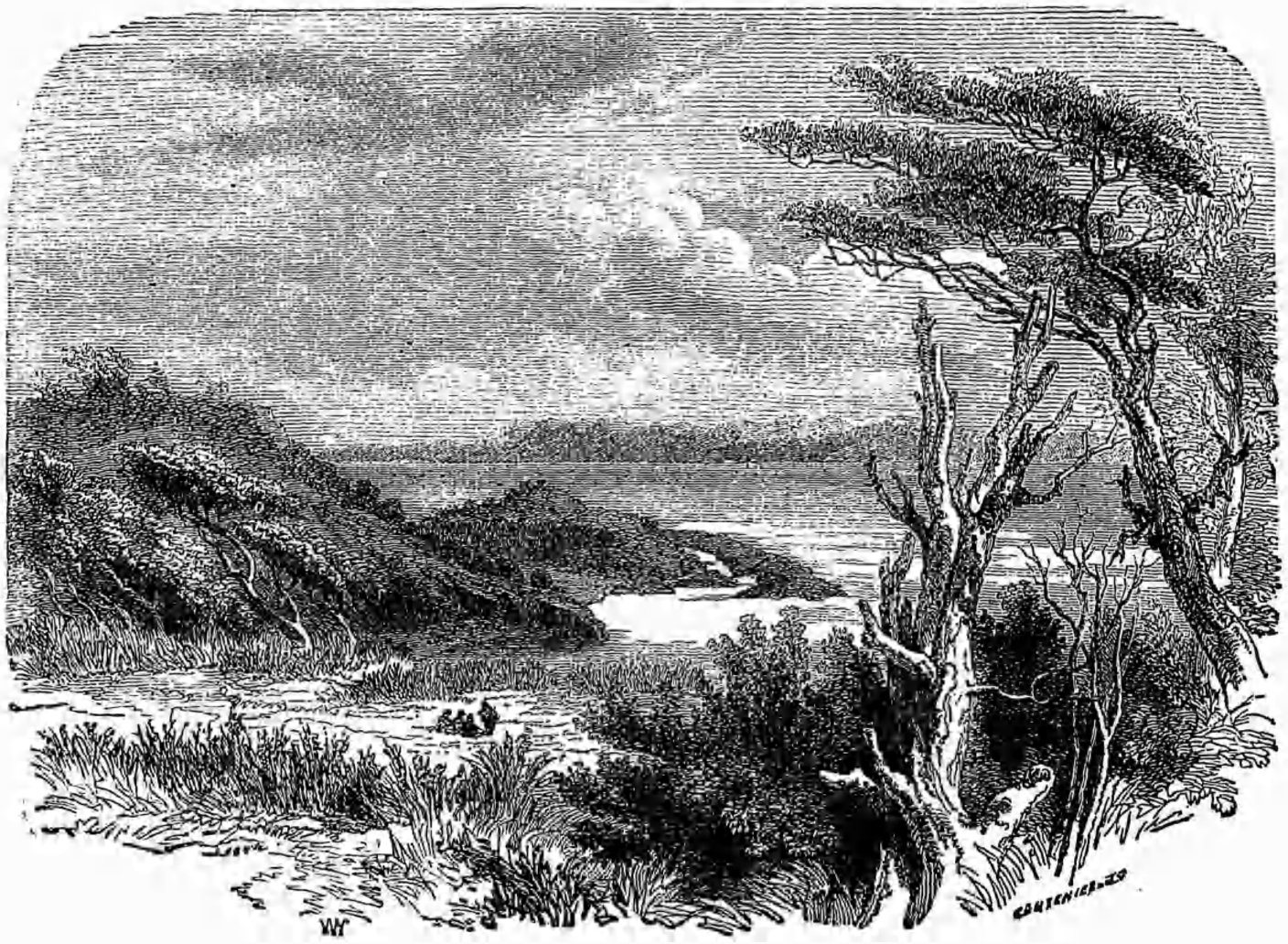

PORT FAMINE, STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

(*See page* 158.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN

Missionary Magazine.

NOVEMBER 1, 1873.

Patagonia.

THE CHUPAT.

THE Bishop of the Falklands arrived at Buenos Ayres from Patagonia, July 28th, and has forwarded to the Society the following deeply interesting memoranda of his visit to the Chupat:—

MEMORANDA OF A VISIT TO WELSH SETTLERS IN THE VALLEY OF THE CHUPAT, PATAGONIA, MAY, 1873.

On Friday, April 20, we left West Falklands bound for the river Chupat, in Patagonia, and, after a boisterous passsage, anchored off the mouth of the river, distant about a mile and a half, on Friday, May 2. I attempted to land in the "Allen Gardiner's" gig, but a heavy swell was setting in, and formidable breakers seemed to allow no passage into the river, so I returned to the vessel, and proceeded to New Bay. There was a wreck at the mouth of the Chupat of recent occurrence. We afterwards found out that the ill-fated ship belonged to a Captain Cox, an American, who had opened trading communications with the Welsh colonists. He was leaving the river with a full cargo, under what were supposed favourable circumstances, but somehow things went wrong, and the vessel was hopelessly lost. The Chupat is not a good place for ships to enter or leave; but small craft find a secure anchorage when inside. The bay into which the river empties itself is much exposed, except from the westward; and no captain who had a regard for the safety of his ship would like to lie there long. New Bay is forty miles further to the north, having an entrance about four miles in width; it forms a commodious harbour, circular, and lake-like, with a diameter of perhaps thirty miles. Into the south-west corner the "Allen Gardiner" penetrated, and then cast anchor 46 hours after leaving the mouth of the Chupat. The weather had been too fine for making progress, and our average rate of advance had been about a knot and a half per hour. A road stretches

in an almost direct line from the point off which we anchored to the Welsh Colony. The distance rather exceeds 13 leagues; in summer there is little water to be had by the way, which makes it hard for travelling, but taking it all in all I think the fittest port for vessels visiting the Colony is New Bay. There must always be some risk elsewhere; and delay in getting in or getting out of the river may well be expected (and now and then only small vessels can venture over the bar), whereas in New Bay any vessels, at any time, may go and come, and find a suitable place for the discharge or taking on board of cargo. All that is wanted is the organization of waggon-transport between the bay and the valley of the Chupat. It was Sunday morning, about ten o'clock, when we anchored in New Bay. Ashore three of the colonists awaited our arrival. They had ridden over the day before in expectation of our coming, but they had mistaken the "Allen Gardiner" for a vessel from Buenos Ayres, in which Captain Cox, whom I have before mentioned, and a Mr. Lewis Jones, whose family resides in the Chupat Colony, were expected. A spare horse had been sent for the latter. On the following day I had the advantage of using this horse for the journey to Trerawson, the name of the settlement it was my object to visit. The termination Rawson was given in honour of Dr. Rawson, the Minister of Interior at Buenos Ayres, during whose term of office the Colony was planted. Dr. Rawson has a deserved reputation in South America as a generous and enlightened statesman. About sundown on Monday (you will remember the season is winter), after a pleasant ride, we reached the house of Mr. Lewis Jones. Mr. Bartlett was with me, and we had for our guides two of the settlers who visited the New Bay. The other had remained in the "Allen Gardiner," setting his horse free for Mr. W. Bartlett's use. I had some compunction on drawing up at the door of Mr. Jones's house, for his return was expected, and his favourite horse had been sent for his special use. Our reception by Mrs. Jones was most cordial, the disappointment occasioned by a stranger appearing on her husband's horse not being allowed to damp the spirit of Welsh hospitality in the mistress of the house.

On Tuesday morning I began an orderly visitation of the colonists in their scattered homesteads, which extend about ten miles along the bank of the river at irregular intervals. The climate was soothing and cheerful, a pleasant contrast to the most rigorous and blustering south, from which we had come. I can scarcely conceive a region more suitable for English constitutions, more healthful, especially for those who like neither excessive heat nor excessive cold, than exists with various slight modifications between the Rio Negro and the Rio Santa Cruz, in Patagonia. The Chupat valley lies about 200 miles to the south of the former, and about 400 miles to the north of the latter river. If climatic combinations, in a sanitary point of view, were alone considered, I do not think they could be more happily met with than in the parts described. Yet I have heard that cerebral excitement and a kind of epilepsy have been sufficiently common to excite suspicions as to the effect of the climate. Generally, however, I

found it highly praised ; and the appearance of the settlers, and their cheery temper, indicated a highly oxygenated and healthful atmospheric condition. The valley of the Chupat itself, as a field for colonial enterprise, does not strike me as specially favourable. The soil is not remarkable for its fertility, although perhaps of good average quality. And neither the breadth of the valley, nor its length, so far as fitness for cultivation goes, opens up a prospect of great development. Wood for building is very scarce. Firewood is abundant ; clay, for bricks, everywhere. The camp is stocked with game ; and guanacoes, hares, ostriches, and other animals of the chase furnish the settlers as they require it with flesh. Of tame animals there were about 500 horned cattle, and perhaps 150 horses belonging to the colonists. About two dozen sheep represented large flocks which might have pastured in the plains, and enriched their owners, had not a flock of 1,000, presented some years before by the Argentine Government, been allowed to wander away, and became utterly lost in the boundless camp. Had the settlers been equal to the occasion, and fitted in some degree for their novel, but self-selected circumstances, they might long since have turned to good account the advantages, for they are many, of their position, and the favours, for they have been great, conferred by the Argentine Government. They lacked experience, however ; and consequently we have heard from time to time of the severe privations and embarrassments to which the colonists have been subject. I am glad now to be able to state that they appear to have lived down their days of greatest trial, and to be entering already upon a period of comparative prosperity. Several families have accumulated what at home would be considered riches among the classes from which, with certain exceptions, the colonists have come out ; and a subsistence, at any rate, can be always secured with less effort and anxiety than at home. I saw them, it is true, after an unusually good harvest had been gathered in. Such good fortune is not to be expected, perhaps, more than once in three years ; for want of rain is a frequent cause of loss, and no adequate system of irrigation gives a guarantee of fertility to the most carefully sown fields. One season, swollen with heavy rains or the melting snows of the Andes, the river flows with ruthless energy towards the sea, flooding all the lowlands, and deluging the crops ; another season, it receives but little accession of strength, and winds its famished course seaward, careless of the thirsty land and precious grain that craves for its fertilising influence. How to regulate the waters of the Chupat so that they may contribute their annual riches to the colony is a problem to be solved. Trade with the Indians has, perhaps, contributed as much as anything to the material wealth of the colony ; and the ostrich feather, guanaco mantles, ponchos, and various other articles manufactured by the Indians, together with butter, cheese, &c., the products of the colony, and prepared for export, make it worth th while of any captain who can come to terms with the colonists to keep up regular communications with them. Captain Cox is at present under

an agreement to do this, and will, I hope, succeed; but he is not a little unfortunate with his vessels. One I mentioned is a wreck at the mouth of the Chupat; another, in which he was going down to fetch the cargo saved from the former, was, after 50 days of severe weather, obliged to put into the bay of San Blas, where she has since been condemned. Thence Captain Cox came overland to Patagonia. He is now returning in the steamer to the River Plate in order to get another small vessel wherein to complete his voyage, and bring away his cargo from the Chupat. No doubt the colony would have suffered inconvenience from these misfortunes of Captain Cox had not a small schooner made a trading cruise from the Falkland Islands in the meanwhile. The visit, too, of the "Allen Gardiner" was, doubtless, of advantage in some respects at this particular time.

I mention these small matters that you may gain more or less accurately some idea of the material condition of the Welsh settlers. It is to me certainly a matter of surprise that such a place as the valley of the Chupat should have had the preference over other places having apparently far greater natural advantages than it. But its outlandish character was possibly an attraction. The Welsh are insular in their sentiments, and clannish. They do not like at home the increasing English leaven. Their country is small, and the pressure of social life is great. They therefore emigrate. Multitudes have gone to the United States of North America. There they have formed distinct communities, and kept up their own language. State documents have in the United States to be translated into Welsh. Still, entire exclusiveness is not easily kept up; and in the States strangers have crept into these select communities. The spell has been broken. Increasingly, foreigners of all nationalities established themselves in the very heart of Welsh settlements, to the detriment, it is said, of the Welsh character. This was hard to bear; and, consequently, some specially remote place was sought for the future development of Welsh idiosyncracies. In the wilds of Patagonia it was thought there would be rest from the aggressions of the stranger, his language, his customs, rest from the struggles between labour and capital, from the toils of the coal mine, from the rivalries of trade, from the collisions of church and chapel, of private judgment, and Catholic faith. A warm-hearted, emotional people, loving their own language, and the religion which had been commended to them in it, sought apparently in the valley of the Chupat to enjoy unmolested what at home seemed to have but a precarious existence. Thus in part may be accounted for the oft-talked-of Welsh colony in Patagonia. At present it is of limited dimensions. A hundred and seventy-three persons made up the whole population at the time of my visit. Were I a Welshman I might regret that certain foreigners have already found an entrance amongst them. The proportion is about five per cent. Yet this is perilous to the purity of the original intention. In more respects than one, however, this intention has, perhaps, been defeated.

My object, of course, in visiting the Chupat was to consult for the religious interest of the settlers. I had been invited to visit the place, and to secure through our Mission some aid for it, by Mr. Lewis Jones, about two years previously.

The information he gave me respecting the colony, and in particular respecting the religious educational wants of its members, was verified by my own investigation. In material things there was progress; in spiritual there was much to regret the lack of. About three months before my visit Mr. Matthews, who has been for a long time the sole minister of religion amongst the people at the Chupat, had left for England. His wife and family remained in the colony, and I had the pleasure of seeing them, and of partaking of Mrs. Matthews's hospitality. The absence, however, of her husband had caused the cessation of all public worship. On Sunday, to the credit of some of the colonists, the children were gathered for instruction in certain cottages. But generally there was a manifest want, on all sides allowed, of regular and definite Christian instruction. Mr. Matthews is an Independent; but the colonists represent a great variety of religious opinions. Baptists, Methodists of divers kinds, Independents, and a few Episcopalians, find refuge on the banks of the Chupat. No one class is able to support a minister of its own, and the colony as such has never appointed one. Mr. Matthews has no official position, and has received no salary. He is a colonist, and as such he has worked like others to obtain a livelihood. His ministrations of religion, somewhat intermittent I believe, have been the spontaneous offerings of a Christian heart. The building used for public worship had a dishonoured look, and served as a general place of public meeting. When not wanted for higher purposes, it became often a roosting-place for fowls. But I saw it under favourable circumstances, after considerable pains had been taken to prepare it for the services at which I was present. There was no day-school, and the children, handsome and intelligent for the most part, were suffering from neglected education.

Civilly, the colony is organized as follows:—There is a president, elected annually; a committee of twelve, elected annually; a House of Assembly, composed of all the adult males. There is no naval force, but the national guard exists, invisible indeed to peaceful strangers, but liable to be called out at any moment, and sent perhaps in pursuit of Indians to any distance that may be required.

The committee, so-called, acting under the President, are, in fact, the governing body.

The colonists have many of them been miners; many of the women have been in domestic service. But carpenters, saddlers, and masons are represented amongst the population. Two or three families are of a superior class and education, but not on that account more adapted than the others to the position they occupy. In fact they seem a little out of place, and have in consequence more to put up with. But dwellers in

the camp in South America do not look for many luxuries. If they have good health and brave hearts they may find in the desert much enjoyment, and smile at difficulties. It might be instructive to some to visit South America, in order to see what people can do, and what they can do without, when they have a mind. Sometimes I am inclined to think our countrymen carry things to excess, and are almost to blame for not attending a little more than they do to appearances and comfort. But the free life of the camp is to many very fascinating, and tends, if not well regulated, to too much unrestraint. These last remarks are general; but even at Chupat I could see how much might be gained by a little self-imposed discipline.

I did not hurry through my visit, but remained altogether in the neighbourhood fifteen days, and of these I spent eight in the settlement itself. The place is so out of the way that visits must be scarce, and I therefore desired to give the colonists ample time to decide upon some plan of religious and educational improvement before I left.

I should say that the result of my personal house-to-house inquiries on this subject amounted to this—that no one denomination was strong enough to develop its peculiar religious organization; that at present there was almost a dead-lock in consequence, no party being quite satisfied with the *statu quo*; that a compromise was necessary; and that, on the whole, the compromise considered most expedient was favourable to the acceptance of a Welsh-speaking episcopalian clergyman.

I desired that this subject might be submitted to a public meeting, and that some formal resolution might be come to, and presented for my consideration. Side by side with this was the question of a school; and, thirdly, the establishment of an Indian Mission.

These three subjects were, by my request, taken in hand by the President, and became the topics of serious debate in a public meeting summoned by him. The result I will presently lay before you. But first of all I must explain my own action in the matter.

The future clergyman should, it seemed to me, be placed in a position in which he need not, and should not, in order to obtain a livelihood, buy and sell, and farm, or rear cattle, and barter with the Indians. It is not without reason that the clergy form a distinct class, and are forbidden at home to engage in mercantile and speculative pursuits. If a man makes a poor bargain he is looked upon as soft; if a good one he is looked upon as hard. Jealousies and bitternesses soon spring up, and ministerial usefulness is imperilled. The effect, too, of a sharpened business faculty, and an appetite for gain, is not conducive to single-minded devotion to spiritual duties. I know there are two sides to a question. St. Paul, we are told, laboured with his own hands, that he might, with greater independence, preach the Gospel. Probably it would be an advantage in some respects, if not in all, were brain-workers and hand-workers to divide their labour more equally than at present. But taking things as they are, and met as

they are, I am not in favour of trying even in South America the experiment of a farmer ministry. The clergy should not be idle ; but if they undertake the education of the young in cases where they have a settled ministry, or if they diligently visit the scattered residents in the camp, where their ministry is itinerant, there is no danger of idleness, provided always they are faithful students of the Divine Word, and earnest in preparation for its delivery.

With these convictions, I stipulated for a clergyman, if any, at the Chupat, who should devote himself exclusively to the ministerial, or ministerial and educational work. I undertook to promise 100*l.* a-year towards the salary of such a clergyman, provided the colonists would guarantee in money, or in kind, a like amount.

The question was, I am told, warmly discussed ; but the Resolution come to was, that no guarantee could be given of any definite support ; that the means of livelihood were too precarious at present to justify a promise ; that the harvests were very uncertain ; but that, if a minister was sent, and could speak Welsh, and commenced public worship amongst them, they would support him as far as possible.

The next point was educational. A school was wanted. The children were exposed to serious evils in consequence of there being no regular instruction and no discipline. What was to be done ? One of the colonists, with a good deal of public spirit, and of sufficient education, had tried to form a school. His health was barely equal to hard outdoor work ; but for instructing the young he seemed fitted both physically and intellectually. His efforts, however, were not successful in securing him a livelihood, and he had to abandon the attempt. The fact is, the colonists have been at times very hard up indeed, and could not pay for the education of their children. Still, this year, things were brighter than usual, and to stir up their hearts afresh in this matter, I promised a subsidy of 30*l.* and some school material, if on their part 40*l.* additional, in money, or its equivalent, could be guaranteed to meet the working expenses, including salary, &c.

This offer was not officially accepted, *i.e.*, not accepted by the public Meeting ; but a petition was sent to me afterwards, signed by several residents, asking me to make the grant, and promising on their part to do what they could to establish a school. One of the signers of the petition promised half a ton of wheat, in value about 5*l.*, as his annual contribution. Under these circumstances, I determined to make a half-year's grant in the name of the South American Mission, and accordingly have drawn on you for 15*l.* and for some school material. Mr. Berwyn, to whom I have alluded, has undertaken to recommence a school, in which daily Christian instruction will be given.

The children are suffering in some respects from the very things which make their parents contented with life at Chupat, the unrestraint, I mean, which they enjoy. In the old country they were under great social pressure, had hard work, and spare food. Now they are their own

masters, and the freedom of the wilderness is their supreme luxury. But while it is easy to understand the fascination of this mode of life, especially for those whose memories are charged with impressions of early drudgery, it is not difficult to forecast the grave disadvantages which children brought up under such relaxing influences must inherit. It is not to be expected that parents intent on their own enjoyment, an enjoyment heightened by its contrast to past servitude, will be very careful to exact obedience from, or to enforce discipline upon, their children. Yet without obedience and discipline and instruction, what must become of them? The common saying is, they will become Indians. The danger of deterioration is very real and very rapid in its advance. I hope, therefore, very much, that a school may be established, and that you may have the satisfaction of knowing that the South American Mission has been instrumental in the matter.

The third point of interest was the Chupat as the base of an Indian Mission. In favour of this is the fact that the Indians are friendly and regular in their visits. They seem open to instruction, and are by their intelligence capable of receiving it. Very generally a desire was expressed that a Mission Station might be formed there. I am not blind to the advantage to the settlers themselves which the formation of a Mission Station would produce; and they of course are not blind to them. Still, over and above the desire to secure a personal or social advantage, there existed, I think, certainly on the part of some colonists, a genuine interest in the welfare of the Indians. To myself this Indian question is of deep and abiding interest, and I never fail to rejoice when I seem to see an opening for the Gospel amongst these scattered tribes. Still I have cause to ponder over past failures and difficulties, and I would not hastily advise some crude experiment. In examining the circumstances of the Chupat colony in their bearing on this matter, I saw many most favourable to the promotion of this Christian enterprise, but I saw one circumstance of fatal significance against it. This was the liquor traffic carried on with the Indians by some of the colonists. In the face of this I don't think I would advise the Committee to undertake to form a Station on the Chupat. On this subject, as in fact on all subjects, I spoke with great freedom and decision to the settlers; and I am rejoiced to find that public opinion was already strongly against it, and that it is possible a colonial law will be passed prohibiting entirely the liquor traffic with the Indians. It is well it should be so. The colonists will find themselves infinitely more comfortable in consequence; for drunken Indian brawls, and bloodshed, and murders, will cease; and the Indians themselves are wise enough in the end to know the misery their craving for drink involves, and the manifold advantages of trade carried on without intoxicating liquors.

I hope to hear that the prohibition of this traffic is an accomplished fact, in which case I think it would harmonize with the truest instincts of the South American Mission to make provision for the spiritual wants of

emigrants from our own country, and of the natives of the land of their adoption.

I fully expect that the Chupat will attract many more settlers. There is room, say, for 1,000 altogether. Some additional immigrants are expected from the United States, Welsh of course. I think it almost certain that a suitable Welsh clergyman would be acceptable, and that he would eventually succeed in combining the differing forms of religious thought amongst the people. Warm-hearted and hospitable, and full of religious instinct, they would welcome a true-hearted minister of Christ, I quite believe. But he must be the right man, or there will be disappointment. These settlers want to be organized, led, advised, in the Spirit of Christ. At present they are a little adrift. They have left the old institution, the church, the chapel, the customs, the laws, the highways and pathways of home ; they are revelling in a novel freedom, but not without danger of forfeiting the advantages and privileges of a more conventional life. A wise head, a Christian spirit, a skilled hand, now to guide them, would be fruitful of good. To place the ark of Christ in the centre, and to gather loyal hearts around it, this is no inglorious work, no unworthy object for a minister of Christ. I should rejoice to think that such a task had been taken up by the right men. And then, beyond the blessings conferred upon our countrymen, I should contemplate with hope and thankfulness an expansion of Christian effort for the welfare of the Indian tribes.

