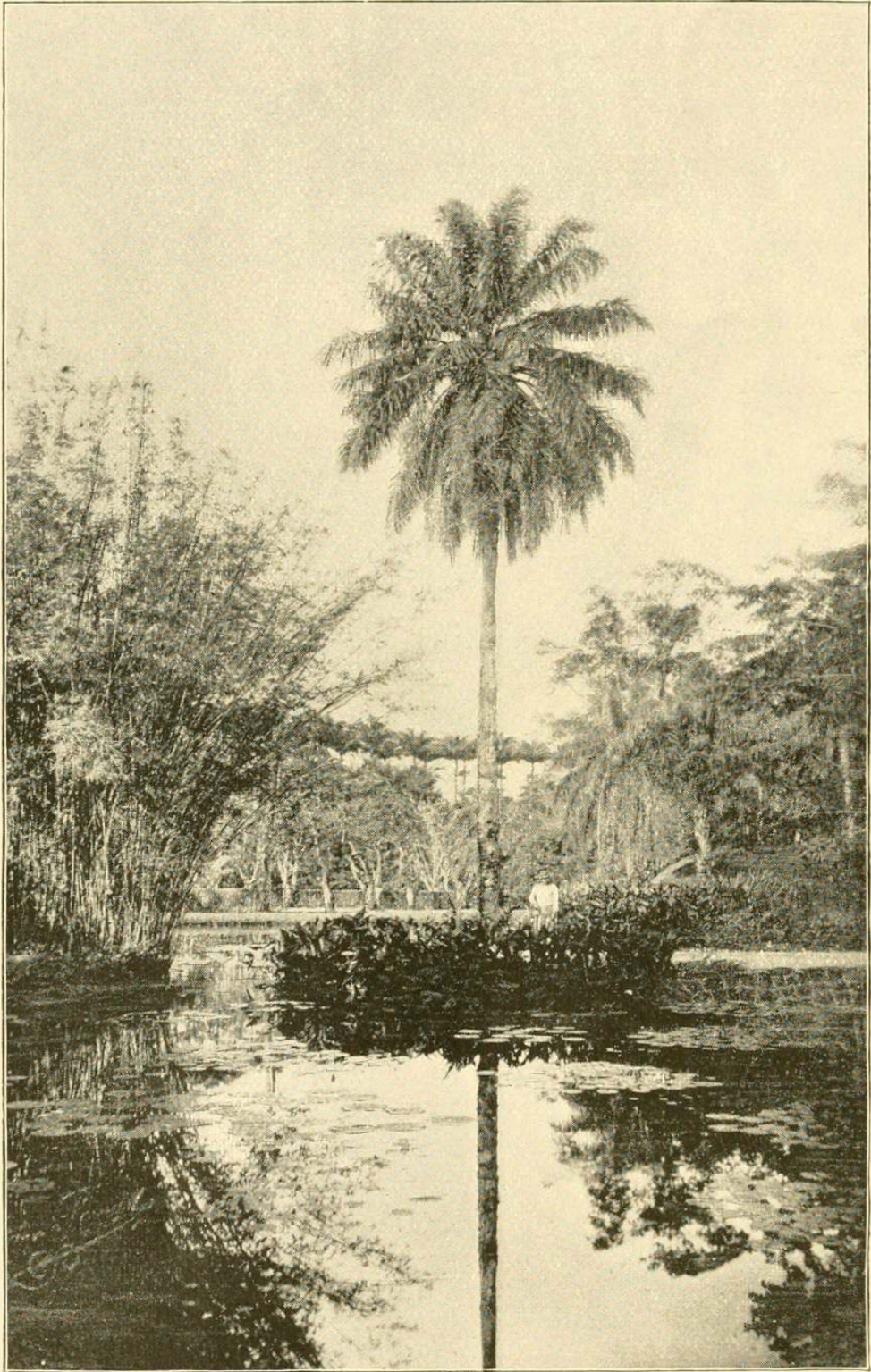




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UNDER THE PALM.

# FROM PALM TO GLACIER

WITH AN INTERLUDE

BRAZIL, BERMUDA, AND ALASKA

BY

ALICE W. ROLLINS

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam  
Im Norden auf kahler Höh ;  
Ihn schlüfert ; mit weisser Decke  
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

Er träumt von einer Palme,  
Die fern im Morgenland  
Einsam und schweigend trauert  
Auf brennender Felsenwand.

HEINE

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

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ALICE W. ROLLINS

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TO  
D. M. R.





## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
UNDER THE PALMS . . . . .	I
THE INTERLUDE . . . . .	95
UNDER THE GLACIERS . . . . .	105



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

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	PAGE
UNDER THE PALM . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
WELL AT CRUZ DAS ALMAS . . . . .	10
ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF RIO . . . . .	20
TIJUCA . . . . .	30
“THINK OF TRYING TO HANG YOUR HAMMOCK FROM A BAMBOO !” . . . . .	40
THE ROYAL FOUR HUNDRED . . . . .	52
PAQUÉTA. HARBOR OF RIO . . . . .	70
AQUEDUCT ON THE SANTA THERESA . . . . .	80
UNDER THE FERNS . . . . .	90
THE INTERLUDE—BERMUDA . . . . .	96
UNDER THE GLACIER . . . . .	106
CORNER OF GREEK CHURCH AT SITKA . . . . .	122
“THE TROPICS ON ICE.” WOODS IN SITKA . . . . .	142



# FROM PALM TO GLACIER.

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## UNDER THE PALMS.

### I.

THE North knows. She knows it is farewell; and that if to us parting is such sweet sorrow, there is almost more of sweetness than of sorrow in it, as we forget that we are leaving the North in remembering that we are going South. There is a breath of violets in the air at the very thought, though it is the cold breeze of January that is stirring in the ship's sails. We are leaving the chill, the dull-gray mists, the frosty mornings, the long cold nights, the weary effort of Northern brain and body and soul to keep itself alive, and we are drifting to the land of never-fading roses, of never-failing sunlight, where golden noons will alternate with nothing harsher than silver moonlight, where the blue of tropic seas will change only to deeper blue; where thought will fall asleep, swinging in the hammock of emotion; where life will be simplified to plucking one's breakfast from a banana tree; wandering through orange groves with a book of poems one will never open; indolently watching other people work,—the "other

people " being tall, beautiful, slender Creole women, or mulattoes with magnificent bronze busts, and the "work" being the poising of a graceful jug on a rounded shoulder, the careful carrying of a water-jar on a splendidly turned head, the steadying of a burden that suggests itself as merely part of the beauty on a mossy well-curb or vine-covered wall—at last we are going to cease the mere doing of our duty ; at last we, too, are going to be picturesque !

And the North knows. Her heart turns faint within her, but she utters no word of reproach. Her eyes do not even fill with tears. She hears us rejoice that we are so soon to escape from her "chill," her "mists," her "frost," her pale, sad skies, her exhaustion of brain and nerves, and she makes no protest. Silently she lets the strong breeze we are so tired of fill the very sails that will carry us away, if indeed we so long to leave her ; silently her pale sad skies fill almost to the zenith with a splendor of gold and crimson, as the great ship looks its last from Sandy Hook ; silently she draws a veil of pure color behind the slender Brooklyn Bridge, till it hangs like a cobweb in the horizon,—a cobweb that has caught, without entangling, all the richest thought and most glorious achievement of the "exhausted Northern brain" ; and silently, with swift and gentle fingers, while still the sky is rosy, and before the dangerous shadows have begun to gather, she touches with soft flame the twin torches of the Highland lights, to guide us out on the path we are so eager to try,—the path that is leading us away from her !

And soon, indeed, we begin to be away. Even in twenty-four hours the atmosphere has changed; hardly the actual atmosphere, for as we go ashore at Newport News there is still decided chill in the air, and though we choose an open carriage for our drive to Old Point Comfort, we need all our wraps and heavy carriage blankets; but already there is a Southern element in the mental atmosphere. It begins, perhaps, with a profound sense of negroes; negroes everywhere, idling, sauntering, smiling, chattering, with that laughter on their lips with which Nature compensates them for the gloom she has cast on their complexion, and with that careless summer in their hearts which they keep even when exiled from actual summer, and which diffuses a sense of summer for the rest of us, though the air is cold. The doors of their cabins stand open as if it were July; not only have they no overcoats, but their coats are in chilly tatters which the January air sports with to their apparent added enjoyment. They are lazy, good-natured, happy, and they never brood over imaginary wrongs, or seem conscious of their real ones. They impress you with a strange sense of having the best of it; of having mastered some secret of the art of happiness beyond all your mental or moral achievement. In the midst of feverish civilization they have kept that best of gifts, the beautiful and pagan equanimity. In New York your Puritan conscience longs to "reform," to "help," to "improve" the condition of the poor, but in Virginia your first impression is that the poor are wiser than you are. You have a dim conviction that you could

not teach them anything that would not spoil them. The rags, the squalor, the ignorance that distress you so in Northern slums, seem here a righteous habit of contentment with a little. If these negroes are poor, it seems to be because they choose to be poor; perhaps that is the real secret of it. For a moment it seems better to be sweet-hearted, sunny-natured, and contented, than even to be wise and capable and have ambitions. We begin to be ashamed of such a thing as "aspirations." Passing a beautiful tree unknown to us, in full and glossy leaf, we stop the carriage to—enjoy its beauty? Alas! no! not yet have we succeeded in divesting our Puritan conscience of the restless desire to improve our minds; we are anxious to discover its name and species. We accost Sambo as he passes; would he please tell us the name of that tree? Full of interest in our desire to "know," though perfectly indifferent himself to anything but the fact that it is a tree, Sambo pauses leisurely, takes off his hat, apparently more to the tree than to us, surveys the beautiful thing from leafy crown to root, studies carefully each separate leaf as if in hopes he might find it engraved like a visiting card with its own name, if we really want so much to know, and then slowly announces, with infinite regret in his tone, that "No; nebber knew it had no name." Long after we have passed on, we turn our heads to discover Sambo still planted in the road, gazing curiously and respectfully at the tree, in mute wonder as to what new grace a name could possibly confer upon it. Then and there we abjure forever—that is, until we return



to the insistent North—all effort to “classify” our impressions of Southern vegetation. Might this perhaps be the straight road to Old Point Comfort? we ask of a pretty negress in a cabin door. She looks smilingly along the road, with that same earnest effort to find out for us which had filled Sambo with regret, and “Dunno”; but in her eagerness to please us, she “reckons it is.” She is a stranger here, then? “Oh, no! lived here mor’ ’n two year,” but it is safe to say that she will never make any greater effort than to send her shining glance along the road, towards gratifying even the newly roused and momentary curiosity. A man, whom we ask a little later if we are on the right road, “reckons” we are; and at any rate, he assures us, it won’t be more ’n two miles out of our way. And we start the horses again, curiously indifferent ourselves as to whether we are on the right road or not. “Do you know,” said one of the party, “it seems to me positively vulgar to be white.”

Why is it that the sense of home develops more quickly on board ship than anywhere else? We had been but twenty-four hours on board the *Alliança* bound for Brazil, and yet we feel that we are turning the horses’ heads “homeward,” as after a day of delightful driving and an admirable dinner on shore, we hasten once more to the coast and the spreading sails. “Half the pleasure of travelling,” said a wise person lately, “is in getting away from places.” We don’t want to go home just yet—oh no! not for another year, not till we are drenched with the sweetness of the South; yet as far “home” as the waiting ship we are glad to go, as

her lights gleam for us cheerfully from the deck, and the horses' hoofs echo swiftly with clear, hard, even trot along the dock. It is the last echo of Northern energy; or perhaps I might better say the last Northern energy, of which we have an echo a little later in the traditional storm off Hatteras. After this, every morning the air is a little softer, the sunshine a little more glorious, the water a deeper and deeper blue, until one day the white shadow of an awning creeps over the deck; for in these lovely tropics even shadows are fair white things and merely a change of loveliness. Think of it! less than a week ago we were wrapped in furs on this same deck, while the wind whistled in the sails; now the air itself is so indolent that if it creeps in under the awning at all, it is probably to look for a vacant steamer chair in which to rest from the labor of filling the ship's sails. The motion of the vessel is so calm over this deep blue tropic sea, that we walk, and talk, and visit, and read aloud, and dress for dinner; until the tropic influence deepens so gently, so imperceptibly, that we cease walking and visiting, to lie languidly happy in steamer chairs, give up reading for dreaming, and dress in white for dinner; so that we are quite, quite creatures of the tropics when on the eighth day out we glide into the harbor of St. Thomas.

It is two o'clock in the morning, but we remember the artist friend who had told us to be sure and be on deck for the first sight of St. Thomas, however early in the morning or late at night. The tropic moonlight fills the bay with silver; the Southern

Cross hangs low in the horizon; little hills on the crescent land clasp us round as if the strong arm of the shore had reached out and swept us in from the wide sea to the hospitable little island; and yet what touches one is a peculiar sense of tininess in this sudden spot of greenery. It seems odd to have come so far to find something so little. How did this bit of low-hilled country drift so far out to sea, and how does it manage to keep itself afloat? But like many other very little things, it is an extremely useful little island. Not entirely for picturesqueness is the dock lighted with great flaring torches of soft coal burning in iron cages swung aloft; nor are the hundred negro women, who chant our approach with strange melodious voices, and are clad in singular garments, of which the vivid coloring pierces even the shadowy night, weaving their living, moving mosaic of brightness across the dark wharf merely to be picturesque. They are there to coal the steamer, with baskets perched on the well-poised head, while they sing and laugh and quarrel with each other in a breath. For two hours we watch the scene with fascinated gaze; then as the southern sunrise floods the sea and sky, coffee is served, the boats gather round the gangway, and we are off for those few charming hours on shore that make such tempting episodes every few days in the long voyage to Brazil. Never did the saying seem truer that the traveller sees and brings away with him only what he carries. "There is nothing to see at St. Thomas," we had been told; the most that had been admitted being that we should find an hour on shore quite

enough for us. But in the changing kaleidoscope of many varied memories, no panorama is to me more distinct, more vivid, more full of intense interest, than that of St. Thomas. The Southern languor we were in search of has certainly begun; but it is less interesting at the moment than we had expected it to be. We were intending to be picturesquely languid ourselves; and instead we find ourselves still eager with Northern curiosity, while the languor unfortunately exhibits itself in those we are anxious to secure as guides. Surely never before did a great steamer arrive at a wharf unwelcomed by hackmen; but as our little row-boat softly pushes itself up to the shore under a palm tree, only one or two indolent natives, evidently on their way somewhere else, pause a moment to turn their heads gracefully towards us, smile with such a sunny smile of welcome that we feel we really ought not to ask anything more of them, and pass quickly on. Diligent search in the neighborhood finally unearths a mouldy vehicle and aged driver, who, once enlisted in our service, shows an inertia of interest in our welfare fully equal to his previous indifference. He "teh'ble soh-y he not know we were comin'; he 'd 'a had a better kerridge an'"—with a sorrowful glance at his shabby boots—"a new pair shoes; 'fore we come again, he 'll certainly be better equipped." The impulse to present him then and there with a new vehicle and respectable boots is almost irresistible, as he knew it would be. The vehicle is languid, but once more we fall in love with languor. We had thought we were anxious to explore the island, and

drive out into the leafy and flowery country, so grateful to our unaccustomed eyes in January ; but we find quite too much to interest us in what would appear to be the business quarter of the little town, if it were possible to associate any kind of activity with these shaded and blossoming streets, these troops of charming, smiling, shuffling, lingering, indolent, bewildering natives, who begin wandering down into the market-place with things to sell, but apparently without that desire to sell them which one is wont to associate at the North with the vender of things. They stream down from their white cabins on the slopes of the low hills all about, a long and varied and irresistible procession, of which each member is individual and each is interesting. Old or young, man, woman, or child, neat or ragged, beautiful or ugly,—each is interesting. We close the camera in despair ; if we were to try to take anything, we should have to take everything. What spell is in the air to make poverty, and dirt, and ignorance, and rags, so entirely satisfactory to the eye and undisturbing to the conscience ? A group of girls gather round the carriage as it waits a minute at a shop door. They have something—I have forgotten what, although of course I eventually bought it—to sell. We linger long over the few things, whatever they were, feeling that the pretty venders are in no more hurry to sell than we are to buy ; it is the chance for a chat that they are finding and we are seeking.

“ You come by American steamer ? ”

“ Yes.”

“Dat ’s nice. You go by American steamer?”

“Yes.”

“Dat not nice. You should stay here week; den we find out where you live, an’ bring you flowers every day.”

It is impossible to describe the lingering regret in the loving tone and soft glances, or the instinctive love of mystery that lurks in that melodious “we find out”; not for worlds would they have you tell them where you live; they want to “find out”; to track your carriage with dog-like, affectionate glances—slow as their footsteps are, they could easily keep up with your still slower steed,—and surprise you when you alight with the flowers that will not even have their card or wait for any acknowledgment. You feel that you would like to stay a week just for that one experience.

And still you haggle—and they haggle—over the bead bracelets and apple-seed belts. They are perfectly sure you will buy them in the end, and even if you should not, they would then have the coveted excuse for stopping the next carriage. So they wait, unsolicitous, while you turn their few wares over and over—and talk.

“He your husband?” as a portly individual comes out of the shop.

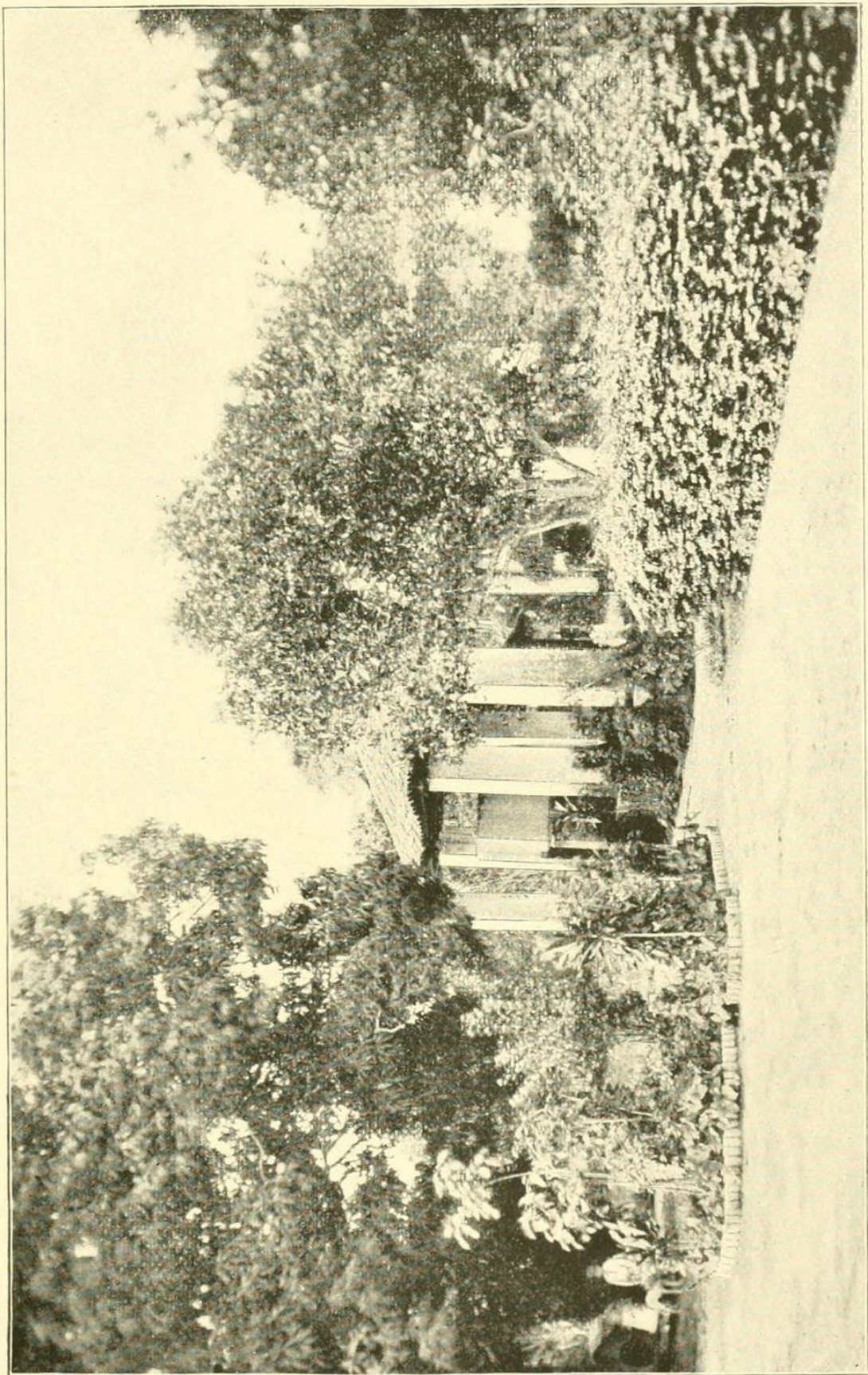
“No, indeed!”

“I knew he not your husband; he too old.”

“And how old do you think I am?” laughs the lady.

“Twenty-two?”

Oh, the delicious tone and arch half-glance of mingled deliberate unconsciousness and mischief!



WELL AT CRUZ DAS ALMAS.





“No, indeed!”

“Not twenty-two?” Oh, if the camera could only photograph the musical intonation and enchanting “You know that I know that you know” in the laughing eyes, as the demure lips smile up at you the wondering inquiry, “*only twenty?*”

And then you buy the bracelet; all the bracelets, and all the apple-seed belts. But she hardly likes that; she wants to talk to another lady,—ever so many more ladies,—in all the other carriages,—and “find out” where *they* are going to stay, and carry *them* flowers, and tell *them* they are only twenty, and then sell *them* a bracelet. Her disappointment at your cupidity is so great that you spare her, and return a few of the belts and three of the bracelets, and the carriage moves on. Only an hour for St. Thomas! Ah! when can we come and spend a year!

It is only nine o'clock when we row back to the steamer; but experience has been so vivid, that we reverse the legend of the Roman emperor, and feel that we have gained a day, as breakfast is served while we are conscious of having lived with an intensity in the few hours since sunrise that would have more than filled twenty-four hours at home. The table is beautiful with flowers and fresh fruits; the officers are in white duck, and innumerable little festivities of dress appear in the ladies' yachting jackets and picturesque hats. Each *corsage* bouquet is different from every other, and the eminently tropical and Southern experience is unfolded that none of the flowers have been gathered or bought in the

town; all have been given to us by the gentle natives less intent to make money out of the strangers than to pay them tribute. Happy strangers! or shall we say happy natives? Which is the more fortunate, the temperament that gives so carelessly, or that which receives so bounteously? Am I the happier, who am able to impress you with an intense desire to be lovely to me, or you in the careless impulse to be lovely to somebody—anybody? Ah! we are still much too thoughtful for the tropics. But as we saunter on deck after breakfast, still lying at the dock, thought is swiftly banished from the brain as once more a vivid panorama claims our eyes. They have finished coaling the steamer, but the hundred women who have worked so steadily for hours, tramping up and down the dock with heavy baskets on their heads, who, if it were in New England, would now drag themselves wearily home, seem here alert, revived, actually kindled. They not only seem to need no rest, but they were never more ready for a frolic. They will dance and sing for us, if we like; and the incongruous dance begins, with the still more incongruous chant, while the short white and rainbow-colored skirts, some of them made out of the Danish flag, weave a dazzling bit of rapidly shifting color across our bewildered and unaccustomed vision. We are ready with our *largesse* when it is over; but not for worlds would they have you hand it to them; they have danced, not for pennies, but to scramble for pennies. You must throw them their good luck from the deck of the steamer; then they can fight for it, not merely

receive it. There is but one exception to the thirst for the contest rather than the penny: one proud-faced girl stands aside from the rest and holds out her apron to us. Even if a penny evidently intended for the apron falls into the crowd, she merely turns her head indifferently and waits for us to throw her another. At the same time there have gathered on the dock the familiar divers, ready to plunge into the deep clear water for the smallest bit of silver thrown into the depths. Men strong, beautiful, and muscular as the dying gladiator, leap into the sea, as the rain of sixpences falls upon the just and the unjust in the mad struggle on the dock and in the water. The splendid bronze limbs gleam through the clear waves, the dazzling skirts gleam and glitter on the shore, as men and women strain every nerve, every muscle, every thought, in the frantic effort to secure a single dime. But perhaps we of the civilized North are quite as curious a spectacle to the angels, who may be thought of as looking down on the battle in Wall Street with the equally amazed comment, "Poor creatures! wrecking their souls for a single million!"

But the play becomes terribly serious. To secure the rolling penny is not enough; your competitors will struggle to wrest it from you even after it is plainly yours. The faces grow hard and bitter; feuds have begun to-day that may not end on the wharf; "butchered to make a Roman holiday," is all I can think of, watching the mad struggling crowd to whom we still toss pennies for the spectacle, in moral oblivion of the consequences after

we have been sufficiently amused. My gaze concentrates itself on two women rolling in the dust and biting each other, as their eyes grow actually malignant in the contest. Such fearful strength in both; such vindictive faces! It is too terrible! But even as I turn away, I see them suddenly separate, satisfied, each nodding and smiling at the other! It was only a game after all; the vindictiveness and hate all a part of the game, and evidently over when the game is over. Ah! what safety to the vehement temperament of the South is the vent to the feelings that it finds in physical expression! how far more dangerous our brooding, silent Northern taciturnity, that does not bite, but equally forgets to smile. And yet—and yet—perhaps it is less that these people have a vent for their feelings, than that they really do not have the feelings to vent.

And so once more, as we set sail, the soul gropes its way back from the seeing eye to the fastness of the brain, and we begin to think. Sinking back into the steamer chair, we are not yet sufficiently inoculated with languor to give up philosophizing on the situation. Once more, indeed, we turn bewildered gaze on a marvellous freak of nature just outside of the blue harbor: a great white rock, to all appearance a ship under full sail, so exquisitely deceptive in size and shape and color as to defy the investigation of the clearest opera-glass, as it once defied for hours the guns of a mistaken enemy's frigate. One sees occasionally a soul like that, seeming to have every fluttering white sail at the mercy of the slightest breeze, yet anchored like a

rock when you really think to move it. Poor Northern brain ! wearing itself out in simile and reason ; for we *must* think out the problem of race and progress, with nothing else to do under this tropic sky. Which is best : the beautiful pagan simplicity, or the rich complexity of modern civilization ? The untutored Southron is happy, contented, picturesque, sweet-hearted, wise ; but then he does not know that he is happy, contented, picturesque, and wise. What loss to him in his very unconsciousness ! For the interpreter and seer must always be greater, if unhappier, than the mere actor, and only when the actor is his own interpreter, does being seem to reach its acme. To be good by happy instinct, without effort ; is it after all so fine a thing as to be good through knowledge and choice ? To understand ourselves is even better than to know ourselves ; the Southron yields to the inevitable ; the Northerner accepts it. The Southron lacks consciousness, the Northerner lacks charm ; the moral of which is, that you had better be born at the North, and then travel a great deal in the South. With knowledge drenched in charm, you will then be irresistible indeed.

