

was a row of about thirty very small wooden houses or huts on a neighbouring hill, where the slaves belonging to the owner of the sugar mill lived.

“Cassava or Mandioca (*Jatropha manihot*), a Euphorbiaceous plant, allied to our Common Spurge, was also grown on the estate, and there was a small manufactory of farinha; it is an indigenous South American plant, though now widely spread in the tropics, and was cultivated in Brazil by the original inhabitants, before they were molested by Europeans. The plant is not unlike the Castor-oil plant in appearance, and is planted in rows slightly banked up; the tubers are long and spindle-shaped. The preparation of them was conducted in a small hut, a large fly-wheel being turned by a negro, and driving, by means of a band, at a rapid rate, a small grinding wheel provided with iron cutting teeth. The cassava root, which had been peeled and washed by a negress, was reduced to a coarse meal by means of the grinding wheel; the meal was then put into a wooden trough, and a board was tightly pressed upon it by means of a lever, heavily weighted with stones. The cassava was thus left in the press for twelve hours, in order that the poisonous juice which it contains should be expressed. The mass was then taken out and dried on a smooth stone surface, beneath which a wood fire was burning. The resulting chalky-white meal, when sifted, yields samples of three degrees of fineness; the finest, a white flour-like powder, is tapioca, *i.e.*, true, original tapioca, an imitation of which, made from potato starch, is commonly sold in England; the intermediate sample is used in starching clothes and cooking; and the coarsest substance, which is coarser than oatmeal, and consists of irregularly-shaped dried chips of the roots, is called farinha, and is, as before described, commonly eaten with gravy at dinner, taking the place of bread, and forming a staple article of food.

“Our host was well to do; he had thriven better than any of the emigrants who came out with him, and, having no family to provide for, talked of going home soon. An old German was staying in the house, an idler, whose real occupation was gardening, his father having been imperial gardener, as he informed us with great pride; he also did a little trade in the way of peddling books. He had landed, more than twenty years before, at Rio, and had reached Bahia on foot. He was now travelling from estate to estate, and staying at each as long as he could, under pretence of doing up the garden, but although he had been two months at the farm, the few square yards of garden were as yet untouched. He had been too lazy to learn Portuguese, and understood very little. He seemed, however, a favourite at the farm, and was well taken care of, tea being made as a special luxury for him, and he had many stories to tell, and quaint sayings, and had amusingly strong Prussian sympathies.

“The farmer guided us to a large tract of primitive forest close by, which was extremely difficult to penetrate. Here I caught, with a butterfly net, a curious Bat (*Saccopteryx canina*), which has remarkable glandular pouches on the under sides of the wings, at the elbow-joints; these pouches are well developed only in the males, rudimentary in the