It was my happiness to baptize seven children, and to administer the Lord's Supper, to marry one couple, and to conduct public worship, and to preach to an attentive and crowded congregation during my stay in the Chupat Valley. On other occasions we had visitors on board the "Allen Gardiner," who shared in our services, and brightened them by their singing. A love of music prevails amongst the Welsh ; and it was gratifying on the Sunday when I conducted their worship to listen to the hymns in their own tongue which they sang, slowly, perhaps, but with feeling and solemnity, to tunes they knew and loved.

WAITE H. FALKLAND ISLANDS.

Written on board the steamer "Patagones."

Efforts are being made to secure an earnest and faithful Welsh clergyman for the colony, and we are informed that another body of Welsh emigrants are about to sail for the settlement.

The Argentine Republic.

The Bishop, when at Buenos Ayres, preached a sermon in the Rev. Dr. Smith's church on behalf of the S.A.M.S., on which occasion the collection amounted to 44*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Soon after his arrival at Buenos Ayres, the Bishop of the Falklands admitted to Priest's orders the Rev. F. N. Lett, Assistant Chaplain, &c., at the English Church, in the presence of a large congregation. The officiating clergymen were Dr. Stirling, Bishop of the Falklands; the Rev. Dr. Smith, British Consular Chaplain in Buenos Ayres; and the Rev. Mr. Hoskin and the Rev. W. T. Coombe, respectively Chaplains of Monte Video and Rosario. The service was very impressive, and an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Smith, who selected as his text Christ's promise to His disciples, "And lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

The Bishop writes from Rosario, Sept. 12, that he will be occupied three weeks in carrying out the arrangements formed for him by the Rev. W. T. Coombe, in the Argentine Republic, and we believe he will shortly afterwards proceed to San Paulo to consecrate the church there.

The Bishop remarks, "I had the privilege of meeting a congregation of residents in the camp, about 75 miles south of Buenos Ayres, on Sunday last, for public worship."

With reference to Barracas, a station in the suburbs of Buenos Ayres, for some time occupied by the Society, the Bishop remarks, "Barracas is incorporated in Dr. Smith's scheme of work, and is a scene of useful Christian activity. This is as it should be. The Society did well to commence work there; but the natural supporters and directors of the work are mostly in Buenos Ayres."

We deeply regret the notice during the last session of Parliament to deprive all Consular Chaplaincies of Government aid after the lapse of another year. This will tend greatly to increase the responsibilities and requirements of the South American Missionary Society.

The Falklands.

MR. Lawrence continues to give a favourable report of the Indians at Keppel, and announces the safe return of the "Allen Gardiner" to the port of Stanley, Falkland Islands:—

"*Cranmer Station, Keppel Island, Falklands, April 17th*, 1873.

"The Indians generally live peaceably together, with the exception of a trifling

offence sometimes among themselves, and though at the time they appear to be very much displeased, they soon become reconciled. Most of them continue regular in their attendance at morning and evening prayers, and also at school, except at such times when they are otherwise engaged. Some of them make very little progress in reading or writing; with others, writing soon becomes comparatively easy. Their minds are becoming more enlightened and their hearts softened for the reception of Divine truth, and they highly appreciate the great advantages of civilization, and the blessings of a Christian life. Their capacities for attaining useful knowledge, both secular and sacred, are gradually being developed. They not only wish to know God's will, but also to do the same, and live in obedience to His holy commandments. I was very much encouraged by what came under my notice a short time ago, as to one in whose spiritual welfare I have been deeply interested. After coming, as he usually did, to Divine service on the Lord's-day, he suddenly disappeared and took another away with him. I saw no more of them the whole day. As I was visiting on the following evening, I met him looking so sad that his countenance was quite changed, and after a little inquiry he told me he was very unhappy because he went away on the Sunday instead of remaining at church and school. He was very much grieved, not only because he had done wrong, but because the other was actuated by him. He said he was very sorry, and he felt himself so wicked he could scarcely believe God would forgive him. I told him how willing the Lord was to pardon the sins of all who truly repent and desire to live a godly life. I prayed with him that God would enable him to believe that Jesus died to atone for our sins, and that he may obtain the peace of God which passeth all understanding. He told me before I left him he had received much comfort from the few words I was permitted to say.

"The manual labour performed by the Indians is sometimes very laborious considering their not being accustomed to anything of the kind before coming to our Mission stations.

"During the summer, and especially through the season of sheep-shearing, they have often worked from four o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock at night, and notwithstanding feeling a little tired, they enjoy the time very much. At such times they receive such additional supplies from the stores, not only of provisions, but also of clothing, &c., as we may deem necessary for them, and which we think will compensate for their labour. I give out the weekly allowance of stores to the Indians every Saturday afternoon at two p.m.; they always have a half-holiday on Saturday, which they generally spend in the camp. Two or three of them go on horseback, and bring the cattle in on their return in the evening, and others take their spears and enjoy themselves catching fish on the beach."

"*Allen Gardiner*, *Port Stanley*, *Falklands*, *August* 13*th*, 1873.

"We are glad to inform you of the safe return of the 'Allen Gardiner' from Rio Negro and Chupat, after an absence of three months. The six horses purchased by Mr. Bartlett arrived perfectly safe, and are well looking, notwithstanding the bad weather they experienced during the latter part of their voyage, and the severe frost and snow after they were landed at Keppel Island. I have now taken a passage in the 'Allen Gardiner' to Stanley, for the sole purpose of obtaining a sufficient supply of necessary provisions for our residence at Ushuwia. This is my first visit here since our arrival from England, which is nearly four years ago. We left Keppel about seven p.m. on the fifth, and arrived

at Stanley the following day at six p.m., having had a remarkably good run, wind being fair greatest part of the way.

"We left them all well at Cranmer, though the humidity of the season has been greater than usual. Many have suffered from sickness at Stanley and other parts of the East Falklands (especially the children) from the severity of the weather.

"We have brought from Keppel to Stanley for sale six tons of potatoes, sixteen hides, and eighty-one pounds of butter; the potatoes now sold to Mr. Dean are twenty tons. Owing to the unusual quantity of rain, and the cold weather during the summer, our garden crops, especially the potatoes, were a comparative failure, judged by the preceding year.

"We hope to leave Stanley in a few days, as soon as we can take in our provisions and make necessary preparations for going to sea. I shall proceed to the coast as quickly as circumstances will allow, *i.e.*, as soon as our goods are on board. My dear wife is gradually regaining her former strength, and Dr. D—— will accompany me in the 'Allen Gardiner' to Ushuwia. We rejoice in the prospect of living among these interesting though ignorant and miserable people, who stand so much in need of the light and knowledge of the Gospel of Christ.

"We have on board two of the Indians from Keppel, Eemuianjiz and Shapawulaticinjiz; they have not seen Stanley before, and appear to enjoy it very much. I myself, with very great pleasure, participated in the worship of God in the Colonial Church, during the hours of Divine service on the past Sabbath. The words of inspired truth which fell from the lips of the Rev. J. C. Lory, by the power of the Holy Spirit, made such deep, and I trust lasting impressions upon my mind, something like what I have often felt when privileged to enjoy the means of grace in our own land. It was indeed to me a few hours of real spiritual refreshment.

"During the past winter the Indians at Cranmer have been entertained two evenings in each week, partly in amusing recreation, and partly mental instruction, but also as a means of encouragement to them to asssemble for prayer and praise. They have been supplied with stores for the occasion, as you will see from the accounts which I forward you by this mail. This has been carried out according to Bishop Stirling's proposal. The supply of stores will be discontinued during the summer.

"Since Mr. Lewis's arrival at Keppel we have conducted the Sabbath services and daily prayers alternately, some of the Indians taking an active part in the latter. The Indians behave themselves extremely well, and though they are not altogether what we wish, they almost exceed our expectations; but we know the grace of God can soften the hardest heart, and the Spirit can enlighten the darkest mind, and the power of God can deliver the sin-bound soul, and make the spiritual darkness of the heathen to vanish before the light of His revealed truth.

"We very much regret leaving Mr. Bartlett and his family, as we have now become thoroughly attached to each other. The past three years' experience has been a season of unbroken happiness; we have been enabled to labour together in unity and godly love, but we sincerely trust the change will be conducive to the glory of God.

"During Mr. Bartlett's late absence in the 'Allen Gardiner,' my time has been more than usually taken up with the employment of the Indians in their out door duties.

"JOHN LAWRENCE, Catechist."

The causes of the Bishop's long detention will be gathered from the Chupat memoranda, and the following extract :—

At Anchor off B. Aires,
July 28, 1873.

I have been long delayed, first, in starting from the Falklands. When I had quitted Stanley for good, as I fancied, and reached Keppel Island, thence to make a start for Patagonia, I was suddenly appealed to to fetch a man from Shallow Bay, and to take him to Stanley, as he had certainly dislocated, and it was feared also fractured, his hip. The man had been left alone while Mr. Holmstead, his employer, came over in an open boat eight miles by himself to ask for assistance. Of course I at once took the matter in hand and started for Stanley. Unfortunately, we encountered very severe weather, and were six days in reaching it. I remained but four hours in harbour, and then returned to Keppel. The weather for some days was stormy, and the wind fresh, and when we started it was again to meet tempestuous seas and adverse gales. Thus a week was consumed in the voyage to the Chupat. There we spent 15 days, and afterwards proceeded to Patagones. I will send notes of my visit there in my next. After a stay of 10 days I tried to get away in the "Allen Gardiner" to Monte Video, but the Bar could not be passed, and we were detained there 15 days.

Mr. Bartlett was with us, and became anxious about getting back to Keppel Island. Just then the steamer was announced from Buenos Ayres, and I was told she would be only four days at Patagones; I determined, therefore, to dismiss the "Allen Gardiner" and to take the steamer.

Eventually the "Allen Gardiner" crossed the bar on *the* 26*th day* after first going down the river. I was still a prisoner, for the steamer had always some excuse for not going, and it was not until July 12 that I passed the bar, over which, on May 24, I had entered the river. This was a weary and wasteful time for *daily expectation* of departure.

Chili.

SANTIAGO.

THE Rev. J. Roe has arrived in safety at Santiago, and entered upon his duties as chaplain to the English residents there. He writes :—

"*Santiago, July* 24*th*, 1873.

"I am thankful to be able to report that through the mercies of our Great Protector and Heavenly Father I have arrived in my new and distant home quite safely. We had a splendid voyage, and had not an hour's bad weather to the Straits; but as we passed out of the Straits into the 'Pacific' we had what the Captain called 'half a gale,' but it appeared to my inexperience to be a perfect hurricane. Cape Piller seems to be the dreaded spot. All along as we exulted over the fine weather the officers of the ship used to say, 'Wait till we get to Cape Piller.' And so it came to pass. As regards the West Coast of South America, that word 'Pacific' is a misnomer, for it generally gives the idea of the 'Terrific.' At all events, that was my experience, and you will concur with me when I tell you that for the following two days I was not to be seen out of my cabin. However, when I got better, I was well pleased that I had come that route,

for more beautiful or grander scenery is not to be seen than that in the Straits.

[Our frontispiece represents Port Famine in the Straits of Magellan.—ED.]

"As regards Sandypoint I could not get much information, for we did not arrive there till 10 p.m., and we left the same night. The only information I could get was that most of the inhabitants were convicts, and that there were but four Englishmen living in the place, and a few Americans. When we arrived at Coronel I was so ill that I had to give up the idea of visiting Lota, but I met Mr. Miller, one of Mr. Thring's congregation, who spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Thring's ministrations.

"We left Coronel about 8 p.m. on Saturday, and steamed away to Valparaiso, little imagining what we were to experience there. We got into the Bay about 6 p.m. on Sunday, and as it was rather late to go ashore I determined to remain on board. I went to bed about 12, but was suddenly awoke at 2.20 a.m. by a great earthquake. At first I had not the slightest idea of what was taking place, and had a sort of fancy that I was dreaming. My next was, that we were out at sea and had run on a rock or sandbank, or that all the chains in the ship were rushing out with terrific force. Then I imagined that we were being run into, and that we were going to the bottom. In a moment I was at the port window, but all was still and quiet save the awful howling of the numberless dogs of Valparaiso. My companion in the cabin (a Peruvian), soon corrected my mistake and told me what it was, and that we were quite safe on board. I turned into my berth, and in five minutes I was asleep and heard nothing more till next day, although a slight shock took place during the night.

"I went ashore about 10 a.m., but was scarcely on *terra firma* when a very severe shock took place. In a moment all the inhabitants were out in the squares and streets, looking very terrified. Ignorance was bliss to me, for it did not alarm me in the least. I thought it nothing more than some heavy carts passing close by. I was quite amused to see all the people running. Earthquakes are unlike every other dangers. You never get accustomed to them. The more you experience them the more frightened you are.

"During the day there were several, but not severe shocks. Coming on to night there was a vague presentiment that the worst was not over. The inhabitants seemed afraid to retire to their houses for the night. Most of them lingered about the doors, or were to be seen wending their way to the hills with their bedding to pass the time. Numbers took no rest during the darkness—a terrible feeling and a want of confidence pervaded all classes. Dear Mr. Lloyd betook himself and his family to the cellar for the night, while I sought refuge back to the steamer as being the safest place. In the morning Mr. Lloyd found that his servants never went to bed, but sat in the hall, close to the doors, till daylight. The natives are always much more frightened than foreigners. There is scarcely a house that has escaped in Valparaiso. If they had not been specially built for such emergencies, much more damage would have been done. Next morning (Wednesday), I felt another severe shock. I was sleeping at the 'Hotel Colon,' and had told the waiter to call me at 6 a.m. The waiter forgot, but an earthquake came at exactly that hour and roused me up in quick style. As to the general particulars of the earthquake you will have them before this reaches you. I don't feel the least alarmed. I know that I am in the way of duty, and I feel that the way of duty is the way of safety. 'Man is immortal till his work is done.' My Heavenly Father is my protector as well as my Creator, therefore I feel safe. There is comparatively little danger to life now, as the houses are so constructed as to survive very severe shocks. There is generally an alarm and time to get

out of the way before the worst comes. This city suffered very little, no loss to life, and very little to property.

"The route to Santiago is grand in the extreme. No language can describe the sublimity of the scenery along. The boldness and majesty of the mountains are awfully grand. In many respects Santiago did not come up to my expectations, and in others it did, as to its situation. It stands in a vast plain (almost as level as a bowling green), at the foot of mountains reaching into the clouds, rugged and abrupt to their base. They are now covered with snow, and seem to overhang the town, although I am told their tops are 40 miles away. They are upwards of 16,000 feet high. So far, I realized more than I expected. As to the city, it is not all I anticipated. The streets are very bad and very very dirty, and the streams of water, so beautifully described by Mr. Taylor, of Otley, Suffolk, are nothing more than sinks, and are anything but agreeable. It is true that many of the houses are palaces, but squalid dirt and misery abound around. The Alemadi is very fine, but this is a bad time of the year to appreciate its beauty.

"I like the church very much, and those of my congregation that I have seen. They are all very kind. The Bible-store had gone down very much. Very little stock, and very badly kept, and few sales, only about 20 dollars' worth sold since Mr. Wilkinson left. I hope to get it in working order soon. I got it cleaned and some things put in the window, and during the last ten days there has been more sold than was sold altogether since Mr. W.'s departure. There is much inquiry just now, especially amongst some of the young men. Most of them have thrown off Romanism, and many of them are ignoring all religion. All have a most profound respect for England and the English. Already I have had conversations with young Chilenos, which have given me reason to look for a bright future. The priests and nuns will make a desperate effort as soon as they really feel their power going, but God is with us and victory is sure! I enclose the concluding portion of an awful oath I found on the fly-leaf of a book lent by the Irish Sister of Charity, often referred to in our Magazine before. * * * * * *

"The following are the concluding words of the oath. After professing her faith in the creed of Pope Pius the IV., she continues (in her own handwriting), 'I now freely profess and truly hold, I promise, vow, and *swear* most constantly to hold and to profess the same, whole and entire, with God's assistance, to the end of my life; *and to take care,* to the best of my power, that it shall be held, taught, and preached by those over whom I shall have authority, or with *the care* of whom *I shall* be charged by virtue of my office. So help me God and his holy Evangiles.'

"Such is the quotation verbatim out of the book called 'Catholic Doctrine,' lent by this Irish Sister of Charity to a humble Christian woman after trying every means to seduce her from the faith as it is in Jesus.

"This Sister has boasted that she 'converted every Protestant that ever entered the Hospital.' This mistaken lady will not do much more harm, as she is now on her death-bed with cancer. "J. ROE."

VALPARAISO BIBLE SOCIETY.

THE most encouraging items in the colporteur's report for July refer to the growing interest among foreigners and natives with regard to the spread of the Gospel in this country. This interest, it will be observed, is of a practical kind.

An Englishman, who has frequent dealings with Chilian workmen, bought twelve copies of the New Testament to distribute among those who could read.

On another occasion, two Englishmen who had purchased six copies for the same purpose ordered twenty-five more. Several Englishmen also bought Spanish books and periodicals to give to their native friends. A Chilian tailor who loves the truth urged his fellow workmen to purchase the New Testament, and several young men who are well supplied with our religious publications, bought some small books and illustrated papers to give to others. Another Chilian has purchased from the colporteur at different times three Bibles to sell again to acquaintances.

In German families the colporteur found some who were glad to receive the messenger; a man who purchased a Spanish Bible for his wife, a Chilian; a widow and two sons who although Romanists gave him a warm welcome and bought some German books; several women who seemed decided and earnest in the cause of Christ; one who expressed regret that so few attended the German service on the Lord's-day, and a man who, while denying the divinity of Christ, desired that his children might become followers of the Saviour and paid for books for their use.

Among the Chilians many items of interest are reported. A woman, wife of an Englishman, bought several books and promised to attend the Spanish service. In a native school a few books were sold to the children. A watchmaker and his workmen purchased the Bible and three books of a religious character. A girl, after reading a little work about Christ, asked her father to purchase the Bible, which he did very willingly. Several men, who had heretofore refused to buy anything from the colporteur, obtained from him copies of the New Testament. A man who purchased a Bible about a year ago had read it attentively, and said that he had ceased to pray to the saints. A young man wished that he might learn to read in order to become acquainted with the Scriptures; he purchased a Spanish primer and his employer promised to instruct him.

Mingled with these incidents from the journal we find some of less encouraging character. One woman ordered the colporteur not to enter her house again with those heretical books, and several others tried to persuade their husbands not to purchase. Many declined to invest their money in religious publications, saying that they were not interested in such matters, or were well supplied with works of this kind.

Seamen.—Although the colporteur is still prohibited by the civil authorities from selling books in the harbour, he seems to be doing a good work among seamen with whom he meets on shore. Several sailors from a British man-of-war were glad to receive religious periodicals and purchased a few books. An English captain refused a paper that was offered him, but two others selected and paid for several publications. Another invited the colporteur to visit his vessel and talk with the men, although he could not take his stock of books with him. Five sea-captains conversing together expressed great surprise on learning that he was prohibited from selling on board their vessels, and considered the measure a very arbitrary one.

Hospitals.—Eight visits were paid to the English and French hospitals. In the former the colporteur was asked by several to call more frequently, and a few with whom he prayed manifested some interest in divine truth. In the French hospital, where there were very few patients, he found one man who gladly received a copy of the New Testament, and another who willingly paid for one.

Among people of different nationalities reached by the colporteur, we notice a

Greek and a Chinese who purchased works in Spanish. An Italian, after a long period of opposition to Gospel truth, at last purchased some good books, and a Welshman wished for religious publications in his own language.

The *Obrero* meets with great favour; *over one thousand* copies of this handsomely illustrated periodical were sold in this city last month. Of the *Almacen de la Infancia* nearly four hundred copies were sold. It is to be hoped that our English-speaking friends in this country and on the coast will aid in increasing the circulation of these cheap but interesting periodicals by ordering copies for distribution from the Depository.

Copies of Holy Scripture sold during the month of July, two hundred and two; other volumes, four hundred and two. These sales include those made in the Depository, which form two-thirds of the whole amount.

The total value of sales amounts to three hundred and thirty-five dollars.

Valparaiso Record, 1873.

The Society's Bible depôt at Santiago is supplied with stock from the British and Foreign Bible Society, through the Valparaiso branch; and it is to be hoped that the Rev. J. Roe will succeed in speedily extending its efficiency and usefulness. The importance of making a pure version of the Scriptures in Spanish easily accessible to the population is enhanced by the approaching issue of Father Vaughan's Roman Catholic translation, *with notes*, of which 10,000 copies have been ordered by the Chilian Government for schools.

A GOOD CONFESSION.

A. M. M.

A REGIMENT of the civic guard in Valparaiso set out from head-quarters last month on the Lord's-day, as usual, ostensibly for the purpose of military drill, and halted before one of the principal churches in the Almendral.

Presently a priest made his appearance at the church door bearing the *host*, and at once an order was given that all should kneel and do homage to the idol. One man, a sergeant, remained standing. An officer asked him angrily, why he did not kneel. "I cannot," was the reply. "I command you," said the officer, and the man knelt, compelled to act contrary to his convictions of duty.

When the regiment was dismissed at head-quarters, the sergeant was imprisoned, and a few hours later a court-martial, composed of all the officers, was held to consider the delinquent's case.

On being asked, "What have you to say for yourself? To what article do you appeal in defence of your conduct?" the prisoner replied: "*I appeal to an article in the law of God*, in the twentieth chapter of the book of Exodus," at the same time repeating almost verbatim the words of the Second Commandment.

"What nonsense is this!" exclaimed the major. "Remember where you are, and explain yourself." The man replied respectfully that the only excuse for his conduct was based upon the Divine commandment which he had just repeated. "What! are you a Protestant?" asked the

presiding officer. "I am," replied the prisoner, "and a member of the Chilian Reformed Church in this city." "Are you not a Chileno?" asked the other; "and your parents, were they not Catholics?"

"True, Sir," was the reply; "but since I know the law of God I feel bound to obey it. The commandment already cited is binding upon all men; you will find it in the Roman Catholic Bible as well as in the Protestant."

One of the officers then observed that "this man should be disgraced and punished. The example is most pernicious." The prisoner remarked that he would prefer to be put in chains rather than violate his conscience and the Word of God.

