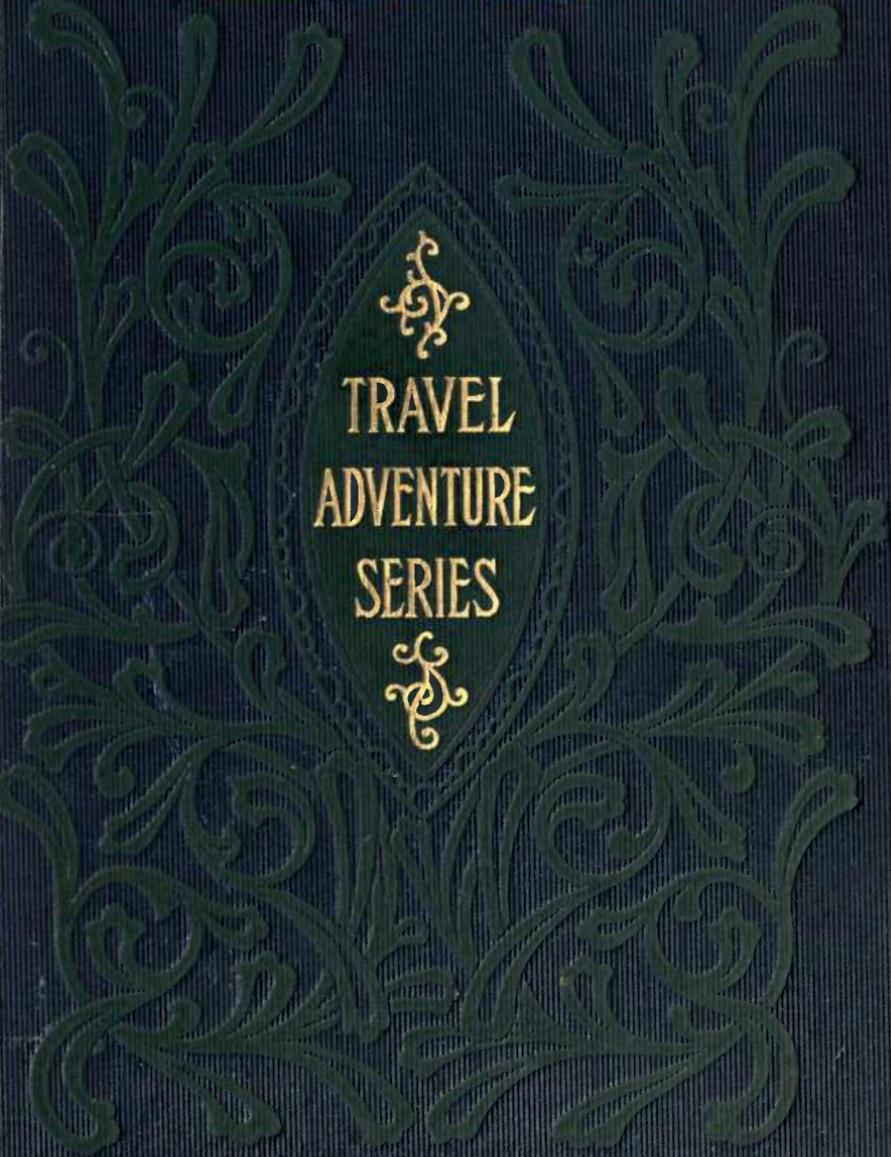


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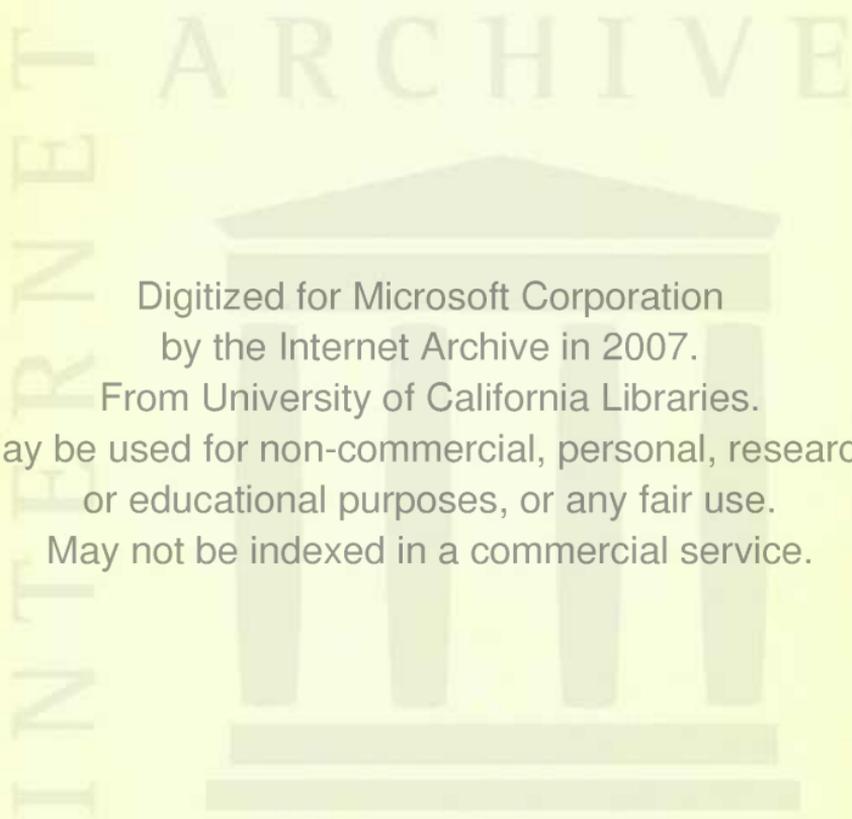
HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH



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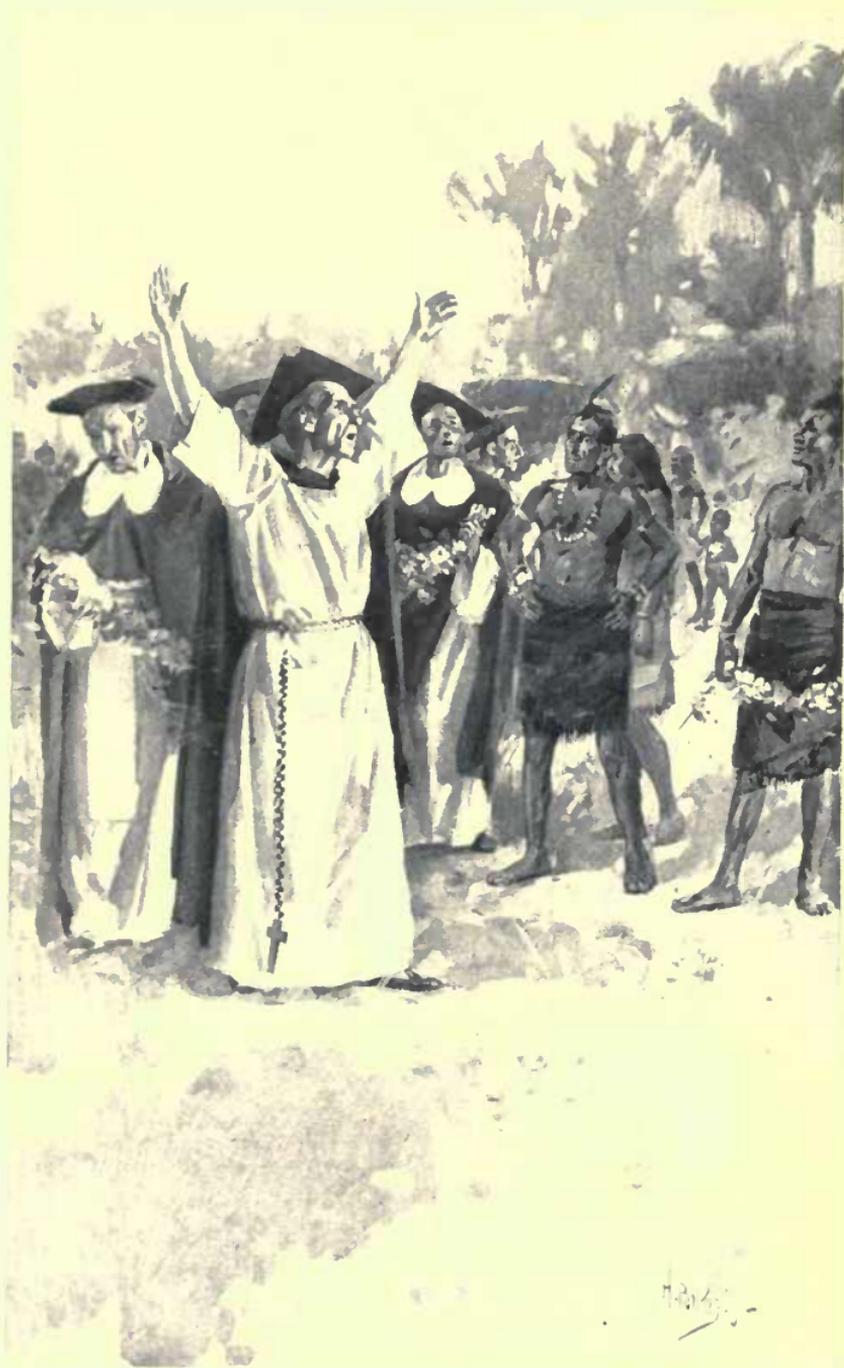
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LOST IN NICARAGUA

OR

AMONG COFFEE FARMS AND BANANA
LANDS, IN THE COUNTRIES OF
THE GREAT CANAL

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

AUTHOR OF "OVER THE ANDES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY

HENRY SANDHAM



BOSTON AND CHICAGO

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LOST IN NICARAGUA.

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PREFACE.

"LOST IN NICARAGUA" is a companion book to "Over the Andes," and is designed to illustrate the historical progress and industrial opportunities of Central America, the prospective land of the great international highway to the East. Here is to be the gate of the Pacific, where a great city of the future must arise, and become the port of the coffee, sugar, banana, and tropical fruit plantations.

In 1898 the writer went to Costa Rica, and on his way met a railroad manager, who, on his explorations for a tropical railroad, fell into a cavern covered with reeds and was imprisoned there. This explorer's experience in a neighboring country suggested the story of Leigh Frobisher's adventure in the underground idol cave of Nicaragua.

The writer met at Port Limon a young German who had built up a coffee and banana plantation in Costa Rica, which he cultivated for the purpose of the industrial education of the native Indians. His work had received the approval of the government, and it furnishes a model for like enterprises of Christian philanthropy. This incident, and like incidents, gave rise to the character of Hazel.

The writer has used his old method in the "Zigzag" books of interpolating stories within a connected narrative. These stories are pictures of the life of the country.

South America is being Europeanized, the Argentine Republic is producing a new Italy, and a new Latin race seems to be forming under the Andes. Central America is becoming more American, and a great industrial opportunity is opening there. Young Americans and Germans are making coffee and tropical fruit plantations in all parts of the country, and especially in Costa Rica, in which the San José and Cartago region is one of the most beautiful parts of the earth.

The book, like "Over the Andes," is written in the spirit and interests of Christian education, for influence, and for illustration of the best and most progressive enterprises of life. With little of the spirit of authorship, the writer has sought in "Over the Andes" and "Lost in Nicaragua" to produce two books that will correctly picture the progress of South and Central America in such a way as to interest the best thought in it, and to help life.

We have used the quetzal, the paradise trogon, the sacred bird of the ancient races, as the object of the search of one of our American travellers, and have related the St. Thomas legend in connection with Quetzalcoatl, and the forest wonders of feathers of emerald, ruby, and pearl. The myth is one of the most pleasing of all the parables of the Western world. St. Thomas, the Doubter, probably never visited India, or founded the faith of the Nestorians of Persia, and

he certainly could never have appeared as Quetzalcoatl in Yucatan and Guatemala. But the legend, as a legend, is one of the most stimulating in prehistoric research; for the appearance of the cross in the ruins of Palenque seems to be a Christian link between the Eastern and Western worlds.

Of the quetzal, the sacred bird of these mysteries, and the most beautiful of all the birds of the world, Mr. Stephens, the explorer of the ruins of the ancient Central American cities, says, in speaking of a convent where he was entertained: "On a shelf over the bed were two stuffed *quezales*, the royal bird of Quiche, the most beautiful that flies, so proud of its tail that it builds its nest with two openings, to pass in and out without turning, and whose plumes were not permitted to be used except by the royal family." In making the search for this bird, the object of one of the young travellers of our narrative, we are able to introduce in story form some pictures of legendary history.

We have written into our narrative a brief history of the efforts to secure an interoceanic canal, and have endeavored to picture the route through which the canal is expected to pass. It would seem that in Nicaragua the two oceans are to be wedded.

We stand on the threshold of new opportunities, and these open countries await the progress of the world. The empty lands of the Southern Cross and the Republics of the Sun are on their way to great events in the future, and the time has come for our young people to know more about them.

The star of prosperity leads towards the south, and to illustrate the educational part of this progress, in a popular way, is the aim and purpose of the two books of narratives of travel with interpolated stories.

28 WORCESTER STREET, BOSTON.

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LOST IN NICARAGUA.



CHAPTER I.

THE QUETZAL. THE GOLDEN AGE OF QUETZALCOATL. THE ST. THOMAS LEGEND AND THE MYSTERIOUS CROSS. THE STORY OF NICARAGUA, THE CHIEF.

THE quetzal, or quesal, the paradise trogon (*Calurus resplendens*), is one of the most beautiful of the birds in the Western world. To witness the flight of one of these birds in the sun through a Nicaraguan or Guatemalan forest is an event to an ornithologist from England or North America. The paradise trogons that we see in collections give but a suggestion of the marvellous splendor of the live bird as it drifts through the tropical forests, especially when its flight is in a rift of sunlight, amid the long, glimmering shadows.

The quetzal was the sacred bird of the temples of Central American Andes, and is the national emblem of Guatemala, in memory of the ancient nations and rites of a vanished empire that held the gems of nature as among the gifts of its gods.

The bird in several species is found in the forests of Cen-

tral America. It is not rare in the forests or the table-lands; but few, except native Americans, have ever seen it in its own haunts or witnessed the vision of the splendor of its flight.

Why — when this royal and sacred bird, the bird of caïques and of one of the republics of the third America, is the most beautiful of all the birds of paradise on our own continent?

The bird lives in mountain forests, at a height of some three or five thousand feet, and not many white travellers go there.

It is a lazy bird. It sits in bowers of bloom among the orchids and odorous plants, and seems to be dreaming.

Says a lover of birds of rare plumage: "It is too lazy to turn its head; it seems to be thinking, thinking, but of what it is thinking no man knows. I would give many pesos to know what these superb trogons are always thinking about."

The bird has a *fussy* look about the head, as though its meditations had not been congenial. It has the appearance of a pessimist with all of its optimist plumes. He is a kind of rainbow in the cloud.

He wears a mantle of golden green, a living mantle with the lustre of gems. Under this mantle burns a waist of carmine red. His eye is brown, his beak yellow, and from his little body sweeps a tail like a trail of a royal creature of nature, white and green. The feathers of this brilliant tail are usually more than two feet long. One wonders that they can ever be borne in the air by this animated beauty of the silent forest.

He seems not to talk much, with all of his thinking, but what he says is like the voice of the temple of Memnon. He

speaks low, lovingly, and melodiously. Then his voice swells and drifts on the warm, fragrant air of his lazy habitudes. He is a bird of mystery.

The royal bird lives on fruit, and he does not have to hunt for it in the regions of the plantains and palms. He has but to sit in the cool shadow of a tree and eat, and make love, and pipe, and think. He has been thinking for thousands of years; he was thinking when Columbus came, and he is thinking yet. When he is tamed he falls in love with his keeper. But he does not thrive in captivity; if you handle him, he dies.

Our friends the Frobishers, from Milton, Mass., whose travels in South America we pictured in "Over the Andes," had no sooner arrived at Port Limon than they began to inquire at the consulate in regard to the wonderful bird of the Nicaraguan, Honduran, and Guatemalan forests. Captain Frobisher and his two nephews had secured some strange birds and rare plants in South America; they wished to add a living quetzal to their collection, and to see the bird in its native woods.

"I can secure one of the birds for you," said the Consul. "The Indian women have them for sale in Central American towns."

"I am going to Guatemala," said Captain Frobisher. "Our plan is to visit Costa Rica's beautiful capital, San José, to go to Greytown and Bluefields, and thence to Livingston in Guatemala and to Balise in Honduras. We hope to make an excursion into Lake Nicaragua and to see the ancient ruins in the lake, go to Granada, the old town of ships in the days of Spain, and to see the route of the proposed Nicaraguan Canal. I look upon this canal as certain to be built, and to

become the gateway of the Pacific, — the new water highway of the world. We are travelling in part for pleasure, but largely for education, to see the coffee plantations of Central America, the new fruit industries of Nicaragua, Honduras, and Guatemala. We think that great opportunities are here and a great future; but one of my nephews has a fancy for birds, and we wish to see the home of a mountain quetzal, the native bird of paradise, and to secure one for our own collection of birds, and more than one live bird, if possible, for a museum from which we have received letters."

"You will not find it difficult to carry out your whole plan. It seems to me a very interesting one. Our countrymen fail to see how great is the industrial opportunity in this country of the paradise bird."

"My nephew Alonzo is more interested in coffee-growing and in the banana trade than in ornithology; but his brother and I have a great love of what is wonderful in nature. The trogon is among birds what the night-blooming cereus is among plants, and we wish to see it in its native forests. Have I made our purpose of travel clear to you?"

"Very clear. I have friends who know the whole country well; some of them are connected with the new lines of steamers to these parts; I will introduce you to them."

"Thank you, Consul. There is one man that always has a vision in his mind, a warm heart, and a ready hand. That man is the Consul, and I see that you are a true representative of the liberal men whom the traveller most wishes to know."

Port Limon exists yet only in outline. It was a tropical swamp only a few years ago. It now has several hotels, a

Protestant and a Catholic church, a public garden in which are beautiful orchids and some wonderful plants, a fine market-place, and evidences of progress on every hand. It is a very unhealthy place, although it lies between the mountains and the foaming sea. Why it should be so, with the purple and green Caribbean Sea breaking against the new sea-wall and the palm-shaded mountains towering above it, we cannot see. But so it is. The stranger should avoid the hot sun and the frequent rains here; he should not get wet and then expose himself to the sun. He will look upon the place as one of nature's paradises when he lands, and will be tempted to rush into the natural parks of wonderful verdure. Let him sit down under the cocoanut palms around his hotel at first, and there ask some resident how many times he has had the fever.

This question Captain Frobisher asked of Mr. Sobey, the Baptist minister in the place, who had founded and helped to build up a number of churches in this republic of the future.

"Some twenty times," said the good man, before whose faith and work malaria has been put to flight. "And the black vomit twice," he added. "It is this way: if a man lead a temperate life and has the fever, the chances are ninety-nine to one that he will recover; but if he be dissipated or has lowered his vitality by excesses, his hope of recovery will not be so great," or words to this effect. Among men of right habits, the fever is little more dreaded than a cold in the North.

Soldiers, sailors, and fortune seekers come here, fall sick, and some of them die; but those who obey the laws of health, like those who follow the right laws of all conditions of life,

overcome the dangers of the climate. Mr. Sobey, with all of his fevers, is a very healthy-looking man.

Many advices are given here as to how to avoid the malaria.

“Drink lime water, or let the colored boys bring you the water of the cocoanuts daily, cutting off the top of the cocoanuts with his machete, and pouring it out before you, — the water that grows, as it were, in the buckets on the trees. Shun spirits, use much coffee; never go out into the sun without an umbrella, and not at all if possible; avoid getting wet; never let wet clothes dry on you. Do not get excited. Live where the winds blow upon the coast.” These counsels and many others will be heard here, and some of them will not be approved by all people. It is safe to say that those who are temperate in all things escape, as a rule, the greater dangers of malarial fever.

It is delightful to sit on the sea-wall in the cool of the day in the incoming breeze from the sea. The sun goes down, red and flaming, behind the dark shadows of the coconut palms on the hills; then the silence of the stars comes over the green land and purple sea. The surf rises and foams, and beats against the sea-wall incessantly; ships pass, and sails careen by. The colored people come down the promenade to share the cool, and but for the danger of malaria Port Limon would be one of the lovely places of the world. The rapid building here will probably cause the malaria to disappear. The place is destined to grow with the new development of Costa Rica, which promises to be one of the centres of great progress in the future of the Western world. The time of malaria will then be likely to be only a matter of memory.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF QUETZALCOATL.

Who was Quetzalcoatl, or Quetzalcohuatl (pronounced Ket-zal-co-wat-tle)?

He was the king of the Toltecs, the teacher of truth, who brought the Golden Age to Mexico, and whose disciples carried the Golden Age to Central America. His name in some form is impressed upon many ancient cities and monuments. Thus we have Quetzalapan, Quetzalapeç, and Quetzaltenango. He was known as the Feathered Snake, the serpent here meaning not evil but wisdom. The quetzal, the bird of the sun, has the same suggestion.

Whence came the king of the Toltecs? He appeared one day on the shores of Panuco; he was a messenger from the East; the people received him as a god.

He taught the people the arts of peace; that violence and bloodshed and war were wrong; that they should live in love and cultivate the earth.

Under this teaching, according to the legend, a Golden Age came. The corn grew so large that it required the strength of a man to carry away a single ear from the field. The cotton grew in many colors. The trees rejoiced in an abundant fruitage. The birds sung entrancingly.

He disappeared after a reign of twenty years, going away as mysteriously as he had appeared. The people deified him. A part of his followers went to Central America and founded Tollan in Chiapos. The quetzal became an emblem of the Toltecan king of the Golden Age.

There is a very beautiful legend associated with the bird that reflects the spirit of the Golden Age.

In that age nothing could be killed. But the plumes of the quetzal were the symbol of royalty. Only the kings were allowed to use them, and they must not kill the bird.

The sacred law ran: that they might capture the bird, mercifully remove its long plumes, and give it freedom, but that this must be done by consecrated hands.

Whatever truth there may be in these legends, this last provision is worthy of a people of any golden age; for truth is truth, and mercy is mercy, and kindness is kindness wherever they may be found.

The law that we find in this legend has a very Oriental spirit, and one almost wonders if some St. Thomas, not the Doubter, did not come to America from Judea and teach the Toltecs these beneficent things, or if some missionary influence that was begun in St. Thomas, who was supposed to be born in Antioch and who died in Odessa, did not go to the Nestorians in Persia, and to Yucatan, and Guatemala. Fancy likes to question such pleasing suggestions; but the field is one for the poet, the artist, and for those who study the spirit of events in symbolisms.

THE STRANGE LEGEND OF THE QUETZAL, OR OF ST. THOMAS
AND QUETZALCOATL.

The quetzal is not only the bird of history and of beauty; it is associated with a legend as curious as that of the Wandering Jew or of the Crossbill. Why no great novel or poem or painting has come out of this most wonderful and mysterious of all the legends of the Western world is remarkable. Impossible as is the story, it is not more so than that

of the Wandering Jew, and the imaginary associations of the St. Thomas legend are as pleasing as those of the Wandering Jew are terrible.

What possible connection can there be in the realm of fancy between St. Thomas, the Twin, who would not believe the resurrection without the visible witness of it, and the bird of Guatemala, of Yucatan, and Southern Mexico?

The known history of St. Thomas is very brief. "Except I see, I will not believe," pictures the spirit of this disciple. "Blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed," was a rebuke that will always engage the mind of a philosopher. To accept things by faith is the noblest exercise of the soul.

The legendary history of St. Thomas forms one of the most pleasing of all the Oriental creations of fancy. Pontius Pilate, among such legends, is pictured as wandering to Lucerne, Switzerland, and as dying on the black mountain, now called Mt. Pilatus, where his spirit still summons the clouds of the storm. St. Thomas, too, is represented as a wanderer, but wherever the Doubter went great events followed, and the legend takes him to India.

On the Malabar coast of the Indian peninsula, the Doubter is supposed to have made his first journeys, and to have related the proof of the resurrection as it had been demonstrated to him. The "Christians of St. Thomas," a religious community there, long under the charge of bishops sent from Persia, attributed their origin to the preaching of St. Thomas. The Nestorians continue this history.

The legend carries the travels of St. Thomas, the Doubter, as a missionary apostle into many lands. The most remark-

able of these journeys associates him with the Western world and with Guatemala and Yucatan.

But how did fancy bring the feet of the disciple who had proved the resurrection of Christ to the lost cities of tropical America?

We see him in the light of the legend in Chinese Tartary, and going north and crossing into the Western world from the once narrow channel where now is Behring Strait. We may see him wandering in summer down the brightening coastway of the mountains and valleys of what is now California, and thence to the ancient people of Mexico and Yucatan.

Here he appears not as St. Thomas, but as the god of the Toltecs, who bears the name of Quetzalcoatl. He preaches; the people hear, and golden temples rise in air with the architecture of Greece and Egypt, and in them is set in exquisite sculpture the form of the cross.

This is fancy, but as a mere legend it is splendid, worthy of a poet's or an artist's work; full of suggestion and inspiration, as well as of spiritual beauty, and a charming parable. To St. Thomas, as the imaginary Toltecan god Quetzalcoatl, the beautiful bird of the sun and air, with white plumes and his breast of the sun, was sacred.

Is there any groundwork for fancies like this? Is there a possibility of the Jewish origin of the extinct cities, whose monuments were full of Egyptian and Grecian suggestions, that now strew the forests of tropical Mexico and Guatemala?

In a work published in 1854, entitled "Peruvian Antiquities," by Mariano Edward Rivero and John James Von

Tschudi, and translated into English from the original Spanish by Francis L. Hawks, LL.D., there is narrated some curious events which led up to the Quetzalcoatl legend. From this source we gather the legend of Votan the Wise (the serpent, not in the bad sense).

“Those authors who attribute a Hebrew origin to the American tribes do not agree among themselves, touching the coming of the Israelites into the New World: some think that they came directly from the Eastern hemisphere to the West, and established themselves in the central and southern parts of this hemisphere; but the majority are of opinion that they crossed Persia and the frontiers of China, and came in by the way of Behring Strait.

“An ingenious author of our times considers the Canaanites as the first inhabitants of America, who, proceeding from Mauritania Tingitana, landed somewhere on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Fifteen hundred years after the expulsion of the Canaanites by Joshua, the nine and a half tribes of Israel passed over by the way of Behring Strait, and, like the Goths and Vandals, assaulted that people (the Canaanites). For a second time, and on another continent, the descendants of Joshua attacked the Canaanites, whose origin they had discovered, and, animated by their ancient hatred, they burned their temples and destroyed their gigantic towers and cities.

“At first view, the proofs produced by different authors in favor of an Israelitish immigration may seem to be conclusive; but if closely examined, it will be seen that this hypothesis rests on no solid foundation.

“But it is time to turn to another hypothesis no less interesting, and up to this time never thoroughly examined. The

author of this is Don Pablo Felix de Cabrera, of Guatemala, who labors ingeniously and with force to show the relations between the Phœnicians and Americans, sustaining his opinions by Mexican hieroglyphic inscriptions. This brilliant hypothesis merits a somewhat extended notice.

“Don Francisco Nunez de la Vega, bishop of Chiapa, possessed, as he himself states in his ‘Diocesan Constitutions,’ published at Rome in 1702, a document in which a certain voyager or traveller, named Votan, minutely described the countries and nations which he had visited. This manuscript, it is found, was written in the Tzendal (Guatemala or Mexican) language, and was accompanied by certain hieroglyphics cut in stone; by order of the same Votan, the manuscript was to be permanently deposited in a dark house (or cavern) in the province of Soconusco, and there confided to the custody of a noble Indian lady and of a number of Indians, the places of all of whom, as they became vacant, were to be continually resupplied. Thus it continued preserved for centuries, perhaps for two thousand years, until the bishop above named, Nunez de la Vega, in visiting the province, obtained possession of the manuscript and, in the year 1690, commanded it to be destroyed in the public square of Huegatan; so that the curious notices which it contained would have been completely lost, if there had not existed, in the hands of Don Ramon de Ordonez y Aguiar, in Ciudad Real, according to his own statement, a copy made immediately after the conquest, and which is in part published by Cabrera.

“Between two squares may be read the following, at the title or topic of the manuscript: ‘Proof that I am a serpent,

the Wise.' The author says in the text, that he is the third bearing the name of Votan; that by nature or birth he is a serpent, for he is a Chivim; that he had proposed to himself to travel until he should find the way to the heavens, whither he went to seek the serpents, his parents; that he had gone from Valum Chivim to Valum Votan, and conducted seven families from the last-named place; that he had happily passed to Europe, and had seen them at Rome building a magnificent temple; that he had travelled by an open path seeking for his brothers, the serpents, and had made marks on this same path, and that he had passed by the houses of the thirteen serpents. In one of his journeys he had encountered other seven families of the Tzequil nation, whom he recognized as serpents, teaching them all that was necessary to prepare a suitable sustenance, and that they for their part were ready to acknowledge him as God himself, and elected him their chief. Such is the tenor of the document.

"In the ruins of Palenque, Don Antonio del Rio, a captain of artillery, sent in 1786 by the King of Spain to examine the remains of that city, found various figures which represent Votan on both continents, and this tradition was confirmed some years later by the discovery of divers medals.

"With great diligence and labor, Cabrera availed himself of these sources and commentaries on the history of the past, and drew from them the following conclusion, which alone we can here offer to our readers, the limit of our work not permitting an extended statement of the ingenious proofs brought forward by the author.

"Cabrera thinks that a Chivim is the same as a Givim or Hivim, *i.e.* a descendant of Heth, the son of Canaan. To

the Givims or Hivites (Avims or Avites), of whom mention is made in Deuteronomy (ch. ii. v. 23) and in Joshua (ch. xiii. v. 3), belonged Cadmus and his wife Hermione, who, as we read in Ovid's "Metamorphoses," were changed into serpents and elevated to the dignity of gods. It is probably owing to this fable that in the Phœnician language the word 'Givim' signifies also a serpent. The city of Tripoli, under the dependence of Tyre, was anciently called Chivim; and the theme or topic of Votan, 'I am a serpent (wise man) because I am Chivim,' simply means, when interpreted, 'I am a Hivite of Tripoli,' a city which he calls Valum Votan. Building on a profound consideration of ancient history, Cabrera believes that the Tyrian Hercules, who, according to Diodorus, went over the entire world, was the ancestor of Votan; that the island of Hispaniola is the ancient Septimia, and the city of Alecto that of Valum, from which Votan began his journeyings. He also thinks that the thirteen serpents signify the thirteen Canary Isles, which derive their name from their inhabitants, the Canaanites, who tarried in them jointly with the Hivites; and that the marks or indications which Votan erected in the pathway to his brothers mean the two columns of white marble found at Tangier, with this inscription in the Phœnician language: 'We are the sons of those who fled from the robber Joshua, the son of Nun, and found here a secure asylum.'

"The journey of Votan to Rome, and the vast temple which he saw being constructed in that city, are events which, according to the foregoing conclusions, should have taken place in the year 290 before the Christian era, when, after an obstinate and bloody war of eight years with the Samnites, the

Romans granted peace to that people, and the Consul Publius Cornelius Rufus commanded to be built a sumptuous temple in honor of Romulus and Remus, an event which, according to Mexican chronology, took place in the year 'eight rabbits' (Toxli). The seven Tzequil families which Votan encountered on his return were also Phœnicians, and probably shipwrecked persons from the Phœnician embarkation mentioned by Diodorus.

"According to Cabrera, the first emigration or colony of the Carthaginians in America took place in the First Punic War. The other conclusions of this author relative to the foundation of the kingdom of Amahnamacan by the Carthaginians, the emigration of the Toltecs, etc., are incompatible with the limits of our work; but we cannot do less than remark here on the opinions of many learned men who think that the Toltecan god Quetzalcoatl is identical with the apostle St. Thomas; and it is observable that the surname of this apostle, Didimus (twin), has the same significance in Greek that Quetzalcoatl has in Mexican. It is astonishing, also, to consider the numerous and extensive regions traversed by this apostle; for, though some confine them to Parthia, others extend them to Calamita, a doubtful city in India; others as far as Malioipur (at this day the city of St. Thomas on the Coromandel coast); others even to China, and, as we have seen, there are not wanting those who think that he came even to Central America.

"We decline making any remarks on the documents of Votan and the interpretations of Cabrera, since, even if they are not considered fabulous, they do not present a species of evidence perfectly free from suspicion."

The association of the American prophet and instructor, Quetzalcoatl, with St. Thomas, and with the emblem of the Toltec faith as found in the quetzal, gives a poetic coloring to the forest wonder of ruby, pearl, and emerald feathers and plumes. A naturalist with a poetic fancy might well search long and far for a living representation of these ancient mysteries. What the odorous cactus is to the flowers of these countries, the quetzal is to the inhabitants of the air, whose home is among the orchids of the ruins and the ancient trees.

THE MYSTERIOUS CROSS.

Do the lost cities of Guatemala and Yucatan themselves reveal any suggestions of a Jewish, Egyptian, Greek, or Christian origin? There are two things found in these ruins that excite the wonder of the most literal mind. One is the arch and the other is the cross.

We have seen a copy of a sculptured picture found in one of the sanctuaries of Palenque, the lost city of Yucatan. It represents a cross, and a devotee on one side praying to the cross, and another devotee on the other side making an offering to the same cross. The picture is taken from Stephens' classic and immortal work, "Incidents of Travel in Central America." In its suggestions this picture, or the sculpture represented by it, is the most remarkable ever made by a human hand in the Western world.

Let the reader examine it; every line is beauty, all the multiple forms are conceptions of the highest art.

Was there ever drawn a cross of such wonderful beauty? In the cathedral windows of Europe, in St. Peter's, in the

Holy Sepulchre, has anything ever appeared that can surpass this conception of the agent of crucifixion and sacrifice that has lifted the world?

When the Spanish padres beheld this marvellous cross, they said, "The ancient inhabitants of Palenque were Christians."

Were they? Had the religious teacher Quetzalcoatl any association with some wandering St. Thomas from the Eastern world?

As the reader is to follow the fortunes of our travellers into Nicaragua, he should, by way of introduction, know something of this great chieftain from which the country of the lakes and the projected canal received its name.

A STORY OF THE CACIQUE NICARAGUA, AND ONE OF LAS CASAS, THE GOOD DOMINICAN.

In the old Darien days, long, however, before the Darien scheme, the Spanish governor of the wonderful country sent an adventurer named Davila to explore the coast. In 1522, a hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, this voyager sailed along the Mosquito country, and came to the harbor near where Greytown now stands, and entered the San Juan River, as the natural canal is now called. The stream was then, as now, an avenue through tropical forests, in which dwelt inquisitive parrots and still more wondering monkeys.

As Davila passed along, wonder led to wonder, until there opened before him a lake of volcanoes, and he came to an Indian city on the lake.

"It is Nicaragua," they said. The word is also written Micaragua, and the place is called Nicoya. The town of Rivas stands now near where ancient Nicaragua stood.

"What is the name of your cacique?" asked Davila.

"Nicaragua," answered the Indians.

The explorer sought an interview with the chief of this marvellous lake, over which rose mountains green with palms and enchanting with fruits and flowers.

He told the chief that he came to him as a messenger from heaven, to bring him a new religion. The priests told him the tale of the Garden of Eden.

"How do you know?" said the chief.

They told him the tale of the flood.

"But how do you know?" asked the chief.

"God revealed it from heaven," said the priest.

"But how?" asked the cacique. "Did he come down on a rainbow?"

This was really the cacique's question, if we may trust Peter Martyr, and it shows a very poetic imagination.

As the priests continued to instruct Nicaragua, they found him a man with a very clear mind.

To all that they told him he asked, "How do you know?" and as the answers did not satisfy him, they said,—

"We will tell you what we do know, and leave the rest to God."

But, although he questioned everything, Nicaragua saw that the religion of the messengers was better than his blind idolatries. In the Gospel he found a wonderful revelation, and he rejoiced at its power, and accepted it, and desired to be baptized.

So it was arranged that, like Clovis of France, he should be baptized, and his court and army with him.

"But," said the invader, "you must promise never to wage war against the Spanish race."

"That would be hard in case that I were to be wronged," said the king.

Why this shrewd native did not demand of the Spaniards that they should not wage war against him and his people before he received baptism, we cannot tell, but the Spaniards told him that war was sin, and that he could not receive salvation unless he would live a life of peace.

"Then I will give up war," he said, in a truly Christian spirit.

Nicaragua and his people were baptized, and gave up war; but the Spaniards soon began to slaughter the Indians for their treasures, and never ceased to do this until they abandoned the country. Their rule was a long tyranny, in which the poor Indians were enslaved and killed without mercy, and robbed without any sense or pretension of justice.

The Indians became much better Christians than their masters; they saw the value of Christianity, but wondered how those who preached this sublime Gospel could imperil their own souls by cruelty and wrong.

The Spaniards had hardly converted the cacique and his tribe before they began to show their greed for gold.

The chief wondered at this. To him gold represented but little that was essential to true happiness in life.

He one day came to the explorer.

"I am filled with surprise," he said sorrowfully.

"At what?" asked the explorer.

"That so few men should so greatly desire so much gold!"

This was nearly his exact expression. Can we wonder at it? If we are surprised that the Spaniards should have put gold before justice then, can we be less so that it is so now?

We love to think of the beautiful soul of this chief, so earnest to know the reason of things, and so willing to accept that which was best for him and his people when it was made clear to him.

And who will not be touched by sympathy for him, at his great disappointment that men who could preach so well should so little heed their own sublime faith, but held their selfish desires above the spiritual life that promises a better world than this.

So the Indians of Nacoya became a Christian race, and splendid churches and golden altars arose among the palms, fruit gardens, and orchards, and their idols sunk into the earth, where we may find them to-day.

Central America was the New England of Spain, and Nicaragua merits mention with the great and noble Massasoit in the deeds of the vanished race.

THE STORY OF LAS CASAS AND THE SINGING INDIAN MERCHANTS.

We must account this story as one of the best ever told in the great Latin empire of the New World. We cannot be sure of the great legends of the Golden Age in Guatemala, or of the Golden Age in Peru, but that one of the most warlike and ferocious tribes of Indians was won to a true and peace-

ful faith by travelling singers, and the influence of Las Casas of blessed memory, is true, and the story is as beautiful as it is true.

Of all the missionary priests in early America, Las Casas is the most ideal. He taught justice to the Indians, and the authority of the law of righteousness which applied to all men alike,— kings, priests, and people. He defended the rights of all men, and especially those of the Indians in America. He told kings and ecclesiastics that they had no right to wage war against the natives of America, or to rob them or enslave them because they were “infidels,” and had never heard the Gospel.

Arthur Helps says in his preface to his “Life of Las Casas,” that this defender of humanity in the wilderness is the most interesting character that he had ever studied, and that he looked upon him as one of “the most interesting characters that ever appeared in history.” He certainly was the truest Christian philanthropist in Spanish America. He was called the “Apostle to the Indies.”

Bartholomew de Las Casas was the son of Antonio de Las Casas, who was one of the companions of Columbus on the voyage of discovery. He was born in Seville, 1474. At the age of twenty-eight he made his first voyage to America, and at the age of ninety-two this old young man contended before Philip II. in favor of the Guatemalans having courts of justice of their own.

In 1536 Las Casas, then over sixty years of age, which was the youth of old age to him, came to Guatemala, and occupied a convent there. The Spanish rule over the natives of New Spain, as Central America was then called, was most

tyrannical and merciless. If Indians could not follow their new leaders into the deep forests, the latter killed them, and hundreds were known to go away with the conquerors and to never return. To rob, kill, and pay no regard to the feelings of the native races was a part of the Spanish policy, which was justified as waging war against "infidels." Las Casas became a defender of the rights of the Indians of Guatemala, both in name and spirit.

Las Casas, in 1533, wrote a treatise, which then excited the world, in which he claimed that men must be brought to Christianity by spiritual persuasion, and not by force of arms, and that it was not lawful to make war against infidels merely because they were infidels. He was to New Spain, or Central America, what Roger Williams was to New England. The Spanish conquerors, who enslaved Indians because they were infidels, were greatly incensed by these doctrines.

The colonists of Guatemala derided Las Casas.

"Put your faith into practice," they said. "Convert one of the tribes of Indians by personal appeal and love, and we will then consider your theories."

"That I will do in God's name," said Las Casas.

There was a province in Guatemala called Tuzalatan, which bore the name of Tierra de Guerra, or the Land of War. The Indian tribe here was most untamable and savage. No Spaniards dared to go near them, for they were as merciless against them as the Spaniards were themselves cruel to all the Indian races.

In May, 1537, Las Casas made an agreement with the governor of Guatemala that if he could Christianize these Indians they should be made subject to their own rulers under the

Spanish crown, and be treated with justice as a Christian people.

But how was the benevolent Las Casas to find a way to the savage hearts of these people? The Indians looked upon the monks as their enemies. He could not go there. He thought on the subject.

There were certain Indian merchants that went freely among the tribes of Guatemala and Nicaragua, carrying with them choice goods to sell. These could travel freely in the terrible Land of War. Their coming to any place made a holiday. Las Casas saw that through these men he might approach the revengeful savages.

How?

These Indians loved music. Their ears were open to sweet sounds, and gentle music reached their hearts through their ears. Music was to them a language of the soul. It made them kindly; it tended to love, and help, and tears.

A band of these trading Indians were friends of the good Las Casas. They could sing and play on rude native instruments. Las Casas was familiar with the methods of the troubadours, of whom one may read in Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature." He would teach these Indian merchants to sing the Gospel, and to accompany their songs on musical instruments, and would send them into the Land of War. The songs must be short and many; they must consist of some two lines each. They must tell of how the world was created; how men sinned; how Christ came into the world to redeem men from sin. They must say that idols are not gods.