## II.

THOUGHT deepens with the deepening twilight. But with the stars, thought vanishes again. Again Nature takes possession of us, wholly, fantastically, resistlessly. The outward panorama becomes too vast, too vivid, for the inward eye to follow it. We no longer digest, we can only absorb; we no longer analyze and think, we can only look and feel. At the North Nature is man's friend—a friend to be coaxed, teased, cajoled, punished, led in chains perhaps, and yet a friend; but at the South, man is Nature's puppet. She does not care enough even to tease him. She is omnipotent; what is worse, she is indifferent. Her subtle forces permeate the air, and sway mental, moral, and physical emotion; but not because she cares enough even to tyrannize over you. Gradually we are being blotted out of the universe, which apparently has no room for us, except as it has room for a crawling insect whose existence seems without definite purpose; a creature endured, but not needed, not beloved. We have been used to having a hand in the daily management of the universe; we have planted the corn, grafted the apple-tree, shaven the lawn, coaxed the rose-bush into bloom, opened our astronomies when it was time for stars. But here—here in the vast blue tossing space of noiseless sea—under the vast blue

silence of the sky, full of speechless yet unspeakable significance, we bare our hearts rather than our minds; we are to learn from them, not of them. At the north we knew all the facts—knew that some of these stars were planets that moved, though in exquisite silence, through the mystery of space; but though we knew it, we never felt or saw it. Never had we seen a star stirring in its place; we had only discovered after a while, if our telescopes were clear and we knew our astronomy well, that it had stirred. The sky had never been to our eyes, whatever it had been to our intelligence, anything but a chart spread out overhead, on which the little pin-points of stars were simply patines of bright gold, set in their places as flatly, as securely, as paper stars in the azured ceiling of a room. But here—here—we realize that tropic line of Tennyson's, as the "great stars *globe* themselves in heaven"; here they are not merely round, but rounded; they are splendid, magnificent creatures moving majestically, so that you see and feel them move. They are not merely suddenly there; they "*swim* into your ken." They come and go, they rise and fall; and you see them come and go, you see them rising and falling. The silent, empty sky becomes to you what the open door is to the lover:

"Ah! well I love the door that she comes through!"

the joy of seeing her come towards him almost equal to that of knowing she is there. The stars hang low in the horizon; never have you seen them so low; never had you so realized that from majestic

space they sometimes stoop to re-visit our "pale glimpses of the moon." You do not have to look up to them; you look at them, and finally they come down to you, actually sinking from sight into the waves. Many of them are just on the level of a light-house signal, and, the captain tells us, are often mistaken for light-houses near shore, or for a "ship ahoy!" if out at sea.

But to-night—this first night out from St. Thomas—there is more than this soft and shadowy play of light among the stars. Stepping out on deck, we almost tremble suddenly at the mysterious awe of a single star—the star that they tell us is the one we knew at home as Venus, but here so translated and transfigured that it seems as if Nature were rehearsing for us the Passion Play, and this were indeed the Star of Bethlehem. Its brilliancy is so intense that it casts a long slender line of light across the waves, only a little fainter than that of the Northern moon. If this is Southern starlight, what will the moonlight be? The star vibrates, trembles, palpitates with light; there is a tiny halo round it; it is not distinctly outlined on the sky, it seems to quiver, to dilate, till it is pointed on all its edges, like the stars in pictures. We are told—and later verify the fact at Rio—that its vivid light is occasionally visible to the naked eye at noonday.

And already we have learned to love the Southern Cross. Last night we thought it disappointing; the stars in it were few, and not very brilliant, and the cross was not wonderfully distinct; but the spell is upon us—already it is one of the things we watch



for. I have a theory that the stars do for us in the tropics what vegetation does in the North. In the tropics you cannot lovingly watch for the outburst of growth, you cannot see your rose-bush bud, and your bud open softly into flower. It is always in flower, and there are so many flowers that you have not the least idea when a new one opens. You have lost all that intimate association with Nature, which comes at the North from being admitted behind the scenes, and permitted to watch her processes. The stars are all that is left to you.

“Do you remember the Northern Cross?”

“That cross of snow in Colorado on the Mountain of the Holy Cross?”

“Yes; how much wiser the South is to wear her cross in stars instead of snow.”

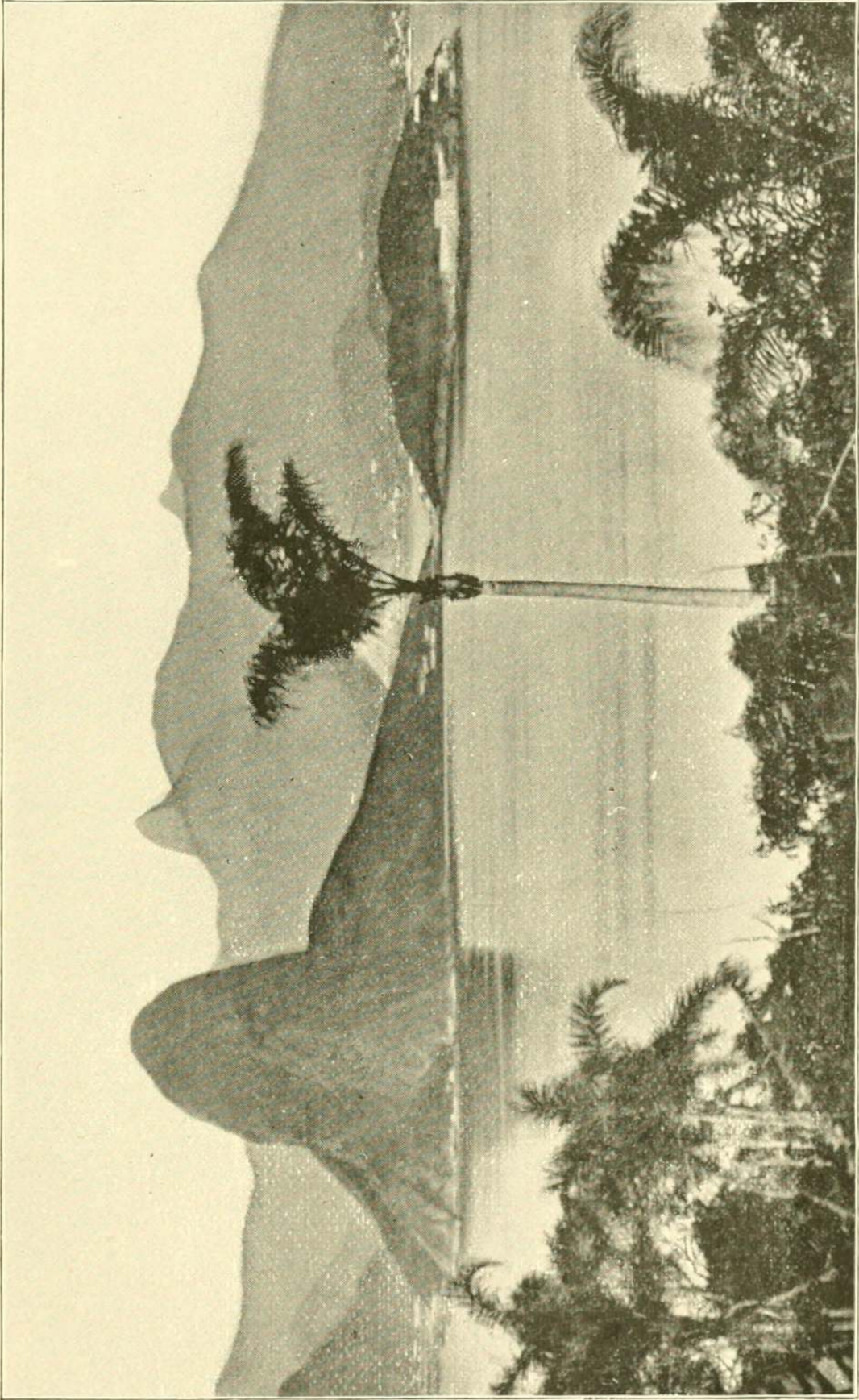
“I don't know. There are crosses and crosses. The cross of the North has fallen on her breast, and she wears it calmly; the cross of the South is simply a joy out of reach, and she fixes her heart on the shining instead of the distance. Both are wise. But what a Southerner you are becoming!”

“Yes, and imaginative. I felt badly yesterday to find I had lost my Northern mind; but I shall not miss it if the South gives me imagination. Do you suppose she will grow jealous even of that, and by-and-by quench the imagination too?”

“I almost hope so. Come; we must go in, or we shall forget the night was made for sleep.”

And so we go in, and shut out the color and the splendor of the night, and fall asleep to the caress of the lapping sea.

The beautiful night is prelude to a lovelier day. A day off Martinique. We are not to land, but the vision of the exquisite island, as for three hours we glide past it, with a belt of the ocean scarcely wider than a river between us and the shore of marvellous verdure, makes us wonder whether the ideal glory of heaven may not be merely such an apotheosis of earth as actual geography is of that on the maps. Such a little black pin-speck on the white chart of our school-days was Martinique! Such a paradise is it in reality! Overhead is the azure of a heaven flecked only with the greater brightness of gold, while the cool white shadow of the awning shields you from too much beauty. If you turn your head lazily to the right, you have nothing but the tossing splendor of illimitable sea; yet turned carelessly to the left, you have a ribbon of calm blue water between you and a curving shore of richest tropical foliage. Above and behind this rise hills of exquisite verdure, catching the light at every angle for every degree of brightness and shadow, and above these you have the rugged grandeur of rock-ribbed mountains, scarred with gorges and chasms that even the luxuriant and courageous, almost insolent, tropical growth of vine and undergrowth has not been able to surmount or soften. Mountains in Martinique! palms we expected, but mountains on the little black pin-speck of our geographies! There is no element missing from the landscape: sea and shore, ocean and river, mountains and palms, loveliness and grandeur, sunshine, breeze, and shadow, soft verdure and rugged rock,—all is there. Every-



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF RIO.



thing but man, and man is nowhere visible. No Brooklyn Bridge spans any of the great spaces; no tower is built loftily into that blue air; no plough has troubled those soft hill-sides; no ladder has scaled those glorious mountains. A few little towns nestle near the shore, proving that man is tolerated here by Nature; but there is nothing to show that he has been admitted to her friendship, and everything to show that he could never tame her.

The vision is almost too much for imagination already touched with Southern languor; the four weeks' voyage to Rio would be worth taking, if only to secure those three hours off Martinique. But the gallant captain has afternoon tea served on deck, and as we sweep away again into the great spaces of sea and sky, leaving the lovely island behind us, we gather in little knots to lament that half our fellow-passengers will leave us to-morrow at Barbadoes.

We are fortunate again at Barbadoes in arriving during the very early dawn, so that our trip ashore is all in the dewy freshness of the tropical day. Anchoring a mile from shore gives us a delightful row across to land. Ah! from the very first glimpse how English it is! That St. Thomas is Danish, that Martinique is French, you never realize on either of those islands with any abruptness; but the English foot leaves a footprint where it treads. And alas! I who love my England, who am so proud of belonging to that firm, fine, all-conquering Anglo-Saxon race, like her not at all in her colonies! For the first time in my life I resent an English success.

What right has a conqueror—any conqueror—to this bit of lovely tropical landscape? True, England has brought civilization—if you will, improvement—with her bayonets and cannon; but no one wants civilization in the tropics, and my heart sinks at the “improvement” in the appearance of the natives awaiting our arrival. They have not yet acquired the fine art of improving the opportunity for carriage hire; we still land at the dock, with only a few precious hours for the entire island, to find that the natives have merely gathered on the steps to look at us, not to help us or make any money out of us, and we still have to waste valuable time in hunting up a vehicle; but alas! they no longer shuffle, or smile, or dance, or chat; they are eminently respectable; they await decorously and sadly your approach; they stand erect; they have no word for you, but they have straw hats, with the brims on, and collars, and neckties—and alas! a cane. Yonder comes a little girl with a white dress on, that is almost clean, and very nearly whole. It is too bad; I feel like calling to her, “Oh, my dear, what have you done? Do go home and get back into your rags!” It is demoralizing to have our love of cleanliness so demoralized.

But we drive off at last in the vehicle we have finally discovered for ourselves, and fall in love with shabbiness to our hearts’ content again as we wander off around the island, following the shore, and longing to come and live forever in one of the tumble-down little houses that are all verandah, with windows wide open to the sea, and buried in trees

and flowers. The air is redolent of subtle charm. Then suddenly, too suddenly, we emerge from all this careless loveliness into the trim grounds of the English garrison. The grass is cut close; cannon-balls are massed with geometric accuracy; cannon face us at every turn; soldiers march across the sward with spotless white trousers and perfect military precision. We drive out of the grounds into Trafalgar Square, and confront a statue of Nelson, and turn away through Wellington Street, and find it leads us to Literary Row. Alas! that our hearts should ever swell with anything but pride at the names of Trafalgar and Nelson! but it is true; here we resent it; what have these English to do with their Nelsons and their Trafalgars and their military precision, in this land of careless, happy peace and plenty, where, if there are no Nelsons, there is also no need of Nelsons? Let us drive back out of the town, to catch one more glimpse of that unconscious woman, poised as if for a sculptor's model, by a wayside well, standing magnificently calm and strong and tall, with one arm lifted to the water-jar on her majestic head. Nelson indeed! Let Trafalgar go back to Trafalgar.

But the thought of breakfast asserts itself. We have planned our drive to end at the Marine Hotel for breakfast, but here we have an experience of tropical languor to which our Northern temperament has not yet adapted itself: breakfast at the Marine Hotel is not served till nine o'clock, and as the entire meal is brought from the Ice House, a mile or two away, nothing can be had before nine,—not so

much as a cup of coffee. The Northerner, with a dollar in his pocket, who cannot get what he wants, provided he chooses to spend that dollar, is a revelation to himself as he is met with the perfectly firm, but perfectly tranquil, assurance that breakfast will be served at nine o'clock, and not until nine. So we drive back into the town and breakfast at the Ice House itself. It should be explained, perhaps, that the Ice House is not an ice-house, but a hotel, where one gets a very excellent meal, and for the first time in one's life tastes a yam.

And now there are to be no more islands. To-day we are really at sea—five days to the Amazon and Para—five uneventful days, with half our pleasant comrades left at Barbadoes. Days “uneventful,” did I say? Then let me

“ Break the sentence in my heart  
Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue  
May break it ” ;

for

“ What times are little ? to the sentinel  
That hour is regal when he mounts on guard,”

and happy he who has not some time in his life learned to beware of what may be lurking in ambush for him even when he is not on guard. The tropic sea is blue and calm ; the tropic sky is blue and glorious ; yet a little cloud on the horizon, no bigger than a man's hand, and we go down in wreck. Let us see ; how does it run ? “ Therefore I stand



firm in the cyclone, but tremble when the rose-spray taps at my window." There is no cyclone, and all through the five days the rose-spray taps softly at my window, disguised as the molten *lapis lazuli* of this gentle tropic sea; and the days are not uneventful, for we have fallen upon days when a thought is an event and an idea a miracle. We are content just to live, and dream, and at night there are the stars.

On the fifth morning we are within twenty miles of the Brazilian shore, and already the water is of a different color because of the mighty out-pour from the Amazon, and already little land birds are falling exhausted on the deck. They are easily caught in the hand, and laid on your breast they cling there like a flower, too weary to be afraid. I wonder if any birds ever fly twenty miles from shore without finding the ship? "A great desire is a promise that the future makes to you," said Miss Martineau, and I fancy the birds that fly are the birds that find. But what do they find on the tired ship that is itself longing for the shore? Eternal ebb and flow of desire and pursuit! why dost thou mate us fatally with the eternally different?

There is but one "event" on the Amazon, and that is the sky, not the river itself. For though the Amazon is big, it is not impressive. It is rather muddy, and the line of shore is very low and flat, and the tropical foliage is not strikingly tropical; but the sky is glorious! An hour after dinner every one is on deck to see the striking phenomenon, unusual even here, of a sky just before sunset blue

in the horizon to an intense indigo. It is bluer far than the blue water, not with the tint of pearly sapphire that we are wont to associate with the only heaven we know; but as if the Bay of Naples, as we see it in colored prints, had been lifted into air and hung before us as a vivid veil. Across this field of intense blue, a long, long flight of great crimson birds, crimson from tip of wing to tip of wing, like scarlet heron, dazzles the bewildered vision. The next day in Para, the friend at whose house we visited produced three of these beautiful birds, shot the day before and sold on the street, and now, over my desk in our dull North, the great scarlet wings are casting their brilliant shadow on my paper as I write.

“Are you cleaning up because we are going into port?” asks a lady cheerfully of a scrubbing steward, in that tone of voice to be best described, perhaps, as “pleasant.” “No, marm,” is the sententious and suggestive reply; “we ’re cleaning up because it needs cleaning.” This bit of New England ruggedness in speech is a refreshing antidote to the languor that seems slowly creeping over mind and body in the intense heat. We are just under the equator, where there is scarcely a change of temperature from one end of the year to the other, and where the very showers come with such regularity that business appointments are made every day for “after the rain.” We are somewhat startled, too, out of our indolence, by telegrams received on board by passengers with friends farther south. “Fever very bad; don’t stop in Rio overnight; get up into

the mountains." It is alarming, certainly ; we had hardly realized that our trip had unfortunately been timed for just the month when yellow fever is apt to prevail worst at Rio, and report now confirms a rumor that the present season has brought with its intense heat a most unusual severity of epidemic. But we are only disconcerted for the moment ; the New England mind reasserts itself. You cannot come five thousand miles away from home to do a certain thing, and go back without doing it for such a mere trifle as yellow fever. We will be very careful, of course ; we will "get up into the mountains" ; and the Northern conscience that is wont to feel it can ward off northern disease if it is willing to wear flannels, is sure that it can ward off yellow fever, if it is "careful." So we go ashore cheerfully, to investigate Para under the happiest circumstances, having friends on shore in whose large, cool, spacious apartment, delightful with fruits, orchids, and iced lemonade, we have our first glimpse of a Brazilian home. And almost the first thing to strike the eye in this Brazilian home is a copy of the *St. Nicholas* on the library table !

We have only a few hours on shore "after the rain," but every experience is novel. I have a confused recollection of a wonderful garden of orchids ; of picturesque blue heron ; of great balls of India-rubber just as it is brought from the great forests farther up the Amazon, so heavy, so solid, so tough and brown that it is hard to realize its having dripped from a tree in colorless, white sap. Riding out into the suburbs in the horse-car, we have our first ex-

perience of Brazilian money. Their smallest coin is an imaginary one, the rei, of infinitesimal value, and the rest are enormous multiples of it. For instance, in the horse-car one offers for our party of four a bill of 1,000 reis, receiving in change 600 reis. Much of the currency is in big copper, so heavy to carry about that the story is told of a man coming into an office to pay a bill of \$250 in copper which it required ten men to carry. Even in the horse-cars the conductors have large travelling satchels in which to carry their change.

Ah! such flowers as we carry back to the ship; purple, and crimson, and white, and gold. It is quite dark as we row across the river, and glide past one of the big boats that go up the Amazon a thousand miles or more, very picturesque in the half light of its own lanterns, with its hammocks swung on three decks almost to touch each other, for passengers to sleep in rather than in the close cabins—a sort of airy improvement for a sleeping-car.

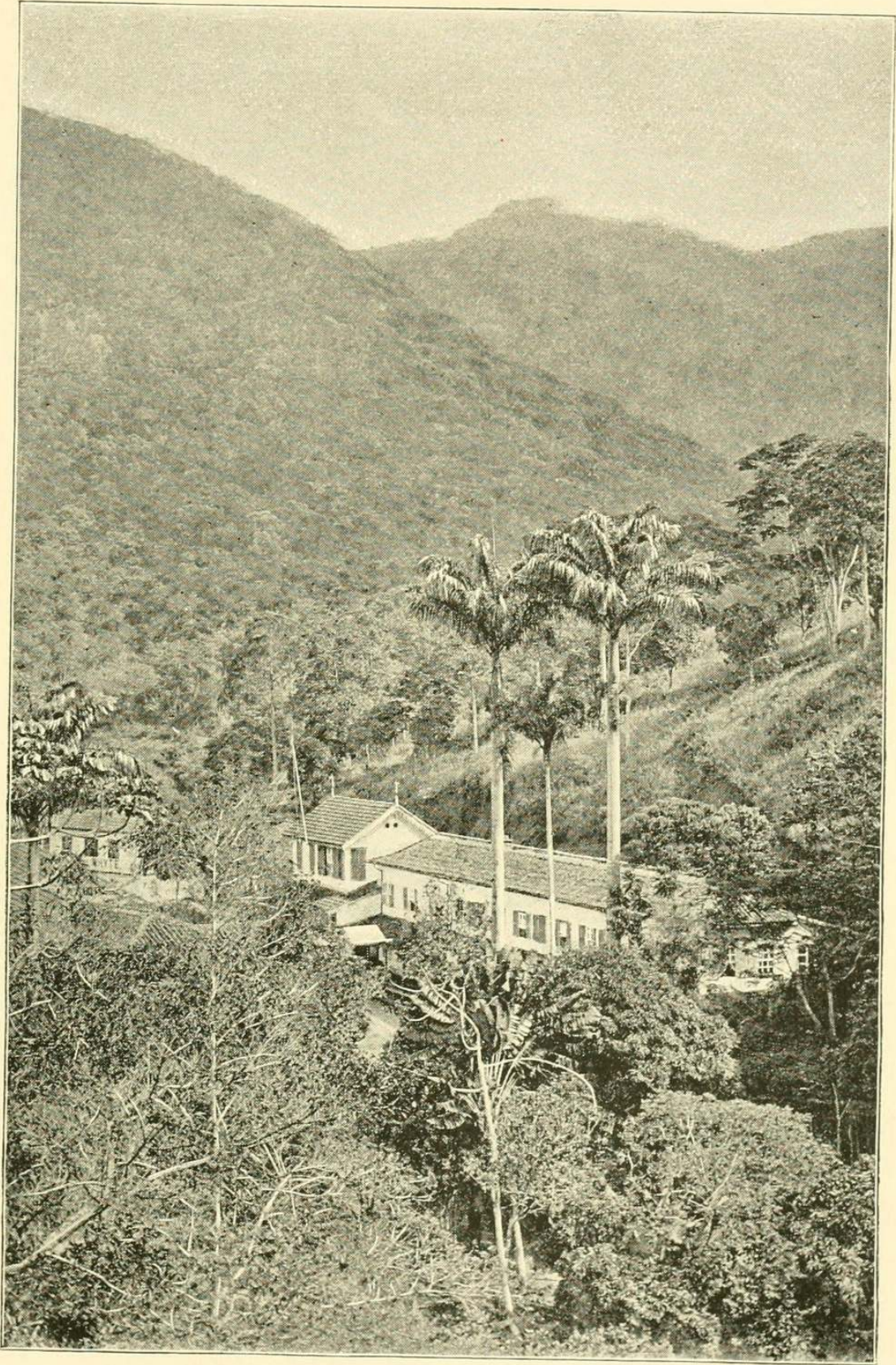
There is an evening of tropic moonlight, then a day of delicious and grateful coolness, when we recover our lost strength and feel once more like northern people, with prejudices and convictions. Another cool, delightful evening that seems like summer yachting over northern seas, and we are at Maranham.

It is hot; yes, it is very hot. As we pause for a moment under a great tree when we land, I hope that some one at home is careful that the children are not out on the street playing in the sun; so hard is it to realize that two or three thousand miles

away our children at this moment are probably building snow forts in the Park. Even the purser's longing exclamation, "What would I not give to be running into the teeth of a New England blizzard!" fails to make us believe in the reality of blizzards existing anywhere. There is a certain charm in the almost absurd indolence of the lazy little town. The streets are grass-grown, and not a breath of air stirs in the trees; yet there are shops, and there is a horse-car, whose obliging driver, when we propose to walk up the hill to the apothecary's for some camera chemicals, urges us to take the car, as he will leave us at the druggist's and wait for us till we have filled our order! The car is a combination for passengers and freight; the rear is left free of seats for luggage to be piled in; and such luggage! Along the route we pause every few minutes to take from some one on the sidewalk loads of anything from a thimble to a bundle of hay. All are ticketed, and all are obligingly delivered at their proper destination by the conductor. We lean against a conglomerate mass of vegetables, dry goods, and washing—with a faint wonder whether it is washing that has been washed or washing that is going to be washed, and half-way out of town pass the more aristocratic car in which no luggage is allowed, from which half our fellow-passengers on the steamer hail us with hilarity and a snap of their Kodaks. During the afternoon we ride in three different horse-cars, the fare for four of us amounting to 1,400 reis! We are drawn by four mules, and when the poor creatures find it hard to start the heavy load of passengers and freight, in-

stead of trying the mild and unvindictive persuasion of that Western oratory of ours especially adapted to the sluggish mule, the conductor steps off to prod them with small spurs fastened to a long pole. Our friends of the other car aver that at one point of the road they all got out and pushed the car themselves up the hill. It is a pleasure to watch the women in the streets; how magnificently they walk with those heavy burdens on their heads, though the slippers on their feet only reach half-way up the sole, and one would think their attention must be concentrated on the difficulty of keeping them on at all. We drop into the hotel for afternoon tea, and amuse ourselves with strange dishes and drinks, finding it very pleasant in the intensely quiet streets, bordered with great trees, which seem to have been decked with tulips or red poppies that might almost light the road when the sun goes down.

We row back to the ship just at sunset, and at last we are off, with the tide in our favor, and a tropic moon in the sky. As a rule, we have been mercifully spared the entertainment fiend on board, who always wants to "do something" to while away the time. Happily, there is a unanimous belief in the charm of indolence and tropic moonlight on this tropic sea, and we are all enjoying ourselves instead of making desperate attempts to help some one else to enjoy himself. In the tropics, you don't want to amuse him, and fortunately he does not want to be amused.



TIJUCA.





### III.

THREE more days of azure and gold, three more nights of white and silver, with the phosphorescence so glorious that it often seemed as if great lighted cities were in the horizon, and we are up early in the morning for the first glimpse of Pernambuco, the Venice of the South. It is a superb day; not a fleck of anything but gold on the blue of sea and sky. Then slowly, slowly, slowly, the silvery city rises from the sea, her gleaming white walls glowing, and yet cool, fresh and dainty as Aphrodite herself. There is not a glimpse of verdure, of hill or tree or any land at all, until long after the white walls and domes and towers fill the horizon. The effect is as if the city, like Hans Andersen's little Daümelinchen, had danced out upon lily-pads to meet us. At Para and Maranham we had our first experience of entire houses tiled as our fireplaces are at the North, with color and design. Delicate tracery of pink and blue and chocolate, in tiny squares of white, had covered the entire outer wall; but at Pernambuco the buildings are all of a white stucco over brick or stone, which in the distance has all the effect of marble. It is the unanimity of color and design that produces the unique effect. An entirely white city would be impressive anywhere; and here, set in a sapphire sea, on land so low that you are scarcely conscious

of land at all, and under a dazzling sky, the result is fairy-like, with architecture which, simple as it is, seems magical. No ugly docks, or projecting piers, or unsightly warehouses, line the edge of the town. There is a waving fringe of cool trees on the very shore as we draw near, stirred refreshingly by the trade-winds that make Pernambuco one of the pleasantest residences on the coast, and everything is white from the beginning. Then the city spreads back into the country, subdivided with an effect as of many canals by its broad river, spanned with innumerable bridges. Here, too, we are at home; here some of us have lived in years gone by, and here some of us are going to live. The ship will be in port overnight, and those of us bound farther south, to Rio, will have time to wander four miles out into the country, to Cruz das Almas, the home of the cousins with whom we are to dine, and where we are to leave our little bride in her new household. A rowboat puts off from shore with two of the cousins greeting. It is called the *Faith in God*, and it soon bears us off to the white and tempting shore. Great trees fill the street, with seats under them, and a picturesque crowd has gathered opposite the landing-place. Many are the familiar faces for those who have been here before, and we lunch gayly with a large party of friends, the event of the luncheon being pineapples, those delicious pines of the South that are like ice-cream held together in a fragrant cone, till a silver fork separates the delicate golden flakes, and they dissolve gently in their own translucent nectar, even before they melt upon your lips.