Finally the presiding officer wished to ascertain the contents of a note which the sergeant had written and sent off while in custody, and on being informed that it was a communication to the church to which the prisoner belonged, he exclaimed: "Why are you desirous of publishing this matter? How did you know that you would not be liberated at once?"

The sergeant was thereupon set at liberty, with a reprimand, and an order to yield in future prompt obedience to his superiors.

Let us hope that his manly protest may not be lost upon those before whom he witnessed a good confession, and that this example of moral heroism in a native convert may serve to stimulate all who believe in God to deeper reverence for the authority of His holy law.

Valparaiso Record, 1873.

Brazil.

THE AMAZONS.

THE details of the Valedictory Meeting, to bid farewell to Messrs. Clough and Resyek on their departure for the Amazons, will, we trust, quicken the sympathies and zeal on behalf of this great work of all who earnestly desire the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

The Rev. Dr. Lee, M.D., has since arrived in England for conference with the Committee, prior to his proceeding (D.V.) to Santarem, to occupy the responsible post of Chaplain-Superintendent of the Amazonian Mission.

We cannot too strongly urge the necessity of a continuous inflow of funds, both as donations and subscriptions, in order that an enterprise embracing the evangelization of so many hundred tribes of heathen should not only not be crippled at the outset, but be possessed of resources adequate for its steady expansion and de-

velopment. The Committee have not shrunk from the venture of faith they deemed to be required of them; but they have not quite reached as yet one-half of the 1,000*l.* they regarded as necessary for the foundation of their work upon a secure basis. Messrs. Clough and Resyek sailed for Pará Sept. 8th, and they have furnished tidings of their arrival at Lisbon *en route*.

"*Lisbon*, 14*th Sept.*, 1873.

"Through the goodness of our Heavenly Father we were safely brought to this port during the past night, all being well. We have been privileged before retiring at night to meet together in our small cabin for reading the Word and prayer, as also for Christian communion between us, which I felt refreshing to myself. We look forward with self-diffidence, but with firm confidence in our great High Priest who has said, 'Lo, I am with you always,' and we are encouraged to think that our God, whom we desire to serve continually, will deliver us from enemies more powerful than lions.

"But I must impart to you the sad intelligence of the collision of a fishing-smack with our vessel last night. We were going slowly, the smack had no light up, although it appears that it had plenty of time to avoid coming into contact with us; the consequence, however, was, our vessel cut it across and it almost instantaneously sank. There were five men and a lad on board of her, but these were miraculously saved by ropes thrown over to them, considering it being dark, too. The lad was fearfully bruised, we believe, internally. He suffered very much. The captain kindly had him taken down into the cabin and every attention was paid to him, Mr. Clough himself having the oversight of him; but the hand of death was at work. About eleven p.m. the poor sufferer, about ten or twelve years old, while in the arms of Mr. Clough, calmly resigned his spirit to the God of all flesh, saying, 'God be blessed.' It was a serious time for all of us who stood around the dying one. Our thoughts at such a time would naturally be directed to Him who is the beginning and the end of all living.

"The information I have been able to gather respecting these unfortunate Portuguese fishers is as follows:—

"They had been out for some six weeks on a fishing cruise, they had been successful, had filled their vessel, and were returning home when they came into contact with us. We are heartily sorry at the misfortune of these hardy people who have ventured so much for a livelihood, and at last have lost all the fruit of their hard labour on the deep.

"We hope to leave here either this evening or to-morrow to proceed on our voyage to the Amazon, where we hope to be in about three weeks hence, and the Lord grant us success in our important undertaking.

"We are encouraged when we think that there are many who remember us at the throne of grace where our God and Father is ever ready to meet us.

"JACOB E. RESYEK."

"*Steamship Maranhense, off the coast of Portugal,*
"*Saturday, Sept.* 13, 1873.

"We sighted Cape Finisterre yesterday afternoon at about four o'clock, after a somewhat boisterous, though, on the whole, pleasant voyage. From Tusca light to the coast of Spain we had strong south-west winds, but at 11.30 last night it chopped round due north, bringing clear

sunshine weather. In our daily readings and meditations together upon the promises of our Lord we are much strengthened from above for our work.

"To-morrow all hands will be busy discharging and taking in cargo, but afterwards the captain says he would welcome Divine service in the cabin aft. If we have time we hope to go to the Anglican Episcopal Church to-morrow morning in Boas Ayres, but I fear we may be too late for the commencement of the service.

"The remembrance of the kind words of Christian counsel and sympathy we received at the private drawing room of Mr. Pite, in the Freemasons' Hall, is still vividly before me. My heart was too full to admit of my saying anything, but the loving farewell and earnest prayers for the success of our mission to the poor heathen savages upon the Amazons, I am sure have a heavenly recognition. When you write to the friends who attended that meeting personally, or were with us in spirit, will you kindly tell them how grateful we are for the expressions of interest in the Lord's work among the Amazonian heathen, and to Mr. Marsh for his able and impressive address which will ever be treasured by us. Through mercy we are quite well. While certain that not a few trials await us, we humbly remember the words, 'But my God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.' With Christian regards to all inquiring friends.

"R. S. CLOUGH."

THE VALEDICTORY MEETING TO MESSRS. CLOUGH AND RESYEK.

A deeply-interesting Meeting was held on Thursday evening, September 4, at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen-street, on the invitation of A. R. Pite, Esq., Chairman of the General Committee, to take farewell of two lay missionaries (Messrs. R. S. Clough and J. E. Resyek) on their departure to found a Mission at Santarem, upon the Amazons.

Amongst those present were A. R. Pite, Esq., the Revs. G. S. Fitzgerald, Rector of Wanstead; J. W. Marsh, Vicar of Bleasby; H. Smith, Vicar of Christ Church, St. Alban's; C. R. de Havilland, H. E. Windle, Secretaries S.A.M.S.; W. Macandrew, Esq., J.P.; Major Ditmas, D. Couty, T. E. Carter, T. Woods, Esqrs., &c.

After the hymn, "O Spirit of the living God," prayer was offered by the Rev. G. S. FITZGERALD.

The CHAIRMAN then stated he had received upwards of seventy letters—among them from Archdeacon Hunter, Revs. Beuttler, Taylor, &c.—expressive of great regret at the inability of the writers to attend, but heartily wishing God-speed to the important enterprise about to be inaugurated. The Committee had desired to feel the pulse of their constituents before entering on so vast a field, and it was gratifying to find such a response as had been met with. The Jesuits had hitherto alone had their way, while Protestants regarded the Amazons as a blockaded port, and to proclaim the Gospel there, too vast a work to be attempted. It was no new design, however, as Captain Gardiner contemplated it, and arguments on its behalf had appeared in the Society's Magazines for six years past. The great obstacle to its execution had been the want of men and means. The Society has risen to a consciousness of its responsibilities and privileges; and, having already

received 332*l.* in special donations of the 1,000*l.* appealed for, has resolved to follow the leadings of God's providence, and to employ the experienced agents, placed apparently ready to their hand. Mr. R. S. Clough had gained experience in his pioneer journey of 3,000 miles up the river last year, and Mr. Resyek, by his successful labours in the Fuegian Mission, where he dwelt amongst the natives, had won many to the love of the truth as it is in Jesus. The results of the Society's Southern Mission, with its chequered history of encouragements and discouragements, disasters, trials, but finally, under God, successes, with its crowns of rejoicing at the last, stimulate us to proceed with this important work. Self-sacrifice is the essence of a missionary spirit, and the Chairman believed that those now going forth are imbued with this spirit, being bent on winning souls to Christ and on the faithful preaching of His Word, and determined to follow up the heathen to their haunts and wigwams in trustful reliance on the promise that "every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." He should commend them to God's gracious keeping.

The Rev. H. E. WINDLE read Joshua i.

The Rev. J. W. MARSH, M.A., Vicar of Bleasby, then delivered the address. The present Meeting has an especial interest for me, as it enables me for the first time to make the personal acquaintance of men with whose name and work I am familiar. Mr. Resyek has been for some years a missionary of this Society. He has been for several months in Tierra del Fuego, from the time when the Iron House, in which the members of the Society have taken so much interest, was set up at Ushuwia, to the time when thirty-six Fuegians were solemnly baptized by Bishop Stirling and Mr. Bridges. Mr. Clough had been engaged in the exploration of the Amazon, with the view of establishing a Mission for the Amazonian tribes.

The work which these men are about to undertake forms *the third* point of departure in the South American Mission. *The first* was the Southern or Fuegian Mission, for the success of which we thank God. *The second* was the formation of Chaplaincies for the many English communities in South America. These two have happily led to the creation of the Bishopric of the Falkland Islands. *The third* is the Northern or Amazonian Mission ; and now we are met for the purpose of wishing its first missionaries God-speed, and of assuring them of our sympathy and support.

In wishing them God-speed we do not shut our eyes to the difficulties which are before them. We see difficulties everywhere ; in the immensity of a country watered by 15,000 miles of navigable rivers, and those bounded by trackless forests ; in the climate so depressing from its moist tropical heat, and so unhealthy from the fever which no foreigner escapes ; in the temptations which abound everywhere, but especially where the tone of popular feeling is low ; in the languages which cannot be mastered without the energy of every day ; in the prejudices of some and the hostilities of others to whom they are sent. To encourage you, my friends, in the midst of so many difficulties we must go to the Word of God. There you cannot look in vain for encouragements. Turn to the records of the miracles by which Jesus fed 5,000 men with five loaves. Even *the thoughts of Jesus are revealed to us* : "He had compassion on the multitude." In order to relieve that multitude "He knew what he would do." He has the same com-

passion still for the multitudes to whom you are going. It is His purpose to relieve them. He knows what He will do. Observe also our Lord's *questions*. "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" "How many loaves have ye?" Thus did He, and thus does He still, use human agency in feeding the hungry. *Observe the directions of Jesus*: "Bring them hither to me," "Make the men sit down." Having proved their inadequate means, having made His disciples feel and acknowledge that their means for the end proposed were inadequate, He yet said, "Bring your inadequate means to me, and summon the multitude to sit down in expectation of the blessing." This is the work before you, and here is encouragement in entering upon it.

But turn to another passage, where the Lord is described as sending forth seventy disciples. On that occasion they were to take with them not one of the many things which belong to a well-appointed expedition. But, on looking more closely at the passage, we find two most precious blessings and safeguards, which they were to take with them: one was *Prayer* (Luke x. 2), and the other was *the Peace of God* (Luke x. 5, 6), "*Pray ye*, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he will send labourers into his harvest, and may *the Peace of God* be with you." The seventy disciples were sent out *two-and-two*, and we find this companionable number on other occasions of the Lord's appointment. In the call of disciples, afterwards to become apostles, we read of Simon and Andrew, James and John, Philip and Nathaniel. And again we read of the apostles, after the ascension of our Lord, by two-and-two. At first in the Acts of the Apostles, prominence is given to Peter and John, then to Paul and Barnabas; and after their separation they still went about two-and-two, Paul and Silas, Barnabas and Mark. May you thus feel and enjoy the strength and support of this companionship. And that you may do so, may I suggest you should (1) read the Bible together and pray together; (2) share each other's toil, so that the strong points of one may help the weak points of the other, each receiving help himself where the other is strong and he is weak; (3) cultivate business habits in all money transactions, in accurate observation, in careful writing, in punctual despatch of journals to us, your friends at home. Remember the text, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

We wish you to know that you may rely upon us for sympathy and support. We exhort you to live nearer to Christ, and we know that this must be the case not only with you but with ourselves, if we are to work together in the Lord's vineyard. We do not trust in the most careful of human efforts, but in God, whose promises cannot fail. We remember that the Bible is as full of promises as the sky is full of stars; and in the Mission now to be inaugurated, we hope to see Christ glorified in the fulfilment of this promise, "Thou wilt give Him the heathen for his inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for His possession."

After the hymn

"Speed thy servants, Saviour, speed them;
Thou art Lord of wind and waves," &c.;

Mr. R. S. CLOUGH addressed the Meeting. His heart was too full to express as he would desire his heartfelt thanks for this mark of sympathy at parting, the recollection of which will never be effaced from his memory. He felt it to be an entirely new sphere—the evangelization of godless Indian tribes who have never had a missionary to proclaim to them the Gospel in its simplicity. We who enjoy

its light cannot realize the darkness in which they are; their ignorance of a Supreme Being at all, and their blank amazement when they hear of Him. The work is very solemn; he could not undertake it in his own strength, but he prayed earnestly that God would give him power to speak the word "in season," and he fell back on the unfailing promises of his God for His guidance and His preservation from climatic dangers. He hoped to open a schoolroom, and from the first should endeavour to obtain a complete mastery of the language.

Mr. J. E. RESYEK would not say much. This was the first meeting of the Society at which he had been asked to speak, and they may never hear his voice again. It is said the Queen of England when asked what was the cause of England's greatness, replied, "The open Bible." How true! for "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." What a contrast between those nations in possession of it and those without it! When a lad in his native country—Surinam, Dutch Guiana—how little could he have dreamed what his future was to be! But "God moves in a mysterious way." As a boy he became a sailor, and from a sailor a missionary. How? Five years ago, when in London, the Rev. W. Carpenter, minister at Poplar, met with him, took him by the hand, and recommended him to Bishop Stirling as a catechist for Tierra del Fuégo, whither, in the Lord's guidance, he went. The degradation of those natives must be seen for us to judge of the reality. There were three tribes there, but with only one of which have we to do—the Yahgans. He spoke of their way of living as horrible to think of, and illustrated it by the wife-beating and hardships inflicted on the weaker sex, who had to toil for the maintenance of their indolent husbands. The latter would stay at home, whilst the women must push off in their frail bark canoes for this purpose in the coldest and bitterest weather. Their little ones were encouraged in crime and sin; and he had derived no small pleasure from what he had witnessed in an English Sunday-school, presenting, as it does, such a contrast to the pitiable ignorance and neglect of heathen children on the Sabbath. He was most thankful for this meeting, and would do his utmost to promote the work he is sent forth upon. He had prayed much to be led in the right way, and trusted the Society would not be disappointed in him.

T. WOODS, Esq., expressed his hearty sympathy with the movement; and the Rev. H. SMITH, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, St. Alban's (in whose parish Mr. Clough was resident), had often been present, as a member of the C.M.S., at such meetings as this, but had never felt more deeply interested. He trusted that God would give abundant success to this great enterprise.

The valedictory prayer was then offered up by the Rev. C. R. de HAVILLAND, M.A., Foreign Secretary of the South American Missionary Society.

SAN PAULO.

THE residents at San Paulo and Santos have been anticipating a visit in October from the Bishop of the Falklands, of which they had received notice, and the former hoped their new church would then be ready for consecration. The Rev. J. I. Lee had made a satisfactory journey into the interior.

"*Sao Paulo, August 1st*, 1873.

"I have made my first visit beyond Jundiaby, and this was for the purpose of being present at the 'Evangelical Conference,' which is held annually amongst the various religious communities of the American colonists.

"I was much pleased with the people, and shall not forget the kind hospitality displayed on this occasion. In conjunction with my friend, the Rev. G. Chamberlain, we celebrated the Conference near 'Santa Barbara,' where there are not less than forty American families. On our road to Santa Barbara we stayed part of the night at a little 'Poso,' or halting-place, and the father of the family requested to hear the Gospel. Mr. Chamberlain spoke on the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and we prayed that the good seed might meet with an honest and good heart.

"I was also present at a service in Portuguese on Sunday evening.

"The meetings which we held for four days were well attended, and on the Lord's-day about 150 of the colonists attended and hearkened with rapt attention to the words of life. It was a sight which reminded me of the Puritan days in our own land, especially seeing that many of the colonists trace their origin to those who were forced to flee from our shores in the days of religious persecution.

"The building in which we worshipped was but partly erected, the sides being entirely exposed, with the exception of the *paó a pique*, or upright strips of wood, ready for the insertion of the clay. Around us were the mules and horses, and at the entrance not a few negroes, with their hands clasped and their faces upturned to heaven, thus expressing their sympathy with a worship of which they are doubtless as yet very ignorant.

"There is a small enclosure set apart as 'God's acre' near this building, and the whole scene was one for which we can hardly render sufficient gratitude to God.

"Two years since there was little vital religion amongst the colonists. Some had been in the same parts whence the British emigrants had just gone; others had arrived with nothing worth calling their own; but now they are erecting their houses. The cotton has given considerable yields, this being their chief source of revenue, rice, a little coffee, and Indian corn supplying the rest. At our Conference we formed a branch of the 'Evangelical Alliance,' and the reports are being printed both in the native tongue and in English for circulation amongst the members.

"I met with one of the Americans, who told me that in one year he had realized about 700*l*., and another who in three years had realized 300*l*. I was, however, convinced that the Englishman could not settle in this country for various reasons. Emigration to Brazil should by all means be discouraged, as I have stated in my letters to the English Government assigning forcible reasons. The colonists have their various ministers, and hold their Sunday-schools and services regularly. The Sunday had been previously a day of general neglect of religious duties, but the change is now marked with a good sign of spiritual progress.

"The Episcopalians offered me much kindness, and wished me excessively to visit them, even if only once a month, and give them a service at Santa Barbara, as they have no Episcopalian minister. I promised that on hearing from our Committee I would inform them of the possibility of my being able to come from Sao Paulo, but that at present my work confined me entirely to my two spheres of labour.

"We visited our friends at Campinas also, and I was deeply interested in the

nucleus of Protestant Christians whose labours are so full of promise in this city of about 12,000 souls.

"The Presbyterian Church in the Southern States is ably represented here, and, with the purchase of a large estate, a college is about to be erected. We visited the house in which the students assembled, several of whom being boarders with the Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Morton, the Scripture lesson was given, and the intelligent answers and general interest manifested was very pleasing. There are upwards of forty-five students, and these from the best families in Campinas and other places. Such a system as the foundation of learning for the higher classes and for the provision of ministers is to this country an incalculable benefit, and I have no doubt that a similar plan might be adopted with equal success in almost all the cities of any considerable size.

"The Romanists, as a rule, are so profoundly ignorant of the Protestantism which pertains to other countries, that their desire for the education of their children counterbalances any objections which may arise to the religious teaching of the Protestant Church.

"I have not yet succeeded in finding another suitable 'colporteur;' the difficulty in this matter is very great. Let us pray that God may soon raise up a fit person. Several of the Religious Tract Society's books have been distributed amongst the Brazilian children here, and they continually ask me for more. In learning English they thus are drawn to think about the blessed truths of our great salvation.

"My work here is, I thank God, worthy of much gratitude, and though I wish there were more truly earnest and zealous Christians, still the way, I doubt not, is being prepared for a calling out from this community of some who may prove bright and shining lights.

"The school is very hopeful, and the numbers in attendance, both here and at the church services, continue to manifest a desire for hearing the preached Gospel of our Lord and Saviour.

"An effort should above all things be made to send a schoolmaster here, for the climate is very trying to those who have but lately arrived, and are hindered from the Mission work, which affords a vast opening just now, whilst the State Church of Brazil is in danger of being upset by its numerous opponents and adversaries.

"We hope to form a Bible Society in Sao Paulo shortly.

"JOHN IRWIN LEE."

"TO-DAY."

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi. 28.

IF there is one point on which God's Word is especially explicit, it is the duty of immediate action with regard to the things of the world unseen.

Do we desire the salvation of our souls, we are told that "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." We are urged to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; to seek the Lord while He may be found, and *to-day* to hear His voice.

Or are we the professed followers of Christ, the command comes in tones of solemn earnestness, "While we have time, let us do good unto all men," "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest," "Son, go work *to-day* in my vineyard."

By nature we are inclined to procrastinate, especially with regard to religious matters. A Felix-like belief in some future "convenient season," seems to pervade humanity, and it affects and infects even Christians.

Pressed to undertake or assist in some work for God, conscious that gratitude and love demand our most devoted service and our choicest gifts, we yet too often seek exemption for a time, promising ourselves, at some unknown future, to do and give all that can be expected or desired from us.

Our excuses are various. One is too young, another too old, a third has not a temperament suitable for the work proposed, the fourth not sufficient talent, one shrinks from making himself conspicuous, another is sure his poor help will never be missed (certainly not, since it was never given), one has not time, another—one of the hopeful ones—has indeed time and ability too, he admits the desirability of the work, and hopes to engage in it some day, or to contribute towards it another year, but he cannot see his way to giving or doing anything at present, and thus, for one good reason or another, help is delayed, and the work of God is permitted to flag through want of support and co-operation amongst Christians, and those who seek to make the Saviour known in distant lands are permitted to struggle on amid difficulties and discouragements untold.

Do we speak too strongly ?

Let us consider for a moment the immense wealth and the vast population of Great Britain, the countless sums lavished on self-indulgence, and worthless display, the great energies expended on national aggrandizement, or the furtherance of geographical or scientific lore, and compare them with the scanty contributions eked out, too often grudgingly, and of necessity, to the cause of God, and the small portion of time and labour accorded freely to it.

"Much more could be done," says every Missionary Society, "were the funds forthcoming," but alas ! they are not, and the wheels of the machinery are clogged through want of oil to make them work.

Let us look at our own Mission. It needed the death of Captain Gardiner and his companions to arouse Christian England to any interest in South America. Since that event, twenty-two years ago, gradually, and with difficulty, has money been raised to establish one little missionary station and then another, on that important and neglected continent. And now what is the state of the case ?

We have on the shores of Tierra del Fuégo one deeply interesting and promising station. The people who a few years ago were deemed scarcely human, are now willing and anxious to learn the arts of civilization, and have some of them become intelligent, and we believe devout members of the Church of Christ. Bishop Stirling anxiously desires the establishment of a school, and a training institution for catechists in their midst, but the needful funds are not as yet forthcoming, and thus this work is crippled.

In Patagonia, in Araucania, and at divers places on the coast, stations have been established, but the work is rendered almost nugatory through want of means to carry it on efficiently. The Mission staff in each place needs to be strengthened before we can have reasonable hope of success.

Nor is this all ; we hear daily of fresh openings.

The land of the Amazons, a picturesque and thickly-peopled country, calls on Christian England to come over and help it. Our hearts have been touched in behalf of the natives of India, and we admit their claim. Africa, too, with its "sunny fountains," is considered a legitimate field for missionary labours ; but the claims of South America, that beautiful and forgotten land, are by many scarcely allowed. Yet here are races of fine and intelligent people, open to missionary enterprise, in behalf of whom nothing has been accomplished. For several years our Society has been anxious to establish a Mission on the banks of the Amazon, but has been unable to do so through lack of funds. A special appeal was indeed made, and special help promised by one individual in case the appeal was responded to, but in vain ; and while Christians have delayed to help, souls have been perishing for lack of knowledge. Now a fresh effort is being engaged in, and a band of pioneer missionaries has gone forth to enter on this new and interesting field. Let us trust and pray that means may be supplied to enable their work to be carried on with efficiency and vigour.

