

A Characteristic Brazillian Article.

Though the NEWS LETTER is generally composed of North Shore matter, it is not averse to occasionally giving communications from distant lands. The following article from the Gazeta de Petropolis will be of interest to our readers for two reasons, first, it contains a reference to Col. Charles Page Bryan, the American minister, and then it is a characteristically Brazillian article:

It has been a week of lovely afternoons, of poetic and melancholy nights and of glorious mornings. There have been no mists to overcast the dark blue of the sky, which contrasts with the black green hood of our mountains, nor the slightest rustle, forerunner of a storm, to disturb the quiet of the air—an enchanting frame in which I have seen various pictures that have moved my soul in divers ways.

On one of these nights I saw from the Atto da Serra one of the most splendid contrasts in nature. While over my head shone the celestial vault, clear, dyed deep indigo, superbly lighted by the rays of the moon and the myriads of stars, grown a little pale in homage to the Queen of Night making her majestic circle—there, below me a few hundred meters, extended black and billowy a carpet of thick clouds, rolling over from time to time, and lighting up like a red-hot furnace, whence the cavernous mutterings of thunder reverberated continually.

A few days after, in the evening, when the movement in our principal avenue is greatest, pictures came to mind as I saw passing in unbroken order the luxurious carriages full of ladies, daintily dressed, or of dignified gentlemen, and the groups of laborers that silently, with head hung low, sought home after a whole day of anxious toil, seeking a miserable meal.

What ideas cross the minds of these poor men at the sight of the glitter and splendor of other's fortunes? They, bowed down under the weight of a sad fate, the others going through life "cradled on a soft bosom."

But do not, therefor, judge me a hater of fortune or an enemy of the luxury she brings. On the contrary, I admire those who know how to live; I adore women who spend for magnificent toilettes and have learned to be princesses at home and in the gay world. It is so they make life enchanting, encouraging art and giving many the means of subsistence.

I would wish rather that all the rich should be kind and loving and should respect poverty, remembering that to it they themselves may return.

Is it always so? Unhappily, no, and I could aptly refer to a scene I lately saw which wounded my soul profoundly. They were fortune favorites, who tortured with mocking smiles a poor youth full of merit.

Such types of our society are well known. Thinking themselves heroes, descendents of Jove and clothing themselves tastelessly and expensively, they look with disdain upon whomsoever they think has no fortune. If they meet someone whom they have formerly had an acquaintance with, but who has not had the skill to enrich himself, they glance at him de haut en bas, barely touch their hats with a solemn gesture and pass on; if they express an opinion, they admit no contradiction, put on a sour look and judging themselves deeply offended, think only of the audacity of their adversary.

This species of bipeds that live enveloped in an atmosphere of pride, is not yet well enough known, precisely because it seems so trivial and ridiculous in the presence of the many personalities that catch every eye and conquer the affections of all by their polite, gentle and distinguished manners.

From among such, I take pleasure in selecting the representative of the great American nation. His great stature, his sympathetic countenance, his gestures which are those of a high-born gentleman, the kindness of his speech, the naturalness with which he is always a perfect gentleman, make the illustrious diplomat one of the most beloved personages of this country. In his salon, where are to be found beautiful objects of art, rare bibelots, splendid pictures, the elite of our world meets, eminent artists, learned professors, literateurs bankers, by the side of young men who have as their only recommendation some talent, and cherish in their souls the blessed light of hope. Col. Bryan symbolizes perfectly his great country, on whose flag stars shine. Knowing how to maintain the dignity of his high position, he seems always to have in mind the fact that in his powerful nation labor and talent are the forces that distinguish and elevate a man. It is because of this that he has always a kind speech, an affectionate smile for all, without looking to see whether they have already reached the social heights and whether they are struggling still in the shadowy valley of conflict.

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