

coloured strongly-smelling substance, supposed to act as a sexual attraction. The bat was resting on a bare tree-trunk, asleep, the dense forest growth overhead making this exposed situation quite dark enough for it. I caught it with a butterfly net.

On our way back to the farm, we watched some ants carrying off bits of cassava leaves to their holes. One cannot walk anywhere in the neighbourhood of Bahia without seeing these Leaf-cutting Ants (*Ecodoma*) at work. Their habits have been described by many observers, and recently by Mr. Belt\* at great length.

One soldier-ant was carrying a piece of young cassava root, two inches in length. It held the stick by one end thrown over its back, but not touching it, the other end projecting far behind the insect. There was just a balance. The slightest extra weight on the hinder tip of the stick would have upset the bearer backwards. The ant staggered from side to side under its burden, like a heavily-laden porter, and got along very slowly.

I pulled the burden away and then put it back again. The ant struggled a long while to get it back into its old position, but could not. Then it tried to balance it crossways by the middle, but one end always tilted up, and the other stuck against the ground. So at last the ant cut the stick in two, and carried off one half, a worker hoisting the other. The further road to St. Amaro lay through sugar estates all the way. I left St. Amaro early next morning by steamer, and reached Bahia at 10 A.M.

On the quay I bought a living full-grown Three-toed Sloth (*Bradypus tridactylus*) from a countryman for two shillings. We kept the animal alive in our work-room for some days, where it hung on to the book shelves and bottle racks, and crawled about. As I could not get it to feed, I had to kill it.

The beast was the most inane-looking animal I ever saw, and never attempted to bite or scratch; none of us could look at its face without laughing. It merely hung tight on to anything within reach. It showed, however, one sign of intelligence. I hung it on a brass rod used for suspending a lamp beneath one of the skylights in our room. It remained there half a day, hanging head downward, and constantly endeavouring to reach the book shelves near by, but without success. At last it found out an arrangement of its limbs by which this was possible, and got away from the lamp rod, and in future whenever I hung it up on the rod it climbed to the book shelves within five minutes or so.

\* "The Naturalist in Nicaragua," by Thos. Belt, p. 71, *et seq.* London, John Murray, 1874.