As it is, we have a lonely missionary here, and an isolated chaplain there ; a

handful of men wherewith to storm the vast garrison of South America, and annual surprise at home that there are not greater results to be shown, that the garrison is not rapidly surrendering to the besieging force, that the few thousands pressed, too often with difficulty, out of the Christian public in this country, have not achieved a great deal towards the evangelization of South America.

Dear friends, is it always to be thus? Will nothing stir us up to more earnest labour and more hearty giving, in and to the cause of the Lord? Can anything excuse this half-heartedness? Are we indeed the servants of Christ, are we called by His name, and shall we not blush to confess that we shrink from assisting in His cause? Has He said that His grace is sufficient for us, and His strength made perfect in weakness, and shall we plead inability or insufficiency for the work He has given us to do? We think perhaps, and find satisfaction in saying, that were our circumstances or temperaments different, or were the work more to our taste, more interesting, more hopeful, more easy, or more successful, we should undoubtedly engage in it; now the obstacles are manifold.

But none of these obstacles can relieve us of our responsibility towards our heathen brethren. Therefore as another year draws to its close, let us once more earnestly invite all professing Christians to come and join us in our work for Christ, to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

And when thus urging you dear friends to labour for and give to the Lord's cause, we do not say, "Give a little, and do a little, and you will not miss the time or the money," but we ask you to do and to give much, in behalf of Him who has given you all you have, and all you hope for.

Remember how fast the years are fleeting and the solemnities of eternity approaching; think of the thousands of souls that are perishing, lying in darkness and the shadow of death, while you rejoice in the full light of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ; and as you love the Lord who redeemed you, and as you value the souls of your fellow-men now "fast bound in affliction and iron," we pray you to follow in His footsteps who said,

"I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is *day*: the night cometh when no man can work." K. J. G.

HOME PROCEEDINGS.

THE six articles on "the Home Work" which each year find a place in our pages probably possess but slight interest for our general readers. Honorary secretaries and treasurers and collectors are the persons who, it is hoped, care to read of exertions made at home to support our workers abroad. And each worker is too prone to think of himself, and to forget that in all parts of our country Christian men and women are, for South America's sake, confronting difficulties which perhaps he deems peculiarly his own. Anything which would tend to link together these scattered workers would be of vast service to our Society. Communication necessarily goes on between each Association and our office, but we should like to find more intercourse prevailing amongst the Associations themselves. Where local Reports are published, as in Liverpool, Birmingham, Leamington, and Clifton, an interchange of them may do good. An occasional correspondence between our most earnest workers, strangers, it may be, to each other save as fellow-workers in the same great cause, has, in some cases we know, called forth a truly Christian sympathy. And we have often wished it were possible to bring together and introduce to each other all those who in their several spheres are endeavouring to serve the spiritual interests of South America. Such a gathering will not, we are well aware, take place till God's purposes are fulfilled, and we all meet together in our Father's house. But even now we may in many ways promote a more united action among ourselves, each worker endeavouring to provoke his or her fellows to love and good works. The officers of our Association might

attend the meeting or meetings of another, and so instead of 200 sermons a year, 400 or 500 might be preached, and our cause proportionately advanced.

And now for our tale of September and October work.

England, Scotland, and Ireland have each occupied a portion of our time.

In the first of these, a number of detached Associations have been attended to, and in some districts fresh ground broken, as in Suffolk and Derbyshire. Colchester, Norwich, and Lowestoft were the chief places visited in the Eastern district, and at the first of these the meeting was more successful than usual. In Norwich we still receive help from only a small part of the city, our workers living within the limits of St. Giles' parish. At Lowestoft, Mr. Hammond, of Fakenham, who accompanied Captain Fitzroy to Tierra del Fuego in 1834, took part in our meeting. Our Chairman, too, was an earnest supporter of Captain Gardiner, at Burslem, in the year 1849.

We rejoice that Lowestoft parish church is now under the care of the Rev. G. E. Tate, an old friend of the Society, and trust that our meeting there will become an annual one. Chichester was taken on Sept. 17th by our Foreign Secretary, owing to the illness of Dr. Kearney. At Great Malvern a meeting was held in the "Winter Promenade," through the kindness of Dr. Grindrod, the Vicar occupying the chair. The Rev. C. E. Ranken is to be our Secretary.

The meeting at Tewkesbury was but poorly attended, but a sermon in its noble Abbey more than made up for the bad success of the meeting. In Pembrokeshire the interest felt in our work seems well sustained, if we judge by the meetings at Walton, Herbrandstone, and Milford. Bowdon, in Cheshire, gave us a fair sample of the immense importance of the suburbs of our large towns. Though the Society was unknown, and the day inopportune, owing to a soirée at Owen's College, in Manchester, the attendance was excellent, and the collection good. The fact of Bishop Alford's being in charge of the parish may account for this, and we were only sorry he was absent at the Bath Congress.

At Warrington it was encouraging to receive more than 3*l.* collected by the children of Trinity School, and to hear the superintendent of St. Paul's express a hope that we might share in the missionary pence collected in his school.

About Scotland we have not much to say. Several places which have usually received our deputation were unable to do so this autumn, and the tour only comprised sermons at Moffat, Dingwall, and Crieff, and meetings at Moffat, Ardrossan, Inverness, Huntly, and Aberdeen. The collections at Crieff exceeded those of any year, amounting, after the deduction of the average offertory, to nearly 17*l.* The best meeting was at Aberdeen, the Earl of Aberdeen presiding, and the "Round Room" being crammed to overflowing. We sincerely hope our helpers there will find their hands strengthened by this successful gathering.

Ireland, as we have noticed in previous articles, now far outstrips her Scotch sister, and shows gratifying results, whether we look at the termination of the northern tour in September, or the visits to Dublin and the south in October. Several new places were opened to us in County Tyrone, such as Strabane and Clogher, where a sermon was preached on Sept. 7th.

Mr. Windle began his tour in October with sermons and magic lantern lectures in and near Dublin. These proved eminently successful, especially the sermon at St. Matthias', which produced a collection of 21*l.* 11s., the largest made this year in Ireland. Meetings were obtained for the first time at Mullingar, Galway, and Cahir, all important places.

It has cheered us much to find several friends in England and Ireland helping our Society by taking sermons and meetings.

Our readers will be glad to hear that the proposed Reserve Fund of 1,000*l.* is now completed, and we take this opportunity of thanking all those who have helped to bring about what has been so much needed by our Society. The fund for the work on the Amazon now claims our efforts. Some of our friends perhaps think we are for ever making fresh demands on their energies, and that as soon as one point is gained we bring forward something fresh. But we must bear in mind, dear friends, that the progress of a work like ours aptly represents the Christian's path through life. One difficulty overcome only introduces us to some fresh struggle unseen before. Even a Paul had to confess, "not as though I had already attained, or were already perfect, but I press forward." So it must ever be in active service for God. Let us only be thankful that these labours do not come upon us all at one time, but singly. We can apply to them what an accomplished writer says of Christian life generally—

"One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach."

In this spirit let us gladly embrace the task which each chapter of our Society's history, as it unfolds itself, may from time to time lay upon us. H. S. A.

Contributions thankfully received from Aug. 28th to Oct. 25th, 1873.

*** Abbreviations used in the following List:—S, Sermon; M, Meeting; L, Lecture; M.L., Magic Lantern; Dis. Vs., Dissolving Views; Ex., Expense; Addl., Additional.—Full particulars will be given in the next Annual Report.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Fletcher, Rev. Dr.	0	10	6
Hughes-Hughes, W., jun., Esq.	2	2	0
"I. M., 1873"	0	5	0
Laurent, J., Esq.	5	5	0
Mower, Mrs.	2	2	0
Purcell, Rev. L. T.	0	10	6

DONATIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Carruthers, Miss	0	5	0
Chance, Henry, Esq.	10	0	0
Evans, Mrs. A. E.	10	0	0
Scott, Mrs. Wm.	1	0	0

SPECIAL FOR MISSION TO THE AMAZONS.

	£	s.	d.
Allison, T. F., Esq.	50	0	0
"An Essex Clergyman"	50	0	0
Bousfield, C. H., Esq.	5	0	0
Burgess, Mrs. and Sisters	1	10	0
Gascoyne, Rev. R.	30	0	0
Lloyd, Howard, Esq.	5	0	0
Martin, John, Esq.	5	0	0
Purcell, Rev. L. T.	25	0	0
Tollemache, W., Esq.	1	0	0

ASSOCIATIONS.

By Hon. Secs. and Collectors.

	£	s.	d.
Bampton-Lew, per Rev. H. Joy	1	10	0
Clifton and Bristol, per E. W. Bird, Esq.	5	0	0
Darlaston, per Miss S. Sansom	5	17	0
Felday, per Rev. T. P. Hill, SS. by Rev. T. W. Wilkinson, &c.	4	0	7
Kensington, Miss Keating	1	5	0
Ditto, St. Jude's, per Rev. R. W. Forrest, evening offertory	15	8	7
Lancashire and Cheshire, per Rev. Dr. Hume	50	0	0
Leamington, per Mrs. Mandell	21	1	7
Meltham Mills, per Rev. J. R. Jagoe, SS. by self	5	0	0
Northern District, per Rev. Alexander Scott	10	5	0
Peasenhall, Mrs. Green	0	10	0
Seething, per Miss Barrow	5	15	0
Stanway, per Rev. D. Hunter, SS. by Rev R. T. Burton	3	4	0
Ulverston, per Miss Butler, Mrs. Atkinson, Nibthwaite Grange	25	0	0
Weymouth, Miss Hodges, for colportage	1	0	0

Deputation, Rev. H. S. Acworth.

	£	s.	d.
Bowdon, per Rt. Rev. Bishop Alford, L. less ex.	6	5	0
Ditto, E. Joynson, Esq., don.	5	0	0
Ditto, Mrs. Howden, sub.	1	0	0
Ditto, F. G. Symons, Esq., sub.	0	10	0
Herbrandstone, per Rev. Prebendary Thomas, L.	1	15	4
Lowestoft, per Mrs. Bainbrigge, L. and subs. (including Rev. C. Hebert don. 10*l.*)	19	14	0
Malvern, per Rev. C. E. Ranken, L.	4	8	1
Milford, per Rev. T. Brigstocke, L. and subs.	1	10	0
Norwich, per Miss Corke, meeting, less ex.	4	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Plumstead, per Rev. A. Robertson, SS. at St. James's	11	3	0
Redditch, per C. E. Moilliet, Esq., L. less ex	1	11	0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. Canon Davies, SS. and L less ex.	4	17	11
Ditto, subs., &c.	3	7	6
Walton West, per Miss Williams, L. and Boxes	3	15	9
Ditto, F. Harris, Esq.	5	0	0
Warrington, per L. W. Reynolds, Esq., SS. L. &c.	10	2	0

Deputation, Rev. C. R. de Havilland.

Balham, per T. Woods, Esq., ML. L., less ex., including Miss Barlow's don. after ditto, 1*l.* 1*s.* 0*d.*	6	14	0
Chichester, per Miss M. C. Chambers, L. less ex.	5	0	0
Forest Hill, per Rev. Dr. Rosenthal, ML. L. at St. Saviour's, less ex.	2	6	1
West Wickham, per Rev. Canon Austen	6	9	9

Deputation, Rev. H. E. Windle.

Alford, per Rev. J. W. Oldrid, L.	2	10	1
Bolsover, per Rev. T. C. Hills, SS. and L.	4	1	8
Chesterfield, per Rev. G. Butt, L. less ex.	0	15	2
Clay Cross, per Rev. J. Oldham, L. less ex.	0	6	3
Colchester, per Rev. R. J. Burton, L. and subs. less ex.	4	4	0
Ditto, R. J. Bagshawe, Esq., after ditto	10	0	0
Dallinghoe, per Rev. E. Walford, L.	2	7	6
Dewsbury, per Rev. W. J. Lake, SS. at St. Mark's, less ex.	7	17	0
Ellastone, per Rev. Sir C. Lighton, L.	3	10	7
Elmton, per Rev. Thomas Hills, SS. by self, and deputation	2	0	4
Halesworth, per Rev. V. J. Stanton, L. less ex.	5	7	8
Halifax, per Rev. J. A. Coghlan, L. at St. James's less ex.	0	15	4
Heath, per Rev. H. Cottingham, L.	1	10	0
Hessle, per Rev. H. Newmarch, L. less ex.	2	4	11
Holton, per Rev. R. S. Beloe, S.	1	14	1
Paddington, per Rev. W. H. O'Bryen Hodge, Dis. Vs. L. less ex.	3	11	10
Rotherhithe, per Rev. H. C. Mitchinson, SS. at Christ Church	6	1	0
Scissett, per Rev. John Bond, L.	0	14	8
St. Mildred, Bread-street, per Rev. O. P. Vincent, S.	0	18	11
Wenhaston, per Rev. T. Budd, S. and L.	3	0	11

SCOTLAND.

Deputation, Rev. H. S. Acworth.

Aberdeen, per Rev. S. Clark, M. and subs.	7	1	0
Aberdeen, Rt. Hon. the Earl of	5	0	0
Ardrossan, per J. L. Bailey, Esq.	1	3	3
Crieff, per Sir P. K. Murray, Bart., S.	16	16	2
Dingwall, per Rev. W. J. Bussell, S. less deduction	3	0	0
Glasgow, Masters A. and H. Mitchell, coll.	1	0	0
Huntly, per Rev. H. Teape, L. less ex.	1	11	0
Moffat, per J. T. Lawrence, Esq. SS. in Episcopal Chapel, by Rev. F. Scott, and deputation, less ex.	18	2	0
Moffat, J. R. Taylor, Esq.	0	10	0
Perth, per Rev. W. Blatch, Misses A. and M. Greig, coll.	1	0	0
Portobello, per Miss Leslie	15	0	0

IRELAND.

Deputation, Rev. H. S. Acworth.

Cavan, Derry, and Donegal, per Mrs. Gahan	36	8	0
Clogher Cathedral, per Rev. Dr. Bailey, S.	1	12	6
Dublin, per Rev. F. C. Hayes	17	17	3
Newtown Saville, per Rev. A. Whitmarsh, S. and boxes	5	0	0
Omagh, per Rev. L. F. Slack, SS.	7	1	7

Deputation, Rev. H. E. Windle.

Ballinrobe, per Rev. W. B. Lloyd, M. L. L.	1	5	6
Bandon, per Rev. R. Eccles, ML. L. less ex.	2	3	1
Clonakilty, per E. H. Townsend, Esq. Lecs. less ex.	3	12	7
Cork, per Rev. F. M. George, SS. at St. Anne's	3	7	8
Ditto, per Rev. M. Archdall, M. L. L. at St. Luke's, less ex.	4	7	10
Dublin, per Rev. A. Daunt, S. at St. Matthias	21	10	0
Ditto L.	2	6	8
Galway, per Rev. J. O. Sullivan, M. L. L. less ex.	2	18	6
Kingstown, per Miss B. Rolleston, M. L. L. in Bird's Nest, less ex.	6	0	2
Limerick, per Rev. B. Jacob, M. L. L. less ex.	3	17	9
Macroom, per Rev. R. Dunscombe, L. less ex.	1	9	4
Monkstown, per Rev, Dr. Mac Donnell, S. less ex.	13	2	0
Mullingar, per Rev. Dr. Reichel, M. L. L. less ex.	2	14	0
Passage West, per Rev. T. Gloster, M. L., L. less ex.	5	8	6
Skibbereen, per Miss Fleming, SS. and L. less ex.	8	15	8
Tuam, per the Very Rev. the Dean, L. less ex.	2	12	6

FOREIGN.

Bishop of Waiapu, Napier	1	0	0
New Zealand, per Messrs. R. Dixon and Co.	10	0	0
Rev. Samuel Williams	10	0	0
Rio de Janeiro, Rowland J. D. Robinson, Esq	1	0	0
Ven. Archdeacon Williams	1	0	0

RESERVE FUND.

Close, M. C., Esq.	1	0	0
Purcell, Rev. L. T.	25	0	0
Reynolds, L. W., Esq.	10	0	0

MR. CLOUGH'S DIARY.

Following this page is appended the continuation of Mr. Clough's Diary (page 9), which will appear till completed.

"The Amazons."

DIARY OF A TWELVEMONTH'S JOURNEY,

BY MR. R. STEWART CLOUGH,

ON A MISSION OF INQUIRY UP THE RIVER AMAZON,

FOR THE

"SOUTH AMERICAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY,"

11, SERJEANTS'-INN, FLEET-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

January 24th, 1872.—It was late when I arrived in Liverpool, but I was on board the good steamboat Ambrose by nine o'clock the following morning, leaving the same day for Lisbon and Parà, South America. The weather was thick at the time of departure, and outside the Mersey there was a good sea on. I understood that on the night of the 23rd and morning of the 24th the barometer had sunk lower than any time during twenty previous years. The Bay of Biscay had a heavy swell from the North West, and we rolled considerably, but through mercy we arrived safely in Lisbon on the morning of the 31st, steaming through two lines of the Channel Fleet then at anchor in the Tagus. Although the Ambrose is about 2,000 tons, she looked insignificant alongside the great five-masted ironclads, such as the Minotaur and Agincourt. As it was a beautiful day, and the ship would not sail till the following morning, I went on shore for a stroll.

There was the usual crowd of bushy, black-whiskered boatmen on landing; seedy, green-coated custom-house officers endeavouring to appear important; squat, barefooted fishwomen, with long baskets on their heads, running about with that hip movement, which seems peculiar to fishwomen all over the world; benign cabmen who would insist upon addressing you with their hats off; beggars of both sexes and all ages, whining and importunate; sallow, dowdily-snuff-coloured-dressed members of the fair sex, with jewellery almost as yellow as their faces; consequential non-commissioned officers, walking in fours with arms round each other's necks; questionable-looking gentry, pleading the merits of questionable hotels, and given to speaking ill of their neighbours; blue-cloaked women, with white, stiffly-starched kerchiefs tied under the chin, and one end sticking straight out behind; dusky fops from Angola, tightly buttoned up and prolific in size of straw-coloured kid gloves; half-starved mules staggering up steep streets, with heavy

loads and brutal drivers behind; winking bullocks chewing the cud, patiently waiting to give the unwary foot-passenger a kick; church bells ringing out the latest polka, and, in fact, the never-changing aspect of things in general which greets the visitor to Lusitania's shores. As no letters awaited me, I went to the Praça do Dom Pedro to see the statue erected there to the Dom's memory, and afterwards to see the new Camoes monument, both of them works of elegant, expressive sculpture. An hour's walk from the Praça is the Aqueduct, under the highest arch of which the largest man of war in the world might pass—provided it could be got there, and there was sufficient water to float it.

Thursday, February 1st.—We steamed down the Tagus about nine o'clock in the morning, passing the quaint tower of Belem, and then the bar of the river, which was covered with heavy cross seas. The Ambrose, notwithstanding her great length, was tossed about like a small boat off Gravesend in a brisk breeze.

Friday, 2nd, and Saturday, 3rd.—Blowing hard and considerable sea was on. Passed Madeira about midnight. I greatly regretted not seeing this interesting island, having heard so much about it from friends long resident there.

Between Madeira and Teneriffe I suffered greatly from sea-sickness, and was so much debilitated as to be scarcely able to climb into my berth. During the evening the glass sunk rapidly, and about ten p.m. a thunder-storm commenced. The noise of the wind and sea was awfully grand. But what a commotion in the cabin! everything which could break loose rushed about in a manner which would have endangered the safety of one's limbs without a light; water, too, began pouring in below decks, and the stewards had rare work at daybreak. Every now and then a sea would fly over the ship, causing her to tremble from stem to stern. During the day I had read the morning and evening services, and when all was darkness and confusion had much comfort in bringing them to mind, for they seemed specially appropriate to one in my circumstances. I hear most painful accounts of the deadliness of the climate of Pará, and up the Amazons as far as Barra or Manoes, on the Rio Negro, in the annual carrying-off by yellow fever of so many Europeans, especially English, and sometimes my spirit fails me when I think of those I have left behind. But the Lord is answering my prayer in preparing my heart to submit itself wholly to Him in Jesus. Blessed be God, I am not my own, having been bought with a price, and in faith I look unto Jesus my Saviour, crying, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." O for clearer glimpses of my Redeemer Lord, that all unbelief may be rooted out of my heart, and being guided by His Spirit I may in all confidence cast myself and all my cares upon Him who careth for me.

I am strengthened by the knowledge that many loving hearts daily remember me at the footstool of mercy.

Monday, February 5th.—Canary Islands; off Palma and Teneriffe. Can see Palma but indistinctly, owing to dense cloud resting upon summit, 7,600 feet high. Teneriffe, just behind, is 12,176 feet high. Its name is Pic de Teyde. This group of islands was supposed to be known to the ancients, under the name of *Fortunate Islands*. An expedition to conquer it was undertaken in 1334 by Luis de la Corda, a Spanish prince, but was repulsed by the bravery of the original inhabitants, the Guanchos. It was left until the year 1402, when Jean de Bethencourt, a baron of Normandy, took possession of Forta Ventura and Lanzarote, for John, King of Castille, and Alfonzo, King of Portugal. By the treaty of peace between Ferdinand, King of Castille, and Alfonzo, King of Portugal, it was agreed these islands should belong to Spain, in lieu of the settlements on the coast of Africa, ceded to Portugal. Lanzarote is 3,000 feet high, and seven miles of its northern extremity is composed of basaltic cliff, 1,500 feet high. Allegranza, the most northern of the Canaries, is composed of lava and cinders, and stands about 930 feet high, having on its western side perpendicular cliffs of 700 feet. At the north-west end of Lobos, breakers run 60 feet high when there is a westerly swell, and their roar may be heard seven leagues off. Palma has a population of 18,000.

I was much struck to-day with Psalm xxix. 3, 4—"The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth; the Lord is upon many waters; the voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty." Perhaps nothing is calculated to awaken a deeper sense of awe, than the full blast of a tempest while traversing such a solitude as this. The huge blue mountains lift their hoary summits to the blue heavens above, and rushing along with irresistible might, proclaim with ceaseless roar the praises of the God of glory, the Author of their existence. "Truly the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." "O ye seas and floods, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever. O ye children of men, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

February 6th.—Beautiful morning. A few heaps of clouds drape the azure sky, and a light breeze sends us bounding over the waves. There is still a heavy swell from the north-west, and locomotion on deck is difficult, water frequently rushing under handrail on portbeam.

