

incredibly different from the bleared cloudy expanse we must usually be content with at home. Every familiar constellation had a brilliancy we never see through our moisture-laden atmosphere. It seemed to swim overhead, while behind and beyond it the heavens were aglow with stars that are hardly ever visible here at all. These quiet half-hours with the quiet stars, amid the silence of the primeval forest, are among the most delightful recollections of the journey.

Our mules were a constant source of amusement to us and of execration to Jack and Andy. Andy led the party with his loaded rifle slung in front of his saddle ready for any service. After him came the string of mules with their packs, followed by Jack, who with volleys of abuse and frequent applications of a leathern saddle-trap, endeavoured to keep up their pace and preserve them in line. My friend and I varied our position, sometimes riding on ahead and having the pleasure of first starting any game that might be in our way, more frequently lingering behind to enjoy quietly some of the delicious glades in the forest. But we could never get far out of hearing of the whack of Jack's belt or the fierce whoop with which he would ever and anon charge the rearmost mules and send them scampering on till every spoon, knife, and tin-can in the boxes rattled and jingled. The proper packing of a mule is an art that requires considerable skill and practice, and Jack was a thorough master of the craft. After breakfast he used to collect the animals, while Andy made up the packs, and the two together proceeded to the packing. Such tugging and pulling and kicking on the part of men and mules! The quadrupeds, however, whatever their feelings might be, gave no audible vent to them. But the men found relief in such fusillades of swearing as I