

Mr. Wilson was obliged to be next day at Santo Amaro, a little town about thirty miles distant, across one of the ridges, on another river where he had a line of steamers plying, and he asked us to ride there with him; so we went back to his house and dined, and spent the evening at his window inhaling the soft, flower-perfumed air, and gazing at the stars twinkling in their crystal dome of the deepest blue, and their travesties in a galaxy of fire-flies glittering and dancing over the flowers in the garden beneath us. It was late when we tossed ourselves down to take a short sleep, for two o'clock was the hour fixed to be in the saddle in the morning. We rode out of the town in the starlight—Mr. Wilson, Captain Maclear, and myself, with a native guide, on a fast mule. We were now obliged to trust entirely to the instinct of our horses; for if a path were visible in the daylight, there was certainly none in the dark, and we scrambled for a couple of hours right up the side of the ridge. When we reached the top, we came out upon flat, open ground with a little cultivation, bounded in front of us by the dark line of dense forest. The night was almost absolutely silent; only now and then a peculiar shrill cry of some night-bird reached us from the woods. As we got into the skirt of the forest, the morning broke; but the *réveil* in a Brazilian forest is wonderfully different from the slow creeping-on of the dawn of a summer morning at home, to the music of the thrushes answering one another's full rich notes from neighboring thorn-trees. Suddenly a yellow light spreads upward in the east, the stars quickly fade, and the dark fringes of the forest and the tall palms show out black against the yellow sky, and, almost before one has time to observe the change, the sun has risen, straight and fierce, and the whole landscape is bathed in the full light of day. But the morning is for yet another hour cool and fresh, and the scene is indescribably beautiful. The woods, so absolutely silent and still before, break at once into noise and movement. Flocks of toucans flutter and scream on the tops