Wednesday, February 7th.—We are now, noonday, on the Tropic of Cancer, a line running eastwards through the Sahara, Arabia, and Northern Hindostan, Calcutta, and westwards through the Bahamas and Mexico. In my cabin it is 66° Fah., but this low temperature may be attributed to our having had cool north-westerly winds since leaving England. It has often occurred to me as something strange that the

greater part of the earth's surface should be water, setting aside the theory that so much of this is necessary for the general humidity of the atmosphere, but now I see this vessel gliding over the deep at the rate of 200 miles a day I discern how wisely God has ordered all things. Take almost any country within the tropics, and it will be found utterly impracticable to travel more than eighty miles a day even under the most favourable auspices, on account of mountains, deserts, rivers, forests, heat, and last, though not least important, hostile nations, while the ocean being a free highway, we may journey with comparative ease and speed from one end of the world to the other. A seagull which had followed us from the Canaries left us last night, and to-day nothing diversifies the monotonous view around. Perhaps it may be considered trivial to notice such a circumstance, but I am assured that these birds (flying, as they do, something like a thousand miles a day) rarely venture further south-west of the temperate zone than this latitude. I stood for some time this evening looking over the handrail at the phosphorescent appearance of the water under the counter and in wake of vessel. Countless myriads of millions of infinitesimal animalculæ crowd the ocean to unknown depths, each possessing an organization exactly suitable for the purpose for which it was created, and as the light from them flashes upwards, occasionally almost startling in brilliancy, the child of God may well exclaim: "Thy way is in the sea, thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known. Touching the Almighty we cannot find Him out. He is excellent in power and in judgment."

It frequently happens that vessels within a radius of 300 miles from where we now are, become covered with a fine reddish-coloured dust, brought by easterly and north-easterly winds. The atmosphere generally has a hazy appearance at the time, though not with humidity, but floating organic matter. Darwin collected several little packets of this impalpably fine dust, and submitted them to Professor Ehrenberg, whose analysis resulted in their consistence of infusoria with silicious shields, and of the silicious tissue of plants. It would appear that in five little packets no less than sixty-seven different organic forms were found. Although there are diverse speculations as to where this dust comes from, it seems to me most reasonable to suppose that particles raised to a great height by the Harmattan in the Sahara, meet with upper currents of wind which carry them westwards far into the Atlantic. Possibly it was a dust of this kind coming from Arabia which is mentioned in Deut. xxviii. 24: "The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust, from heaven shall it come down upon thee, till thou be destroyed." And we may readily conjecture how a few days' raining of *powder* and *dust*, accompanied with a hot east wind, would blast and wither vegetation as effectually as though fire itself had passed over it.

Thursday, February 8th.—We are now fairly in the region of the N.E. trades, which blow steadily to the mouth of the Amazons. The region of the trade winds occupies nearly one half of the entire surface of the globe. From their constancy and regularity, they form by far the most important part of the circulatory system of the atmosphere, although their strength is generally inferior to many of those smaller and compensatory currents which are experienced in extra tropical regions. The N.E. trade wind blows over the district between 35 N. and the equator, seldom, however, reaching the northern boundary. More often they commence one hundred and fifty miles north of Madeira. When undisturbed by gales or hurricanes, caused by the disturbing influences of land or rain, it is the fair weather region which Spaniards of old denominated "El golfo de las Señoras" (Purdy.) A contemplation of the disposition of these winds brings forcibly to mind these words: "He hath done all things well;" "He maketh lightnings with rain, and bringeth forth the wind out of His treasuries."

Sunday, February 11th.—Latitude 11°59′ N., Long. 35°5′5″ W. Dist. equator due N. 719 miles, dist. bearing of Atellia light 1,120 miles. Yesterday and to-day numbers of flying fish came on board. Occasionally a shoal would dart from the water, and skimming at the height of a few feet from its surface for about twenty or thirty yards, would disappear to rise again farther off. Several I examined were in splendid condition, but although put in a pail of their own element, they died in a few minutes, most likely from the blow and fright they received falling upon deck. This long voyage is to me a real time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and I have abundant opportunities for seriously contemplating the nature of the great work which God in His infinite wisdom has been pleased to entrust to me. While sensible of my own insufficiency, I look to Him who has said: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." In the words of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, I would beseech you "for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me." Pray that in all things I may be found a faithful witness of the Lord Jesus in the benighted land whither I am going, seeing the time is drawing nigh when He shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance upon them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Monday, February	12*th*,	Lat.	9°26′	N.	Long.	35°59′	W.	Dist made	229 miles
Tuesday	„	13*th*,	„	7°01′	„	38°55′	„	223	„
Wednesday	„	14*th*,	„	4°44′	„	41°51′	„	224	„
Thursday	„	15*th*,	„	2°00′	„	44°33′	„	228	„
Friday	„	16*th*,	„	0°19′S	„	44°22′	„	219	„

Yesterday and to-day (Friday) we have had heavy tropical rains. The sky is of a dull leaden hue, and pours out its torrents vertically. About noon it cleared up, and the sun shone out in all his glory and might, gilding the ocean with a brilliant and intense light unknown to our northern climes.

We crossed the equator at four a.m., and eighty-eight miles south of it is Pará, for which port I am bound, and from whence I hope to start, as early as practicable, for a region extending over two thousand miles westward in a line almost parallel with the equator itself. The water here has a deep green appearance, resembling that found in many brooks in the Highlands of Scotland. A tumblerful shows it to be discoloured with the lighter particles of vegetable matter. We passed Taipù to the south-east and then neared the first Brazilian light-ship. It was lazily tossing on the bosom of the Parà river, and the half-naked copper-coloured Indians on board seemed pleased to have their solitude broken by a passing vessel. Huge trunks of trees were drifting out to the wide Atlantic, rising and sinking with the undulations of the water. Some of them are occasionally met with hundreds of miles from the mouth of the river. With my glass I could see heavy breakers on the Braganza bank, and, further on, the Gaivota island. The right bank of the Pará stood clearly out at four p.m., showing one continued belt of uniform verdant forest, with scarcely any perceptible openings. At noon we sounded fifteen fathoms.

Saturday, February 17th.—Was on deck just after daybreak to enjoy the scenery. Sometimes the vessel would approach within half-a-mile of the shore, and I could trace the vegetation without the aid of glasses. On the left bank are a number of islands in every stage of formation. Mudbanks are first formed by alluvial deposits and current and tidal pressure, and when once above low water mark they increase with each succeeding tide. Grasses and shrubs then appear, trees of every description shoot up, these becoming speedily covered with parasitical plants which hang in graceful festoons; upon reaching the ground they take root and in turn form trees, till at last an impenetrable, interwoven, solid wall of perpendicular vegetation astonishes the beholder, and stands a monument of the profusion of the bountiful God of nature. The mind positively sinks under the reflection, that this virgin forest, of one thousand miles in breadth, stretches away westward over two thousand miles. "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works, to the children of men," that they feared Him who is the Lord of heaven and earth, then indeed would the trees of the wood sing out at His presence! The Lord in His mercy grant that my efforts to carry the good news of the Kingdom of our blessed Saviour to those who sit in darkness beneath the shade of these mighty forests may be crowned with success, to the praise and glory of His grace! We

know that His Word will not return unto Him void, but accomplish that which He pleaseth, and prosper in the thing whereto He hath sent it. Then shall the mountains and the hills break forth into singing, and all the trees in the field clap their hands, for as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so will the Lord God cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

Having passed Vigia, Collares, Penhalonga and Bemfica on the southern bank, the higher we ascend the river the narrower it becomes. At ten a.m. we ran close under an octagonal battery, dipping the ensign thrice, a compliment which was responded to by the Brazilian flag. In answer to inquiries "Where from?" and "How many days out?" the captain loudly sounded a speaking-trumpet, and we were allowed to pass without slackening speed. Here the water assumes a dirty, yellowish appearance, very similar to that of the Guadalquiver at Seville, during the months of July and August, and contains so much vegetable and earthy matter as to render an object scarcely distinguishable when held behind a tumblerful. We passed a number of *sitios* or plantations, some of them with clearances in front to the water's edge. From illustrations seen at home I immediately recognised the long, low, red-tiled outhouses as slaves' dwellings. They were almost hidden among banana, breadfruit, cocoanut, mango, and palm trees of various kinds.

Several *cubertas*, or two-masted canoes, passed us, each apparently containing a family, the juvenile members of which rejoiced in an entire absence of clothing. The female portion of the community sat aft, smoking and steering, while their lords appeared to be indulging in a *siesta*. All seemed to be of Cafuzo and mixed breeds.

At noon the Ambrose dropped anchor in front of the town, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and I earnestly thanked God who had graciously delivered us from the perils of the ocean, during our lengthy, though not unpleasant voyage. Captain Jackson is a most agreeable fellow-traveller, and it was an instructive treat to hear his descriptions of the wonders of the deep. Having travelled some thousands of miles in foreign craft at various times, my experience is, that on English lines of steamboats the bearing of both officers and men, and general arrangements for the accommodation of passengers, are incomparably superior to anything to be met with elsewhere.

To one just arrived from Europe, Pará, as seen from the river, does not present a very imposing appearance. A line of irregularly-constructed buildings skirts the shore, and in the background are a few stunted church-towers, with an undulatory view of chocolate-coloured tiles, the whole surrounded by a belt of dark green foliage, the border of the unrivalled forest beyond. The pratique and custom-house officers were soon alongside in a boat rowed by ten neatly-dressed

sailors, whose skins varied in colour from that of the pure negro to the light copper of the Indian. Small canoes, turned up at both stem and stern, were paddled by natives round the vessel, on the look out for anything either to be exchanged with, or begged from the sailors. I embraced the earliest opportunity of going ashore, and on the landing-place was met by Mr. Henderson, a Scotch gentleman, who has resided on the Amazons over forty years, and who kindly conducted me to the Fonda, where I put up.

In the afternoon I took a stroll through the town, which is laid out in blocks, the streets generally running at right angles. The Rua de Belem faces the river, the ground-floors being mainly occupied by ship-chandlers, india-rubber and pirarucù stores, the latter exhaling anything but an agreeable odour, especially to a new arrival from the pure breezes of the ocean. Here is the Alfandiga or Custom-house, an undignified-looking building, with piles of small green cases outside, which I learned were full of gin, a spirit largely imported, and sent up the river to the rubber plantations. The poor Indian is so fond of this beverage that the temptation to get drunk upon it when circumstances admit is too strong to be resisted. Just past the custom-house is one of the entrances to the market-place, an open square surrounded by a colonnade, and which in early morn presents a lively and interesting appearance, most of the female slaves, both black and mixed Indian, being there congregated to make purchases or indulge in household gossip, or audibly discuss the virtues and failings of their respective mistresses. A white, woolly-headed dame, with a chintz gown open to her waist, arms akimbo, and small basin on her crown, stands with pursed lips, while a youthful member of her own sex and colour, rejoicing in a spotless-white, neatly-embroidered petticoat under a low black dress, opens her heart upon something of personal importance. Every moment she makes a coquettish arrangement of her triple necklace, or shifts the bracelets which almost reach her elbow. A row of dusky ladies sit with their backs to the wall, puffing away at carved, wooden-stemmed, red-bowled pipes, now and then condescending to sell their wares, which consists of a stock-in-trade a hat might hold. In the middle of the square are heaps of pineapples, guavas, bananas, and yellow cacaos, and many other tropical fruits with whose names and flavours I suppose I shall become acquainted ere long. Indian women do not possess the suppleness of figure and geniality of the negress, the latter generally having a merry face, twinkling eye and good display of teeth, while the former wear a quiet, subdued, pensive look. Perhaps the very absence of thought may impart this expression, but I observe several have their eyes downcast, and though possessing a stately carriage, well-developed frame, and their bare shoulders exhibiting a skin of the finest texture, they seem too absorbed to participate in the happiness enjoyed by everybody else around. They have quite as

strong a taste for wearing a gilt or ivory cross suspended over the bosom from a necklace as any of their fairer sisters in England, but alas! they have never heard of the hidden man of the heart, and of the need of the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of *great price*.

Right along the Rua de Belem, the municipality is building a wall of rubble, faced with lead-linked limestone ashlar brought from Portugal. Unfortunately the work progresses but slowly, greatly to the detriment of the health of the town, for between the road and the wall is daily shot all kinds of filth and rubbish, which emits a most offensive effluvium, and, indeed, were it not for the turkey buzzards that blacken the shore in numbers, and voraciously devour the most offensive offal, Parà would soon be decimated by an epidemic. At noon, when the vertical rays of a blazing sun pour down upon this focus of abomination, the reeking stench may actually be seen quivering over the spot. One afternoon I watched two buzzards trying to swallow what appeared to me to be a snake. Both would guzzle an end till they stood about twelve inches apart, when they would pull and tug as for very life, resting every now and then, apparently by mutual consent, their long, black wings either outspread or hanging upon the ground. I could not help wishing that the better bird might win, and have joy over his unsavoury morsel. Thousands of these voracious creatures stand upon the roofs of houses, and the moment a dead cat, rat, or dog, is thrown into the street, it is pounced upon and devoured. I believe they breed in the forest, for I have seen them fly over my head when far away in the bush. At the end of the Rua is a small dock, where a row of *cubertas* are moored stern on, loaded with produce from the Marajó and small islands down and up the river as far as the Tocantins and main Amazons. Each has a semicircular awning of reeds, and is the abode of a family of either pure Indian or Cafuzo blood. The short frizzy hair of the Cafuzo women is pulled out to its greatest extent on both sides of the head, and imparts a peculiarly grotesque appearance. The men, who are sturdy and well built, give ample scope for studying their muscular development, by being innocent of clothing down to the hip, from which hang a pair of short drawers of coarse cotton. They look resolute fellows, and I thought I detected in their small bead-like eye, and nervous twitching of their angular jaws, an indication of latent ferocity. In one *cubertas* was a negro whose body seemed all bones, sinew, and muscle, without a particle of anything approaching to fat and scarcely any flesh. When he lifted a heavy weight, the play of his anatomy was beautiful. Round the dock were a number of dusky Amazons with strangely-assorted wares for sale. I give without reserve the contents of one basket. Nine yellow bananas, five consumptive, spider-looking crabs, six pieces of oily pirarucù (dried fish), almond cake, two half-brown

cacaos, a pile of melting sweets, and a stick of tobacco rolled in coloured grasses.

To the left, is the Praça do Palacio do Governo, lined with palms from Cayenne, some nine feet in circumference, twelve inches above the ground, and gently sloping to the top, from whence droop as many as twenty spine leaves, ten feet in length. A new town-hall is in course of construction in the Praca, and in front of it is the open terminus of the steam tram to Nazaré. Branching from the square are the Ruas das Mercadores, Sao Antonio, and others, where are to be found the principal wholesale and retail drapery and hardware establishments. These streets are paved with a coarse granite brought from Rio de Janeiro. Stone for building purposes is not to be obtained in Parà, that is, stone which can be squared. The only quarries are outside the city, near the cemetery, and these give terra amarella, irregular nodules of red sandstone, white red and yellow sands, and Tabatinga clay. Hence building material is scarce and expensive (bricks are imported largely from England), but as machine bricks could be made from sand, which is plentiful, and lime from shells, lying in any quantity down the river on the beach, I should think an enterprise for their production would prove highly remunerative.

In Pará labour is scarce. European waiters earn from eight to ten shillings a day. Slaves are obliged to give their owners two shillings a day, and on extra earnings many support a wife and family. Twelve ordinary mould-candles cost a dollar (4s.), beef is 300 reis per lb., and bread 200 reis, and everything else is proportionately dear. My room and board, with sponge bath, every morning cost ten shillings per diem, and I cannot obtain respectable accommodation anywhere for less. Private families will not receive lodgers, and from all I can gather of Brazilian character, I can appreciate their prudence in this respect. I hear that up the Amazons, and as far as Quito in Ecuador, there is not to be found anywhere accommodation equal to that I at present enjoy. My room is fourteen feet seven inches long, by fifteen feet broad; twenty feet high on one side and twenty on the other, the roof slanting. It has no window save in the door, and four tiles in the roof are of glass to let in the light. The walls were *once* whitewashed, and in one corner is a wooden settle with a grass mattress and pillow almost as hard as itself, the whole furnished with two sheets, one to cover and the other to lie on. In ordinary health one sheet is sufficient covering all the year round, the coldest weather here equalling a hot summer's day in England. A hammock stretches across the room, and after fair trial is found to be more comfortable than a hard bed. The proper and easiest way to lie in a hammock is to place the body as much across as possible, otherwise the feet rise higher than the head, an objectionable position to one of a sanguineous tendency. Leading on to the verandah is a

half glass door with a broken pane; to keep the vampire bats cut—which, by the way, float about our rooms of an evening, quite fourteen inches across the wings from tip to tip. I have hung a sheet over the door, and on the whole consider myself happily circumstanced. I was fatigued when I returned to my quarters, and glad to retire early, though through having been so long on a rolling sea, I laboured under the delusion that every now and then the bed was about to slip from beneath me. I felt very strange, but thought the rapid transition from southern Europe to the intense cold of England, and then again to life on the Equator—all within four months—might naturally be expected to tell upon my constitution.

Sunday, February 19th.—This morning I woke with a sensation of nausea, giddiness, high pulse, and dry heat. Thinking the fresh air would do me good, I went out as far as Nazareth, but the malaria which seemed to arise from the rank vegetation nearly suffocated me. The atmosphere was excessively offensive, and I wondered how anybody could live in it, not knowing that the malaria I smelt was from within, while the air itself was pure and sweet. I returned home, and in the evening, feeling considerably worse, sent for a doctor, who either could not or would not come till the following morning. An English and American gentleman, however, procured me a bottle of Vichy water, and, wrapping me well up in blankets, a profuse perspiration was induced.

Monday, February 20th.—The doctor came this morning, and at once gave me a pint of citrate of magnesia and quinine. I also took a dose of Pyretic every thirty minutes. The terrible vomitings now decreased; on Tuesday I was better, though suffering from rheumatic pains, and on Wednesday I was decidedly convalescent. I had the impression I was suffering from the *vomito negro* or yellow fever, and indeed the doctor afterwards told me he had treated me for it, but it will be seen further on that I had yet to pass through this terrible ordeal, which proves fatal in two cases out of three, even among acclimatized Brazilians. I was deeply grateful to God for having raised me so speedily from the bed of affliction, besought the continuance of His watchful care, and pleaded for Jesus' sake that I might be permitted to carry on the work to which I had been called by His Spirit. My song of praise for the loving kindness so graciously vouchsafed me by my Heavenly Father is Psalm cxvi.

As soon as the doctor gave permission, I recommenced my early walks. The most delightful part of the day is just after sunrise, when the air is exhilarating and refreshing. As my strength increased I extended my rambles, and upon one occasion penetrated some miles into the bush along a beaten track. No tongue or pen can adequately describe the glories of a Brazilian forest. Vegetation is upon such a colossal scale, that the eye scarcely knows where to linger most. Here

teeming nature has grouped in picturesque confusion an endless variety of plants and trees, all struggling for light and life, and amid the bewildering chaos of savage splendour the mind wondering wanders on till lost in astonishment, admiration, and praise. Here stands a mighty monarch of the forest with a hundred buttresses to support his giant stem, and shooting upwards straight as an arrow, high above his compeers, he extends his stalwart arms around, while his majestic crown, dripping with morning dew, glistens with joy in the bright rays of a tropical sun. Nestling at his feet, as for protection, is the sensitive mimosa, and like a timorous blushing maid she shrinks from the intrusive stranger's gaze by closing her eyelids, and bowing her lovely head. There is the fantastic though exquisitely beautiful fan palm, with graceful fronds playing in the morning breeze. Beside yonder pool is a host of thirsty ferns of different forms, shades, and sizes, in the latter frequently resembling trees of sturdier genera. The dark green deeply-digitated-leaved breadfruit and umbrageous mango afford a grateful shade, and fruit such as angels might condescend to eat. In this vast wild of luxuriant vegetation, undisturbed nature plays a thousand freaks. Two trees of equal growth are entwined round each other, resembling the spiral column of some Moorish Alcàzar, and, each surmounted by an exactly similar head, stand just far enough apart to give scope—as it were—for mutual admiration. Soaring above the light green banana, with heavy clusters of luscious fruit pendent from its slender stem, are palms of various kinds, their feathery foliage standing clearly out against the azure sky. Date palms, in the east, more often derive their attractions from the fact of being the only trees of any size affording food and shade to man and beast amid wide sterile plains, but here their perfect development and graceful forms relieve the eye after gazing upon an infinite variety of lesser productions. Perhaps nothing excites curious attention more than the multitude of creeping and parasitical plants. Some hang in looped festoons; others in lines side by side throw out their tendrils and embracing each other form a veil of living green. In one direction it is as though a thousand ropes were suspended, for they hang perpendicularly from a giddy height, and, when shaken, their tremulous undulation is precisely that of a quivering line. Some so completely cover the trunk of trees as to render them scarcely distinguishable from the parasites themselves. Some climb spirally; some in loops, while not a few run straight up from the ground to the branches. Occasionally as many as four and five climbers have attacked a tree simultaneously, and in the race for light and air have struggled with each other. Four have become gnarled and knotted like a huge excrescence, while the fifth has steadily pursued his course; but the four, apparently discovering the march stolen upon them, have agreed to fight it out elsewhere, and overtake their more fortunate kindred adventurer;

but they are too late, unless they strangle him *en route*, which is not unfrequently done. Here are climbers resembling the fabled Python in size and power, for in dimensions they actually rival the trees they attack. Often immense trees are *completely hidden from sight* by the myriads of parasites which cover them.

Bates, describing a climber very common here, says: "In these tropical forests each plant and tree seems to be striving to outvie its fellow, struggling upwards towards light and air—branch, and leaf, and stem—regardless of its neighbours. Parasitic plants are seen fastening with firm grip on others, making use of them with reckless indifference as instruments for their own advantage. Live and let live is clearly not the maxim taught in these wildernesses. There is one kind of parasitic tree, very common near Parà, which exhibits this feature in a very prominent manner. It is called the Sipó Matador, or the Murderer Liana. It belongs to the fig order, and has been described and figured by Von Martius in the atlas to Spix and Martius' Travels. I observed many specimens. The base of its stem would be unable to bear the weight of the upper growth; it is obliged, therefore, to support itself on a tree of another species. In this it is not essentially different from other climbing trees and plants; but the way the Matador sets about it is peculiar, and produces certainly a disagreeable impression. It springs up close to the tree on which it intends to fix itself, and the wood of its stem grows by spreading itself like a plastic mould over one side of the trunk of its supporter. It then puts forth, from each side, an arm-like branch, which grows rapidly, and looks as though a stream of sap were flowing and hardening as it went. This adheres closely to the trunk of the victim, and the two arms meet on the opposite side and blend together. These arms are put forth at somewhat regular intervals in mounting upwards, and the victim, when its strangler is full-grown, becomes tightly grasped by a number of inflexible rings. These rings gradually grow larger as the murderer flourishes, rearing its crown of foliage to the sky, mingled with that of its neighbour, and in course of time they kill it by stopping the course of its sap. The strange spectacle then remains of the selfish parasite clasping in its arms the lifeless and decaying body of its victim, which had been a help to its own growth. Its ends have been served—it has flowered and fruited, reproduced and disseminated its kind; and now, when the dead trunk moulders away, its own end approaches; its support is gone, and itself also falls."