At four o'clock we leave by the train for Cruz das Almas, stopping at a tiny station shaded by great trees, and then wandering along a grass-grown road which we notice with amusement is named "The Street of the Afflicted." The train is a novelty to those who used to ride out of town on horseback when living here years ago, so that we approach the charming *sítio* that has belonged for so many years to the family and firm from a new direction, and it is I, the stranger, who, recognizing everything from long familiar pictures, exclaim first: "There is Tasso's house!" knowing that Cruz das Almas is just opposite the gate to Tasso's garden.

And it is the great gateway to Cruz das Almas that draws us away even from the lovely garden opposite. Two magnificent palms guard the entrance. We pause a moment to look up at the wreath of splendid foliage crowning so grandly the straight, glorious stem that had sprung so lightly, so superbly, so unswervingly, a hundred feet into the air before it paused to laugh down at us in verdure, as if to mock us with the ease of its achievement.

"And to think," said quietly the gentleman at my side, "that I planted those palms myself only twenty years ago! A little mortifying, is it not, that no spiritual, mental, or moral effort of mine in all that time has probably reached quite so splendid a result!"

We bend our heads unconsciously, as if to two great personages in waiting for us, as we pass under the palms and into the garden. How beautiful it is! Such exquisite silence; the still, calm, perfect

silence of a golden afternoon ; and though it is a tropic afternoon, the relief from

“ The blaze upon the waters to the east,  
The blaze upon the waters overhead,  
The blaze upon the waters to the west,”

that pierced to the marrow of our souls at sea even under the white awnings, makes the sunshine on shore seem a sort of shadowy sunshine after all. The hedges are crimson with a royal wealth of flowers. What would be verdure at the North, here is color. There is little more than an acre of land, but there seem to be millions of acres of flowers. Every delicate stem, springing lightly into the air, seems to have thrown wide a glittering mesh of bloom that lies, fold after fold, above the brown earth or the grass. We wander on to the house, whose doors and windows are hospitably open. There is no door-bell, but the little bride has arrived at her new home before us, and comes to meet us with an eloquent swiftness, that, as a survival of the fittest Northern vivacity, must astonish the languid flowers of this garden of repose. “ Is n't it lovely ? ” she asks, and we confess that for once a bride seems to be an entirely wise and just judge of her surroundings. She tells how old Antonia came out of the kitchen to greet her, taking her hand respectfully to kiss it, and then carefully brushing off the kiss with her apron. The wide parlor, tiled with cool marble, seems, like the garden, to be furnished entirely with flowers. The *bric-à-brac* of the North will arrive later with the bridal trunks ; but already the

little bride is remembering with satisfaction how many of her gifts were vases and *jardinières*. Tea is served, but we are so overpowered with a sense of color and fragrance that we are not at all sure it is not a tea steeped from rose leaves.

And it is not too hot to go out into the garden, is it, if we take our sunshades? The little bride's air of proprietorship is delicious. She has preceded us into this paradise by about an hour, but it is hers. "You must really see the orange grove," she adds, with that carefully careless accent of conscious pride that betokens the new owner anxious to appear as if accustomed to orange groves from her earliest youth. Already the air is full of snowy perfume; it is just as we had heard it described, with the rich blossoms, the subtle fragrance, the green fruit, and the ripened golden globes, all on the same tree at once. But what we had never heard of was the delicate carpet under foot, of the white petals falling, falling, falling—I had almost said musically falling—ceaselessly, noiselessly, though noiselessly may still mean musically—in a constant, silent, soft, and snowy shower. There is nothing sad in the falling blossoms; there is not the slightest breeze that could seem to insist on their taking flight, and there is nothing to suggest decay. They seem to have detached themselves of their own accord, and to float willingly down in the rich gold sunshine, as if they had simply blossomed as long as they cared to. And they are never missed on the tree; the ground is always white with them, the tree is always fragrant with them, and the sunny air is always full of their swift, silent flight. Beyond

is the tennis court, under great old trees covered with clusters of orchids. Then we turn back to the picturesque well, under shelter of a red-tiled roof supported by square pillars, its stone curb covered with maiden-hair fern. Just beyond is the bath, its tub tiled and let into the floor like an old Roman bath, with steps leading down to it. Fancy rising at six of a summer morning all the year round to slip through such a garden to such a bath, gathering flowers on your way back to the house, that you may wake your bride through a honeymoon of a whole year by pelting her with orange blossoms and rose-buds wet with dew!

And then we must step across the road into Tasso's garden. How fortunate, when, as the possessor of such a garden, your name is romantic enough to suit it! For Tasso's garden out-gardens Cruz das Almas, as Cruz das Almas outstrips the pale gardens of the North. There is not a square inch of it but seems to have been stretched to its utmost to hold its handful of flowers. There is a row of splendid palms, and under them—ask me not what; I could not tell. I am only conscious of flowers, flowers, fountains, perfume, color; the very sunshine seems tinted. But do you know what I wish? In the midst of all the wonder of blossoms, I catch myself wishing there were not quite so many!

For a strange oppression takes possession of me in all this richness of luxuriance. Already I am beginning to be conscious that in the tropics Nature is triumphant. We shall have to sacrifice both our humanity and our individuality, and the Puritan

self-consciousness dies hard. "What is man, that I should be mindful of him?" is Nature's attitude towards the human in this land where vegetation is so massive, so luxuriant, so crowded, so strong, so all-pervading, that it actually seems sentient. Humanity, dominant at the North, seems crowded out, insignificant, merely tolerated by these magnificent and lazy trees, these indolent and superb flowers. It is not only that man evidently cannot patronize Nature any longer; it is doubtful whether he can get along with her at all. He will have to conquer, not merely her storms, but her sunshine. She is never his friend. Whatever he succeeds in doing, will be in spite of her. He has written poems, has he? But Nature at the South is herself a poem. He has attained magnificent success, perhaps, after repeated failure. But Nature here attains success, not only without failure, but without effort. She is not merely indifferent to what you can do, but she will not let you do it. Who but Nature could attain magnificent success in anything, with the thermometer at  $98^{\circ}$ ? If you should try to write a poem in Tasso's garden, you would soon find yourself in the position of a brilliant lady who apologized for being dull in a Queen Anne parlor: "I could not think of anything to say; there was so much to look at." As we leave the garden and go in to dinner, I can only reflect humbly: "When I am at the North again, I will write an essay about it"; which is the revenge I am trying to take now on Tasso's garden.

It is such a pretty dinner! Everything is white, decorated with flowers. The floor is of marble; the

ladies are in soft white dresses, with great clusters of roses ; the gentlemen are in white duck. The table-cover would be snowy if it were not covered with pink blossoms. We are a gay party of cousins, and much laughter and light chat floats across the walnuts and the wine ; yet the sense of oppression only deepens upon me. There is a rose-spray looking in at the open window,—silent, intent, listening,—that is playing fantastic tricks with my brain, setting my pulses in a whirl, and by its very calmness disturbing my wonted New England satisfaction with myself. Surely never was rose so silent before ! I cannot remember ever before being looked at by a rose ! I wonder if I am playing my part well. I turn my face uneasily and begin talking to the friend on my left. But, alas ! I begin to stammer. What I am saying does not seem worth the rose's listening to. Think of a land where the very roses listen and criticise ! An hysterical impulse seizes me to cross the room and gather the rose once for all ; but I do not think I should quite dare. Fortunately, the hostess rises.

In the drawing-room I forget the impression. It is late when we separate ; and as the lights are turned out, we all step into the garden. Here, again, though the white moonlight is exquisitely clear, I am suddenly oppressed with a sense of the crowding, creeping, growing, blossoming things, till I am almost stifled in the grasp of an omnipotence that seems to know no mercy. I am ashamed of the folly of it ; but as we turn in-doors again, I am conscious of feeling as the English must have felt in



India about the Sepoys. I almost say to my hostess: "If those flowers should take it into their heads to bombard the house and come in to-night, what a mere handful of people we are to defend ourselves!" Fortunately I control the impulse. Good-night, little bride! May the first dreams in the new home be happy ones; may the petals of your orange blossoms only fall to leave golden fruit ripening in their place; and may you never be waked by anything harsher than the brush of a rose against your cheek!

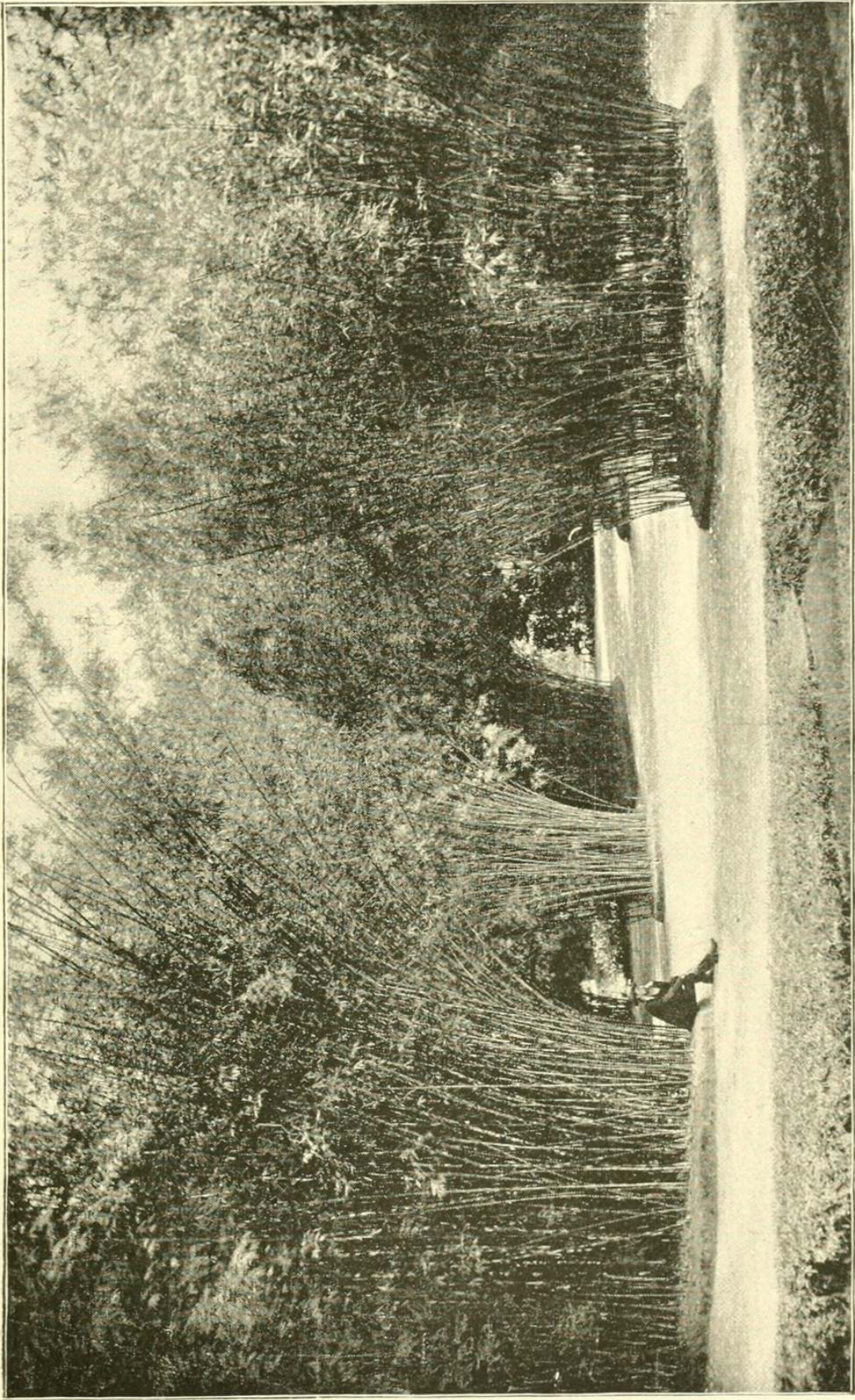
Looking from the upper windows down into the peaceful garden, one's first feeling is: "What a place, what a night, for sleep!" The silence is absolute. Yet already there is misgiving; even at the North the stillness of a night in the country is apt to keep awake one accustomed to the rumble of early milk-wagons and late horse-cars over a city pavement, as the sudden cessation of a ship's restless machinery at sea will rouse one more quickly than an alarm. The silence is not sound, but it is like the blank line drawn under a word to italicize it: with no letters or meaning of its own, but intensifying the letters and the meaning of the word itself. Nature was impressive, terribly impressive, before; but underscored with this emphasis of silence, it begins to be impressively terrible. I am conscious of trembling, of turning pale; if I were to fall upon my knees it seems as if it would be to those stately palms that I should pray. There is a sob in my throat. Why are they so solemn and so silent? Why do they seem to reproach me so? "Do you

not know," I murmur faintly, "do you not know that I carry with me the burden of a soul? How can you expect me to be as beautiful, as self-possessed, as perfectly what I was meant to be, as you are?" The silence seems deathly; I must know what those flowers are thinking. If they would only speak! All the New England pride of intellect, and consciousness of soul, and sense of fine achievement, and noble effort, and faithful struggle, and patient failure, and lofty aspiration vanishes in a moment, as the poet says of his camp-fire in the woods, when

"Half a century's patient growth  
Goes up in an instant's flame."

I cannot think, I can only feel, and what I feel is a quivering, humiliating sense that I am nothing but a miserable human being, handicapped with a soul. O for a volume of Emerson to restore my drooping courage!

Why should the air seem so stifling? The room is immense. It runs the whole width of the house, with two windows at either end, and five long windows in front opening on a balcony. But the intense fragrance from the garden deepens with the night, till odors keep one more conscious of flowers than would the flowers themselves. Two fan palms, whose enormous, yet perfectly regular, branching stems reach across all five of the windows like a lattice, seem to throw shadows on the floor. I wish they would go away! but they never even stir. I feel as if put to sleep in a green-house, as if breath-



"THINK OF TRYING TO HANG YOUR HAMMOCK FROM A BAMBOO!"



ing the lifeless breath of a satin *sachet*. Seven windows and no air!

Did I say the night was silent? Suddenly the silence begins to thrill. I can hear the insects droning, the fruit ripening, the flowers budding. Nay, listen! I can hear the white orange petals, out there in the grove, falling, falling, falling, though there is not a breath of air to make them move. The moonlight is like a thrilling touch upon my hand. I seem to have reached what George Eliot calls "the hither side of silence, where you can hear the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat." I remember what Lafcadio Hearn said in Martinique of "that tropical calm which is not silence, for the ear fancies it can hear the great movement of composition and of decomposition perpetually going on within." And now the flowers, of whose silence I had complained, begin to talk.

"Listen! it is well that you have come here. We have something to say to you. You came from the land of effort, where you have to struggle, not only for your moral victories and mental achievements, but for your very harvests,—yes, even for your flowers. Heavens! what it costs you, not only to live well, but to live at all. It is all you can do at the North to persuade a rose to blossom for you. It is well, then, for you to come to a land where perfection comes without failure and without effort. Have you anything in your boasted civilization and progress half as perfect as we are? Are cities half as harmonious as our gardens? Come and live with us. We have no churches, but then we have no slums.

We have no hospitals or charities for wounded or disabled flowers, but then we have no flowers wounded or disabled. We are all alike. If the sun shines, it shines upon us all ; if the rain falls, it falls upon the just and the unjust. If a rose wants to blossom, it blossoms. There is room for all. If the orchids cannot find a place to grow in on the ground, the great trees take them up into the air and never crush them with their mighty strength. No one is interfered with. If a tiny flower opens, wearing heaven's own livery of blue, we never say : ' You cannot be blue ; there is too much blue in the garden or the sky already ; if you blossom at all, you must be willing to wear scarlet.' See how splendidly our glorious palms rise into the air without a particle of your intelligence ! See how fair, and pure, and perfect we are without an atom of your conscience ! In this single garden the myriads of leaves and blossoms outnumber the human beings in your city of New York, yet we have room for all, not only to live, but to blossom ; not only to be, but to be beautiful. What have you gained by your dower of intelligence and your capacity to suffer and inflict suffering ? ”

They had almost chloroformed me with perfume before they began ; but my dying intelligence rallies for one strong effort.

“ You have no cruel slums, dear Garden, did you say, in this land of perfection, without effort or failure ? Ah ! but your very beauty is a snare ; your splendid forests, your magnificent wildernesses of bloom, are the more cruel for being outwardly so

beautiful. You look innocent, but you are treacherous. You have not our great New England virtue of sincerity. You are not to be trusted. Serpents lurk in ambush among your vines. Miasma dwells in your most luring haunts, and fever lingers in your very sunlight. Our Northern sunshine threatens and bites with its fierce sting, if we venture into it; but your moonlight stabs in the dark, with its cool, white stiletto, that looks like innocent ivory. You offer us fruits that kill and flowers that poison. You do not interfere with each other, you tell me; but, on the other hand, neither do you care for each other. It is not enough that you would not hate me; would you ever love me? You let everybody live; but then you also let anybody die. A rose may blossom if it wants to; but do you ever take any notice of it when it has blossomed? Do you even know whether there is a new one in the garden? You care just as little if one perishes as if one opens.

‘ So careful of the type you seem ;  
So careless of the single life.’

Our humanities and inhumanities at the North are, I grant you, a deification of self, or a second self; but I prefer love mixed with hate, to mere tolerance that is neither. You would kindly consent to let me live, you say, if I would give up being a person, and consent to be a rose; but I prefer living where there are a few who would not let me die, even if there are many who do not care that I am alive. I could not trust you; you looked as peaceful and calm as an

Eastern queen, or a sleeping baby,—yet you have managed to keep me awake all night. Of course, I shall not let my hostess know it; I shall answer courteously, if she asks, ‘Oh, yes! I slept most sweetly——’”

“Excuse me,” interrupted a rose; “but is that an example of your famous Northern virtue of sincerity?”

This was an appalling attack—from a rose. I was glad to have my attention diverted by a great light, which seemed to come from the house opposite. Some one must be ill, for the lights to be burning so late. But, no; the house was closed. Could it be burglars? or perhaps a fire! I hasten to the window, and behold! it is a star! From the balcony of a sixth-story apartment at the North, one still has to look up for the stars; but here they hang low enough in the horizon to peer in at your window. I close my eyes again, in the vain effort to sleep. Opening them suddenly, the fan-palm trees near the window seem hung with oranges. In bewilderment, I hasten once more to the window, and behold! once more it is stars, glittering through the foliage.

I was determined to say nothing of my foolishness at the breakfast-table; but as the host reached for a mango and said gracefully, “I hope you all slept well?” a glance of intelligence rippled round the table, and in the evident surprise of a common experience, it was discovered that no one had slept at all. Even those accustomed to the tropical atmosphere had been conscious of something unusual in the air.



“I should say some electrical disturbance,” remarked one of the sufferers; “if it did not seem absurd to speak of disturbance when the air was so deathly still.”

My own confession of hearing the orange petals falling was matched by the friend who had waked every time a mango dropped from the trees, and by another who had been terribly startled by a sudden noise, which she was assured was only the dog flapping his ears.

We are still at breakfast, when old Paulo appears, with a magnificent cluster of roses for me to carry on board the *Alliança*. As we pass through the great gateway, under the splendid palms, I turn my head towards the garden, and murmur very meekly, “Thank you for my roses!”

The flowers turn languidly upon their stalks: “What did you say?”

“Thank you for my roses,” I murmur, still more meekly.

“You are very welcome; we had not missed any.” And they turn their heads languidly back again, to bask all day in the rich sunshine, in preparation probably for another night of it.

#### IV.

BAHIA is the first port we have entered at night, and very beautiful is the magnificent bay ringed with brilliant lights. It is a big city, of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, gloriously set on a superb bluff overlooking a superb harbor. If Pernambuco tempted us ashore by its dainty morning freshness in white and silver, Bahia lures us equally at night with its glittering golden lights like the apples of the Hesperides.

But we cannot go ashore till morning. Then after exploring the shops and looking at Brazilian diamonds and sapphires in the mercantile part of the lower city, we are lifted one hundred and eighty feet to the heights by an elevator in the street precisely like those in our hotels, and take a horse-car to the suburbs where the pretty dwelling-houses are, set in rich, glowing gardens. Here, too, the houses are covered with square tiles, usually of some color, though the most beautiful was one of pure white tiles, whose smooth and snowy surface gave the curious effect, not of marble, but of white satin. How such a surface can be kept so glitteringly white, so softly spotless, is hard to understand, even with the brief explanation, "You know we never have a frost."

We dine at one of the *cafés*, and already notice the peculiarity that the South has no sunsets, and

knows not the meaning of our long exquisite Northern twilights. When we leave the *café*, it is already dark, as dark as it will be three hours later. The *Alliança* is two miles out in the bay, and we have a lovely row before us, winding in and out among the singular shipping. At the North the shipping in a harbor looks almost like a fringe of forest, with its straight, bare masts piercing the air, each erect as a young palm; but here the masts are set at every possible angle, and they cross each other in the air with a curious effect of net work. Approaching the steps at the landing, and asking for a boat, some boatmen call out, "Are you the freight that the Bishop brought?" This is puzzling, till we are told that it is the etiquette of the place to allow each boatman to row back to the ship the same passengers he brought over in the morning. By those carefully and conscientiously on the watch, we had been recognized even in the dark as the "freight" brought over by a man named Bishop in his sail-boat, picturesquely entitled, *Good Jesus of Navigators*. The Bishop himself was not on the alert, but his interests were as carefully guarded by those of his fellow-craftsmen who were, as they would be disregarded by New York hackmen in the same situation. A shout rings out on the air, "Good Jesus! good Jesus! here, good Jesus! here's your freight!" Out of the darkness a little boat shoots swiftly towards us from an opposite pier, and we are soon rowing across the bay in the delicious coolness of the grateful night.

Later superb moonlight floods the deck, making a golden path for us to Rio. It is true that the moon-

light no longer seems silvery, but actually golden, like the sun. And by day the sun is very, very hot, the awnings are doubled, and drawn close down to the sides of the ship, and on that last day before reaching Rio, it is almost intolerable to do the packing. Leaving New York in January weather, there are heavy wraps and shawls and even furs to be stowed away; and we look at them now much as the man who has just dined looks at the man who is just beginning to dine, and demands soup. Soup! how can any one ever want soup?

Three hours before we reach Rio every one is on deck; for the scenery is magnificent, and the air is fortunately cool again. Mountains rise literally out of the sea, their slopes steep as those on the Saguenay, where you might drown at the water's edge, because the cliffs rising just at your hand offer not so much as a square inch of surface that is not smoothly perpendicular in the air. Nearer and nearer we come to the beautiful entrance of the most superb harbor in the world. The magnificent bay, that, just behind these mountains guarding it so jealously, opens out like an inner ocean with fifty square miles of anchorage, has narrowed here till its discoverer thought it really only a river, and named it "Rio." Two steamers could hardly enter abreast between the tiny islands that mark the gateway from the sea. As far as the eye can reach, this seems to be still only a widening stream; not till we anchor, still a mile or two from the city, do we catch a glimpse of that glorious expanse of inner sea that the Indians named "Nichteroy"—Hidden Waters.

Even the splendid scenery cannot wholly divert anxious thoughts in regard to the reports of fever. But how can pestilence lurk in a city set so gloriously in the very heart of grand, cool mountains, with her feet dipping in the blue sea? We silence with this thought a haunting doubt that seizes us, as we tremble a little in the grasp of an impression that the city does look feverish and thirsty, as if it had hurried down from the mountains to the very water's edge to quench a fever and a thirst that all the cool mountain streams and breezes could not satisfy. We remember the white, silvery walls of Pernambuco, rising so fresh and dainty from the sea; here the same stucco is used for buildings, but it is yellow, a deep yellow, and the roofs of the houses are a dull, deep red, on which the basking sun certainly deepens the effect. Yes, there is fever there; but we will be careful, very, very careful, we assure the friends who come on board to warn us. They smile, and shake their heads. "If you are careless, you will certainly have the fever; and if you are careful, you probably will"; that is, if you stay in the city itself. But we are not to stay in the city; Mr. H——, best of friends either in anxiety or happiness, has found quarters for us among the mountains, at Tijuca, only two hours from Rio, where no case of fever has ever been reported. Surely a city like Rio ought not to be the victim of a pestilence not native there. Only thirty years ago did the yellow fever appear there for the first time, brought by a passing ship; only for a month or two in the year does it rage with this exceptional fierce-

ness; and with its wonderful location, fed by mountain streams, swept by sea breezes, and surrounded by superb heights, man's intelligence ought to be able to bar the way to miasma that man's carelessness allowed once to creep in. It is a singular fact that only two, three, or four hours from the city itself are mountain resorts absolutely safe from any trace of fever even in the worst epidemic; it is only those obliged to go down into the town who need have any fear.

It does not seem in itself a melancholy thing to be exiled to those glorious mountains; and to be quarantined in a garden of tropical loveliness ought not to seem too hard a fate. As we walk quietly across the city, for the air at the moment is cooler than it had been on the tropic sea, I peer curiously about, half expecting to see the pestilence personified in some grim shape lying in wait for us around the corner; but there is nothing to alarm us save the warnings of our friends, which are grave enough. Some one remarks *naïvely* that there seem to be a great many people *not* down with the fever; it is only later that we realize the silenced fear, the cool self-command, the stoical courage, of these people walking calmly through a danger the more terrible and alarming because it is nowhere visible, and not to be detected by the finest microscope. People meet and greet each other with a sudden smile that only later we learn means, "Ah! you are still well!" for not a word of concern or question passes these stern lips that are bent to the courage which alone can bear the intense strain. For perhaps the most

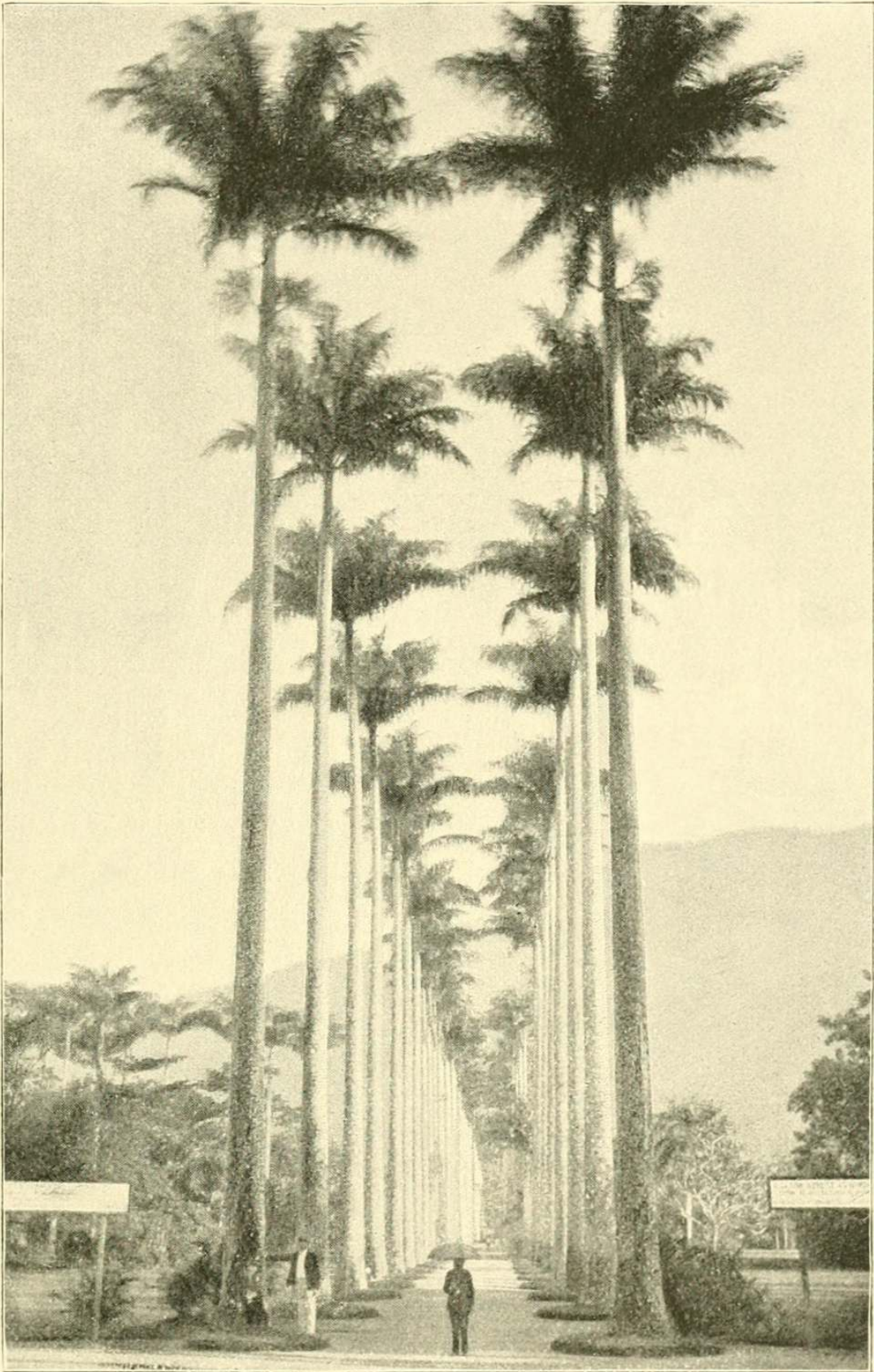
dreaded effect of yellow fever is that it has no symptoms; you cannot begin to take care of yourself when you feel yourself "running down"; you are not secure from it because you are in robust health. The man who just passed you on the street corner, smiling and erect, may be dead to-morrow morning; and you yourself, who have eaten your dinner with appetite and spent the evening at the theatre, may wake at midnight with the dreaded chill. Hence those furtive, silent, swift-passing smiles, as people meet each other and think, "not yet, thank God!"

