

sky where they were thickest, they were as close together as, and had much the appearance and style of motion of, the large flakes of snow in a heavy snow-shower when a thaw is setting in. Such showers of butterflies are by no means uncommon along the coast of Brazil, nor are they confined to the *Heliconidæ*, although these, from their extreme lightness of build, seem best to fulfill the required conditions. Sometimes the country over a considerable area is absolutely devastated by some particular species of caterpillar. The butterflies or moths, as the case may be, come out nearly at one time; and the swarm of insects are caught by the land-breeze and wafted out to sea, where myriads are drowned, a remnant being, perhaps, floated back again by the usual shift of wind in the evening.

The entrance to Bahia is certainly very beautiful. We passed in the forenoon along an elevated coast, not mountainous or hilly, but rising from the shore in even terraces to the height of two or three hundred feet, the terraces broken here and there by ravines and wooded knolls, every space gloriously clothed with vegetation, and the sky-line broken by long lines of palm-trees. To the right of the town, as we neared the anchorage, a long suburb of handsome houses ran along the crest of the rise. The theatre is a prominent building in the middle of the town, and a little above it and to the right is a handsome church—one with which we were afterward very familiar as an excellent observing station.

The general effect of the town from the sea reminds one somewhat of Lisbon, but Bahia is much finer; the splendid luxuriance of the vegetation gives it a character of its own, and certainly nothing approaches the palm in lightening and giving grace to a picture.

During our stay at Bahia, Captain Maclear and I went in one of the little coasting steamers to Caxoeira, a small town at a few hours' distance up a river, to get some idea of the general appearance of the country. We were very fortunate in meeting