

tribe made a horrible noise at night at Caxoeira, a Bull Frog (*Rana pipiens*) shouting the loudest with a deep bass voice.

“The trip commenced the next morning. It was to be to Feira St. Anna, about 28 miles from Caxoeira, to see the great fair held there every Monday, and from thence down to St. Amaro, a town on another river running into the bay, whence steamer could be taken for Bahia. Caxoeira, Feira St. Anna, and St. Amaro form with each other roughly an equilateral triangle, being each distant from the other about eight leagues.

“The guide was a German, who acted as interpreter on the railroad. He spoke English, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and had been in Brazil about twelve years. He was a wild sort of young fellow, and had undergone various vicissitudes of fortune, having been once reduced to selling jerked beef, and once having been a dancing-master. He was a capital merry companion, knowing everyone on the road and having a joke for all.

“Our party rode extremely well-broken mules of large size, that ambled along, rendering it no labour to ride. The mules much prefer their natural rough trot to ambling, and try to make a tyro at mule riding put up with it. But a valuable animal would soon be ruined by letting him get into bad habits, and the regular thing to do is to dig in the spurs and jerk back his head with the bit at the same time. This receipt never fails to make the poor brute so thoroughly uncomfortable that he ambles as softly as possible at once.

“The road led up the steep side of the river valley to the table land above. From the top of the hill there is a fine view of the river and its valleys, and the white town below. Some trees, the leaves of which turn scarlet before dropping, set off the green of the rest of the landscape. In their action on foliage and plant life generally, the wet and dry seasons take the place of summer and winter at home, and many plants become bare of their leaves at the dry season, and only burst out again into leaf at the commencement of the wet season. This condition is far more marked in other regions of South America. Humboldt observed that certain trees anticipated the coming wet season, and put out their leaves some weeks before there was any appearance of its approach.

“The road was very much like an English green lane; in places quite a slough of mud, in others dry and sandy; it was broad, but usually more or less overgrown with grass and weeds, with a narrow track picked out along the best ground by the mules. There were numerous cottages along the road, and fields of tobacco, maize, and cassava. Every now and then a bit of wood was passed with beautiful flowers growing about it, and amongst them numerous forms of Melastomaceæ, with their characteristic three-veined leaves.

“Here were seen most of the plants collected at Fernando Noronha growing as roadside weeds. As we rode on, a splendid *Iguana*, about three feet in length, ran across the road, the brilliancy of which was astonishing.

“Every now and then a village was passed. In the first, as it was Sunday, the villagers were enjoying a cock-fight; every villager keeps a fighting-cock. Good Lisbon wine is sold along the road; the drinking-places consist of a hole about a yard square in the