But we have not been here long enough to be conscious of this yet. Our hearts are light. It is almost cool, for the tropics. Six miles out of town we leave the horse-car for a carriage, and for another hour drive through a scene of unparalleled loveliness. What charm of landscape could possibly be added to that miraculous combination of ocean and mountains, delicate verdure and tropical richness of blossoms, the superb road winding, rising, rising, winding, overarched by magnificent trees, many of them a mass of purple or white or golden flowers! You look down at the sea, or up to the mountains, as you will; the mountains sometimes gravely stern, like those of Colorado, with light clouds drifting in and out of their ravines, sometimes covered with verdure, or bloom of the most gorgeous coloring. Occasionally, through picturesque gateways, we catch glimpses of stately houses that seem to be built of marble, though we know it is only the effect we are already familiar with, of distemper on stucco. There

is not the slightest individuality in these homes ; the houses are all square or oblong, rarely more than two stories high ; with no angles but right angles, no dormer windows, no sloping roofs, no gables, no arches, no porches, no verandahs, no balconies, no hammocks, no awnings or bay-windows. With their delicate tints of pale-blue or exquisite pink or fine chocolate, they are like cool blocks of ice-cream set in the midst of the glowing gardens. And one is surprised to discover that this uniformity of effect is not in the least monotonous. There is a dignity in it, as if just here nothing else would be endurable ; as if a bay-window would be an offence and a balcony an unpardonable intrusion. You are conscious of a certain pleasure in escaping from what have been called the "Queen Anne-ities" of the New England suburb. What a blot on the Brazilian landscape would be a crazy Queen Anne cottage, with its impertinent gables, its saucy windows, its coquettish balconies, its intolerable slopes of undignified roofs ! Here it is the gardens, rather than the houses, that have the charm of the Queen Anne mystery and intricacy.

And now we are approaching the garden where we are to be quarantined. "Not another hour in the city till we give you leave," our friends in Rio had said ; but could one regret, except for so sad a cause, being exiled into Paradise ? Can we ever tire of this exquisite spot ? It is six o'clock of a perfect day in February, very like six o'clock of a perfect day at home in September. The air is deliciously cool. We have driven to a level twelve hundred





THE ROYAL FOUR HUNDRED.



feet above the sea, but such mountains still tower grandly above us, that we seem in a lovely valley, gemmed with radiance and jewelled with blossoms. Surely this is the *cor cordium* of the world. Only the remembrance of having climbed gives any sense of the loftiness of our position. Hemmed in by mountains, we are shut in and shut out; but stone walls do not a prison make, and it looks as if we should find enough to amuse ourselves with, even in quarantine, for several weeks. We are like the French prisoner, in a dungeon of beauty, with our Picciola multiplied apparently to a hundred million blossoming plants that we can watch.

For, as our driver, with the pardonable pride of drivers in all languages, spurs his horses to make a magnificent entrance through the flowery approach to our hotel, we catch glimpses of a wilderness of intricate charm, in which nothing can be identified or remembered except as beauty. Everywhere rich masses of fragrance and color break upon the sight in billows of bloom. We seem to see the results of care, without any of the care. At the North, laborious processes almost spoil one's delight in eventual achievement. At least we think so for the moment. There it is such hard work to make even an acre yield anything, that it is almost appalling to find here a square inch yielding so much voluntarily. The garden is a restless and rich mosaic, though without design of any kind, and without anything repeating itself. Everything that happens is the unexpected. Nothing is where it ought to be, yet everything is beautiful. As we whirl up the avenue

there are photographed in turn upon the palimpsest of memory a splendid cluster of bamboos ; an orange-tree in blossom ; a banana-tree laden with fruit ; a Japanese pagoda ; a vine of honeysuckle ; a shallow brook slipping softly over its brown bed under arching trees, and looking like brown eyes full of tears ; a little well, roofed over with glorious golden flowers ; the brook again, but now in a sunny spot, where its brown eyes are full of laughter ; a rose-arbor ; two magnificent palms, over a hundred feet high, that seemed to say to us : " You have climbed high and well, but not so high or so well as we have climbed " ; a little fountain under a purple passion-vine ; a thatched summer-house ; clusters of shining white azaleas ; fragrance, as of jasmine out of sight, that could not find room to grow in earth, and so hangs as a disembodied spirit in the air ; a great tree of rose-colored blossoms ; a stone bridge ; a picturesque rustic seat ; a wooden bridge ; steps leading down to some water ; a little path winding up the mountain ; a great bed of violets ; a stone wall overgrown with maiden-hair fern ; lilies ; and then roses.

Our eyes are breathless, as at last the driver halts his horses, and mine host advances to meet us from the piazza. For our hotel, kept by an Englishman, is arranged somewhat in English fashion, and the piazza is its distinguishing feature. It is built in sections, of long, low, rambling apartments, set irregularly around a long, wide court, looking much like the officers' quarters of a garrison, never more than two stories high, all of white stucco, shaded by feathery trees. We are shown to our rooms hori-

zontally instead of perpendicularly—that is to say, the hotel is not what Dr. Holmes calls “an inverted Inferno,” in which you are appointed to the ninth story, but apparently a large apartment house whose stories have been divided in slices and set separately on the ground. So we cross to our quarters, instead of mounting, and find ourselves in two cool and pretty rooms, delightfully free from *bric-à-brac*, overlooking the garden and looking up to the mountains. It is not merely that we are surrounded by beautiful Brazilian scenery, but we seem to have still with us the scenery of the North, held in a noble setting and exalted by a finer air. Those mountains might be the rocky grandeur of Colorado. The surf, which they say we shall hear when the wind is in the right direction, though the sea lies a thousand feet below us, might be that beating on the shore of Nantasket or Long Branch. The winding road looks like a bit of New England landscape, set in jewels, it is true, for the great trees flame with crimson and golden blossoms. That woodland walk is strangely suggestive of West Point. The nearer hills are like the Adirondacks or the Catskills. And in addition to all this, one looks upon a breaking, billowy surf of color and tropic bloom, tossing its waves of fragrance at the feet of stately palms, that add dignity to the beauty and promise rest amid the bewildering fascination.

We forget the shadow that has exiled us to this glittering garden.

“In truth, the prison unto which we doom  
Ourselves, no prison is,”

we quote to each other gayly, rather glad than otherwise that, instead of practising official sight-seeing in a Brazilian city, we are compelled to wander off into Eden for bliss instead of facts, beauty rather than knowledge, flowers in place of figures, scenery instead of statistics. I shall have an exquisite garden to write about, instead of latitude and longitude, population and politics; though already I am oppressed with a sense that the South ought to have adjectives of her own to match the splendor of her scenery; our poor old Northern "magnificent" and "superb" being insufficient and already overworked.

Now it is that we learn suddenly, with the same calmness with which the information is given to us, that there is unhappily a case of yellow fever in rooms across the court, the first ever known in Tijuca, and brought, of course, from the city by a young fellow who has been ill only a few days. It is hoped that we shall not permit ourselves to be disturbed. Oh, certainly not! and without indulging in so much as the quiver of an eyelash, we finish unpacking, saying only to each other, "Poor fellow!"

And one must dine, even in the tropics—even in the midst of yellow fever. As we cross the court, our fellow-boarders seem descending from the trees to dinner, for the stairs to the second story of all the apartments are built on the outside, and show a glimpse of foliage at the top. The dinner is excellent of its kind, but we are a little surprised at the kind. A hot soup, followed by four courses of gravied meats, with canned vegetables from the North, and a cake for dessert—is this the usual

meal in those tropics of which we learned in our geographies that the natives "lived almost exclusively on fruit and vegetables"? Yes, it is; experience of nearly a year, and patient inquiries, resulted in the information that these beautiful gardens, revelling in flowers, produce little more than a salad for vegetables, while the people consider ice-cream as dangerous during the hot season, and one gentleman tells us that while the fever raged he never had any fruit in the house, "for the children's sake." This complete reversal of all our Northern prejudices is hard to bear. To have no fish, no ice-creams, or cool custards or jellies, scarcely a fresh vegetable, and only the poorest oranges and bananas in the way of fruit, makes it evident to us that a mistaken *cuisine* is partly at fault for the prevailing illness. The delicious Brazilian pine-apple is without honor in its own country; I never once saw a Brazilian who did not prefer canned peaches.

We had gone in to dinner by daylight, but as the ladies take their coffee on the verandah, it is already dark. The sun has set, and in the tropics there is no lingering sunset or glowing twilight. It is as dark now as it will be at midnight. But even as we speak, the moonlight begins to come. We are in a deep dell, and it is impossible not to feel, as the light deepens, that the moonlight is being poured into this deep cup from some great golden beaker. At the North, you feel the moonlight fall; at the South, you see it rise, over the flower-beds, higher, higher, over the gleaming white walls of the cottages, up,

up into the palms that seem to gather its snowy brilliancy into their rich hands, and let it fall softly on the flower-beds again, lest it should all escape into the vast sky. I look at the white cottage bathed in that silver, and understand that I never knew before what *white* really means.

We sleep quietly. At breakfast, having learned that the young Englishman who is ill is the son of an old friend, my husband remarks to the landlord, "When Mr. L—— is better, I should like to see him, as I used to know his father"; to which comes the quiet reply, "Oh, did you not hear? He died last night while we were at dinner." Already the stoic fortitude that comes with every epidemic, and that means, not apathy, or indifference, or hardness of heart, but simple deadly fear and absolute suffering that does not let its eyelids quiver lest the flood-gates open too terribly, sends nerve into our own trembling temperament. We only say again, "Poor fellow!"

But it is a shock. Already the boarders are whispering, "Why are they so long in taking him away?" So long! but the distance from the city has caused what they call "delay." The cable has been sent to his mother in England, but it is noon before the hearse comes slowly up the avenue. A telephone message has come for us; we step to the office, and a cheery New England voice, easily recognized as that of the purser from the *Alliança*, calls out, "How are you? are you all right? So glad you are at Tijuca; never any cases of fever there!" Slowly, as he speaks, the coffin is brought out and



pushed into the open hearse. We hesitate a moment, dreading to break the solemn silence of the court, and then the cheerful answer goes back, "All right, thank you!" One of the servants has laid a few flowers on the coffin: the wind stirs them; no one is in sight but two pale young convalescents who are walking the piazza and smoking. They alone are unafraid. One of them lays down his cigarette, takes a bit of string and a penknife from his pocket, fastens the flowers, and resumes his walk.

And so, almost my first association with this exquisite garden, where we are quarantined for safety, is that of seeing a coffin borne down its shining avenue of bloom. Alone, entirely alone, the young man is carried to his burial. Nay, not quite alone; later, we learn that the body of one of his intimate friends was carried into the same church, for burial, through another door at the same hour. Neither of them had known of the other's illness. Mr. L——'s most intimate friend knew nothing of it, till, seeing a workman taking down the office sign opposite his own door in the city, he asked, "What are you doing that for?" and was told, "Why Mr. L—— is dead; did n't you know he died last night at Tijuca?"

## V.

SUNS rise and set. There is absolutely nothing to give individuality to the days. The six silent, uneventful weeks in that loveliest of gardens are in memory but as one day—a day of flawless sunshine, of a sky pitilessly blue, of intense silence punctuated with vivid flowers. Very, very, very quiet is the narrow court, the blossoming garden, the long, slow, winding, lazy stretch of road under the solemn mountains. Nothing happens. Occasionally, if I happen to look out at just the right moment, I see dreamily as in a vision a quiet donkey idling down the road adorned with picturesque paniers and accompanied by his master in vivid rags; but his unshod feet fall soundlessly upon the path, and I should never know he was there if I did not see him by accident. It is all like a silent panorama. At the North we are occasionally proud of putting a bit of real life on the stage—a “real” cow, a “real” load of hay, a “real” child; but in the tropics it seems to be the stage that is put into real life. Everything is theatrical; everything seems meant to be looked at. You have nothing to do; you have only to play your part as an interested spectator. And everything that is there to be looked at is exquisitely beautiful; there is not a blemish or a scar. How strange that before very long you find yourself

longing for scars, for the signs of battle, for a flaw in the beauty, for a sudden lack of something that you could then go and look for, just for the joy of discovering, or creating, or coaxing into existence. Here you could never know the exquisite pleasure of going out in the spring to hunt for the first violet. There are violets, of course, hundreds of millions of them, but there is never a first one, never a shy one, never that violet of Wordsworth's:

“Fair as a star, when *only one*  
Is shining in the sky.”

There is too much floral *bric-à-brac* in the garden. I am tired of roses, I want rosebuds. It seems to me suddenly that a lily-of-the-valley is a lovelier thing than a Victoria Regia. Those great glorious golden blossoms on the trees are too golden. Everything is too beautiful. The beauty is insipid. You realize what George Eliot meant in people by “the triumph of a manifold sympathy over a monotonous attraction,” that has begun “by being an apology for folly, and ends in becoming tiresome by iteration.”

I am wrong to say that beauty is insipid, for it has a sort of deadly fascination. It is fatally impressive, if not inspiring. You are helplessly in its clutches. There is no escape from it. The New England mind, fond of thinking that it thinks, whether it does or not, has lost the power of thought; it is bathed in sentiment and drenched in emotion. “One more sensation and I shall die!” is your mute reflection, the nearest approach to a thought that you have had for days. Nothing hap-

pens, yet that nothing is more than you can bear. The days are so uneventful that your diary is like Thoreau's, recording little but that the wind is west. Nay, you cannot even record that, for there is no wind. Not a breath of air in the sultry court, day after day. The heat is intense ; the sky is pitilessly, burningly blue. We can do nothing but wait patiently for rain, the blessed rain that is to bring relief from the fever ! Fortunately there are few new cases here in the mountains, and none are serious, but we are living in that shadow of a great dread, that atmosphere of sympathy with the suffering of a whole community, that drains the spirit of gladness, exhausts the body of strength, and quenches the eagerness of effort, even when the community is one of strangers. There is no visible anxiety, no startled look, or trembling question ; when news comes from the suffering city, absolute fortitude of word and bearing is the order of the day. A comrade falls in the ranks ; one steps forward to care for him, to bury him, to take his place, to fall himself in that place, with the courage of those English officers during the plague of Ceylon, singing under the sounding rafters :

“ Who dreads to the dead returning ?  
Who shrinks from the sable shore ?  
When the high and haughty yearning  
Of the soul shall sting no more ?  
Then stand to your glasses steady,  
And soon shall our pulses rise ;  
Quaff a cup to the dead already,  
And one to the next who dies.”

Yet even without that shadow of the mind, which is the only shadow in this shining land, I am certain I should weary of the constant loveliness. Constancy, I am convinced, is a virtue of the soul, mentally a beautiful thing, but infinitely wearisome when it attaches itself to facts. There is little friendliness in a garden that is always full of flowers. Leave your Northern garden for a week, and the weeds that you detest and abuse when you come back are nevertheless a tribute to you; you have been missed. Leave this garden of the tropics for a year, and you would find it blossoming as serenely, as splendidly, as before, whenever you happened to come back to it. I cannot love so many flowers. It is the difference Dora Goodale expressed :

“ In spring we note the breaking  
Of every baby bud ;  
In spring we note the waking  
Of wild-flowers in the wood.  
In summer’s fuller power,  
In summer’s deeper soul,  
We watch no single flower,  
We see, we breathe, the whole.”

This mood of the tropics may be that of a “ deeper soul ” ; but a sob comes in my throat as I find myself longing for the “ single flower.” I realize now that, like Lowell, I

“ ——— rather like our backward Northern springs,  
That kind o’ haggie with their greens and things ;  
And then, when most you doubt, without more words,  
Toss the fields full of flowers, leaves, and birds.”

If Tijuca would only "haggle" a little more with her violets and ferns! I wonder what lovers do here. There cannot be any great pleasure in carrying to your lady-love a great bunch of roses that you picked up anywhere in your garden, knowing that her own garden is full of just as lovely ones. O happy lovers of the North! I wonder if you appreciate your priceless privilege in having to pay a dollar and a half for every rose you carry to your lady! The poorer you are, the greater the privilege, if you are a true lover, like Coventry Patmore.

"She had forgot to bring a book ;  
I lent one ; blamed the print for old ;  
And did not tell her that she took  
A *Tasso* worth its weight in gold.  
I hoped she 'd lose it ; for my love  
Was grown so dainty, high, and nice,  
It prized no luxury above  
The sense of fruitless sacrifice."

But, aside from the scenery, we have almost too many associations with our own land. If you have come five thousand miles to see Brazil and the Brazilians, you half resent being quarantined in an English hotel, with French cooks, only English guests, the *Franklin Square* and *Seaside Library*, with several copies of *Robert Elsmere*, in every room ; English and American magazines on the tables, screens worked from patterns in *Harper's Bazar*, and Crawford's *Paul Patoff* running as a serial in the Rio evening paper. I give up my last hope of local color, when a gay young party drive away from

the garden, shouting back to the cheerful landlord, "What 's the matter with Mr. Whyte? Oh, he 's all right!"

So I take refuge in the scenery, which alone is Brazilian; and as I step out on my balcony the first morning, I think that I have never known so fair a scene. The sun is just gilding the tops of the mountains; it will be a superb day; a stainless sky, and absolutely faultless sunshine. Under my window the brook is gliding swiftly and musically; Manuel is watering the strawberry-beds; the oranges on the tree just below are turning golden in the golden sun; humming-birds are darting in and out of the honeysuckles on the trellis; great blue butterflies are skimming over the beds of tall white fragrant lilies; everywhere there is splendid foliage and a glorious wealth of superb flowers. Surely an exquisite scene!

And the next morning I step out on the balcony again. It is six o'clock, and the only hour of dewy freshness in the tropics. The sun is just gilding the tops of the mountains; it will be a superb day; a stainless sky, and absolutely faultless sunshine. Under my window the brook is gliding swiftly and musically; Manuel is watering the strawberry-beds; the oranges on the tree below are turning golden in the golden air; humming-birds are darting in and out of the honeysuckles on the trellis; great blue butterflies are skimming lazily over beds of tall white fragrant lilies; everywhere there is a superb wealth of foliage and a magnificent luxuriance of blossoms. Truly, an exquisite scene!

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But the next morning it begins to pall. The flowers, each with its attendant adjective in the full dress of its superlative degree, are too many and too brilliant, and far, far too conscious! At the North, we feel with Wordsworth:

“Would that the little flowers were born to live  
Conscious of half the pleasure that they give;  
That to this mountain-daisy’s self were known  
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown  
On the smooth surface of this polished stone.”

But in the tropics they *do* know! The great clusters of bamboo wave slowly with a grace that seems saying indolently, “See how beautifully we do it!” And the great trees seem to have grown so tall, to keep their wealth of flowers out of reach. There is absolutely no air; you feel that you are breathing hot sunshine, filtered through perfumed lilies; and it begins to dawn upon me that I prefer oxygen to



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the fragrance of jessamine. Suddenly it occurs to me that what one misses in this very beauty is the chance for humor. All day long there is absolutely nothing to laugh at. If Nature takes away your mind, you expect her to amuse you, now that you are incapable of flights of fancy. But here there is nothing amusing; everything is perfectly beautiful. The amount of beauty becomes a positive grievance. It is like that of a beautiful woman of whom some one said: "Really, her eyelashes are too dressy for breakfast." It is not the beauty that fascinates and satisfies and soothes; it is the beauty that bewilders, dazzles, and usurps. The keenest affliction seems to be that you have lost your mind, but remain conscious of having lost it. Your faculties are gone, and you miss them. Nature has chloroformed you, but leaves with you the mortifying knowledge that you have been chloroformed. Air does not revive you; you feel like Midas in the sunshine, swallowing liquid, molten gold, that yet does not fill your veins with thrilling fire, but only burns your energy to ashes. There is a fatal spell of lethargy and languor woven about you. You yield without grace, submit without effort, resent without struggle, rest without peace. It seems impossible that a Thermopylæ was ever fought, or a Brooklyn Bridge ever built. Is it possible that you yourself were once a writer of essays? Will you never, never again care to discuss the immortality of the soul? or the necessity for civil-service reform? or the best method of building tenements for the New York poor? And the climax of despair comes with realizing that you have lost

your sense of humor. Will you never, never again make little jokes?

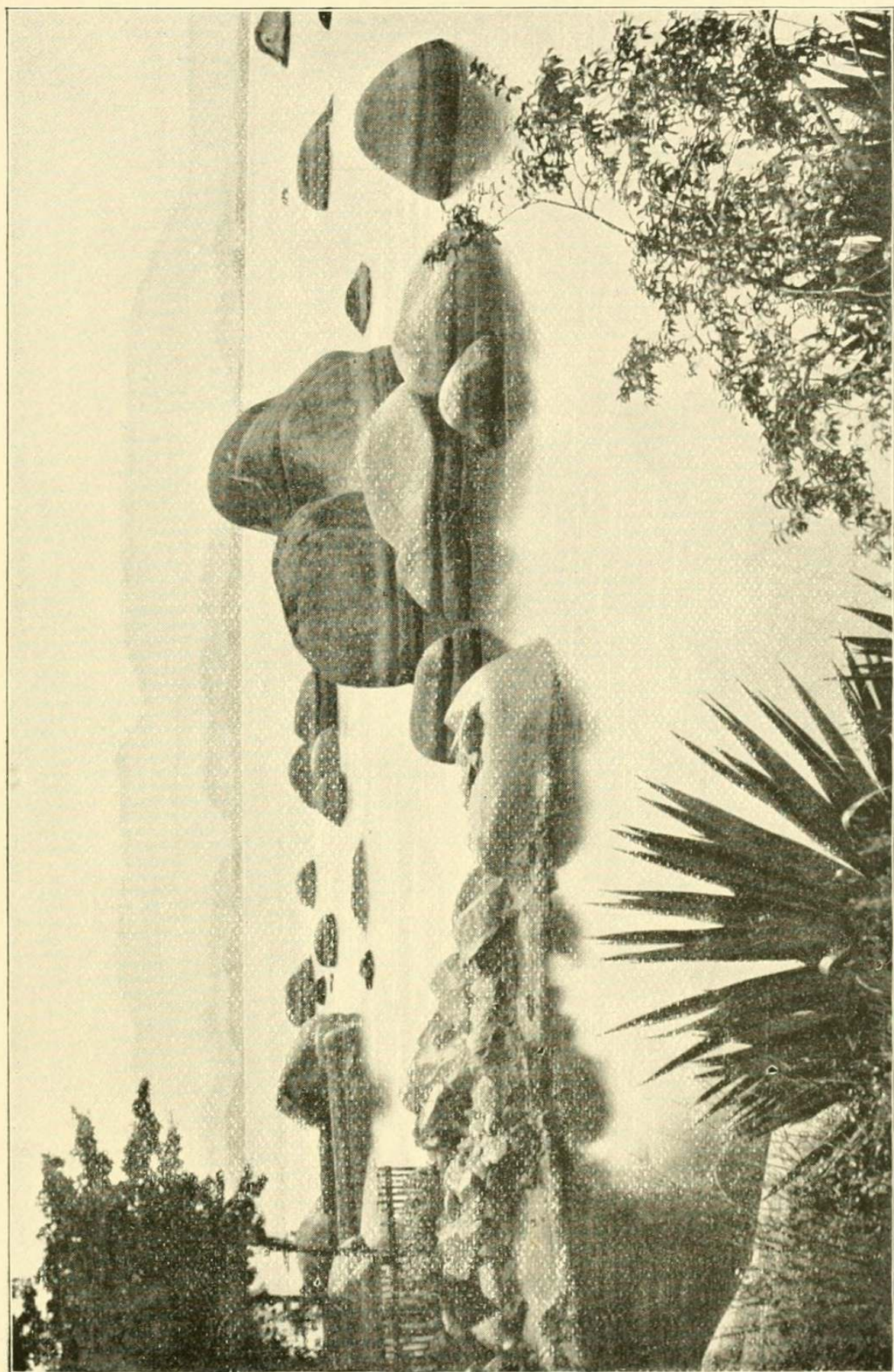
As there is no humor in the tropics, so there is no tenderness; nothing but unrelenting brilliancy. Strange that the South, with all her glittering fascination, does not realize the charm of occasional mystery! Everything is blazoned in pitiless yellow sunshine. O for one hour of silvery mist over all this loveliness! If only Nature, for instance, would give us humming-birds one morning and butterflies the next, instead of unlimited humming-birds and butterflies all the time! Keener, still, would be the pleasure if we could never be quite sure whether either of them would be there; so that we could tip-toe to the window with delicious curiosity, and open the blinds gently not to frighten them away if they *should* be there! This is a charm the South does not understand; her butterflies and humming-birds are always there, and you cannot frighten them. "Do you not know," I said to one in despair one morning, as she floated lazily towards me, "do you not know that I am a human being, endowed with intelligence and the instinct of cruelty; and that, if I could catch you, I should chloroform you, and stick a pin through you, and put you in a box, and carry you home to my little boy, also a human being, and also intelligently cruel, for a plaything?" "Certainly," she murmured, floating a little more lazily a little nearer, "I know, of course, what you would do, if you could catch me; but you will not catch me." Think of not being able to frighten a butterfly! And the next morning she took the

initiative. Poising on the very railing of the balcony, she asked calmly: "Has it never occurred to you that perhaps we, too, might have a grievance? Every morning, precisely at six o'clock, we see these blinds thrown open suddenly, and precisely the same person always steps out on the balcony. Do you not see how monotonous this becomes? Why does not some other person occasionally come, or why does not this person occasionally come at some other hour?" "At least," I try to stammer in reply, "this person comes in different gowns."

"But if your gown were as beautiful as mine,"—and she shifted her position so that a tropic sunbeam gave to its azure loveliness the gleam and glow of still more jewelled lustre,—"then you would be satisfied with one," and she floated lazily towards a bed of lilies, while the human being wept to think that to this brilliant being of the tropics she appeared merely a creature that could change its clothes! Sartor Resartus! Is this all, then, that it means in the tropics to have a soul,—a soul that has read Emerson in the original?