On both sides of the track I had taken there was a dense growth of rich green underwood, in some places so interlaced as to resemble elaborate basket-work, and render penetration simply impossible. From the branches of one lofty tree I saw suspended about forty nests, and flying in and out of them were a number of small birds of brilliant

green and scarlet plumage, whose discordant chattering grated harshly upon the ear. Cicadas created a deafening din by their shrill whir-r-r-r, and there was a ceaseless hum as from innumerable insects. One large tree was completely divested of every leaf and particle of bark, not even a creeper covering its nakedness. The contrast was the more vivid on account of the luxuriance of surrounding vegetation. Perhaps the presence of several ants' nests was the cause of its strange appearance. I passed many large ant-hills on the ground, but gave them a wide berth, deferring closer acquaintance till another season. A black ant of prodigious size seemed to be out for a stroll—he walked along so leisurely. At ten o'clock the heat began to be oppressive; so I commenced retracing my steps, but my progress was slow; for what with stopping to look at butterflies as they floated past in endless variety of beauty, and now and then frantically endeavouring to catch them with my hat, which most provokingly would always *only just miss*, and collecting specimens of ferns, mimosæ, grasses, and leaves of plants and trees, the time sped rapidly on, and it was afternoon before I fell into my hammock to cool. I noticed a peculiar hot-house smell as I passed through a swamp, and the atmosphere was positively steaming. In open places near the town, where there was little or no grass, the heat would strike up from the ground like a blast from a baker's oven; yet the air was far less oppressive than what I have felt for days together when a wind has been blowing from the Sahara.

About three o'clock clouds began to arise in the east, and rapidly coming up the river with a downpour which shut out of sight the left bank of the Pará, it soon passed over us, leaving a refreshing coolness. In England I confess to always having had more or less apprehension during a thunderstorm, and this I felt for several days after my arrival here, but it is surprising how quickly custom renders danger familiar. Perhaps the knowledge that a storm is sure to prove beneficial may have something to do with this change of feeling; but, however the case may be, it is clear that successive heavy peals of thunder are almost unnoticed by the Paraenese. Houses and public buildings are rarely struck by the electric fluid, though instances are not wanting of its having done so. The forests seem to attract the lightning, and trees are often found scathed by it, and torn up by the roots. One afternoon while sitting in a hut in the bush, I heard what I took to be a smart crack of thunder, but I was assured it was only a large tree falling and crushing down others in its career.

Hearing a band of music one afternoon, I went to a balcony looking into the Rua da Industria, and saw pass six companies of soldiers of the line and five of volunteers; the former chiefly negroes and halfbreeds, the latter of Brazilian and Mameluco blood. They were armed with muzzle-loading rifles, and kept pretty well in line and step, though I par-

ticularly noticed that the negroes walked with the left foot almost at a right angle to the dexter. The bands were thirty each, and played quite as well as the generality of English volunteer bands, that is to say, there was plenty of drumming and cymballing, flat second cornets, and asthmatic brass instruments. In the Largo das Merces, at the bottom of the street, they met coming out of the old Jesuit Church a procession, which walked in two lines, one on either side of the road. About two hundred negroes and Cafuzos, with sticky candles, went in front, and they really looked pitiable in the coloured tawdry ecclesiastical rags which the priests had unmercifully huddled upon them, but they appeared quite happy, and puffed away at their cigarettes, and chatted, as though the whole affair had been got up expressly for their amusement. A large platform then followed upon men's shoulders, and upon it was a life-size misrepresentation of our Saviour carrying the cross. The image had long, straight, light hair flowing down its back, and I am half inclined to think this is meant to indicate to all whom it may concern, that the Saviour was neither of negro or Cafuzo blood. Jesuits have a motive and end in all they do. In rear of the procession came soldiers with fixed bayonets, a crowd of gentlemen in mourning, and after them about two hundred negresses and Indian women dressed in black, and many in rich silks. I think I never saw so many gilt bracelets and necklaces at any one time in all my life before, and the perfumers must have done a handsome stroke of business to supply such an aroma as proceeded from the cambric handkerchiefs which were in constant requisition on account of the heat. I may be mistaken, but I thought these dusky Amazons were prompted by other motives as well as devotional to walk in rear of the procession.

As before observed, Pará does not appear very attractive to a European fresh from London and Paris, especially if he should happen to visit it during the rainy season, and then suffer from a bad attack of fever. The houses are small, and their whitewashed walls have a damp, mouldy appearance, tufts of rank grass growing upon the tiles and ledges; the churches wear a lugubrious aspect, and not unfrequently closely-packed lines of black urubús, or carrion buzzards, stand upon the long roofs with their wings partly stretched out to dry. During the afternoon clouds loom in the east, and by-and-by they sweep overhead, preceded by sharp gusts of wind, their low, ragged borders spouting streams of lightning and torrents of rain. The steamboats at anchor in the river look miserable with their conical white canvas nightcaps over their funnels to keep out the downpour; and as to the half-dozen Yankee rakish schooners from New York, they seem as much out of place as a yacht would off the banks of Newfoundland during the months of December and January. Every other man is a negro, and more often than not a slave, and in vain do I try to discover that appearance of

jollity said to characterize the Brazilian bondsman; strange to say, too, the whites and many halfbreeds wear black coats and hats, but it is not difficult to perceive how severely they are punished for endeavouring to appear European.

No doubt a jaundiced mind is apt to view everything in a jaundiced light, but when I hear visitors from the Upper Amazons extolling the beauties of Grão Pará as something beyond compare, is it remarkable I should consider them as nearly bereft of reason? A French waiter, who rejoices in the name of Napoleon, although he hates his illustrious namesake, bangs a microscopic *bistek*, adorned with a quantum of more artistic than substantial *coisas*, upon the table, and jerks out "*Vla, Msyu*, eat, for you will never see the like again until you return to Parà," a piece of information which induces me to request another *bistek*, but *aux tomates* this time, *s'il vous plait;* and a gentleman from the colder side of the Tweed, whose Amazonian experience entitles him to profound respect, assures me that beyond his own oatmeal, had out direct from *Glasgey* (O mores!), he does not believe there is any to be had nearer than Lisbon or New York, a fact which so cheers me that I begin to feel quite lively and anxious to be off.

Ah! how little did I think the time would soon come, when I should consider Parà as a great centre of civilization; when the buzzards wheeling round the church steeples would put me in mind of a Midland county rookery; when I should be able to gaze upon a black coat without breaking into a profuse perspiration; when the big steamboats and natty schooners would lend additional attraction to the charming view of the river; and when I should look thrice at a small *bistek au pomme* in sheer amazement at the luxury; and wonder if I had fourpence I could spare for a poor white-headed negro humbly soliciting alms—but I must not anticipate.

Towards the end of the month (March) I began to feel decidedly better, though incessant perspiration retarded the acquisition of strength, and as the doctor was of opinion that a change of air would prove beneficial, I made a few necessary purchases, including a strong Indian hammock and thick English blankets, and prepared to leave by the first boat going to Manáos or Barra on the Rio Negro. I had brought out a large tin case containing all my effects, but experience soon taught me the trouble and worry of such a heavy companion. It is true it only weighed two hundred pounds, but Indian porters have yet to learn how to adjust heavy burdens to be carried a short distance. For land transport, travel by river steamers, and per canoe, no package should exceed one hundred pounds in weight. In *montarias*, and especially long narrow canoes, cargo cannot be too carefully distributed, as a sudden gust of wind or extra heavy swell may cause an upset, which of course means the loss of baggage, if not of life. On steamboats

heavy baggage is either stowed away in the hold or covered with a heap of small trunks and parcels, which renders access to it more often impracticable, and always a matter of difficulty and annoyance to everybody concerned.

Monday, April 1st.—I went on board the Arary at ten p.m., and after seeing all my worldly goods safely shipped, tendered the boatmen—who had rowed me about half a mile from the shore—the sum of six shillings, a fare I considered easily and quickly earned; this amount, however, was indignantly rejected, the men declining to accept anything less than a ten "mil rei" note, or an equivalent to 1*l.* sterling. Not caring to enter into a dispute, I walked away, slung my hammock on the quarter-deck, and arranged a few things in my cabin; by-and-by ten shillings were murmuringly accepted, and as the grumblers rowed away in search of fresh victims, I looked over the handrail on to the deck below at successive arrivals, the tearful partings of relatives and friends, and the noisy squabbles about fares. At half-past eleven all the passengers were on board, and as the church bells tolled the hour of midnight, the whistle was blown, anchor raised, and off we started in a north-easterly direction to round an island fronting Pará, called Ilha das Oncas, the lights of the city just sinking in the distance as we rounded the point.

Tuesday, April 2nd, 1872.—At daybreak the watch began to swab decks, so we turned out and went below to coffee, a cup of which proved highly refreshing, for although I slept soundly after one o'clock, yet, through having had my clothes on, I did not feel altogether comfortable. I may here mention that from Pará to Perú I never once had my clothes off save to change them. Sleeping below was simply impossible, on account of heat and mosquitoes, and worse than all, the putrid smell from the hold, which is impregnated with the combined odours of pirarucú and seringa—india-rubber.

The Arary is a teak-built flat-bottomed, steam paddle-boat of about five hundred tons, and capable of carrying comfortably about one-third of the passengers who are stowed on board almost every voyage up the river; she has a fore and aft hurricane deck, with bridge and steering gear in mid-ships, and crew of negroes as black as the hull of a Newcastle brig. A wide table, with swing-backed seats on either side, runs the length of the quarter-deck, leaving a narrow path between it and the hammock stanchions, the outer hammock-rods running in a line with the davits.

The first-class passengers were chiefly Brazilian rubber speculators, going up the Tocantins, Xingú, Tapajós, Madeira, Purús, and other rivers, with a number of male and female hands on the forecastle, who had been contracted for the season. Several hours daily, and the greater part of every evening, the rubber collectors were engaged in gambling; and as I sat on deck, yells of rage and shouts of delight

would come painfully distinct through the open skylight. Sometimes when I had occasion to go below, I observed bundles of notes passed from losers to winners, the former, with frenzied desperation stamped upon their countenances, endeavouring to retrieve their losses, while the latter puffed away at thick cigarettes, and played with studied caution. Altogether it was a *triste* exhibition of avarice, cunning, and the vilest sordid passions. The steerage passengers took their cue from their superiors in social rank, and fights nightly occurred, till matters grew so serious, that the officers had to load their revolvers before order was restored. It was rumoured that a man had been thrown overboard during the night, and certainly, after making the roll call, and searching the vessel from stem to stern, one was missing, and no trace of him could be found.

We had coffee every morning at sunrise, breakfast at half-past ten, dinner at half-past four, and a cup of tea or coffee at eight o'clock in the evening. The captain always sat at the head of the table, no one touching his food till he had commenced, and when he rose to leave, everybody else stood up, and, as a rule, left also. Eight gaudily-dressed coloured females sat at table, but they were not a whit more awkward than a white lady who took good care to keep them at a distance. Most of the coloured ladies wore thick gold bracelets and chains, and two exhibited a gold watch on a hook fastened to the waist, and, as an evidence of bad taste and absence of brains, employed no small portion of the day in consulting their respective time-pieces. On the Amazons it seems to be the fashion to convey food to the mouth with the blade of a knife, and not to use a fork save "promiscuously;" indeed the dexterous manipulation of the knife displayed by Brazilians, whether in eating, or conversing at table, is something admirable; the orthodox attitude is to rest your elbows upon your neighbour's plate, or nearly so; to drink with the mouth full, and supplement the whole by rigidly ignoring the uses of a handkerchief. I am not prepared to say whether the table-cloth had ever been washed, but I could have wished the linen had been cleaner and more plentiful.

During the night we had steered for the most northern point of the large island of Carnapijó, leaving to the south the bay of Goajará, into which falls the Guamá, close to Pará, and then the Acará, and Mojú, which unite their waters at the Indian village of Jaguarary. Before daylight we had passed the three principal settlements on the northern bank of the above-mentioned island, Conde, Beja, and Abaité, all of which are mainly peopled by negroes and half-breeds, who collect rubber on their own account, and raise produce—chiefly rice, farinha, and tobacco, for the Pará market; and when we arrived at the mouth of the Tocantins, which cannot be much, or indeed, if anything, less than ten miles in width, we observed numerous two-masted *cubertas* coming

northwards with produce from the first great tributary met sailing westwards from Pará. The small river Guamá rises to the north of the province of Maranhão, and both it and its affluent, the Capim, which unite at the village of Boa Vista, are said to join the Rio Gurupy by Igaripés, or canoe paths. The Gurupy separates the provinces of Grão Pará and Maranhao. The Acará is a fine stream rising to the west of a chain of low hills, which separates it from the head waters of the Capim, and from the mouth of its affluent, the Acará-mirim, on the right bank, there exists a track called the Estrada de Pedro II., which first touches at Taryuáras, on the Capim, and then strikes south-west to São Francisco, a small Indian settlement at the junction of the Tocantins and the Araguaya: this estrada also runs about thirty miles eastwards along the right bank of the Tocantins, as far as the Indian village of Imperatriz. The Mojú is the least of the tributaries falling into the Pará estuary before reaching the Tocantins; by an Igaripé its waters partly flow into the Tocantins proper. During the rainy season, small craft bound from Pará to the Tocantins usually prefer going up the Mojú and the Igaripé-mirim to keeping in the main stream, from the fact of heavy squalls and strong adverse currents prevailing upon the latter. As might be expected, the Indians in the vicinity of Pará are fairly civilized; that is to say, such tribes as range from the right bank of the Tocantins southwards for about two hundred miles, eastwards to the Guamá. Priests are sent from Pará to Irituiá, an affluent on the left bank of Guamá: one resides at Capim, one at Acará, and once in the year, at least, a priest calls at Cairary, on the Mojú, when members of the Gez and Bos tribes, with many friendlies, flock to hear mass. By hearing mass, I do not mean to say that anything the priest hurriedly mutters is understood by the poor red-skin: truly it is all Latin to him, and for any benefit he receives, it might as well be sung in Irish. A moment's reflection upon this fact forcibly calls to memory the words of the Apostle: "So likewise ye, except ye utter by the tongue words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? for ye shall speak into the air." And again: "Therefore, if I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh a barbarian; and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me;" but further on St. Paul is very conclusive where he declares: "Yet in the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than *ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.*" Truly the Church of Rome has yet to learn, that "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Nearly all the country hitherto described is one uninterrupted forest, the hills being crowned to their summits; here and there, however, are small openings covered with high grass, which are used for grazing

purposes, but they are few and far between. Rubber, rice, farinha, and Brazil nuts are the chief articles of produce, for which are bartered English and American cutlery, prints, and common dry goods. The forests abound with birds, arboreal animals, and serpents of all sizes; a few deer are found in the opens, where the jaguar is sure to be near, and the rivers teem with fish. The climate is generally considered unhealthy by Europeans who live in it a few months, but lack of proper nourishment is the main cause why strangers suffer so much. A large assortment of beautiful woods is to be found upon any given spot, but they are too hard for anything beyond cabinet work.

The Rio Tocantins rises in the Province of Goyaz, and is generally estimated about sixteen hundred miles in length; according to the *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes de France*, its length would be two thousand three hundred kilometres. At Espirito Santo do Peixe, the southern portion of the river to Lake Formoza is called the Paraná or Parahim; it is questionable, however, whether this stream is the head waters of the river under consideration, inasmuch as the head waters of the Rio Grande or Araguaya lie still further to the south, in a bend of the Serra de Santa Martha; at Porto Imperial the Tocantins becomes a fine river, and runs nearly due north as far as Carolina, a small village on the right bank, where it takes a sharp bend to the west, but recovers its usual way in a few miles, steadily running north till it reaches the Serra Quebrada, when it again bends to the west until joined by the Araguaya, where the blending of the waters forms a magnificent reach. Here the Tocantins begins to flow through numerous islands with a general westerly course to the Tacaiunas on the left bank, when it again suddenly turns, and flows nearly due north to the Pará estuary. The Araguaya is a splendid river, and in point of width and depth is decidedly superior to the so-called Tocantins. In its northerly course it receives the waters of a score of affluents, the principal being the Rio das Mortes, rising in the Serra do Roncador, and has formed the immense island of Bananal, upon which is a large lake famous for the size, quantity, and quality of its fish, and among numerous tribes of Indians for its being the residence of a water witch called "Mai d'Agoa," a name, by the way, invariably applied to the Anaconda or large water Boa.

Goyaz, the capital of the Province, is situated upon the Rio Vermelho, which flows between the ranges Dourada and Grande, and falls into the Araguaya at Leopoldina. Population, five thousand; possesses six churches besides the cathedral of Sta. Anna and several public squares and edifices. Unfortunately the Tocantins can only be navigated as far as Arroyos, situated about one hundred and thirty miles from its mouth; steamboats would have to stop at the rapids of Tapaiunaquára, where Mr. Bates says the river is about a mile wide, is choked up with rocks, and a broken ridge passes completely across it. An occasional steam-

boat runs from Pará to Baiao on the right bank, calling at Camutá on the left bank, and I hear that cargo is so plentiful and freights so high that a company is in formation to run a boat up and down once a month. No doubt the heavy falls above Arroyos will prove a serious obstacle for some time to come in the way of developing the resources of this fine river; its upper portions however are blessed with an exuberance of vegetable and mineral wealth, and as its banks become populated means of rapid and safe transport will doubtless be found. A line of railway from the first rapids to the Araguaya would answer every purpose, and until it is constructed the wealth of these comparatively unknown regions must lie dormant.

At every settlement on the Tocantins below Baiao (north), the inhabitants are mainly free negroes, mulattos, and cafuzos, with a few Mamelucos, but from S. Francisco at the junction of the Araguaya and Tocantins, southwards, the pure Indian and Mamelucos predominate. Nominal Christianity exists throughout the whole length of the river, that is to say, that nearly every village possesses a rude wooden cross erected on a clearing, and not a few have a doll dressed in cotton or muslin rags, with a still smaller doll in its arms said to represent the Virgin Mary with the infant child Jesus. A few miles from every settlement are villages of Indians, who while friendly towards whites have nevertheless never embraced their religion, and among whom no Romish missionaries have ever laboured. When an Indian has been baptized, he is called, and always styles himself, a Tapuyo, or Caboclo, also a Christian, and calls his unbaptized brethren and sisters Infieles, or heathens.

The chief produce of the Tocantins is rubber, salsa, farinha from the wild manic, or mandiocca, coffee, tobacco, and cashaça.

This being the rainy season the rivers are full, and because of the swift current in mid-stream we keep as close to the shore as safety permits; sometimes we are so near that the overhanging boughs of trees may almost be touched with the hand. The day passed pleasantly along, and, notwithstanding the noise created by several boisterous passengers who have the disagreeable habit of all talking at once and in an immoderately loud tone, I was able to read the comforting promises of God, and rejoice in viewing the handiwork of Him by whom and for whom all things were created, and by whom all things consist. Truly "He hath made everything beautiful in His time"; but

> "In vain with lavish kindness
> The gifts of God are strewn,
> The heathen in his blindness
> Bows down to wood and stone."

During the day our course lay among a number of islands, and it was

rarely, if not questionable, we ever saw the actual banks of the river at the same time, that is, the shores of the Marajó on the north, and those of the mainland on the south.

Before reaching the Rio Uanapú on the south bank we passed a number of streams on the same shore, which, taken in order west of the Tocantins, are as follows : the Cupijó, Araticú, Puraná, Panaiva, Mucajá, Jacundá, Jaguarajó, Acutipererá, and Pacajá, all of which are peopled by friendly Indians, few of whom have been brought under the influence of nominal Christianity. Priests from Pará never go up these streams, but once in a year or so they visit the settlements near their mouths. The whole country is described as one vast swamp, and rich in rubber trees, but so unhealthy that even the prospects of rapid money-making is not a sufficient inducement for whites to settle or trade.

A few miles to the north-east of the island of Carnapijó, on the opposite bank of the river, south shore of the island of Marajó, is the river Arary, which rises in a lake of the same name; between it and the Goajará, a small stream with its mouth nearly opposite Portel on the south bank, are a number of deep narrow streams, navigable to nearly the centre of the island, the principal being the Marajó-açu, the Atúa, flowing from a lake of the same name, and upon which is situated the town of Muaná; the Paracauba, Pacujatú, Quanaticù, Piriá, and Matuacá. Most of the Marajó rivers flow from lakes, and during the height of the rainy season about one third of the entire island is more or less under water; journeys across tracts of shallow water are performed in canoes tied to cows' tails.

Towards evening, we began to thread the narrows west of the Tocantins, and passed numerous huts built upon piles, some of which were deserted until the subsidence of the river. Every hut has a staging leading from it to the edge of the land, some of which are nearly level with the water. Indians inhabiting the southern and western shores of the Marajó are mainly *seringeros*, or rubber collectors. Their solitary life makes them apathetic, uncommunicative, and uninteresting companions. The young husband and wife construct their rude habitation scarcely speaking to each other, and they spend hours hunting on land or fishing in canoes without exchanging a word; their children grow up with the same tastes and habits, and more than once we have passed close to a house, and noticed that some of its inmates have never even lifted the head to glance at us. We passed several long canoes laden with bunches of green plantains and baskets of farinha. It is the custom of Indians everywhere upon the Amazons, whether in Brazil or Perú, to have one or more banana and plantain groves at some distance from the house, and I think it must have arisen from a sense of insecurity, so that should they have to fly at a moment's warning from

the presence of an enemy, they may do so without incumbrance, beyond weapons of offence and defence, and plunge into the recesses of the gloomy forest to one of their safe retreats.

