

own so grandly. The high shore range shut me totally off from land or the thought of land. The great crashing surges came down eternally; it was with great difficulty, and some danger of being swept away that we were able to pass the last projecting points, where the surf was already dashing violently. Then we turned off to the little village of San Carlos, to wait until another fall of tide should allow us to pass the remainder of the beach at night. Some large herds of cattle and swine were already encamped for the same purpose; as the darkness came on, their herdsmen surrounded them with a circle of watch-fires. The sunset was grotesquely splendid; a great pink lizard, with a short tail, was seen escaping from a monstrous vampire, who himself was chased by Macbeth's witches.

It was almost midnight before we were able to pursue our way. The heavy surf was quieted, and the broad sea lay motionless under the glow of the stars. The air palpitated with starlight; light seemed to be reflected, too, from the sea, where the images of the stars were broadened by the shifting surface. We soon overtook the cattle crowded in the narrow space between the hills and the sea-shore, hurrying along, goaded by the herdsmen; as a little larger wave would splash more heavily on the sand, the whole black mass would sway tumultuously away like a crowd of men in a panic. It was a strange, wild sight by the dim light. The pigs were in advance; long before we saw them we could hear their multitudinous sound, mingled with the noise of horns and the shouts of their drivers. They scuffled along in a black phalanx, as a black mist on the hill-side. We passed them, and were soon in the great night again.

Along the white path of the beach we could not miss our way, but when we reached the forest again, we must await the morning. I slung my hammock under a dense tree, and, wrapping myself in my poncho, soon closed