As, for example, although we have no copies of these songs:—

“The idols cannot see,
God only man can see!”

or

“The idols cannot hear,
God only man can hear!”

or

“The idols have no power,
'Tis God alone has power!”

Such couplets they would sing over and over, playing on the musical instruments. The king and his subjects were so susceptible to music that they would listen. So they would wonder at the words in the evening shadows of the mountains of Guatemala.

Now, when the Indian merchants should have sung that idols were not gods, the Indians of the Land of War would say, —

“How do you know?” and ask, “Who taught you that?”

To the last question the traders would answer, —

“We learned our songs from the monks. You must send for them to answer your questions.”

Happy thought! The Indian merchants went away.

The result of this admirable plan is beautifully told by Arthur Helps in his “Life of Las Casas.” We know of no more beautiful story anywhere. Mr. Helps says:—

“The merchants were received, as was the custom in a country without inns, into the palace of the cacique, where they met with a better reception than usual, being enabled to make him presents of these new things from Castile. They then set up their tent and began to sell their goods as they

were wont to do, their customers thronging about to see the Spanish novelties. When the sale was over for that day, the chief men amongst the Indians remained with the cacique to do him honor. In the evening the merchants asked for a "teplanastle," an instrument of music which we may suppose to have been the same as the Mexican teponazli, or drum. They then produced some timbrels and bells which they had brought with them, and began to sing the verses which they had learned to sing by heart, accompanying themselves on the musical instruments. The effect produced was very great. The sudden change of character, not often made, from a merchant to a priest, at once arrested the attention of the assemblage. Then, if the music was beyond anything that these Indians had heard, the words were still more extraordinary; for the good fathers had not hesitated to put into their verses the questionable assertion that idols were demons, and the certain fact that human sacrifices were abominable. The main body of the audience was delighted, and pronounced these merchants to be ambassadors from new gods.

"The cacique, with the caution of a man in authority, suspended his judgment until he had heard more of the matter. The next day, and for seven succeeding days, this sermon in song was repeated. In public and in private the person who insisted most on this repetition was the cacique; and he expressed a wish to fathom the matter, and to know the origin and meaning of these things. The prudent merchants replied that they only sang what they had heard; that it was not their business to explain these verses, for that office belonged to certain padres, who instructed the people. 'And who are the padres?' asked the chief. In answer to this

question, the merchants painted pictures of the Dominican monks, in their robes of black and white, and with their tonsured heads. The merchants then described the lives of these *padres*: how they did not eat meat, and how they did not desire gold, or feathers, or cocoa; that they were not married, and had no communication with women; that night and day they sang the praises of God; and that they knelt before very beautiful images. Such were the persons, the merchants said, who could and would explain these couplets; they were such good people, and so ready to teach, that if the cacique were to send for them they would most willingly come.

“The Indian chief resolved to see and hear these marvellous men in black and white, with their hair in the form of a garland, who were so different from other men; and for this purpose, when the merchants returned, he sent in company with them a brother of his, a young man twenty-two years of age, who was to invite the Dominicans to visit his brother’s country, and to carry them presents. The cautious cacique instructed his brother to look well to the ways of these *padres*, to observe whether they had gold and silver like the other Christians, and whether there were women in their houses. These instructions having been given, and his brother having taken his departure, the cacique made large offerings of incense and great sacrifices to his idols for the success of the embassy.”

How beautiful this mission of singing merchants and peaceful monks must have been!

So the monks came to preach where the wandering merchants had been singing in the Land of War. Their journey

into the country was a triumph. The people met them with rejoicing, dancing, and garlands of flowers. The singers sang and the monks explained the songs. The king received the Gospel through them, cast down his idols, and was baptized, and the people followed him and learned the songs of the missionaries.

A church arose where the idol temple had been. The Indians became Christians and accepted the authority of the King of Spain.

There was a kind-hearted pope at this time, Paul III. Now Las Casas was a Dominican monk, and when this pope heard of the singing merchants, and what the Dominicans had accomplished, he was greatly pleased, and he pronounced a sentence of excommunication against any who "reduce these Indians to slavery, or rob them of their goods." So there came a Golden Age to the Indian church at Guatemala.

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUNG GERMAN COFFEE PLANTER.

AS we have described our travellers in "Over the Andes," one of the boys, Leigh Frobisher, was greatly interested in botany and ornithology, and the other in coffee raising, tropical fruits, and commercial opportunities.

They were happy in the acquaintances that they made on the ship that came by the way of Bocas del Toro to Port Limon.

In one of these they were particularly fortunate. He was a young German who owned a coffee plantation near the ancient city of Cartago, at the foot of the once terrible volcano Irazú. Cartago, where are the wonderful hot springs of Costa Rica, famous for the cure of rheumatism and blood diseases, is a very ancient city, some fourteen miles from San José. It has an elevation of some five thousand feet, and Irazú rises above it, looking like a simple hill green with farms, but which is really nearly as high as Mt. Washington from this point, in all eleven thousand to twelve thousand feet high, and some six thousand from the valley of Cartago.

Irazú is a well-behaved mountain now. Perhaps it has been baptized, for misbehaving volcanoes were once baptized in Central America, and some holy fathers who went over a threatening pass to sprinkle one of the smoking peaks never returned again.

Irazú blew off its head at the last eruption, and left it, over the summit from Cartago, in a quiet valley, where, we are told, it may still be seen. The ancient town of Cartago was largely destroyed in this eruption; but the people who remained picked up the rocks that the giant had thrown down upon them, and built beautiful churches with them; and the traveller to-day can hardly believe that the cool and peaceful mountain, whose farms rise above the many towers of Cartago, is the terrible Irazú.

The climate here is like New England in June, or Switzerland in September, all the year. People who have had malarial fevers in the cities on the coast flee to Cartago for recovery.

The young German, whom our travellers met on the steamer, owned a coffee plantation between Cartago and San José, a little apart from the magnificent farms or haciendas on the public ways. He was returning to his coffee farm, and taking his father with him. The young man had been in the country some seven years. He spoke English and Spanish, and was interested in the educational progress of the country.

One day, on deck, the English captain of the ship, who had a very friendly heart, came and sat down by Captain Frobisher, Alonzo, and Leigh.

"Captain Morris," said Captain Frobisher, "what do you know about coffee raising in Costa Rica?"

"Ask young Aleman there, — the German; I have forgotten what the purser said his name was. I call him young Aleman, and his father who is with him old Aleman, for short. He is making money at coffee raising, I am told,

though the price of coffee has fallen; these young Germans, they would make money anywhere."

"Captain Morris," said Captain Frobisher, "is it your view that a young American, like one of my boys here, would do well to settle down on a coffee plantation in Costa Rica?"

"No; positively not."

"Why, Captain Morris? You say that the German — young Aleman — is prosperous, although the price of coffee is low. If he is doing well, why should not my boys, as I call my nephews, be successful?"

"For the reason that they are Americans."

Captain Frobisher looked surprised.

"But what of that, Captain?"

"What? Everything — they are educated wrong."

"I am surprised to hear you say that, Captain. Explain to me what you mean. Why are my nephews educated differently from the German student?"

"Captain Frobisher, your nephews are educated to habits of extravagance. That young German has been trained to habits of economy. He knows the value of a dollar; your nephews do not. Excuse me, my good friend, for plain speaking in answer to your own question. Old Aleman there knows the value of a dollar — *you* do not; you think you do — your New England ancestors did."

He continued, "Excuse me, my boys, if I talk plain to you in regard to life in Costa Rica. If there be any true republic on earth, it is Costa Rica. The races there mingle on an equality, and when the young German goes there and slowly makes for himself a coffee farm or a banana plantation, and becomes worth ten thousand to fifty thousand dollars, he does

not go over to England to spend it making a fool of himself. He does not go to the dissipated cities to make a show of himself, or to gratify his appetites and passions in places where he fancies himself a social leader, but where in reality he amounts to nothing at all — where he is really of no more consequence than a last year's gadfly. He perhaps goes to Germany, as young Aleman has done, and brings over his old father to his growing plantation, as young Aleman is now doing. Young Aleman has missionary ideas; these mean the good of the country. He will stay there.

“When young Aleman there shall be worth say fifty thousand dollars, he will not greatly change his present mode of life. The Costa Ricans are proud of their simple living, as much so as your people are fond of show and of exciting the envy of others by putting those who are less favored at a social disadvantage.”

Captain Frobisher was touched. He pounded his cane on the deck and said, “Show! that cannot be so. You are prejudiced, Captain Morris.”

“No, pardon me; I am not,” said the captain. “Have I not carried thousands of newly rich Americans across the Atlantic? Your country was once proud of its democracy and social worth and justice and character. You had great men then. A few of your people now become rich, and these take upon themselves almost court airs, and set a low and vulgar example for those who toil and struggle. These people, as a rule, have no place among men of true worth as their ancestors had. They give their children a superficial education in many arts, most of which amounts to nothing; but they are not schooled in the restraints of honest thrift

and to the fact that integrity is everything. Much of what you call a high social standing, the Old World looks upon as a cheap, vulgar show."

Captain Frobisher puffed out his cheeks and pounded his cane again on the deck, and said, —

"Boys, if I thought that what the captain has been saying applied to *you*, I would get you educated over again.

"You are a little too hard, Captain," he added. "I wish that you would introduce us to young Aleman. There may be a grain of salt in what you say, but my boys are as good as any young German. There!"

Captain Frobisher brought his cane down on the deck with a vigorous thump, after which followed the desired introduction.

"These people, my young German friend," said Captain Morris, "are Americans of the true Washington and Jefferson type — of real common sense, who have not forgotten their democratic ancestry. They want to know how to plant coffee, and how to live in the country and make money, as you do, and, I hope, how to benefit the country, as you desire to do."

Young Aleman was a bright-faced German, and his face lighted up at the odd introduction. He brought his father to the company, and introduced him to Captain Frobisher and Alonzo and Leigh.

The two Germans, young Aleman and old Aleman, were given to story telling, and to illustrating what they had to say by narrative and anecdote.

"We are about to go into Costa Rica," said Captain Frobisher, "and we wish to know how to visit the country

most intelligently. The captain here has been criticising our habits and customs somewhat severely. He thinks we have too large heads; isn't that it, Captain? My good German friend, tell us what we should first *shun* in visiting the country."

"Well," said young Aleman, "I had much to learn when I first came to Costa Rica; let me tell you a little story, if you care to hear me; it may prove useful to you."

CHAPTER III.

BUCKING AGAINST THE CLIMATE.

I CAME down to the Mosquito Coast from Hamburg, like a young American from the New England hills and shores, full of hardy vigor, and as well supplied with ambition and resolution. I took this native force into the palm lands, and maintained it for some months. I was full of admiration for the dazzling seas, the green palm groves, the fruits, and the resources of life on every hand; and I looked down with contempt on what seemed to me a lazy and incompetent people, unwilling to profit by opportunity, and more thoughtful of ease than of progress. I had come here in the hope of helping these people in an educational way; every one should have a purpose beyond money making.

“In the glowing hours of the day, they lay under the palms, the sea-walls, or bowery verandas. The great giants of negroes, as well as people of resources and competence, did this. I thought of establishing a mid-day school for them.

“‘They spend the best part of the day in idleness,’ I used to say. ‘Idleness is the curse of the country.’ My German blood was yet thick. I put on a felt hat, and went forth into the sun in the noonday hours, and into the dews in the evening.

“*They* rode lazily on little mules; I walked. They did their marketing in the early morning hours, and then de-

sented the streets. I visited the stores in the afternoon to find them empty, or filled with sleeping people lying about on coffee sacks or boxes of merchandise.

“But it was not only the native inhabitants who were addicted to these unthrifty habits and easy ways, the foreign population did the same; and I was accustomed to berate them all.

“‘There never was a land so unworthy of its inhabitants,’” said I one day to the British consul.

“‘My friend,’ said he, ‘how old are you in this country?’

“‘Not three months yet,’ said I; ‘but I have lived as much in those three months as your people do in as many years.’

“‘My German friend, when you have lived here six months, if you should live as many, you will be wiser. Your blood will have to grow thinner, and the change will come to you with a shock some day if you don’t get a sombrero, and avoid the noontide sun. People sleep twice a day here. We have two nights every day — one of them is night of the shade at noon.’

“‘But these people do nothing,’ said I.

“‘Providence has provided that they shall not be compelled to work hard,’ said the consul. ‘Look around you.’

“I did; there were cocoanut palms everywhere, burning in the air. Orange trees laden with fruit were bending coolly over the fences of sugar-cane. The gardens were green with sweet potato vines. On the hills were sugar plantations. The sea was full of fish. The sails hung loosely over the sleeping forms of negroes on the boats, some of which were brown, some black, but all of whom were sleeping.

“Everywhere were water jars with small necks and big

bodies, and the lime trees seemed to be as numerous as the jars in the corners of the shadows.

“‘I see,’ said I, ‘everybody seems to be asleep on the land and on the sea, negroes as well as the planters, sailors as well as the white pantalooned masters of ships. The land itself seems to be resting.’

“‘You are right, my German friend,’ said the consul. ‘The whole land is resting, except a few Americans. *They* will be likely to find a long siesta soon.’

“A great strapping negro from one of the ships, who had been in the States and among the islands of the Antilles, here showed his white teeth, and ventured to remark, —

“‘It am no use to *buck against the climate*, sir. It am like going for a mad bull with a red rag, sir; bucking against the climate don’t pay in these parts, sir. The person who does that has a poor show.’

“‘Oh, go about your work and don’t stand there, giant that you are, wasting your time. Bucking against the climate, bucking against the climate; what do you mean by that?’

“‘The Americans and Germans who come down here, all so mighty chipper and smart, as they say, and who begin to feel a little chilly in the hot sun, and to drink a little beer and then a little more, a little brandy and then a little more, forget all about life some morning, boss, and turn up their toes in the night in the unconsecrated ground.’

“I glared at him. He showed his white teeth, gave a shrug of the shoulders, and lolled slowly and idly away, and sunk down among his own people in a huge bower of green leaves and red blooms, where parrots were scolding.

“The port doctor passed by.

“‘One might as well be dead as to try to live in such a country as this,’ said I. ‘Doctor, it is high noon, and you and I seem to be the only people who are awake.’

“‘And I would not be awake had I not been called to a case of fever.’

“‘What was the cause of the fever?’ asked I.

“‘Bucking against the climate,’ said he.

“‘You do not burden yourself with scientific terms,’ said I, laughing.

“‘No, not at this time of day,’ he answered. ‘The climate forbids much exertion of the mind.’

“He passed on, holding a large umbrella over his head. I did not carry any umbrella in my customary walks in the mid-day sun.

“After a time I began to experience a *cold* heat, coming on between my shoulder blades. My body ran with streams of perspiration that came from some unknown fountain, and yet with the heat there would come a slight and unaccountable chilliness. I had little shivers here and there, when otherwise I seemed to be melting. My head felt queerly at times, my mouth was dry, and my tongue turned white. My landlady showed some alarm at these disquieting sensations as I described them to her.

“One night I went to my bed—a good solid old English bed, although my friends had advised me to sleep in a hammock—at a late hour. The thermometer was in the nineties. The land seemed to steam with heat, and the sea lay purple, without a ripple.

“My landlady had offered me some cool cocoanut water before retiring.

“‘You look yellow and tired,’ she said.

“‘No,’ said I, ‘that is too tasteless and tame. I am a temperance man at home, but to-night I will take a little brandy and some ice water, not as a beverage, but as a medicine.’

“My poor landlady shook her head. But I followed my own counsel and prescription. I was not to be influenced by the examples of these indolent people.

“When I woke up, not on the next, but on some other morning, I seemed to be in a very strange place.

“My face was moist. I put my hand up to it, and found that it was covered with blood.

“My heart seemed to bound when I found blood flowing from my nose, ears, eyes, and gurgling in my mouth.

“The doctor of whom I have spoken came into the room hurriedly, and raising his hands, exclaimed, —

“‘Thank God, the crisis is past; you are bleeding; it is a good sign; you will recover!’

“A negro girl was kneeling at the foot of my bed; she seemed to be praying.

“‘In the name of heaven, doctor, where am I? what is this?’

“‘You are in the hospital, my friend.’

“‘How came I here?’

“‘The authorities so ordered, my friend.’

“‘Have I been sick, doctor?’

“‘For some days, my friend.’

“‘Have I been unconscious?’

“‘That question is for you to answer, my friend.’

“‘What is the matter with me, doctor?’

“‘Oh, the fever—the usual fever. Your life has been balancing, but the danger is past now, provided you favor yourself as the natives here do, in order to live.’

“‘What was the cause of the fever, doctor?’

“‘Oh, the usual cause in the case of new-comers to this country, and especially of Americans: *bucking against the climate, sir, bucking against the climate.*’

“I now follow the manners and customs of the natives. I carry an umbrella in the morning, drink cocoanut water in the evening, and rest under the trees in the noonday hours. I go to sleep after a light lunch every day, hearing the parrots scold on my way to dreamland, and waking up when the trade-winds begin to cause the waves to beat against the sands under the cocoanut groves.

“I ride a little donkey in the cool of the day, holding an umbrella over my head. I sleep in a hammock, swinging in the open air.

“I do not worry. I recall a proverb of the inhabitants, which reads, ‘Think not, my friend; to think is to grow old.’”

The young German had a poetic sense, and he had come to use the picturesque language of the country very much in contrast with the vocabulary of the Northern lands. The tropics make new words for the pioneer.

CHAPTER IV.

HAZEL — A STORY OF THE BLOOD SNAKE.

THE young German's name was Hazel, Frank Hazel. He was slow and cautious in making acquaintances, but he saw that the Frobishers were true people, and he became greatly attracted to Leigh. He was a lover of natural history, of birds, and flowers, as many German students are, and when he heard Leigh describe the quetzal, after the manner that the latter had read of it and studied its history in books, he found that they had a common ground of tastes, and cautious as he was he liked his new friend's enthusiasm. He had the theory that the ancient races of these countries were Jews.

They grew together and gave themselves up to each other's company on the boat, which had stopped at Bocas del Toro, one of the most beautiful places on the coast.

While waiting here on the boat, in the sunny, purple sea, Leigh said to Mr. Hazel, the young Aleman, —

“I have a purpose that I want to confide to you. You may smile at it, but I am a Yankee, as New England people of invention are called. I am told that no one ever was able to take a live quetzal to the States. The bird is so delicate that it has never been found able to endure confinement and transportation. Now, Mr. Hazel —”

“Call me ‘young Aleman,’ as do the rest.”

"Well, my friend, we have a bird house, and an orchid house in the old town of Milton, near Boston, and I have set my heart on securing a royal quetzal, a real peacock trogon, a true bird of the Aztecs, the most splendid of all the American birds of paradise, the bird of the sun, of legend, and of beauty; I have set my heart, I say, on securing such a bird, and taking it back safely to our orchid house on Milton Hills."

"You Americans do many things that seem impossible," said young Aleman; "you form a purpose to do a thing and you accomplish it, though after many failures. The true royal trogons only live in the high mountains, and they are not offered for sale, except perhaps in some Indian towns or in Guatemala.

"They are found in the mountains around Cartago, and two naturalists named Underwood, at San José, who prepared a collection of birds for the Guatemala exposition, and are preparing a like collection for the exposition to be held in Paris in 1900, sometimes offer them for sale. But they are *dead* birds, only their plumage unmounted, and I am sure that the paradise trogons of Cartago are the true birds of the Aztecs. There are many kinds of these birds, I have been told."

"Could not the hunters who secure the birds for the naturalists Underwood of San José find me a live Aztec trogon?" asked Leigh. He added, "No, I would not trust a hunter to handle such a bird; I am resolved to find one myself; to secure it, and bring it away, and to make the adventure and enterprise all my own."

"Have you any conception of the dangers of a tropical forest?" asked young Aleman.

"I have read that there are dangers in the hot woods."

"You may well say 'hot woods,' my young friend. But I am free to confess that a young American's idea, like a bullet, will find itself in strange places.

"My friend, I once knew a young naturalist, an orchid hunter, who had your enthusiasm. He was a German, but he had an American mind and heart. He had resolved to find a certain butterfly orchid which he had heard grew in the forests on the slopes of Irazú. He came to my farm and we made a home for him.

"If he could secure this particular orchid, it would bring him a round sum at the estates of a German baron. This man had offered purses for rare orchids, and a fixed sum for this particular parasite, of which he had published a description.

"The young orchid hunter's name was Lotze.

"I have told you one story for the purpose of illustrating the value of caution in the tropical countries. Let me tell you another — and it is a terrible one. Your friends may be interested in it; it has a very useful lesson, in my view."

Captain Frobisher, Alonzo, and Leigh drew their sea chairs close to Mr. Hazel. Old Mr. Hazel and Captain Morris joined them, when young Aleman related the following thrilling story.

THE YOUNG ORCHID HUNTER AND THE BLOOD SNAKE.

"I shall never forget young Lotze; his imagination was all aglow, and his heart was as warm and responsive as his fancy. He was a graduate of a botanical school in Germany.

Leigh, here, my new friend, reminds me of him. Lotze's heart seemed to all go into an orchid, as my friend's here seems to be all set upon a certain bird.

"Costa Rica is the land of orchids, and the English and German hunters go there, as to Venezuela and Surinam. To find a new orchid of any wonderful form or beauty is to secure quite a little sum, so ambitious is the rivalry among the orchid collectors of England and on the Continent. Many English and German students go to the American tropics orchid hunting; but I have never met one who had so strong a passion for the splendid parasites as Lotze.

"I came to love the boy. I saw that his danger was in impulse—of breaking a way without looking before. So when he came to my little coffee farm, I tried to caution him in regard to the dangers of exposure to certain conditions of the climate, as I have you, my young friend: may you never meet the fate of poor Lotze; I could shed tears for him now.

"He had not been in my little adobe house a day before he showed me the advertisement of the German baron, of which he had told me on introduction, and said,—

"'It is mine,' meaning the prize.

"'A rare gem among flowers it must be,' said I, 'and one hard to find. I have travelled through the forest with Indians, but have seen nothing resembling it.'

"'But two specimens of it have been found here,' he said, 'and the baron is determined that his collection of orchids shall not be surpassed by any in the country. If I can find a specimen of it, my life is made. It would give me a place as botanist in the best arboretums and botanical gar-

dens. If I could find that, I would receive a commission to travel for the gems of flowers.

“‘Oh, my friend,’ he continued, and I see his eyes glow now, ‘others seek the gems of the mines; I have a passion for the gems of flowers, as some do for the feathered gems of the air.’

“I recall that expression, Leigh, ‘the feathered gems of the air.’ He would have found the heart of a brother in you.

“The orchid desired was one of the many butterfly flowers, that bore a perfect resemblance to a swarm of the golden butterflies of the tropics, and could hardly be distinguished from the dazzling insects.

“I had seen many kinds of insect and butterfly orchids, but none that bore this perfect resemblance to the butterfly of the sun.

“Lotze hunted the forests under Irazú. He would return after long explorations with an Indian, and bring back wonderful specimens of the flowers, but none that bore a perfect resemblance to the golden butterfly, and that answered the advertised description in all respects.

“It was a pleasure to me to see him returning at night, his little mule loaded with flowers. He ate little; he pored over the flowers that he had collected each night on his return; he slept among the blooms and dreamed of flowers.

“He made long journeys into the low tropical parts of Costa Rica, and there found trees covered with wonderful parasites.

“I cautioned him against certain poisonous snakes and insects that abound in these regions. I showed him speci-

mens of the coral snake, and told him how deadly was its bite, how that even the negroes were sometimes bitten by them in gathering bananas.

“One day he returned, and, before he reached the house, I saw him throw up his hands and exclaim, —

“‘Eureka!’

“As he came up to the veranda, he called out, —

“‘Hazel, you must go with me to-morrow; I have found it, and my life is made.’

“He did not sleep that night, as he told me he lived in the air, in waking dreams.

“We set off together in the morning, for I could not resist his enthusiasm when he insisted that I should go with him.

“After hours of travel on muleback, we came to a tall palm in the midst of giant trees. The palm was very old, and had fallen partly, so that it leaned against the lianas of an adjoining tree, and formed a bough with it. Down from this high tangle fell a long stem, and on this stem was a flower which a traveller would have mistaken for a golden butterfly or a swarm of butterflies.

“‘See,’ said he, ‘it has all the lines. My eyes are sharp, and I can see them. I will not trust the Indian to bring it down, I will go for it myself. Let the Indian follow me with his machete. I must bring the wood away with the flower.’

“The point at which the ancient palm had fallen against the lianas of the great tree was not very high. Lotze gave me a look, full of the spirit of triumph. He drew himself up a liana into the trunk of the great tree, as he could best reach the palm in this way.

“He stood in the trunk of the immense tree, gazing at the

orchid which was swaying in the light wind, like a very shower of gems suspended in the air.

“Suddenly I saw something yellow roll over at his feet. It coiled and uncoiled, it was reddish yellow, and I recognized the terrible form.

“‘Lotze!’ called I, ‘jump! jump down! Quick!’

“He did not obey. He stepped around in the dead trunk of the tree.

“Suddenly he looked down, and threw his hand up to his head.

“‘It makes me dizzy to see it,’ he said.

“‘Jump!’ said I. ‘Jump down! You are in danger. I have seen something!’

“He dropped upon the ground.

“‘It makes me feverish,’ he said. ‘I am dazed with joy, I have sought for it so long!’

“He turned his eyes to the glimmering orchid, then looked towards me and said, —

“‘Something stung me on my foot in the tree.’

“It was as I had feared. I had taken brandy with me. I brought it to him.

“‘Drink!’ said I.

“‘Drink?’ said he, ‘with that orchid in view! Drink that stuff — never!’

“His face turned red. His arms, hands, and feet turned red. He began to bleed from all the pores of his skin.

“‘I am in agony!’ he cried. ‘I am going mad! What has happened?’

“‘You have been bitten,’ said I. ‘Such things have been before. You must drink!’

“‘What,’ said he, ‘drink brandy, with that gem of the sun in view — no, no, never!’

“Every pore was now oozing with blood. He was covered with blood. His veins were being emptied. His blood as it were was fleeing from his body.

“‘You must drink or die,’ said I.

“‘I can’t drink — I have made my life. See, see the orchid!’ He added, —

“‘Oh, how I suffer! What makes me bleed?’

“His body was being rapidly reduced. His blood was separating from it.

“The Indian saw the situation. He rushed towards the tree with his machete and dealt a powerful blow on the place in the tree where poor Lotze had stood. A shining yellowish coil rolled down the trunk. Lotze saw it.

“‘The blood snake!’ he cried. ‘Let me have the brandy. Oh, that this should happen now when I have made my life!’

“He turned his eyes on the orchid swinging down under the green sea of leaves in the glimmering air. Presently his eyes rolled back, and the vision of the orchid forever disappeared — he was dead.”

Leigh looked serious.

“My boy,” said Hazel, “you must learn to go slow in this country, and so you may go farther. There are other dangers in those seeming paradises of orchids and trogons beside the blood snake, and such are as subtle, and that a stranger is not expected to know.

“The eye of our Indian orchid hunter would have looked down before every movement in a tree like that. It would

have been placed on his feet. Lotze's eye was fixed on the orchid."

"I thank you for that story," said Captain Frobisher. "It is a needed story, I am sure. Leigh, remember that story when you go into the woods. I fear for you. You are impulsive. Your eye is on the orchid and not on your feet, nor on the way to the orchid."

"Don't distrust me, uncle. You may be sure that I will never invite any danger like that."

"My young friend," said Hazel, "the blood snake, whose bite causes all the victim's blood to flow out of his body, is, as I have hinted, only one of a hundred dangers in a tropical forest, and one with your quick impulses and fancy will be sure to find some of them, as you will see."

"May we never see any harm happen to Leigh," said Captain Morris.

"I wish to make an excursion into the native forests," said Leigh. "How can I do so safely?"

"Go with the rubber hunters; they will be faithful to you. What do you most wish to see?"

"The rarest birds, the most curious animals, and the most beautiful flowers."

"The rubber hunters have eyes for such sights as these," said Captain Morris. "It is a part of their trade. They see things where other eyes fail. Go with them, go with them, and you will never cease to wonder at what you see as long as you live."

Leigh's eyes gleamed in view of such an excursion.

"You need not be afraid to trust him to the rubber hunters," continued Captain Morris, turning to Captain Frobisher.

"I never knew one of them to meet with an accident, or to prove treacherous to any traveller. You have little idea what a wonderful country this is—what natural gardens, and menageries, and unexpected things of all kinds can be seen in the tropical forests. Let Leigh find a company of rubber hunters, and go with them on one of their excursions. These people know all of the forest ways, all of the animals, birds, insects, and flowers."

Leigh listened eagerly.

"Will you let me join the rubber hunters for a trip with them?" asked Leigh, of his uncle.

"Well, I will see," said Captain Frobisher. "I would not like to trust you where I would not go myself. I will think of the matter when we come to know more of the country."

"You might trust yourself with perfect safety to the rubber hunters," said Captain Morris. "If you met with any accident, the fault would be your own."

"That is the point," said Captain Frobisher to Captain Morris. "I would not fear that any harm would come to Leigh from the rubber hunters; but he is an impulsive boy; he acts, and thinks *afterwards* when he is under excitement, and I think that he would be likely to become excited amid the wonders of a tropical forest; and while I would expect no danger to come to him from his company, I would not be quite so sure that harm would not come to him from himself. It is Leigh that would be likely to lead Leigh into danger, and in ways for which his companions could not be responsible. But I am inclined to let the boy have a chance to see the wild life of the forest in the manner that you recommend."

Leigh clapped his hands on his knees, and from that time

he began to dream of excursions among the rubber trees with the rubber hunters, whoever these people might be. He did not tell the captain that he had heard but little of these curious people before. He began to inquire about them, and about the rubber trees, and the life of the birds and animals among them.

He began to study the country, by asking questions of all whom he chanced to meet. *Que es eso?* was a key to treasures of wonders. He sought for stories as for orchids in the orchid land. Stories are the histories of a country; they picture everything, — the past, the future, the present, the manners, and the customs, and the heart of the people. Stories are an education.

CHAPTER V.

A VERY ODD STORY — THE WASHINGTON OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE young German Hazel invited Captain Frobisher and Alonzo and Leigh to accompany him to his coffee plantation, a few miles from Cartago and San José.

"I live simply," he said. "I am compelled to do so if my business is to grow, and most people do so here. But my table, my mules, and such rooms as I have will be at your service. You may have to sleep on hard beds or in hammocks. You will not find my one story adobe house, with tiles on the roof and the umbrellas of cocoanut palms over it, an American hotel; but you shall share my heart, my good will, and all of my seven years' experience. Alonzo, you can study a small cocoanut farm there, and you, Leigh, may find quetzals in the forests, of that I cannot say. I have never hunted for them, but the books on ornithology say that they are there, and true ones, though not as splendid as those of Guatemala. Captain Frobisher, you shall sit and dream there, and eat bananas and plantains, pine-apples and oranges, and drink cocoanut water, and sum up life, and learn as far as I can show you whether it would be best for you to invest in a coffee farm or banana plantation for one of your boys."

"My dear Hazel," said Captain Frobisher, "we accept your invitation. Only I am an independent now and I must pay you, and pay you well for all that you will do for us. You will give us that which is more than money, and this rare experience of yours we shall appreciate."

They stopped a few days longer at Port Limon, as young Hazel had to await some farming utensils there which were to arrive on an Atlas steamer from New York.

Their hotel was situated between the dashing sea and the mountains. It seemed full of adventurers. This brought a new view to our travellers.

The captain of the ship joined the party at the hotel. He was to remain a few days in town, and he seemed to like Captain Frobisher, his nephews, and the young German coffee planter.

One evening, as they sat on one of the verandas of the hotel, a nervous young woman passed by. She looked up to the captain, and seemed to shrink up, to wither, as it were. She gave him a second glance and darted away.

"I know that woman," said the captain. "She is an adventuress. You are not only to avoid malaria, and poisonous things here, but adventurers. You have told some stories," he said to young Hazel, "in regard to things to be avoided in this country. They are good lessons for our friends. I could relate one to match yours. But instead of doing that, I will give you the moral without the story,—beware of adventurers in this country—people who come into your experience unexpectedly and vanish."

The good captain having raised our expectation for a story and disappointed it, was asked to relate some of the

popular tales of the country. He did so, and one of these we will call —

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE HOUSE OF THE DWARF.

“There lived an old woman in Uxmal, who went about in agitation and mourning.

“‘Woe is me,’ she said. ‘Age has overtaken me, and I have no children. The withered stalk does not bloom again, and I never will be young again. Woe, woe is me!’

“She became more wrinkled and withered and her distress grew.

“She lived in a hut that became a palace and a temple and a wonder of the Indian world; but it is too soon to speak of that transformation now.

“One day as she was passing to and fro in her wretched room, in her usual tremor and agitation, she found an egg on her table. She said: ‘What is that? How came it here? It is as large as an eagle’s.’

“She took it, wrapped a cloth around it, and put it into the warm corner of her room, from which the influence of the sun’s heat was never absent day or night.

“Every day she unrolled the cloth, until weeks had passed, when one day, wonder of wonders, instead of finding an egg in the warm cloth, she found there a *criatura*, or a little boy baby.

“The old woman danced for joy. She fondled it and gave all her time to it, and it grew one year and then its growth stopped. It was a dwarf.

“Now to be a dwarf was a sign of wisdom. The old woman was more delighted than ever.

“‘It will be a lord,’ she said.

“Years passed, but the dwarf grew no taller.

“One day the old woman said to him:—

“‘Go to the house of the Governor and make a trial of your strength with the Governor. See which of you can lift the most.’

“The heart of the dwarf melted, and the boy began to cry.

“‘Go,’ said the old woman. ‘The time is come for us to find out who you are.’

“The boy obeyed and made his challenge to the Governor, who was a giant of a man.

“The Governor laughed at him, and brought him a stone of seventy-five pounds to lift. ‘I can lift that,’ he said. ‘Let me see you lift the stone.’

“The dwarf looked at it and began to cry, and ran out of the palace and home to his mother.

“‘Go back, go back,’ said the old woman. ‘Tell the Governor that he must lift the stone first, and that you will lift it afterward. Go.’

“The dwarf returned to the palace, and said to the Governor,—

“‘If you will lift the stone first, I will lift it after you.’

“The giant lifted the stone.

“Then the little dwarf did the same.

“‘I can lift a heavier stone than that,’ said the Governor. He did so, but the dwarf did the same.

“‘You rogue,’ said the Governor, ‘I will punish you for these tricks. You mock me. Now, hark ye, the Governor’s house should be the tallest in the place. If you can lift so well, you can build a house taller than all the others,

and if you do not do this, then I will sever your little head from your little body, and will have done with you.'

"The dwarf ran home to the old woman as fast as he could go, crying, —

"'O mother, foster mother, the Governor commands me to build him a house higher than all the others.'

"'You can do it,' said the old woman. 'Go to work now.'

"The dwarf went to work at once. He worked all night, and turned a stone heap into a pyramid. (This story should be true, for the pyramid is still pointed out to those who have faith in magic gifts and powers.)

"The next morning the Governor went to the door of his palace, and his eyes grew big as he saw the sun rising behind a pyramid.

"He sent for the dwarf.

"'You little rogue,' he exclaimed, 'you have mocked me again. But I will be even with you yet. Go and get some bundles of sticks of cogoiol wood (a very hard wood). Fetch me two bundles. You shall beat me over the head with the sticks out of one bundle, and I will beat you from the sticks of the other.'

"The dwarf flew home to the old woman, crying as before.

"'My son, do as the Governor bids you. But first wait a little, and I will make some dough of hard meal, and put it on your head and fit it there under the covering.'

"So she made a cake, a *tortilla de trigo*, and moulded it in to the top of his head, and covered it over, and sent him out to gather the two bundles of hard sticks.

“The Governor called his lords and guards to witness the contest in which he expected to end the dwarf.

“He beat the dwarf over the head with all the sticks in the bundle, but the little fellow only laughed at him.

“Then the dwarf whipped up a stick out of his bundle, and broke the Governor’s head at the second blow, so the Governor fell down dead. The lords hailed the dwarf as Governor, and so he became the King of Uxmal.

“The old woman died. Her spirit went into a cave near Merida. She sells water there, sitting under a tree. She keeps a serpent, not an evil serpent, but one of wisdom, by her side. I have never seen a traveller who met her, but have talked with some who have visited the ruins of the House of the Dwarf.”

A picture of General Francisco Morazan hung in the office of the hotel. Leigh inquired of the captain who this hero was, and what deeds or principles had made him conspicuous.

The captain answered the questions by a useful narrative, which we give.

THE WASHINGTON OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

If America has more than one Washington, Francisco Morazan (mo-rah-than) has earned a place among the heroes of liberty who may be associated with that great name. Simon Bolivar has been called the Washington of South American independence. General San Martin, in achievements and in personal character, merits the title of the Washington of Argentina, Chili, and Peru—the Washington of the Andes. He not only carried the Banner of the Sun over

the Andes, and won liberty for the empire of the South Temperate Zone, but his motto of personal character was, — "Thou must be that which thou oughtest to be, else thou shalt be nothing" (*Seras lo que debes ser, y sino seras nada*).

Francisco Morazan was born in Tegucigalpa, Honduras, in 1799. He was of French descent, and was educated by the priesthood.

The struggle for the independence of his country, which was achieved in 1821, made him a patriot. He entered into the cause with the fervor of his French blood. Liberty was his native air, and his heart throbbed in sympathy with human rights and welfare.

Herrera, the President of Honduras, took him into the council of state, and the people elected him as a representative to the legislative body.

When Honduras, in 1827, was invaded by Guatemala, Morazan, young as he was, led the state troops against them. He was taken prisoner, but escaped to Nicaragua, where he was induced to take command of a force at Leon for the liberation of his own country, — Honduras and Salvador.

He was looked upon as the leader of the forces of liberation. His march was a triumph. He liberated Honduras, and was made President of the Republic, and defeated the Guatemalan army in Salvador in 1828.

The young general united the troops of Honduras and Salvador and invaded Guatemala. He was defeated, but recovered, and captured Guatemala City.

He was now the recognized leader of liberty and progress in Central America. He became a liberal, compelled the ecclesiastics to obey the state in civil things, and confiscated

the property of the orders that resisted the will of the people.

Carrera of Guatemala became a conservative, and received the influence of the aristocratic party. The two generals representing different ideas of democracy found themselves face to face on the battlefield. Morazan was finally defeated in Guatemala. He went to Peru and raised an army of patriots, among whom were many Central American refugees, and, returning to Central America, invaded Costa Rica in 1842, was victorious, and was made the executive of the republic.

He now became the apostle of Central American union, under the model of the government of the United States. He was preparing to march through the country for the purpose of creating a United States of Central America, with equal rights for all people, when he was defeated by a local revolt, and was shot at San José, September 15, 1842. His name stands for Liberty and Union, and his political dreams are likely to be fulfilled.

CHAPTER VI.

THE THIRD AMERICA: HOW TO REACH IT FROM NEW YORK.

THE tropical lands between the two great divisions of America, known as Central America, promise a great future among the productive regions of the earth. The coffee growing, the coca, the bananas, the orange, and other tropical fruit are probably to be developed there with great profit to the planters, as the ports of these productions are near to those of the United States. The Central American republics, five in number, — Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, — seem destined to form one central republic, and to increase in population and wealth with material development and progress. The coast is unhealthy, but the highlands, as in South America, are among the most desirable parts of the world.

A fraternal congress of these republics assembled in the city of San Salvador in September, 1889, and concluded a treaty of union. The federation of the five states was named CENTRO AMERICA, and this union was to continue for a provisional term of five years, being brought to an end in the year 1900, when it was expected a federal constitution would be formed and proclaimed.

This compact was in part broken by the war between San Salvador and Guatemala, followed by other revolutions.

The ideal, however, did not fail. A partial union was formed, and the complete and harmonious federation of the republics seems only to be a question of time.

Another ideal among the progressive men of this country rose and fell, but brought into the progressive education of the country a suggestion which promises in time to succeed. In 1886, under the leadership of ancient Guatemala, a congress was held for advancing a scheme of federation on the principle that all disputes between the states should be settled by arbitration. Such reforms as this do not come suddenly, and are disturbed if they come too soon. We may expect to see a united and a pacific republic, formed on advanced ideas, rise on the shores of the American Mediterranean, and the opportunities which this land of the future will open to agriculture and trade are a very interesting study. The future republic will be American in race and spirit, and form a part of the highway between both worlds.

Steamships multiply between the ports of the United States and Central America. Some of these are fine passenger steamers, but many of them are fruit boats. Five English steamers go to Balise, and the passengers there may enjoy one of the most beautiful of the intertropical hotels.

The steamer lines from New Orleans offer most delightful excursions to Port Limon. Fruit steamers from Mobile and other southern ports present an easy route to Central America, and a very desirable one to those interested in the productions of the tropical country. The Peddie Trading Company, New York, despatch steamers to the northern Central American ports.

The circulars, or rather pamphlets, of the Atlas Company

give some delightful pen pictures of the southern Central American ports. Those of Port Limon and San José are particularly pleasing, as is the information in regard to Kingston and Cartagena, and the republics of Honduras and Guatemala.

There is an increasing interest in travel to these ports. The star of new immigrations turns southward. The immigration to South America is becoming greater than to North America, and in this new march of destiny Central America is to share.

Among these multiplying routes are:—

To Costa Rica (Port Limon, port of San José). The port is reached from New York, a distance of 2865 miles, by Pacific Mail steamer to Colon, thence by the Royal Mail or German line; nine days; fare about \$120.00. A railroad connects Port Limon with San José. The port is more directly reached by some of the steamers of the fleet of the Atlas Line Steamship Company, of which we shall speak again; fare about \$80.00.

It is reached from New Orleans, a distance of 1350 miles, in nine days; fare \$50.00.