Perhaps the plantain is the most extensively cultivated and most useful of all trees upon the face of the globe, seeing that it is to be found everywhere within the tropics, and for a considerable distance both north and south of them, and furnishes a staple article of food to the natives of many parts of Equatorial Asia, Africa, and America. It is said to be a species of the *Musa Paradisiaca*, or Banana, but the resemblance only holds good so far as the leaves and shape of the fruit are concerned, the taste being entirely distinct. The soft herbaceous stem of this plant is formed by a succession of leaf stalks, and I have seen some both in Africa and this country over twenty feet high. The leaves grow with remarkable rapidity, springing from the stem in the form of a spike, and gradually unrolling as they become developed, assuming a light pea-green colour at first, but acquiring a darker shade as they attain maturity, when they are sometimes as much as nine and ten feet in length, and from twenty to twenty-four inches broad. At Pebas, in Perú, I counted one hundred and twenty plantains upon a single bunch, which weighed just sixty-two pounds, but they are often found weighing as much as eighty pounds. In Brazil and Perú, the plantain is cooked in a variety of ways, such as plain boiled; peeled and roasted upon the embers of a wood fire; cut in thin slices across, or in lengths and fried in turtle oil (butter is preferable); stewed with fish and hot peppers; beaten into a paste and served as gruel, and many other ways. It is never eaten raw. The banana is a luscious fruit with an appley taste; when ripe, its skin has a pale yellow colour, but it turns black in less than a week in the tropics, and then should not be eaten. To my way of thinking it tastes best with cheese. The dearly-purchased experience of many proves it should never be eaten at night.

By sunset, we had fairly entered the narrows, and our course lay through forest walls which towered up on either side to the height of eighty feet, like vegetable cliffs. Every five minutes or so, we came to one or more openings varying from one hundred and fifty to four hundred feet wide, and I found some amusement in mentally conjecturing which turn we should next take. We turned to almost every point of the compass, and as I could discern absolutely nothing which to my eyes might serve as a landmark, I began to look upon the pilot, who never ceased walking the bridge, as a positive phenomenon. By and by, we entered a large expanse of water with several openings, and when night came on and thick clouds obscured the stars, the darkness was so profound that I could hardly distinguish anything, save where the ship's lamps shed a fitful light upon the trees which sprung up perpendicularly out of the water. Yet we went ahead at full speed till nine

o'clock, when the whistle blew, and we stopped at a wooden staging in front of Breves, and I naturally began to feel confident that a pilot who could find his way through such an intricate labyrinth as that we had passed, might be safely trusted to conduct us the rest of our journey.

Breves is situated on the south-west corner of the island of Marajó, and stands only a few feet above the river. It is approached by the landing-stage mentioned, a ricketty affair. All vessels proceeding to the Amazons call here for fuel, which is supplied in the shape of sticks three feet long by three inches square, at the rate of four mil reis per thousand. Population two hundred, but fluctuates according to the season, and is composed of Portuguese, negroes, and half breeds; a few Indians reside in the neighbourhood. Trade: rubber collecting, procuring timber for fuel, and the manufacture of pottery and cuyas or painted calabashes, made from the fruit of a gourd, which when cut in half furnishes hard tough basins from the size of a tea-cup to that of a vessel holding several quarts. The colouring of some of these cuyas is creditable, but the designs exhibit only the faintest approach towards art, and may be considered a tolerable index of the pure Indian mind. Calabashes have been used as drinking-vessels from time immemorial both in the eastern and western hemispheres, and uncivilized man seems to have been led naturally to choose this fruit as best adapted for the purpose to which it is applied. It is a climbing plant belonging to the *cucurbitacea* family, and from the rapidity with which it grows may possibly be the plant alluded to in Jonah, chap. iv.

Breves has two streets parallel with the river, and an attempt at a third: all are overgrown with rank grass, but the Rua do Miranda is the best. Passengers who came on board, told us that swamp fever was very bad in the town, and everybody able to leave was doing so, either for Pará, or settlements upon the main Amazons. It would appear that Breves is extremely unhealthy during the latter part of the dry and commencement of the rainy season, on account of the vast extent of surrounding swamps which reek with malaria, and the forest shutting out the breezes which prove so refreshing upon the Pará estuary and Amazons proper. From all I am able to gather, I am inclined to think the disease typhoidal. Its period of incubation is from three to four days, and convalescence or death generally occurs between the seventh and tenth day. It is manifestly contagious, and in Breves may be said to have assumed the form of an epidemic. The first few cases were mild in character, but as the disease spread it became exceedingly virulent and fatal. As Breves does not boast of a skilful medical practitioner, the people do the best they can with the rude knowledge of the virtues of certain herbs the forest affords.

Our new passengers kept much to themselves, no one caring to sit near, or converse with them; but I soon became on good terms with a

Portuguese trader, who seemed grateful for the attention I paid him. The poor fellow was much dejected at the prospect of being laid low, especially as he feared the seeds of the disease were already in his system. I observed that I had studied medicine as an amateur, and he was welcome to my advice, submitting, that to the best of my belief he was perfectly free from any indication of fever; but some medicine I would give should be taken without delay. A few doses of sulphate of quinine to each of the new comers gave a tone to health and spirits, and three days afterwards I was glad to see them all happy and thankful at having escaped the dreadful malady of which they had lived so long in dread.

Leaving Breves, we continued our way through a maze of channels, and, tired of straining my eyes to pierce the gloom, I lay in my hammock and admired the lovely constellation of the Southern Cross, which now stood sharply defined in the clear, though inky-black sky; but my rest was soon broken by hearing the pilot sing out *pára*, and in a moment afterwards by the vessel running into the bush. In less time than it takes me to mention, every passenger had turned out to ascertain the mischief done, and all hands were at the paddle-boxes, where the axes are semicircularly arranged for immediate use. By dint of cutting away the branches of trees, which had been forced through the outer stanchions, and reversing engines, we soon get clear, but the stench arising from disturbed decayed vegetation was so overpowering, that our olfactory organs could only find relief in the folds of a handkerchief.

Crossing another large expanse of water, called the Poço, with channels branching from it in every direction, we progressed at half-speed along the Furo do Jaburú, which runs east of the Tajipurú, both communicating with the Amazons; the former generally used by vessels ascending, and the latter for descending. Were steamboats to meet in these narrow lanes at night, a collision could scarcely be avoided: hence why the Jaburú is used for a northerly, and its sister Furo for a southern course.

Several travellers have discussed whether that body of waters lying to the south of the Marajó is part of the Amazons, and consequently whether the mouth of the great river extends from Cape Raso on the left to Cape Magoary on the right bank, or as far as Cape Tijioca, on the north coast of the Brazils. There can be no doubt but that the observations of all travellers navigating the Jaburú and Tajipurú channels confirm the impression that no water finds its way from the Pará estuary to the main stream. The even current of the Jaburú, within ten miles of the Poço, is southerly; at high tide, however, it is scarcely perceptible, and the same occurs on the Tajipurú, near the junction of the Furo do Limão, where the waters flow north and south

with the pressure and subsidence of the main stream, but a few miles between the Furo mentioned, always southerly to the Poço. The line of watershed appears to differ in the two seasons. The general low level of the country—excepting the spot upon which Gurupá is situated—and infinity of natural canals which intersect it, between the mouth of the Xingú and the junction of the Araparipucu, an affluent of the Uanapú, together with a considerable portion of the south and west of the island of Marajó, leads me to think that at a recent period the main Amazons communicated with the Pará estuary by means of a wide arm, which in course of time became filled up with existing islands; for, in point of fact, the entire district mentioned is nothing more nor less than a cluster of islands. Traders assure me that numerous deep channels which existed twenty years ago, are now so choked with grass and reeds as to be almost impassable even for canoes, and that where lakes formerly existed there is a growth of forest corresponding with that on the mainland. This will not appear strange to anyone conversant with the rapidity with which immense sandbanks are formed upon the Amazon, and how soon they become covered with dense forest. It is worthy of observation, that, however distinct the river systems may be, the waters of both blend off Cape Magoary, and north of the Marajó, and flow together till finally lost in the Atlantic.

Wednesday, April 3rd, 1872.—During the night I had frequent glimpses of the vegetation, when the vessel stopped for a few moments, or slackened speed, while rounding some abrupt elbow, and it seemed as though we were in a vast palm-grove nearly all the time. Numerous insects, attracted by the lights on deck, settled upon our hammocks and clothes, and occasionally a beetle would whizz past my ear with savage force. Like most strangers, I was at first fidgetty whenever a beetle, locust, or any other large harmless insect alighted upon me, but this feeling considerably wore off in the course of a few months, though it never disappeared altogether.

"¡He aqui el Marañon!" (Behold the Marañon!) said a Moyabambino, as he touched me on the shoulder and pointed to the mighty river we began to enter shortly after daybreak. Yes! this yellow, hurrying, fresh-water Mediterranean, is the River Amazons; and sluggish indeed must be the mind that can gaze upon it unimpressed, without reflecting upon the majesty of its appearance, the immensity of its proportions, and the many stirring romantic associations connected with its history, since the gallant Pinzon visited its mouth in the year 1500, and Francisco de Orellana, with his band of adventurers, forty years afterwards, drifted down the wild Nápo into the broad stream, and thence eastwards to the Atlantic. How the little band, as they sat huddled together on their crazy craft, must have wondered at the length of the river, and when their eyes would again greet the waters of the blue eastern ocean!

How long and wearisome must those eight months have been to them, as they sat day after day slowly drifting with the current among countless islands, with a blazing sun above, tepid waters below, and on either hand an unknown gloomy tangled forest, alive with treacherous redskins, who ever and anon would peep at them through the foliage with fear and astonishment at the sight, or send an arrow on its murderous mission! In that age of marvellous discovery in both hemispheres, and perhaps more particularly upon the northern and southern continents of the western, how easily the heated imagination of the bewildered Spaniards might have led them to mistake the long black-haired naked Indians, seen at a distance, for women. Possibly, however, Orellana was not mistaken; and it occurs to me, that while the males of some tribe might have been on a distant expedition, their wives may have undertaken a little fighting upon their own account, and hence the idea of a nation of female warriors. "What may not these forests contain?" was frequently upon the lips of Orellana's party, and doubtless as often uttered by that of Lopez de Aguirre's, which subsequently descended the broad Ucayali, among the winding Cordilleras of the Andes in Peru, and had to make its way through the territory of the savage Campas, Píros, and others; and surely the same thought is still echoed by every contemplative traveller, as he gazes upon the everlasting ocean of sombre verdure, the outskirts of which are but barely known to civilization.

The ochre-coloured waters which swirl past us, have tumbled down the rocky slopes of the Andes, from their cold volcanic birthplace, the silent Lago de Lauricocha, situated immediately below the eternal snows of Cerro Pasco, in Perú—have dashed through precipitous granite gorges among the mountains and hills of Bolivia, Matto Grosso, Ecuador, Nueva Granada, and Venezuela—amid mosses and lichens, and pine and oak forests—now flowing in crystal purity through grassy plains, where man and beast both slake their thirst and lave their limbs, and then again for hundreds of miles through jungles and forests, dense palm-groves, and sugar, coffee, cotton, and cacao plantations. The diamond in humble brook has shed its pure lustre toward the light which gave it; gold flakes sleep in the dark soil till busy hands shall pluck them from their resting-place for works of mercy, love, and crime; silver peeps from beneath the rock, and many a precious stone lies hidden upon the banks of the river. By all these have the waters sped; the condor has floated over them; jaguars and deer have drunk of them; the capibára and otter have rejoiced in them; voracious alligators and unsightly serpents of monstrous size have pursued their prey in them; monkeys and other arboreal animals play among the branches of trees over them; porpoises, piraruc\u00fa, and squat turtle feed in them, and myriads of birds sing sweet lays, utter strange notes, or

croak discordant sounds as they plume their wings upon the banks, or disport upon them; and thus onward it rolls, ploughing its way into the grand Atlantic, until finally absorbed at a distance of hundreds of miles from land.

But there is something still more surprising. Thousands of men, women, and children who have this day seen the Amazons possess as little knowledge of the Lord and Giver of life as the beasts which perish. During thousands of years the naked savage has stalked under the gloomy high-arched forest, worshipping the sun, moon, and stars, and reputed dæmons of inaccessible retreats, or the fantastic myths of cunning medicine men. Generation after generation has passed away, but no one has gone to the crowded reed wigwams reposing under the shade of the broad-leaved banana and plantain, or the nodding plumes of the pupunha and cocoanut tree, to declare that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Hitherto no one has thought it worth while to say "Here am I; send me," and thus in the present year of grace, as I pen these lines, the land is covered with thick darkness, and here the Sun of Righteousness has yet to arise with healing on His wings. O! may He who has promised unto the Son, "Ask of me, and I shall give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession," now fulfil His gracious Word, and grant that many at home may be moved by His Holy Spirit to labour and pray for those who live in this far-off land, where

> "Every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

Notwithstanding the dread shadows of the past, it is cheering to reflect that the South American Missionary Society is making an effort to send messengers of the Gospel to the benighted heathen scattered up and down the basin of this great river, which, according to Wallace, comprises an area of no less than two millions three hundred and thirty thousand English square miles. Although all Christians are not called to be Ministers and Foreign Missionaries, yet they should esteem it a high privilege to be permitted to assist in disseminating the Word of life and truth among the nations that know not God, that by the blessing of the Holy Spirit others with them may be made fellow-heirs, and of the same body, and partakers of His promises in Christ by the Gospel. Every child of God, who has the Spirit bearing witness with his spirit that he is saved by grace through faith in Christ Jesus, may with profit consider the following questions:—

1st. What has Christ done for me? and

2ndly. What have I done for Christ as an evidence of my faith and gratitude?

A prayerful, close self-examination upon these points in the light of God's Word will assuredly stir us all to more vigorous action in the Master's vineyard. Holiness is unselfish, hence what shall be said of him who complacently folds his hands, and is content with the hope of reaching heaven though millions perish around for whom he has no compassion beyond the barest word of sympathy? Are we diligently striving to fulfil our Lord's command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"? "Hereby perceive we the love of God," says the Beloved Disciple of the Lord, "Because He lay down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in Him"?

As the sun rose in the heavens, clouds gathered from the north-east, and rain fell in torrents. A hot steamy vapour pervaded the atmosphere, making my clothes and skin damp, and I furthermore perspired uninterruptedly. Instead of the shores being lined with groves of palms running up side by side from the water's edge, with their bunches of fronds locked in one solid mass, as was frequently the case in the channels from which we had just emerged, they wore a singularly wild and desolate appearance. In some places trees were broken in twain as though a sudden blast of wind had burst with resistless fury upon them; in others, lofty trees of considerable girth leaned over the water threatening to topple down momentarily; strips of tall feathery reeds springing out of beds of rank grass fringed the banks, and thousands of long straight branchless logs lay side by side, or piled upon one another in admirable confusion; here and there from the wide-extending limbs of some vegetable giant, festoons of parasites sadly fluttered in the breeze, flapping like the tattered sails of a disabled ship; flocks of snowy waterfowl calmly surveyed us over their long grey bills, as with shrugged shoulders they stood upon one leg apparently wrapped in thought, or perhaps they would soar in a white cloud and disappear over the tree-tops, or speed across the river; hundreds of prettily-painted terns hovered astern to pick up the vessel's refuse, and when anything was thrown overboard, down the screaming crowd would swoop, and scramble for the prize; patches of grass from a few blades only, to several yards across, generally interspersed with aquatic plants bearing a small white flower somewhat similar to our lily, drifted past, rising and falling upon the waves; porpoises gambolled about in shoals, coming up with a sharp puff and turning gently over, as though revolving on an axis; pirarucú signified their proximity by striking the water with their tails; near the banks, small fry seemed to be engaged in gymnastic exercises, as they made a good display by leaping out the water and throwing a summersault in mid air; and several almost unbroken lines of trees, some branchless, with roots stretched in every direction, and others

with fresh green foliage, floated by us towards the eastern briny deep, where most of them will go down and contribute to the deposit which has been forming for ages.

The north bank of the Amazons cannot be seen from the mouths of the Jaburú and Tajipurú channels, several lines of islands and expanses of water varying from about two miles in width intervening between them and the mainland; a range of hills, however, tower above the forest to the north-west, and we know them to be the most southern spurs of the Tumucumac or Tumucuraque range, which separates French Guiana from the Brazils. Between Breves and the main Amazons, we passed a number of streams running from the interior of the Marajó, the principal being the Parauaú and Macacos (monkey river). Some traders prefer the Macaco to the Jaburú route, the currents not being so strong, but the time occupied is necessarily greater on account of the major length of the former. The north coast of Marajó runs nearly due east and west immediately below the equator, and it is possible for canoes to pass from Breves, *viâ* the Poço and Macacos, and other rivers and channels, to its north-western point, without once entering the main river. The practice of giving different names to different portions of the same river is common throughout Amazonia, hence travellers are apt to get confused when seeking information from those even well acquainted with particular districts; for instance, the river Amazons is called by its proper name only as far as the Rio Negro, where it assumes the name of Solimoes, and at Loreto in Perú it is known as the Marañon; in course of time, however, I have no doubt it will be called the Upper, Lower, and Middle Amazons. Nearly in the centre of the island of Marajó is a lake called Anajás, from which a river of the same name flows to the coast nearly due west, its principal branch, the Aramá, running south-west to a large loch, into which falls the Mapuá, and a furo communicating with the Macacos; from the Anajás several streams bend northerly, the principal being the Curucú and Cajú-Una, leading to the north-west point of the island, as previously mentioned. Most of the streams in this vicinity have no distinct nomenclature. They are all sparsely inhabited by Indians, those on the coast collecting rubber in the belt of forest surrounding the island, and those in the interior leading a vague kind of existence, occasionally assisting in tending herds of cattle which graze in a wild state upon the vast plains, or appropriating a stray bull to satisfy carnal longings. Priests are supposed to visit the hundreds of wigwams scattered up and down the labyrinth of waters of which we have treated, but the fatigue of canoe-travelling under a broiling sun by day, subject to drenching downpours, malaria, and swarms of mosquitoes at night, naturally do anything but stimulate to increasing diligence; and I may venture to assert that few, if any, of the Indians met with in this district, have any clearer ideas of

the existence of a Supreme Being, beyond that the white man's priest is able to conjure Him down from heaven above, and, what is more wonderful, swallow Him whole afterwards, a feat they properly consider more astounding still.

Our course up stream was alternately skirting the islands on the north and mainland on the south, but upon approaching the small river Arêas, west of the Tajipurú, we struck half way across the surging flood till sighting Gurupá, which we reached about half an hour afterwards; distance, one hundred and thirty miles from Breves.

Gurupá is a small village, built upon a sandstone formation, rising about thirty-five feet above high water; a moss-covered fort stands at its eastern extremity, upon which, I hear, the Government intends mounting four guns, but for what purpose I am at a loss to imagine, seeing they could not bar the progress of even an unarmed craft proceeding up the river, inasmuch as several large islands in midstream cover passages for the largest vessels. The inhabitants, composed of a few whites, the rest being negroes, mulattos, and half-breeds, number about three hundred and fifty, but fluctuate according to the season of the year. Trade: rubber, salsa, and fish, together with timber for fuel from the adjoining forest—all steamboats calling here going up and down the Amazons. The climate is decidedly more salubrious than that of Breves, being fanned by the north-east trades during the greater part of the year, while one or more thunderstorms occur daily during the rainy season, and on an average one every day during the dry. Swamp and yellow fevers are not uncommon. In Pará, I heard an English gentleman well acquainted with the country deny that yellow fever visited the country west of the Marajó, but I know for a fact that a young Englishman died of this dreadful disease at Manaos on the Rio Negro, which is a clear thousand miles from the sea; and I was told by several Brazilian doctors that they had attended cases at various settlements between this last-mentioned town and Pará, hence I consider the fact as established beyond all doubt that yellow fever is *not* confined to the seacoast; and I am of opinion, moreover, that when the number of steamboats is increased upon the Amazons, the probabilities are in favour of this disease extending westwards as far as Teffé. Like every other settlement upon the main stream, Gurupá is infested with a superabundance of insect pests, and until the blood of a Northerner is thinned, he stands little chance of peace and rest, either by day or night. Animal food is scarce and dearer than in Pará, and notwithstanding Indian corn yields the richest imaginable crops when sown upon a clearing, every ounce of flour is imported from the States.

To the west of the village is a neatly-built, whitewashed, cruciform church, with two poles in front, between which is suspended a bell. At the time of our visit, a semi-nude, woolly-headed young gentleman was

enlivening this unusually dull place with a repíque of his own composition, which he gracefully performed by dealing the brass metal a number of taps and blows as his taste and fertile imagination suggested. A crowd of dusky juveniles—whose parents must live in a delightful frame of mind regarding any necessity for reforming their tailors' bills—looked admiringly on, and as several stood with their hands clasped behind, it was easy to see how thoroughly they enjoyed the noisy treat, and aspired to be bell-ringers themselves.

To the east of Gurupá is the River Pucuruy, up which *montarias* and canoes occasionally ascend from the Amazons as far as Lake Pacajahy, and then cross by a furo to the Poço, or to the Rio Uanapú, coming out a few miles above Melgaço on the left, and Portel on the right bank, opposite the Breves narrows. As has been observed, the tract of country lying between Gurupá and the Araparipuçú is mainly submerged during the height of the rainy season; indeed, the land falls close behind the village of Gurupá to the uniform dead level of this district. Formerly, this forest abounded with rubber trees, but the reckless manner in which they have been slashed with sabre-knives has proved fatal to remunerative collecting for some years to come, the trees fit for tapping lying widely apart.

Priests are sent from Pará to visit the Indians scattered up and down the shores of Lake Pacajahy and the River Pucuruy, but the attractions of Melgaço and Portel, where there are some few pretensions to civilization, generally prove their *ne plus ultra*.

At the moment of starting half a dozen canoes came off laden with bananas, plantains, and other tropical fruits, and their paddlers, most of whom were negroes, held up their wares and tried to effect a sale. There was a good deal of pushing and rocking of canoes, coarse joking, and Portuguese Billingsgate, but no crowns were broken, and perhaps better order and language would not be met with among a crowd of London or Paris hucksters. At noon the sun poured its vertical, blistering rays upon the negroes' pates, till I began to think that if they had any brains at all they would stand a capital chance of being stewed, but our ebony friends turned up the yellow of their eyes evidently quite at home and full of enjoyment. A few Cafuzo women, also, sat in the canoes bareheaded, and I was a little amused by a young lady in the stern of a boat who sat combing her short frizzy locks, and perseveringly pulling out the obstinate curls as straight as possible, that all whom it might concern should see *she* was not a negress. Amazonian ladies perform the mysteries of the toilette in public with the most charming frankness, and at breakfast it is nothing extraordinary to see them arranging their back-hair, and tugging at divers tapes and hooks and eyes. Some strangers require experience before becoming accustomed to this sort of thing, but I happen to have travelled in "Sunny Spain," where in most

streets mothers may be seen seated upon their doorsteps, and, unfortunately, other people's also, making searching investigations among the upper regions of the youthful members of their respective establishments.

