

Amaro. The path ran right up to the edge, and seemed to come to an end but for a kind of irregular crack, full of loose stones which went zigzagging down to the bottom at an angle of about 70° , and we could see the path down below winding away in the distance toward the main road to Santo Amaro. We looked over this cliff, and told Mr. Wilson firmly that we would *not* go down the side of that wall on horseback. He laughed, and said that the horses would take us down well enough, and that he had seen it done, but that it was perhaps a little too much: so we all dismounted, and put the horses' bridles round the backs of the saddles, and led them to the top of the crack, and whipped them up as they do performing horses in a circus. They looked over with a little apparent uneasiness, but I suspect they had made that precarious descent before, and they soon began to pick their way cautiously down, one after the other, and in a few minutes we saw them waiting for us quietly at the bottom. We then scrambled down as best we might, and it was not till we had reached the bottom, using freely all the natural advantages which the *Primates* have over the *Solidunguli* under such circumstances, that we fully appreciated the feat which our horses had performed.

The next part of the road was a trial: the horses were often up nearly to the girths in stiff clay, but we got through it somehow, and reached Santo Amaro in time to catch the regular steamer to Bahia.

At Santo Amaro a line of tram-ways had lately been laid down, also under the auspices of our enterprising friend, and we went down to the steamboat wharves on one of the trucks on a kind of trial trip. The wagon went smoothly and well; but when a new system is started, there is always a risk of accidents. As the truck ran quickly down the incline, the swarthy young barbarians, attracted by the novelty, crowded round it, and suddenly the agonized cries of a child, followed by low moanings, rang out from under the wheels, and a jerk of the drag pulled