Puntarenas on the Pacific side is reached from San Francisco; 2793 miles; fare about \$80.00.

Nicaragua is reached by steamers both from Mobile and New Orleans, the former steamers going to Bluefields. The fare to Bluefields, a great fruit port, from New Orleans is about \$40.00.

Cape Gracias a Dios is reached by steamers from New York, at a fare of about \$70.00.

Corinto on the Pacific side, 2685 miles from San Francisco,

is reached from the latter port in about eighteen days, at a fare a little rising \$100.00. This port connects with the great lakes. Managua, the capital, is reached by steamer to Corinto, rail to Leon, and by rail and lake steamers.

Greytown is one of the interesting passenger ports from the east, and is reached by many lines of steamers. The landing there is somewhat perilous. The port is 2810 miles from New York, and the fare is about \$80.00. Steamers leave Greytown for Granada, on Lake Nicaragua, every four days. These connect by rail and steamer with Managua, the capital, where there is a lake route to the Pacific coast, of which the port is Corinto.

Honduras is reached by the English and American steamers to Balise, Champerico, Guatemala, in sixteen days from New York, and eleven days from San Francisco, by several lines of steamers; the boats from the east by Panama. Livingston, Guatemala, 2495 miles from New York, is reached in seven days, at a fare of about \$70.00.

The Royal Mail line of steamers despatches a boat from New Orleans to Livingston every Thursday, at a fare of \$30.00. Time, six days.

When Central America shall become the gateway of the Pacific, there must be a great growth of the port cities on the western coast, such as Callao. San Francisco, and most of the ports from Valparaiso to Seattle, as well as ports in Lower California, may then be developed.

Columbus dreamed of reaching the "mouth of the Ganges" by the way of Central America, and though the "mouth of the Ganges" is far indeed from where he supposed it to be, his dream, in effect, is likely to be fulfilled.

We are told of the terrible swamps through which Nunez de Balboa forced his way when he came to discover the Pacific from the peak of Darien. Columbus had dreamed of a strait between the central land and India, and such a strait Balboa hoped to find. It was sought long by many navigators, but it did not appear.

Then enterprise determined that such a waterway should be made; France lavished tremendous wealth on a scheme to build a canal across Panama, but the work is arrested. Ever since the Central American states asserted their independence, schemes for a canal between the Caribbean and the Pacific have been formed and agitated. Of these the Nicaragua Canal promises ultimate success.

There are few more interesting places in the world than the proposed route of the Nicaraguan Canal. It runs through a river whose banks are populated by curious races of men, and whose forests are the abodes of monkeys, parrots, and strange birds and animals. It passes islands strewn with ruins of mysterious cities and temples where lived and worshipped a long-gone race. Granada, on one of the proposed routes, once splendid, awakens the curiosity of the traveller. Mountains rise like temple domes over the great lagoons. The land is a museum of nature, of antiquity, of strange wild life, full of beauty and bloom.

It was to this land of intense interest to the naturalists and antiquarian, as well as to Costa Rica, that the Fro-bishers were going; here they not only hoped to find the quetzal, but other things as curious, in the new route of the world.

But they first wished to see Costa Rica (the rich coast)

and its bit of Paris, San José, under the domes of the dead volcanoes.

It is an easy thing to reach Port Limon from Panama by connecting steamers. It is not easy to go from Port Limon to Greytown.

Costa Rica is a terrace between the two oceans. It is the smallest, but one of the most prosperous, of the Central American states, and it has been called the "model republic." It was once called Nueva Cartago. It was assigned by the Crown of Spain to the family of Columbus as a dukedom, under the name of Veragua.

The captain's curious allusion to an adventuress, led young Hazel to say :—

"To-morrow evening, or at some other time, I will relate to you a story that may not be as unique and amusing as the captain's might have been, but which has a strange suggestion in it that has long haunted me."

On the day before the company left Limon, young Aleman told the following tale of an adventurer, whose sins, it is probable, had left him no place that he could call home in the world.

THE STORY OF THE VAMPIRE.

"When I first came to Central America, on my way to Costa Rica, the ship stopped at Cartagena, the old city of New Granada, now the principal port of the United States of Colombia. The harbor is one of the finest in the world. The city walls are said to be sixty feet thick, and with their fortifications and sunken harbor obstructions are fabled to

have cost so many millions that the old King of Spain thought that he ought to see them from the palace window rising over the sea. Here the sky blazes, and the waves run in ripples of dazzling light. Cocoanut palms cloud the air, and in many of the giant trees could be gathered a cart-load of cocoanuts, as many as a donkey or mule could well draw. The bungalows, or *quintas*, outside of the yellow walls, are walled in bloom. Indian women, naked children, and little donkeys are to be seen everywhere. A coffee bag is sufficient clothing for the boatmen on the lagoons; the women go bareheaded, and yet keep their beautiful hair.

"Everything was done in the days of the viceroys, dons, and grandees to make this town of New Granada the impregnable fortress of the golden empire of Spain in the New World.

"It makes one's heart ache and imagination shrink back to think of the work done here by enslaved native races on these huge walls. How their conquerors and taskmasters cracked their whips above them. What had they to hope for from what they were building but the slavery of their own people who were to come after them?

"There are riches that do not enrich, and Spain found such here. The walls have crumbled, countless lizards inhabit them. The Granada of the New World has gone; its Inquisition is a curiosity; the winds of the Caribbean blow through the broken doors of its once golden churches. Poverty fills its streets. The Colombian Railroad of Boston traders is the one source of life and interest. The convents and monasteries are deserted, and the subterranean avenues are untrodden. An ironclad fleet might soon make its

massive walls of crumbling masonry a derision. So comes to nought the grandest schemes of man! The monuments of Egypt sink into the sand, and Cartagena feeds the palms for scavenger birds, and grows weeds for the lizards.

“While wandering about in the bowery suburbs without the walls, amid beautiful estates and houses woven of reeds and fenced with sugar-cane, I one day met a man with one of the most dreadful faces I had ever seen. The man saw that I was from a ship lying in the harbor, and he approached me nervously, and began to make inquiry about the ship from which I had come and the time that it would leave the port.

“‘The steamer goes to Greytown,’ said I, ‘thence to Port Limon, and thence to New York by way of Jamaica.’

“‘I want to go to Jamaica,’ said the man with sudden decision.

“I could see that his mind had seized upon Jamaica on hearing the word, and I said, —

“‘Why are you leaving this country?’

“A wild, uncertain light came into his eyes, and he turned his head aside with a shadow of terror, and he answered, —

“‘Something is following me.’

“‘A human being, an enemy?’ I asked.

“‘No; not that. You could not understand, if I were to tell you. I spoke too soon, but it would come out. I cannot stand the pressure much longer; I have already lost myself, or I would not have said this much. Something haunts me.’

“My curiosity was greatly excited, but by the man’s pitiable looks more than by his words.

“‘Your nervous system is suffering,’ said I. ‘You have been using up your vital energies. Do you sleep?’

“‘Sleep? I would give fortunes, if I had them, to bring back the sleep of my childhood. That will never come again. No, no! Things happen after which refreshing sleep never comes again. But here I am talking to my detriment. You have well said, — yes, yes, — you have well said, Captain, that my nerves are disturbed. I have been bitten by a vampire.’

“This was a strange confession indeed. I knew the old haunting legend of New Granada, that vampires were the souls of sea-robbers, or pirates, whose crimes would not let them rest. I had heard that these bats fanned their victims with their wings while sucking their blood; that there was some strange hypnotic influence in this wavy motion, so that the sleeping person or animal was not aware that his blood was being sucked away, and that many stories of adventure had been told of these uncanny and dragon-like denizens of the tropical forests.

“We walked towards the boca, and he talked to me in an agitated way, more and more raising my curiosity.

“Suddenly he stopped, looking out through the tall arcades of palms, and said, —

“‘Captain, I have been bitten twice.’

“This statement of itself would not have startled me, but for a tone that indicated that something lay in his mind behind the mere words. He took a cigar from his mouth, put his hand on my arm, and said, —

“‘*By the same vampire.*’

“‘That would not be strange,’ I said; ‘the same bat might follow one, after the way of the man-eating tiger.’

“ ‘They say that it is a *sign* for a vampire to follow a man,’ he said. ‘It is a sign that there is something wrong in his mind that affects the blood, that gives a certain quality to his blood that lures him on. Do you believe these bats are animals?’

“ ‘Nothing more nor less than animals. They devour what their nature craves, like other animals.’

“ ‘What their nature craves,’ he said. ‘You are right. But there is a hidden law in what their nature craves. There are birds whose natures crave carrion. The condor does. Nature has many hidden principles. This is a strange world. There are worlds in worlds. A haunted mind makes bats’ blood, they say—the kind of blood that the vampire best likes. The vampire follows one who has such blood.’

“ ‘Have you?’ asked I, suddenly.

“ ‘Have I? It is not for me to talk with a stranger about my life. Have I? I only know that I have been bitten twice by the same bat. That unsettles me. I want to sleep on board the ship to-night. When does she sail?’

“ ‘In the early morning,’ said I.

“ He went into the booking office with me and secured his ticket and stateroom.

“ He took his supper on board, went to the smoking-room, and passed his evening among the passengers. Stories were told, and I could see that some of them caused a certain nervous twitching of the sympathetic nerves that was not common, except in diseased, nervous states.

“ At about ten o’clock he went to his stateroom, whose port-holes stood open to the wharves.

“ It was a still, splendid night. The heat was intense, and

the sea lay purple under the clear moon and stars. I recall seeing the palm shadows in the fervid air, and hearing the boats of fishermen go by.

“The city lay still after the gates closed. There was a deep silence on the city, sea, and palm-shadowed shores.

“It was a long time before I fell asleep. When I awoke, the sun was rising in a red sky, like a chariot of fire. A fresh breeze was ruffling the purple sea; the harbor was full of fishing boats, drifting here and there, and on some of them parrots were screaming, as they were disturbed by the movements of their owners.

“It was a tropical sunrise. I was putting on thin clothing, in order to take a bath, when there came a rap at my door.

“‘Señor, the man who came on board when you did is sick. The doctor says that he is dying.’

“I rushed out of my room and went to his. Before me lay a face of horror.

“‘What has happened?’ I asked of the stranger.

“‘I have been bitten again,’ he said. He trembled and added, ‘By the same bat.’

“‘How do you know that it was the same bat?’ I asked. ‘You imagine that.’

“‘It was his eyes,’ he said gasping. ‘I saw something in them both times.’

“He laid his right foot bare, and on it was a small wound, and on the bed was a large stain of blood.

“‘My friend,’ said I, ‘you are suffering from fright, from some nervous terror. There can be nothing in even three bites of a bat to cause such a state of exhaustion as you are in. A doctor might bleed you three times, and no

such effect would follow the loss of blood. We will be at sea in a few hours, and the bat cannot follow you. You will never see him again.'

"He raised his thin arm to his head, and touched his forehead.

"'There is a bat here,' he said, 'a vampire.'

"He turned white as he added, 'I caused him to be there; he it is that leads the other one.'

"I did not comprehend. I said,—

"'Well, it is all over now. They are lifting the cables.'

"The ship moved out into the crimson light of the morning that arched the splendid sea.

"'What is the matter with the man below?' asked a passenger of me at the table.

"'He is merely nervous. He has been bitten by a vampire or vampires, and he is superstitious, and the accident has unsettled his mind. He will be all right again by night.'

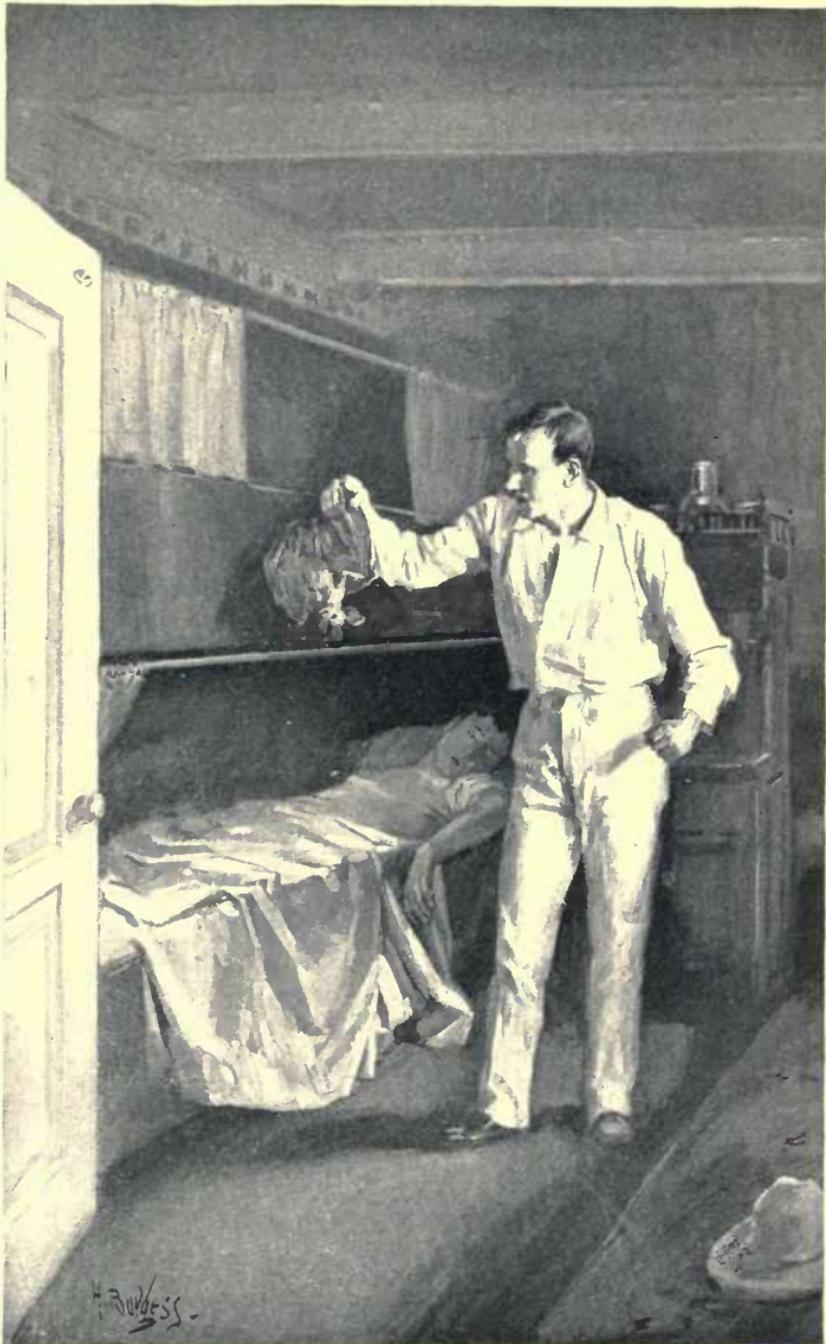
"The voyage to Port Limon was over a placid sea. The day was one of unclouded splendor. The passengers gathered lazily on deck, read novels, and drank light beverages.

"The stranger did not appear among them. The steward visited him and attended to his wants. I found him a little feverish at night, and left him, feeling assured that a single night's rest would bring about a renewal of health.

"Another tropic night passed in stars, shadow, and silence. The ship drove on, ploughing the purple sea into a showery spray.

"Early the next morning there fell a nervous knock on my door.

"I called out, 'Who is there?'



Univ. Calif. - Digitized by Microsoft®
"HE CALLED HIM THE DEAREST LITTLE GOODBYING CREATURE AND HELD HIM."
BY H. S. WING.

“‘The steward, sir.’ His voice was unsteady.

“‘What has happened?’

“‘The stranger, sir.’

“‘What of the stranger?’

“‘He is lying dead.’

“I leaped up and hurried to the room.

“The stranger lay there lifeless.

“I looked at his feet. There was a fresh wound on his right foot, and the bed under it was saturated with blood.

“In a corner of the bed was a dark object, like a bundle of leather. I drew it out. It was a little bat — not a huge animal like a dragon. I was about to strike him against the door in my agitation and anger. But I glanced at the demon-like looking creature as I held him by his wing. I wanted to see his *eyes*. I caused him to revolve slowly.

“There was no expression in those eyes. The body was as cold as the skinny wing. He was already dead.

“Was it superstition that caused the death of the stranger, or does the vampire follow certain travellers of contaminated blood, and such as have cause for an unquiet conscience and dark imaginations?”

Our story teller had so used the picturesque words of the country that the narrative left the questions long in our minds, though the one in regard to *contaminated* blood was but a bit of the art of vivid narration.

CHAPTER VII.

COSTA RICA: "THE SWITZERLAND OF THE TROPICS."

COSTA RICA, or the "Rich Coast," has been called "the Switzerland of the tropics." The region around San José has a climate like May or June in New England, and is quite unlike most tropical countries in this respect; but there is little resemblance between the dead volcanoes here and the crystal peaks of Switzerland. Here are no glaciers, no snows, only a white frost in very high altitudes. The hills are carpeted with flowers to the sky. A city like Valencia, in Venezuela, under the shining lines of the white Cordillera, might more fully be termed the Switzerland of the tropics.

But there is a vital force in the mountain air of the beautiful republic that makes the part of it around San José and the Hot Springs of Cartago a Switzerland to the inhabitants of the plains. Such will ever find health by going up into the mountains.

The mountains and the mountain region of Costa Rica have not only a cool and exhilarating New England air, but the atmosphere is said to have "mysterious qualities that render it a sovereign remedy for some of the most distressing ailments of common life." Consumption is likely to disappear on the coffee farm, and rheumatism at the Hot Springs of Cartago. Here people may always have deli-

cious oranges before breakfast, and cocoanut milk and other fattening fruit at any time of the day. The whole country is literally loaded with plantains and bananas, and on these a seeker after health would soon find his weight increasing, and his thin limbs filling out to the desired dimensions of comfortable rotundity.

Here people may wear old clothes, and live in the open air with bare heads, and travel about with bare feet.

The coffee planters and the proprietors of banana farms who begin life here with a little capital, and who become worth, by the growth of their estates, from \$10,000 to \$50,000, do not greatly change their style of living. One cannot tell here who is rich or who is poor. The rich adhere to simple living. It is the farm that grows and not the luxury of the house. The Costa Rican, whether native or adopted, is as a rule a true democrat, and loves his democracy. He is proud of the wealth that enables him to live simply, and he has little of the vulgar taste that makes so many North Americans who acquire property seek to make a display over their less fortunate neighbors.

His house is of one story, with a tiled roof. It is built of adobe and is as white as snow. It has a *patio*, or enclosed court. This is adorned with beautiful vines, orchids in hanging pots, and flowers. He keeps one or more wonderful parrots here, and some sweet singing birds.

In the salas around the patio may be a piano, a library of many books, and ornaments made of the woods of the country. The mats are of the skins and furs of beautiful animals. A quetzal is almost sure to be found among the sala decorations, but it is dead.

But simple as may be his home, — all out of doors is really his home, — it is his farm that grows. The cocoanut palms, plantains, and orange trees multiply around his house, and his coffee fields stretch farther and farther away. If he live in the hot regions, he goes up into the mountains — the Costa Rican Switzerland — at times.

The country is rich in historical romance, but has found no great historian or poet. It comprehends the territory granted by the Crown of Spain to the family of Columbus, under the name of the Dukedom of Veragua, of which we have spoken. Here were the famous gold and silver mines that fed the pride of the dons, hidalgos, and grandees of Spain for many years. After the massacre of the Spaniards, all traces of these mines were lost in the growth of the forests which blotted out the footprints of the Spaniards. The wondrous mines of Estralla and Tisingal became a memory.

“I have been told,” said a missionary priest, “that the Cabecuras of the present day relate that after the massacre of the Spaniards, in 1610, vast quantities of gold were thrown into the lake, where they still remain.”

Costa Rica is the southern republic of Central America. It has an area of more than 26,000 square miles, with a disputed boundary; but the extreme fertility of the soil, the beauty of the scenery and vegetation, the salubrity of the climate, the health region of Cartago, or Hot Springs (*aguas caliente*), give this limited area between the Atlantic and the Pacific an untold value in the progress of the near future. It is a coffee land and a banana land now, but in these respects its resources have hardly been tested. The old gold

mines of the cacique may never be discovered again, but the table-lands of San José and Cartago are in their vegetable productions a source of gold that will never fail.

The Andes here rise to the height of nearly 12,000 feet. From the nearly extinct volcano of Irazú the waters of both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans may be seen. On these table-lands, the most delightful in the world, the temperature ranges from 70 to 80 F. throughout the year. The dry season, or season of light and infrequent rains, lasts from December to May. At this period the health conditions are perfect.

To the lover of flowers the table-lands are an earthly paradise. This is orchid land. The ancient trees are gardens of parasites of marvellous forms, hues, and odors, such as elsewhere only enter into dreams.

The population of the country is only about a quarter of a million, but it is very rapidly increasing. Young Germans and Americans, as we have indicated, are planting coffee farms everywhere, and very extensive banana plantations are being cultivated along the lines of railroads.

The tourist, as a rule, enters the country by way of Port Limon. The town is very hot, and after a few days he takes the train for San José, at a cost of about \$3.00 American money, or gold, which is the same.

He is at once in wonderland, and his surprise will grow with every mile. He will pass through lofty cocoanut groves, in which he may see a cart-load of nuts on a single tree. The groves seem to be endless. He will imagine that there must be cocoanuts enough here to supply the world.

He will next enter the region of bananas and plantains, a

sea of tropical vegetation. The air hangs with bananas. The earth seems to pour out the luxurious vegetation of banana leaves. A half dozen of these would make a tent.

Orange trees are everywhere. Oranges do not count in this country of tropical luxuriance.

He will next come to the regions of tropical forests and the valleys of the mad river Reventazon. He will find this river one long cascade. He will look down upon it in many ways through vistas of tropical vegetation. From these wild regions he will come to the valley of Cartago, one of the few earthly paradises, at the foot of Irazú. Here a company some years ago built a large hotel, and laid a tramway or railroad to it, at a distance of two or more miles from the town. The tramway at the time of writing is not in use, but it is an easy walk or horseback ride to the hotel. A gentleman by the name of Mills has a delightful house of entertainment here, with a charming garden and a coffee plantation.

The ride on the railroad from Cartago to San José, some fourteen miles, is most beautiful. A part of it is through coffee plantations buried in plantain leaves, which shade the precious red berries.

The coffee planters are floral artists in making picturesque their plantations. The coffee plants require shade, and this is brought about by planting between the rows of coffee leaf and flowering plants. The land looks like a vast flower garden, but under the glorious vegetation the red berries of the coffee plant are in their season everywhere to be seen.

Costa Rica's capital, San José, would be beautiful anywhere in the world. The railroad station is near to the Pub-

lic Garden, and one of the first objects to greet the traveller will be an allegorical statue of the heroic spirit of the country, a work of genius, a poem in stone, a conception at once poetic and sublime. North America has but few works of such true art which express the heart of its history.

San José is simply beautiful, beautiful. It is beautiful in its situation, beautiful in its simple art, beautiful in its gardens. Its women are beautiful, and, better than all, beautiful is the spirit of its people. There are few places in the world that are more lovely than this city of Saint Joseph and its near paradise valley of Cartago.

CHAPTER VIII.

COFFEE LAND.

OUR travellers found Port Limon a simple town indeed, of recent settlement; but it was a place of sunshine and palms, to whose wharves came the products of the table-lands of the bright oceanic atmospheres. Its harbor is good and beautiful, but Limon is a town of the railway, that gathers the coffee and bananas for exportation.

There were two incidents that startled our travellers in their excursions around Port Limon.

Freight cars came down the coasts loaded with green bananas. They were lazily unloaded by the natives, who were people of scanty clothing and easy dispositions. One of these carriers, in helping to unload a crate-like car, suddenly uttered a cry and turned a half somersault—shaking his hand.

“He is bitten,” said an Englishman.

The man did not seem to be alarmed, not more than one would be in the States who had been stung by a wasp.

Alonzo Frobisher ran to the place, expecting to see a centipede or a serpent. He had read of such things in the land of the taper and vampire bats.

A huge spider was seen secreting itself in a pile of bananas. The negro, or Indian, seized a coffee bag, and flat-

tened the unsightly creature that had bitten him, and went on with his work.

But with the Indian's howl on being bitten rose another howl, very startling and pitiful.

Alonzo turned in the direction of the alarming sound.

He beheld a strange animal in one of the empty slat cars.

"What is that?" he asked of a trader.

"A howler," answered the trader. "Have you lost your ears?"

Alonzo recalled what he had read of the howling monkeys of the untroubled forest here, and he wondered if this was one of them. But he stepped about very lightly after the curious mishap, and he did not venture any more questions.

"One needs to be pretty careful in these parts of the world," said the English trader, "and to keep one's eyes peeled. I've seen a creature with more'n a hundred legs come out of a bunch of bananas, and every leg was full of poison; and if he were to bite one, that one might just as well settle up his affairs, so far as the world down here goes, and prepare to move upward."

He added some other incidents to this not over cheerful introductory intelligence.

"They — poisonous spiders and things — I don't know what their names may be — crawl out of banana bins on board of the ship and visit the passengers nights in their state-rooms. Now if one only lies perfectly still, and lets 'em scatter about freely over one's face, and don't cough, or sneeze, or speak, or twitch one's muscles — it is all well enough. When the many legs has made his tour of investigation, the creeper will run off on the bedticking, and go

away to the other parts of the vessel. But it is best for one to lie pretty quiet during such visits as these."

He cast a curious glance at Alonzo, and said, "Heave ho!" Alonzo wondered if such visitors were to be found in the hotel.

How serene the sea looked from the little town, with its purple cleanness and its lively inhabitants of fishes and birds. The air was such as would put one to sleep easily, and the natives seemed to be grateful for the gift of dreaming in the shade, fanned by the sea. How could such poisonous things find a place amid all of this beauty.

Here was parrot land as well as coffee land, and some of the little houses of the new port were *abloom* with these gorgeous birds, which never forget to be sociable. Each street has its favorite parrot, and some of the parrots here are said to go *visiting*.

The parrots here give the white stranger a cordial welcome, turning their heads aside with an appreciation of fine clothing, which is not over abundant here among the natives, although much of it is very white and clean.

The parrot is a well-dressed bird, and likes those of its own kind. He has faith in men and things that look well, and aversion to things unsightly and uncanny. When he gets hold of a monkey's tail, the monkey in this port does credit to his name here, and becomes, indeed, a *howler*.

The railway from Port Limon to San José, which we have already described, is about one hundred miles in length, and over this our travellers went to Cartago, and the English captain, who had business at San José, made the journey with them.

They stopped for a single night at Cartago, in the house kept by a good German woman by the name of Yokes. The house was near the governor's palace, and it looked as though it might have been built for the residence of some notable person, as some of the rooms were curiously painted.

They were here under Irazú, that, in 1723, caused the land to tremble for several days, and that filled the sky with smoke, and poured forth fire, and filled the valley with rocks and stones.

The party visited the Public Gardens and the churches. Then they sat down on the steps of the government house, and after the soldiers had done exercising, the young German related to them some of the old legends of the place.

THE STORY OF THE VANISHING IMAGE AND OF THE MIRACLE CHURCH OF CARTAGO.

One of the most poetic places in Costa Rica is the church of the Queen of the Angels in Cartago. A beautiful description of it was given in *Harper's Magazine* in 1859-1860, by Thomas F. Meagher. Leigh had read these articles, and he found the church but little changed in its outward or inward appearance since Mr. Meagher wrote his matchless description of it, nearly forty years ago.

The "huge bowlders" are there, the Doric façade, the "cohort of winged, frocked, and buskined angels of boyish stature." The high altar, hiding in part the organ and choir, gleams as then in all the glory of gold and gems.

The altar, some thirty feet high, is divided into two chambers, one of which contains the sacrament, and the other, before which hangs a white silk curtain with golden

fringe, is supposed to contain a miraculous image, the vision of which is capable of healing the sick under the right conditions of faith. Of this image a very curious story is told, though one not unlike the legends of Lucan and Guadalupe.

The legend is after this manner:—

In the year 1643 there lived a peasant woman of simple faith in a forest near Cartago. One day she went out into the woods to gather sticks and she found an image of a lovely and gracious lady, but of rude form, lying on a stone. She was greatly surprised, and she took up the image, and carried it to her hut, and placed it in a recess there.

She went into the wood again to gather sticks, when she was again surprised to find what looked to her to be the same image. She took it up and carried it to her hut, and going to the recess where she had placed the first image she found that the first image was not there, but that the recess was empty. She put the second image in the recess, and wondered where the first image went, or if indeed this was not the same as the one that she had first found.

She went out a third time to gather sticks and as she approached the stone where she had found the two images, or twice found the same image, another image seemed to be there. She took it up, hurried back to the recess in her hut, and, lo, the second image was gone.

She was perplexed and alarmed, and went for counsel to the priest, Don Alonzo de Castro, of Sandoval. The good priest took the image and put it into a closet, which had a lock, and turned the key.

But when the good woman again went into the wood, lo, the disappearing image was found upon the stone again,

where the three images, or the same image, — who could tell? — had been discovered.

She hastened to tell the priest. He unlocked the closet and saw that the image was gone.

“It is the gift of the Holy Virgin. We must build a church in the place, and give the image a throne on the altar or in the sanctuary.”

In 1782 the illustrious Estaten Livenzo de Tristan, bishop of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, in a solemn ceremony declared the image to be the special patron of Cartago. It was consecrated with holy oil, and it was forbidden to touch it save with anointed hands. The church of the image is known as that of the Queen of the Angels. It was raised to the rank of a basilica by the illustrious Don Anselmo Lorente.

The veiled image in the golden chamber began to work miracles on the needy faithful, when the veil was removed. The stories of the cures performed on devotees at this shrine would doubtless fill volumes. One may find there almost innumerable votive offerings for benefits in the church. But one miracle, supposed to have been performed by the image, has become historical, and is celebrated in a very picturesque way in Cartago.

In the days of the buccaneers, eight hundred English sea-robbers, under the command of one Captain Mansfield, an associate of the celebrated Morgan, one of the pirates of Panama, landed at Matina to invade the rich coast and its forests in search of the treasures for which the country was famous. The helpless people turned for protection to the image of the Queen of the Angels, and bearing it before them marched down the valley to meet the invaders.

The sight of the image caused the hearts of the robbers to melt and fail, and they fled back to their ships, leaving the sought-for treasures to their native owners. This event is celebrated year by year. The rude image is a treasure of Costa Rica, and as it is associated with a woman of simple faith and with an historic episode and with many supposed cures of healing, one would not care to suggest natural causes for the story, as could be easily done.

The festival of the image of the Queen of the Angels is in May, the month of flowers. The valley of Cartago abounds in flowers, and especially in rare orchids, and it is the delight of peasant women to bring offerings of the choicest blooms of the mountains and valleys to this church, and to lay them on the steps of the stone altar, amid the lighting of candles and the ringing of bells.

Few altars in the world ever had, or ever could have, such decorations of flowers. In this valley every road is lined with fantastic and surprising clusters of orchids, of many colors and odors. The tangled forests hang with wonderful floral festoons. The trunks of the trees are flower beds, and the barks on the limbs send down airy flowers on trailing cords or vines. There are air plants everywhere. The air of May here seems to bloom.

Leigh went to the church, which is a little out of the most compact part of the town, on one of the week days on which is no special feast or celebration. He sat down to study the golden angels, among which is Gabriel, who seems ascending, bearing in one hand a pair of scales.

But though the day was a quiet one, steps almost noiselessly glided in. Many of the worshippers were women

dressed in black, bearing candles to light before the stone steps of the altar.

One woman, richly dressed, but with head covered, walked on her knees across the brick pavements of the church, repeating her prayers. Young priests did the same.

But the scene which most interested him was the coming and going of peasant women with offerings of flowers.

The land is full of heliotrope. Such flowers filled the church with odor. The most delicate roses grow here. These, too, came in dark hands. The heads of these women were bare, as were the feet of many of them.

Leigh saw the heliotropes, the roses, the calla lilies, the cacti, the more common orchids, enter as in a floral procession. But dark peons stole into the company of the kneeling flower women — possibly Indians from the country. They were clad in rags, but their faces bore the stamp of firm faith and character. Ignorant of books they must have been. Some of them led little children by the hand.

The flowers that these laid down on the stone steps were for the most part such as only Costa Rica and the South could produce. They were formed of the sun, the air, and the dew. Some of them looked like spirit flowers. It seemed as though they might have been gathered in a paradise.

Leigh was a Protestant. To him the legend of the Queen of the Angels was nothing but an illusion, a parable. He wondered at the influence of such a simple tale.

But he watched closely the devotions of these Indian peons as they knelt there on the hard brick floor. What strength of hope and comfort there was in their faith!

As he was making a study of their sincere faces, and was drawn to them by the beauty of their sincerity, the silver curtain, or silk curtain with gold fringe, was drawn from the shrine of the image.

How those dark eyes of the peons, men and women, peered into the glimmering chamber of years, as it stood unveiled before them. How their lips moved in prayer.

They had sins that haunted them from which they wished to be free. They prayed. They had disease preying upon them, it may be. They prayed. They had relatives and friends who were sick. They prayed for them. They prayed as for life.

The silk curtain fell. The altar lights were extinguished. The peons arose from their knees, and went out into the sunny air, and looked up to Irazú lying against the sky, green, with peaceful flocks and farms.

The peons went back to their huts. There was a settled peace on their faces.

“Victims of superstition, do you say?” said Leigh on returning to his friends. “They had followed the best that they knew. They had sought to be true to the divine spirit in them, and between these simple children of faith, with their fairy tales and fables, if such these legends are, and those who better know, but are governed by appetite, passion, and selfish lusts and aims, there is a wide difference indeed. There was a faith beyond all the tales of ceremonies of superstition in the eyes of those Indians, and my soul went out to them in a feeling of brotherhood, and I loved them, for so much of that which is in them that we both believed.”

But the Sunday that followed Leigh's visit to the church

of the poetic legend, filled the young traveller with surprise, for it was market day. The streets thronged with people from the country and hills, bringing in their wares. The plaza was spread with the treasures of the sea, farm, and forests, — common goods, curious fabrics, pearls from the Gulf of Nicoya, silks from Guatemala, oranges of rich color, bananas as golden, sweet lemons, cocoanuts, zapoles, delicious drinks of many kinds. In certain places there were cock-fights, and men and boys were to be seen running around with sharp-spurred game-cocks under their arms.

But the Holy Day had been ushered in by a great ringing of bells, and the streets had been filled with churchgoers. Leigh's mind was dazed and puzzled by all these things; he turned to an English friend, as the sun was throwing its last rays over Irazú:—

“Well, what do you think of it?”

“Oh, it is the custom of the country.”

“It seems to me that it would be better to hold the market on some other day than Sunday,” he said. “But the people do not seem to be intentionally irreverent. The sound of a certain bell would bring them all down upon their knees. In this country, I do not know where I am. Everything is strange to me.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE YOUNG COFFEE PLANTER AT HOME — IRAZÚ.

THE plantation of young Hazel lay in one of the long, cool valleys among the foot-hills of Irazú. A clear stream ran through it, coming down from the mountain side. The place looked like a plantain farm at the first view, or like a plantain forest, for the plant of shining and majestic leaves had been set in rows between the rows of coffee, not for the purpose of raising plantains, but to afford a shade. The coffee plant, as we have said, must have shade for its perfect development. It would seem that the orange growers in Florida might protect their trees by planting other trees beside them in a like way.

The plantain leaves glisten in the sun in long rows. Some of them were twelve or more feet high. Here and there a withered leaf gave a touch of contrast to the dazzling green.

Around the coffee fields were hedges of living trees, trimmed so as to form a fence. These living fences sent out slender spikes, or limbs, which seemed to burn with starry red blooms. Orchids gathered on them, and roses were trained about them at the gateways. Wild morning-glory vines wove a network in them, and here and there an orange tree loaded with golden fruit broke the yellow barrier with its leaves of dark green.

Under the long rows of plantains were the coffee plants or trees, with leaves as dark as those on the orange trees. They were covered with red berries about the size of small cherries. They were literally buried in the foliage that protected them.

The house was white and red, of one story, built around a court and a wall. It was made of adobe and blocks of stone which probably had been thrown down from Irazú at the great eruption, and was covered with red tiles, which were covered with flowering vines.

There was a balcony around the inside of the house. From the roof of the balcony depended pots of orchids, cages of birds, and perches for parrots. At the end, Hazel had built a schoolroom for free education.

The first sight that arrested Leigh's attention on entering the long, low, rambling building was a quetzal in a collection of beautiful birds in a case.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "you have a royal trogon here."

"So I have," answered young Aleman, "and the stuffed bird is so common an ornament of our houses here that I had really forgotten that I had one of my own."

The quetzal was beautiful. Its carmine breast was particularly lustrous. It had two very long tail feathers of black and green.

"Was this bird found here?" asked Leigh.

"I think so; the Indian hunters find them in the forests of Irazú."

"Are there any live ones in the houses on the coffee plantations?"

"I never saw one," said young Aleman.

Their first breakfast consisted of hot cakes, eggs, black beans (*frijoles*), fried plantains, and fruit, with superb coffee.

After this meal the party went out on the veranda and sat down, and the boys looked out on the shining coffee fields.

"I have a question for you, my young friend," said Captain Frobisher to young Hazel. "If you regard it an impertinent one, you will of course excuse me and not answer it. It is, what are the profits of a coffee plantation here, within sight of Irazú—the Cartago or San José region, you may call it?"

"The young planters, and old ones as well, have but a single answer to that often-asked question. It is this, 'The amount of one's investment in coffee is, after five years, the amount of one's yearly income.' I invested \$3000 in the enterprise; after seven years my income is more than that as a rule, though this year the price of coffee fell, but it is rising again."

They looked up the long slopes of Irazú. The volcano did not appear high. The top was shaded here and there with patches of green forests.

"In those woods, high up on the mountain, is the haunt of the quetzal, I am told," said young Aleman. "I must plan a journey on muleback for you to the summit of the mountain."

"I can go up on foot some day," said Leigh. "I can start early in the morning so as to take time by the way."

"You would have to start early in the morning, indeed, if you expected to return by night—early in the morning before the day of your fancy. Irazú is a great deceiver. It

would take you two days for the journey, and you would not then be able to rest long by the way."

"Let us have the company of an Indian hunter," said Leigh, "and we will return with a living quetzal."

"I will go with you myself, with a peon and mules," said Hazel.

It was an ever to be remembered day when the party set out very early in the morning for the summit of Irazú, 11,000 feet above the sea level, and some 6000 feet from their point of starting. The air was cool, the roads hobbly, but lined with flowers. Here and there were adobe huts covered with dried leaves of the lofty cocoanut palm. They were like little gardens of flowers, birds, and almost naked children.

As they rose, the land of Costa Rica spread out wider and wider beneath them; its verdant valleys, its vast forests, its little towns; Cartago, with her churches; San José with her quiet domes and towers.

After a long, winding journey, which became very fatiguing at last, they reached the summit and found a shelter for the night.

They rose early in the morning. The sky was clear. The red disc of the sun was uplifting an arch of rosy splendor of light in the far east, over the opal-like sea. The dim waters of the Atlantic or the Caribbean were there. How vast, how far!

They turned their faces to the west. There lay the serene Pacific, a long, low line of shaded water in outlines of purple and green. Below them was the living map of Costa Rica, or land ocean, as it were, of mountains and hills, and valleys filled with tropical life.

They stood there long as if entranced. But a mist arose in the far distances. The dim Atlantic disappeared; the Pacific faded. The sun came up in majesty and glory, such as they had never witnessed before. They went to the dark caverns where the crater had been. But the days of the eruption were long ago. No smoke appeared in the chimney.

They returned by the way of some bowery woods, but though Leigh scanned the cool shades and saw some flaming orchids there, no quetzals appeared.

Never had sleep been more sweet to our travellers than on the night after their descent from Irazú.

A SURPRISE AFTER DANGER.

One day Leigh noticed a curious insect in his room. It seemed to be tangled up, and to have many angles, and it looked uncomfortable.

He came out on the veranda and said to Aleman, —

“What kind of an insect do you have in this country that looks like a little pile of sticks? Come with me to my room, and I will show you one.”

Hazel laughed and followed him, as the latter returned to his room and looked around.

“It was here, but I do not see it now; where can it have gone?”

“I am not an especial student of bugs,” said Hazel; “but from your description of the insect, I would think it to be a scorpion.”

“But what can have become of it?”

“I do not know, but a scorpion likes to hide. He seeks seclusion and darkness.”

"Does he bite?" asked Leigh.

"Not unless he is disturbed in some way. He is quite harmless if he is let alone."

"Is his bite poisonous?" continued Leigh.

"Yes; it is said to be so. I have never been bitten, though I have often found scorpions in my rooms."

"Is the bite of the scorpion fatal?"

"No, not necessarily. There are remedies against the poison. The bite sometimes causes temporary paralysis of the hand, or of some part of the body. There have been cases where people have died from the poison of the scorpion. Such things are not common."

"I should think that the insects would be a source of constant terror," said Leigh.

"Oh, no! Are wasps and hornets a source of constant terror to people in the States? No, you do not think about them. When I was at a farm-house in New York, there was a hornet's nest in the attic, and the hornets came to it and went from it through a lattice. One of the workpeople slept in the attic. He was never stung."

Leigh searched the room for the scorpion, but he could not find him.

"He may be in your clothing, hanging on the wall," said Hazel.

A very nervous look came into Leigh's face. He searched his clothing very carefully indeed, at the end of a cane, but no scorpion appeared. He changed his clothing with much caution that day.

The night was cool. There are often cool nights about the region of Cartago. Leigh put extra clothing upon his

iron-framed bed. He sunk into rest, and slept, and dreamed blessed dreams, for the climate under Irazú was like old New England.

In the morning when he awoke he thought of the scorpion.

