

about him are already beginning to assume a mythical dress, and I was told that miraculous flowers grew out from a tree to which he bound one of his victims, a white girl, leaving her to die of exposure.

We took seven and a half hours over the 28 miles to Feira St. Anna.

The town consists of about three long parallel streets, with a broad cross street, or rather open oblong space, on which the small dealers erect their booths on fair day. We rode into the town at about five o'clock in the evening.

The girls were all dressed in their best, expecting home their various sweethearts who are away all the week in search of cattle, and only come to town on Sundays in time for the fair on Monday. Several of them greeted my guide as an old friend, as we rode up a long street to the other end of the town. Here is an open common-like space surrounded by houses, which serves as tobacco and cattle market. We stopped at an inn close to the market.

The inn was a one-storied house, consisting of an eating room fronting the street, and two sleeping rooms and a kitchen behind. The eating room had large windows with jalousies, but no glass, looking out upon the market. It had a cement floor, a trestle table at one end for eating on, a small table opposite with a red curtained box upon it, containing the household gods, the Virgin in plaster, and Sta. Antoinetta in china, and a half round table with an inkstand for the use of those customers who could write.

The host, an old Brazilian, greeted us with great politeness, and we bowed according to custom to the assembled guests. The company consisted of about half a dozen cattle dealers, who were in animated discussion concerning the prices of stock. One of them, who was quite black, was evidently the sharpest of the lot, and a wag. Presently there came in a dirty coarse-looking grey-haired man with a black skull-cap on; he wore a dilapidated black garment something like an Inverness cape. He was chief vicar of the town; he was in considerable excitement, and addressed himself to the black cattle dealer, who produced a letter for him.

The reverend gentleman had not got his spectacles with him, so the host proceeded to spell out the letter aloud. It appeared that the vicar did a bit of general trading, and had sent some horses, mules, and slaves to a neighbouring fair, in hopes of a good price. The letter was to inform him that he had made a bad speculation, and that no buyer had been found. The vicar was in a great rage, and made an excited oration about the hardships of his position and terrible depreciation in the