Not a flower or a tree seems absolutely friendly to you. Think of trying to fasten your hammock to a bamboo! I can see the beautiful, high-bred creature start back, with a thrill of resentful agony in every aristocratic fibre, at the thought of being made to hold a burden; as a dainty, high-stepping, untamed Arab steed might resent lowering itself to carry a mere man. And think of trying to swing your hammock from a palm! The palm, it is true,

would not start back ; but it would look down upon you, much as the constellations would if you should try to carry out Mr. Emerson's suggestion of hitching your wagon to a star. Nor can I believe that this sense of consciousness in tropic vegetation is merely a distorted fancy of my own overwrought imagination. There float into memory passages, written by many a traveller and enthusiast, that now first reveal their significance as facts rather than mere fanciful interpretation. Lafcadio Hearn has said of the palms: "The longer one looks, the more is one tempted to suspect that each lithe body is animated by a thinking ghost—that all are watching you with the passionless calm of superior beings. You feel humble, like a mortal for whom some legion of spirits had mercifully opened their ranks to make way." And again: "To turn into an avenue of palms, and to know once more the queer sense of being watched, without love or hate, by all those silent, gracious, tall, sweet things." No one ever loved the tropics better than he ; yet he is conscious that "man feels like an insect, fears like an insect ever on the alert for merciless enemies." He acknowledges that "the thinker finds thought numbed within his brain. The very air seems inimical to thought. Man pays the penalty of the least rashness by falling at once within the range of these viewless and terrible forces. To live is an effort, and in the perpetual struggle of the blood to preserve the integrity of its corpuscles, there is such an expenditure of vital energy as leaves little surplus for mental exertion."



PAQUÉTA, HARBOR OF RIO.



So overpowered am I by this new sense of intelligent force in nature, that, if it were not for the mountains, I think I should die. I can still feel, as I look up to them,

“If I ’m not as big as you,  
You are not so small as I,  
And not half so spry.”

Then, too, a mountain has to keep its distance. You can escape from it, if you want to. But these creeping, growing, blossoming things, that would come creeping, growing, blossoming after you, if you should attempt to escape, fill me with nameless dread. It has always seemed to me that it would be impossible to tell a lie in the presence of an orchid ; and though I feel no desire to tell a lie, I object to the impressive atmosphere that forbids before I have any wish to transgress. When we came, we said we were like a prisoner with a million Picciolas to amuse his weary fancy. But now the four walls of our lovely dungeon, mountains though they are, seem imperceptibly closing in upon us, like the dungeon walls of the Inquisition. They will bury us in loveliness, but we shall be buried. I think the fatal impression comes from the fact of never witnessing here those processes which at the North you not only see but superintend. You do not see the blossoming ; you only see that something has blossomed. You do not see the growing, but only the growth. There is always a certain awe in results that you cannot account for. The mental sensation is like the physical one at Tijuca ; you know that you are on the

heights, because you have climbed a thousand feet above the sea; but the cry of your heart is still "*De profundis*," because heights so much higher still rise above you.

Our quarantine in a garden is a very literal fact; only four times in the six weeks we are there do we venture out of its limits. The heat is so intense, that lovely as is the surrounding country in every direction, it is impossible even to drive. Events are few, but one of them is the daily bath. Dense clusters of bamboo form a natural hedge to the lovely bathing place that has been arranged for the ladies at a heavenly spot in the woods. A great stone basin has been built, with a mountain brook rushing wildly into it at one end, while at the other the constant overflow pours musically over rocks bedded with ferns in the most exquisite of shower baths. Great trees overarch the whole, with the blue sky interlacing their branches. Stone steps lead picturesquely down into the water. Your heart beats quicker with the rhythm of the rushing mountain stream. The exhilaration is quite as keen and fresh as that of surf breaking on a beach. The basin is large and deep enough for an invigorating swim, and then Diana descends the rough stepping stones, and wanders down into the brook itself. She eyes with dainty timidity the silvery shower-bath, and decides that its charm lies in its freedom from the moral responsibility of a faucet. To turn an innocent little faucet in the conventional bath of the North, only to precipitate upon one's self an unknown degree of leaden coolness, requires agonizing



strength of mind ; but here, just to bend your head gently to the gracious, falling shower, is at once to tempt it further, and yield unhesitatingly to the delicious scourge of its brisk little silver rods.

And once a week there is an excitement of domesticity in receiving and sorting the wash, that comes back daintily cool and white and fresh from being dipped in brooks and beaten on rocks and dried in sunshine that is filtered through woodland boughs. I am a little appalled at the account of the first bill ; it is 10,854 something ; I remember, after the first gasp of astonishment that it is not dollars, but *reis*.

To sort the wash is certainly a diversion in the lack of more eventful deeds to do ; but to mend ! really I cannot mend ; however, for a few thousand *reis* as a consideration, I persuade a grateful Antonia to do it for me.

Then on four gracious days of slightly overcast sky and a half-breeze, we can indulge in the luxury of a walk. We recover momentarily from the exhaustion that had been so humiliating simply because there had been nothing to exhaust ; it was conscious languor ; neither poetic dreaminess nor restful indulgence, but mere fatigue where there has been no effort ; an unrelenting lassitude, that paralyzes everything but your indignation at being paralyzed. Sometimes a wild desire comes over me to snatch every one of those great golden blossoms off of that yellow tree, to pull up by the roots those dainty, exquisite bamboos, and to shake some of the nonsense out of those too heavily scented lilies. Sometimes, looking out on the splendid wealth of flowers,

there comes before me a vision of a cool brown wood in April, somewhere in New England. There is a little wind sighing through the branches, dead leaves rustle under foot, and there is a patch or two of snow. Not a flower to be seen. But by-and-by stooping to brush aside the snow on the brown leaves, there smiles up at me suddenly one single pink spray of trailing arbutus, fragrant as the honey of Hymettus, waxen in its rosy purity, and dear and sweet and beautiful as every such bright surprise must be. It is the difference between the pleasure of a man at a brilliant New York reception, who talks with a dozen beautiful, gifted, and splendidly dressed dames, and the joy of a man who has suddenly found the one sweet woman of the world, and is walking and talking alone with her for a little while in the brown wood.

But let me not forget the four precious walks that were vouchsafed to us at Tijuca. Each is only a series of impressions, but they are impressions so impressive, that you need an umbrella to shield you from emotion as well as from the sun. There are said to be forty thousand varieties of foliage in Brazil, and each one of the forty thousand seems to confront you during the shortest walk through these royal woods, while every leaf has an intense message for you. I wonder why this message is always so discouraging? I wonder why the loveliness hurts? No word will be spoken; there will be only a scathing silence, but it will scathe, till the sense of your insignificance is almost unbearable. The splendid palms shame you by their noble self-possession; the

aristocratic bamboos make you jealous of their delicate high-bred grace; the glorious orchids remind you, less that you are at least the proud possessor of a soul, than that they are far finer than you, without any soul at all. At the first bit of lovely shrubbery, we surprise Terpsichore, practising her steps. At home, we should call her a white shrub, but here she is Beauty personified, dancing to a rhythm of music that must be within herself, for there is no slightest breeze to send those white arms waving, as her white feet waver and gleam and poise and hover and then are still. She is a woodland Aphrodite, rising, not from the foam, but from the grass, with the foam in her hands, full of blossoming spray. "Do it again," I entreat softly; and softly the exquisite white arms wave again, as the white feet once more begin to quiver without trembling, in a step as true as it is delicate, as sure as it is sprightly, as firm as it is eager. And yonder is Beauty again, but this time in repose. This time it is just a cluster of deep white flowers, like lilies and yet not like lilies, standing by a brook. I seem never to have known white flowers before. These are not frail, delicate, pretty things, like our pale and fragile Northern azaleas; these Southern flowers are as strong as they are pure. More like the calla in their texture, as if carved out of ivory, there is yet a strange softness about them, as if they had moonlight in their veins instead of sap. The Northern white flower looks as if nothing had ever soiled it; but the Southern looks as if nothing ever could soil it. And under this burning sun! Call not

your soul pure, till it has stood a test like this, and still is white !

But it is the pink tree that overcomes me utterly. Turning suddenly on the little hillside path, my eyes still dazzled by a splendid view of the sea, caught and held in a framework of mountains, there is the pink tree. I stop, spell-bound. Superbly strong, and tall as our most splendid oaks at the North, it is covered with a pink mist of blossoms as delicate as a snowdrift, tinged by a sunset. No leaves are visible; the flowers touch each other, yet without crowding, and form one massive globe of bloom as symmetrical as a star. I count them, and there are twenty-seven million five hundred and sixty-three thousand two hundred and thirty-four of them, and each is perfect. Not one is wilted or drooping, not one is incomplete. In the distance, they have the effect of apple-blossoms; but each flower is in reality as large as a Japan lily, not unlike a *fleur-de-lys* in shape, with exquisite long stamens, and such coloring of pink and white as would make an apple-blossom turn instantly into a green apple, rather than try to vie hopelessly for a moment with the delicate splendor of so beautiful a rival. What is most impressive is its silence. I am constantly expecting these wonderful things to speak to me; they insist so on having their presence recognized.

My heart is faint within me. I wish I could be as calm and beautiful and self-possessed as that. I wish I could be drenched like that with the pink flowers of perfect happiness. I wish everything I say or do or think would come as naturally, as unconsciously,

as beautifully, as those flowers open on the tree. The Puritan conscience is wont to think so much of the supreme effort it makes to secure results; but now beautiful unconsciousness seems the only key to perfection and harmony. For a moment, God seems to have made a fatal mistake in not having endowed humanity with pink blossoms.

“My hat is lined with pink,” I murmur feebly to the Tree.

But the Tree, like the Sphinx, answers nothing, staring straight on with calm, eternal eyes. Tears of vexation gather in mine, and the color comes into my cheeks. “Oh!” exclaims the Tree, suddenly. “That is better. You are quite pink yourself now; what there is of you.”

“But, dear me,” she adds a moment later, “it is all gone again.”

“Yes,” I murmur, “our color comes and goes. At the North we prefer things that come and go. Then we can watch for them. There is a charm in evanescence as well as in perfection.”

“Humph!” murmurs the Tree; “and how often, then, do you blossom? I mean blush?”

“I don’t know; not very often, I hope. I hate to blush. I suppose whenever I am a little shy, or very much annoyed, or a bit ashamed, or extremely amused, or a good deal surprised, or greatly frightened, or——”

“Then there is always a reason for your color?”

“Certainly; there is reason in all things—at the North,” announces the disciple of Emerson. “The color of the human being comes from spirit, from

feeling, from intelligence; and two small pink blossoms that fade easily, if they spring from intelligence, are worth more than several million that are nothing but—nothing but——” I hesitate, for my knowledge of botany is faulty; but remembering that hers is probably also faulty, I take courage to make a possible mistake, and add confidently, “nothing but sap!”

“Dear me!” exclaims the Tree. “You are blushing again; what makes you blush now?”

“I was afraid,” I explain humbly, “that I might have hurt your feelings by that last remark.”

“But I have n’t any feelings, you know.”

“True; it is convenient sometimes not to have any, is n’t it? Still, on the whole, I think I prefer having a soul.”

“A soul? what is a soul?” asks the Tree, with a very creditable semblance of human curiosity.

“A soul?” I hesitate a moment. “A soul is something that suffers.”

“But I don’t want to suffer!” exclaims the Tree.

Ah! here is something very human at last. I think of humanity, born to an exquisite birthright in its capacity to enjoy, and sending up that universal, heartrending cry, “O God! I don’t want to suffer!” Then I remember that if the birthright of a human being is the capacity to enjoy, the capacity to suffer is the birthright of a god.

“You cannot enjoy properly unless you know how to suffer,” I explain.

“But why should I care to enjoy properly, if only

I enjoy? Here are sunshine, dew, and rain; I enjoy them all, and blossom; what more could I do?"

"Nothing, dear tree, I confess. I do not see how you could possibly be improved. You are a very perfect thing of your kind, and you are exactly what God meant you to be. But, then, I am grateful to the Lord for letting me help decide what I shall be; that He trusts me enough to run the risk of my making some mistakes, is a proof that he has dignified humanity with the liberty to know, and weigh, and choose. I make mistakes, but I like the being trusted."

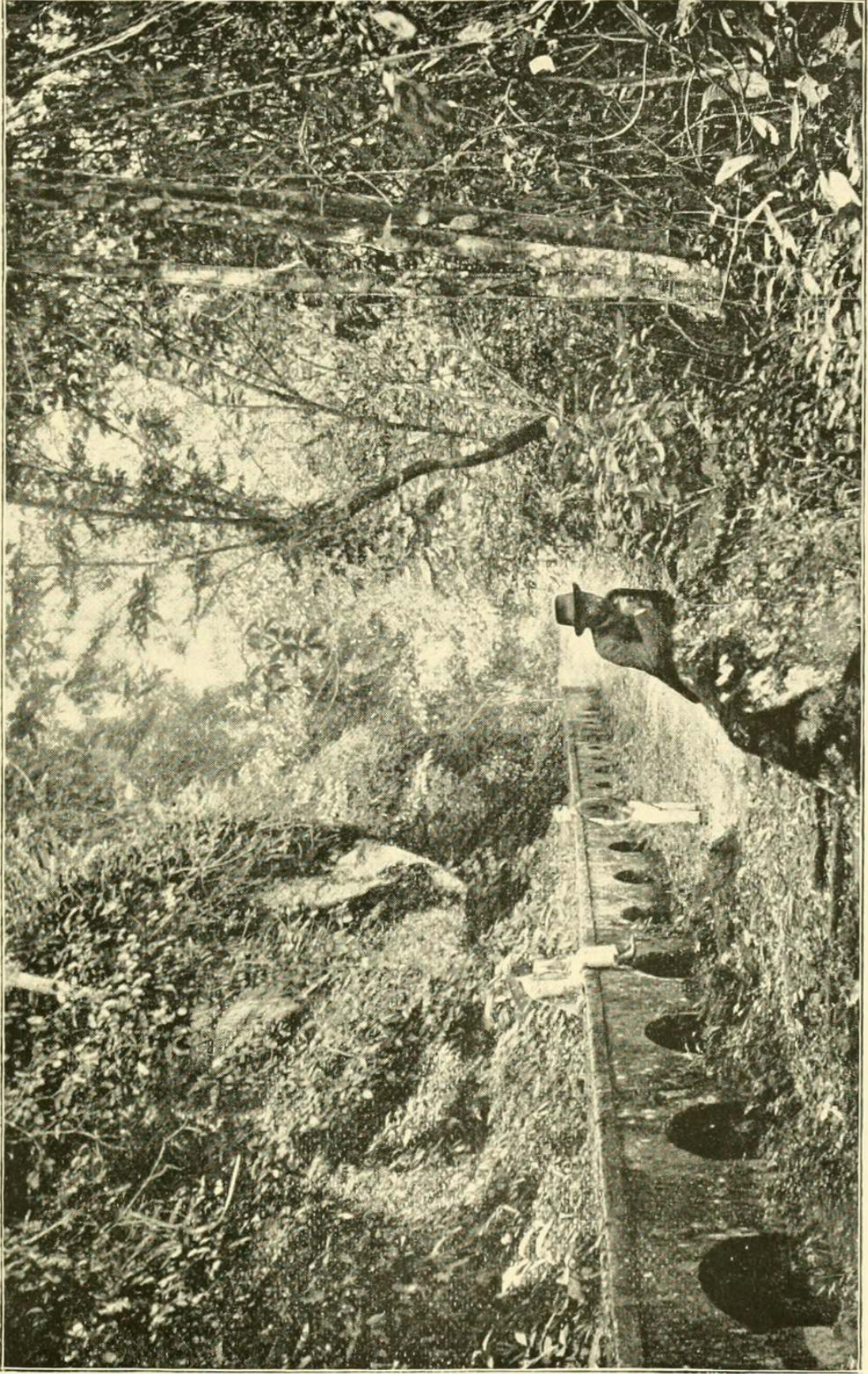
And that night I had a dream. I thought the pink tree was wandering about, crying sadly, "Where can I find a soul?" while a tired soul, worn with effort, was asking eagerly, "How can I learn to do everything beautifully without taking thought?" And neither ever learned the secret of the other. But in the morning a wind-storm had scattered all the blossoms of the pink tree to the ground, while the tired soul, touched gently by death, had entered heaven,

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

## VI.

“THE rain! the rain!” gayly as at the North we welcome the sun, do we hail rain in the tropics—the blessed silver shower that means relief from the fever. So wonderful is its effect that in a very few days the death-rate is decidedly lessened, and in a week we are told that we may venture down into the city. With the usual irony of fate, the change that means release from our garden makes the garden so lovely with a new coquetry that we are not quite sure of wanting to leave her. As the silvery mists we had been longing for roll in from the sea and then roll back again, they leave a sky still blue, but exquisitely, daintily blue, with a cool pearliness of tint in its sapphire; there are soft white clouds here and there; there is dew on the flowers, and rushing water in the brook that had fainted in the sun; there is a light breeze in the feathery foliage of the bamboo, and soon a delicious shiver in the air as we cry to each other, “Oh, hear the wind among the trees!” Already it is cooler, and soon it will be cool. For a few days we linger, lovingly, regretfully, knowing that at any other time in the year but just the six weeks we had mistakenly chosen, Tijuca is the very loveliest spot in the entire universe. Wonderful are the walks we take in the few days that are left to us. Following one shady road in search of a waterfall, I wonder





AQUEDUCT ON THE SANTA THERESA.



what makes it seem so especially charming, and decide suddenly that it is because there is not a flower in sight—not a red or a yellow thing to be seen anywhere,—only dear, delicious, restful New England green. A little brook runs along the road, and it even looks as if one might hunt beside it for anemones; though I remember in time that no tropic flower would ever consent to bloom unseen, or to be as small as an anemone.

Then the day comes for that exhilarating ride on the highest roof of the diligence, as the four mules trot with a musical little thud, thud, thud, over the fine hard road, whirling around great curves, under the arching trees, down, down into the city. Our hotel is delightfully situated, on the very edge of the bay. We secure rooms in its highest story, from which we command the splendid harbor at its entrance. Oh, how good it is to look out on dancing spray and flitting sails! Some one had suggested a boarding-house in the suburbs, where there was a charming garden, and had been astonished at my demurring eagerly, "Oh, no more gardens, please!" It seems so fine to breathe once more the salt air blown straight from the Atlantic, instead of flower-scented silence. The white surf breaks almost under my windows, and I know I can never tire of that beautiful activity. It may be restlessness, but in any case it is life. I have not the least idea whether those eager waves are mad with joy, or frantic with rage, or wild with despair; but I know they are feeling and doing something; they are too busy to keep their eye upon me as the flowers did in Tijuca; their

very impatience, supposing it to be impatience, is a relief from the deadly self-possession of those blossom-laden shrubs, the supercilious waving of those self-conscious bamboos, and the idle dreaminess of those too sentimental lilies. And then if I do want a garden, there is just opposite us the most exquisite little park that ever breathed; it is hardly larger than Gramercy Park, but it is so filled with tropic foliage that to enter it from the street at noonday is like stepping into a primitive forest; and on its outer edge, there is the sea!

Our rooms, therefore, are delightful, and here in Rio we may hope for a little more fish, a little less rarity of ice, a few more luxuries of the table. Yet the bill of fare still amuses us; good as it is, there is such a lack of many things! One realizes what it is to live in New York, which imports what it does not possess, even to oranges and bananas far finer than those of Rio, though it is true this is not the right season for Rio's best. Here there are plenty of French candies, at enormous prices, and there are days of New Zealand mutton; but as a rule you can only have what is in season immediately around Rio; which means for us the poorest possible bananas and oranges, with no fresh vegetables, no berries, no melons, no apples, no pears, no grapes, no strawberries. The friend who wishes to give you the greatest possible proof of his affection, surprises you at dinner with asparagus. As I remember Goethe's

“Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen?”

I am convinced that they may blossom in Brazil,

but that they certainly bear fruit in New York. Oysters are brought us in profusion, but they are so very small that the effort of detaching enough of them from the diminutive half shell, about the size of one's thumb-nail, is so great that we give them up after a few days' trial. Eggs are a dollar a dozen, which is perhaps the reason that we have no custards; but surely we might have ice-cream? No, it is not safe to eat ices during the hot weather. At one place in the city we discover pineapple ice at last, and our landlord, in deference to repeated entreaty, promises to have it especially for us on a given day. But on the given day it does not appear. "Because it rains," is the brief explanation given in all seriousness by friends who entreat us not to indulge in salad if we are drinking claret. It is impossible not to feel that people are mistaken who consider it a fatal risk to put a cold bandage over an aching forehead, or to put your bare foot to the floor. In the *cafés*, if a slight breeze comes through the door, even with the thermometer at 90°, every gentleman puts on his hat, as he does if he steps out on a balcony; while you are entreated to put on a shawl if you sit near the window, and warned of immediate death unless you wear flannels to your wrists. Because the slaves, or those who once were slaves, wear white so much, and always very light clothing, it is a mark of aristocracy to be able to wear silk and velvet during the hottest season; and where one would hope for lovely laces, and the Spanish mantilla, one sees cashmere close to the throat and wrists, with linen collar and cuffs. Hats,

bonnets, and wraps are all Parisian, and because in Paris and London people are wearing furs, you will see ladies at the opera in Rio with fur-lined circulars, though the weather is that of our July. Gentlemen wear charming suits of white duck at home for dinner, but in the street always dark coats and hats. A straw hat would be an innovation indeed. Of course we are in the city, and out on the plantations, in the country houses, there may be prettier fashions; but one would hope for local color of some appropriate customs even in the conventionality of cities. At Tijuca it seemed as if one should always wear the most exquisite of white lawn, with a rose-colored sash and the daintiest of laces, not to be quite outdone by the flowers and put to shame by the palms; as the lady of the Phaeton had to keep her little boys in black velvet jackets and deep Honiton collars, that they might match her curtains and not be entirely out of keeping with the chairs; but even at Tijuca, there was only one young lady who ever wore white.

Nor have we yet entirely escaped from the fever. Heartrending scenes still are reported, those from the south, at Santos and Campinas, being the most terrible. One hears of the druggists' shops closed one after another, till strangers come from another town to take charge of them, and even then of long lines of people standing in the street overnight, while patients, to whom immediate remedies are almost essential, wait, and in some cases die, before any medicine can be procured. One man who had reached the druggist's counter was told to leave his

prescription, and it would be ready for him "at eleven *to-morrow*." As we sit at dinner a young man enters for champagne to give a friend in the last stage of the fever, who is in a litter at the door, having been brought down from the mountains where he was seized the day before. It is too terrible, for there is nothing you can do to guard against it. Our bitter Northern winds give their clear warning to look out for pneumonia when their bell rings; you have time to put on your flannels. If Northern nerves give way, you can hasten to Lakewood or Alaska; if you begin to "run down," you can "run down" to Bar Harbor or Cape May and be well again. But in the presence of yellow fever it is Fate playing with you as with ninepins; you cannot possibly know, nor does she care, which of you is hit. If you die it is not because you are old, or worn out, or have been careless, but merely that Fate is trying to see how much brain and muscle and bravery and soul she can crush out in a day. "It is like the devastation of war," said some one, but in reality it is far more terrible than war; to die for a cause may be glorious, but to die for a climate is humiliating. One brief illustration will suffice to hint at the tragedy so stoically endured: a gentleman who remarked that he could only settle some business misunderstanding by going down to Santos himself, was reminded quietly, "It may not be of any use to do that; of twelve men in that office a month ago, eight are dead."

But May-day comes; May-day, welcomed everywhere; at the North because it brings the summer,

at the South because it ends the summer. Already it is cool enough for charming excursions from the city. I say *from* the city, because there is little in the city itself to investigate, few fine buildings or beautiful streets. Even here, man seems at a discount, although not quite so helpless a slave to Nature as at Tijuca. To quote again from Lafcadio-Hearn: "What is a city here? merely a little stony point in the radiant and enormous ocean of green; man bears scarcely more relation to the life about him than an insect." The experiment of life seems to be not what you can do, but what you can bear.

One charming day we devote to the Botanical Gardens. It is not the famous Avenue of Palms that impresses me; because I feel in regard to that much like the new pupil at the kindergarten, who, having had some familiar fact impressed upon him with the usual intricate circumlocution of the kindergarten method, was asked why he did not smile with pleasure at this acquisition of an axiom, and replied unblushingly, "Because I knew it all before." I feel that I have seen the Avenue of Palms before—it is so exactly like the pictures of it in the geographies. And, strange to say, an avenue of palms does not impress me nearly so much as a single palm. I bowed myself in an agony of humility before the single palms of Tijuca and Cruz das Almas, but three hundred of them do not awe me at all; precisely as I have known single individuals in society who impressed me much more than all of the famous Four Hundred put together. We have a friend with us whom we call our book of (p)reference, so much



more delightful is he than encyclopædia or gazetteer, while equally intelligent. As Sidney Smith said of Macaulay, we should be glad to know as much about anything as our friend knows about everything. A day at the gardens with him is a revelation. I had always supposed, for instance, that a palm tree was a palm tree; for the first time I now learn that there are eight hundred varieties of palm; and to hunt them up, with their infinite varieties of bark or foliage, is indeed a revelation. It is odd, too, to learn that the palm is not a native of Brazil; we see in the garden the original palm brought from Mauritius a hundred years ago, and the parent of all the palms now here! I try to imagine one planted in front of our apartment house in New York, rising fifty feet above the roof that crowns nine stories before it would consent to break into foliage!

I am almost ashamed to be so glad of interests merely human. An evening at a friend's, with the Moonlight Sonata played by gaslight, seems to me, alas! quite as delightful as to sit under an oleander tree in the moonlight itself. I fall happily asleep at night to the grateful sound of carts rumbling over cobble-stones and the beloved tinkle of the familiar horse-car. I am as hopelessly wedded to city interests as the man who said if he had to live in the country he should pave the road in front of his house and hire a hansom to ride up and down all day over it. Those lovely excursions around Tijuca almost pale in interest before the charming little shopping trips to the Rua do Ouvidor. I feel so rich, discovering in my purse three large bills marked

“500” ; nor do I realize, till it comes to purchasing a silver bracelet, that all of them together only amount in value to seventy-five cents. Ah, yes ! I know why it seems so good to get back to the city ; here there are things that make us laugh !