Hazel tapped on his door. He brought into the room some cocoanut water, deliciously flavored and prepared.

"That is cool," said Hazel. "It will do you good to drink it on rising. We have had a good night, but we will have a hot day. The sun is rising red."

"My friend, you are good indeed to be thinking of my comfort so much. What do you suppose became of the scorpion?"

"I do not know. Scorpions like to crawl into beds, when a cool night is coming. They like to hide under woollens. I wouldn't wonder if he were somewhere about your bed now."

"Do they bite people in bed?" asked Leigh in alarm.

"Not unless one pushes them," said Hazel. "Not if one lies still. Many a person has slept with a scorpion in his bed, and did not know it until he rose and threw back the clothes."

Leigh leaped up, and gathered around him his night-dress very carefully. He stepped upon the floor, and threw back the bedclothes.

His hands darted into the air.

"Jumping Jackson!" he said, using an old New England term of surprise. "*There's the scorpion now. I've been sleeping with him!*"

"I see," said Hazel, "and you did not harm him. He has had a very comfortable night."

Leigh visited from time to time Costa Rica's beautiful city, San José, and spent many hours in the Public Gardens there, now studying the flowers, now admiring the historic monument, now watching the cloud shadows on the mountains. There is a sense of beauty everywhere here. Not only that, the people here seem happy. Enterprise mingles with the picturesque life; here it is not always afternoon, as it seems to be in some of the Republics of the Sun.

At San José, Leigh found the store of the taxidermist, and saw the mounted figure of a jaguar, and studied its beautiful spots. The mounted animal was valued at a hundred dollars. The taxidermist had been engaged in collecting animals and birds for mounting for the Guatemalan national exhibition and for the Paris exposition of 1900.

Leigh saw there the skin of an ocelot, which he thought very beautiful.

"Where does the animal live?" he asked of the people in the store.

"In the trees," said one.

"And as rare to find as the quetzal," said another.

"In hunting for one, a person sometimes finds the other," said another.

"Next to seeing a live quetzal," said Leigh, "I would like to find an ocelot alive."

He did, and in an unexpected situation, as we shall see in the course of our narrative.

CHAPTER X.

APULA.

A T young Aleman's plantation Leigh met a very singular character, and one that illustrates that true worth is to be found everywhere. This person was an old india-rubber hunter by the name of Apula. He was a Mosquito Indian, and belonged to the tribe that the English had pledged themselves to protect in the famous treaty that guaranteed neutrality if the Nicaraguan Canal should be built.

He owned a boat, and in this he made excursions into Lake Nicaragua and into the rivers of the lake in search of rubber trees, which he tapped, and sold the rubber to the comisarios or dealers in rubber.

His home was not far from Bluefields on the Mosquito Coast, and he from time to time travelled up and down the Mosquito Coast in his boat, from Livingston, the port of Honduras, to Bocas del Toro.

He had come down to Port Limon in his boat, and gone to Cartago in the cars, which among the coast Indians are a wonder.

He spoke Spanish imperfectly, and English in the same way. Sometimes he would ask unexpected questions and return intelligible answers in both languages. But usually he would say a few words and then halt. He had learned to

say *Tengo la bondad* and to follow it by a Spanish verb in the infinitive mood. In this way one might talk in Spanish infinitives. But usually his speech in Spanish hesitated, and he made signs to indicate objects and omitted verbs.

There was one trait of character that Leigh possessed that makes friends in all lands : it was a pleasure for him to stand aside for others. It fulfilled in a perfectly natural way the virtue commended in the Scriptures, "In honor preferring one another."

Apula, the Indian boatman and rubber hunter, was not at first sight an attractive man. Much of the time when he was in the forest, he was almost literally a *rubber* man; he was content with rubber. He had no need to wear rubber shoes, the rubber became a part of his feet. He needed to wear no rubber clothes, the rubber juice or sap adhered to him. He was very tall, very thin, and his muscles were like metal.

But he had a very tender, patient expression in his eyes and about his mouth.

He came to Hazel's coffee farm to meet a rubber comisario who was spending a week or more there, and who had stores along the coast.

He stood at the gate of the quinta in his rubber and rags. He wore a tunic made of coffee bags, and this had become glued with rubber. He had a band about his head, and he carried a machete, or machette, a kind of cutlass, as all rubber Indians do.

Leigh was sitting on the long veranda of the quinta, talking with a *lorcto*, or parrot, overhead, when he first saw the Indian.

The figure stood beside the gatepost of the adobe wall, and looked like a statue. Leigh's honest face met the Indian's eyes with a kindly sympathy, though he did not speak a word.

An hour passed. Leigh went into the quinta, and came out again, but the Indian still stood there. There were men talking with the comisario under the cocoanut trees, and the Indian felt his humble place in life, and was willing to wait his turn.

The sun blazed over the trees. Still the Indian stood at the gate. The comisario saw him and shouted out, —

“By and by, Apula,” and continued his conversation with the men, which was upon the politics of the country.

Another hour passed. Leigh began to pity the poor Indian. It seemed unjust to him to keep him waiting so long when he was not an unwelcome visitor, as the comisario's words seemed to imply.

A large pitcher of lime water was brought out from the tables, and the beverage offered to the comisario and his friends. The drink was sugared and iced, and had a most delicious appearance. The servant passed a glass of it to Leigh. Just then Leigh happened to look towards the gate, and his eyes again met the eyes of the Indian in his garments spotted with rubber.

The man had waited more than two hours now. His face wore the same patient, kindly expression. Leigh's heart was touched; he felt the injustice of the situation, and with a genuine New England, Thomas Jefferson impulse he went out to the gate and held out his glass of sugared lime water to the wayfarer.

The Indian's eyes melted. He had seldom met that kind of courtesy before. Even the English on the ships that come to the coast did not treat rubber hunters in that way.

The Indian raised his dark hand and said, —

“*Gracias — no sed*” (thanks — no thirst).

Leigh's kindly thought of the Indian drew the attention of the comisario.

“You are a true American,” said the comisario to Leigh. “Mosquito Indians are used to waiting.” He arose and went to the gate, and had a long talk with Apula.

As he returned to the seats under the cocoanut trees, he said: —

“The old boatman says that he will never forget that American boy. You have won a true heart to-day, Leigh, for those Indians never forget a favor, and they are not used to being served at the gate with *chicha* by white men.”

Leigh himself saw nothing out of the common in this courtesy. He had been brought up to believe that his country was the earth, and his countrymen were all mankind. An old friend of his uncle's, Governor Andrew, used to say, —

“I know not what record of sin awaits me in another world, but this I do know, I never yet despised a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black.” If Leigh saw any creature in need of what he could give, he gave it, and he found more pleasure in the act than in anything that would serve himself.

Leigh had made an impression on Apula that the Indian would never forget. Apula would find Leigh again. The heart that seeks through love, has little sense of space or

time. Apula knew well all of these mid-American countries, and it was his calling to travel in them all.

Leigh wished to go to Nicaragua by the way of the old road from the coast over the mountains. He had once heard some agents of a travelling show speak of this route, of its perils, but also of the remarkable life of the Indians, beasts, and birds to be met in the interior.

He talked with the rubber comisario in regard to the journey. The collector knew it well, and he had met the Rio Frios and other tribes of Indians on the rivers in the disputed boundaries of Costa Rica and Nicaragua.

"If you think of joining a party to the coast by that route, you should have engaged old Apula to have gone with you. There's something singular about that old Indian, but he is honest. Honor is born in some people; it is a gift of the gods. Apula is an old boatman, and you would need such a guide as he after you reach the lake country. You would need a river guide as well as a mountain guide, with pack mules. I would recommend Apula for any service on the coast and rivers."

The suggestion had a singular effect on Leigh. The strange figure that he had seen at the gate seemed to enter somehow into his imagination, and he said to himself, "If I could have that Indian for a guide, I would be safe." Apula had gone to San José.

CHAPTER XI.

HAZEL'S SCHOOL — HIS METHODS.

“A YOUNG man should have a purpose in life beyond mere money-making,” young Hazel used to say. This purpose in him found expression in a school which he opened in his own house for the children of the peons who worked on the coffee plantations. To this work he brought his father, who had been an instructor in a German town.

The old German schoolmaster was a disciple of the school system of Pestalozzi and Froebel. He held that education stands for character, and that to make the spiritual man is the highest of all callings in life. He believed with Froebel, that every child had some special gift from God, and that the development of this gift was the sacred work of the teacher. He was a lover of the old German authors, whom Carlyle especially commends, and greatly quoted Fichte, and that writer's “Way to the Blessed Life.” He followed Froebel's method, and by it sought to put the principles of the Sermon on the Mount into the conduct of the child.

Young Hazel had begun the school to which he had brought his father. It consisted of a kindergarten for the little children, and a lecture school for the working people, among whom were men of considerable intelligence. The latter was held in the cool of the evening. It was devoted to historical lectures, literature, morals, and music.

Some of young Hazel's methods in the latter school were well adapted to the young people of a country like Costa Rica. In music he taught his pupils the national songs and folk songs of all countries, and made these the texts of his historical lectures.

He was giving a course of lectures when Leigh was there, on the noblest deeds of history. The Frobishers were quite intelligent on South American history; but they were surprised at some of the pictures which Hazel drew of the patriotism of the South American heroes, whose deeds are not widely known. He gave examples of Southern heroes, after the manner of Plutarch's Lives, and at the close of the series of lectures he required the class to answer the question, "Which of these heroes was the greatest?"

The class in this case decided that the most unselfish acts were the greatest, which showed the moral influence of his thought training.

He made his lectures picturesque by using the narrative style. Let me retell one of Hazel's stories, or quinta lectures.

THE BANNER OF THE SUN.¹

It was New Year's Day in Mendoza, at the foot of the high Andes. Over the city of the pampas loomed Tupungato, like a very dome of the earth, white and glistening, with the condors wheeling below at the point of the rocky crags, but never mounting above the barren crystal heights. The flowers were still blooming on the pampas, although it was so late in the year, but there was eternal winter in the silence of the sky.

¹ This story first appeared in "Success," and is used by permission.

A company of Spanish and Creole ladies had gone into the chapel of the earthquake-shattered church. They were doing their benevolent work for the Army of the Andes that was encamped on the near pampas.

An army officer dashed by on a splendid horse. Manœuvring on the open plain stood the glittering Army of the Andes, that might be seen through the lace-work of the trees.

“Whither go they?” asked Doña Mira of Lois Beltram, a wandering, mendicant friar. She knew where they purposed to go, but as she looked up to the white walls of the Andes, the feat for which they were preparing seemed utterly impossible.

The wandering friar was one of the strangest men in all history. He was a Sam Adams or a Benjamin Franklin of South America. He was filled with the fire of liberty. He had ceased to care for himself, and gave himself wholly to the cause of the emancipation of South America from Spain.

“Whither go they, Doña Mira? Why do you ask? Go they? go they? They are going into the sky, and over the Andes, and they will descend from the sky like the condor, and woe be to the prey on that day! Whither go they? They go to the stars for the liberation of the fairest land on all the earth! This year, Doña Mira, San Martin will accomplish the miracle of the world, he will cause the Andes to bow down before him, he will move the mountains, and make South America free!”

“And how dost thou know, Friar Lois Beltram?”

“Know? because to a soul like his nothing is impossible. Even Hannibal crossed the Alps, and Napoleon followed

him, and the Corsican said that 'impossible' is the adjective of fools. Doña, did not Cæsar say that if Nature herself impeded his march, he would compel her to obey? These were men without faith except in the human will. Doña, General San Martin has a higher faith than that. Did you ever hear his motto of life?"

"No, Friar Beltram. What may that be? He will need to follow a high motto indeed if he carries out his purpose, which is now plain."

"Listen, Doña Mira. This is New Year's Day. The Don San Martin's motto is a good one for this New Year's Day. It is this, —

"*'Seras lo que debes ser, y sino no seras nada'* (Thou must be that which thou oughtest to be, and without that thou shalt be nothing)."

"Those are marvellous words, Friar."

"They are words of life. He has made me, friar that I am, director of the forges and arsenals. That will unfrock me, if I serve. 'But I am no Vulcan,' I protested, when he suggested this appointment; 'I am only a wandering monk.'

"Then he pointed to the Andes as they rose up in the morning sun, 'Can it be done?' he said to me. I answered, 'Yes, Don San Martin.' Then, as his sword flashed out, he cried, —

"*'Thou must be that which thou oughtest to be—power lies in that way!'*"

Doña Mira looked up at the Andes.

"Look, look, Doña Mira. Those are the walls that we are to take. We must scale the walls of God."

Twenty-one thousand feet the Andes gleamed above them, and the lowest pass was twelve or more thousand feet high. Pouring down their sides into the semi-tropical gardens of balm and bloom, were the melting torrents. The work of the ages of the creation was there, when the volcanoes were forges, and mountains rose from the caverns and sunk into valleys of fire. The world of the cacti and thorny plants was there, underneath the white walls of eternal snows.

The snow was gleaming on the high Cordillera in blinding splendor.

“Doña Mira, for that expedition we shall need a banner of the sun. I am going to take off my frock to weld weapons. Not the cloister, but the great valley of the fires of the forges, where weapons are to be made to free mankind from chains, is to be my place of service. Heaven wills it so. Doña, have you faith that Don San Martin can ever lead an army over the walls of the Andes?”

“Friar Beltram, I have. This year shall see it done.”

“I have made my New Year’s resolution; it is that of San Martin. I must be that which I ought to be, and without that I shall be nothing. I go to my forges!”

“Friar, I will go and call my ladies, and we will make here a banner of the sun. This year I will take God at His word, and put my faith in the heavens. Faith can cause mountains to move, faith in man can do much, faith in God everything. I thank thee for this New Year’s motto, Friar Beltram. We must be that which we ought to be, and without that we shall be nothing.”

On the 17th of January, 1817, there was a high holiday at Mendoza, the bowery and beautiful city under the

Andes, on the plain of Argentina. The streets were blooming with flags. That day the whole Army of the Andes, headed by General San Martin, who has been called the "greatest of Creoles," were to march through the town, and were to receive from the ladies a flag, to be borne at their head as they were to attempt to march over the Andes for the liberation of Chili and Peru.

The cannon thundered, and the thunder was echoed back from the walls of the Andes. San Martin swept up to the chapel on his charger, and the women gave him the flag that they had made. It was a banner with the figure of the sun. "Bear it up to the sun," said Doña Mira.

San Martin dismounted and ascended a platform in the great square, or plaza. He waved the flag over his head in the sunlight, and cried,—

"This is the first flag of independence that has ever been raised for the country!"

"*Viva la Patria!*" rose from the army and the people.

"Soldiers," he cried, and we use his exact words, if tradition may be followed, "swear to maintain it, and to die in defence of it, as I now swear!"

The army made the oath. The cannon boomed; the musketry rolled, and was echoed from the crags. That was a great day of faith for South America and the Austral world.

Whither go they?

Over the Cordillera with the flag of the sun; the flag of redemption for one-half of South America.

On the 5th of April the Army of the Andes stood on the plain of Maipo. It had come down upon the Spaniards like

a condor from the sky, and had won a victory. The frozen bodies of some of the soldiers who perished in that march over the Andes were found years afterwards on heights where the condors had not sought them.

The morning that found the army on the plain of Maipo was overcast. At last the heavens opened, and the sun gleamed on the white summits of the high Andes and streamed over the army. It shone on the flag of the sun. San Martin saw it and hailed it as an omen.

"The enemy are ours," said the greatest of the Creoles.

"Yes," said Friar Beltram, "the enemy are ours."

The Spanish power in South America received its death blow on that day. The arms made in part by Friar Lois Beltram drove the Spaniards to the sea.

What a motto was that of San Martin for a New Year's resolution! The achievement of what men call "impossible" is but the attainment of what is possible under the higher law of faith.

San Martin won the independence of Chili. The country offered him ten thousand ounces of gold as a reward, but he refused it. "I did not fight for gold," he said.

He must be that which he ought to be.

He won the independence of Peru. The Spanish Peruvians offered him the supreme power, the Incarial crown. "I have achieved the independence of Peru," he said, "and I have ceased to be a public man."

He went over the sea, from these republics whose independence he had gained, — Argentina, Chili, Peru, — and lived an exile, and died in poverty, and ten years afterwards was crowned dead, as it were, his remains being enthroned

in that glorious temple of Buenos Ayres known as the tomb of San Martin. The Austral world can never forget the opening of the year 1817 at Mendoza and the Banner of the Sun.

The world is full of disappointed men; but San Martin in his poverty and exile was not of them. No man will ever be disappointed who finds his happiness in spiritual things or in the good of others.

Face the Andes of life with the motto of San Martin, the greatest of Creoles. To live is better than to gain; to lift, better than to lean. What is there that is not possible to a high purpose in life?

"Seras lo que debes ser, y sino, no seras nada!"

"This is not the life to which heaven is promised," wrote Dr. Johnson at New Year's, on reviewing a year of irresolution. That which ought not to be will not be; it has the gravitation of oblivion.

Would it not be well for you to write in your diary on January 1, 1898, —

"I will be that which I ought to be, for without that I shall be nothing."

Hazel led the exercises of the Songs of all Lands with a beautiful adaptation of the supposed hymn of Columbus at sea: —

"Ave, Maris Stella,
 Star forever fair,
 Light of hope immortal,
 In the heavenly air.
 Star of stars, and Light Eternal,
 Lead us on across the sea.
 Salve! salve! we are exiles
 From the world, but not from Thee.
 Salve! salve!

"Ave, Maris Stella,
 Help our weak endeavor,
 Till, redeemed by Jesu,
 We are thine forever.
 Star of stars, and Light Eternal,
 Lead us on across the sea.
 Salve ! salve ! we are exiles
 From the world, but not from Thee.
 Salve ! salve !

"Now to God, all glorious,
 One and Blessed Three,
 On the land and ocean
 Endless glory be !
 Salve ! salve !
 Amen !"

He had secured a library of the books that he desired the young people to read, putting Plutarch's Lives at the head of the list of biography.

As a result of this reading, he required his pupils, young and adult, to relate the incidents of heroism that most greatly interested them. They were thus lead to study biography for the highest expressions of character in life.

In one of these exercises, a pupil related in verse the following tale from American-Mexican history :—

THE BROTHERS.

I.

"Halt ! Stay your guns and let me speak,
 A wounded man ye need not fear ;
 My breath is short, my pulse is weak,
 My last words shall be few — but hear !

II.

“Two brothers were we, Juan and I,
But one in heart were ever ;
Our home was on the plain hard by
The Rio Grande River.
My life was Juan’s, and his was mine,
And other men were strangers,
’Till from the cool lands of the pine
Came down the Border Rangers ;
And then we boldly joined and leapt
O’er the Sierra Madre,
And down to Buena Vista swept
With them to El Salada.

III.

“My brother had a wife and child,
And made a home for mother ;
A happy household on him smiled,
And I was but a brother.
You made us prisoners — Juan and I,
And loyal fear to waken,
You one in five condemned to die,
Of all the captives taken.
We heard the general’s stern decree
Read by your chief, Espada,
I looked at Juan, he looked at me —
Remember El Salada !

IV.

“You put fifty seeds in a sack
From some near peon’s acres ;
Of those frijoles ten were black,
And doomed to death their takers.
Blindfolded then our fates we drew,
While prayed the padre holy ;
I oped my hand my lot to view —
I’d drawn a white frijole.

And Juan — I saw his bandage fall,
 I saw his eyelids quiver,
 I saw him turn his face from all
 Towards Rio Grande River ;
 I saw his heart beat in his veins,
 While the Sierra Madre
 Gleamed out in sunset's golden reins —
 Remember El Salada !

v.

“He shut his hand as hard as death,
 And whispered, ‘Wife, son, mother.’
 I touched my hand ‘gainst his warm hand,
 As I might touch no other ;
 Juan’s blood was mine, and mine was his,
 Though I was but a brother ;
 My veins were his and his were mine,
 Oh, how I felt our fingers twine !
 And when our hands unlocked, unclasped,
 I felt a feeling holy,
 In his hand was the white seed grasped,
 In mine the black frijole.
 He sudden saw what I had done,
 His white lips whispered ‘Brother !’
 I answered him in his own words,
 Of ‘wife’ and ‘son’ and ‘mother.’
 I looked at Juan, he looked at me,
 And on us looked Espada,
 I kissed Juan’s hand — I cannot see —
 Remember El Salada !

vi.

“I’m blind with tears — I cannot see —
 I hear the clarinas singing,
 And o’er the hacienda, free,
 The Angelus is ringing.
 I kissed the hand to which I’d given
 My life for wife and mother ;

And filled my heart a peace like Heaven
 To hear him say 'My Brother !'
 He said no more, but turned his eyes
 Towards the Sierra Madre,
 Where sunset gleamed like Paradise —
 Remember El Salada !

VII.

"Espada rode along the line,
 My hand a black seed spotted,
 They led me forth at dusky eve,
 To face the carbines shotted,
 The stroke of judgment to receive,
 To meet the doom allotted.
 I felt like one who blindly treads
 The holy of the holies.
 They drew the black caps o'er our heads
 Who'd drawn the black frijoles.
 And then the place was still as death,
 Save some far bell tower ringing,
 Or passing of some spent wind's breath,
 Or lone clarina singing.
 'Uno!' we heard the captain's word ;
 'Dos!' was the dim air sobbing ?
 'Tres!' I was shot — no muscle stirred —
 And yet my heart seemed throbbing.
 The far Red River seemed to whirl
 Around me, crimson turning,
 And o'er me gleamed a cross of pearl
 Amid the twilight burning.
 I knew no more till midnight came,
 I oped my eyes, and o'er me
 The low stars shone : the campfire's flame
 Leaped red, a mile before me.
 I rose and ran : I climbed the hills ;
 Gained the Sierra Madre ;
 My burning brain the memory fills —
 Remember El Salada !

VIII.

"You found me 'mid the cacti cool,
 Hard by the mountain willow,
 My bed the shadowy earth, a pool
 Of clotted blood my pillow.
 You know your orders well, and I
 Respect them, as another;
 If not a hero's death, I die
 True-hearted as a brother.
 My brother's blood is more to me
 Than mine which I surrender,
 I have no wife, or son, but he
 Shares hearts as mine as tender.
 I've loved him more than self he knows,
 And on the Sierra Madre
 My lonely grave will ope and close —
 Remember El Salada !

IX.

"Ay, ope my breast — make ready now;
 Uno — dos — wait — stand steady !
 My head is free, and free my brow,
 And Heaven is clear — I'm ready.
 My soul shall mount where heroes go,
 From earth's o'ershadowed portal;
 God's sunset temples o'er me glow
 In peace and love immortal.
 Farewell, O Rio Grande's tide !
 Farewell, Sierra Madre !
 Now — ready ! — hold —
 Tell — Juan — I — died
 For him at El Salada,
 You raise your guns with trembling hands
Uno — dos — men be heroes !
 Uno — dos — tres ! O earth, farewell !
 Farewell, O campaneros !"

x.

Three black-mouthed carbines shook the hills
Of the Sierra Madre,
The cacti there with life blood wet,
Three soldiers left behind, as set
The sun of El Salada !

CHAPTER XII.

A PARTY FOR THE FORESTS.

THE Frobishers made the acquaintance of a former consular agent, a Mr. Ladd, whom we will call the *American*. This man was about to go to the Pacific coast and to cross the mountains with an Italian doctor to Granada, in Nicaragua, the very ancient city that had been partly destroyed by Walker, the adventurer.

The Italian's name was Zano, but we will call him the doctor. The American and the doctor were naturalists, and were looking for some advantageous situation for coffee and banana plantations, and the doctor was interested in studying certain rare medicinal plants.

The two had engaged a Mosquito Indian to accompany them as a guide, whom we will call the guide. The latter had arranged to take with him some mules and dogs.

A little black boy, named Mio, who had landed at Port Limon from Jamaica, and who was so timid at times that he was called Little Afraid, and so bold at times that the words were given another meaning, had been engaged as a servant.

A portly Englishman, by the name of Hobbs, wished to go with the party. He was simply a natural traveller. He had been almost everywhere; but from his timidity one would suppose that he had been nowhere. He was a great-hearted,

good-humored man, but he was constantly taking alarm. Many people in different countries had said to him, "Mr. Hobbs, you ought never to go away from home."

"There is as much danger there as anywhere," he would answer. "The chimney might fall down on me there, who can tell?" He would laugh and say, "The only way to get out of the way of danger is to keep going."

He would sometimes give his history in this way:—

"My father followed the sea, and his father before him, and I like to see the world—I inherit a love of being in motion. Am I sea-sick? Yes, yes, always once on a voyage. But what are a few days of sickness to the pleasures of a voyage! Have I ever had adventures? Ask Simple Simon. Yes, yes; but I treat everybody just right, and feel kindly towards all people, and my escapes are equal to my adventures. This is a good world to good-hearted people. Folks laugh at me because I take care of myself, and call me Mr. Careful and all that. But I love to see a new country; nothing makes me so happy as that. What is there so interesting in the world as folks?"

Leigh had formed a very kindly friendship with Mr. Ladd, the former consular agent, and when he learned of this expedition to go over the mountains to old Granada, in Nicaragua, he wished to join it.

He approached his uncle on the subject.

"I would be perfectly willing to trust you with Mr. Ladd," said Captain Frobisher, "and I have perfect confidence in the character of 'much afraid' Mr. Hobbs. A man who laughs over his mishaps as the generous Englishman does, is to be trusted; he is a man whose home is the world; some

Englishmen are like him; they are never content unless they are out of doors in some new place. The party seems a safe one. I am willing that you should join it; but as for me I will take the boat from Port Limon to Greytown, and the river boat up the San Juan to Granada, and we will meet there. Alonzo, will you go with Leigh or with me?"

"I will go with you, Uncle. I am looking for coffee ports rather than plantations; for the article itself, after it has been raised. Leigh is as safe with Mr. Ladd as he could be with us. He likes birds and flowers, and if the royal trogon is to be found in the forests of this part of the country, he will find it."

So it was settled that Leigh and Alonzo should separate here, and that Alonzo should go with his uncle back to Port Limon, and thence to Greytown and up the San Juan.

Mr. Ladd's party was to go to the coast from San José over the route that General Casement, from the States, is now surveying for a railroad, and thence up the coast, and over the old Nicaragua road. The way is long and perilous. Passengers to the Nicaragua Lakes, from Costa Rica, go to Punta Arenas, and up the coast to Corinto, and to Greytown through the lakes. The way is a safe one, and takes in the ancient cities of Nicaragua, by boat and rail, Leon, Managua, and Granada. New railways are planned along the connecting points of this line, which will one day be a famous highway of travel. The steamers from San Francisco connect at Corinto with points on the Pacific coast, with Panama, Callao, Peru, and Valparaiso, Chili, and some of them go around the Horn.

Strangely enough, Leigh met old Apula again at San José. He told Mr. Ladd what the comisario had said of him.

“I will engage him as a river pilot, a second guide,” said Mr. Ladd. “Our guide is a Mosquito Indian.”

Leigh sought and found the Indian again in San José.

Apula accepted Mr. Ladd's proposal with dancing eyes.

The way was to be by Punta Arenas on the Gulf of Nicoya, the Gulf of Pearls, and although it was less easy than by the way of the sea, Corinto, Leon, and Managua, it would reveal to the travellers the primitive country. They could thus reach Rivas, and go to Granada by the lake, or go directly to Granada by slow journeys under careful guides.

To find Granada over this perilous way, they left the coast, and were soon in the virgin forests, and a new life indeed began to open before them.

Their principal guide could speak both English and Spanish, as he had seen service on the English trading ships at the docks. He had met Apula before, and the two were friendly.

Apula at first talked but little with Leigh, but he sought to be near him. His first introduction to Leigh, as his special friend, was made in four English words, —

“My heart knows you.”

He laid his hand over his heart, in a humble way. The next day he added four more English words to his expression of friendship, —

“I be near you.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WONDERS OF THE FOREST BEGIN.

IT was an odd party, the old English gentleman, who rode on a mule, the Italian explorer and doctor, the principal guide, the American traveller, Leigh, and the Mosquito Indian guide, Apula, and his cargo mule. They were going into a land of wonder, the mountain-shadowed byways of Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and the surprises only a few miles from San José began to appear. Leigh found himself in a new, strange world. After leaving the coast, the wonders of the forest began.

Beyond the brushwood, which grew where the forests had been cut down, opened a vast aerial botanical garden. The trunks of the great trees were encircled in ferns, and the limbs were hung with gorgeous orchids, fit to be the palace of the royal bird of the Aztecs. Lianas ran across the ways, and made a network of gorgeous glooms, in whose roofs and rooms surprises of birds, animals, and insects constantly appeared.

Parrots in pairs here seemed love making. Tanagers in black and red drew after them the eye. Insects darted hither and thither, like flowers or gems of the air. Queer beetles caused Leigh to step aside and to ask questions of the Mosquito guide, to receive the same answer always: —

"*No, se, Señor.*" Bugs, with protective resemblances, which looked like the plant whose little world they occupied, were pointed out by the quick-eyed Italian doctor, here and there. Hairy spiders, which Leigh took for tarantulas, ran out of the footway, but left fearful suggestions in our young traveller's mind.

The old English gentleman was terrified at every new object, and constantly said, —

"I am glad I am on a mule, as hard as is the saddle."

His happiness in this respect was destined to be disturbed, when the forests began to reveal the inhabitants in the tree-tops.

One of the first surprises which greatly terrified the old English gentleman was when the Mosquito Indian cried out, —

"*De armie is coming — it devour everything before it.*"

"What is that?" asked the Englishman.

"He means the ecitons," said the American.

"What are those?" asked the Englishman. "They do not devour people, I hope."

"Not until they have bled them," said the Italian. "Here they come, thousands of them, with their generals in front and ambulances in the rear."

"You alarm me without cause," said the Englishman. "I see no army anywhere."

He looked up into the arcades of lianas, leaves, and blooms.

A monkey sat grinning at him there. When he looked down again, the earth around him seemed crawling. All the dust appeared to be in motion, like the earth-waves at an earthquake.

"The army ant," said the Mosquito.

Grasshoppers, spiders, insects, and small birds were flying hither and thither. The insects were leaping into the air, to escape the ants, and the birds were catching them as they leaped.

The Englishman stopped his mule and cried out, —
“My heyes!” (eyes).

The ants caught the insects in their way, tore them to pieces, and sent their remains to the rear, which seemed to be a kind of baggage-train.

The Italian made a fire in the way, and the whole party stopped to see the army pass.

Leigh went to the Englishman and leaned on the saddle.

“See there,” said the Englishman, “how much some animals know. See those spiders climbing the bushes. They will escape — how fast they go!”

But no, they did not escape. The ecitons ran up the bushes after them. They ran to the end of the twigs. The ecitons followed them. They were obliged to drop to the earth into the army. The ecitons seized and devoured them, and added them to their spoil.

“That is too bad,” said the Englishman. “It is the first time that I ever pitied a spider.”

“The army of the ants is not more merciless than human armies have been,” said Leigh.

The army was marching on. It passed.

There was one spider that escaped in view of the Englishman and Leigh. It wove a silk thread out of itself, as it seemed, and hung suspended between the earth and the bush, until the army had gone by, when it lowered itself to the desolate track of the march, evidently rejoicing.

"See what prudence can do," said the Englishman. "This is a queer world. I wonder what I will see next? Suppose an army of beasts, or snakes, or something that no one ever heard of before, should come upon us, as the ants came upon the insects. I begin to wish I hadn't come. Who can tell where that Mosquito Indian may lead us?"

Monkeys were gibbering in the trees.

"They never form an army, do they, Señor Mosquito, and fall upon unprotected travellers?"

The guide laughed at being addressed in this queer way. He had probably never been called "Señor" before.

An army of curious monkeys filled the trees, a city of them. Parrots of splendid plumage gathered with them. There were monkeys and parrots everywhere.

With them some trogons appeared, their metallic lustres gleaming in the stray sunbeams.

"Suppose they were all to fall upon us at once," said the Englishman, "and that the snakes should unite with them, what would happen?"

"Do you want to know?" asked Leigh.

"Well, no; what would happen, Señor Mosquito?"

"No, *se*," said the man from the coast.

"I will show you," said the Englishman.

He held up his pistol and fired a blank cartridge into the air.

Erupit—evasit. In a minute not a monkey was to be seen. The parrots rose up into the blue air without further remarks. There was a dead silence everywhere. The only living intelligence left in the tree-tops were two trogons, who mounted lazily to high wood, and trusted to fate for protection.

The male was a beautiful bird. Leigh desired to secure it alive, and asked Señor Mosquito if it could be done.

Apula shook his head.

“I will find you a handsomer one higher up,” he said.

“Higher up?”

The field for the study of trogons, higher up, was indeed a wide one. How grand the mountains loomed in the sunny air! The forests were growing more lofty and sombre. Leigh, like the Englishman, wondered as to what surprise would meet them next.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ARMY OF PIGS — BITTEN BY A JIGGER.

THE question had not long been asked as to what new surprise awaited our travellers, when the Mosquito guide said, "Hark!"

The Englishman drew his rein, and the mule was never slow to obey that order.

There was heard a savage sound as of teeth.

"My heyes!" said the Englishman, "what is that?"

"The wari," said the Mosquito.

"And what are the wari?"

"Pigs," said the American, "wild pigs; look yonder."

There seemed to be from fifty to a hundred pigs in a company, turning hither and thither, as though hung on wires.

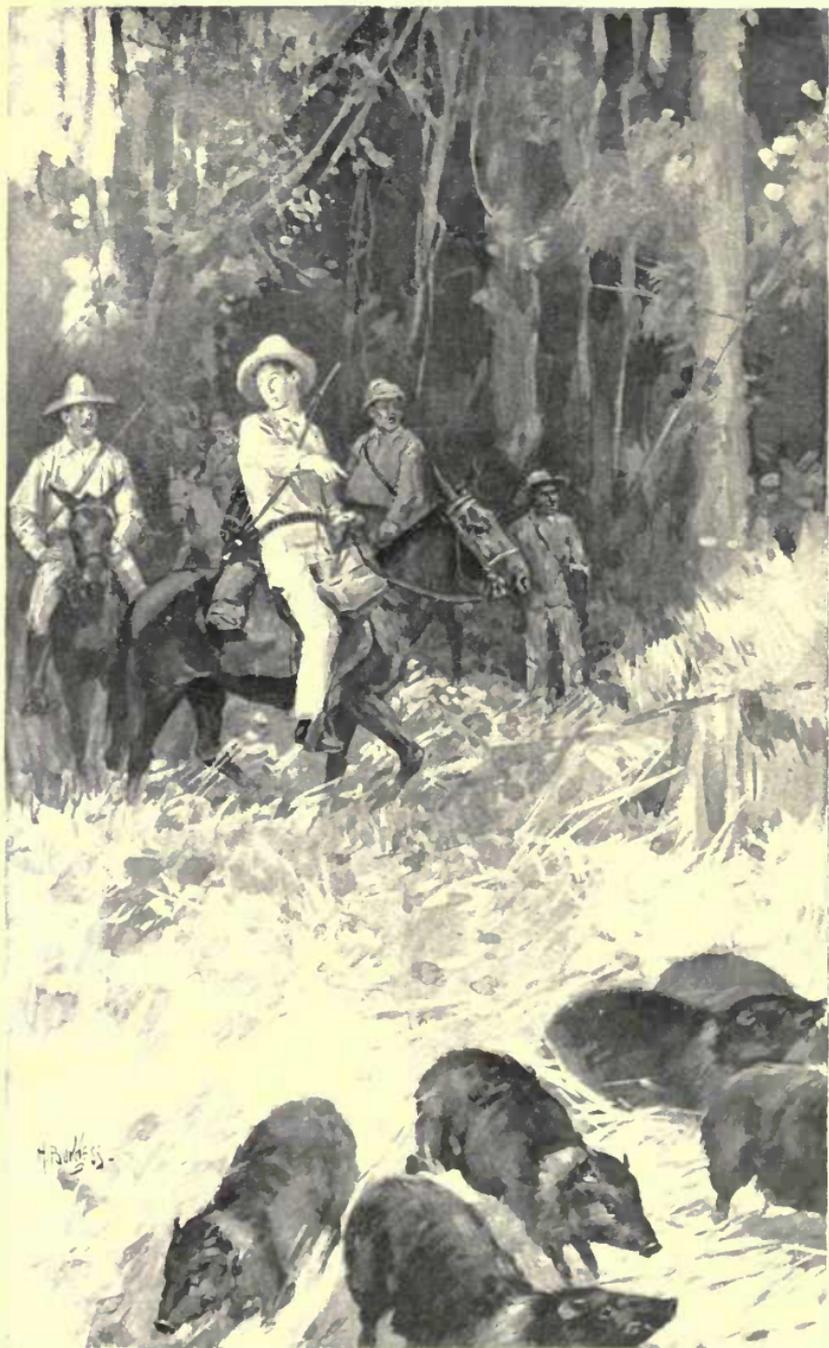
"What makes them go in companies?" asked the Englishman.

"To protect themselves from the jaguar," said the Mosquito.

"There are no jaguars in these forests, I hope," said the Englishman.

"Yes, in the trees."

"In the trees? What is to prevent them from jumping down?"



"*No se*," said the Mosquito, shrugging his shoulders.

The Englishman began to carefully scan the tree-tops. Each huge macaw that wriggled its tail in a far vista suggested the jaguar.

"The jaguar watches for the pigs," said the Mosquito.

"He falls from the tree, breaks the neck of one of the wari, and runs up the tree again, leaving the pig to die. When the pigs have run away he comes down the tree again and eats the one whose neck he has broken."

"He never falls upon a mule?" asked the Englishman.

"*No se*," responded the Mosquito, leaving much to our portly friend's imagination.

"He might fall upon a boy, if he were to stray away alone," continued the Mosquito.

"He means you," said the Englishman. "I would advise you to walk near the mules. I don't care to see one of those animals outside of a menagerie."

"Everything is a menagerie here," said the Indian, "and we all seem to be in the condition of lion tamers in a cage."

"But what shall we do when it comes dark?" asked the Englishman. "Ants that devour everything, spiders, and some of them may be tarantulas — who knows? — wild pigs in droves, and jaguars, and what next? Mozo, say, Señor Mosquito, what will we do when we lie down to-night?"

"*Quen sabe*," said Mozo, the Señor Mosquito.

"I couldn't sleep a wink," said the Englishman. "I would be afraid that I would wake up dead."

"You will sleep," said the Italian. "No one ever rode a mule ten hours without sleeping. Every bone in your body will cry out for sleep before the sun goes down, and you will

go to sleep, even though a jaguar be shaking a near tree-top. Build up a fire, and it will be the jaguars that will lie awake."

They made them camp for the night.

For a time all was quiet save the humming of insects in the sunset trees.

"Mozo!"

It was the Englishman who called out in an anxious voice.

The guide answered, "What, Señor?"

"Are there snakes in this country?"

"Yes, Señor; there are coral snakes here, so I have heard, and red blood snakes."

It was early evening, and in the tropics the world wakes at night. Fireflies, night butterflies, gleamed in the trees; the air seemed alive.

"There are deadly centipedes in some places," said the guide. "They will not harm you, for all their hundred legs full of poison, if you will only lie still and let them run over you."

"But if you don't lie still, they bite," said Little Afraid.

"What happens then?" asked the Englishman.

"You put tobacco on the bite, and you curl up, and you never say no more."

The Englishman rose up in his hammock, shaking the trees so as to bring down a shower of blooms and insects.

"The tarantulas are as bad as the centipedes," said Little Afraid, "and the scorpions are as bad as any."

"What makes all these things have stings and poisons in them, Mozo?"

"*No se.*"

"I can't sleep," said the Englishman; "all the air seems buzzing. There's a buzzing in the trees above."

"Heavens! what is *that*?"

A dismal sound echoed from the well palms.

"That's an howl!" said the American.

"An owl?"

"No, an howl."

"What should make an animal howl like that?"

There was a silence. The cry as of woe was repeated.

"Mozo, what is that animal?"

"It is a monkey, Señor."

"What makes him howl?"

"*No se*, Señor."

The night brightened into a dusky glory. The valley seemed a ghost land of palms.

The camp had become silent. Each one was sleeping, or on his way to sleep, in easy hammocks. The alarm dog had ceased to bark, when suddenly a powerful voice startled all.

"Mozo!"

"What, Señor?"

"I am as good as dead now. I have been bitten. I can feel it. Mozo, get up!"

The guide reluctantly left his hammock.

"Oh, it is nothing but a mosquito," he said.

"But I haven't been bitten *there*," said the alarmed man.

"I have been bitten under my blanket. Hurry and look! Time is precious!"

The Englishman rolled back his blanket and revealed his leg.

"There is a spot there," said the guide.

"A spot? A death wound, — it burns like fire. Do you suppose it was a tarantula that did it, or a scorpion or what?"

"Little Afraid, you get up and look; you have lived on the coast."

"Drink some brandy," said the doctor.

"Put some tobacco juice on the wound," said the American.

"How does it look?" asked the afflicted man of Little Afraid.

"I know what it is," said Little Afraid.

"What? Not a snake?"

"No," said Little Afraid, turning his head as though it was hung on a pivot.

"A centipede?"

"No, Señor, not that; there is only one spot, and that is a good one."

"A good one?"

"A red one; it is growing."

"It is not a tarantula that has bit me?"

"No, Señor, not a tarantula. You would be all jerky-like, if it was that."

"Then, you young rascal, why don't you tell me what it is, and not keep me here suspended between life and death? How long have I to live?"

"As long as you can, Señor."

"It is gone in to make its nest there."

"What! into my leg?"

"Yes, Señor, it lays its eggs there; then it swells."

"What swells?"

"The spot swells."

"What made the spot? You young rascal, what is it?"

