

when in the country of the tarantula, was desirous of investigating minutely every particular relative to that insect; but the season was not far enough advanced, and no *tarantati* (persons bitten, or pretended to have been bitten, by the tarantula) had begun to stir. He prevailed however upon a woman who had formerly been bitten, to act the part and dance the tarantata before him. Many musicians were summoned, and she performed the dance, as all present assured him, to perfection. At first she lolled stupidly on a chair while the instruments were playing some dull music, they touched, at length, the chord supposed to vibrate to her heart; and up she sprung with a most hideous yell, staggered about the room like a drunken person, holding a handkerchief in both hands, raising them alternately, and moving in very true time; as the music grew brisker, her motions quickened, and she skipped about with great vigour, and variety of steps, every now and then shrieking very loud. The scene was far from pleasant; and at his desire an end was put to it before the woman was tired.

He further informs us that whenever the *tarantati* are to dance, a place is hung round with bunches of grapes and ribbons; the patients are dressed