And again I laugh, though this time a little ruefully, over my experience with feather flowers. There is a delightful little shop in the Rua do Ouvidor, where you can see these exquisite things in the making. The flowers are perfect imitations of genuine blossoms, nor is a single feather dyed to meet the requisite tint. Every conceivable color and shade of color that exists in the garden has its match in the birds. The green leaves are made from all shades of the parrot's plumage ; and of one heavenly spray of delicate blue blossoms, I am told that only a single feather of the needed coloring can be found on one bird, just under its wing. There is such an art in the way of putting things ! As I am told this by the little woman of whom I buy countless sprays of forget-me-not, japonica, hawthorne, apple-blossom, and rose, to say nothing of the marvellous flower that never was on sea or land, made from the breasts of humming-birds, with the addition of a dozen humming-birds themselves daintily poised among the flowers, my fancy dwells only on the exquisite rarity of such wonderful things. Not till I reach the hotel does conscience remind me that I had been in the States a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and that in New York I had mentally, if not publicly, recorded a vow never, never to wear a bird's wing on my hat. And here I

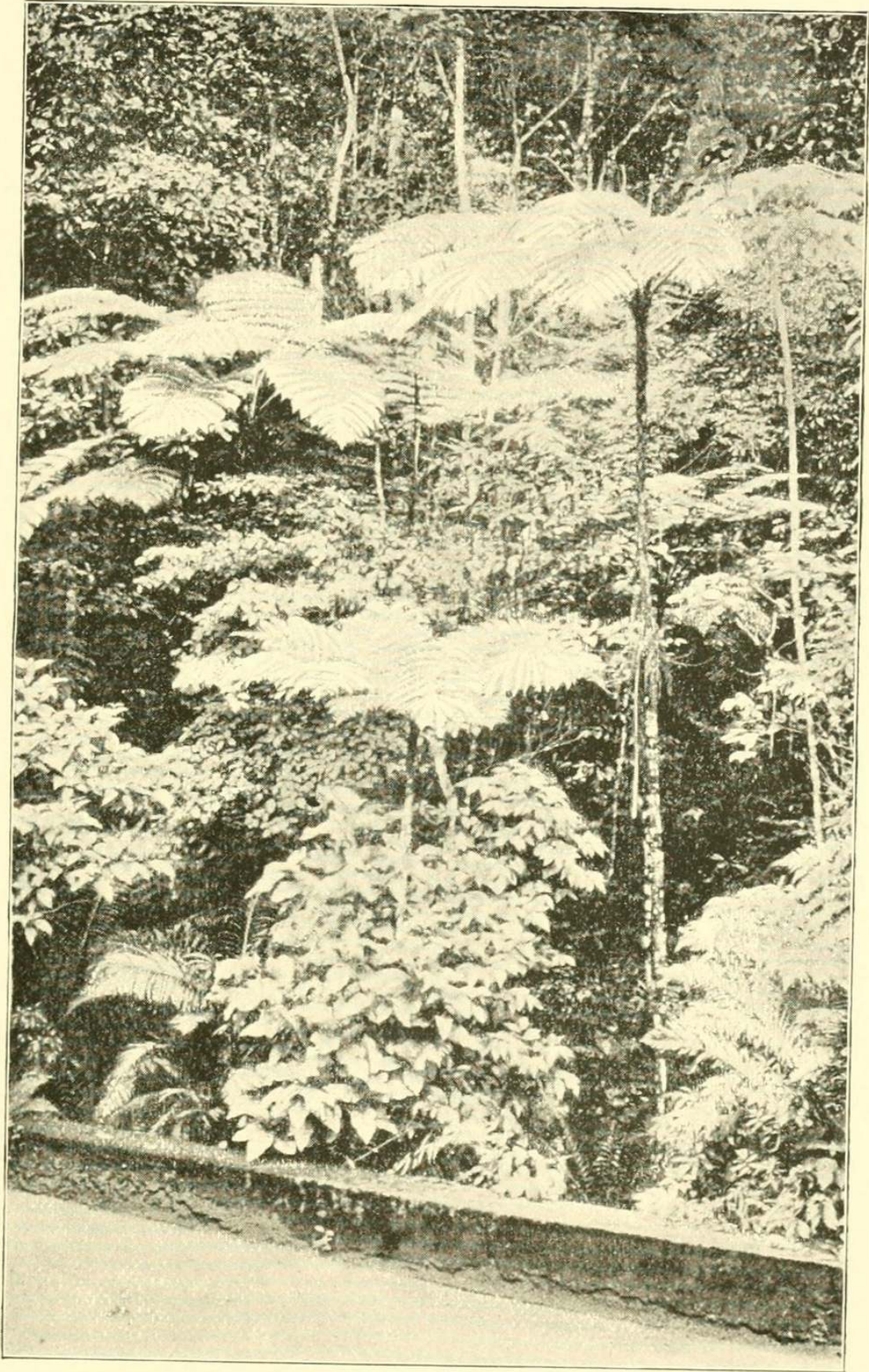
had, not merely wings, but the entire bird—nay, a dozen entire birds; and alas! all these innumerable garlands were *not* artificial flowers, but were made themselves entirely from the feathers of birds! I cannot give them up, and yet how can I keep them? But conscience is silenced by the friend who suggests: "Oh, these birds were never shot to make a Roman holiday for your hat; they died of yellow fever in the woods, and were picked up unconscious."

If we have deserted the tropic gardens, we still have the stars. Outside our window there is a wide balcony, from which the moon on the water gives one a sense of being drowned in light. One evening some one calls us to see color in a star; people are looking at it through opera-glasses, but it is perfectly visible to the naked eye; a glorious star, thrilling with vivid color, like a prism in the sunlight. And another night there is a dark filmy cloud, like a sombre Milky Way, spread over the sky, through which the stars glitter with peculiar brilliancy, as if set in black velvet.

We alternate heavenly excursions to the suburbs with trips upon the bay. Twice we go back to Tijuca; starting long before light, that we may have the delicious freshness of the earliest morning, and watching the blossoms on great trees of the night-blooming cereus closing softly as the sun touches them. Once we spent hours in the Floresta, wandering under tree-ferns, and exclaiming over the lovely flower of the tea-plant, not unlike an orange blossom, with the delicate fragrance of our garden syringa. And, again, we are taken to the Chinese view.

“Why Chinese?” we ask, to be met with the unsatisfactory explanation that Chinamen had built the road to it. A more romantic friend smiled wisely: “You will understand when you get there.” Five miles we walk, over a splendid mountain road, exquisitely shaded. Then a light mist comes rolling in from the sea; we shall miss the view entirely unless we can reach it before the mist does, and we quicken our pace, with a pleasant conviction that if we are anxious to laugh, there is certainly food for amusement in the idea of running a race with fog. But it is literally true, and we do outstrip it merely by five minutes. For five minutes we looked down on the most unique bit of landscape in the world. It is precisely like one of the scenes painted on Japanese screens. Its Chinese, or Japanese, effect comes probably from the apparent mixture of the utterly impossible. You look *down*, not *at*, and you seem literally to have no perspective for the strangest mingling of ocean, mountains, islands, and palms. No other mountain view was ever like it in the least.

The dweller in Rio is spared that agonizing debate, “Shall we go to the mountains or the seashore?” which agitates the Northern mind almost fatally every summer. He has both mountains and sea within such easy reach that, if he tires of one, he can change to the other on the same day. The noble harbor has infinite variety for an entire summer’s yachting. Ringed with mountains, it is like a great inland sea, with the tiniest entrance from the ocean; as if you had taken a chain of the Rocky



UNDER THE FERNS.



Mountains, without their snow, looped them into a circle like a lasso, leaving a tiny loophole in your hand, and then thrown your lasso into the sea, to scoop up a great bay, dotting it with picturesque islands. To sail to one of these islands—Paqueta, perhaps—far up the bay, is to give yourself to a heavenly *Nirvana* from the ordinary world. Leaving the boat, you walk across the island for half a mile through a paradise of shrubbery, to emerge on the other side of the island and find a new sea, and new mountains, and the old, old beauty.

And the next day, instead of mountains from the sea, you take the sea from mountains. Up the magnificent Corcovado, by cog railway, through glorious forests with vistas of ocean, over thrilling precipices and across great chasms, you wander to the heights. Fine as the trip is, and marvellous as the view from the summit, we know the most charming thing to be done here is to follow the old bridle-path down the mountain, a shaded road, winding and doubling on itself, through tropic foliage, for eight or ten miles, down, down to the sea again. It is amusing to see the astonishment of our fellow-travellers when we propose to walk back. Were we frightened? No, indeed! But we had our return tickets, surely, which would be wasted? Yes; but we did not mind that. Then if we insisted on walking, we had much better follow the iron track down the mountain, as that was the shortest way. It was inexplicable to them that we really craved the bridle-path; and we understand now why it is better to come to Rio than to live there. If you live there,

you grow absolutely callous to beauty that is always around you. Not willingly would I learn to be indifferent to that most superb walk in the world, on the heights of the Santa Theresa, following the wall of the old aqueduct, heavy with the rich brown and green and golden and velvety mosses of apparent centuries, with a silver sea under a sapphire sky, and forests whose emerald sunlight does not flicker in the breezy air because it falls through boughs so high above you.

Then there are the fashionable resorts of Petropolis and Novo Fribourgo. Each is reached by water and rail, in two or three hours of a journey that is itself more beautiful than the place you reach. It is very hot when we leave Rio ; but in four hours we need all our wraps, climbing by rail up, up those splendid heights of virgin forest, of which it has been said, "The sands of the seashore are not more closely pressed together than the trees are here," till we reach a little town, whose hotels and lights and hackmen are a curious experience, coming upon them as suddenly as we do from an absolute wilderness. High as we have climbed, we still seem, as at Tijuca, in a dell, because higher mountains still rise around us. There is a most singular effect in the sky : it appears to be flat, as if resting on the tops of these hills ; and it hangs so low, that I feel sure, if we had a ladder, I could gather a few of those ripe stars for supper. And I am certain I should prefer them to mangoes.

As time goes on we begin to take an interest in politics. All unaware are we of the tremendous



change to be wrought so quietly a few months later in the government, and yet there are signs of mental disturbance that we enjoy watching because it seems to create no dismay. I am indeed slightly out of patience with a dynasty that seems far too democratic for an empire. If I must have an empire, I want it to be imperial. In a land where there are duchesses I should wish to be a duchess, and in a land where the rulers are supposed to trample on the people, I should wish to be trampled on. I like not the republican simplicity of tarnished gilt on the royal carriages; they ought not to be gilded, but if they are gilded the gilt ought not to be tarnished. I like not to see the emperor's coachman sitting on the curbstone in his shirt sleeves, while his royal master is laying a corner-stone or listening to a *Te Deum*. There is much confusion of sentiment when Parliament meets, and evidently much republican feeling, as leaders change their party with incredible swiftness. I am a good republican, but in an empire I want to see the republicans put down. I like not the tolerance of which we read in the evening paper, when the new members of Parliament were to take the oath of allegiance. "One new member," it is written, "refused to take the oath of allegiance because he did not believe in imperial form of government, nor in the union of Church and State; whereupon," it is gravely stated, "the president of the Senate dispensed with the usual oath, and the new member took his seat"! No wonder that six months later the empire crumbled silently into oblivion.

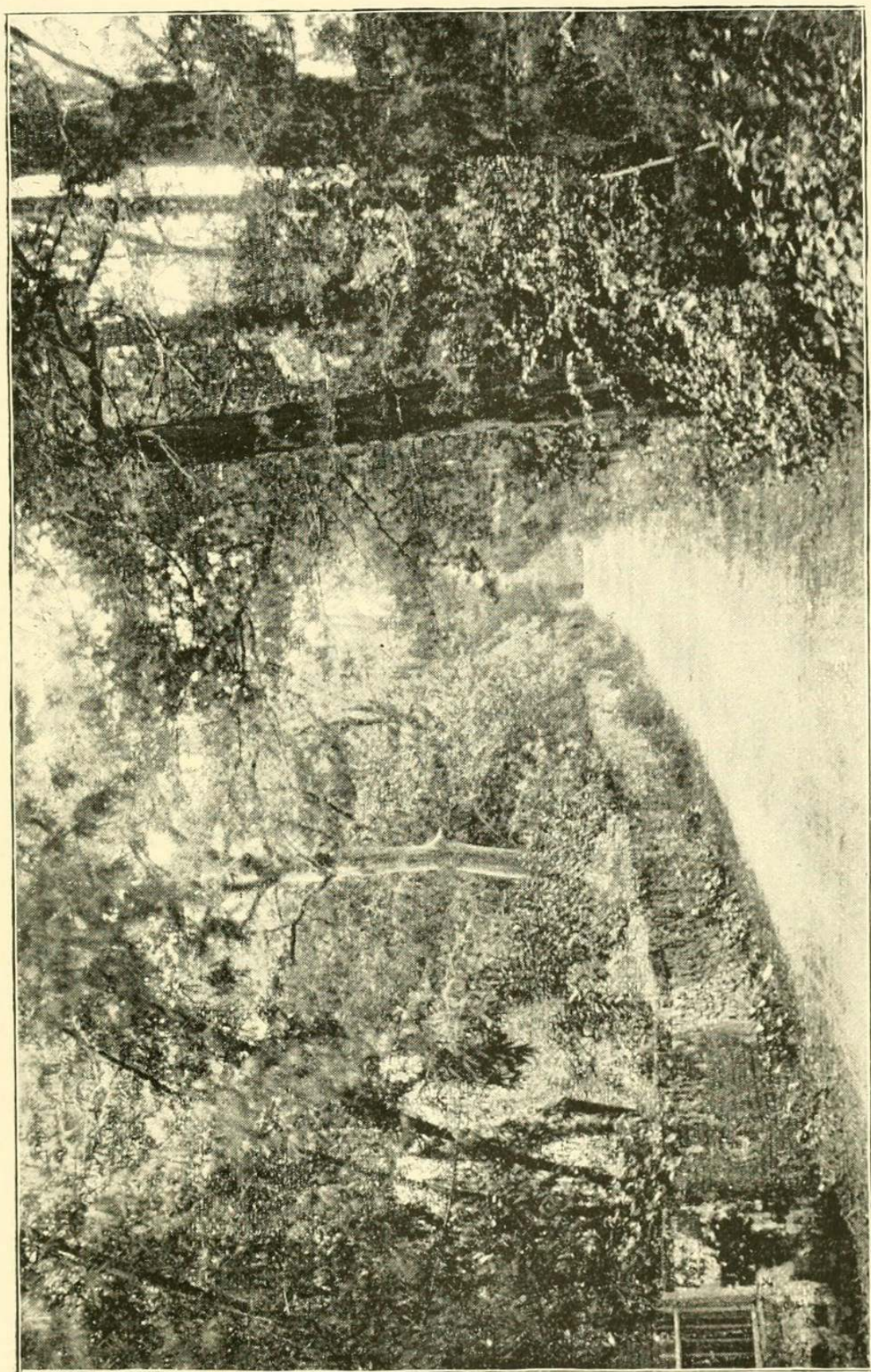
Only, however, the political empire. The royal rule of magnificent palms, and glorious tropical flowers, and splendid streams, and marvellous mountains dipping their feet in silver seas, is with us still. Even though we turn silently away, it will be to remember, not to forget.

## THE INTERLUDE.

IT is three days, or it is seven hundred miles,—just as you choose to put it. To myself, loving joyously every wave of the leaping sea, whether blue in the sunlight, or white-capped in the wind, or dark with storm, I say that it is seven hundred miles to Bermuda. To those of my friends who dread any ocean, even if it leads to the fairest paradise, I say that it is only three days. Three days of royal happiness they are to our ocean-loving party: delicious hours of salty freshness in the air, of glorious appetite, of long, lingering, lovely sunsets, and then of brilliant phosphorescence like great splendid writhing serpents of flashing light, gliding everywhere about the ship, and lifting their superb heads, harmless but magnificent. Our fair *débutante* spends long hours in gazing at something in the water which she calls blue; but eyes that have been farther south, and steeped in the rich coloring of Brazilian tropic seas, assure her that these tints she admires are indeed a delicate azure, an entrancing sapphire, a heavenly turquoise perhaps, but not superb enough to be blue. Far too soon are we told that in the morning we shall go into port. We are roused before daylight by the impressive silence of machinery. The moon is shining brilliantly; across the harbor I see through a port-hole the Bermuda lights, and then

comes rushing swiftly across my vision a single sloop. It hardly ceases its onward swing at all, but from it, into a row-boat, drop suddenly three men, winging their way with what the boatmen here call their "white-ash breeze," towards the *Orinoco*. They sweep past, and it seems hardly an instant after they are out of sight before they are darting back again, this time with only two men in the boat. I have seen many pilots taken on board ship, but never one so gracefully, so silently, so swiftly. Three men in a boat, and suddenly one of them was not! where was he? On board a bigger vessel, bound for a happier port. A moment ago and he was only a man in a boat; now he is *the* man of *the* boat, in full command of the *Orinoco*, with every man, woman, and child subject to his orders, and with even the captain of secondary importance. It seems a much prettier symbol of death and immortality than the famous and much-worn one of the butterfly: the swift, sudden summons in the darkness, the quick, silent transfer, the man in the lonely boat who suddenly "was not," with Browning's "Grand Perhaps" of the bigger vessel, bound for a happier port, with that wider opportunity of commanding his fellow-men, which is, after all, our ideal way of being of service to humanity.

So we sweep on securely into daylight and the bright harbor. How lovely the island is, but what a tiny, tiny thing to come so far for! One does not grudge distance, however, if at the end one picks up a diamond; and seven hundred miles straight out to sea, does not seem too far to come for this dainty



THE INTERLUDE—BERMUDA.



little island, lying curled up on the ocean like a mischievous kitten, quiet and contented enough, but with the eyes of its light-houses warning you that there are coral claws under the velvet of its tranquil sea. It smiles at you prettily enough, but it would not let you into the harbor where you wanted to go. Miles beyond the nearest entrance have we had to come, because of those hidden coral reefs that are a better protection to it than cannon. Even now she lets us approach but gingerly. The broad sea narrows to an inlet, like a long, long, winding river, deep enough, if the tide serves, for the *Orinoco* to go up to the little white-walled town hidden far away on the inner curve of the winding shore, like a precious pearl held tight in the kitten's claw. Or, again, oddly, the strange little island is singularly like one of its own pretty little onions, with its concentric folds of water and land, and the little white town at its heart. Scarcely longer than Staten Island, to be quite accurate, just twice as long, it doubles and twists upon itself till it is said to afford a hundred miles of good carriage road. Later we discover its lovely inland ocean lakes, clear, with strange tints of beryl, aqua-marine, and amethyst, and rose color, while gardens of coral flowers blossom perennially at the heart of that gauzy atmosphere of sea, so diaphanous with light that the thread of a single bangle, dropped by accident, gleamed pale on the glittering sands a dozen feet below the surface. Then we think of a prettier metaphor: she is a lovely nymph, this fair Bermuda, whom old Ocean fell in love with, one day long ago, near the shore; but she only

laughed, and ran away with his heart in her white hands, and never discovered that she was running straight into his arms, until, as she liked to make believe, she had gone too far ever to turn back. So now she lies contentedly on his breast, though she still teases him with holding his heart in her hands,—deep, clear, tranquil heart, that yet throbs at times with strongest, wildest pulses.

But to-day she is coquettish; though we have come seven hundred miles to see her, she will not turn the tide in our favor a minute earlier; so we leave the *Orinoco* where she dictates—this kitten of the sea,—and thread our way up the winding river of ever-narrowing ocean. Everything is so tiny that one seems to be looking at life through the small end of an opera-glass. In the tropics the ferns were like trees; here the trees are like ferns; and the dear little islands dotted with them seem just big enough to be carried home for a dinner-table ornament. The atmosphere is delicious; it is cool as the breath of the North, though fragrant with the roses of the South. Snowy cottages gleam through the verdure and blossoms; they are all built of a white formation quarried on the island and cut into shape by a saw, then hardening by exposure till it is strong as stone. It is used even for the roofs, with cool and daintiest effect. Too brief is the drive through the blossoming white streets to our hotel; one would almost say to our palace, so palatial is the effect of the snowy mansion set in a garden of roses. We are shown to a white room, in the white tower, with furnishings of perfectly spotless white, and filled



from the open windows with the delicious fragrance of white roses. It is Easter Sunday, and we long to be out in the lily-fields, but not until we have unpacked a white muslin or white flannel. If in the tropics it seemed only aristocratic to be a rose, so here we feel ill at ease till in some white way we have recognized the lilies. Once out on the beautiful country roads, it is wonderful to find palms, and cocoa-nuts, banana- and orange-trees, alternating with long fine avenues of Northern cedar, and to feel a sea-breeze keen in our veins and fresh in our faces, as we linger under long hedges of oleander with thousands of pink blossoms leaning against the blue sky. And the lilies—the fields, the acres of lilies! Two thousand have been gathered, they say, this morning, for only one of the many little churches, whose tiny graveyards are also full of the white blossoms. It is strange to see every grave covered with the same flower; but the effect is exquisite, especially as the gravestones are not the terrible white, frigid slabs that look as if sliced to order from one great block, with the same virtues chronicled on each, or with still more frozen virtues congealed into pyramids from the same mould. On every grave here is a low white sarcophagus, and on each of these to-day is a great cluster of the splendid white lilies. Indeed, one friend, whose family sarcophagus had been put up some time before, was somewhat appalled on her way home from church to find her own grave of the future already decorated by some passer-by! The unconscious effect of our great cemeteries at the North is that of conspicuous virtue consigned to rest at last.

The effect of these dear little graveyards of Bermuda is, as it should be, a lovely impression of grief and sweet remembrance.

It seems impossible to realize that the lily with which the island is now almost overgrown is not indigenous there, but was introduced only seven years ago. In our greenhouses the Easter lily is very tall on its slender stem; but in the fields they blossom only a few inches from the ground, and have an effect of listening ear-trumpets, as if nature had sent an advance-guard to hearken for Boreas, and find out if it were safe to send out all her violets and roses.

In the afternoon there is a heavy shower; oddly enough, a hail-storm. The great hailstones fall into the very hearts of the open roses, and the Admiral of the English fleet tells us they filled their refrigerator on board with the hailstones picked up on the deck. But though the rain, too, falls in torrents, the splendid roads are perfectly dry in half an hour, so that we could walk out in slippers. The white porous rock makes so fine a floor that there is never either dust or mud.

But if roses and lilies are enchanting, still more enchanting are the roses and lilies of friends. To have people own these beautiful gardens who make you welcome to them with a hospitality as gracious as the overflow of flowers, adds a charm unspeakable to what was unspeakably charming before. O beautiful Soncy! who that was privileged to enter your blossoming gateway—and to none was it closed by its gentle hostess—can ever forget the exquisite scene; the cool white house with its piazzas

and roses, its cakes sweeter than the honeysuckles, and tea more fragrant than its breezes; the lovely curve of the bay like a little lake which you may look at, or dip into, or row across, with equal delight; its perfect circle of congenial friends; its girlish guest in pale green serge and silver, herself like a tall Easter lily, as she leads us to the garden to see one stalk with one hundred and ninety-six buds on it; and the great clusters of magnificent roses that we carry home with us!

“Infinite riches in a little room”—that should be the motto on thy seal, O fair Bermuda! Yesterday it was tea and roses in the garden at Soncy; to-day it is a long and lovely drive, under great woodland trees, yet along the shore, past the dancing spray of a beautiful beach, and then to some wonderful pools filled with exquisite fish that might well be called, as they are, “angel-fish.” They are like rainbows, or living peacock feathers, or burning driftwood, floating, diving, swimming, vanishing,—and coming almost to your very feet for crumbs. The birds of the tropics are not more wonderful in color than are these half-tropical creatures of the sea.

And to-morrow? To-morrow it may be a sailing party; or a row, if the wind is right, out to the coral gardens; or an archery or shooting party in the woods; or a drive to the beautiful grounds of Government House, and the Admiralty; or a bath on the beach at Soncy; or an excursion to St. George, that bit of picturesque Spain and Italy let in to this mosaic of all things beautiful, from which you return with a carriage load of flowers. For here

you do not wander through fields and stoop to pick your wild flowers ; you drive along glorious hedges of bloom, and gather your blossoms—purple or pink, or golden,—reaching from the seat of your carriage. And again you can spend days in wonderful grottos and caves, where the natives light great torches in the darkness and show you marvellous pools and splendid stalactites. And you can drive—always you can drive—in a different direction every day. Even if you should occasionally take an old road, you would never discover that it was an old one. The curves are so constant, the views of the sea so changing in every light and shadow, the verdure so uniformly exquisite and brilliant, that there is never a sameness even in the same thing. The story is told of a bishop from the States who said to his guide at the end of a week, “I suppose now I have seen everything on the island?” “Oh no, sah ! stay six weeks mo’, an’ I show yer suthin’ new ebery day.” And the bishop stayed, and never discovered that Sambo was taking him over the same old roads and through the same woods and along the same shore. Always lovely, it is never lovely with the same loveliness twice. The water is different from any water ever before on sea or land. In its exquisite clearness it is tinted like molten jewels ; the hidden coral reefs, affecting its depth at every turn, give to it color or shadow that changes with the glint of every sunbeam or every passing cloud.

And then there are the quaint customs of the place, and the charming chats with the negroes. Everywhere there is an old-time languor that is

delicious if you watch it affecting some one else, but maddening if it reacts upon your own vigorous desire for things that no one is willing to exert himself to get for you. Your driver and your washerwoman bring you bunches of flowers every day that in New York would cost five or six dollars; but not even five or six dollars would induce them to hurry their horses or change the day for bringing back the wash. In the shops dealers almost resent your demands upon their stock; and the story is vouched for of one who explained his lack of something inquired for, with the extraordinary plea: "People kept coming and coming for it, and bought us all out just as fast as we got it in; so we stopped keeping it." We were asked one day by a friend what we thought of a stone church opposite a little park. "It is a ruin, is n't it?" we asked, and were met with the smiling reply: "No, it is a new building that never has been finished; and they have been so long building what there is of it now, that it has all the effect of moss-grown age." Crossing the bridge at sunset we were greatly diverted by the unique device of a draw-bridge, little more than a foot wide, that swung open just far enough to admit the masts of the sail-boats. The negroes are a constant delight. One little girl, who tells us her name is "Eleanor Beatrice Virginia Blanche Smith," but that her mother calls her "Minnie" for short, entertains us with a hymn in which occurs the remarkable refrain, "and we 'll all smell the hominy," afterwards identified by the curious as intended for, "we 'll all swell the harmony." They have learned to recognize a

camera even in its most rapid phases; one picturesque old darkey darted behind a tree as he saw us coming, and, pointing to the Kodak, remarked firmly, "not onless yer gib me fifty cents, sah!"

And is this all? Try it, and you will find that it has been enough to light you with memories for a year.