Why don't you tell me what it is? I can feel it now. The pain is running up my leg. Answer, don't keep me waiting, — what shall I do, — what is it? If you know, why don't you tell? I might as well be told the truth first as last, — what is it? Oh, oh! — what is it?"

"It is a *jigger*."

The guide sunk into his hammock again. The American said, —

"*Buenos noche*," and the Italian "*Adios!*"

Little Afraid held his nose to keep from laughing, and the poor traveller, with the jigger intent on nest making, groaned and asked, —

"Are there any more of them in this country?"

The negro boy assured him that the land was full of them, and they *sometimes* made a sore. The boy talked sleepier and sleepier, and amid a humming in the air, like tropical ocean waves, all fell asleep.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WOUNDED MONKEY.

THE white-faced monkey has traits and habits that are very human. It has a strong love for its young, and it is a tender sight to see the little monkey mother nursing her young in the leafy covers of the trees.

The Italian doctor, after a noon siesta in a thick wood where the party had rested from the heat, looked up into some thick limbs and saw a monkey nursing her little one. Yielding to curiosity and to a brutal impulse, which sometimes overcomes the humane feelings of even an intelligent man, he lifted his pistol and fired a shot at the little mother.

The poor monkey dropped into the lower boughs, pitifully screaming, but clasping her little one to her breast.

Her blood was flowing, and when she saw it she cried again, and more closely clasped her little one.

The party was aroused by the pistol shot, and the monkey looked towards them pitifully and reproachfully.

"What did you do that for?" asked the Englishman, who had a heart worthy of membership of a humane society.

"I don't know; it came over me to do it," said the doctor. "I'm sorry; it did me no good."

The monkey dropped to the ground, still holding her young.

She dragged herself away at a little distance, faint, bleeding, and crying, and tried to run up some lianas near, but was too weak. She now seemed looking about for some particular leaves or plants. She moved herself to a certain bush, pulled from it some leaves, and put them into the bleeding wound.

“I am sorry that I did that act,” said the doctor. “That monkey has the instinct of a physician. See how she is trying to heal herself. I would go to her and try to help her if it would not scare her.”

She lay gasping for a time, with her little one still trying to nurse at her breast.

Suddenly she started up and tried again to raise herself on a liana, but she had not the strength.

She turned her eyes towards the party, as if asking for pity and help. She trembled, hugged her little one closely, then dropped to the earth, uttered a little wail and died.

“I shall never forget those eyes,” said the Englishman. “They were as near human as any beast’s could be. I am an old traveller; but I have never lost my heart in seeing the world. I wouldn’t have shot that monkey for a fortune. What is it in human nature that can make a man desire to take the life of any innocent thing? Doctor, excuse me; it was the right of that monkey to enjoy the sunshine, the air, the trees. It was the right of that little baby monkey, which will die, to have its mother. I have travelled in India; I am no Brahman or Buddhist; I have little regard for a system that degrades men and enslaves women; but I am an East Indian in the principle that all harmless life is sacred to God. To

kill a monkey like that without a purpose is murder. To put out life, except to protect life, is wrong. Excuse me, Doctor."

"My friend," said the doctor, "you are right. I quite agree with you."

"What made you do it?" asked the questioner, in a philosophical sense.

"The beast that remains within me. Man has not yet become a full human being. The tiger is still in the cat. The kitten that purrs so lovingly in your lap still holds the instinct to torture a mouse."

"Will the time ever come when that instinct will be eliminated from the human heart?"

"It is so in India to-day," said the Englishman; "but by the influence of superstition. We should put into our religion the best that is in all religions, and Christianity should in part follow Indian cult in the principle of the sacredness of animal life. All animals that are harmless, or can be made so, should be spared, not only for their own good, but for our own good. Doctor, *you* would have been a better man had you not killed that poor little monkey."

As they were leaving the place, there was a shadow in the air. Something came dashing down through the trees. A huge hawk seized upon the poor baby monkey and rose, obliquely, and drifted away.

"The hawk is our brother," said Mr. Ladd, the American, who hunted. "Most people need more kindergarten education. Froebel taught the brotherhood of little children and animals, and brought the birds into his schoolroom. There's a better day coming to all this blind world!"

The doctor had need to go back to the Golden Age of Guatemala and learn some lessons of the vanished Quetzalcoatl. No one, *then*, would have killed a monkey. Why do humane ideas advance, and then retreat again?

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF TROGONS — LEIGH FINDS A TROGON RESPLENDENS.

LEIGH'S purpose to find a quetzal, the bird of the Mexican deity, and the national emblem of the state of Guatemala, seemed now likely to be fulfilled. There were trogons everywhere. They mingled with flocks of other birds, possibly for protection.

Leigh made daily inquiries about them and their habits, and was told that they "fed upon the wing." This could hardly be so, except in the case of insects, for he saw them often lazily gathering fruit on the trees.

One day he discovered two splendid trogons directly over his head, in a woody arcade. They were green, and the male had a reddish-brown breast, which was not the fiery crimson that he had expected to see. But the lustres of the superb bird, the so-called "feathered snake," were metallic, and the four tail feathers had the same hue. The female bird was an ideal of loveliness, though her plumage was not as "royal" as that of the male.

"A quetzal," said Leigh to the Mosquito.

"Ay, ay, a quetzal; a trogon, call him the splendid trogon," said the guide.

Leigh's heart beat. He studied the indolent creature,

perched amid the orchids. There was the golden green, of which he had read, the primrose and amber lustres, but not the vivid ruby red. Nor was the tail curved, nor two feet long. The rounded crest of filamentous feathers had not the imperial appearance that he had seen in pictures. He recalled seeing such a bird in the collection of stuffed trogons in the Boston Museum of Natural History, and that it was given a very conspicuous place among the splendid trogon family, of which there are in all some fifty or more species.

"Was that the Indian bird?" asked Leigh of the Mosquito, who did not comprehend.

"Ay, ay, the royal bird," said the guide. "Quetzalcoatl, the god, sent him forth. It was death to kill him in the old times, and only the chiefs were allowed to wear his feathers. Quetzaltepec, the chieftain, was named for him."

"But," said Leigh, "he does not look quite as splendid as I had expected. Are you quite sure that that is a royal trogon?"

"They call it the splendid trogon," said the Mosquito, in Spanish. "I never saw a more splendid bird than that, did you?"

"No," said Leigh. "The fringed cape of feathers that partly cover his wings is the richest plumage that I ever saw."

"Some call him the peacock trogon," said the guide.

"Could you capture him?" asked Leigh of the Mosquito, in much excitement.

"Yes, yes," said the Mosquito. "What will you pay me if I will?"

"A pound for the pair," said Leigh.

"You shall have them," said the Mosquito, though he only in part comprehended what Leigh had said.

"They may fly away," said Leigh.

"No, no," said the Mosquito. "Trogons don't fly about much in the heat of the day."

"I must have them both alive," said Leigh.

"You shall have them alive," said the Indian, comprehending the condition.

"And the plumage must not be broken."

"No, no," said the Indian. "The feathers of the trogon come off easily. They must be handled with care. It is no easy thing to stuff those birds, the feathers fit them so lightly. Splendid feathers grow in light soil. But, *mon ami, courage*, you shall have them both for that one pound that you promised, and not a feather shall be broken."

Leigh looked up to the male bird with the fussy crest. With all of his splendor, he had not the attraction of his lovely mate.

"It would do me good to hold that dove-like wife of his in my hand," said Leigh. "How can I carry them away?"

"Buy an openwork basket of the Indians in the marketplace of some village, and cover the top with cloth — a large basket," said the guide.

"What could I feed them with?"

"Oh, fruit — any kind of fruit, all kinds. They will be contented and happy as long as they are together."

How was the Indian to capture these beautiful birds among the high orchids?

"You will have to go away from here," said the Indian.

"Why?" asked Leigh.

"That I may capture the birds."

"But you do not capture birds by going away from them?"

"Yes, yes; ay, ay, I capture some birds in that way."

The Indian went to a pack mule. He took from it a bottle of chicha, of the strongest kind, in which were some native berries like cherries. The berries looked very bright and tempting. They were a luxury that the arriero carried with him for the needs of exhaustion; they had a reputation as a stimulant.

He took some of the red berries and laid them down in view of the two birds under the trees, and walked away.

"Will the birds come down to eat them?" asked Leigh.

"Ay, ay."

"But the woods are full of berries."

"But not of that kind," said the guide. "The trogon knows that berry as soon as he sees it, and he will seize upon it as soon as he is left to do so."

"But he will not eat the berries when he tastes the alcohol," said Leigh to the guide.

"Wait and see, *amigo*, — wait and see. Those berries are sweeter than sugar, and the alcohol gives the sweetness a sting. The bird loves strong berries, as well as sweet ones. The two birds will make a feast of the berries in a little time. They are dropping down to the lower limbs of the trees now. See the blossoms fall. That male bird is a beauty. He is as good as caught now."

The Indian was right.

The male bird with a wave of his beautiful plumes dropped upon the ground. The female bird followed him. Leigh watched the two with intense excitement.

They devoured the soaked berries greedily. The alcohol did not seem to be distasteful to them.

After eating the berries, they did not rise. They seemed dazed and stood there. Then the male bird spread out its wings helplessly, and sunk upon the ground, and the female bird gave a little flutter and fell down beside him.

Leigh started to go to him.

"Wait a little," said the Indian. "Don't go too soon, lest they flutter and break their plumage. Let me go and find a basket. You can buy a larger basket when you come to a village."

Leigh waited. The birds fluttered a little and then lay still.

The Indian went away and came back bringing a basket with a cover, and handed it to Leigh.

"There are the birds," he said, pointing.

Leigh went up to them and took up the supposed royal birds, as they lay on the sandy turf dead drunk. He put them into his basket.

"They will open their eyes when they awake," said Leigh, "and find that their world has grown less."

"That is the way with folks in that condition," said the guide.

"Yes, yes," said the good Englishman, who had come to view the curious scene, and who had heard the last remark.

"The world grows less to all creatures who do not learn to curb their appetites and passions. Poor birds, I pity ye when ye wake up. I've pitied creatures like you before. What are you going to do with them, Leigh?"

“Take them back to the States. We have a bird-house at home.”

“You will find that no easy matter, my boy.”

“They will be worth the care,” said Leigh.

“There are few collections of living birds that have the royal bird of the Aztecs, the bird of the gods, in their number.”

“Do you think that those are the real birds of the temples?”

“Yes,” said Leigh. “Trogon resplendens.”

“All trogons resplendens are not royal quetzals,” said the Englishman.

“But look at the crown on this one’s head, and the fringed feathers on the wings, and the red breast,” said Leigh.

“But the breast is not carmine,” said the Englishman. “I thought that the tail of the quetzal was much longer, and that it was barred and curved, and of variegated lustres. This male bird has too many plumes in his tail. Are you quite sure that this is the bird that you have been seeking?”

“So the Indian says, and he should know.”

Leigh stood in the shadow of the glimmering trees, and studied the lustres of the jewel-like plumage of the helpless bird. All the feathers on the body were soft as silk, and they seemed to have been dipped in jewels. How delighted Captain Frobisher would be when he saw this living treasure: this gem of the woods, wearing the lustres of the sun!

In a few hours Leigh looked into the basket to find that the birds had revived. They seemed very much surprised, and to be wondering at what had happened. Their beaks

were of a bright yellow. Leigh put some luscious fruit into the basket, and left it there.

He dreamed that he secured a treasure of the temples of the gods, whose ruins he would see in Lake Nicaragua and in Guatemala.

They journeyed slowly into the mountains, rising as it were on stone steps out of green forests into the clear regions of the sky. But, alas, for the royal trogons! One morning Leigh arose from his hammock, to hear hundreds of trogons calling, but *his* royal birds were both dead. He carefully removed their feathers.

He was bitterly disappointed. Apula saw it, and touched him on the shoulder, and said:—

“Those were no true birds. I know—I will find you the true bird some day—some day. Apula will not forget. My heart is yours.”

CHAPTER XVII.

THE JAGUAR HUNT.

WITH the party went a curious dog, which was called an "alarm dog," because he always barked when he saw anything that other eyes did not see. In the still nights he was constantly giving an alarm, which made our nervous English traveller very restless. After seeing the army of the ants, the pigs, and being told of the jaguar's habits, under the name of the cougar, his nervous fears grew, and he had suspicions of every bush.

One night, when they were encamped, he heard what sounded like a child crying in a pavilion-like cluster of trees. He started up and roused Leigh.

"What's that, boy?" he asked in a tremor.

"It is a cry of distress," said Leigh.

"Mozo," said the Englishman, "Mozo, hello, wake up. There's some one in distress, crying in the wood yonder. I have heard it a dozen times."

"That's nothing," said the guide. "We must have sleep; we have a hard journey before us for the morrow." He turned in his hammock, and was lost to all cries of distress.

"I can't sleep with that sound in my ears," said the good-hearted Englishman.

The Italian doctor was now awake.

"Doctor," said the Englishman, "you are younger than I. Go out to the trees yonder and look around. There's a child lost there."

The Italian rolled out of his hammock, and, taking his gun, went out into the moonlit air. The night was still now; the trees were glistening with dew and emitted a resinous odor. The near mountains looked like shadows in the air.

It came again—that pitiful cry. The place where they were encamped was called a quebrada.

The doctor with a light tread stole up the side of the quebrada towards the tall, tent-like trees, whence the sound had come. He entered the cluster and suddenly emerged, and hurried back to the glen of the hammocks.

"What have you seen?" asked the Englishman.

"I hab seen de debil," said the Italian, forgetting his English accent.

The Englishman started up.

"You have?—you mean something that has an evil spirit. But no evil thing cries like that."

"There was something in the branches of the trees, stretched out long. It has eyes like fire."

Our good friend's, the Englishman's, eyes began to glow.

"What a horrible place this is! Mozo, arriero, Mosquito," he called. "Wake up, the evil one has been seen in the trees, crying like a child! Wake up!"

The guide now sat up.

"What do you think it is?"

"A puma," said the guide. The puma is the South American lion.

"What is that?" asked the Englishman.

"A cougar," said the guide.

"A painter" (panther), answered the American. "It is nothing but a cat."

"What is it doing?" asked the Englishman.

"Watching," said the Italian.

"But I do not want to be watched by a cat like that! Is the puma, cougar, and painter all one cat?"

"One name for the same cat," said the American.

"It must be an awful cat to have so many names; I've seen pictures of the animal in natural history books."

"It is a jaguar," said the doctor, "a *Felis onca*. The puma is a wrong name for him — a *Felis onca*."

"That sounds more awful than all the rest. That is the animal that leaps upon a wild pig and breaks his back."

"He leaps upon an animal from the trees, and breaks his neck by twisting his head around," said the American.

"I wouldn't want to die like that. Mozo, go out and take a shot at him."

"Wait until morning," said the guide.

"Will he wait too?" asked the Englishman.

"Yes, yes."

"Then I couldn't sleep a wink more," said the Englishman. "Sometimes I wish that I hadn't come."

"He has a beautiful skin," said the guide, "yellow, covered with rosettes."

"With black rings with spots in the middle of them," said the doctor. "The animal has more spots than names."

"I would like to have his skin to send home for a Christmas present to my daughter," said the Englishman.

"I would write to her that I — no, that my party shot it,

and she would hang it up in the hall, and I could always look upon it with pride, and tell my friends how we hunted it, and made an adventure of it. Mozo, I have heard of a jaguar hunt; I will give you two pounds for that animal's *hide*."

The arriero was awake now, his eyes, too, shone. He rolled from his hammock, lit a torch, and examined his gun.

"Follow me," he said; "all go."

He went towards the high thicket.

The morning was breaking. The woods resounded with the screams of the parrots and the songs of birds. There was a gleam on the mountain tops, and a fresh odor, as of dewy blooms, everywhere.

The guide began to bend low as he came to the thickets. The rest of the party followed his example, hardly knowing why they did so, for they saw nothing. The Englishman followed last.

"Is the jaguar a very large animal?" he asked of the American.

"Almost as big as a tiger," said the American. "He could carry you off in his mouth, so I have read—some of them are so large that they can carry off a sheep."

"I wouldn't want to fall in with one alone," said the Englishman. "In the forest the animal has the right of way, and I would give it to him. What does he live on?"

"Monkeys," said the American.

"You don't say that," said the Englishman. "Monkeys, monkeys. Gramercy, I would rather have his skin than him."

The guide was now in the wood, under the tall trees. The

crack of his rifle shook the air, and caused a cloud of parrots' wings to rise.

Something fell. The Englishman turned, and leaped back towards the quebrada. "I'm so slow," he said.

There was a battle in the bushes, and the American stepped back.

A beautiful animal with a terrible face rushed out of the thicket. He was leaping as though wounded, but he came in the direction of the quebrada.

The Englishman beheld him, and one look at his open mouth and maddened eyes caused him to leap about in the greatest terror.

"Shoot!" cried the guide to the Englishman.

"Shoot him yourself," cried the Englishman, "for heaven's sake, shoot, shoot!"

Just then the animal rushed into the space between the guide and our English friend. The guide raised his gun.

"Holt! holt!" cried the Englishman, "don't shoot me!"

The Englishman turned round and round, as the animal rushed by him almost on to the barrel of his gun.

What a beautiful creature he was with his yellow skin and black rosettes.

He leaped down the quebrada, then up the other side, leaving a trail of blood behind. The animal was wounded. The guide rushed after him.

"Follow!" he cried. All saw the animal's hopeless case, and hurried on after the guide.

The jaguar, for so it was, and not a puma, ran with great force, but limping, into an adjoining wood, when a marvellous thing happened. In the middle of the wood was a clear

lake, and on its margin was a tapir drinking. The animal looked like a great hog or a little elephant. She had a little one with her, which caused her to pause when she heard the hunters coming.

The jaguar ran through some thick bushes on the bank of the stream, then into some reedy grass, near the little tapir. He sunk down for a moment, then gave a leap, and fell upon the back of the tapir, which now tried to run away.

But the hunters were on one side and the lake or pond on the other, and the frightened animal rushed into the pond with the jaguar on her back. She was soon in deep water.

“Fire!” said the guide to the Italian.

The Italian took aim at the jaguar and discharged his rifle.

The animal sprang forward and rolled over into the water.

The guide levelled his gun at the tapir.

“Spare her for the sake of her young,” said the American.

“Well, we have killed the jaguar,” said the Englishman.
“The next thing will be to get him out of the pond.”

This was not difficult. The beast floated at first, and then was easily dragged ashore.

It had been wounded in the foreleg, under the breast. It had seemed to have felt its helplessness, and to have sought to use the tapir's legs for its own.

The skin was very beautiful. The Englishman paid the promised two pounds to the guide, rolled up the skin to send to England, as a trophy of the achievements of the party with which he hunted. We hardly think that he would have claimed more than his share in the hunt, for, although he

was a very careful man, he had deep respect for honor and truth, and was also so kind-hearted as to say :—

“It seems a pity to kill an animal that could reason like that. But,” he added, “I would not have liked to find my legs in that cat’s mouth, that painter, puma, cougar, jaguar cat—that is too much of a cat.”

Indeed it was. All these names may be applied to tigers of the same family, but they are not all of the same kind, certainly not the puma.

They were now far on their way to the lake.

They occasionally met in the forest a Rio Frio Indian. Some of these were very friendly, some very reserved and shy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LOST INDIAN BABIES OF RIO FRIO — ZAPATERA.

“THE bad Indians of the Rio Frio!” Such is not an uncommon appellation of a tribe of Indians who shun the face of white men, and have become the deadly enemy of the immigrating Europeans.

But the Rio Frio Indians did not always bear the bad reputation among the white people that they now have. They were a simple tribe, living happily among the india-rubber groves, hunting peaceably, and drifting on their dug-out canoes or burnt-out canoes of the trunks of the great mahogany or other giant trees. In their huts, made probably of cane and roofed with grasses or palms, they raised their families of children in primitive simplicity, were ministered to by their wives, and were proud of the beauty of their babies.

For these babies were very pretty, and the delight of the huts under the river palms.

The india-rubber trade was carried into this quiet region, and some of the traders were attracted to the simple homes by the beauty of the little children, especially of the babies, with their olive faces, black luminous eyes, and cunning features.

The followers of the traders began occasionally to steal

one or more of these doll-like babies, and carry them to the cities on the lakes and the river San Juan, and give them away.

But it was soon found that these charming little ones of the rubber groves, like especially attractive monkeys and parrots, had a market value. A Rio Frio baby was a delightful pet for a rich family to hold, and when it grew up, and was no longer desirable on account of its beauty, the captive became a useful servant. For this cause the stealing of Indian babies became common.

But how did the Indian families regard the loss of these beautiful children, the babies that were their household treasures?

The people who captured these bright-eyed beauties spoke of them as though they had the same kind of right to them as they would have had to young monkeys. To them the robbery was nothing more than that of a bird's nest. The stolen treasure was only "an Indian baby." "Come here and let me show you what I have bought for the patio," such a housewife would say; "it is an Indian baby from the Rio Frio; isn't he a little beauty?" The visitor would be taken to it amid the monkeys, parrots, and song-birds, to witness its cunning ways as it lay in the lap of some negro nurse.

But the conduct of these Indians towards the explorers suddenly changed. The india-rubber traders began to be exposed to poisonous arrows shot by invisible foes from behind the great trunks of the trees and webs of lianas. The adventurer who wandered off alone in the Rio Frio was likely to come to a tragic end.

Suddenly the Rio Frio natives began to be called "bad"

Indians in the coast cities. It became necessary for the traders to go well armed, and to be very watchful on entering the great shadows of the rubber groves on the river.

The traders at last seized upon one of the chief Indians by stealth, and tried to persuade him to make a treaty with them. The leader's name we will call Paco.

"When you shall restore to us the children you have stolen, we will consider your proposal; but never until then," said Paco.

"Your day of judgment will one day fall," said Paco. "It will happen to you as to all who wrong the hearts of others. Mark you, mark you! listen to me if you have ears. The children that you have stolen from our huts will one day become men. Mark you, mark you! and they have mothers. The mothers wander, and they never forget. No, no! The Indian mother may have many little ones, but she never forgets one of them. The mothers whose bosoms you have robbed, they wander, they remember; and the lost children will grow!"

The trader took alarm. He had one of the growing babies in his own family, and he had been accustomed to treat the stealing of the beautiful Indian babies as he would have done the capture of monkeys.

The Indian mother never forgets her babe.

She wanders, as the chief had said, and the stolen babe would grow to be a man.

The trader turned over these things in his mind, and he suddenly recalled another fact, that these Indians could practise deadly enchantments, as the arts of destruction were called, and could use poisons in more ways than on arrows.

He surveyed the cacique. He knew that he represented the cause of human right. Every family has the right to its children, no matter how barbarous it may be. He would try to put an end to baby stealing by creating the common sentiment of justice against such things.

But he forgot his good resolution in the hurry of trade and traffic, and the incident of his meeting Paco almost passed out of his mind.

One day on returning to his home, or bungalow, he noticed a tall, sharp-eyed Indian woman among his servants. There was an air of mystery about her that caused him to say to his wife:—

“Where did you find that woman? She is an Indian.”

“She came here to be hired. I wanted help and engaged her.”

“Does she belong to the same tribe as little Paco?”

“I do not know.”

“Is she friendly to little Paco?”

“I have never seen them speaking together, but I have noticed that her eyes sometimes rest upon him, and that his are continually following her.”

“Little Paco is a boy now, wife.”

“Yes, I know, he is no longer a curiosity; you must employ him now. Find him a place among the hands in the canefields.”

The explorer's suspicions were aroused that this tall Indian woman had sought work in his home from some other reason than service. She did not talk Spanish well, and in answer to his questions she uttered only vague words, and seemed disposed to turn away from him.

He had a beautiful babe, and it began to engage the attention of little Paco, the stolen baby, now a boy. A deep affection sprang up between the two. Paco loved to play with the child whenever the black nurse took it into the patio.

The hired Indian woman was never seen to speak to the babe or to little Paco, but her eyes were turned towards the happy group, when the babe was brought into the patio and the people gathered around it.

The trader went and came. His suspicions disappeared. His household seemed to be perfect in happiness and harmony.

One day, as he came home, he was met by his wife at the gate, who rushed out of the house, weeping and trembling and throwing up her hands, —

“The babe! the babe!” she cried. “It is gone, — they are hunting for it, — it is gone! I woke in the morning and felt for it, but the bed was empty!”

“Gone?” exclaimed the trader. “Where is the Indian woman?”

“She is gone to find little Paco.”

“Paco? where is the boy?”

“He went away to look for the baby, as soon as I told him that it was gone.”

The babe had not walked away. The nurse had not carried it away. It had been stolen.

But Paco had gone in search of the thief, and the Indian woman had fled to find him.

“Wife,” said the explorer, wildly, “that Indian woman was the mother of Paco, and Paco stole the babe, and hid it in the cacti, and has fled with it away. The babe is

being carried away to the Rio Frio Indians amid the rubber trees."

The explorer rushed madly about, hither and thither, making inquiries of every one he met in regard to little Paco and the Indian woman. But the going away of the two had been very silent and mysterious.

The explorer summoned some trusty men, and with them took a canoe, and paddled towards the principal settlement of the Rio Frio Indians.

He made the men paddle swiftly, and to pay little heed to the dangers of the stream. He never felt the value of the little life of a babe before.

"On, on," he cried, "anything for the child!"

As he drew near the place of the settlement, he stood up in the boat and loaded his rifle, with a terrible look in his face.

Something white cleaved the air from a mangrove near.

He shook for a moment, dropped his rifle, and sank down into the boat, and losing his balance fell into the water. He did not try to save himself. They drew him up out of the water, but he was dead.

They went to the settlements, but the huts were deserted. Neither Paco, little Paco, the Indian mother, if so she was, or the white babe were ever heard of by the rubber traders or seen by any of the white explorers again.

There has been an American Mission among these Indians for several years, under the patronage of the Brothers Arthur, builders, of Philadelphia.

The party arrived at the ancient Spanish city of Granada, on Lake Nicaragua. Leigh had expected to find his uncle and brother here, but they had not yet arrived. Leigh remained at Granada for a few days, keeping Apula with him.

Granada seemed to be the old world. There was an ancient air, a faded grandeur everywhere. The scenery from the high points of the city is enchanting, the palm lands, the lake, and the lake volcanoes. Some twenty thousand people live here, and most of them seem to have little to do. It was once a famous port city.

Between Granada and Rivas (old Nicaragua) is a dead island, or an island of the dead, named Zapatera, the Shoemaker. It is volcanic and rises nearly two thousand feet high. Here lie the remains of a once wonderful city, a place of worship, like Copan in Guatemala, or Palenque in Mexico.

Apula secured a *bongo*, or long boat, and took Leigh to this island.

A bongo is some fifty feet long with masts, and is made from the trunk of a single tree.

The sail on the lakes was most beautiful, the volcanic islands rising high in the serene air, like pyramids out of the waters.

The ruins are found in the midst of tropical forest. The monuments of deified kings and heroes are rude and unsightly, and without the refined lines of those at Copan, Guatemala, or at Palenque, Mexico. Had these images not been made of solid stone, this place of temples and teocalli would probably have vanished from the memory of man.

One of the proposed routes for the Nicaraguan Canal lies on a point near Rivas to the Pacific. Another takes in both the lakes of Nicaragua and Managua. Should the latter be used, what sights of prehistoric associations may the future traveller see as he passes on shipboard through these lakes, upon whose shores lie the limbs of vanished gods and races! The canal would cause Lake Nicaragua to become one of the wonders of the world. There Toltecs, Aztecs, Indian tribes, and we may almost say a Spanish race have arisen, raised their temples and churches, and sunk into shade. Education comes next, and it must be the education of the spiritual principles that eternally endure; though races come and go, and temples rise and fall, the kingdom of the true God lies in the soul.

After Leigh returned to Granada, the whole party who had made the adventurous journey across Costa Rica were invited by the careful Englishman, Mr. Hobbs, to visit a cocoa, or cacao, plantation, to which he had been taken by a jolly old English friend, who loved to entertain.

The party were glad to visit the place, for it was famous. The Englishman's name was Holiday Holme. He was a merry story-teller, as well as a hospitable entertainer.

His estate on the lake, or rather overlooking it, consisted of ten thousand acres. The house was adobe and tiles, full of airy rooms that opened into a court, which was well supplied with little animals, birds, and flowers, after the manner of the country. Near the rambling house was an immense cattle pen. We would describe the growing trade in cacao here, but have done so in "Over the Andes."

It gave Holiday Holme more pleasure to entertain twenty

than ten. His hacienda was a kingdom, and his wandering-like adobe house was ample enough for a charitable institution. There was almost a village of peon cabins around it.

To the astonishment of Leigh "Uncle Holiday," as he was called, had an American wife. One of his merry stories was how he met this lady, who was very kind and accomplished, and who had won his heart through her voice.

"My wife won me through her heart, which she put into song," said the major domo. "How would you like to hear her sing some of her songs? She composes music. She sets to music the songs of the country."

"How?" There was nothing that could be more agreeable than to hear the American doña sing. The lady complied with the request of all in a very hospitable spirit.

She had a beautiful voice; there were heart tones in it. One of the songs, Salaverry's "Song of Peace," was especially beautiful; it was a Peruvian poem, which she had set to music.

SALAVERRY'S "SONG OF PEACE."

"Ye warriors of freedom, ye champions of right,
 Sheathe your swords to sweet harmony's strains;
 No bayonet should gleam, and no soldier should fight,
 Where Liberty glorious reigns.

"Melt your lances to ploughshares, your swords into spades,
 And furrow for harvests your plains;
 No shock of the battle should startle the shades
 Where Liberty glorious reigns.

"But Plenty should follow where Peace leads the way,
 And Beneficence waken her strains;

Let the war bugles cease, and the peace minstrels play
Where glorious Liberty reigns.

“Nor honor is won from the battlefield red,
Nor glory from tumult and strife ;
That soldier is only by godlike thought led,
Who offers his country his life.

“Ye warriors of freedom, ye champions of right,
Sheathe your swords to sweet harmony’s strains ;
No bayonet should gleam, and no soldier should fight,
Where glorious Liberty reigns !”

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MEDITERRANEAN OF THE WEST.

WHILE Leigh and the party of adventurers were thus making their way towards the cities on Lake Nicaragua, Captain Frobisher and Alonzo were journeying to Greytown by another way.

It is an easy thing to get from Greytown to Port Limon, as many vessels go down the coast, touching at Greytown on the way. But few vessels, as we have said, stop at Greytown on their way from Colon to New Orleans. The Atlas steamers go from Jamaica to Greytown, and thence to Port Limon fortnightly; but they do not often go the reverse way. So Captain Frobisher and Alonzo had to wait for the coming of a steamer launch, that occasionally runs from Greytown to Port Limon.

The waiting at Port Limon became tedious. But the launch came at last, and the two found themselves outside the foaming bar and the sheltering island, and gliding towards the terrible bar of Greytown, with long lines of cocoanut trees in sight.

There is an inland route to Greytown by muleback, and boats on lagoons. But it is full of peril, as the country is unhealthy to strangers, and the traveller usually has to sit in a cramped condition in the boat.

The Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea have been called the American Mediterranean. The beautiful waters of the west are here; their shores are palm lands and tropical gardens, and the islands of the Antilles are the mountain tops of the sea.

In 1872 there was begun a coast survey of this sea and its islands, which has been continued, and which tells a marvellous story of the geological ages.

The sea is a world of curious plants and strange forms of organic life; thence the Gulf Stream flows. Here are fishes of the mountains and fishes of the plains. It is the most interesting of the submarine worlds.

The islands which form the outer barrier of the Caribbean Sea are, for the most part, connected by a single foundation. What a revelation would there be were the waters to be withdrawn, and the ocean world be left spread out to human view!

The plant life of the purple sea is confined to the tidal waters near the coasts. The deep sea blooms with phosphorescent flowers.

Here the coral builders are at work. It may be said in a certain sense that Florida is neither the work of God nor man, but of the coral masons and carpenters, all fulfilling an intuitive design. These minute creatures are everywhere building the terraces of the sea, which the mango covers, and which become gardens of the palm, the orange, and the cane.

THE STORY OF THE COUNTRY OF THE EARLIEST CITIES IN
SPANISH AMERICA — WALKER THE FILIBUSTER.

So beautiful is Nicaragua that it was called by the discoverers the Paradise of Mohammed. The picture afforded by the name is not inappropriate. Here was a land where the people have nothing to do. The animal life in man predominates. But here men were as animals. The sun cared for them. They needed only a strip of clothing, and the fruits of the earth grew without labor and fed them. To-day was all. Yesterday taught them nothing, and to-morrow promised them nothing that they did not have to-day. They were born, they sunned themselves, and died.

In times before, the conquerors' temples blazed on every hill. A Peru was here, whose fairy-tales are like those of the golden Incas.

Nicaragua was discovered, in 1514, by Don Pedrarias de Avila, Governor of Panama. In 1519 Don Gil Gonzalez de Avila set out from Panama to the north, and discovered Lake Nicaragua. He found here a great chief, or cacique, whose name was Nicarao, and from him the country received its name Nicaragua. He penetrated to the ancient Indian city called Niquichizi, now the city of Granada, and returned to Panama.

In 1523, Don Pedrarias, the discoverer, sent out Don Francisco Hernandez de Cordova to conquer the great chief Nicarao.

This cavalier was the founder of the cities of Granada and Leon. These were among the earliest cities in America, springing up nearly one hundred years before the landing

of the Pilgrim Fathers at New Plymouth. They are nearly four centuries old. A Spanish immigration came, and Granada grew under the volcanoes of the wonderful lake. The Indians were conquered, and became the burden-bearers of the imperious adventurers.

In 1840 General Francisco Morazan, called the Washington of Central America, attempted to re-establish a federal republic, but was in the end driven from the country.

A strange story is next associated with Nicaragua, one of those stories whose suggestions are such that one hesitates to retouch them to life. Suggestion in books is no ordinary power. The young mind follows suggestions, the world does.

There was born in Nashville, Tenn., on the 18th of May, 1824, a restless spirit, who believed that he was a man of destiny. Like Napoleon he imagined that fate for him had set in the heavens a star. His name was William Walker. He gained unusual accomplishments. He studied law in Nashville and medicine in Germany. He became a journalist in New Orleans and a jurist in San Francisco.

He was a man of ambition, of dreams. He thirsted for power, fame, influence. In 1853 he organized an expedition for the conquest of the state of Sonora in Mexico, and landed in Lower California with three field guns and one hundred and seventy men. He issued a manifesto in which he proclaimed himself President of a new Pacific Republic.

In 1854 he marched to Sonora, but was arrested by the United States authorities, tried for violation of the neutrality laws, and was acquitted. His star had failed him.

But it arose again in his fancy. He believed in the doc-

trine of the divine order of slavery, and he now planned to erect a new slave state in Nicaragua, the "Mohammed Paradise." He landed in Nicaragua with a company of ardent adventurers, and after many struggles he took possession of the city of Granada. He was joined by other adventurers, and in March, 1856, he found himself at the head of twelve hundred men. He caused the Nicaraguan general to be shot, and himself to be elected President of Nicaragua. The state had abolished slavery, but he annulled the beneficent act.

He was now at the height of his power. He fancied that his star shone and led him on.

Insurrection at length followed. The Central American states united to oppose him, with the agents of the Vanderbilt Trading Company. He was defeated, brought to trial, escaped, but struggled against his fate. In 1860 he attempted to lead a revolution in Honduras. He fell into the hands of the English commander there, was delivered to the Honduran authorities, and shot. His star went out; if it had any purpose, it was to interest the world in Nicaragua.

Next came the project of an interoceanic canal, through the San Juan River and the lakes of Nicaragua, a scheme that glows with promise for Nicaragua and for the world.

The bright birds are here, the sea-birds and land birds. The air is wings. The West Indies have some fifteen species of humming-birds, jewels of the air. Here, once, parrots rose in flocks like clouds, as described by Columbus.

The original name of this blooming ocean world was Antilia. The navigators fancied such a land in the ocean of shadows; they found it, it grew; not one Antilia, but one following another, and leading on, on, ever on, to the mighty regions

of the Andes, the lands of the llama, the alpaca, the vicuna, and the condor.

The Caribs were the inhabitants. Enslaved by their conquerors, they began to disappear from the time that the gun of the Punta shook the shores of the Western world.

Antilia became known as the Spanish Main. It was the land of fortune. Then the world called it the West Indies, and so it remains. It only awaits the Nicaragua, Panama, or other canal to unite it in one common ocean way with the East Indies, thus in a sense fulfilling the dream of Columbus.

The old tales of romance and adventurous action and achievement of the Spanish Main would fill volumes. But we soon forget the achievements of mere money-makers. It is only what is spiritual that has real value and lives. He who seeks his happiness in what is spiritual, is not disappointed, and all others are. So with all the robbers of the Spanish Main. Sin brings us nothing to keep.

The traveller over the sea loves to look down into the plains of the clear waters. The dolphins are there moving about in happy companionship in pairs. The flying fish rise up like birds, and, perhaps, one or more of them fall unhappily upon the hard deck. The shark is there.

Bright fishes are there, the parrots of the sea. The chambered nautilus spreads his sail there.

There in a world of fishes and birds floats the sargossa, or seaweed, glistening and golden, on bladders of air. And there at night, deep down into the abysses, the bright stars shine.

It is delicious to drift and drift on the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, on the sky, as it were, of this animated

under-world. The day is a splendor, and the night a calm, and both bring their enchantments of shore, sea, and air. It is a delight to exist here, and such a delight that the mind for a time looks for nothing more. It is a sufficient satisfaction to be grateful.

But the blast from the north, coming down the Mississippi valley and creating the hurricane in their ardent atmospheres, arouses us. Terrible is the American Mediterranean in a storm.

The explorers of the coast surveys have mapped the under-world of the sea. We may behold it as the fishes do: mountain and cavern, highways and coral workshops, where the little creatures are busy, century after century, in making for mankind a larger world for better people. Such is the story of the explorers.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL — ITS PROMISE OF THE FUTURE.

NICARAGUA! The name is an "open sesame," a magic word; it suggests a new street in the great city of the whole human family — a closer brotherhood of mankind and the United States of the sea.

Spain had the vision of it in her golden days, and tried to find through Central America a highway to her South American possessions.

England has jealously guarded this precious spot of the earth. She protected her interests in it by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

What is the substance of this famous treaty? For the sake of coming events, every boy should know.

In the splendid spirit that followed the early development of the Republic, men hoped that the Nicaragua Canal would be built for the good of the world. But England wanted the privilege of accomplishing this work, and she saw that the United States would covet the same. In 1850 the two jealous nations entered into a treaty, called the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which may be ignored, but not abrogated, which pledged that neither England nor the United States will ever exercise for itself any exclusive control over a Nicaraguan Canal, nor erect fortifications to command that canal, nor form

alliances with Central American states having such ends in view. There should be no blockade of vessels in time of war. Both nations should protect the neutrality of such a canal. Strangely enough, the rights of Nicaragua herself were not considered in this compact; it was made as though England and America expected to rule the sea. Such in substance is a part of the famous Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

It is no wonder that far-seeing England should have sought for such a compact.

A tonnage of 10,000,000 per annum to destinations not so easily reached by the Suez Canal and other routes would yield an immense revenue, and practically change the commerce of the world. The canal at the time of the treaty would have made a new commercial America; now that we have built a network of railroads everywhere, have a navy, and are ready for expansion on the sea, the importance of such a new gateway to the Pacific cannot be estimated. It would be likely to change the conditions of the west coast of both North and South America. As Benton said of the Northwest coast, — "There lies the East — there lies India."

Its history is that of three centuries, and yet it is only begun. In 1550 Antonio Galvan pointed out the route as the natural way between the two oceans.

In the liberal era of 1825, when the Central American states had formed a federal union, Señor Don Antonio José Canaz, minister to the United States from the new Republic, became the apostle of the project of the Spanish vision and awakened the interest of Henry Clay.

In 1826 an attempt was made to build such a canal by private enterprise, but it failed for lack of subscriptions.

Like schemes arose from time to time for many years with surveys.

In 1844 Don Francisco Castellon, of Nicaragua, went to France to solicit a protectorate over his country for the sake of building the interoceanic canal. This and other French schemes failed.

England now began to seek to colonize these coasts as a protector of the King of the Mosquito Indians. This plan of local influence failed.

Mr. Vanderbilt, of New York, had a plan for a canal which was not executed. Exploration after exploration followed, and in each new administration was brought forth a new plan.

In May, 1880, a provisional Interoceanic Canal Society, in which appeared the names of General Grant, General McClellan, and many leading men, obtained from the Republic of Nicaragua a concession for the construction of a canal. The plan failed in Congress. It was changed into another plan, which was unfavorably affected by the failure of the firm of Grant and Ward.

Project after project rose and fell. The work now is in the charge of the Construction Company, of which Honorable Warner Miller was made president in 1890. This gentleman went to Nicaragua with a party of engineers and scientists, accompanied by government officers, and a thorough survey of the route was again made.

What a new chapter in this history will be, after so many failures and changes, one cannot say, except that in some near time, and in some manner, the canal is as certain to be built as any probable future event can be.

When completed it will make a new map for the world.

The Mosquito coast was the resort of the buccaneers. Many stories of these sea-robbers are told on the vessels trading on the coast, and some of these stories have been repeated for more than a hundred years. Few travellers sail here, or any ships, that do not hear some of these.

A WITNESS OUT OF THE SEA.

The story I am about to relate has been told on many ships, in many ways. I must believe it to be the most interesting of all the stories of the sea; for it is in the main true, as relics, still to be seen in an old museum in Jamaica, will bear witness.

In the days of the buccaneers, when the black flag of the pirate glided like a snake over the Spanish Main, seeking its prey among the treasure ships of the purple seas, an English man-of-war captured a vessel which was supposed to be that of sea-robbers.

Port Royal was in existence then, the city of three thousand houses, that afterwards sank into the sea.

