

on board the steamer *Mr. Hugh Wilson*, a countryman of our own and a leading engineer at Bahia, who was at the time carrying out some railway operations at Caxoeira. He had an establishment in the town, with clerks and draughtsmen at work; there he kindly put us up, and we rode out with him to see the railway works. The town is on a river between two low mountain ridges, and the railway winds along the flank of one of these. The country is excessively rough, with no regular roads, and it was at first rather nervous work riding up and down places which no civilized horses would have dreamed of attempting. Mr. Wilson was accustomed to it, however, and led the way with the utmost confidence, and we soon learned to place complete trust in the intelligence of the handsome black entire horses, which seemed to be strong enough for any thing, and to know perfectly what they were about, often absolutely refusing to take the path indicated to them, and choosing one which to our less instructed eyes appeared ten times more difficult. In our ride we crossed here and there steep tracks winding through ravines among the mountains, and at intervals an extraordinary amount of noise—men shouting and cracking their long bullock whips, cattle struggling and scrambling among the loose bowlders, and, above all, the shrill creaking of wheels—announced the approach of one of the huge drays, dragged by ten or twelve pairs of bullocks, carrying supplies to or produce from the interior. The ponderous affair comes creaking and groaning up to the bottom of what looks like, and I suppose is, the dry bed of a torrent, and one can not at first imagine that they can mean to attempt to go up. After a spell of a few minutes, however, they go at it, the men shouting and lashing, and every now and then putting their shoulders to the great solid, spokeless wheels; and, to your surprise, you find that they are making a little way. One leader of a team whom we spoke to had a very confident expectation, in spite of appearances, of getting to his destination, somewhere a good way up country, in rather less than a week.