## UNDER THE GLACIERS.

### I.

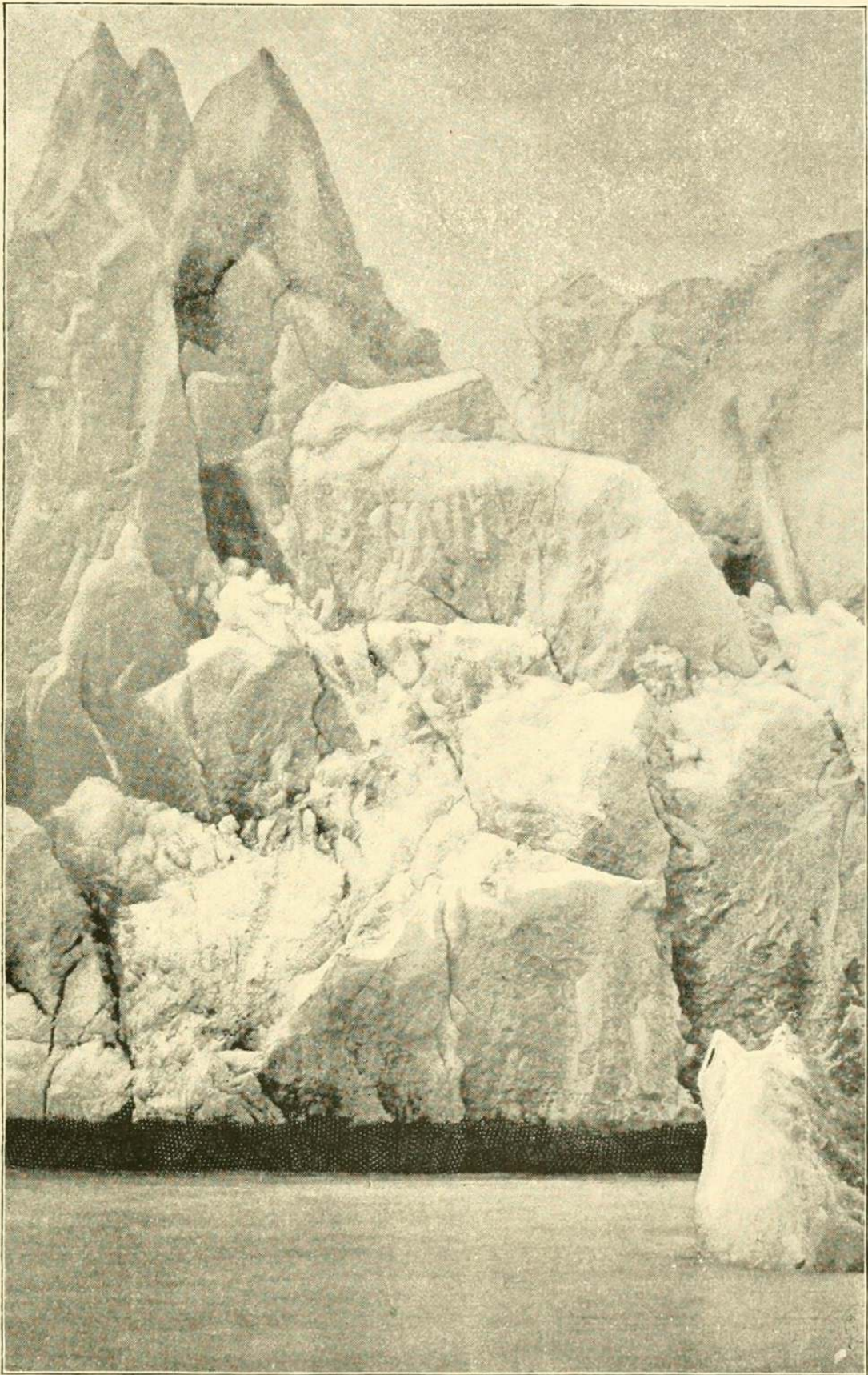
SHE is the Lady of Landscapes—our fair Alaska! dainty to her heart's core. Very, very fair she is, sitting silent among her silver hills, with her white brows, her snowy laces, her jewelled stars, her long, tapering headlands like slender feet, clocked with silver streams, resting on the satin cushion of the sea without even dimpling its surface with their weight. For a long time there were none to see or care. What was she, without art, or literature, or history, or associations, or even ruins, to charm away those who loved the magnificence of Rome, the witchery of Venice, the splendor of tropic noons, the mysterious languor of the Orient? Yet the time came when, turning their surprised prows northward, wearied lovers of the South and East learned the charm of this silent Lady of pale Northern snows, and she, even she, heard through the thrilling dusk the whisper of whispers that transfigures and enlightens the world: "O my beloved!"

She is so different from what you expect; therein, perhaps, lies the first fascination. A palm is exactly like the pictures of palm trees; but a glacier is not in the least like the pictures of glaciers. You have wearied of civilization, of luxury, of art, of

magnificence, even of comfort; you will go North, you think; you will plunge into the wild viking scenery of the only part of the world that is left unfinished; even if it is very rough it will be a change. It will be exhilarating. For the sake of seeing a few icebergs and glaciers in their native elements you will even consent to shiver for a few days, although as a rule you do not like to shiver. It will be cold, it will be horrid, it will be uncomfortable; but it will be interesting in its way,—and new.

To one with this preconceived idea of Alaska, the reality comes with a strange and deeply fascinating surprise. You expect viking ruggedness, hoarse muttering of icy boulders tumbling over icy boulders, the freezing breath of frigid and pallid skies, and a deadly dulness of inexorable gloom, only to be sought or endured because of a certain impressiveness in its solemn freedom from anything like the joy of life;—but you find a singular blending of the most exquisite loveliness, the most heavenly peace, the richest coloring, the daintiest beauty, the most impressive sweetness, you have ever known in scenery. With all its grandeur—and you had expected grandeur, though not of so fine a type,—it is the most finished landscape in the world. “It is architectural,” as Professor Muir describes it; everything is in proportion and perfectly balanced; nothing is rude and scrambling, but everything tapered and rounded and delicately perfect. Every long, slender, perfectly wooded headland seems to have been laid in its place by a landscape gardener. There is not a wound anywhere; not a tree cut





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UNDER THE GLACIER.



down, or burned down, or blown down, or struck by lightning ; not an unsightly building : not a trace of the iron rail of the energist or the axe of the pioneer ; the only wound is that made by the ship as it cleaves the gentle sea, and even that closes over without a scar before the ship is out of sight. Yet the loveliness is not so delicate, but that it is also very grand. The silence is the deep silence of brooding memories, not of ignorant inexperience. You thought you were coming to the unfinished part of the universe ; but you realize that this is the end, not the beginning. This calm, strong North is calm and strong because she knows everything, not because she knows nothing. Her glaciers had slid down into the tropics once and learned the secret of Southern splendors ; but they have crept slowly back again, to the silent Lady of pale Northern snows, who listens, who remembers, who is patient. You cannot tell her anything ; she knows it all. If she is calm, it is because she understands. The wonderful, though delicate, color in her skies at sunset is tinted with memories, not hopes ; if it is faint and pale, like the beauty of the daffodil and primrose rather than that of scarlet geranium or crimson cactus, you feel it is faint from very excess of ecstasy ; it is color that has paled, not color that is pale. They are not passionless, those deep, pure, tranquil skies of tender rose ; they are filled with a passion of rapture, calm from its very force. You wonder how anything so intense can be so pure, and how anything so pure can be so intense. In many other places you have known Nature in

many other moods ; you have frolicked with her, helped her, taught her, jested with her, admired her, loved her, and made love to her ; but here you are admitted to her soul ; here she has discarded moods ; here she has laid aside all factitious by-play and acquired charm ; here it is she who is fastidious, and you who forget to exact anything ; she has fascinated before, but now she thrills you ; you have been wont to read her thoughts in quivering sunbeams and gleaming moonlight and rushing brook and blossoming flower ; but here you find with awe in her sudden silent glaciers the thoughts she had arrested on her lips and that you never knew before. You are silent, but you are happy ; she does not amuse you, but you forget that you ever wanted to be amused. You forget,—that is the secret of fascination ; you forget all, but that you are there,—there at her feet.

Every step of the approach to her is beautiful. If you are wise you will go to her over the Canadian Pacific, and come back through California and Colorado. The first magnificence is at Banff. There you begin that strange new experience of mountains which makes them something you have never really known before. In Europe, in South America, in New England, in Colorado, mountains have always meant to you long grand ranges of proud silent heights, impressive always, but always impressive in the same way. At Banff, and later among the Selkirks, it is the grouping rather than the height that fascinates. It is not because there are mountains, but because there is nothing but mountains.

You feel grateful for the tiny foothold of earth where you are permitted to stand and see the wonders of the universe. Strange, that however mountains may crowd about you, they never oppress. Near as they are, you are certain they will never come nearer. You can see no escape from them; on every side they stand guard over this exquisite spot; yet you feel no fear; you simply do not wish to escape. Near as they are, they are looking away from you, not towards you. They look up, not down. Banff, with its mountains outnumbering its inhabitants, is like its own tiny chapel, which has more reeds in its organ than benches for the worshippers. Surely nowhere are there so many mountains to the square inch. And their violet shadows are more beautiful than the sunlight of many valleys. Not that they are really like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; when the land is weary, mountains always seem the weariest of all, needing an umbrella to shield them from the sun far more than you, who are not so near to it; it is only when coolness and strength come *to* them that it seems to come *from* them. You feel their debtor, though really you are only their comrade. Then in the long pure twilight how they play with the rose of sunset; tossing it down from the sky to you, long after you could never have found it for yourself, from crag to crag, from ravine to ravine, from peak to peak; then slowly gathering it up, carrying it quietly, softly, gravely, up to the highest peak again, whence it vanishes, put away for the night in the silver casket of the sky, and locked up with stars.

And to these same mountains do we owe the rushing streams, threading their way down into the woods to us with the freshest and brightest of messages :

“ As torrents in summer,  
Half-dried in their channels,  
Suddenly rise, though the sky is still cloudless,  
For rain has been falling  
Far off at their fountains ;—

“ So hearts that are fainting  
Grow full to o’erflowing ;  
And they who behold it  
Marvel, and know not  
That God at their fountains  
Far off has been raining.”

Full to the brim of the clearest, most sparkling water, these brooks fall in cascades, of which the singular effect is that the water below is trying to climb up, instead of that from above trying to leap down ; so jagged are the rocks out of sight that send the water tossed down so madly back again. On the mountains themselves slender streams hang like a thread, too far away for you to see the motion of running water. One of these has no visible source or ending ; it springs from subterranean caverns, you know not whence, and loses itself on the mountain sides with equal suddenness, disappearing you know not whither. You see not the slightest movement, and it merely hangs on the mountain side like a single gray hair in the verdurous locks of its leafy woods.

There are trout in these streams. Still better, there is a lake where there are more trout, and water of such exquisite and varied tints that the lake itself is like a rainbow of blues, shading from palest beryl to deepest indigo, in curves determined, they say, by the quick changing depth of its bed, yet regular as if drawn by compasses. None of the exquisite shades melt into each other; they are in distinct bands of color, laid in soft juxtaposition, a liquid mosaic. They deepen or pale with the shifting shadows from cloud or mountain; yet you feel the motto of the little lake to be :

“Un souffle m’agite, mais rien ne m’ébranle.”

From this woven tissue of ever-melting, never-melted blue, you draw your shining trout. Then you go home and eat him. And then you wander out into the sunset, lingering here for hours. At eight o’clock in the evening you may have to move from the sunny to the shaded part of the piazza, and send for a parasol if you want to walk down the road.

To-morrow, alas! we must go. You should arrive at Banff in the evening, and leave it in the morning, though not the next morning; the morning of some crisp, clear, sparkling day, when you leave logs five feet long burning in the great fireplace of the hotel, and the air is like wine. It is August, but we need all our wraps and rugs, as the observation car gives a free ride to all the mountain breezes that sweep down for a little trip through the valley. It is an odd experience, when the cars stop, to get out and gather golden-rod wet with frost, while snow sparkles on the

mountains, and the madly leaping brooks, foaming over the steepest and rockiest beds that ever any brook had to tumble over, look in their curling white ostrich feathers as if patches of snow had fallen from the mountain tops, and were wildly trying to leap back before the swift stream hurries them to the sea. But let us avoid metaphor; everything tempts to it, unless you are cured homœopathically by the poeticism of the guide-book. As a rule, you forego simile after reading that printed description of an impressive cañon; "here the government road, *as if seeking companionship in this awful solitude*, crosses the river to the railway, which it follows, side by side, for several miles," etc., etc., etc. The strangeness of this weirdly magnificent ride is expressed, perhaps, by saying that for hours we go down among the mountains. Down, down into awful chasms and glorious gorges, while the mountains tower higher and higher, not in a straight range on one side of you, or even on both sides, but around you in whirling circles that leave no loop-hole for escape. The Canadian Pacific is a corporation with a soul, and it stops the train at especially lovely places on the road, where it has built little balconies for a wider view of mountain and stream. Once we threw a pebble to the brook below, and watched it eddying slowly down as a butterfly circles upward through the air, instead of dropping swiftly in one long, quick fall. We are glad the Englishman is no longer on board who objected, just beyond Montreal, to a ten minutes' delay: "Think of stopping the royal mail only a mile out of London! Why, in England they run a



hundred miles before they let you wink!" To which a mild-eyed American had replied: "They couldn't do it very often; England isn't big enough."

If you are wise, you will stay over twenty-four hours at Glacier House, and spend the afternoon in the woods. They are so full of rich mosses and luxuriant foliage and exquisite flowers, that the signs nailed on trees, like Rosalind's verses in the forest of Arden, and reading "*To the Glacier*," seem a bit of delicate irony, penned by some melancholy Jaques who could not easily believe in forty square miles of ice only half a mile away. Strangely enough, however, all the dainty little flowers are white, as if they had gazed upon the awful visitant and had turned pale with fear. Yes, it is there; without the slightest warning, in the very midst of the greenest woods that ever blossomed, you come suddenly on the great glacier. It hangs dizzily at an awful angle in the air. Its dulled surface of compressed snow shows indeed that it is not exactly ice, and that it is quite different from a little airy wreath of soft snow crowning the mountain towering above it. The tiny white circlet looks like a bit of swan's-down; but we are assured that it really means a snowdrift five hundred feet thick. Exquisite type of proud endurance is this mighty glacier, of endurance that can bare its breast to the thorn, without baring its thorn to the world. Moving only twenty inches a day, it does not seem to move at all; it never reaches anything or arrives anywhere; yet it never seems to be chained, but only to be voluntarily holding back all its mighty

reserve of force, lest it should crush some of those dainty flowers at its feet. It is not the endurance that has to say "I cannot," but the endurance that chooses to say "I will not." Its dull surface breaks at times into grottos, full of exquisite sapphire and emerald tints; it cannot have its own way, and go whirling down through those green woods carrying terror in its path; but it does not fret because it cannot.

The slender stream that trickles down the steep slope of Sir Donald, the snow-capped mountain opposite the hotel, is perceptibly wider and stronger in the afternoon than in the morning, from the snow melted during the day by the sun. While it is yet narrow and faint the next day we take the train once more, to glide through landscape all the way to Vancouver, made doubly beautiful by wonderful lakes. As in the tropics we gazed longingly from azure lakes of sea at the smiling stretch of lovely shore, so now we gaze longingly from the shore at azure lakes of sea. Skirting the largest of these lakes for fifty miles, one evening in the purple twilight, it is said that we face by turns every one of the thirty-two points of the compass.

Bright, cool little city is Vancouver, with such vitality in its sunshine that you are continually conscious how perfect the weather is. Only a mile or two from its hotel is a bit of loveliness that is one of the gems of the world. Only a mile or two from the brisk, energetic little town, basking in the richest, though coolest, sunshine you can imagine, is a park whose tropic luxuriance of fern and foliage and moss

out-tropics the tropics. The very sunshine is tinted with cool emerald as it glints through the wilderness of leafage. The average forest is a fitting field for the impressionist, an effect of millions of leaves which need not be felt separately; but in Stanley Park every tree is an individual, an individual to be studied and wondered at for its own sake. Great masses of ferns, three feet high, line the road that winds along the sea, under trees so high that you close your sunshade, lift, lift your head, and bend it backward, backward, in an almost vain attempt to see the tops of them. Velvet moss, that is golden or brown or emerald, and that seems almost a foot thick, lies everywhere under your feet, and clings to boulders and upturned roots and the drooping boughs of trees; while from the bark of others, and along the lithe slender branches, spring delicate ferns as if hung from baskets in the air. So thick is the foliage, that even in the brightest day there is hardly light enough to take a good photograph; yet the air is exquisitely cool and dewy, and you have no sense of over-growth of anything. I remember palms two hundred feet high; but some of these firs and pines are three hundred feet in height, wrapped in exquisite brown velvet moss or adorned with emerald ferns of surpassing beauty. Even those that have been scarred by lightning have all the impressiveness, without any of the sadness, of ruin. They are like great Japanese bronzes at the entrance to a temple; for they are not straight and smooth, but twisted into strange shapes that yet never seem contortion. In some of the trunks of trees that have

been cut down new growth is springing ; sometimes four or five little new trees, five or six feet high, lift themselves into the air on their strange dead pedestal with young elastic pride. Every tree, every bush, almost every blade of grass accentuates itself as in some way different from every other, as you thread your way along, feeling as if your own feet were shod in velvet, so soft is the velvet carpet, through the glowing dusk, so bright, so cool, so mysterious.

With foliage such as this within such easy reach of the city, it seems strange to find no trees at all in the town, although on its outer edge the tall slim trunks of slender forests look almost like shipping in the distance. But we are told the pathetic story that just such a forest as this was cut down where they wanted to build the city ; and when they tried to save trees here and there, none of them, isolated, could bear it. They refused to flourish, and had to be cut down ; one they had been especially anxious to save, near the hotel ; but it refused to live without its fellows, though if ever tree were strong this might have been supposed to be—two hundred and seventy-five feet high, eighty feet high to its first branch, and thirty-six feet in circumference !

The evening we are privileged to spend at a charming home close to the water, with mountains rising “across the way,” the “way” being a star-lit stretch of sea, and in a garden whose roses at nine o’clock glow through the rich dusk of this exquisite northern twilight. What tranquillity and strength in the superb quiet of these long, still hours ! The silence

is as delicious as music, and the proud calm of the great hills is the strength that soothes, not that which crushes.

At the close of an afternoon's sail to Victoria some one calls out, "There is America!" It takes us a moment or two to remember how long we have been out of the States; but we are proud of our country, as she rises only "across the way" in mountains bridged by sunset clouds. How could patriotic Americans linger long in Victoria? The next night we cross the Sound by sunset and moonlight, catching our first rare glimpses of Mount Rainier and Mount Baker.

Think not, because you have seen many mountains, that you have ever seen one like these. The effect is indescribable of their supreme and serene beauty. Absolutely alone, not set in ranges or knelt to by lowly foot-hills, they rise at once, slowly, majestically from the sea, not together, very, very far apart, yet each gloriously beautiful in snows crowned with the rose-color of sunset. It is not Aphrodite, born of the sea and foam, and delicate with the grace of Undine without a soul; but Aphrodite in marble, stately, silent, with the soul of the sculptor speaking to you, if not her own soul.

And so to Seattle, brave, brisk little city, crowning hills so dizzily steep that you have to cross the street and look down to see if your cable or electric car is coming. From the splendid verandah of your hotel there is a view of Puget Sound that many a watering-place might envy; yet the very air is so full of business energy and success that you begin to

feel that you will give up Alaska and stay in Seattle to look up "investments." Then suddenly one evening a haze that has hung in the horizon, even on the sunniest days, lifts a little, and through the large plate-glass windows of the dining-room you catch glimpses of a long range of lovely mountains that you had never dreamed were there. They are superb in the sunset and twilight, but in the morning they are gone again. Spoiled children that we are, though this is the very game of hide-and-seek with Nature that we longed for in the tropics, where we sighed for more mystery, more reserve in a landscape that was always brilliant with gold and azure, we complain equally now of too much mystery and reserve, of too much impenetrable veil of silvery mist. Yet we know the coquetry of the mountains is the coquetry of the veil, not of the temperament. They are fitful only as the jewel on your breast is fitful, flashing its light across the room on the just and the unjust, and yet never really leaving you. The mountains are still there; we will give up our "investments" to go and find them.

The tickets read, "From Seattle to Sitka, and from Sitka to Seattle": a sentence slippery enough to suggest innumerable glaciers. And so we go on board the *Queen*, and the curtain rises.

## II.

“YONDER is America,” we say again, looking behind us as the *Queen* takes us swiftly across the Sound once more to Victoria; and “Yonder is America,” we repeat, turning our faces northward, and smiling to think that the Alaska we are going so far to seek, across foreign waters and along a foreign shore, is still a part of the States. As in Vancouver we were astonished at the tropical luxuriance of the woods, so in this far northern port of Victoria we were amused to find ourselves buying great baskets of far more beautiful and delicious fruit than we had found under the equator: great golden pears, and creamy peaches, and purple Tokay grapes, and plums of royal size and sweetness. There is a lovely drive in the cool sunset, and then we go on board again, to find ourselves bound for glaciers and icebergs, with such masses of flowers and fruit on the ship that we seem to have been arming ourselves with grace and sweetness to disarm the dreaded and barren cold that lies before us.

But here, as before, we find that one's chief occupation in travel is correcting the impressions of one's youthful geography. To go to Alaska, we had assumed, would be to wrap one's self in furs, and then take ship to glide along a cold northern coast, growing more and more barren at every step, with wild

and stormy arctic seas stretching illimitably to the westward. The compensation was to be, that when the wildness and roughness and cold had increased to a very terrible degree, there would be something magnificent and worth experiencing in the amount of devastation, as almost anything is grand if there is enough of it. Said some English writer of America, "They are proud of their very disasters, as on a scale unparalleled in Europe." Our new experience was to be that we should find it very, very, very uncomfortable, and that we should go where there would be absolutely nothing to see.

Contrast with this the reality that, after all, our coldest day was on that first day's sail across Puget Sound. Then, indeed, we used all our wraps and rugs on deck, though later, five hundred miles farther north, at Sitka, we needed our sunshades. There is this peculiarity in the atmosphere of the entire Alaskan trip : certainly the air is cold, but it is never chilly. It is like wine to breathe, but it never pierces you like steel. It is never biting. There is no wind. The air may be cold, but you are not. Once warmly dressed you are warm, and stand in the calm, still atmosphere, breathing in delight and health and vigor. We thought we were going directly north, with a rugged coast on the right and a cloudy sea on the left ; but in reality we face in turn every point of the compass, sometimes sailing due west for hours, as we thread our way in and out among the great islands, of which there are said to be over a thousand, each large enough to be so thickly wooded, or crowned with such snow-capped mountains, as completely to

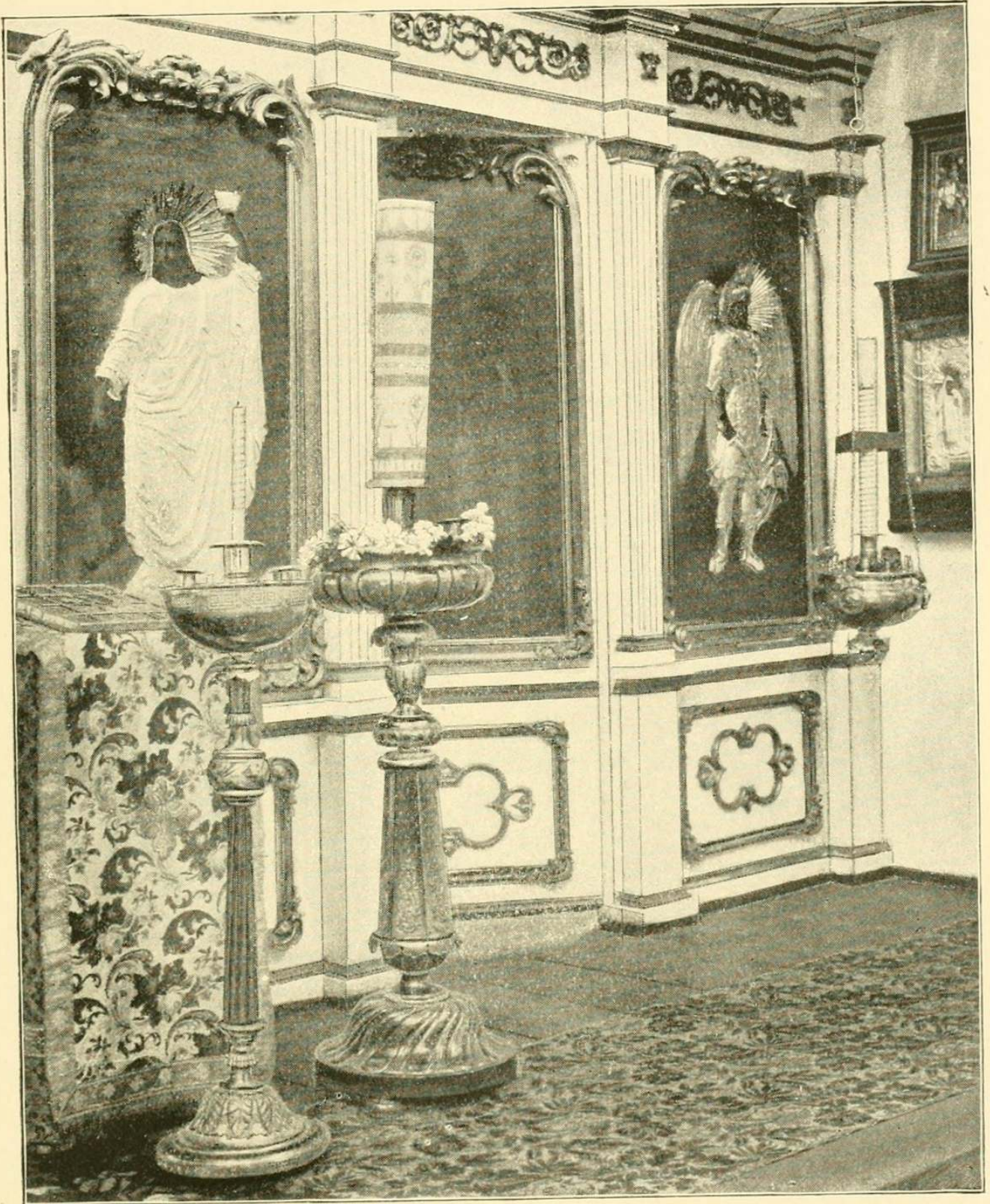


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hide the outer sea. You would never dream that you were on the ocean, save for a certain delicious saltiness in the air, and an occasional waiting for the tide in narrow places. One instinctively thinks of an island as something low and flat ; but so lofty are the shores of these islands that you can distinguish no difference between their mountains and those of the continent ; if you did not know which way you were bound, you could never tell the upward from the return trip. You would have supposed you could sail a ship due north yourself ; but what a pilot is really needed here, to discover the channel, where the circling islands close in upon you in exquisite scenes like Lake George, narrowing now and then to an apparent stretch of long, lovely river, like the Hudson or the Rhine. The water is as calm as the air. If it has not the marvellous blue of the tropics, its exquisite gray sheen has a silvery charm of its own. It does not even dimple in the ship's wake, but rolls away from it in one long, lovely, unbroken, indolent wave. You are sure that if you touched it, it would not fall away in drops from your hand, but let you lift it in one soft thin mass like a sheet of satin. Yet it is so clear that the reflections are wonderful. Usually the white clouds of the sky lie reflected on the surface of the water as in a mirror ; but here they are reflected perpendicularly, and reach down, down through the blue walls of water, giving the effect of great coral caves. The streams on the mountains are so high and so far away that you see no movement as they hang like ribbons on the slopes. Sometimes one will disappear under a

blanket of snow, from which you will see it emerging a little lower, and sometimes you will see one in two parts at different angles, without apparent beginning, or end, or middle, or connection. There is a charming sense of independence in the way we sail; there are no mails on board that are in the least impatient for delivery, and there is a general feeling that we are yachting as we please. In any case of fog at night we come peacefully to anchor till the fog lifts, and it is then we hear the pretty story of the captain's learning his exact position from the echoes. He assures us that his ear is so keenly trained to them as to recognize once an echo from a ship's sails! By their echoes ye shall know them, not merely by their fruits; not merely by what they have done, but by what others have done under their influence. I did not speak a cross word yesterday; but did you speak one, angered by me? Then it is I who shall be known by my echo.

In the morning there is a picturesque addition to the scenery in the canoes of gayly blanketed Indians, drifting past us on their way southward to gather the harvest of hops on the great hop ranches. The day is one of unalloyed delight in the continual variety of a landscape full of ever-changing charm. The great islands, grand with mountains, alternate with lower ones verdurous to their very edge with spicy green, or with tiny ones perfect as the clear-cut outline of a cameo, raised from the surface of the water. On one of these we seemed to see what looked like a bed of water-lilies; were things indeed so reversed in this new country that the water-lilies



CORNER OF GREEK CHURCH AT SITKA.



grew on land? But as we drew nearer, the whole flock of lilies took flight, and rose suddenly in the air, showing themselves to be the white breasts of sea-gulls. So gracious is the captain that we could almost say we go ashore where we please. Once we put into a little inlet where nobody can be wanting to land, to discover that the attraction is a well-known stream of fresh water, set in a bit of glowing greenery among the woods, so shallow that you can see the young trout gleaming in its network of sunny water, and perhaps catch one in your hand, as one of our party did.