The English vessel took the supposed piratical craft into Port Royal, and put the officers and crew upon trial before the Admiralty. But the strictest examination of the men by the court failed to produce any evidence that the ship was piratical, or engaged in other than legitimate trade.

But a suspicion remained.

The men, finding themselves thus set free, were in high glee, and began to have a lively time in the rich old port, whose remains now strew the bottom of the sea. Liquor flowed, and usual oaths, and merry gibes, and dark droll hints that their good fortune was not what might have been ex-

pected evidenced that their high spirits were not altogether those of innocence.

But they felt safe.

"Marry, Jack," said one tar to another, "we are all as secure as nursing children; no power on earth could ever touch a hair on our heads."

"It was but little that I expected but the yard-arm," replied the other. "But all the powers on earth could never reverse the decision of the Admiralty. The court says that no evidence can be found against us, and as sure as the stars, none ever can."

The sea-rovers were in a delirium of delight. To be free, to give their sails to the blue Caribbean again, when they expected hanging, gave them an exhilaration that they had never known before.

In the midst of their hilarity there came a ship from Hayti, bringing to the Admiralty a very remarkable object. It was a shark that had been captured, and disembowelled, and a small bundle of papers had been found in the fish's body.

The papers were examined by the officers of the Admiralty. They bore the name of the ship whose officers and crew had just been discharged from the court, and with them unmistakable evidences of their piracy.

The government prepared to rearrest the pirates, and to confront them with their own papers, and the evidences of their guilt which had been found in the shark's body.

So the merry men were called together again.

"A new witness has appeared in the case," said the judge to the pirate chief.

"The ship that came into the port?" said the latter. "That is impossible. We never saw that ship before."

"No — not that. The sea has sent a witness against you — there is a providence which reveals all dark deeds. A fish of the sea has come to bear witness against you."

The pirate was superstitious, and trembled.

"You threw your papers into the sea. A fish received them and kept them. Did you ever see those papers before?"

The judge held up the evidences of their guilt before the pirates. They stood as dumb as though the heavens had opened.

"In them read your death warrants," thundered the Admiralty. "Guilt carries the means of its own revelation."

They were taken to the gallows, and the story, which is in the main incident true, was long the terror of the Spanish Main. It is claimed that these papers are in existence to-day. Guilt is never secure, and no true story that I ever met more favorably illustrates the truth than this.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LANDING AT GREYTOWN — A NEW INDUSTRY — THE PLANTING OF RUBBER GROVES.

CAPTAIN FROBISHER and Alonzo found themselves at the foaming bar of Greytown.

The landing at Greytown, before the Atlas Line of steamers provided launches for the purpose, was a perilous matter indeed. There are few bars on the tropical coast on which so many lives have been lost. The surf is high and raging; the sea is full of sharks, and when a boat is wrecked on the bar, few of the passengers are likely ever to see land again. Even with the launches, which are wobbly at the vessel, and not without suggestions of danger at the foaming bar, the new-comer to the country is very glad when he finds his feet very firmly on shore.

There is a good hotel in Greytown, and the place is made healthy by the sea winds that constantly blow upon it.

The construction works for a new canal are seen here as on the railroad across Panama. The "Newport" of the Walker expedition was lying off the bar as our travellers, Captain Frobisher and Alonzo, landed here, and it is thought that the American Congress will be influenced by the report to be made by this expedition to make the necessary appropriations for the undertaking of this great enterprise of opening a direct way to the South and the Orient.

Alonzo, always seeking for new opportunities for young people, met a young man from the States at Greytown, by the name of Singer, who had spent nearly two years in the country, and who thought that he saw a new need of the markets of the manufacturing world.

"What do you think of the prospects of coffee plantations in this country?" asked Alonzo of the young man, who had lived in Boston and Minneapolis, and knew so much of the East and West in the States.

"I think it is good," said the young man; "but to my view there is being created a need that will make another industry here more certain and more profitable."

"And what is that?" asked Alonzo.

"The raising of india-rubber. The wild india-rubber trees are becoming exhausted by the india-rubber hunters. This is a natural land of the rubber tree; it is easily grown, and the ports for disposing of rubber are near and easy. Had I means, I would plant india-rubber groves. In a few years they would yield a product that would be far more valuable than coffee, and the groves could be planted at less expense."

"How would you plant the groves, my friend? I seem to see that there will soon be such a need as you describe."

"Simply by placing the seeds in the earth of lands that cost next to nothing. The young trees would require no cultivation. One would only have to wait a few years for them to grow large enough for them to be tapped. After that time they would yield an amount of rubber juice that would bring to the owner a large yearly income. I think that the growing of rubber groves here will become a great

industry on the building of the canal. Think what a market there must soon be for rubber, owing to the failing supply, and consider also what a great port city on the new canal would offer here for a new rubber trade!"

He added: "I am earning and saving what money I can and am putting it into rubber groves. I can see a future need of this product, and good price for it, especially from this country if the canal is built."

"I think," said Alonzo, "that you are one of those young people who see their opportunity. There is something in your plan that appeals to my common sense, although I am but a new-comer here. I must study this opportunity, and inquire at the consular offices about it."

Alonzo and his uncle went to Rivas (old Nicaragua), situated at a point near the lake. The journey was like an excursion through a tropical port, though here everything was rude, crude, and delaying. This country to-day is the land of *manana* (to-morrow); but it will not be the land of to-morrow when the flags of all the lands shall pass to the ports of all lands through the new canal.

The present semi-civilization will pass away, and soon be as dead as the days of the old sea-robbers. Spires will rise over the white surf of the serene, purple sea, and bells will ring in them, domes of commerce will burn in the hot air, and men of progress will sit at the desks under them in the cool arcades. Here the railroad whistles shall break upon the silence of the hills, as the long trains of coffee and bananas come tugging down to the sea. The soul of progress is to-day restless to bring about the wonder; the new world of Central America is about to appear, and the wonder

that will come with the new century will break the continent and tend to draw into closer brotherhood the races of mankind.

From Rivas, or old "Nicaragua city," the captain and Alonzo went to Granada, and the party with which Leigh had gone in search of the quetzal had already, as we have pictured, arrived here.

The Mosquito Indian guide, Apula, now left Leigh to join a party of rubber hunters on the coast. He parted from Leigh reluctantly.

"It may be," he said in his broken Spanish, "that I will see you again. My eye shall be for your safety. I look after you. You have a good heart. The Indian never forgets a good heart."

The captain and Alonzo and Leigh went to Rivas. Leigh had heard that there were most beautiful colonies of trogons on the northern shores of Lake Nicaragua. Having made one adventurous expedition, he now planned a bolder one, and secured his uncle's consent to go up one of the rivers of the ancient Nicaraguan forests with guides to study the botany and natural history of the country.

"You should have kept Apula," said Captain Frobisher, when he heard Leigh's account of the faithful Indian.

"I am sorry that I did not try to do so," said Leigh. "It may be that I can find him again. I would feel perfectly safe with him. I would not wonder if he were somehow to follow me."

CHAPTER XXII.

LOST.

LEIGH left his uncle and brother at Rivas, and with an Indian boatman and a guide he set out to penetrate the Nicaraguan forest, whose immense rubber trees were famous for rare animals and birds, and especially for certain splendid trogons, among which was the royal bird of the Aztecs, in all the glory of its sunset breast and sacred plumes.

His boatman and guide had been endorsed as perfectly trustworthy Indians by the india-rubber traders, and were known to an American agent at Greytown, who had said, —

“You will be as safe in the hands of those men as in those of a Rhode Island Quaker or a Presbyterian deacon.”

The agent had seen vice-consular service in the country.

So it was with a light heart that Leigh bid his friends good-bye.

“I shall see,” he said, “what no American boy before saw, so the boatman tells me.”

The boatman was right. Leigh had an experience that was probably unlike that of any other American boy.

They glided along the quiet waters for a time, then crossed to a stream that came drifting down from the hills through recesses of ancient trees, whose limbs formed a kind of natural hedge above it for monkeys and animals.

The stream led into an almost impenetrable forest. Monkeys came to the near branches of the trees, as if to inquire the purpose of the expedition, and threw dead wood towards the boat. Trogons were there, but his imperial majesty, the royal and sacred bird, did not appear among them.

The stillness of the forest became oppressive. The waters were shaded, but the heat was intense, and there arose from the dark waters a steam or vapor which could not be seen close at hand, but was visible at a little distance.

"There is fever in the air," said Leigh to the boatman.

"*Sí, Señor,*" answered the boatman truthfully, but plying the oars faithfully.

"Malaria?" said Leigh to the guide.

"*Sí, Señor.*"

Leigh began to take alarm, for, notwithstanding the heat, he felt chills at times creeping down his back, and his head began to be dull and heavy.

They came at last to a clearing, where were abandoned huts of reeds and palm leaves.

It was near nightfall. The red sun was burning through the trees; the parrots were scolding, as often before settling down for the night.

"Shall we spend the night here?" asked Leigh. "We can hunt from here to-morrow. This is an abandoned camp, once used by the rubber men."

"Hunt the jaguar?" inquired the guide.

"Yes; or any other animal."

"No; not if you follow my direction. We will not sleep in the huts, but under our white mosquito netting in the open air. No beast ever attacks one who spreads a white

mosquito netting over him *in the form of a cage*. The jaguar will circle around it, but always at a greater and greater distance. He seems to think that the open net is a trap, spread to ensnare him. The longer he watches it, the more wary he is of it. They all seem to look upon a white net as a snare."

The guide took from the boat a mosquito net and spread it on some short poles in a curious way, so that it looked like a large, square trap. "We can sleep under that with perfect safety," he said, "at least, so far as the wild beasts are concerned. We will also be safe from snakes and poisonous insects. But we have another enemy. At least you have, Leigh. I have some fear of it."

"What is that?" asked Leigh.

"The white air that you saw at a little distance, mist, fog, vapor, do you call it? It is poison to some Americans. It causes swamp fever. But you may escape — strangers sometimes do who have temperate habits. It is a foe to the weak. Have you quinine?"

"Yes," said Leigh.

"I would advise you to take a little of it before you lie down for the night."

The guide made a bed of palm leaves, and spread on the ground a meal of stale bread, hard eggs, and cheese.

They found here some little boats that were constructed of mahogany logs. These logs were hollowed by burning. Their bottoms were charred. Leigh tried one of these abandoned boats, using a paddle, but the red twilight was soon over, and he came back to the net and lay down inside of it for the night.

The stars rose in the shadows as it seemed, and hung above the trees. The darkness became dense, even under the clear stars. The air grew thick, like steam. Leigh could see white forms of mist in the far-away starlight. His head ached, and the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet burned.

Now and then the cry of some wild beast was heard in the far forest. If any animal came near, it did not venture near the white net, whose form was clear in the darkness.

How lonesome, how desolate, how wild is a night in a tropical forest! There are foes everywhere. They come and go, when or where, one does not know. Every sound is an alarm; every cry of beast, or note of bird, is, somehow, hostile to man.

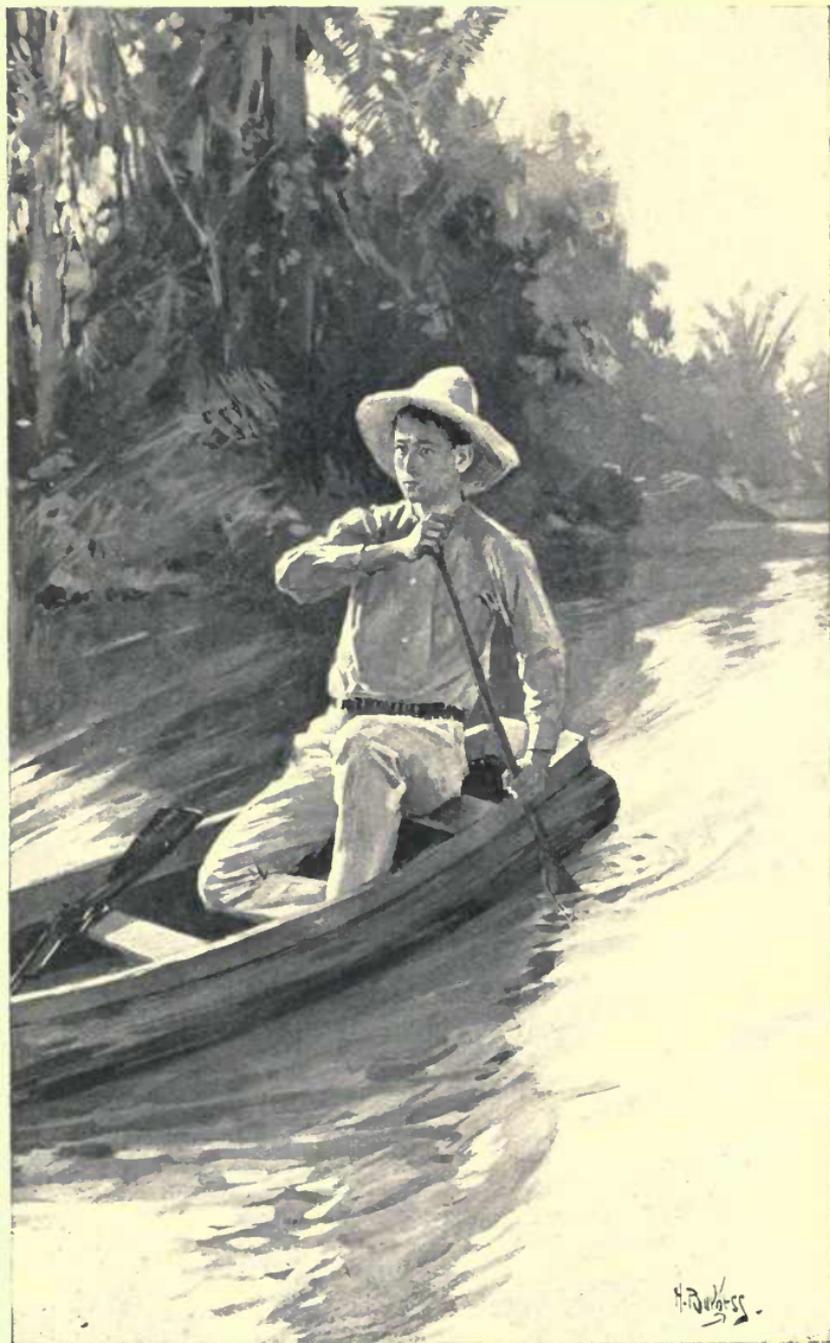
The stars look friendly, but they are far-away torches. The moon arising lights the gloom, but only to reveal doubtful shapes in the shadows.

Man feels there a friendlessness nowhere else to be found. He has made himself an enemy to the animal kingdom, and the animal world in the darkness is a foe to him.

The very air has its dangers as well as the thicket. The ghosts of poison come unseen, and sometimes invisibly, but not always. Such ghosts may long tarry to haunt the life, or may take the life away, and so vanish into the eternal silence.

Leigh awoke the next morning with new resolution. His hands and feet were a little cold; his tongue was white, but his head was clear again.

The forests were resounding with birds. The hills seemed to be full of armies with wings. Some of these bird calls



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"LEIGH LEAPED INTO ONE OF THE MAHOGANY DUGOUT BOATS."

were like trumpet blasts. He was sure that among all these echoing and re-echoing cries, a family of royal trogons would be found.

He leaped into one of the mahogany dugout boats that had been abandoned by Indians, or possibly by hunters for india-rubber trees, and paddled up the river alone, leaving his boatman and guide to prepare a meal. The guide kindled a fire for the purpose of making coffee.

The banks of the river were full of birds, — cranes, trogons, and gaunt buzzards in ominous flocks. The monkeys scampered away here and there in the near trees as he passed along. The parrots were having their morning scold.

The river suddenly widened, and there lay spread out before him great meadows of reeds and feathery grasses.

In the midst of these meadows of high grass were some great trees full of lianas, parasites, orchids, and birds. A white morning mist half enveloped them, but this became dissipated as the sun arose.

Leigh gave a second glance at these monarchs of vegetation. A flock of parrots was there and some rose-colored cranes.

But something more beautiful was there. In the first rays of the sun he beheld a resplendent trogon, which he felt sure was the sacred bird. He held his boat, and looked at the feathered wonder with admiration, and was seized with a strong desire to secure that particular bird.

How? He had his rifle with him, but it was not a dead bird that he wanted. As he continued to gaze on the beautiful king of the world of plumes, another quetzal in the same thicket of trees came into view — then another and another. There seemed to be a royal family of them.

He began to study how to get to the trees. The place was a very strange one — the most remarkable that he had ever seen.

He was on a placid stream under great trees. Before him was a dome-like opening of high reedy grass, taller than his head. A part of it was green and a part dry. Beyond it was the trees and lianas in which were the splendid trogons. The grass plat between the boat and the trees was about one hundred feet wide and twice as many long.

He could not go around the plat. There were swamps on each side of it. The plat seemed once to have been an elevation like that on which the great trees grew.

Suddenly a very strange object met his eye.

He pushed open the reeds with his paddle where it appeared. It was a stone image. It leaned, and was half sunken in the great bed of reeds.

It was a piece of sculpture. It had two heads and four hands. One of the heads rose above the other. There were inscriptions upon the sides of the stone.

He again glanced at the trees. The trogons were still there in all the splendor of green and crimson, with metallic lustres, which shone in the risen sun, which now poured down his rays over the open space.

He resolved to cross the plat of reeds, and go to the trees where the trogons were. How should he secure his boat? He would drive it into the reeds with his paddle and leave it there until his return.

It was not difficult to do this at a point of shallow water. He forced the mahogany dugout into the reeds, out of view on the stream, and began to cross the plat of high grass.

He had to move slowly and cautiously. There were alligators here and probably poisonous serpents.

He broke the way with the stock of his rifle. The grass was some eight or ten feet high.

The ground grew harder and firmer as he continued to beat a path. He found another stone image. It was lying in the earth with only the upper part visible. Had there once been a temple here?

He passed the image. The grass became denser. He made more resolute efforts. Suddenly a terror seized him—his heart stood still. He found himself sinking, going down from the matted grass. He grasped the grass with one hand, holding his rifle with the other. The grass tore away. He fell many feet and struck on soft earth. He started up and looked around. He found himself in a deep pit, the top of which was partly closed by the dry grasses, and the sides of which were concave. The pit was at least twenty feet deep.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

IN AN IDOL CAVE.

THE pit or cavern into which Leigh had fallen was shaped like an open dome. The light fell into it through the waving grass tops, but a boatman might have passed the place a hundred times without a suspicion of the existence of such a curious cavern there. The heads of sculptured monuments rose anglewise out of the dead leaves. Had the cavern been a place of tombs?

Leigh was filled with terror and apprehension, but he did not regard his case as hopeless. He could not climb up on the inside, for the roots of the reeds here were dry and broke away. He must dig out, or dig up to firm roots, with the stock of his rifle.

He sunk down on the dry leaves to plan. In the middle of the cave was a little pool.

As he was thinking how best to climb up to the top of the mound, he heard a movement among the dry leaves. He saw a huge adder uncoiling there on the edge of the pool. Following his impulse, he struck at the reptile with his gun stock. The snake rolled about, trying to lift his wounded head. Leigh struck at it again. The slippery body of the agitated reptile caused the rifle to slip from Leigh's hand. As it did so, it sunk into the pool and disappeared.

Leigh's heart now sunk. What place was this? Where was he? Could he dig out of it with his hands?

He began to pull at the roots. They broke; they could sustain no weight.

He sat down on one of the nearly buried stones. Among the figures graven on it was that of a bird. He felt sure that it was the image of a quetzal.

But what were quetzals to him now? He made another effort to climb up the side of the cave by the earth and roots of dead vegetation, but the roots gave way, and the earth caved in. His hopes began to waver, and he felt his heart beating violently. A burning heat came over him. Was he going to fall sick in this solitude of solitudes, in this cavern of which no man knew?

He would utter a cry for help, but who would hear? He cried out again and again, but had a boatman been passing, he could not have heard him. His voice had no outlet or echo.

He sank down again and wondered if he were to perish here. The guide and the boatman might pass the place and not find him, as the dugout was hidden by the reeds and grass.

His head began to grow dizzy. He would try to rest for a moment and recover strength for a supreme effort to dig up the cave.

He chanced to look up. The light was glimmering in the grass tops, and across the opening of the cave lay a huge alligator.

Hope after hope died within him; but all hope never dies. Somehow he believed that he would be rescued.

But how?

He thought of his brother at Rivas, of his good uncle, of his New England home. Were all his plans of life to come to an end in this utterly unknown place?

The top of the cave darkened at last. Night was coming on. Could he live through a night in the place? If he could, what hope was there in the morning?

He sank down exhausted. His left side seemed inflamed by the beating of his heart.

In the night he heard the cry of the jaguar in the trees.

Sleep did not come to him. He thought so vividly that his dreams of rescue seemed to be actual things.

Suddenly a thought came to him that thrilled him and caused his hope to revive again. He had with him a red handkerchief, such as were sold on market days in Nicaraguan towns. He might make a pole of dead stems of the grasses by tying them together with shreds of clothing, and lift the red banner above the tops of the reeds. The handkerchief might be seen by the boatman.

There was a single, small loaf of stale bread in his pocket that he had taken from the camp to eat on his way on the stream. He would partake of this sparingly, and use his last strength in weaving the pole for the signal.

The plan was a desperate one.

The morning broke with a great screaming of birds. Leigh ate a few mouthfuls of the bread, and set himself to the work of weaving the pole. He spent nearly the whole day upon it. When he attempted to raise it, it toppled over and fell.

Nothing but nervous excitement and a faith in fate sus-

tained him now. He was weak, feverish, in a prison from which escape seemed impossible. His friends would have searched for him and found no trace of him. What could they do? They would be compelled to return to Rivas, and to report that he had disappeared.

But what could they say? That he had been killed by an alligator? No, for where was the dugout? That he had been attacked by a jaguar? No, for the boat would in that case not have drifted far. That he had been drowned? The boat should have been in evidence again. He might have met with many accidents in such a forest, which would have caused his own disappearance, but not that of the boat. The guide and the boatman were honest men; but would they have the courage to return and report the loss of their passenger in the face of the danger of being falsely accused of causing his disappearance. What story could they tell? The truth could hardly be believed. The truth would seem to bear witness against them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TIGER CAT.

LEIGH had noticed that these forests abounded with monkeys. He had twice seen a long, supple, beautiful animal in the trees, which he had taken for a jaguar, but which looked too small for that animal.

Once when he was on the boat with the men, he had seen a like animal that had captured a little monkey that was crying pitifully. The men started up, and the tawny animal with the monkey disappeared in the trees. He had uttered the word "jaguar" at the time, but the men shook their heads. He thought that the animal might be a young jaguar.

The next morning there was a stir in the earth at one end of the cavern. Something living was there. Might it be a serpent or some burrowing animal?

A little earth fell down, then all was still. Presently a little more earth fell in the same place, as though something was digging there.

Leigh felt a certain sense of relief to be within the range of any living thing.

His hope revived. "Where any living creature has come *down*," he argued, "I can go *up*. There are no animals here that are dangerous to man except the jaguar, and this animal

lives in thick coverts and trees. If there were pumas in this part of the country, such must inhabit caves."

He had heard the rubber men say that the puma and jaguar were harmless, unless they were attacked or their young were in danger.

A little more earth fell.

He expected to see the head of some burrowing animal appear, and that the animal would be frightened away, and where it had dug down, that he would be able to dig up and follow the beast, whatever it might be, into the light. His heart beat fast; he saw in his fancy a sure way of escape at hand.

More earth fell. Then a paw appeared, now and then breaking through the side of the cave.

The paw was like that of a cat, only larger.

"The animal must be of considerable size," he thought, and he felt sure that he could escape through the burrow it had made.

A considerable quantity of earth now tumbled in, and a head indeed appeared. It was a beautiful head, but with sharp teeth and defiant eyes. Its mouth was open and snarled defiantly. But the fur was sleek and of a yellow color and spotted with brown. It looked like the animal that he had seen disappearing in the trees with the crying monkey.

He thought it to be a jaguar.

The animal ceased digging, and looked at him in a defensive way. Whenever he moved, it drew back its small, pointed ears and snarled.

Presently a load of earth gave way, and the animal fell

into the cave. It instantly turned and disappeared. Leigh felt that a sure way of escape had now opened before him.

He went towards the opening that the animal had made. It was dark there, but he was able to discern objects. There was another cave at a little distance, and in this was the animal that he had seen and two little animals.

He did not doubt that the animal was a jaguar, and that the cave was the lair of that animal, and that this one had scented him, which had caused her to dig through the wall of earth to discover if there were danger to her young. The animal started when she saw him, snarled again, and breathed defiantly. He could not leave the cave while she was there, and she would not be likely to leave her young while he was there.

His condition was more perilous than before.

He sat down at a point opposite the opening to the burrow of the animal. The yellow color made her almost luminous, and he could watch her movements in the dark.

"She nursed her young. She will carry them away soon," he thought, "and I can follow her place of exit."

After nursing her young, she came to the opening and looked at Leigh, drew back her ears, and then moved in a circle around her young, again and again.

Then she lay down beside her young. She did not seem to seek to attack Leigh, but appeared only to care to be watchful of her young.

After a time, she repeated the same jealous movement. Her body was long and flexible and leopard like.

Leigh saw that she would not be likely to attack him, nor to leave her young alone while he was there. He must

threaten her, so that she would take her young away, and enable him to follow her way of escape.

He approached the opening. She rose up to warn him away, passing around her young in the same circle, and growling at times with a look and in a tone whose meaning was unmistakable.

"When night comes, she will take her young away," reasoned Leigh. "She must go away for food, and she will not leave her *kittens* alone."

In the night there was a great growling in the cave. It increased as if more than one animal was there. At last the sound began to retreat. Leigh could hear it farther and farther away. He thought that he heard it outside of the cave at last, in the direction of the trees. He heard also a cawing in the trees — the bird's notes of warning.

He now thought that the jaguar had taken her young away, and he awaited the coming of the light with new hope.

In the first light of the morning he went to the opening. Another animal was there, larger and longer than the first, and beside it was a captive monkey, yet alive.

The animal started up as he saw Leigh. It was evidently a male, and had come here to guard the young. He did not snarl, or growl, but his attitude was one of resolution. Leigh saw that to venture one step more would be perilous.

His heart sunk. He believed that the animal was a jaguar, that the mother would not take her young away, but would leave them for the male to protect; that it would be useless to try to pass by either while the young were there, or to intimidate them, or to frighten them away. He must seek other means of escape.

The animals were not jaguars, as Leigh supposed, but ocelots, a tiger cat that is easily tamed, and that does not attack human beings except for its own defence or that of its young. It is a very beautiful creature, with yellowish fur, which has chains of dark brown spots along its sides. It feeds on birds, and captures monkeys also for food, often by stratagems. In domesticity it may be fed on milk or porridge.

When Leigh saw the ocelot running away with the little monkey in the trees, he only thought of it as an incident of forest life. The pitiful little cry came back to him now. It touched his heart. He had never known what it was to be a captive before — to find himself in circumstances from which he could not break away — in a trap, a cage, under a powerful paw.

Another incident had awakened feelings in his heart, of which he did not know before. The captive monkey in the den had looked towards him as if imploring help, as if to say, "Pity me!" The glance of the eye was almost human. Leigh longed to answer that glance. He had a tender heart when he saw suffering, and he never saw as now how animals may suffer. He himself was like an animal in a cage now. The animal longed for the freedom of the sun and woods again in its captivity; it was its right to live.

In the morning the poor monkey, though broken and torn, attempted to escape. It rushed into the cave where Leigh was, and made a leap towards the opening into which the sunlight streamed. It might as well have attempted to leap over Irazú. It fell back, and was seized by the ocelot

and dragged again into the den. Leigh heard it utter a cry of sharp pain, and he never saw it again.

The incident showed him that the ocelot's den, which he thought to be a jaguar's, was the most dangerous part of his cave dungeon.

He longed to be free with his uncle again; to be back to the old New England orchards of Milton; to be on the free streams with the india-rubber men; to feel again that he was master of life, and not a prisoner of circumstances.

The world all looked different to him now. He pitied every one in distress; his heart went out to animals in captivity. He resolved to live a life of mercy, sympathy, and helpfulness, should he ever be free again; to help every one, and to hinder no one, and seek his happiness in the happiness that he created in others, which now looked to him to be the highest joy that could be found in the world.

Had he known that the supposed jaguar was an ocelot, he might have further seen the possibilities of a gentle hand.

A second night in the cave had greatly reduced the boy's strength. Lying awake and feeling about in his pockets in a state of nervous excitement, he suddenly touched something that again caused his hopes to revive. In a side pocket were three matches.

A new thought flashed across his mind. He might lift a lighted match on the pole that he had woven of dry stems and set the dry grasses at the top of the cave on fire. He mended the pole.

The column of smoke might be seen by some boatman on the river and lead him here to learn the cause.

It was night when the thought came to him. He had but

three matches, and he must use these in his experiment with the greatest care.

But a morsel of food was now left him, and he must lose no time.

He lighted the first match in the darkness. There was no breath of air in the cave and it burned well. He gathered a bundle of sticks on the edges of the cave, and set them on fire. There being no draught, the stems burned slowly.

He lighted the top of the mended pole. It burned. He could reach the dry grass at the top of the cave with it. He did so with a trembling hand.

A flame shot up into the air. The reeds and grasses were on fire. In a few minutes the top of the cave stood open in the flame. As the winds swept the smoke away from the opening, the very heavens seemed to be on fire.

Monkeys in the trees began to scream. Leigh could hear the flames rolling over the reedy meadows. The reeds and grasses were very dry, and about the swampy bottom were collected the inflammable stems of years.

The morning broke amid smoke and flame. The air resounded with cries of birds and animals. If Leigh could reach the top of the cave, there would be no danger now from alligators. But this could not be done. He lay on the dry leaves looking out, and watching the smoke ascend from the still burning stems outside of the cave.

Then the fire in the reeds on the mound died away. The birds ceased to cry. The sun was up. A dead silence came over everything. Leigh had indeed made a signal. But who could see it? Would it be seen? Would the blackened reeds attract some boatman after the fires had died?

He was weaker now. He was without food or clothes, or any power to do anything more.

It was approaching high noon.

The top of the cavern stood open now. Leigh could see the sky. Suddenly the air was filled with black wings, like a cloud. The light seemed darkened with buzzards. The fire had evidently killed some animal or animals, possibly an alligator or alligators, if anything could destroy life in such a creature, or perhaps some colony of water animals that had found a covert there. Leigh never knew what caused it, but hundreds, and it seemed to him thousands, of buzzards covered the burnt-over mound and began quarrelling over some kind of food which they found there.

One buzzard, with a morsel of food in his mouth, dropped into the cave.

The buzzards went as suddenly as they had come. The air was black with flying wings, and evidently a man or a jaguar or some animal was approaching the place.

There was a footstep, very light as it seemed, on the verge of the cave. Leigh feebly shouted and looked up.

A dark, withered face stretched over the edge of the opening, slowly, cautiously. It was the face of an old Indian, an ancient Nicaraguan, with black eyes, black hair, hollow cheeks, and thin lips. He looked like Apula.

Leigh stretched up his hands.

The ancient Indian comprehended the case at once and drew himself up, and at once with the greatest vigor began to cut the earth with his heavy machete. He swung his arms as though it was the life of a brother that was in peril.

Blow followed blow, and the earth and roots came tumbling down into the cave.

He soon had broken down the roof of the cave. As he did so another remarkable thing happened. As the top of the roof tumbled in, it revealed a stone image some twelve or more feet high. The Indian dropped down upon this, and from it leaped into the cave.

But he stepped on the brink of the pool, and in almost an instant disappeared.

But a hand was lifted out of the water. The ancient Indian was rising up from the well, or pool. Leigh seized his hand, which could show his will, but without strength. The Indian *was Apula*.

The Indian climbed over the edge of the pool and exclaimed, —

“*Salud!*”

He saw that Leigh was famishing. He knelt down and drew the boy's arms over his back, and held them together on his breast with one strong hand, dropped his machete into his belt, and, rising, lifted himself and Leigh up by the image. He soon gained the top of the cave, carried Leigh to the shadows of the great trees, where the quetzals had first appeared, and laid him down on the cool ferns.

He then rushed away and soon returned, bringing Leigh the fruit of the wild bread tree, and fruit juice from some unknown habitation.

Leigh revived at once. The breadfruit gave him a new sense of life. The Indian went away again and returned, bringing him black cooked frijoles and plantains. A cabin was evidently near, or some encampment.

It was the latter. Apula and others were going into the deep forests to *hunt* for rubber trees.

As soon as Leigh could walk, Apula led him to the encampment.

The party of Indians with whom Leigh had embarked had gone away. He would follow the party of Apula. But how was he to get word of his safety to his friends at Rivas? Apula told him, in his Spanish-English way, that the party would soon return to the lake, and that he would send a messenger to the consul.

CHAPTER XXV.

APULA.

LEIGH felt that he owed his life to the old Indian, and sought every occasion to show his gratitude. He helped him in little things. This sympathy deepened the old man's quick affection.

Apula loved to be near Leigh. To point out to him curious things on the sea and land. They sat and enjoyed the sunrises and sunsets together. They were like comrades.

"*Donde vaya?*" which Leigh understood meant that he wished to ask him, not where he was going, but what was his purpose in travelling. To this Leigh returned, —

"*Comprar quetzal* (to buy a quetzal)."

The old man lifted his hand and stared. He then shook his head. "The same boy," he said, meaning that he was bent on the same errand. Apula spoke English after his own idioms. His language was that of the Mosquito tribe.

"*Le quetzal del reys* (the quetzal of the kings)?"

"*Si,*" said Leigh. "The quetzal of the kings."

"In Guatemala?"

Apula then spread out his hands as if in worship, and said again, "*Le quetzal del reys,*" implying that the old kings worshipped or greatly venerated the bird.

"*Vaya usted Guatemala* (Go you to Guatemala)?" he

said, "*en montana?*" He added in English, "Apula will go with you, one day."

Leigh had often heard that the true quetzal, the real royal trogon of the ancient temples, was only to be found in the mountains of Guatemala.

Apula seemed greatly surprised that Leigh should still be searching for the sacred bird. "The same boy," he said; "the same bird."

One day the sun set in a blaze of fiery red clouds. The heavens seemed to be a sheet of crimson fire.

The Indian pointed to the red glow and said, —

"The quetzal," and made a circle on his breast, indicating that the breast of the bird was like the sunset. "Guatemala quetzal!"

As they were sailing the shadow of a passing cloud turned the purple water into a deep sheeny green. The Indian screamed, —

"The quetzal," and he patted Leigh on the back to indicate the wings of the quetzal.

At another time the flashing spray turned into rainbows as the boat moved along, and the Indian made the same exclamation, meaning that the quetzal was like a broken rainbow.

But he endeavored to describe to Leigh the habits of the bird in a way that the latter could not understand. They were on the beach, under a tent of dry palm leaves which was open at each end.

"The quetzal," he said, and he entered the tent very carefully, looking down to one side of him and then the other, and holding his sea frock tightly around him. He

passed in this way through the tent, as if he were a bird guarding her plumage, and came out the other side and began to whistle very low and sweetly. Then his voice swelled out in undulations of rapturous tone, and he turned to Leigh and said again, —

“The quetzal.”

Leigh understood that he meant by the whistle to imitate the song of the royal bird; but he did not understand the meaning of his careful movement through the tent. Did the quetzal make a tent for its nest and come out of it and sing?

The Indian saw that he had not been understood in the imitation of the habit of the bird. He repeated the movement. As he entered the tent, he said “*uno*” (one), and as he came out of it whistling, he said “*dos*” (two), and pointing to the two openings of the palm cover, exclaimed, —

“*Casa de quetzal* (the house of the quetzal),” by which Leigh understood that the nest of the quetzal had two doors. Why?

Was it so that it might not ruffle its plumage?

Leigh was curious to know if his interpretation of the Indian’s dumb exhibition was correct. He would learn about the nest of the bird, if he found quetzals in Guatemala.

As often as they saw trogons, the Indian would shake his head and say, with a look of contempt, —

“*Na, na, no quetzal,*” indicating that the trogons were altogether inferior to the royal bird.

Apula picked up new words from Leigh in answer to questions made in imperfect Spanish. He asked him what was the English word for *descubrir*, and with much aptness said, with an expression of delight, —

"I will *discover* you one."

He looked intently into Leigh's eyes. "I find you one."

What did he mean? He could hardly be going to the mountains of Guatemala. The distance by sea was great, and the mountains were far from the coast.

But he repeated, —

"I find you one," and added, "in Guatemala."

Leigh wished to show the Indian how kindly he felt towards him. He knew not how best to do it. He had a ring on his finger, with a bit of fire opal in it. It had no sacred value, as it had been given him by Arline¹ to remind him not to forget some home errand when they were living at Milton, and he had continued to wear it, not as a keepsake, but because the opal burned with a sharp flame, and he sometimes liked to see the mysterious point of fire.

Apula noticed the ring, and his eye was often drawn to the tiny blaze, as it revealed some new glint of color.

Leigh could spare the ring, and one evening as they were lying on the ground side by side, and the fire of the sunset was going out in the high palms, he took it off his finger, and said to Apula, pointing to the red flame, —

"The quetzal."

"*Si*," said Apula, "*le quetzal*."

Leigh lifted the ring and turned it in the light. The Indian's eyes glowed as he watched the tiny ruby flame, burning and changing color in the gold. Leigh took Apula's withered hand and slipped the ring over his index finger.

"I give it to you," he said in Spanish.

¹ See "Over the Andes."

The poor old Indian's lips began to quiver. Tears came into his eyes. He pointed to Leigh's finger where the ring had been and said, —

"You none."

Leigh replied in Spanish, —

"I would rather that you would wear it for me."

"*Siempre?* (always)," asked Apula.

"*Siempre,*" said Leigh.

The Indian touched his heart with his hand, and then tapped Leigh on his shoulder, and said, —

"I find you the quetzal in Guatemala. I die for you."

He lifted his withered hand in the fading light and watched the opal as it flashed. Leigh saw that Apula was fully resolved to secure the royal bird for him, but where, when, and how? He had won the old Indian's heart.

Water, forests, mountains, dangers, hardships, were nothing to an Indian when he wished to secure a purpose from the motive of love. To favor one who has gained his affections is a supreme passion with him. Leigh was certain that a royal trogon would be returned to him for the ring. He could trust Apula to accomplish anything within human power. The sympathy that gives a gem, wins a crown. Leigh could read the Indian's heart, but he could not fancy the way in which the bird and the hunter would some day come to him together. But they would come.

Apula had seen opals, but never one set in gold before. The burning gem became to him what the bird was to the imagination of Leigh.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE RUBBER HUNTERS.

“*VENGA!*” said Apula to Leigh, which word the latter understood. (Come!)

Leigh followed him. He knew that he was now safe.

They came to a camp under some immense trees that spread their umbrella tops in the high air.

Had Apula been watching for his safety since first he started?

There were four men in the camp, and they started up with a wild cry as they saw old Apula returning to them with a white companion. They were rubber hunters, and their boats lay on the banks of the near stream. To these hunters Apula seemed to act as chief.

Leigh tried to tell them in Spanish that he wished to send a word to Rivas. They answered him with much talk, which he understood to mean that he must first go with them or return alone.

He tried to think what he best should do. He could secure a dugout of mahogany wood for a journey down the stream, but it would not be safe for him to try to cross the lake alone in his exhausted and feverish condition. He had received one severe lesson indeed of the dangers of the country. He must put himself under the care of Apula,

make him understand that he would be well rewarded for returning him to Rivas, and follow him into the forests whithersoever he might go.

His friends would think him lost or dead, but that could not be helped. The United States Consul would act as his friend whenever he should return. The consulate is the common country of all lost people, and he had met the United States Consul of Greytown at Rivas.

The party of Indians carried with them buckets and great machetes. They were living on fish, stale bread, and fried plantains, and seemed to agree wonderfully well among themselves.

They pushed on into the forests. When they came to open spaces between clusters of giant trees with sunny tops, the homes of many birds and monkeys, they sometimes stopped and went in search of rubber trees, which they *milked*. That is, they tapped them with a slash of the machete, and filled their buckets with the rubber juice.

Old Apula taught Leigh how to gather breadfruit, and to fry fish and plantains, and to prepare the food for the hunters. The Indians left Leigh to keep camp for them when they went in search of the great trees.

Leigh could trust Apula. He felt no fear for his own safety, for he had somehow got at the heart of the old Indian who had rescued him. The thought of the anxiety of his friends haunted him continually. Had it not been for this, his life would have become a charmed one with the recovery of his health.

What days were these!

The sun rose and set, but he saw it not, only the bright

glimmer of rays in the immense tops of the trees. Lianas, like cords of a ship, seemed to anchor every great tree to the earth. Splendid orchids depended from mossy limbs; the tops of many of the trees were gardens of fantastic parasites with burning colors.

These blazing flowers were the nesting places of birds as gorgeous in color as were the blooms. The tree-tops were full of life. Below them, except for the crocodiles, all was silent. The shadowy silence was sometimes painful.

There was a Quaker-like bird that used to come to Leigh when he was about his work, that seemed to have such a New England character in his plumage that he came to love it above all others. It was half white and half brown, and the colors were divided in the middle. The head and neck and shoulders were white like a kerchief, and the rest of the body was a Quaker brown.

The strange thing about the bird was that it had whiskers. Its true name was the calandria. When Leigh was waiting for food to cook by the fires made of sticks, he would study this beautiful whiskered Quaker bird, and dream of the Milton Hills, where the brown thrushes sang. He would have given more for a calandria than the grandest trogon, except the true historic bird that he was seeking.

There were multitudes of trogons here — *cities* of them. They wore in these glowing solitudes all the colors caught from the atmospheres of the sun.

