

locks, whose eternal homes seem to be here. The fancy is electrified by the aspect of this Durga of Nature, this evil working good, this life-in-death, this creation and construction by destruction. Even so the wasting storm and hurricane purify the air for life: thus the earthquake and the volcano, while surrounding themselves with ruins, rear up earth, and make it a habitation for higher beings.

"The narrowness of the chasm is narrowed to the glance by the tall abruptness, yet a well-cast stone goes but a short way across before it is neatly stopped by the wind. The guide declared that no one could throw further than three fathoms, and attributed the fact to enchantment. Magic, I may observe, is in the atmosphere of Paulo Affonso; it is the natural expression of the glory and majesty, the splendour and the glamour of the scene, which Greece would have peopled with shapes of beauty, and which in Germany would be haunted by choirs of flying sylphs and dancing undines. The hollow sound of the weight of whirling water makes it easier to see the lips move than to hear the voice. We looked in vain for the cause: of cataract we saw nothing but a small branch, the Cachoeira do Augiquinho—of the little Augico Acacia—so called from one of the rock islets. It is backed on the right bank by comparatively large trees, and by a patch of vividly green grass and shrubbery, the gift of the spray drifting before the eastern sea-breeze. This pretty gush of water certainly may not account for the muffled thunder which dulls our ears; presently we shall discover whence it comes.

"We will now apply ourselves to the prose of the Great Rapids.

"The name, as mostly happens in these regions, is a disputed point. Some make 'Paulo Affonso' a missionary-shepherd, who was hurled down the abyss by the wolves, his 'Red-skin' sheep. Others tell the story of a friar, who was canoeing along the river, when the Indian paddle-men cried, in terror, that they were being sucked into the jaws of the Catadupa: he bade them be of good cheer, and all descended whole. Similarly in the province of Sao Paulo, the Tiété river has a fierce Rapid, known as 'Araremaudoura'—Cachoeira do Padre, or the Rapid of the Priest. Here, according to Jesuit legend, Padre Michieta, one of the multitudinous thaumaturgi of the Brazil, was recovered from the water 'some hours afterwards, alive, and reading his breviary with a light in his hand.' More sober chronicles declare that the poor man was dragged out half-drowned. Others pretend that Paulo and Affonso were brothers, and the first settlers, who gave their names to the place. I would, however, observe, that on the right bank of the stream, opposite the Illia da Tapéra, one of the many that break the river immediately above the upper break, is a village of fishermen and cultivators, whose name, 'Tapéra de Paulo Affonso,' shows that it has occupied the site of a ruined settlement, probably made by the colonist who left his mark upon the Great Rapids near which he squatted. The 'Tapéristas' are still owners of the right bank; the left belongs to one Nicoláo Cotinguiba, of the Engelio do Pinho, and near 'Carahyba Camp' two properties meet. The Cachoeira is in the Frequezia of the Mata da Agua Brauca.

"The locale of the Paulo Affonso has been very exactly misrepresented by geographers who write geography for the people. This sudden break in the level of the bed, this division between the upper and lower São Francisco, is not formed by a prolongation of the Serra da Borborema, nor by the Chapada das Mangabeiras, nor by Thyapaba 'fim da terra,' nor by the Cairirys old or new, nor by the Terra da Borracha, alias Moribéca, so imminent in our maps. The humbler setting of the gem is a rolling plain brown with stone, scrub, and thicket, out of which rise detached blocks, as the Serra do Retiro, about three leagues to the north-west; and to the west the lumpy Serra do Padre. On the south-western horizon springs, sudden from the flat, a nameless but exceedingly picturesque rangelet of pyramidal