But whatever the charm of the perfect day, nothing can equal the loveliness of the dawning night, if I may use the expression. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these long exquisite twilights. There is not a cloud in the sky to take fantastic shapes of color in the sunset; but gradually the sky, which has been blue to the zenith until nine o'clock, fills slowly at the horizon with a light whose pale tint of saffron or amethyst or rose seems more beautiful, and more intense, than any wealth of richer coloring. It is light that does not dazzle, beauty that does not slay, peace that stimulates. It is the color of memory, not of hope. Lying in your steamer chair, far forward in the bow, while the air—O call it cool, not cold—fans you gently and whistles enticingly through the creaking cordage; with the black lines of ropes distinct and taut against the sky, the silence deepening as the sun gets too low for the camera enthusiasts, while the Amusement Fiend betakes himself to a cabin happily too far aft

for the tinkling piano and dreadful little banjo to reach your ear at all ; with the few quiet figures still on deck, moving about speechless and slow, like the figures in Bridgman's pictures of an Egyptian mummy's funeral, you feel like an Esquimaux Elaine, wrapped in furs instead of flowers, and drifting happily to life, not death. For it is life that dwells in this air which has learned the supreme secret of being at once calm and invigorating ; it is happiness, if not bounding joy, that lingers in that tender sky ; it is imagination, keen-winged and alert, that comes to you with those noiseless, yet not voiceless, stars.

Ah, yes ! the stars. Never before have I so realized that the earth is really round ; but we seem indeed to be drawing near the small, tapering end of the world, and I believe in another hour we shall fall from the edge into the molten glory of the sky. But I am willing to go, and moor my ship among the stars.

They are late in coming, these lovely creatures of the sky ; even though we are not in those shortest nights of June, when, as Professor Muir describes it, he started to go up his glacier on Thursday, sat down to rest a few minutes, and before he knew it, it was Friday. Yes, they are very late ; but how keen is the pleasure of watching for them :

“ Repentant Day

Frees with his dying hand the pallid stars  
He held imprisoned since his young hot dawn ;—  
Now watch with what a silent step of fear  
They 'll steal out, one by one, and overspread  
The cool delicious meadows of the night ! ”

Yes, to watch them "steal out, one by one," that is the charm of stars at the north pole and at the equator. Strangely enough, it is only in the middle, only in the temperate zone, that the stars are a picture, the evening sky a background for certain "bright patines of pure gold," pinned into its surface and staying there through the night. Here again the sky is a constantly moving panorama. As I loved the tropic stars, because when they "globed themselves in heaven" they hung so low, and were so full and round and golden, so now I love these northern stars because they are so pale and pure and tiny, and sparkle faintly in so high a heaven. I loved those because it seemed as if I could reach out my hand and touch them; I love these, because it seems as if I never could reach them. One touches the top of a mountain like a beacon lighted on its summit, and the new moon, like a great golden cimeter, plunges into the side of a mountain with most sinister effect. If you had not seen it plunge, if you had come upon it quietly, you would have taken the mountain for a volcano, putting out its tongue of flame. As it is, the dagger of light plunges deeper and deeper, till it is sunken to the hilt. In our southern North it would now be gone; but three times, as we round another headland, the moon appears and reappears and disappears.

One grudges the hours of sleep; for the panorama of the night is as wonderful as that of the day. The salmon leaping around the bows in the moonlight are as interesting as the whales that come to the

surface in the morning. As yet we have had only the loveliest verdure, like that of Lake George and the Hudson, with merely sun on the tops of mountains; but as we approach Fort Wrangell there comes the first glimpse of mountains of snow. A wonderful charm lies in the combination; for the snowy vision lies in magnificent distance, while all about us are still those leafy woods whose singular beauty is due to their absolute freedom from any imperfection. Nothing is worm-eaten; nothing is drooping; the old expression of a painted ship upon a painted ocean comes to memory; these are the forests of pictures, with every satin leaf laid in its place against the sky, and unstirred by the faintest breeze. Why do I say "satin" leaf, when perhaps there are no leaves at all, and these forests are all of pine or spruce? But that is part of the effect; you feel that there are leaves, and that the woods are not sombre like those of pine and spruce and fir farther south. There is not the slightest wind, but no sparkling, bubbling wine ever filled your veins with keener delight than this entrancing air, that, tranquil as it is, transfigures your whole being as the pale daffodil light slowly, slowly filling the deep cup of the sky, transfigures the heavens and the sea. It is peace,—deep, abiding peace; but neither the peace of sultry, indolent August noons, nor that of dreamy, colorless moonlight nights; it is the strong white peace that is conscious power in repose; a peace that stimulates, that thrills, all the finer fibres of your being, and touches the quicker throbbing of your pulses



“ Gently, not smiting it ;  
But as a harper lays his open palm  
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.”

We are up at four in the morning, to see the *Queen* wind through narrows, where some of the turns are hardly longer than her own length, and where the headlands all but meet in long lovely curves, leaving a gateway scarcely more than the steamer's width. At noon we turn into Tacou Inlet for the most beautiful experience of the whole voyage. Here we begin to have icebergs, and it is impossible not to laugh as the first tiny one comes slowly out to meet us. It is about the size of the floating islands in the custard at dessert, but it is a harbinger. They grow larger, finer, more and more wonderful and splendid. They begin to crunch against the sides of the ship. They come sailing down the bay, not cold and solid masses or dull heavy blocks ; but as if cut, or melted, or twisted, or carved into the most beautiful and fantastic shapes of every form and size, tinged with coloring so exquisite that your heart grows faint with ecstasy. Sometimes a great snowy mass, arched at the prow and stern, and gleaming with golden sunshine, glides slowly past, like Elaine's barge, floating to Camelot ; sometimes one arches over like a great-lipped shell, tinged with the deepest yet clearest rose-color ; sometimes they are hollowed out like great grottos, full of emerald light ; and again they are like tiny mountains of transparent snow, filled with superb tints of blue. “ It is the tropics on ice,” is the expressive comment at my side of one to

whom I like to owe the good things I repeat when I cannot think of them myself; and he adds, "At least I planted those palms at the gate of Cruz das Almas, even if they did outstrip me in a twenty-years' race; but one never could originate an iceberg. My dear, you complained of the omnipotence of Nature in the tropics, but she is far more than a match for us at the poles." Here again, as in the tropics, comes that strange sense of being in a theatre. At home you live with Nature, but here you have merely come to gaze at her, and she seems to be shifting the scenes merely as a great panorama for your amusement. You have no thought of building a house among those icebergs, or planting an orchard in the glacier, or fishing in those translucent waters, or burrowing for a gold mine in those white hills; nature here is something merely to look at. It adds to what one must call the stage effect, that you sit tranquilly on deck looking at all these cold things without being cold. "That is ice," you have to keep saying to yourself, as you look at the icebergs; but the air is actually balmy. We are dressed in flannel, but we need no wraps, and have to open our sunshades. Perhaps it is because there is no wind; nothing of that stinging, biting whirl of air around you, that in a cold day at home freezes the blood in your veins, however you may wrap up against it. It may be cold, but it is not chilly. And the scene around you, made up as it is of ice and snow, is yet one of almost fairy-like delicacy and magic. All around you in the water float tinier bits of ice, strangely enough assuming the most perfect imitations of flower or fish

or bird. You do not have to strain your imagination in the least to find one very like a whale. Swans with their bills touching—a splendid dog's head with his fore-paws resting on the water—a tiny dove, with wings and beak perfectly proportioned, poised on a floating block—a squirrel with a nut in its paws—a morning-glory—a large mushroom,—all are as perfect as if carved in marble. Nothing can exceed the prettiness of the scene. And through this dainty fairy-land of color and light, we glide slowly to the very foot of the great glacier. Here we have solemnity at last, though solemnity framed in loveliness. The glacier is like a magnificent river of frozen hills. You feel at once that it is no mere river of water frozen over; it is compressed snow that forms no dull flat surface anywhere, but rises in little regular peaks that give the whole the appearance of a box of chalk with the points upward. It is nearly a mile wide, and the "little peaks" at the water's edge, where they pause as suddenly, as instantly, as an arrested thought upon the lips, are over two hundred feet high, gleaming with the richest golden white and emerald and sapphire. The entire mass sweeps grandly round a magnificent curve, at a terrible angle; but it stops suddenly, hanging dizzily secure, in motionless silence, while the blue water glides softly about its feet and persuades it to stay where it is. Ah! if we wanted mystery in nature, here we certainly have it. Why should the glacier pause just where it has paused? For you never feel that the glacier has barred the way to the river at its feet; but rather that the gen-

tle loveliness of the river has awed the glacier into an astonished pause. No terrible gorge or looming mountain intercepts its path; nothing but lapping water, that does not even beat against it in fierce surges of surf, but purrs at its feet as contentedly as a kitten, nibbling the bits of ice that are tossed down to it, but never biting for them. It is like some strong passion, held in check by a strange sweet influence that it does not understand, but cannot resist.

There is another mystery, grander and more fascinating still, when we see the great icebergs cloven from the side of the mountain glacier without any apparent agency. The air is as still as if it were sultry. There is no wind or storm or lightning to crush and mar. The sun is brilliant, but not hot enough to melt a glacier. There is no enemy in sight with gigantic axe or subtle spear. Yet suddenly there is a sound like the booming of cannon, or a long reverberation like magnificent thunder; the ice is cracking; suddenly a thin slice, cut from the great mass as smoothly as a slice of bread from a loaf, by some unseen sword of Damocles in the subtle forces of the air, loosens its hold, and slips slowly down into water at its base eight hundred feet deep. It does not crumble and topple awkwardly over, as rock would; it simply separates from the rest, and slides smoothly, quietly down, down. There is an instant's pause, then a rising fountain of displaced water like a great geyser, and a little later the great mass rises to the surface, and, broken into grottos and crumbs, goes sailing down the bay to greet other ships.

It is not all poetical, however. We have come to Tacou for the very practical purpose of taking on board our ice for the return trip. It is a pretty scene. A boat is lowered from the ship's side, the passengers throng forward, and in their excitement climb into the shrouds and the rigging; long hooked spears drag a great block to the steamer's side, ropes are flung around it, it is fastened to a great derrick. For an instant it hangs motionless and beautiful; not defenceless, for one heavy touch of its icy fingers and both men handling it so roughly would have been laid low in a twinkling; but it strikes not a single blow in its own defence; trembling, beautiful, submissive, it is swung over the ship's side, and down, down into the hold. There is a shout of applause, and a great clapping of hands among the passengers; but for me—my heart sinks; it seems like caging some great beautiful white prisoned bird. I can only think it is like Hans Andersen's little fir-tree, that thought it so grand a thing to be cut down and carted out of the forest to be a Christmas tree, never dreaming of the ash-heap and the back-yard of the day to follow. The beautiful thing fancied it was some high honor to be taken on board this grand ship, all unknowing that in a few more hours it would be ground to atoms, in order that the little boys on board the *Queen* might have ice-cream for dinner! Tens of thousands of years to form a glacier, that finally melts into an hour's ice-cream! Again I think of the poet's camp-fire in the forest, when

“Half a century's silent growth  
Goes up in an instant's flame.”

But we cannot stay forever, even at Tacou. Gliding back through the lovely ice and blue water to the mouth of the bay, we find our sister-ship, the *City of Topeka*, lying at anchor waiting for us. We steam alongside, a gang-plank is thrown across, and for an hour the obliging captains let us exchange animated experiences with friends on board. There is something especially charming in this easy ocean-sauntering, when no one is in a hurry, when there is no record to be beaten, when nobody wants to get there, and when there are no mails on board of any consequence. It is true there are passengers who, having heard much of Alaska, and taken their tickets for Sitka, sit quietly in their state-rooms with knitting or novel, waiting to arrive, and never dreaming of anything to be enjoyed on the way; but, as a rule, we all know that the charm is not in Alaska itself, but on the way to Alaska, and with an appreciative captain, willing to anchor for a fog, a tempting glacier, an hour's chat with another steamer, or a port with particularly fine totems and raspberries, nothing is lacking. Do you know the exceeding charm of a captain who is n't in a hurry? Only on the route to Alaska, the Nirvana of Nerves, will you ever find one. Our obliging commander wishes one day to be humored a little himself. Those of us on deck are somewhat startled to find the scenery spinning around us; the ship is evidently turning upon her own track in circles, all of which is explained on ascertaining that we have reached the Narrows, where the captain likes to be on the bridge himself; and as he has not quite finished his after-

dinner coffee, he has given orders to remain where we are for the present, so that we are simply going round and round in the little lake of sea where we happen to be.

But even our captain is obdurate at last. Thinking of Clough's exquisite poem, *As Ships at Sea*, we part from the *Topeka*, one to the north and one to the south, the happier ones being those bound farther north.

Two days later we have a still grander glacier at Glacier Bay. Here all loveliness and verdure have ceased; the scenery is stern and unrelenting, as becomes a glacier. Professor Muir had to bring all the wood for his camp-fire from Seattle by steamer; a camp-fire of city logs! was there ever one before? And still it is not cold; though the scene is like one of the pictures of Dr. Kane's or Greeley's expeditions, with our people like black specks toiling painfully over the rough surface, and actually the only variation to the scene of white ice and snow and barren rock.

Sitka now is south of us. Never had little town a more beautiful approach. It has one long winding avenue of lovely wooded waters, precisely like Lake George again, till you emerge suddenly at the pretty settlement, with its grass like the grass of June, its heavenly woods filled with splendid trees, and rushing brooks, and rustic bridges, and tempting by-paths, and afternoon sunshine, like a bit of Bermuda transplanted to the Northland, while the open sea, which we have not seen for so long, tosses in exhilarating spray and surf at the very feet of the green pines.

And the little town itself is wonderfully interesting. Here is the Greek church, full of fascination and romance, a bit of art set in mosaic here to rival nature. The little wooden church itself, save for its odd belfry and bells, might seem the most puritan of puritan structures; but within lurk a richness and mystery bewildering to the imagination that has been feasting for many days on cold snows. Here are wonderful old Russian pictures: the faces, hands, and arms painted on ivory, while the robe of the Virgin, or panoply of St. Michael, or the table of the Last Supper, are in *repoussé* gold or silver. The effect of the rich *relief* is magnificent; and there is one great bronze door with tiny panels of the same exquisite work in painted ivory and hammered gold and silver, while picturesque hanging censers and tall standing candelabra, and marvellous altar cloths, stiff with jewels, make a singularly impressive interior to find tucked away among glaciers.

And now ever southward! back through the winding rivers and purple lakes, the great golden sunsets and starry twilights, over quiet seas that seem holding their breath to keep perfectly the reflection of exquisite skies, as an opal holds a pearl with the tints of sunset, or as one heart holds the happiness of another in its keeping and forgets to ripple with its own gladness or sorrow. Back through azure shadows lovelier than light, through light lovelier than color, through peace calm as the great pure twilight, but ready as the twilight to break at morning into a flood of joy. Until at last Mt. Rainier in the distance sets its seal of



rose and snow against the closed portals of the sky behind us.

Can there be anything left for us? Yes, as some one has happily said, we never become callous to beauty as we do to pain. Grander scenery may not await us anywhere, but loveliness lurks everywhere, and we shall never tire of it, even after the supreme. Already the pretty hop ranches in the vicinity of Seattle charm us as if we had not grown accustomed to glaciers. Some one suggests that it might be better to take the soothing hop of Seattle after the intoxicating grape of California; but it will not be possible to turn back, and we must wait for the vineyards yet to come. So down through the fascinating hop fields, where the feathery vines, clinging lightly to the slight poles, and clasping hands across each intervening space, seem like dancers in the fresh breeze, to Tacoma, where we breakfast, and drive past the pretty suburban homes, and with infinite tact remember always to call Mt. Tacoma the mountain we had learned to love at Seattle as Mt. Rainier. Then on to Portland, finding a continual joy in the evidence that we have not lost our capacity for enjoying simple things. After icebergs and Tacou Inlets, we still find immensely lovable the graceful landscape along the railway here, like a bit of New England, with woods of low, gentle little trees, turning to autumnal brightness as only American foliage can, pretty meadows, with what somebody has called "*Harper's Magazine* cows, standing in attitudes eligible for engraving," and happy little brooks that never saw a glacier in their lives. But just as we are

thus kindly patronizing Nature in this pleasant fashion, she rebukes us with the beautiful dignity of her higher mood. Were we talking of pretty little landscapes? Behold! Around one more swift curve and there gleams before us on the evening sky a vision of Mt. St. Helen's; a perfect dome of golden and rose-tinted snow, rising suddenly, majestic and utterly alone, on the horizon, while in the foreground the simple little brooks glide, unawed by the mountain's majesty, through dainty meadows that say unjealously to the white splendor smiling down upon them:

“ If I 'm not as white as you,  
You are not as green as I.”

We are told later that this is the first time for five weeks that the mountain has been visible at all. For these mountains are aristocrats, delicate, high-bred, and exclusive. When they are cruel, it is not because of what they do, but because of what they do not do for you. The sky may be cloudless, the sun brilliant, yet, unless they are in the mood, they hide themselves behind a filmy veil, so filmy that you do not even see the veil, and cannot believe that there is anything hidden in that tranquil heaven. We are told of a traveller who had waited a week and offered fifty dollars for a view of St. Helen's, who had left in despair this very morning; and to-night she is there! Even more beautiful does she seem when the rose and gold have faded, and her face leans against the sky, white against a soft gray background, like an exquisite cameo, delicate in tint but perfect in outline.

There are pretty drives around Portland, and we are amused at the irrigated gardens, when we see the gardener walking along his little artificial brook, dipping out ladlefuls of the water, which he then tosses down through each row of corn or beans. But the *pièce de résistance* is, of course, the Columbia River. We go by train to The Dalles, and then drive out several miles to one of the weirdest and strangest bit of scenery ever set in this practical America. The absolute desolation is in its way grand, because on so grand a scale. The mighty river narrows so suddenly to force its way through the thin gorge that it is like a wall of water, perceptibly higher in the middle than at the edges. No sign of vegetation marks the course of the great stream; though we have passed orchards hung with rosy and juicy fruit, we have been amazed to see in what arid soil they flourish, and are told that they owe their sustenance entirely to irrigation. Water more important than rich soil! No tiniest blade of grass flourishes on these immense sand dunes, stretching away in the distance, sad, unspeakably desolate, yet strangely impressive. The sand is actually drifted like snow, and the higher drifts cast long shadows across the dune. Shadows of drifted sand on drifting sand, sorrowful as the tragedies that hang on trifles. But let us save that theme for a sonnet, and merely steep ourselves now in the mystical impression that we are with the Sphinx in Egypt, or at the theatre in the last act of the *Queen of Sheba*. They say when the wind blows the whirling sand frequently stops the trains. Longfellow once tried to write

something encouraging about leaving "footprints on the sands of time"; but, after all, is it encouraging to leave behind you the subtle warning, "Here I could not walk firmly"?

Down the river we go by boat, seeing the mechanical nets on whirling wheels that catch salmon in the season at the rate of ten tons a night; in five months fifty thousand dollars' worth, at two and a half cents a pound, were caught at one cannery alone. We hear of steamers built in the forests farther up, which it took four years to float down to the sea, owing to rapids almost always either too high or too low. We had heard much of the grandeur of the scenery on the Columbia, but we have had so much of grandeur lately that we are more impressed with what is less impressive and more amusing. There are few little towns on the way at which to stop; but once in a while, though there is no dock or wharf or pier or even house in sight, we run up to the shore of the primitive forest, pushing the prow of the steamer simply into the sand as one would land a row-boat, to leave perhaps a dozen or two big bags of flour, for which no one is waiting, or again a woman and a canary bird without any visible means of support. What gnomes from the hills come down when we are gone, to roll away those casks of beer or bags of grain? For it seems like some superstitious rite, to appease the deities for invading this solitude of woods and waters. Then, as ever, there is a great, beautiful, glorious mountain waiting for us at twilight, to set its white seal on the day. This time it is Mount Hood, solitary in the heavens, its

pale snows against a paler sky, in pallor more beautiful than vivid coloring. At least you think so, until it is touched, if not kindled, by the rhapsody of sunset.

And again my one memory of the long trip from Portland to San Francisco is another mountain. These mountains of the Northwest have such strange and magnetic individuality, each with little traits of its own. There is no other quite like Mt. Shasta. For two or three hours we had been watching for it from the cars; but although the day was bright, a faint haze hung in the horizon and we feared to lose Shasta utterly. Carelessly my eyes wandered over the sky in disappointment; no; it was not there! then as carelessly turning my eyes back again—behold!—but I could not speak—I could only turn my face to a dim corner where I knew I should find sympathy, to receive a smile of comprehension and the quick response to my unspoken message, “You have seen Shasta?”

Yes, I had seen Shasta. But when we both turned to find it again, it was lost. Slowly, though, it crept out again against the sky, and its pallid faintness is more vivid in my memory than many things more brilliant or more sombre. It is usually the form, rather than the color, that impresses you in mountains; but with Shasta it is merely the outline. There is not the faintest sense of fulness, of rotundity, of body, of rugged rock, in that queer, jagged etching on the heavens. The mountain is as absolutely flat against its background as if it were a child's rude drawing on a slate. I see nothing but

white lines scratched upon a pale gray sky; the merest hint of a mountain in its general outline. Later, of course, the rugged form comes out; you see the chasms, as well as the snows that edge them; but just now it is only the ghost of a mountain, and I had never seen a ghost before.

Of San Francisco one has the strangest mingling of remembrances: magnificent shops, less than a mile away from homes set in gardens where the banana-tree flourishes beside the Northern rose. We had thought ourselves prepared for the luxuriance of vegetation by Mark Twain's astonishment in California at seeing "the usually modest violet staring at him from behind a boulder"; but for days we fail to recognize the familiar fuschia or beloved geranium in the masses of foliage and bloom that cover the trellises and climb to the roofs and tower among the trees. Once on my balcony again in New York, I never think of missing Mt. Shasta; but as I pat my tiny basket of ferns and coax a carnation into bloom, I find myself wishing I could go out into the garden to sit under the heliotrope. The flowers begin on the very threshold of the hotel; friends leave pink amaryllis with their cards, and half an hour after your arrival enter slaves, bearing baskets, one of roses and maiden-hair fern, one of grapes and peaches—a pretty attention paid by the hotel to all of its guests. I may add here that when you leave, the same slaves enter with more baskets, one packed with delicious lunches to last for days, including two bottles of claret; the other full of fruit, with a cluster of roses on the corner;

and a man to carry both baskets for you across the ferry!

Of course there is the Chinese quarter; but I love better to remember our day among the vineyards. Driving a mile through the valley, shut in by tawny hills, we are surrounded by what at the East would be vines, but which here are bushes. There are no arbors or trellises for the fruit, which hangs in great clusters under a roof of its own leaves so thick that you wonder how the sun finds them to ripen them. Not a grape was to be seen; but now and then our friend the Professor would stop the horses, walk leisurely in among the vines, and lifting a leaf or two bring back bunches of purple or amber wealth, weighing two or three pounds. So we drank Zinfandel from its own purple bulb, and muscat from its silvery cup, while the Professor held a great bunch in each hand for the horses, who are fastidious, it seems, in the matter of grapes, and have prejudices in favor of Tokay. Deliciously cool are the great globes of sweetmeats, sheltered so choicely by their own leaves from an almost tropic sun, and fed so graciously by the cool waters, like a reservoir, under soil so arid that it seems to keep the freshness in the earth by baking a hot crust over it too hard to be pierced by sunbeams.

An almost tropic sun! Yes, wonderful is the sun that pours its flood of gold on the waters of that magnificent Golden Gate of the Pacific. It is sunset when we drive to it, and for the first time in my life I realize that the sun does not set, but merely keeps on a round of visits. I know now that the sun is

not extinct, but is moving onward, westward, somewhere, saying with its last lovely smile on those blue waters, "Dear California, nothing but Japan would ever tempt me to leave you!"

And with all the sunshine, it is so strangely, strangely cool; at times absolutely cold. The very fireplaces are cool, set as they are in the rich California onyx that looks like snow streaked with sunshine, and seems as if it must melt away when the fire is lighted.

Ah! how the sun tries to lure us on through the Golden Gate! "Trust me, trust me, and I will lead you to Japan!" But heartstrings pull closer than sunbeams; cloth of gold leading farther west just now would tempt us less than two narrow iron rails leading eastward! Yet, after all, where is the East, and where is the West? Our little lad, who has always before approached from the east the Kansas ranch we are now going to from the west, persists in telling us, from force of habit, what he is going to do on the ranch when he "gets out West."

But at last we are going eastward, if not to the East. There is a long, weary day across the arid sage-brush plains of Nevada, when we longed for the gentle air, the dustless glaciers, and the delicious verdure of the north pole. But then came interesting days in Salt Lake City, and then the magnificence of Colorado. Colorado in September! We had known and loved Colorado before, but had half feared to find her less beautiful than our remembrance, after the glories of Alaska and the splendors of the Canadian Pacific. It is so sad ever to love





"THE TROPICS ON ICE." WOODS IN SITKA.



anything less! and we had half dreaded new comparisons. But we need not have trembled. Was ever sunshine like Colorado sunshine? The woods flaming with gold and scarlet are magnificent. I begin to feel that I never really saw yellows before. The birches sometimes are massed together in great fields like acres of an immense species of golden-rod, and sometimes gleam out singly like torches of flame lit from the light that never was on sea or land. The air is crisp and sparkling; the liquid light upon the grass is frost dissolved in sunshine, as different from mere dew as the tenderness of a great heart is different from the sentiment of a weak one. There is not a trace of the snow we have always found before on the Marshall Pass. It is as if Colorado knew she could not rival Alaska in snows, and so had tried to see what she could do in color. "Did Alaska show you anything like that?" she seemed to say, as she unrolled before us valley after valley lined and fluted and trimmed with crimson and gold. For a moment I did remember the Alaskan sunsets, but I soon forgot them. True, these glorious valleys are also precipices two thousand feet deep, and if our cars should run off the track, it would be no consolation that the valley into which we were falling was a very beautiful one; but I take courage, watching the confidence of the young aspens, standing so undizzily on those dizzy slopes, and making a sunshine in a shady place with their little gold-colored, heart-shaped leaves. What lady-like little trees they are! so slim and slender and dainty and prettily behaved! and—to complete the metaphor—such a bundle of

nerves! For every one of the little gold-colored leaves flutters from a stem slender as a spidery pencil line, and quivers at the mere touch of the sunshine as other leaves flutter in a storm. But though their leaves tremble, their footing is sure; again I think of that motto:

“Un souffle m’agite, mais rien ne m’ébranle.”

None of them lean; all are straight and alert as young Indians, seeming less to cling to the little foothold given them, than spurning even the little that there is.

It grows colder as we reach Colorado Springs. Warming myself by the bright fire in the hall, and watching the people come in from their afternoon drives in heavy ulsters, I think how much more comfortable we were in the vicinity of the arctic circle! But once in the Garden of the Gods, the superb masses of deep red rock actually make the dusk glow with warmth.

Will the prairies seem very flat and dull and prosaic after this? O surely we ought to have learned our lesson by this time, that everything lovely has a loveliness of its own, and is supremely dear in its own way! Never have the prairies seemed so beautiful. There is something fine in the great breathing space, and it is the only place in the world where your horizon comes absolutely to the ground in every direction; where the dome of heaven fits perfectly the world it was meant to cover, and the sky shuts down over the prairie as the cover of a butter-dish fits its plate. And the sunsets! great beds of

daffodils out of sight, sending up their fragrance in color to light the horizon with belts of saffron glow. And then to be waked by meadow-larks! One longs to go out and hunt in the grass for the lovely liquid notes they have let fall; it seems as if they must sparkle where they have dropped. But there is no need to hunt for the lost ones; more come crowding, thronging, fast, from the tireless glad throats, in passionate trills, as if your lark, like the English thrush, felt he must

“sing his song twice over;  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture.”

And in another week we find that we have at last learned the lesson of all things being beautiful in their time. Another week, and the music of meadow-larks seems less dear than the rumble of milk-carts and the tinkle of a horse-car.

“East or West, home is best”;

but of North or South?—I cannot tell; they are all beautiful in their time.

THE END.







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