The Indians were fast filling their boats with rubber. Leigh expected that they would soon return to the lake.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WILD PALM FOREST AND THE ALLIGATOR BIRD.

AT one of the places on the winding stream where the rubber hunters stopped, there appeared a wild palm forest. It was vast in extent; every tree looked just like every other tree, and seemed to be of the same height, and the whole stretching far away glistened like a sea.

The hunters left Leigh here to guard their boats, to make a fire, and to prepare food and coffee for their return.

They told him they were in the vicinity of the Hidden River (famous as a hiding-place for pirates in the days of the buccaneers). Where this was, Leigh could not know. A vast wilderness lay around him, and the stream had so narrowed that the boat had been passing under bridges of limbs overhead. At some places the boatmen had to push back the foliage in order to make their way.

Fantastic and beautiful was much of this foliage, starred with red and orange blooms. Water lilies rose here and there out of the margins of green, and at several points the *reina del noche* (the queen of the night), or night-blooming cereus, appeared. Alligators were often seen with their heads turned towards the wider parts of the stream.

The rubber hunters went away, but they did not return

that day nor the next. They had evidently found new trees, and had waited for the juice to harden before attempting to convey it to the boats.

Leigh passed the first day in preparing food. On the second he had little to do, but he began to be very greatly interested in a singular feature of the wild palm forest. In the sunny hours of the day this forest was full of butterflies. The air seemed to bloom with them. They moved about in swarms.

He had never seen such beautiful butterflies before, nor could he have imagined that such had any existence. Their wings were of the most vivid colors; some of these had metallic lustres, and the large ones were to the atmosphere what the orchids in these forests are to the trees.

If he could make a collection of these air flowers, as they seemed to be, and take it home, what a souvenir of perilous adventure it would be! what memories it might recall!

The thought filled him with delight and hope. It gave play to his fancy amid the dispiriting situation.

He began the work. But in order to secure the most brilliant wings, he now and then followed a flock some distance from the shore.

At the end of the first day of butterfly hunting he found that he had secured a collection of insects so wonderful in form and color as to excite the wonder of any naturalist in the States to whom he might show them.

He resolved on the following day, if he were left alone, to go farther into the wild palm forests, and to add to the collection the rarest of these gems of the air that it would be possible to secure.

The hunters did not return. He found himself alone by the silent boats.

The morning sun rose dazzling over the palm forest. The great trees and lianas on the opposite side of the stream were full of birds, whose cries were almost deafening. The howling monkeys united their cries with the gay parrots and lively trogons.

Leigh prepared a net for the hunting of the butterflies, and set out in the fascinating forest of dazzling palms.

New specimens of butterflies constantly appeared, and he added treasure to treasure.

The heat became intense, and he sat down under a tree and studied the wonderful colors and color lines of the captive wings.

He rose up to go back to the stream.

Which way?

Every tree here looked like every other tree. His mind had been so filled with the pursuit of new wonders of color, that he had lost all sense of direction, and knew not the east from the west, the north from the south.

He would climb a palm. But all the palms were of the same height, all looked exactly alike, there was nothing about them to distinguish one from another.

Were he to go one way, it might take him to the river or it might take him in the opposite direction. There were great trees on the opposite side of the river, so there might be at some other side of the shining forest.

He tried to find his own tracks, but the burning sun had withered all traces of them. He wandered a little way here and a little way there, and there came over him that strange

sense of bewilderment that falls upon one lost in a place where all objects are alike.

Had he again fallen into peril and trouble? Young Aleman had warned him against such dangers as these, and he had been confident that he would avoid them.

He would cry out. But who was to hear? The wild palm forest was silent at mid-day. Only the hum of insects broke the monotony of the universal stillness. There seemed to be no birds, beasts, or serpents. It was a jungle of butterflies.

He would find the tracks of beasts whom he thought might go towards the stream. There were none. He would watch the flight of birds, but there were no wings in the air. All was a dead calm, hot, lifeless, motionless, save butterflies, butterflies everywhere.

The beautiful wings now became a mockery to him as they flitted about.

He would mark the course of the sun. But his mind had been so absorbed in the pursuit of the flying flocks of gold, amber, and rubies that he knew not whether the stream of the rubber canoes was now on the east or the west. Everything seemed to mock him. For him there were no points of compass. There were wild palms of the same height and form filled with happy insects everywhere.

It was but uncertainty to go this way or that. On every hand was the same glimmering, dazzling appearance of everything.

He would light a fire as in the cavern. But he had no matches with him now.

Night came. The butterflies vanished. The wild palms

began to gleam with fireflies. He knew the mariner's stars as they appeared one by one; but he did not know the way in which he should go.

There was nothing for him to do but sink down upon the earth, and to await events. He might watch the flight of birds in the morning, and it would be likely to be towards the stream which led to the sea.

The night passed. There were no flocks of birds when the red sun appeared. As the light filled the trees, butterflies arose again. The air glimmered again with wings. There was the same intense light, the same glimmering green of the palms, the same silence.

Almost maddened by the situation, which looked more hopeless hourly, there appeared amid all the greenness and brightness the brownish-black wing of a bird. It settled on the stem of a palm, and Leigh could see that the bird was startled to find a being like himself in this strange place. The ashy wing, too, looked strange there. He had seen birds of that kind before. Where? On the oozy, misty banks of the stream where alligators were. He thought that it was what was popularly called the alligator bird.

Why this bird and the alligator should be friends is one of nature's mysteries. The thought flashed through Leigh's mind, "The bird's course will be towards the river. I will follow its wing."

The solitary bird did not seem shy or afraid. It ruffled its feathers as in surprise. It did not rise on its wing above the trees. It seemed to like the shade and low ground.

"Yes," gasped Leigh, "you are the little bird of the lagoon."

He had heard it said that this bird "picked the alligator's teeth." This may have been a forest superstition. It was enough for Leigh to know that the bird hovered about the reedy haunts of the alligators, and that this one was a wanderer, and would be certain to wing its way towards the water.

The bird flew slowly from tree to tree under the shade, a dark object in the stream of shadow. Leigh followed it. At times it stopped at certain spaces, as if to listen. Then it would away again, but always seeking the coolest streak of shadow, as if it were upon a stream.

The way was long and slow. The bird had been used to low and short stages of flight. It suddenly disappeared. Leigh rushed forward, and to his delight found himself on the banks of the stream.

He was sure that it was the stream that he had left, although the boats did not at this point appear. But he found an abandoned mahogany dugout, and he followed the stream in this until he came to the place of the camp.

The hunters had not returned.

But they came back that night, and he was glad indeed to meet again old Apula who had rescued him from the cave.

Leigh was now led to watch the habits of the little ashy birds, the alligators' friends. He did see them alight near the great reptiles' mouths, though he did not see them pick the creatures' teeth. It is said that the alligators never harm this feathered visitor to the open door of its mouth; we hope it is true, for one likes to find in everything everywhere some characteristic that has the resemblance of goodness. The reptile, however, probably finds the bird in some way useful to him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FAITHFUL.

LEIGH'S heart beat joyfully as the Indians turned the boats to the lake and he saw the volcanoes rising out of the lake again.

He expected that the Indians would land him at some point near Rivas, or that they would leave him at Granada or Greytown, whither he thought they would carry the rubber.

It was with great alarm, therefore, that he found the Indians drifting to the San Juan, and passing Greytown in the night as though they were hiding their cargo.

They went out into the open sea, and their boats followed the coast. Whither were they going?

Leigh tried to induce Apula to land him at Greytown. He pointed frantically towards the land and the disappearing cocoanut palms.

Apula put his hand on his heart and said, —

“Corazon — veradero — sincero — leal — fiel — franco !”

They were all Spanish words. *Corazon* means “heart.” He wished that Leigh should understand that his heart was “true,” “sincere,” “loyal,” “faithful,” and “frank.” Leigh believed the old Indian. But where were they going? And why in this mysterious way?

"Where do you sell your rubber?" asked Leigh in Spanish.

"*No vender*," said Apula. "No sell." He added, "For the king."

He then tried to make Leigh understand that they were going to the king's palace, which was on the coast.

"The king's house is like a mountain," he added. "Its top almost touches the sky. Great is the king. We hunt for him."

The party was on its way to some tribal king, or cacique, who lived in a very high house in some place near the coast.

Leigh understood that he was to be taken there. What next was to happen to him?

His heart beat fast as the old Indian said again, in part Spanish, —

"My heart is true, loyal, and faithful," and added: —

"I will return with you alone. I will go back with you to Granada. I will never leave you until you are safe with your own people. No, no; old Apula will never leave this boy that he found in the cave of the temple. Apula's heart is faithful and true."

In broken Spanish he said further, crooking his forefinger wisely before his cheeks, —

"Calandria, the little bird all white and brown, he know the white boy. The bird with the whiskers, he know the white boy. The bird with the white *shirt*, he know the white boy. The calandria, he come and talk with the white boy in the camp. Apula can see."

Leigh believed the old man. Had his friends known where he was, he would have been happy to have gone in

this wild way to visit a native Indian king, and to have seen the king's tall house in the native wilderness.

"Why did you not leave me on the land?" he said, or tried to make Apula comprehend.

"We under orders of the king—he live in the house of the sky, high, high, high. You shall see. Apula go back to him, then he will be free. Then he return with the boy that the calandrias come to visit. Apula will tell the king that the calandrias talked with the boy that Apula found in the temple, the temple of the quetzal."

The last words spoken in broken Spanish startled him. How strange it was that he was hunting for the quetzal, and should have fallen into one of the temples of the sacred bird, if this indeed had been the case!

The surf thundered on the coast as they passed along on the smooth water of the open sea. Groves of cocoanut palms stood everywhere shining in the sun.

At one point a sail boat with an American flag lay in the distance, at another a steamer with a British flag appeared.

Sharks were everywhere to be seen in the clear, sky-blue water.

On and on went the boats. Where would they land? Would Leigh ever see his friends and home again? He would sit silent and brooding. Then old Apula would repeat, "*veradero — sincero — leal — fiel!*"

Leigh believed him. There was that in the old Indian's heart that was true to the pathway of the stars. There are true hearts to be found everywhere in the world.

The place of landing Leigh never knew, except that it was on the Mosquito Coast. The rubber had dried and be-

come hard, and he understood that the king who dwelt in the tall palace was to sell it to a comisario, as the Spanish rubber traders were called, and that rubber was one of his sources of revenue.

They came to the palace of the king. It was indeed a structure unlike anything that Leigh had ever seen before. It looked like a hill with an opening in its sides.

It was built of cane and palm leaves, or like native vegetation. It was large enough to shelter a council of the people.

The Indians were not dressed like those he had seen elsewhere. They wore the clothes of civilization. The dusky queen was particularly ornamental in her attire. There were people of mixed blood there.

Should Leigh disclose his strange story here to any English-speaking people, if such there were? No, he would trust to the integrity of Apula who had rescued and protected him.

"*Venga!*" said Apula to him, after he had saluted the king, and had had some words with him in regard to the young stranger.

Leigh followed Apula, and they came to a palm hut in the woods. Here the Indian lived with his family, and here he was left with Apula's daughter and friends, while the Indian attended a meeting of the tribe in the council rooms of the tall house, and took part in a tribal merry-making there.

In the morning Leigh was awakened in his hammock by a howling, like lions in a menagerie. He had heard the puma called the American lion, but he had never imagined that he howled like this, nor did he know that there were pumas here.

His hammock was swung under some tall trees, and presently a powerful roar echoed from a thicket above him. He started up and ran into the hut, awaking the Indian woman and her children.

"Lion!" he exclaimed. He pointed up. "*Lion en arbol!* (lion on the tree)."

The people looked puzzled.

Presently there was heard a terrific roar above the cabin, as of two or more lions. Leigh made signs of alarm.

The roar was again set up as though there was an army of lions coming down from the trees to devour the whole household.

"*Congo — mono,*" said the woman. "*Pequeno!* (little)."

Leigh shook his head.

"*No pequeno,*" he said. "Lion!"

The light was breaking. The woman went out and stood by the hammock where Leigh had slept, and pointed upward.

"*Nada!* (nothing)," said Leigh, meaning that he saw nothing there.

There were indeed a few little black monkeys with gray faces in the trees, but no lions, — nothing that could seem so to roar as to shake the hills. Such roars as he had just heard might frighten an army.

All was silent for a time. The woman and children stood still, looking up.

The sun was now rising in the clear sky, as was seen in the red glow in the tree-tops. The parrots were sending forth deafening cries. Leigh wondered that such fearful noises could ever proceed from the throats of such small birds.



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Suddenly a roar filled the place. It was followed by a chorus of terrific sounds, like the lions in a menagerie when impatiently waiting for their food.

The woman turned to Leigh, laughing, and the children wearing the like face, and pointed upward.

It was indeed the little black monkeys with gray faces that were roaring like lions.

Leigh would hardly have believed his eyes more than his ears, had he not heard some parrots almost outdo the little monkeys in the strength of their cries.

"*Pequeno*," said the woman.

"*Pequeno*," said the children.

"*Pequeno*," assented Leigh in humiliation, and disclosed in broken Spanish that he thought that only a lion could ever send forth a roar so terrible.

In the morning Apula returned, saying in Spanish, —

"Great news!"

"What?" asked Leigh, wondering if in any way it related to his friends.

"The king has received a message that a white boy has been lost. *Venga!*"

Leigh followed his faithful friend. The two went down to the sea to the long lines of cocoanut palms, against which the green and purple sea was thundering and tossing into surf. He found a boat there awaiting him. The two went out from a bend where the force of the surf was broken, and Leigh felt sure now that he was on his way to Bluefields or Greytown, or some like port. He could not know the geography of the place, but he could trust his guide.

Who were those strange Indians that he had met?

He had heard of the King of the Mosquito Coast, who was protected by the English government after the trend of the English-American treaty of a generation ago. Could the king that he had met have been him? He could not tell. He only knew that Apula used the paddles with a kind of gladsome vigor, and that he was not expected to be able to understand all of the scenes that he had met.

The place was the palace or tall house of the Mosquito Indians' king. The real king, however, was in Jamaica; the man before whom the Indians had danced was only a chief, or deputy governor.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FOUND!

“*VENGA!*” was the welcome summons of Apula at last, after Leigh’s enforced visit to the Indian palace. Leigh entered the boat with the faithful Indian, and he was afloat on the serene waters under the calm skies beyond the thundering surf.

They came to the foaming harbor of Greytown.

As the boat touched the strand, Apula rose up, tall and thin, —

“*Muchacho* (boy),” said he, “Apula’s heart has been true, sincere, faithful. He found you in the cave of the quetzal; he returns you to your own. Remember Apula!”

The tall Indian pointed to a flag in the town and said,—

“The Consul — American. Apula is true, loyal, faithful. He wants money — *nada* (nothing). You are going to Guatemala.”

He stood in the boat, pointing to the flag.

“Leap!” said he, “leap and be free!”

He held the boat to the strand with the paddle, while the surf broke and foamed around it.

Leigh leaped to the shore, and turned around. Already Apula was gone; his boat was breaking through the surf towards the calm, green sea. Why had he gone?

Leigh hastened to the house of the Consul. The latter

rose up as though a ghost had appeared when he saw him coming.

“Have you come out of the earth?” said the Consul.

“Yes,” said Leigh, “I have.”

“Do you know that your absence has alarmed the country, and caused me hours of trouble and anxiety? Do you know that your uncle has nearly gone mad on your account, and that your brother has lost all interest in everything for the same reason? Do you know that your name and description have been sent to all the American consulates? Where have you been?”

“Let me first ask you where now are my brother and uncle?”

“They have gone to Corinto on the other side. They have been continually going from city to city, from port to port, from place to place, seeking for tidings from you. Do you know what a place you make in your friends' hearts?”

“Consul, telegraph to them that I have been lost in the woods, and found by friendly Indians and returned.”

“Lost? How could that have been? You went away from your guide around a single bend in the river, and was gone; boat and all were gone. I can believe your guide. I never knew him to deceive any one, and I have known him long.”

“Telegraph, and I will explain all.”

The Consul sent an immediate message to Captain Frobisher at Corinto, and then heard Leigh's strange story.

When he had concluded, the Consul said, —

“There is one man whose heart is broken.”

“Who?”

"The guide."

"Where is he?"

"At Rivas."

"Send word to him that I have been found."

"I am going to Rivas to-day. You shall go with me."

The American flag on the Consul's boat came trailing into the port of Rivas. On the landing stood a solitary Indian with straining eyes.

As Leigh leaped to the shore, he found himself clasped in the iron arms of an Indian, and patted on the back after the manner of the country.

"Consul, Consul," the Indian cried out in a frantic tone, "my words were true, my words were true! I did not harm the boy. I could die now. Everybody will know that my words were true! I would rather die than not be true!"

The Indian, a lord of the waters that he was, began to tremble and cry. He leaped about in the sand. He stopped suddenly and asked, —

"Where did you go, boy? what became of you, boy? Did you go up to the sky, or down into the earth?"

"Down," said Leigh.

"Down under the water?"

"Down beside the water — down into a pit."

"Where was your boat?"

"In the reeds."

"Why did you go into the reeds, boy?"

"In search of the quetzal. There were quetzals in the trees beyond the reeds. The trees were full of trogons."

"Did you fall into the temple, boy?"

"Into a pit, Señor."

"I see, I see it all now — how strange — how very strange! The old temples were there — caves now. I see, I see. But, boy, why did you not call?"

"I did, but nobody could hear me — I was underground!"

"How did you get away?"

"I was found by an Indian rubber hunter."

"He brought you back?"

"He brought me back."

"All of the stars be praised! No one can ever suspect me of doing you harm any more."

The meeting between Leigh and his uncle was a revelation to the boy.

"Leigh," said Captain Frobisher, embracing him as the Indian had done, "if the sun were gold, and I owned it all, I would have given it for you. This is the happiest hour of my life."

"I did not know that I was worth so much as that," said Leigh. "If I have that value, I will try to take better care of myself in the future."

Alonzo met Leigh in his usual practical way.

"Well, my good brother, you seem to have had many adventures, and to have made much commotion in our little world. You have visited the temple of the quetzal, I hear, but where is the quetzal?"

"I will find him yet. I have not given up the search. I will do yet what no other person ever did. I will secure a royal trogon, and take him back to our Milton home, as a companion for the condor there. Wait and see!"

Leigh felt sure that he would meet Apula again; that the Indian would be true to the ring.

CHAPTER XXX.

PARTED.

OUR travellers went up the coast. At Bluefields Apula had suddenly appeared one evening, and said to Leigh in broken language, —

“Are you going to Guatemala, my young friend?”

“Yes, we go to Livingston, and then go over the mountains to Guatemala City.”

“The mountains — *las montañas*?”

“Yes, Apula.”

“There is the forest of the quetzal, the true, true bird — the real quetzal.”

He turned around nervously and said, —

“I follow you — I find you — Ciudad Guatemala. When?”

Leigh explained to Apula the plan of their journey, to which the Indian answered: —

“I know the *jefes* of the towns — the *comandantes*. I have hunted there. The cochineal is grown there.”

The *jefes*? who were these? Were they men, or animals, or birds? Were they what the Indian had hunted?

They were none of these. They were the local judges, the governors of places, the mayors, as it were, of towns. They were like the judges in Oriental stories — *cadis*, or the *alcaldes* of Spanish towns. The *jefe* was the man of the

place. This man would be their chief advisor on the inland ways of Guatemala.

Apula held up his ring to the light, patted Leigh affectionately on the back, after the custom, and turned away as if reluctantly.

What did he mean by "I will follow you"? Why should he seek to follow Leigh? It was reputed to be a very hard journey to Guatemala City, over the mountains, and English and American travellers found it so, even those who had plenty of money, as the Frobishers had.

There are comforts that are needed in travelling that money cannot buy. The way was not only a very difficult one, but a long one.

The Indian, with no resources except his knowledge of how to live in the country, could better overcome the difficulties than an English traveller with means. Time was of little account to him. But what could be the Indian's motive for desiring to follow him.

Leigh might believe it to be a good one, a matter of disinterested affection. But Captain Frobisher and Alonzo could hardly be brought to believe this.

Leigh saw in the Indian's face a resolution that showed that he was in earnest in what he had said.

Why not take the Indian with him as a guide? Because his uncle and brother would distrust him. Leigh had made so many mistakes already, through over-confidence in his own plans, that he did not dare to venture upon another, or to suggest anything that on its face would excite suspicion. How could he know that Apula was not a robber.

He had read the dark tales of the buccaneers. He had

been told strange things of the Mosquito Coast Indians. He must not again lead his friends into trouble. But he wished to know more of this Indian, who had said that he would find him in Guatemala City.

He went to the Moravian missionary at Bluefields.

"Did you ever meet a Mosquito Indian by the name of Apula?" asked he.

"Apula? Apula, the rubber hunter? Yes. Has he offered himself to you as a guide?"

"No. He rescued me from a pit, and brought me out of the woods, near the lake, where I was lost."

"He is an honest man."

The missionary added:—

"Apula has a daughter. She is a very beautiful girl. He is very fond of her and very proud of her. She goes with him on journeys, except when he goes rubber hunting. She is as devoted to him as he is to her. Apula's wife is dead, and his daughter, whom he calls Nina, is all he has. He is an uncommon Indian. I could recommend him to you as a guide. He would be true, as true as the courses of the stars, to one in whom he believed.

"You will need a native guide in all your plans of travel in these countries. You are going to Guatemala. Well, my young friend, you will not find Guatemala to be another Costa Rica. There are no long railroads there, amid German and English plantations. Splendid churches are there, but they are dead: fine monoliths, but they are sinking into the earth of the forests; no one knows who erected them, or to whom they were erected. You will need a guide. Let me advise you to engage Apula and his daughter."

To all of this Leigh's heart responded. But he had lost credit, as a counsellor, in plans of travel. His blunders had cost his uncle too much money and anxiety already.

No, he must not advise the securing of Apula as a guide. He must simply assent to the plans of the others, as the youngest traveller; but he did desire the old Indian's company in the long journey that he was about to take. Would he ever see him again?

CHAPTER XXXI.

GUATEMALA, THE LAND OF THE QUETZAL.

GUATEMALA was the land of ancient glory, and it promises again to become a garden, and its ports are growing again. Here luscious oranges grow in a luxurious abundance, without any danger from frost. The ports of Guatemala lie only a few days' sail from Mobile and New Orleans. Except for a sometime choppy sea the water is serene and beautiful. Of this land of ancient splendor, and of wonderful vegetation always, Livingston is the principal port.

A delightful way to visit this country, which is the largest of the five republics that promise to make up the new central confederation, would be to go to San Francisco, thence by steamer to San José in Guatemala, whence there is a railroad to Guatemala City, the magnificent. Or, again, to Panama, and take a steamer to San José, and thence to the capital by rail. The quick way is to go to New Orleans, thence by boat direct to Livingston.

Livingston is a town of warehouses and huts; a storehouse of tropical fruits, whence one may take a steamer for the Rio Dulce—the sweet river. Sweet river it is. One starts through a flower garden of waters, and sails through a

cañon some ten miles long. Was there ever a cañon like this? We see the cañons of the West; they rise barren and bare, and overwhelm us with the grandeur of their gloom.

But here there are walls of flower gardens. Would you behold the hanging gardens of Babylon with flowers that the Median mountains never knew; they are here.

Not cascades but vegetation pours over the walls, and spreads its carpets of bloom down to the sweet waters.

What flowers are here? One does not know. Go ask the botanist. What tangles of berries, what marvels of leaves, who can tell?

The green walls look like the ruins of castles, and the river winds and turns among them, turns and winds again.

Here and there a vine-colored arabesque of limestone looks out amid the bloom—a seeming gargoyle, as from the broken walls of a mediæval cathedral, in some gone-by province of the times of the Palmers.

In and out. When will the narrow vistas break, ^{*}and the mountain fields appear!

The veil is lifted; the river broadens into a gulf, and the gulf is a garden of islands, and the islands are abloom like the walls of the cañon.

The mountains rise and fill the air; great arms of the Andes, which have only gone down at Panama to rise again. Everything is vegetation,—the shores, the islands, the mountains. The earth here all turns into palms and balms and blooms.

We are next in Lake Isabel, whose shores were once famous for pottery. But amid these splendors, growing and glowing, inviting the highest development of social life and

progress, what a scant and wretched population lined these shores. The town of Isabel had only one public house, and that was built of mud. The houses here were huts; the people followed the simple instincts of their animal nature; they seemed to care for nothing more. They played the *narimba*, an instrument of sweet-sounding sticks, they danced, then idled. Time with them came and went; they were sorry to see it go, and that was all.

The sun came up day by day to serve them, to clothe them, to make the shade a joy, and to provide them with food. What did they want more?

Through a narrow stream called the Polochic our travellers entered the wilds of the mountain-shadowed world. The river wound through swamps now and woods of monkeys, baboons, and parrots.

The monkeys came to look at them, the baboons to gibber at them, and the parrots to ask many questions in an unknown tongue.

In the midst of this tangled land, where the inhabitants of the woods came out on the branches to view the wonder of the steamboat, the steam whistle blew. *Eruptit! exasit*, the monkeys were gone in the twinkling of an eye without any *adios*. The parrots had no more questions to ask. They knew it all now, whatever their wonder might have been.

"Toot! toot!"

Even the little naked children ran to their mothers to inquire what kind of men were those who could thus cause the monster to utter such an unexpected cry.

The river curved and wound about hither and thither. They seemed going about hither and there, and making no

progress. "Toot! toot!" The canoemen held their paddles to wonder.

They were on the verge of the great mahogany forests. The trunks of ancient trees were flower gardens. The wild orange was here, the orchid, the mighty ceiba, putting out its giant arms to the light.

It was bird-land here, a bird aristocracy was here.

"Here," said Captain Frobisher, "black crane and the white crane; here is the quaca, whose breast flames; here humming-birds hang in the flowers.

"Parrots, — look at them — colonies of them! all asking questions about the things that they do not know. Does the royal quetzal live here?" he asked of the pilot.

"Farther up," said the pilot.

Alligators were everywhere to be seen enjoying the sun. Hideous were they? Yes, but lovely in comparison with the iguanas which were clothed in scales, and had an ugly-looking pouch under their throats, with long snake-like tails, and spines like a saw upon their backs. Some of them were five feet long.

"I declare," said Captain Frobisher to the pilot, "those iguanas are the ugliest looking reptiles I ever saw. They look as though they would kill you, saw you up, and put you in their pouches."

"They be very tender, very goot," said the pilot. "They haf no offence."

"What do you mean, that they are gentle and harmless?"

"Yes, all that, Captain. And they are tender to eat, also, and very goot."

“They do not look as though they had such double qualities as those,” said the captain.

The Indians here had the forbidding looks and amiable qualities of the gentle iguana.

“Where are you travelling to?” asked the pilot of Captain Frobisher.

“To see a coffee plantation in the interior,” said the captain.

“It is a safe journey that you will haf,” said the pilot. “The Indians are all honest and true here.”

So it was. The Indians are gentle and faithful, and they bend their backs like beasts of burden and carry the travellers' baggage in wooden cages strapped upon their shoulders.

They carry the coffee in this way from the plantations to the sea, and none of it is ever stolen, and nothing entrusted to them is ever lost.

A man here gets about a shilling a day for carrying a hundred pounds at a rapid pace upon his back. Truly, truly, these people need kindergarten schools.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

THE TRICK MULE — EARTHQUAKE LAND.

GUATEMALA once included the whole of Central America, but the historic part of this New England of Spain was the country now lying on the Mexican border. Here flourished and passed away a form of civilization like that of the Incarial empire of Peru, and at about the same period. The Spanish empire followed. The mysterious period of the Aztecs and Quiches left the ruins of pyramids and temples in this part of the peninsula; and the Spanish rule, magnificent churches tumbling into decay. What is to follow? In pagan times and in Christian eras it has been faith that has toiled. There must be a revival of faith to make a third era of development here; ignorance is everywhere. The great period of education is yet to come.

But the land is one fair garden of many climates. Here are the most beautiful flowers in the world. The air is a marvellous tree garden filled with bird and insect life.

The traveller Stephens has excited the imagination of the world by his description of the ancient city of Utatlan, the seat of the Quiche kings.

It was Leigh's desire to visit this city, and the commandante offered mule boys, mules, and a guide. Captain Frobisher became interested to visit this ruin.

The way was over the mountains, and was lined with dark forests that changed color as new variations of climate brought forth new flowers.

There were little villages and puestos along the way, with long names ending in "ango" and "ult," with fountains and eucalyptus trees in some of them. Orange trees were everywhere; sweet lemons and citrons were to be found. Here sapotes grew as large as apples, and some as large as coconuts. The tiles of the roofs of houses were buried in the flowers and foliage of creeping vines. Pinks, lilies, gladioli, sunflowers, made happy families, and cacti were everywhere, even on the trees, and maguey plants were used for fences.

Leigh had been given a mule which had bright trappings, but a head of its own. It looked as meek as Moses at starting, but had a habit of zigzagging in such a way as to bring the rider's feet against the trees.

In one of the ascents on a mountain side, Leigh came to some old orange trees loaded with fruit, and hung with fantastic orchids. He drew the rein to gather some of the oranges, when the mule went down all in a heap, leaving him standing over her, as he quickly drew his feet from the stirrups.

"What is the matter with the mule?" asked Captain Frobisher of the guide. "Is she going to die?"

"*Na, na,*" said the guide, "she be a trick mule. Step away from her a minute."

Leigh obeyed. The arriero gathered up a long cord attached to the saddle, and began to strap her with it, uttering some words of hard letters that sounded profane.

The little animal came to her feet.

"Look out for your legs if she serves you again like that," said the guide.

"What is it that ails her?" asked Leigh. "I have handled her gently."

"Handled her gently!" said the arriero. "It is the *diablo* in her, the *diablo* in her head that makes her knees go down. I can see it in her eyes now. *Gar-r-r!*"

Leigh had never heard of that disease before. He would look for the word in the Spanish dictionary on his return.

They came to a roadside puesto, and asked for hospitality for the night.

The Indians there were full of kindness, and took charge of the mules; but one of them going behind the trick mule found that quality in them that some people call principle. He did not use a word with many *r*'s; he was a pious Indian, and rubbed his bruised leg and crossed himself.

"That is a vicious beast," said the captain.

"Can we have beds?" he asked.

He found that they might have a mahogany bedstead if they would use a board. But hammocks were offered them. After a supper of *huevos* (eggs) and more coffee *la superba*, they trusted themselves to the care of the natives.

"These people cross themselves at every sign of evil," said the captain, "and I feel safe. I am so tired that I am sure of good rest to-night. Every bone in me is praying for rest."

"I never felt more sure of sleeping in all my life than now," said Alonzo.

"I would wager a peso that I will be asleep before my hammock gains its poise," said Leigh.

The three stood before their hammocks.

“Well, it is a blessing to be sure of something in this uncertain world,” said the captain.

“Well, I am sure of sleep to-night and right off now,” said Alonzo.

“And I am sure of sleep after two winks,” said Leigh.

The three travellers were just swinging into the hammocks when their feet trembled.

A fearful shriek rent the air. It came from an Indian woman. The Indian men were running out of the patio into the fields.

“The house is shaking,” said the captain.

“The tiles are breaking up,” said Leigh.

“The earth is moving away,” said Alonzo.

“I feel as though I were at sea,” said Leigh. “Why are the Indians running? I feel so strangely.”

A hollow sound followed, as though there was a tempest in the earth.

“*Terremoto!*” cried an Indian, running past the door, and falling.

Our travellers rushed out. The building was staggering, and the adobe was falling down.

The Indians were crossing themselves in the fields, and crying, “*Terremoto, Terremoto!*”

The walls of the *posada*, if so the *puesto* might be called, fell in, the sight of which sent the Indians upon their knees.

“We will never sleep in that house,” said the captain. “We were too sure for once. But we are safe here.”

Night was falling. There was a deep silence everywhere. Birds were flying about without uttering a cry, and sinking upon the ground with quivering wings.

The world seemed to darken at once. Suddenly, in the far distance, rose a column of fire, like a pillar of the sky, and the earth trembled again.

“Where are we?” asked Leigh.

“In earthquake land,” said Captain Frobisher. “But we are safe now.”

“It is over,” said one of the Indians. “We will have to sleep in the fields to-night, Señor.”

The three travellers lay down in the fields, but not to sleep. The moon came up with a coppery hue, and a strange odor filled the air.

They watched the column of fire as it burst from some far volcano. It fell before morning, but as tired as they were they could not sleep.

On the morrow they set out again for the ruined city.

The walls of many of the houses which they passed by were broken. But the morning was full of freshness and splendor, and the Indians seemed happy that the earth had been merciful in sparing their lives. One would not like to build in earthquake land.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MYSTERY OF PALENQUE AND THE UNKNOWN CITIES.

NEARLY fifty years ago, John Lloyd Stephens published a work entitled "Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan." It was illustrated by Frederick Catherwood, and became a classic. It gave a pen and picture view of the ruins of Central America which excited the wonder of the world.

His accounts of Quiche and of Palenque may be regarded as among two of the most marvellous chapters in the literature of travel. The readers will wish to know something about the lost city of Palenque, in Yucatan.

In 1750 a party of Spanish travellers, probably seeking for some new El Dorado, entered the province of Chiapas. They came to a vast solitude, and saw that it was the remains of an ancient city, as vast as the greatest cities of the world had been, and whose arts must have recalled Egypt. The ruins, according to their account, were some twenty-four miles in extent. They were afterwards reported to cover an area of some sixty miles, and to be larger than London,—a claim that Mr. Stephens discredits. The city has been overgrown with a thick and almost impenetrable forest, so that its extent cannot now be known. Mr. Stephens assigns to it an area of only twenty-five or thirty acres.

A part of the ancient palace and the images of unknown heroes, called "idols," have survived the wreck of the once populous streets and houses. The palace with the stuccoed figures on the pilasters had not only been magnificent, but furnished an example of art such as had not been found before in the Western world. The golden temples of Peru displayed no such development of the sense of beauty as the ruins of Palenque.

The glory of this vast city rose and passed, before the Eastern world had ever heard of the continent. The country here was as populous as the land of the pyramids on the Nile.

The records of kings, heroes, and imaginary gods, if such they are, make the ruin a vast graveyard, which even the Indians shun with superstitious awe. The few travellers who go there, drive the birds and beasts away from the palaces of splendid monarchs, who may have thought that the sun was created and rose and set for them, and whose armies dominated one of the fairest regions on earth.

The story of the ruined city of wonderful art and civilization grew, and excited the attention of the antiquarians of the world. In 1786 the King of Spain ordered an exploration of the flowery land of desolation and mystery, and in 1787 the explorers, under a commission from the government of Guatemala, went to Palenque.

The explorers may have been affected by their imaginations, for in the report of Captain Del Rio, the commander, an Egyptian origin was claimed for the ancient people,—a view very stimulating to the antiquarian. Poetic minds have shown how there was once a continent called "Atlantis,"

which communicated with the Nile regions, over which these people came; also how the same people were a lost tribe of Israelites, who brought with them the arts of Egypt.

Think of it — whether this city was once as great as the early explorers believed it to be, or as restricted as it is described by Mr. Stephens, it would have held rank, had it been in Asia, with the great cities of the world. Its art would have held a place among the wonders of the ages. Yet we know not so much as its name.

Its kings and heroes rise in stone monuments before us, with their eternal records wrapped, as it were, around them — yet who were they? They dreamed themselves immortal, but none can read the language that relates their deeds. Will the names of Homer, Shakespeare, and Newton some day perish? Is oblivion only a matter of time? — answer, O pyramids of Palenque, Oxmal, Quiche, and Copan!

Our travellers could not expect to visit Palenque nor Quiche. But they studied these cities in Stephens' work, with the wonderful Catherwood illustrations, and they hoped to see Copan, which was on the highway to Guatemala City and near the Atlantic coast.

The description of Quiche in Stephens' work filled them with this desire to see with their own eyes some of the fallen monuments with which the tropical forests of Guatemala abound. They did not expect to find the ruins of splendid Christian churches here: no traveller does; but every explorer is astonished, whatever he may have been told, to meet with crumbling structures of the cross, not two centuries old. The monkeys tenant them, the parrots, the bats. Two civilizations have arisen, shone, and gone down in these

vast gardens of nature's wonder-world. The third high civilization must take the form of Christian education: that education in which Christ is the great teacher; the Sermon on the Mount the text-book, and Froebel the interpreter to the present age. Such education must come to all the countries of the South as an undenominational missionary movement, as a force of evangelical faith; spiritual education will soon be the new missionary event of the world.

Quiche? What of the wonder? How may we rebuild it in our fancy? How see it alive, with its altars flaming, its temples glowing, the processions of the kings filling the streets with music, amid the glitter of gold and gems? Quiche was the city of the quetzal, the sacred bird; what is now left of the temples and palaces, where the bird, more beautiful than the peacock, once recalled how beautiful nature in her highest expression could be?

Stephens thus describes some of the scenes that he saw in the ruins of this habitation of splendor, art, and beauty, where the sculptors were the poets of the race, where the poems yet live in stone, but which no human being may read:—

“At half-past three, with an alguazil running before us and Bobon trotting behind, we set out again, and crossed a gently rolling plain, with a distant side-hill on the left, handsomely wooded, and reminding us of scenes at home, except that on the left was another immense barranca, with large trees whose tops were 2000 feet below us. Leaving a village on the right, we passed a small lake, crossed a ravine, and rose to the plain of Quiche. At a distance on the left were the ruins of the old city, the once large and opulent capital of Utatlan, the court of the native kings of Quiche,

and the most sumptuous discovered by the Spaniards in this part of America. It was a site worthy to be the abode of a race of kings. We passed between two small lakes, rode into the village, passed on, as usual, to the convent, which stood beside the church, and stopped at the foot of a high flight of stone steps. An old Indian on the platform told us to walk in, and we spurred our mules up the steps, rode through the corridor into a large apartment, and sent the mules down another flight of steps into a yard enclosed by a high stone fence. The convent was the first erected in the country by the Dominican friars, and dated from the time of Alvarado. It was built entirely of stone, with massive walls and corridors, pavements, and courtyard strong enough for a fortress; but most of the apartments were desolate or filled with rubbish; one was used for sacate, another for corn, and another fitted up as a roosting place for fowls. The padre had gone to another village, his own apartments were locked, and we were shown into one adjoining, about thirty feet square, and nearly as high, with stone floor and walls, and without a single article in it except a shattered and weather-beaten soldier in one corner, returning from campaigns in Mexico. As we had brought with us nothing but our ponchas, and the nights in that region were very cold, we were unwilling to risk sleeping on the stone floor, and with the padre's Indian servant went to the alcalde, who, on the strength of Carrera's passport, gave us the audience-room of the cabildo, which had at one end a raised platform with a railing, a table, and two long benches with high backs. Adjoining was the prison, being merely an enclosure of four high stone walls, without any roof, and filled with more than

the usual number of criminals, some of whom, as we looked through the gratings, we saw lying on the ground with only a few rags of covering, shivering in the cold. The alcalde provided us with supper, and promised to procure us a guide to the ruins.

“Early in the morning, with a Mestitzo armed with a long, basket-hilted sword, who advised us to carry our weapons, as the people were not to be trusted, we set out for the ruins. At a short distance we passed another immense barranca, down which, but a few nights before, an Indian, chased by alguazils, either fell or threw himself off into the abyss, 1400 feet deep, and was dashed to pieces. At about a mile from the village we came to a range of elevations, extending to a great distance, and connected by a ditch, which had evidently formed the line of fortifications of the ruined city. They consisted of the remains of stone buildings, probably towers, the stones well cut and laid together, and the mass of rubbish around abounded in flint arrowheads. Within this line was an elevation, which grew more imposing as we approached, square, with terraces, and having in the centre a tower, in all 120 feet high. We ascended by steps to three ranges of terrace, and on the top entered an area enclosed by stone walls, and covered with hard cement, in many places still perfect. Thence we ascended by stone steps to the top of the tower, the whole of which was formerly covered with stucco, and stood as a fortress at the entrance of the great city of Utatlan, the capital of the kingdom of the Quiche Indians.

“According to Fuentes, the chronicler of the kingdom of Guatemala, the kings of Quiche and Kachiquel were de-

scended from the Toltecan Indians, who, when they came into this country, found it already inhabited by people of different nations. According to the manuscript of Don Juan Torres, the grandson of the last King of the Quiches, which was in the possession of the lieutenant-general appointed by Pedro de Alvarado, and which Fuentes says he obtained by means of Father Francis Vasques, the historian of the order of San Francis, the Toltecas themselves descended from the house of Israel, who were released by Moses from the tyranny of Pharaoh, and after crossing the Red Sea fell into idolatry. To avoid the reproofs of Moses, or from fear of his inflicting upon them some chastisement, they separated from him and his brethren, and under the guidance of Tanub, their chief, passed from one continent to the other, to a place which they called the seven caverns, a part of the kingdom of Mexico, where they founded the celebrated city of Tula. From Tanub sprang the families of the kings of Tula and Quiche, and the first monarch of the Toltecas. Nimaquiche, the fifth king of that line, and more beloved than any of his predecessors, was directed by the oracle to leave Tula, with his people, who had by this time multiplied greatly, and conduct them from the kingdom of Mexico to that of Guatemala. In performing this journey, they consumed many years, suffered extraordinary hardships, and wandered over an immense tract of country, until they discovered the Lake of Atitlan, and resolved to settle near it in a country which they called Quiche.

“Nimaquiche was accompanied by three brothers, and it was agreed to divide the new country between them. Nimaquiche died; his son Axcopil became the chief of the Quiches,

Kachiquels, and Zutugiles, and was at the head of his nation when they settled in Quiche, and the first monarch who reigned in Utatlan. Under him the monarchy rose to a high degree of splendor. To relieve himself from some of the fatigues of administration, he appointed thirteen captains, or governors, and at a very advanced age divided his empire into three kingdoms, viz., the Quiche, the Kachiquel, and the Zutugil, retaining the first for himself, and giving the second to his eldest son, Jintemal, and the third to his youngest son, Acxigual. This division was made on a day when three suns were visible at the same time, which extraordinary circumstance, says the manuscript, has induced some persons to believe that it was made on the day of our Savior's birth. There were seventeen Toltecan kings who reigned in Utatlan, the capital of Quiche, whose names have come down to posterity; but they are so hard to write out that I will take it for granted the reader is familiar with them.

