

with mostly dirty dilapidated two-storied houses, tailing off towards the country into one-storied hovels. On the river, canoes hollowed out of a single tree trunk, simple and trough-like in form and pointed at both ends, ply between the town and its suburb. They are large enough to contain six persons.

The hotel at which we stayed consisted of a restaurant below and a long barn-like chamber above, with a passage down the middle, and a series of small bed chambers on either hand, enclosed by partitions about twelve feet in height. As one lay in bed one looked up at the bare rafters and tiles, and was apt to receive unpleasant remembrances from the bats. I have seen sleeping places arranged in the same manner in the hotel at Point de Galle, Ceylon, and it is closely similar in all Japanese houses; the great disadvantage is that you have to put up with the snorings and conversations of all the guests in the hotel.

In the evening, just outside the town, in a small pond, a number of small toads were making a perfectly deafening noise. The sound is like a very loud harsh cat's mew, and I could not at first believe that it would come from so small an animal. It is, however, not unlike the extraordinary moan made by the fire-bellied toad of Europe (*Bombinator igneus*), but much louder and with more distinct intervals between the sounds. The frog tribe made a horrible noise at night at Caxoeira, a bull frog shouting the loudest with a deep bass voice.

I started on my trip in the morning. I was to go to Feira St. Anna, about 28 miles from Caxoeira, to see the great fair held there every Monday, and thence go down to St. Amaro, a town on another river running into the bay, whence I could take steamer 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.

My 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 every one on the road and having a joke for all.

We rode extremely well-broken mules of large size that ambled along, rendering it no labour to ride. Mine much preferred his natural rough trot to ambling, and tried to make me put up with it, finding that I was a tyro at mule riding. But I was informed that I was ruining the beast by letting him get into bad habits, and was told to dig in my spurs and jerk