

them a feed of maize to make sure that they got it. We saddled them ourselves in front of the inn, and after much ceremonious shaking of hands with the host and many polite speeches, rode off.

“On the road we passed several herds of cattle, which were being driven towards Bahia. In one of these some of the cattle were very wild. There were three vaqueiros in charge of it, a man and two lads of from sixteen to eighteen years of age. There was thick bush on either side of the road, and every now and then the cattle broke away into this. The use of the rough lurcher-like dogs which follow the vaqueiros now appeared. In the thick scrub the vaqueiro could do nothing without his dog. The cattle are out of sight in an instant, and go off dashing full pace through the bushes. The dogs are after them at their heels at once, and drive them to the vaqueiros, who dash off into the thick of the bushes in pursuit, bending right forward in the saddle, and stooping till their heads are beside their horses' necks, to avoid the branches.

“One cow came full charge down the road behind me, and I 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 20 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 for many years diligently collected subscriptions for that purpose. 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, 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 fourteen 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 and whom the farmer had assisted 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