

no more travelling that day. Among the feathery branches of the cocoanut-trees the smooth green and brown nuts looked most tempting. It is no easy thing to climb a stalk as smooth as a liberty-pole of eighty feet, but a young athlete of the village, stripping and tying his feet together around the trunk, worked himself up and supplied me with occupation in imbibing milk and scraping the cream.

The night was exquisite; and in the violet dawn we found the river just passable. The dry, ferruginous soil of the savannas had absorbed the rain; its effects were only perceptible in the brilliancy of the short grass. This savanna of Chirie we were now traversing is one of the most celebrated in the country, and the neighborhood of the mountains affords a refuge for cattle in the dry season. Over the whole expanse of the plain, cattle were grouped as buffalo on our prairies. Enormous herds would rush by, followed by some wild horseman whirling his lasso. O the glory of a gallop over these plains! Even Bungo was aroused to some degree of spirit. How the soul of the solitary traveller over these boundless lands expands, and goes leaping over the sweeping undulations! With what utter scorn one remembers that his view was once checked by brick walls built by the paltry efforts of men! Why, you might put all the cities in America within the circuit of my vision!

We left the savanna and turned off among high, bare sand-hills. A strange roaring had been in the air; I suddenly turned sharp round a high hill, and there was the great swell of the blue Pacific bursting upon a glittering beach of sand. A precipitous range of hills rose jutting above; we rode rapidly along, for the rising tide warned us that the jutting bluffs would soon be impassable. I rode for three hours on the smooth, hard beach; the glare was terrible. Never have I made the sea my