stacy hastened to release herself, and brushed the ruffled hair back from her forehead.

“Bless you, my children,” said the boy, benignly. “I will go and tell the Colonel. It’s important news. Maybe he will give me ten milreis for it.”

Then the happy couple began to rearrange their broken plans. Robinson would return with the family to New York, where they would be married. Then would come the wedding trip. To what re-

treat should they steal away to find that seclusion which the soul demands on such occasions?

“To Niagara Falls?” suggested Robinson.

“What an idea! Why, everybody goes there.”

“I know it. I thought it was a part of the ceremony.”

“If you *will* persist in talking about such things,” said Stacy, “why not go to Paris? You were going there any way, you know.”

Robinson’s countenance fell.

“To Paris?” he replied. “I always had a theory that a young man ought to do Paris before he got married. He can see it to so much better advantage.”

“Do you mean that?” asked Stacy, coolly. “For if you do, it’s not too late, even now.”

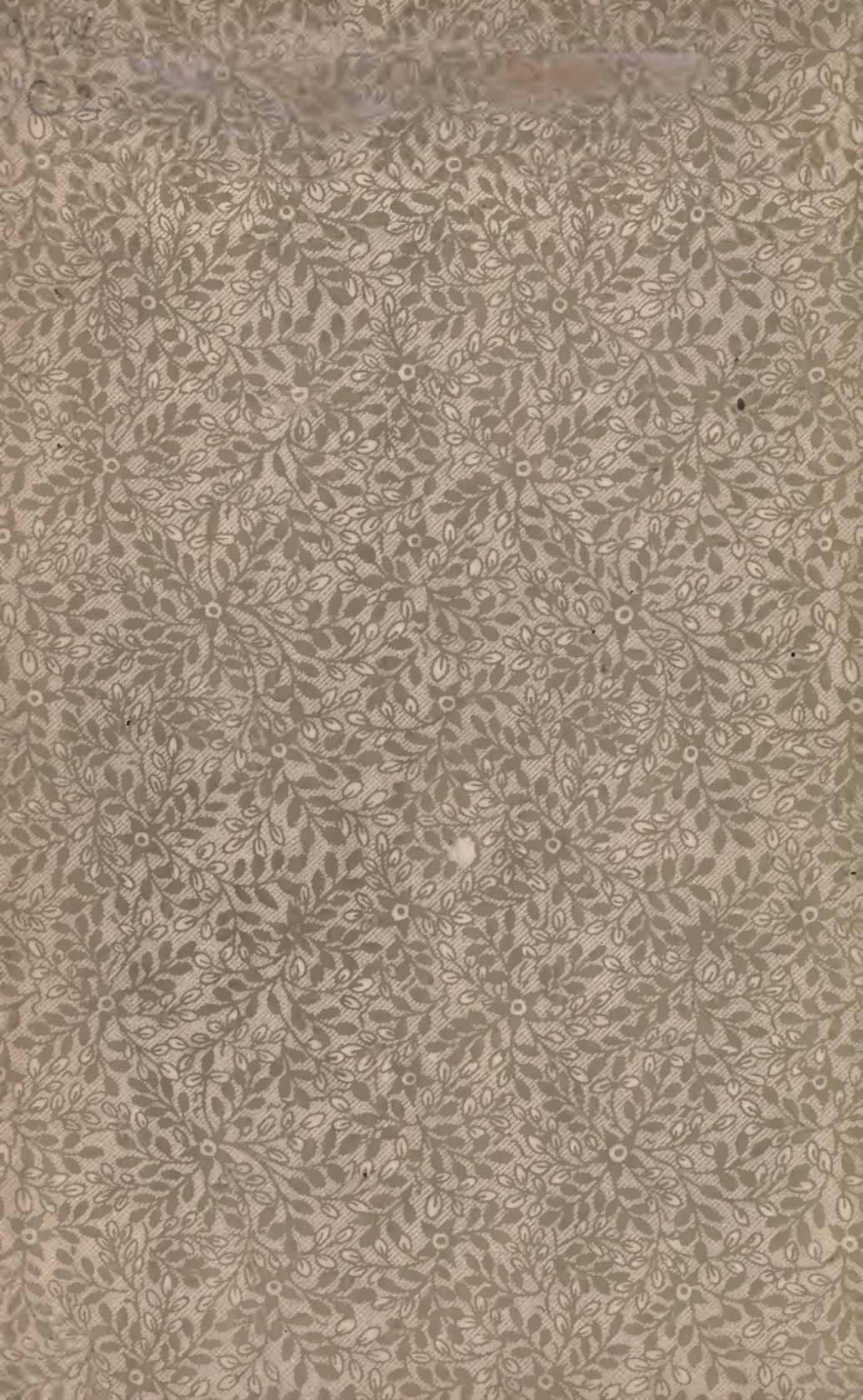
He looked into her eyes, and saw the old defiance gleaming there.

“Oh, no; not at all. I was only joking, Stacy,” he replied, apologetically.

He was already beginning to fall into the discipline that was awaiting him.



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