

had only just time to back my mule into the bush out of the way. One of the lads was after her. He seized her tail just as he was opposite to me, held on for about twenty yards, and then, digging in his spurs and shooting forwards, turned her over with a thud. She was up, however, again, and off into the bush in an instant, and he after her with the dog in full pursuit, and I saw him disappear under the branch of a tree with his body laid right back on his horse's rump to avoid it.

We passed about sunset through a village, where there is a hospital, a very substantial building, erected by the vicar, who diligently collected subscriptions for that purpose for many years. The church was lighted up and the people were going to vespers. One of the villagers was pointed out to me by the German farmer as being the hereditary owner of a large estate worth several thousand pounds, and a number of slaves. He was quite black and dressed in tatters, and looked like a slave himself, and was driving cows along the road. He could neither read nor write.

Our host was an emigrant from the Hartz District. He had been out in Brazil about 14 years, and had a farm of several hundred acres, most of which was grass land; the grass growing where sugar had once been planted. He bought cattle and sheep at Feira St. Anna, kept them some time on his farm, and then killed them and sold the meat in St. Amaro and the district. He also grew a large patch of sugar-cane, which was ground at a large mill close by, he receiving half the sugar produced as his share. He had bought one slave: all foreigners, except English, being allowed to possess slaves in Brazil. The slave was married to a girl, who was principal servant in the house. The farmer had assisted the girl to buy her freedom.

Frau Wilkens, his wife, who had no children, described the girl as most trustworthy, honest, and deeply attached. Her small child, a chubby little negro, was a great pet in the house. The greater part of the work on the farm was done by slaves hired from the owners of neighbouring plantations. There 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, which is a Euphorbiaceous plant, allied to our common spurge, was also grown on the estate, and there was a small manufactory of farinha. The Cassava (*Jatropha manihot*) 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.