“As we stood on the ruined fortress of Resguardo, the great plain, consecrated by the last struggle of a great people, lay before us grand and beautiful, its blood stains all washed out, and smiling with fertility, but perfectly desolate. Our guide leaning on his sword in the area was the only person in sight. But very soon Bobon introduced a stranger, who came stumbling along under a red silk umbrella, talking to Bobon, and looking up at us. We recognized him as the cura, and descended to meet him. He laughed to see us grope our way down. By degrees his laugh became infectious, and when we met we all laughed together. All at once he stopped, looked very solemn, pulled off his neck cloth and wiped the perspiration from his face, took out a paper of cigars, laughed,

thrust them back, pulled out another, as he said, of Habaneras, and asked what was the news from Spain.

“The whole area was once occupied by the palace, seminary, and other buildings of the royal house of Quiche, which now lie for the most part in confused and shapeless masses of ruins. The palace, as the cura told us, with its courts and corridors, once covering the whole diameter, is completely destroyed, and the materials have been carried away to build the present village. In part, however, the floor remains entire, with fragments of the partition walls, so that the plan of the apartments can be distinctly made out. This floor is of a hard cement, which, though year after year washed by the floods of the rainy season, is hard and durable as stone. The inner walls were covered with plaster of a finer description, and in corners where there had been less exposure were the remains of colors: no doubt the whole interior had been ornamented with paintings. It gave a strange sensation to walk the floor of that roofless palace, and think of that king who had left it at the head of 70,000 men to repel the invaders of his empire. Corn was now growing among the ruins. The ground was used by an Indian family, which claimed to be descended from the royal house. In one place was a desolate hut, occupied by them at the time of planting and gathering the corn. Adjoining the palace was a large plaza, or courtyard, also covered with cement, in the centre of which were the relics of a fountain.

“The most important part remaining of these ruins is that which is called El Sacrificatorio, or the place of sacrifice. It is a quadrangular stone structure, sixty-six feet on each side at

its base, and rising in pyramidal form to the height, in its present condition, of thirty-three feet. On three sides there is a range of steps in the middle, each step seventeen inches high, and but eight inches on the upper surface, which makes the range so steep that in descending some caution is necessary. At the corners there are four buttresses of cut stone, diminishing in size from the line of the square, and apparently intended to support the structure. On the side facing the west there are no steps, but the surface is smooth and covered with stucco, gray from long exposure. By breaking a little at the corners, we saw that there were different layers of stucco, doubtless put in at different times, and all had been ornamented with painted figures. In one place we made out part of the body of a leopard, well drawn and colored.

“The top of the Sacrificatorio is broken and ruined, but there is no doubt that it once supported an altar for those sacrifices of human victims which struck even the Spaniards with horror. It was barely large enough for the altar and officiating priests, and the idol to whom the sacrifice was offered.

“The barbarous ministers carried up the victim nearly naked, pointed out the idol to which the sacrifice was made, that the people might pay their adorations, and then extended him upon the altar. This had a convex surface, and the body of the victim lay arched, with the trunk elevated and the head and feet depressed. Four priests held the legs and arms, and another kept his head firm with a wooden instrument, made in the form of a coiled serpent, so that he was prevented from making the least movement. The head

priest then approached, and with a knife made of flint cut an aperture in the breast, and tore out the heart, which, yet palpitating, he offered to the sun, and then threw it at the feet of the idol. If the idol was gigantic and hollow, it was usual to induce the heart of the victim into its mouth with a golden spoon. If the victim was a prisoner of war, as soon as he was sacrificed they cut off the head to preserve the skull, and threw the body down the steps, when it was taken up by the officer or soldier to whom the prisoner belonged, and carried to his house to be dressed and served up as an entertainment for his friends. If he was not a prisoner of war, but a slave purchased for the sacrifice, the proprietor carried off the body for the same purpose. In recurring to the barbarous scenes of which the spot had been the theatre, it seemed a righteous award that the bloody altar was hurled down, and the race of its ministers destroyed."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A PHILOSOPHICAL MONKEY.

IF our travellers could not well visit the mysterious ruins of Palenque or Quiche, they could go to see the tall monuments of Quiriqua, an easier journey of a few days by water, and the royal road, and this they determined to do. They secured a negro guide at Lake Isabel, and set out in a mahogany boat at first, then over the public way. Their journey lay over magnificent elevations, commanding wide and enchanting prospects, and through forests of mahogany and cedar, in which a thousand parrots, and many monkeys, inquired why they had come.

The monuments of Quiriqua are called "idols," though whether or not they were ever used for the latter purpose can never be known, until some "Egyptologist" or, rather, "Guatemalologist," shall find the lost key to the inscription left by the vanished race, whose records are now a mystery.

The first monument that they met in the great forest graveyard was curious indeed, with the front of a man and the back of a woman. It rose some twenty feet above the ground, and was covered with inscriptions, every letter of which represented a lost art.

Near it, like a leaning tower, was an obelisk, some twenty-

six feet high. On it were sculptured two, probably royal, heads, but whose, the visitor could know no more than the trees.

They sat down under the trees, at the base of what had been a pyramidal wall, and surveyed the zigzag repositories of history and legend around them.

The guide prepared for them their *comida* (dinner) there. He spread out his tortillas, and kindled a fire, and boiled a number of *huevos* (eggs), which he had brought with him for the purpose.

Parrots gathered around the place, and seemed to be holding a convention. Monkeys gathered near, on the trees, and held a council, or conference meeting, or, perhaps, an inquiry meeting. There was one venerable-looking monkey to whom the others seemed to look for wisdom. He dropped down carefully from limb to limb, and glanced from time to time significantly at the others — some of whom were little rogues in appearance, as much so in habits, as the end of their deliberations proved.

Having wandered away from the place of the fire, while the food was preparing, cutting down bushes around half-sunken monuments, with their machetes, the travellers became lost to the view of the guide, and he came to look for them, crying, — “*Comida, Señores!*”

They returned with him to the meal, very hungry, when they saw his eyes widen and heard him cry out, as in a spasm.

The tortillas had vanished; so had the eggs, and everything.

The little monkeys were gone, and the parrots seemed to be laughing or wondering, when they saw the old philosopher

of the monkey colony looking down upon them, from a high limb of a tree to which he had ascended.

The guide saw him, and hurled terrible words at him. He seemed to have a lively sense of the disappointments of this world, and he pointed to some vines at a little distance.

They went to the place, and found under them the cooked eggs, but no monkeys. The latter had fled, like a village at some terrible news. Why had they gone?

The guide began to pick up the eggs. He dropped one, shaking his fingers.

“*Caliente* (hot),” said he.

“That was what the little monkeys said to each other before they made their adios,” exclaimed the captain.

“You are right,” said the guide. “The eggs burned their *fingers*, and they seem to have all found it out in one place; they could not hold them to run up the lianas.”

They gathered up the eggs and looked up to the tree for the philosopher, but he too had gone. What the monkeys had to say to each other at their next conference meeting we do not know; probably that eggs are not desirable for food.

The interest which these tall monuments had awakened led the travellers to desire to go onward to Copan, which was near. Here a great city, whose very name was now lost, had been.

Copan lies in the Honduras district in a fertile valley, famous for its tobacco. Here are the ruins of a temple, whose river wall is more than six hundred feet long and nearly ninety feet high. It is thought that here rose gigantic monuments that faced the river.

To have seen this temple in the day of its glory, with its gates, its wide avenues, its painted and sculptured walls, and its probable ornaments of gold, silver, and gems, would have been to have taken a view of the New World in the day of its barbarian glory. Magnificent "idols," statues, and monuments were everywhere to be found. What sculptors must have lived here! what schools of sculpture must have opened their doors to the sun! One of the most beautiful of these monuments was larger at the top than at the bottom.

They did not lose their dinner here, but spread it on a sculptured altar amid the fallen terraces of kings.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A GUATEMALA COFFEE PLANTATION.

OUR travellers had seen many coffee estates on their long journey, but never one like that which they were now about to visit in the plateau of Guatemala. It belonged to an Englishman, who derived an almost fabulous income from it; but it was in charge of an American to whom Captain Frobisher had letters of introduction. The latter's name was Holme.

The plantation occupied hundreds of acres, — a sun land under mountain shadows.

“The most beautiful sight in all the gardens of the world,” said Leigh Frobisher, as the plantation came into view. The planter's house was covered with airy verandas, open doors, and latticed windows. Tall trees spread over it right-angled limbs, like priests at the benediction.

They entered the grounds on muleback.

The coffee plants were some six or more feet high and were covered with crimson berries. They were arranged in long rows, or gardens, covering many acres, and were subdivided by avenues of bowery trees.

The house was like an island in a sea of flowers.

Señor Holme, although a stranger, received the party as

though they were a part of his own family. He had learned the delights of Spanish hospitality. His wife, the señora, had caught the same spirit.

The house on the inside had French furniture, and with its slender form seemed like a structure of the air.

After a tropical meal, they were taken out to view the place.

"My nephew, Master Alonzo," said Captain Frobisher, "has been studying the coffee trade somewhat in the South American ports. We have seen some small coffee fields, but never an estate like this."

They rode out into the bright, glowing coffee gardens, under the shade of the long avenue of trees. The coffee plants stood in rows on every hand.

"There seems not to be a weed anywhere," said Alonzo to Señor Holme.

"No, the peons do their work thoroughly," said the señor. "We pay our Indian workmen, which is not done on many plantations."

"How do they secure the service of Indians on other plantations?" asked Captain Frobisher, in some surprise.

"When a grandee purchases an estate on which are Indians, he allows the Indians to live there and exacts their work as rent."

"But is not that slavery?" asked Leigh.

"A kind of slavery," said the señor. "The English plantations are conducted, as a rule, with fairness towards the peons, though the Indian labor costs little, a real or shilling, or twelve and a half cents a day,—a small sum compared with the pay for like work in the States."

"How much coffee does an estate like this produce?" asked the captain.

"A thousand or more quintals yearly," said the planter.

"Will you tell us how the crop is produced?" asked Alonzo in intense interest.

"Yes; but the fields tell their own story.

"You see the stems, the drooping branches, and the red berries. The leaves in the early season are of a deep green, the flowers are small and white and fragrant.

"You see what the red berries are. I will pick some for you and we will examine them."

The planter secured some of the cranberry-like berries. They consisted of a pulp, in which were two seeds which grew facing each other, but with oval sides.

The gardens were shaded. In one part of them were beautiful trees with overhanging branches, in another part were lofty banana leaves. The planter explained that the coffee plant requires shade, as does the South American cocoa. As the planter becomes rich, he employs many oxen, and uses expensive machinery.

"We pick the berries," explained the planter, "and run them with water through a pulping machine which separates the kernel from the pulp. The coffee is then dried in the sun. It is then picked over, graded, and bagged, and taken to the port by oxen, mules, or on the backs of Indians.

"The coffee crop here goes to England and Germany. It is exported from Champerio and other ports."

"What are the profits of a coffee plantation?" asked Alonzo.

"A large coffee plantation produces a very large income.

It is claimed that after six years it will yield yearly an income as large as the original cost. The owners of the coffee plantations become rich men; the crop does not fail, and a ready market awaits the superior berry."

As they rode along under the bowery avenues, Leigh looked up to the mountains.

"Do you ever find rare birds in the mountain forests?" he asked.

"Yes, my lad, some very curious birds and animals. Are you an ornithologist?"

"I have been trying to secure a few specimens of rare birds. I found a quetzal in Nicaragua, and was very much gratified to have such a treasure to take home with us, when I found that it was not the royal bird of the caciques, and the national emblem of Guatemala, but of an inferior family of the species."

"Would you like a true quetzal?"

"Nothing would please me more, Señor."

"I will let one of the Indians find one for you, my young friend. You shall go with him, if you like. The Indians here are to be trusted, and there is nothing that they are not glad to do for a white stranger. I will make you acquainted with one of the Indians who is skilled in hunting."

"It might be hard to secure a quetzal alive," ventured Leigh.

"Trust to the Indian, my boy, trust to him. He will get for you a live quetzal, if any one can. You shall surely have a royal bird to take back to the States as a souvenir of Guatemala!"

The Indian secured a quetzal. It was a beautiful bird.

He put it into Leigh's hands. The bird struggled. Its plumes came off. In his attempt to handle it lightly, he let it escape. It tried to reach a tree, but fell upon the ground, torn and dead.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PEQUEÑA PARIS : A CITY OF SURPRISE.

FIVE thousand feet above the sea level stands Guatemala City, and the first view of it is an astonishment. The traveller who crosses the flat, dreary Canadian plains, and is brought suddenly into view of the glorious city of Montreal, wonders if he is not dreaming or bereft of his senses. He has not expected to find a city so vast and beautiful. So with the tourist over the weary mountain roads of Guatemala—he does not expect to come upon a mountain glory in the city of the high valley or plateau.

The climate here is said to be one of the most beautiful on earth. It has the charm of being no climate at all—*no hay*. Heat and cold have disappeared; it is such an atmosphere as a poet might picture in some ideal and visioned world. Here the roses might weave their wreath around the year. In the dry season every day is sunshine. In the rainy season the clouds come suddenly every day; the rain falls deliciously, and then the clouds dissolve in splendor and all is bright again.

Nearly fifty thousand inhabitants enjoy these balmy airs of the city of the mountain solitudes, which is only about one hundred and twenty-five years old. The old capital Antiqua went down, and this city rose in its place. It cannot be said as

of Caracas that Guatemala City sleeps in her own grave, for Antigua lies in ruin some thirty miles away.

One is at home here in these far mountains. There are no "dont's" here. The horse-car and the electric lights are here, and the streets are hospitable, broad, and firmly paved. Parks are here, pleasant squares, and very beautiful gardens, all balm and bloom.

And the quetzal is here, the true quetzal, that outvies with his plumes the rarest orchids and lustrous green of the palm, the balsam, and vine. Here is the city of the quetzal. The bird of the sun in its trailing splendor stands for the state.

The public buildings are the angles and proportions of beauty. The houses are low, but they enclose squares of flowers, birds, and tasteful adornments, that cause the visitors' feet to move slowly, as is the case in the suburbs of Montevideo, or in Belgrano and Flores, the beautiful suburbs of Buenos Ayres.

Does one wish to hide from the world, to shut out the social pressure upon him, to hear nothing of far-away dissensions, suicides, defalcations, human afflictions? — here is a place for him to rest.

The houses look like prisons at first until their iron doors are opened. Then all is brightness, verdure, bloom, and beauty.

The Grand Hotel — we are not advertising — is a place where one may find a hearty English welcome, and feel that there beat honest hearts within, and fifty thousand hearts as honest around him. "Dont's" are not a part of the habit of the streets and squares, so the cheats and thieves

and book agents, and people who would benefit themselves in the name of the varied needs of humanity, do not bother you here. They talk Spanish here, and English and German.

The hotel is two stories high, and it encloses a square, and from the balcony on the inside one looks down on a Guatemalan garden.

How lovely is this garden, from which rises a fountain. The palm is here, the orange tree, the peach, the flowers that nestle in vines. It is the home of the busy and inquisitive parrot and native birds. The sky is its roof, and the stars come to visit it at night, when the fountain splashes and the birds have put their heads under their wings.

One has pancakes with honey and fried plantains on his breakfast bill here, and coffee *la superba*, and the chocolate of the country, and the fruits of the same; one has for dinner almost everything, and everything one may call for during the rest of the day. One may have coffee and sweet bread brought to one's room before rising if one so desires, when the birds are singing and the sun is pouring his splendors over the dewy palm lands, and causing even the lazy quetzal to move about and shake its gorgeous feathers.

The Great Plaza — the Plaza Mayor — is a place to which it is a delight to return. Here is a cathedral, built by the Spaniards in the days of fabulous riches, that recalls the cathedral of Lima and that of Mexico. One wonders how such a structure should have found a place here. The government buildings are fine. The cathedral does not stand alone among the surprising splendors. There are other churches of great beauty built in the Spanish period. We

speak of Spain as cruel and wanting in a sense of justice, but one wonders at the development of religious instinct as illustrated by such piles of reverent beauty as one finds in a wilderness like this. What pleasing frescoes! what curious paintings! what dazzling altars!

But the market is the place of merriment, and one turns from the squares of cacti to it, with new wonder daily. Here the Indians come down from the mountains with their wares. As honest as they are, they compete and barter, and kill time by market talk. The Indian women are clever, and the girls are beautiful, and the latter follow you about with baskets on their heads, which answer for express wagons in taking away your purchases. What fruits are here! what flowers! what vegetables! One feels here that this is a most beautiful world, and wonders why the holiday does not last forever.

There is an English school here, and a very prosperous one, and to the traveller from the States it has the attraction of a song of the homeland. Guatemala City is a place of colegios and schools, the fruit of the policy of President Barrios. The boys' school here has some three hundred pupils. It has a gymnasium and a museum. The geological garden contains all the principal animals and birds of the country, and the botanical garden is a revelation of the resources of the Guatemalan world.

But with all this are the evidences of a progressive spirit everywhere. The little Paris, in the far, far mountains of the vanished races, is one of the rarely conditioned spots of the world.

From Guatemala City our travellers visited a remarkable

little republic, than which few places more ideal are to be found.

THE LITTLE REPUBLIC THAT WINS SUCCESS.

San Salvador is a wonder, and the wonder grows; she is the little republic that in prosperity may be said to outdo the others. San Salvador has an area of only about seven thousand square miles, is only one hundred and eighty-six miles long, and of varying narrowness; and yet, relatively, she is the richest and most densely populated state in Central America, and in the wonders of her physical features is in some respects one of the most interesting. She has one of the most curious volcanoes in the world, — a chimney of fire in a lake.

The plains here are ancient ashes, and the crust of these when broken is most fertile. Here one rides on craters of long-dead volcanoes, and knows it not. Here the air is a splendor, the mountains a glory, and existence a charm. The mountains overshadow the plantations, and the deep sea lies placid before them. Everything seems to grow here, and coffee is wealth. Like the Yellowstone Park, the land is full of strange springs and lakes in a state of ebullition, earths of many colors caused by gases, and ausoles, or ground eruptions, that deposit these variegated clays.

The volcano of Izalco is a wonder. It belongs to those that have made their appearance since the time of discovery. On February 23, 1770, the earth suddenly opened and poured forth a fiery mass of lava and smoke. Then a cone began to rise above the earth, and has continued to rise, grow, and expand, sending into the air a column of smoke.

This smoke once enshrouded a body of fire, which was emitted with tremendous explosions. It was a natural lighthouse to the still Pacific, and was called "Faro del Salvador" (the lighthouse of Salvador).

There came to the new wonder a period of rest in 1866, when two naturalists ascended it, and found there three craters, one of which hissed and rumbled.

As wonderful is Lage Yelopango, which is some sixteen hundred feet above the sea, and has an area of twenty-four miles.

This lake seems to have moved about. In 1873 it was raised up, with a violent agitation, and in 1879 it was in like manner raised again.

It was dammed up, but made for itself a channel. In fifty or more days it fell some thirty-five feet. The waters smoked, flamed, and boiled, and islands rose in the midst of the seething waters.

When this period of agitation was over, there remained in the lake a single smoking chimney of hard lava, one hundred and sixty feet high, and one of the most curious objects of the recent miracles of the natural world.

(See *The Earth and its Inhabitants*, Vol. II. D. Appleton & Co.)

It is a land of volcanoes, and the view of the Pacific and the palm regions from some of them is most glorious. Here, too, the earth trembles from time to time, and the city of San Salvador has been overthrown some seven times in three hundred years, or during the historic period.

The inhabitants are largely of Spanish-Indian descent. The native Indians cultivate maize and bananas.

The population of this volcanic country has grown from 117,436, in 1778, to 777,895, in 1891, being now about seventy inhabitants to the square mile.

To the planters it was formerly a land of indigo; now it is a garden of coffee and sugar, from which a great revenue is derived.

It has fine carriage roads, which bring the produce down to the sea.

San Salvador was formerly a part of the viceroyalty of Guatemala. She achieved her independence of Spain in 1821. The President is elected for a term of four years. The national assembly is elected yearly.

San Salvador, the capital, has twenty thousand inhabitants.

Primary school education here is free and compulsory, and though a Catholic state, all religions are tolerated. In 1890, 355 steamers entered its ports.

These facts make an ideal picture of the people of a land that is very narrow and less than 200 miles long, a part of which shakes, trembles, and moves about, and whose income from coffee alone is more than 4,000,000 pesos.

The bit of a republic, so active and progressive, exported to the United States, in 1890-1891, coffee to the value of \$1,670,869.

The forests of San Salvador are beautiful. Here is the laud of balsams and healing plants, of which there is a large export to the United States.

The little land of progress is reached from New York via Panama, a distance of nearly 3000 miles, and from San

Francisco, a distance of 2499 miles, in sixteen days, at a fare of \$100.

The travellers returned to the Atlantic coast by the way of Coban. Their journey had been one of remarkable scenes, but they had not yet secured a quetzal.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

“NO HAY” AND “NO SE.”

“*VOILA les Etats Unis!*” was the cry that greeted our travellers as they rode into an Indian town, on their way to the beautiful Indian city of Coban. The place was some five thousand feet above the level of the sea. They were very tired after a long ride, and they sunk down under a shed in which stood a row of mules.

Leigh was the least fatigued, and he began to seek to make arrangements for the comfort of the party.

“Where is the tavern?” he asked of the muleteer.

“*No hay* (there is none),” said the easy-going man. “*No hay, Señor.*”

“What do travellers do who arrive here at night without friends?” continued Leigh.

“*No se* (I do not know),” answered the muleteer. “*No se, Señor.*”

“Where is the *posada* (lodging house)?”

“*No hay, no hay, Señor.*”

“Where is the *cabildo* (town house)?”

“*No hay, no hay, Señor* — it is the jail.”

“Do they lodge travellers in the jail here?” asked Leigh.

"*Si, Señor.*"

"Where can we find a supper?"

"*Aqui* (here)."

"*Bueno,*" said Leigh. The muleteer went into his long hut which stood under an immense hill, with sheltering arms high in the air. In front of the hut, women were rubbing coffee berries, separating the pulp from the kernel.

"*Tortillas,*" said the muleteer to one of the women, who was probably his wife.

Leigh went back to Captain Frobisher and Alonzo and informed them, to their joy, that he had ordered a supper in the house.

They waited to be called to the meal, for which they had a mountain appetite.

But there is plenty of time in Guatemala, and time to spare.

"When will the supper be ready?" asked Alonzo of the muleteer at last, impatiently.

"*No se, Señor.*"

The man went to the kitchen, which in this case was the whole house, and after more spare time, of which there seemed to be plenty, he beckoned to the weary, hungry party from the door.

Our travellers started up. The odor of the *tortillas* (cakes) filled the room.

There was a board for a table, and on this the cakes were set, with *frijoles* (black beans). Black coffee followed. They were impatient to eat.

"A knife?" said Captain Frobisher. "*Confavor.*"

"*No hay,*" answered the woman. "*A machete?*"

“No, no,” said Captain Frobisher. “*Cuchillo* (knife).”

“*No hay*, Señor.”

“Fork, Señora?”

“*No hay*, Señor.”

“Spoon, Señora?”

“*No hay*, Señor.”

“We cannot eat without knife, fork, or spoon,” said Leigh.

“But how did people eat when there were no knives, forks, or spoons?” asked Captain Frobisher. “I am so hungry that I am going back to that time.”

He did. He found that fingers had their ancient power of service. The boys followed his example.

The cakes were excellent, the black beans good, and the coffee bitter.

“Milk, Señora,” said Leigh.

“*No hay*, Señor.”

She added, “I will go and fetch some.”

But our travellers could not wait.

“Beds,” said Captain Frobisher. “Beds for the night.”

She pointed to a building of some pretensions across the way, and made the startling announcement, —

“You must go to the jail, Señor.”

Leigh looked at Alonzo, and both to Uncle Frobisher.

“What for?” asked Captain Frobisher.

“For a traveller, Señor.”

“I must see the commandante (governor or mayor),” said Captain Frobisher.

He went to the large house over the way, and found the commandante.

"Where can some travellers find lodgings, Señor?" he asked.

"Here, my friend."

"Is not this a prison?"

"Yes, my friend, it is so used when there is need. There are no prisoners here now. I will have cots brought in for you."

They were at ease now, and went out into the short twilight to see the town. It had been a market day, but most of the people had gone away. A few remained in some tents.

Here one could buy as many luscious bananas as one could carry away for a few pennies. Pineapples, cocoanuts, and many curious fruits, whose names are unknown to the newcomer, could be had for a trifle.

They returned to the *cabildo*, where *chicha* (the popular beverage) was offered them by a *mozo* (manservant.)

Before they retired, Leigh was sent out to ask the muleteer when he would be ready to start in the morning. He returned doubtfully.

"What is it?" asked Captain Frobisher.

"*No se*," answered Leigh.

They bid the commandante "*Buenos noche* (Good night)." When surveying their room, Captain Frobisher ventured once more to bring back the customs he had left beyond the mountains.

"Mozo!"

"*Sí*, Señor?"

"*Agua* (water), water, Mozo."

"*No hay*."

Then they heard strange musical instruments in the distance; then light after light went out in the Indian huts; then the light vanished in the hall of the cabildo; then all was dark and still, in the land of *no hay* and *no se*.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

COBAN, THE CITY OF THE QUETZAL.

WHEREVER of late Leigh had inquired about the royal bird of the Aztecs, whose form appears on the beautiful national emblem of Guatemala above the scroll bearing the words "*Libertad 15th de Setiembre, 1821,*" he was told, "You will find it at Coban, the mountain town." He might have expected to have heard the bird's name associated with Quezaltenango, in the same region; but Coban was the place commonly assigned as the market-place of the feathered splendor.

"*Tiene usted quetzal* (have you the quetzal)?" he asked again in market-places in Guatemala.

"Coban," was the invariable answer.

He had pictured to himself a bird market at Coban, in which the royal bird should appear to the wonder and delight of the traveller. He was told that its value there depended on the length of the tail plumes, some of which were said to be three feet long. It would in such a case be a difficult pet to manage. Some of the natives had said that it was *tierno* (tender), which he fancied might mean to eat.

"Are there many quetzals in the country?" he asked of a dealer in birds.

“Many, Senor.”

“Where do they live?”

“High up—high up, amid the mountain forests,” said the *pajarcero*, “at Coban.”

After a long, hard journey, amid tropical roads, cooled by lofty trees, every trunk of which seemed to be a flower garden, they came to the city of the supposed market-place of the historic bird.

Coban stands at an elevation of some 4500 feet, and the hills rise above it. The pass in the mountains here overlooks a region of rich coffee lands. The picturesque town appeared,—a street with narrow pavements, flooded with water, and a posada with tiled roof and a simple veranda.

The inn had a home-like look, with its sala, aposentos, and comedor.

They sought the *comedor* (dining room) at once, where they found *tortillas*, *tostadas* (cakes), sausages, eggs, and superb coffee.

About the *patio*, or open court, birds hung in cages amid baskets of flowers; but there was no quetzal among the feathered beauties that gave a cheerful atmosphere to the place.

They went out and walked up the street to the *casa municipal*, where they passed through an arched gateway into the plaza.

The scene in the plaza was most interesting. Here were gathered hundreds of *Indios* bartering their produce for goods. Here were displayed *granadellas* (the passion flower fruit), cacao, blankets, straw hats, and palm-leaf umbrellas.

The Indian women all wore skirts of blue cotton, and their backs were covered with a wealth of long hair, which, with its ornaments, reached nearly to the ground.

They found the commandante at the *cabildo*, or chapter house, a very obliging man, who could speak English.

He walked about the town with them. The houses were low and were covered with stucco. Their windows were protected by iron grills. Leigh peered through some of these in the hope of seeing a quetzal among the hanging flower baskets and caged birds. But no quetzal appeared.

They entered the church, which was simple and impressive, with a tiled floor and curious pictures.

It was very warm, and they slept in hammocks in the hotel. Strangely enough, their guide had turned out their mules to wander outside of the town.

The night in a mountain town in Guatemala may bring a sense of loneliness and remoteness to a traveller from the East. Here one is surrounded by those who know but little of the wide, wide world. The mountains are filled with giant trees, strange birds and animals. Everything is primitive as in the early days of the creation.

The stars hang lonely in the clear sky. When the moon comes up, her face seems like that of a familiar friend.

The morning bursts in song. The forests resound with the happy voices of birds. The flowers seem to be animated.

The day marches on, a fiery tide of sun; but the town is still. The posada does not wake. The morning sleep is sweet, amid the coolness of the air. The *mozos* are reluctant to leave their hammocks and beds. It is always after-

noon or to-morrow here. The climate takes care of the bodies of the people; the sun, as of old, is the provident father to all.

Leigh arose early in the morning, and went out into the silent streets. Nothing but the birds were stirring. The mountains gleamed above the town like tents of the sun. There had been light rains, and the waters flowed under a bridge through the gardens of flowers. Palms feathered the air, the strawberries were in bloom in the gardens.

But to-day people were on their feet earlier than usual — it was a market day.

He heard a cry — it sounded like "*Ocho!*" The market people were coming to the town, men on mules, and with other mules bristling with produce; women in blue dresses and streaming head-dresses, — light-hearted, happy people ready for barter when the people should arise.

The church doors stood open. Here and there a woman began to steal out of the unfastened doors of the houses, and demurely make her way to the church under the low bell tower.

Then more Indios came, and the market-place or plaza filled with trade people. The town was waking.

Leigh went into the inn, and had coffee and *naranjas* (oranges), fried plantains, and *frijoles negras*. He was the first in the comedor.

Captain Probisher came next.

"This is to be my busy day," said Leigh. "To-day I am to find the royal quetzal."

"We don't seem to find any on the table," said the captain; "but I suppose that the woods are full of them. The

mountains are certainly full of woods. Wait for me and I will go with you, and we will visit the markets together. There are many curious things to be found in markets like these — the people, for instance.”

Leigh waited impatiently. The dining-room was nearly empty; how could people be so unmindful of a glorious morning like this!”

At last Captain Frobisher, after an easy breakfast, with much coffee, seized his hat and cane and said, “*Varmous!* (let us go).”

They met the commandante at the cabildo. He was washing his dignity outside of the door, in an easy, lazy way.

“We will have a peppery day,” said he, after the usual many salutations. “No showers; you should take your umbrellas, my friends. Strangers should never expose themselves to the sun.”

“Señor,” said the captain, “my nephew here is greatly taken with the stories that he has heard of your national bird.”

“The quetzal — the paradise trogon — peacock trogon, as some call them.”

“Yes, and we have been told that we can find them here in the market-places.”

“Yes, yes, that is so. The Indians bring them down from the mountains chiefly from the forests of Alta Vera Paz.”

How promising the name of the home of the royal bird sounded — the “height of the true peace,” Alta Vera Paz!

“Can we find them in the market to-day?” asked Captain Frobisher.

“Any day, always. You can get one with feathers three

feet long for a peso. You have to handle them very carefully."

"Would we have any difficulty in taking one home to the States with us?" asked Leigh, eagerly.

"None, only handle it carefully. All travellers take quetzals away with them. They say that the plumes are the finest in the world. They are all that is left us now of the ornaments of the race who built temples as fine as those of the Old World. I mind that there was once a continent between here and Egypt, and that it sunk, don't you?"

"I have heard such a theory. Is the quetzal a quiet bird?" asked Leigh.

"Quiet, nothing is more quiet. What, do you mean those sold by the Indios?"

"Yes; they do not break their feathers in carrying them away?"

"That depends on you. Of course they will not break their feathers. No, sir; they are not magic birds. Break their feathers? No, no; the days are gone by for such things as those."

How strangely the mayor was talking.

He continued, emptying the water from the basin on the ground, —

"There was a time when they say a magician ascended into heaven and remained there seven days, and then came down again, and told what he had seen. Then he went down to hell, and rose again; but the quetzal is no longer a miracle bird."

What did the man mean?

"If I can secure a quetzal and a cage, how shall I take care of him?"

"Why, boy, it won't need no care; it will take care of itself, the same as birds on hats. It is that kind of a bird."

"What may I give it to eat, may I ask? I am a stranger here."

"That you are indeed. Feathers don't eat."

"Does it not live on fruit, in the mountains, may I ask?"

"Yes, in the mountains, but not in the markets. You don't understand the *process*."

Leigh, indeed, did not, nor what the commandante meant by the process. But he would go and see.

It was in the middle of the forenoon now. The sky was clear and the hills were dazzling.

In the door of one of the chapters of the buildings of the plaza sat an old Indian surrounded with birds. Some of the parrots were not caged; they seemed to think that they could not fly. They called the man Roberto.

Leigh went up to him. Roberto's face beamed.

"Parrots, Señor?" he asked, using the English word for birds of most beautiful plumage.

"No, *amigo*," said Leigh, "the quetzal — *resplendens paradiso*."

The Indian rose quickly. He turned around twice. He opened a long box, like a treasure chest.

"Si, quetzal?"

"Si, *amigo*, the bird royal."

"The bird royal?"

He lifted a cloud of glimmering feathers from the long box, putting it over his finger, and holding it up to the sun.

"The quetzal — *uno peso*."

The yellow beak was there, the carmine feathers on the breast, the wing coverts of metallic lustres and lace-like edges, the long tail plumes, the royal crest.

"*Bueno*," said Roberto, as he turned the shimmering lustres in his hand.

"But he has no eyes, no body, no life; he is dead."

"*Sí*, Señor."

"I want a live bird."

"*No hay*, Señor."

"*No hay!*" What did the man mean?

The commandante appeared.

"It is a *live* quetzal that I want, Señor," explained Leigh.

"There are none here."

"Do they never have live quetzals to sell in Coban?" asked Leigh.

"No, no; not for long; *the birds do not live in confinement. They are very tender.*"

Captain Frobisher stared and laughed. Was this the end of the long search for the North American paradise bird?

They bought six beautiful quetzals, but they were as dead as the mummies of the temples that were sinking into the earth in this region of a lost civilization and a vanished race.

"Mayor," said Leigh, "I would travel miles to see one of those royal birds alive."

"Go with the Indians into the Alta Vera Paz," said the commandante. "You will be safe, if I send a guide with you."

He added: "You may find them in your journey higher up. Look out for them."

“I wish to hold a live bird in my hand, if I had to let him go again,” said Leigh.

“If he were to struggle greatly, he would tear his feathers and would die. The quetzal is made of the sun, the fruits, and the air.”

Leigh was more than ever desirous of seeing the royal bird alive in his native trees.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE ROYAL BIRD.

EARLY one morning a hand shook Leigh's hammock. "Wake up," said a voice, "I have something strange to show you."

Leigh awoke. The hammock was swung under a net in a long veranda. As the boy looked up, he saw his brother standing beside him. He rubbed his eyes. In the rising light of sunlight rose the mountains green with palms, in which the birds were singing, songs in reality breaking upon the air. The tops of the ornamental trees were in bloom, and were lighted here and there with the joyous rustle of a bird's wing. The thousands of oranges in some near trees shone in dewy billows of green leaves. As a contrast to these bright scenes, black buzzards were dropping down from the high trees here and there, very lightly, as though their legs were made of glass, and they were fearful of breaking them in alighting.

"Wake up, wake up!" said Alonzo, "and look out into the yard."

Leigh rose up in the hammock and looked into the yard, which was filled with breadfruit trees, covered with tangled vines, which spread over the trees a cloud of crimson blooms.

His eyes were instantly fixed on an unexpected and unaccountable object. It was the form of a tall Indian, thin and

old, standing motionless, as if patiently waiting. He wore a grass garment, had a single green plume in a band about his head, was barefooted, and his lower limbs looked like leather.

He stood with one hand resting on a strange cage of reeds, some three feet high. In the cage was a broken limb of a tree. It was hollow.

The hollow part of the limb had two openings, and out of one of the holes, or openings, was projected the head of a bird, and out of the other opening the tail of the same bird. So much Leigh could see through the wicker work.

He knew the Indian's face at once, and his heart bounded, for the purpose of the Indian's coming was suddenly clear to him.

Leigh looked into the Indian's face and called, —
“Apula!”

A joy as from the heart came into the Indian's face. He stepped forward to the veranda, lifting the tall, broad cage very carefully before him.

He stood there in silence for a moment, then lifted his hand. On it gleamed the fire opal.

“Apula — *fiel!*” he said, “Apula — faithful.”

He blew a reed whistle and called out “Nina!”

A girl of some fifteen years rose up among the bushes.

“Nina *habla,*” said Apula, “*habla por Apula.*”

Nina could speak Spanish, and Apula had brought her here to talk for him. She was his daughter.

The girl was beautiful. Leigh had rarely seen so beautiful a face.

She said in the Spanish of the country: —

“I have come to talk with you for father. I have been to

the English school on the coast. I live with the people of the Mosquito king. I know the Moravians there."

"What have you in the cage?" asked Alonzo.

"It is a quetzal—two trogons, such as the Aztecs placed in their temples, and their nest taken from the tree!"

"Why did you bring the nest with the cage?" asked Alonzo.

"It is the royal bird; it is very tender; if he is not happy, his heart break, and he dies. His feathers are very tender; they fall out if he is handled; they fall out if he is vexed or scared. He loves his mate and his nest. He no lives if he is made a captive; he no lives unless he is happy. He was made to be a happy bird. He is the bird of the sun."

"Will he not live?" asked Alonzo.

"Yes, *he* will live; but another would not live."

"Why will he live and not another?" asked Alonzo.

"He was brought up from a little bird in the trees of the yard. He was fed from the hand of the mistress of the cabin. He is happy with people who treat him kindly. He will live while he is happy. He has his mate and his nest. You can carry him away, if you treat him kindly. He will live; another would die."

Apula opened the tall cage, and took from it the hollow limb of the tree. On it were two trogons, the superb bird of magic and mystery, and his Quaker-like wife.

Apula put out his hand to the royal trogon. The bird, carrying his trailing plumage very carefully, stepped upon it. Apula held him up to the sunlight proudly and said, —

"The quetzal! *vera—vera—vera!*"

How splendid the bird looked, with its emerald lustres and its ruby heart, and trail of curious plumes, like the end of a rainbow! What wonder that the dead nation when it lived in its glory thought that this creature was the bird of the gods! What wonder that they made it the penalty of death to touch its sun-illuminated plumes! What wonder that they placed it on their majestic altars, and inscribed it on the forests of monuments that promised a paradise and immortality to the dead! And of all the glory and pomp of these nations, of all their worship of forgotten gods, of all of the kings who led armies to victory and defeat, who rose and fell, and who left their records on monoliths that none can now read, this bird alone survives among living emblems.

Apula next took out the hollow section of the tree which he had cut out with his machete. He set it down on the veranda and loosed the quetzal from his arm. The royal bird entered the hollow nest with the two openings, while his mate watched him with seeming pride without any fear of strangers. She had never known harm; she probably had no sense that anything could harm her, or do her otherwise than good.

Her superb lord gathered up his feathers to enter the nest. How carefully he did this, as though he knew that every plume was a gem, and that it was the purpose of his rare existence to guard them! He entered the hollow with a really royal movement, and stood on the bark between the two openings in such a way as not to touch a feather. Then Leigh knew what Apula had meant when he made the mysterious movements in trying to describe in sign language the habits of the royal bird.

Leigh's heart was thrilled when he saw that he had been made the master of such a mystery, and that he, probably the first among American naturalists, would be able to take back to the States a royal trogon, — a true bird of the temples of the gods, of the races of mystery.

His admiration for the conduct of the Indian could not be expressed.

What should he say to him?

He would offer him money. He went into the cabin, and brought out his purse that contained American gold, and poured it on a bench beside the trogon.

He began to count out some ten pieces, and he held them out to Apula.

"*Nā, nā,*" said the Indian, in an accent of his race. He then spoke to Nina.

"Father desires no reward," said the girl. "He says that his reward is in your heart; that you paid him well in the love that prompted you to give him the ring."

The Indian moved away, facing Leigh and Alonzo as he did so. He moved back to the white adobe wall, where was a gate. He stopped at the gate, lifted his withered arm, spread open his hand so that the ring and the topaz shone in the sun.

"*Adios! adios!*" he exclaimed. "*Vaya usted con Dios* (Go thy way with God, or, Go with you God).

The two Indians turned away. Leigh never saw them again.

In the orchid house with the captive condor and some wonderful blue-front parrots was placed, a few weeks later, a trogon, a true bird of the golden temples of nature, the sun

and stars; and the bird while it lived recalled not only a strange and delightful journey through the lands of the future, and that a persevering will may bring about an almost impossible purpose, but that he who wins the heart of a man, be that man a savage, may have the choicest treasures that the human mind can secure.

Our travellers had had glimpses of South and Central America, the new lands of opportunity, but glimpses only. The temperate regions of the Andes, of both South and Central America, await the need of the growing populations of the world, and history is to write her great pages there. There art is to rise, and poets are to sing, and music awaken new chords. But it is only the temperate regions that can make homes for the Anglo-Saxon race. The Latin race must form the life of the semi-tropics, and the ancient races and the tribes of the Incas must come again, and be schooled in the civilized arts of the world. With the Anglo-Saxon race in the temperate zones and altitudes in the Andes; a new Latin race in Argentina and the South; the Indian races of old, civilized, Christianized, and educated in the Peruvian and Bolivian highlands and the Brazils — what may we not reasonably expect of the republics of the South under the fiery arch of the equator, the Southern Cross, and the shadows of the eternal peaks of the palms!

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