After getting under way we were soon in midstream, the surface of which was placid or rough, according to the velocity of the current and depth of water on sandbanks. In the afternoon we passed a number of floating palms, their fresh green fronds indicating the banks of the river had given way higher up, though possibly they might have drifted from the Xingú, the mouth of which we were fast approaching. On the Mississippi snags are not unfrequently the cause of a gallant vessel's going down in a few minutes, but happily these are comparatively unknown on the Amazons, because of the great depth of water, yet a careful look-out is ever necessary. To-day the Arary had some ugly hits, and once gave quite a list as she struck an all-but-submerged piece of timber, and many a time when I have heard the muffled thud the vessel has quivered in every plank as though suffering from a painful blow.

Crossing to the other side we passed a sheet of water about a mile wide, and as smooth as a plate of glass; at its edge tumultuous waves rose and eddied like a mill-stream, or inlet of waters between two canal-gates, and here I noticed small pieces of timber whirling round and round till, reaching the vortex of a pool, they suddenly plunged down endways. Whirlpools are mostly met with behind abrupt projections, and when the current is strong are highly dangerous to small craft. During the day their presence may be observed at a distance by an accumulation of floating grass and timber running in two parallel lines in opposite directions. When coming up stream boats always keep near the shore, and the earliest indication of its influence is being carried slowly towards the point. Paddlers should now rest and brace every nerve for a struggle through the grass, bearing in mind that should they be carried a few yards down again the consequences may prove dangerous; so long as headway is made, let it be ever so little, all is well. There is, however, the possibility of being saved, even though the boat go to the pool, and when every effort has proved unavailing to force a passage through the current, paddlers should strike out fast and strong the moment the boat's head is turned toward the shore in the bend of the pool, and endeavours should be made to land and tow past the point. Indians will never venture within the influence of *pongos bravos* (strong whirlpools), if they know it, but strike across the river lower down, though it cost four or five hours' extra pulling. Coming *down* the river *pongos* may always be avoided by keeping in mid-stream or a good distance from the shore. I mention these facts for the information of such as may purpose canoeing on the Amazons, and

because parties of foreigners have been upset in these treacherous places and several lives lost. In Peru I narrowly escaped going down twice in one of these *pongos* on the Marañon. The last-recorded fatal accident to foreigners occurred on the Upper Amazons, when three engineers, one of whom was an Englishman, were sucked below the surface and drowned, and, strange to say, the fourth of the party, the only man among them who did not know how to swim, was saved.

Amazonian travellers do not settle down like ocean passengers on a long voyage: they are restless, given to sitting upon a number of chairs successively, and when at last apparently comfortably *located*, suddenly rush below to see if they "did bring that parcel on board after all." A few persist in volunteering statements as to the exact hour the next port will be reached; and should one happen to be right—though more often the predictions of all are incorrect—he looks round with a self-satisfied air, and says—"I told you *so*." Others, with wooden toothpicks between the lips, discuss the elasticity of the rubber market, and—what is still worse—local politics; while an elderly gentleman—with whom you cannot get a word in edgeways—taps the end of a smouldering cigarette with his little finger, blows a cloud of bad tobacco-smoke down his nostrils, and gravely wags his head, declaring that "the Brazil is a great country." A thin slave-proprietor, whom I suspect of more moustache than valour, speaks patronizingly of France, and avers, for my special edification, that "a few soldados Brazileiros would have made Messrs. Moltke and Bismarck sing a very different tune." Another individual, the reputed owner of many African brethren, calls the Portuguese unpleasant names, and adds—"they were always a nation of cowards;" forgetting that most likely his paternal (not maternal) grandfather hailed from the shores of Lusitania. Everybody, too, seems to think that an Englishman must, of necessity, be either a naturalist, or mechanical engineer; and they never tire extolling the magnificence of Para, and perpetrating such ridiculous sayings as "Quem va á Pará, pára," just as the Spaniards declare, "Quien no ha visto Granada, no ha visto nada!" "But have you been to Rio, Sir?"

"No, Sir!"

"But why have you not been to Rio, Sir?"

"For the same reason I have not been to Timbuctoo, Sir!" And for a few minutes this stops all questioning, because Amazonians possess extraordinary and most novel notions of geography; and, indeed, one young gentleman, in the frankness of his ingenuous disposition, hinted he was under the impression London covered the whole of Great Britain.

Reading is not practised, of course, unless it be to dip into an indifferent translation of one of Paul de Kock's effusions, or the dubious sentimentalisms of Dumas, *père* and *fils*.

The fair sex try to outshine each other by appearing on deck in the most outrageous dresses, and with a refreshing disregard for combination and suitability of colours; and certainly it was something to see them parading up and down in all the colours of the rainbow, and then go below, to re-appear in another costume, flushed with the certainty of success *this* time. I question whether any of the ladies who graced our table with their presence, knew how to read; perhaps they could sew, but this occupation is never practised before gentlemen by either Spanish, Portuguese, or Brazilian ladies, the perfection of good breeding in their estimation consisting in sitting with the hands folded, and the mouth "worn" slightly open, or adhering to the watch business, as mentioned yesterday. Members of both sexes also, belonging to the moneyed classes, allow their thumb and forefinger nails to grow an immense length, a circumstance which precludes their working. On English ocean steamboats one soon settles down after recovering from sea-sickness, and good books, intellectual conversation, and Christian communion render a long voyage more agreeable than otherwise, provided there be fine weather.

At the mouth of the Xingú, where the main stream is about twelve miles wide, we had a splendid view of the river. The Xingú, which is the first great tributary met ascending the Amazons proper, lies upon the south shore. It rises in the Serra do Roncador, in the province of Matto Grosso, the most prolific section of the empire in giving birth to large streams: it is generally estimated about twelve hundred miles in length, and drains the long basin lying between the Serra Azul (Blue Ridge) to the west, and the western slopes of the range lying on the left bank of the Araguaya, or main branch of the Tocantins. Previous to the junction of its affluent, the Rio Fresco, on the right bank, it receives the waters of the Jangada and Rio dos Bois, and the Paranátinga, Trahyras, Baccahyris, Alvar, and Aniyuhy on the left, together with many inferior streams. At the small Indian village of Carinis, it receives the combined waters of the Carinis and Guiriry, bending north-north-east to Anjahairahy, where it turns sharply south-south-east till joined by the Itabagua on the right bank, then rushes through a rocky pass of one of the many chains of hills which intersect the southern portions of the province of Grão Pará, and from the Turicury on the left bank flows north-north-east to the Amazons. Porto de Moz is situated on the east bank of the mouth, and is the head quarters for traders upon this tributary. Veiros, Pombal, and Souzel are villages under the jurisdiction (nominal) of a priest, but beyond this last-mentioned Indian hamlet the name of Christianity is unknown.

The few adventurous traders who have gone up this river, as far as the Rio Fresco, represent the country as almost identically the same as that of the basin of the Tocantins, both in appearance and productions,

rubber, in certain localities, being fabulously plentiful. The banks of the Xingú, however, are peopled by treacherous Indians, and a voyage either up or down, in the dry season, is attended with considerable risk, inasmuch as the natives can crawl along the banks under the cover of night, and let fly a volley of arrows; by day, too, they can shoot from amid the overhanging foliage upon either bank, and being sheltered, one can scarcely do anything in self-defence. The Tucuna-Peuas range between the Tocantins and Tapajoz, and it is reported their friendship is to be gained by making a few trifling presents, and fair trading; boys and girls captured during forays in which they are continually engaged upon their weaker brethren, may be purchased for a few ordinary knives, fish-hooks, and yards of common print. The Jurúnas, Xipócas, and Gradaus tribes are scattered over a vast area, and as a rule are beyond the pale of civilization, though come-at-able by gentle treatment.

A missionary to the heathen on the Upper Xingú would be as completely isolated from the entire world as though he were in Central Africa, and to effect permanent good should be prepared to settle, by building a hut, clearing a portion of the forest, and raising his own produce; the gun would furnish bird-game *ab lib.*, and the net and line any quantity of fish. Few turtle, and those of a very small kind, are to be found on the upper portions of rivers, the larger species preferring lakes near the Amazons for feeding-grounds, and the sandbanks met with everywhere throughout the main stream, during the dry season, for depositing eggs.

I find it very difficult to induce any of my fellow-passengers to converse upon their soul's welfare: the younger glory in scepticism, or open infidelity, and the elder are avowedly indifferent, while both are unmistakeably superstitious.

"My religion is to make as much money as I can, and enjoy it," said one. "Mine to do unto others as I would they should do unto me," observed a slave-owner. "And as for religion," added a third, "it is a complete farce. M. Rénan's Life of Christ is far more trustworthy than the Bible."

"Have you read the Holy Scriptures?" I inquired.

"No, no, thank you! I leave the Bible for priests and women."

"But is it not unfair to pronounce judgment upon a book before reading it? Is it not somewhat like condemning an accused without evidence?"

"I distinguish," was the response. "We have the evidence of eighteen hundred years against the Scriptures, but alleged crimes require investigation, for fear accusers may be mistaken or interested."

"It is worthy of remark," I observed, "that those countries where the Bible is most read, are undeniably the most prosperous, and that

the nations whose institutions are founded upon evangelical principles are the most civilized. Moreover, the combined testimony of enlightened humanity concurs, that Great Britain, the United States, Germany, and the north-western parts of Europe, may be favourably compared with any land which rejects the Bible as prejudicial to the best interests of a people, whether collectively or individually. What say you to these commands of the Lord Jesus Christ: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself'?"

"There is no harm in these commands; indeed, I esteem them obligatory upon all men, whether Christians or otherwise."

"Well, since this portion of the Word of God meets with your approval, permit me to repeat to you a few others: 'If a man love me, he will keep my words.' 'He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me.' 'This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent. And this is the will of him who sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day.' But we are also told: 'He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.' Do you believe on the Lord Jesus, or does the wrath of God abide upon you? By nature we are all sinners; have come short of the glory of God, and are under wrath; but Christ came into the world to save sinners; the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin. As practical men, it behoves us to look with greater concern after our spiritual welfare, which is eternal, than our temporal, which is manifestly brief; and God, who is gracious, loving, merciful, and long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin, and the rewarder of all them that diligently seek Him, is ever waiting to be gracious unto such as call upon His holy name in sincerity and truth, through faith in Christ Jesus. Surely the love of God to us demands our love in return, and if we lightly esteem it, how shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation? I beseech you while you are yet monuments of the tenderness and compassion of God, to earnestly call upon Him to give you a heart to love and serve Him, and to open your eyes by His Holy Spirit, that you may discern Christ Jesus His Son, and believe on Him. Remember, that at the last great day I shall confront you before the judgment-seat of Christ, and by the Word of God, which I have spoken unto you, will you be judged."

My hearers courteously left me, one remarking loud enough for me to discover that he was convinced I was "a Protestant Friar in disguise."

My experience as a pioneer of the Gospel of Christ in different parts of the world confirms my belief that those who most denounce the Word

of God are the most ignorant of its truths. A little Sunday-school girl at home is invariably better acquainted with Holy Writ than those blatant *soi-disant* philosophers who rave about the "fortuitous concourse of atoms" and impossible hypotheses. Well might one of our poets sing—

> "Forth from his dark and murky hiding-place
> (Portentous sight) the owlet Atheism,
> Sailing on obscene wings athwart the moon,
> Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
> And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
> Cries out, Where is it?" (*Coleridge.*)

At even the broad Amazons sparkled like liquid amber in the declining rays of the sun, the green forest lit up with gold and crimson splendours ravished the eye with ever-changing vistas of beauty, and as the fiery orb robed with many-coloured glories sank in the far west, bright stars shone in the heavens and watched a wearied world.

Thursday, April 4th, 1872.—At earliest blush of morning we tumbled out of our hammocks and went below to coffee—I say *tumbled*, because getting out a swinging hammock with anything like dignity could only be performed by a professional acrobat. I find this the best time for performing matutinal ablutions, otherwise I may be hindered two or three hours by a few kindred spirits who retire to the cabin to play at cards, or discuss subjects not calculated to elevate the mind or improve morality; besides, it will not do to leave my towels, soap, and brushes, &c., out, as my fellow-travellers are afflicted with the vaguest ideas of *meum* and *tuum*. I am inclined to think that the articles mentioned were yesterday used by most of the fraternity who lay claim to a share of the box, which, by way of politeness, is called a cabin—nine of us have paid for first-class accommodation, though the room has only berths for four—hence my innocent stratagem frustrates the possibility of a repetition of such amiable, though, to European eyes, undignified tokens of one-sided Communism.

A negro slave waits at table, and for any fault, real or supposed, I observe that the great unwashed at coffee do not scruple to vociferate into his ears their misgiving as to the legitimacy of his parentage, and what a good mind they have to do to his ears and nose. If the poor negro were only a trifle better acquainted with a certain branch of science, he might easily retort with a homethrust at some of the crisp, frizzy-haired would-be's, but, doubtless, accustomed to more foul than sweet language, he stands silently and patiently while the vilest epithets are showered upon him by *gentlemen*, who take the meanest and most despicable advantage of his unhappy condition. During the day I found him seated upon a trunk near the engine-room eating his breakfast, which consisted of scraps left from our morning meal.

"Well! are you tired?" I began.

"No, Sir; not very!"

"Where do you sleep?"

"Oh, anywhere! sometimes on a form in the cabin or else outside."

"Would you like to be a free man?"

The spoonful of rice was stopped half-way to his mouth, he looked into my face inquiringly while his broad chest heaved with emotion, and then, after a cautious gaze around, he stammered out, "Yes, and I *will* be free some day!" My desire was to have spoken of being made free from the bondage of sin and death by the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, but an angry summons aft caused him to spring from my side, and whether he suspected the purity of my interrogations or not I am unable to say, but he either could not or would not return to his food until I left. After dusk I stopped him against one of the paddle-boxes, and said: "There is no slavery in heaven, and on earth, as in heaven, all are equal before Him who is no respecter of any man's person. Many white men have black, and many negroes have white souls. God judges the heart and not the colour of one's skin. To get to heaven our souls must be made white in the blood of the Lamb, must be sprinkled with the blood of Jesus, who is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. Remember that God loves you very, very much, and as a proof of His love He sent His Son Jesus Christ into the world to die for you and me, and, if you love Jesus, God will pardon all your sins for His dear sake, will answer your prayers, and comfort you with the blessings of His Holy Spirit."

"I do not know anything of these kind sayings," he replied; "but I believe in God though I am a slave."

"Can you read?"

"No."

"Have you ever heard of the Bible or New Testament?"

"No."

And thus our brief converse ended. The Lord grant His blessing upon the seed I daily sow, but my heart faints within me when I call to mind that to the best of my knowledge there is none other beside me labouring for the salvation of souls in this vast land.

What a fearful crime is slavery! A curse to the holder and cruelty to the owned! In the one it begets hardness of heart, pride, avarice, and sensuality; and in the other engenders malice, resentment, and the worst of debasing passions. What a thrice-bound child of Satan must he be, who, wedded to sin himself, would make his equal a slave, and in the name of Christian laws compel him to sin against his Maker! Just as blood was required to blot out slavery in the States of America, and as blood is being poured out like water in Cuba for its abolition there, so the Brazils have yet an ordeal of punishment to undergo.

A gentle walk up and down the quarter-deck in the cool morning air

braces one's nerves for the rigours of noon-day heat. Hitherto I have not experienced cold at night, or required the use of my blanket, save for a pillow; by taking off my coat and throwing it loosely over my shoulders I find myself sufficiently warm and protected. Yesterday and to-day the wind is north-east, showing a continuation of the trades which wafted us from the Canaries to Pará, but I notice that it decreases with the sun's altitude, and increases with its declension until just before sunset, when it dies away altogether.

We have now passed the strange flat-topped mountains which form so conspicuous a landmark to those navigating the Lower Amazons. Some are quite isolated, while others may almost be called a range, but none are of great length; they are generally estimated at eight hundred feet high, and I should say their slopes will run about 49°. Professor Agassiz is inclined to think them the remnants of a plain which once filled the whole valley of the Amazon, but their proximity to the Serras de Parú appears to me to militate against this theory. A comparative survey of the geological constitution of both ranges would effect much towards solving this interesting and important question, and serve as a landmark during more western investigations. The Serras de Parú run east and west from the Rio Tocré, opposite the mouth of the Xingú, as far as Prainha, and are to be seen parallel with the Almeyrim range, which lies nearest the river. The whole of North Amazonia, from Capes d'Orange and Raso on the Atlantic, westwards to the Rio Namundá or Jamundá, is intersected by spurs and cordilleras from the Tumucumac or Guiana range; and until something more positive is known of their southern formations, I adhere to the opinion that the table hills are nothing more nor less than the last spasmodic throes of the convulsion which produced the parent range on the North Brazilian frontier. I am wholly at a loss to conjecture how the summits of the flat-topped hills became planed down to their present dead-level, unless it were by glacial action.

A continuous row of long narrow islands fringe the south shore; for the most part they are not more than two feet above water, and mud-marks upon the stems of trees indicate they must have been recently as much as three feet under the volume of overflow which is felt very severely from the mouth of the Tapajóz to the Xingú. During the rainy season, small craft crawl along the channels between these islands and main stream, so as to avoid strong currents and heavy squalls.

It is possible to travel by water from the left bank of Xingú to nearly opposite Prainha without going anywhere near the Amazons. For instance, threading the Aquiquy we shall come to the Uruará, and ascending it about seventy miles enter upon a series of expansive lakes running northwards to the point mentioned. The Rio Jaraucu falls into the Aquiquy, and the Uruará into the Goajary canal which communicates

with the Furos Aquiquy and Magoary. Owing to the general low level, the greater part of the interior forest is submerged between the Tapajóz and Xingú; the district is only visited at certain seasons for the collection of rubber. A collector who is going to make this his field of enterprise during the next six months, and who has a number of negro hands on the forecastle, tells me that the country is rich in milk-giving trees, but that the malaria is such as to knock down the strongest man at times.

Opposite Gurupá, on the north bank, is the Rio Jary, with but one known small Indian village upon its right bank, called Fragoso. The next stream west is the Tocré (formerly marked upon maps as the Tuaró), with its affluent the Aramucú: previous to contributing its waters to the Amazons it flows through a lake of the same name. On the Aramucú is a small village called Esposende, and on the Tocré a hamlet named Araiollos; both of them have been once visited by the priest stationed at Gurupá, and the inhabitants, who call themselves Christians, worship a large rough wooden cross, which by not a few tribes is considered the Christian's god, seeing everybody kneels before it. The village of Almeirim is supposed to be visited by the priest at Gurupá also. Further to the west is the Uacaripy, which winds its course through the Serras de Parú, and falls into the picturesque creek on which is situated the really out-of-the-way village of Desterro.

Very little is known of the Indians in this part of the empire, as they keep well in the interior, and access to them or their country is not sought by the whites, who prefer the rich lowlands where they have only to collect and not to plant. The Rio Anauarapucú, west of Macapá, is a fine stream, and either it or the Jary present a good field for missionary enterprise. The principal tribes are the Oyampis, Cuzaris, Apamas, Aracajús, Cariguanos, and Harytrahes, all of which are uncivilized, but the walk and conversation of a godly man tells upon the savage with greater weight and rapidity than the iniquities of the wicked. However simple the manners and appearance of the uncivilized red man may be, he is a shrewd observer after his fashion, and makes his deductions after a process of reasoning, and though undemonstrative to the borders of apathy, when occasion offers he is ready to prove his affection by risking or giving his life to save his benefactor. There is always hope of a man who is grateful.

And so the Arary ploughed ahead, the engines perspiring with steam, but hearty, "pegging away" as General Grant would have it, and apparently encouraged as the thoughtful engineer dodged among the machinery with his oilcan and administered a portion of its contents to the hot brass bearings. Below are the shirtless negro stokers in blue cotton drawers. "No wonder you are hot, my young friends," I say to myself as a blast of sickening heat comes up the gratings, and causes crystal drops to roll from my forehead to the tip of my nose. Stoking

must be hard work in such a climate as this, and I can quite understand how thankful the poor fellows must be to escape from the furnace doors, and come on deck to breathe, and watch the result of their work as spiral clouds of black smoke twist themselves out the funnels. High overhead are long-tailed maccaws, making more noise than a flock of cawing rooks on council-day; screaming parrots fly in pairs, or threes, one being the latest addition to the family, which properly abides close to those with its best interest at heart; clouds of chattering green parroquets flutter to and from feeding ground; troupials skim the tree-tops, grey long-legged water-fowl give us a wide berth, and gaily coloured kingfishers dart so swiftly to the water that one would almost think they meant going to the bottom of the river for shell fish.

On the forecastle are a number of bullocks tied head to the hand-rail, an idea worthy of the originator, as it affords every facility for making an impression with their hoofs upon passers-by; the poor creatures seem to be ruminating upon an empty stomach, and mentally discussing why they are taken so long a voyage. If they understood, I could inform them they have been taken from the broad pastures of the Marajó to supply the Manáos market, which with characteristic foresight has to be provided with every article of consumption—fruit, vegetables, and fresh fish excepted—from either England, the States, or settlements from five hundred to a thousand miles distant. Under the bullocks are a number of turtle lying upon their backs, but as they do not indulge in Welsh rabbits for supper, there is little fear of them suffering from nightmare. Turtle abound upon the Amazons, and are to the settlers what beef and mutton are to us. When caught, they are put in ponds and kept perhaps for years, until summoned by the inexorable cook to furnish steaks and stews. When the poor things are turned, they make frantic efforts to regain their natural position, striking at everything with their sharp-clawed flippers, and when successful in giving a blow fly round like a teetotum. I saw a bullock receive a smart scratch from a big flippered lady—who must have been of immense age if the size of shell is any criterion—gathering his strength, our bovine acquaintance reciprocated the compliment by dealing out one of his best blows, but he only hurt himself severely without injuring the turtle in the least. Several monkeys ran loose on the forecastle, climbing the rigging, hanging, with their prehensile tails twisted round ropes and grappling with their hands and feet. The negroes were particularly amused with their gambols, but the half Indians looked stolidly on, scarcely smiling. Nude Cafuzo and negro children scampered about the deck under the hammocks, and it did me good to watch their innocent play. I thought of my own fireside, and the little ones God had given me, and thanked Him they were in a Christian land; the sweet tender voice of one, singing "Now the day is over," lingered upon my ear, and I felt as

though I should like to clasp in my arms the happy little dusky babes whose merry laugh and cheerful voices brought such pleasing recollections. Alas! that such little pets should never hear of Him who carries the lambs in His bosom, who loves them so much, and who once said as He took the dark-eyed babes of Israel upon His knee, and blessed them, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." How tenderly the Indian and negro mothers watch their little ones, how their eyes beam with love upon them, and their hearts yearn after them! But the mother cannot point to heaven and say "'Tis there, my child; 'Tis there." Parents and children are alike ignorant of their Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor; and although the sun shines brightly upon them, they know nothing of the Lord God, who is a Sun and shield to His children, nothing of the Sun of Righteousness who arises with healing upon His wings to them that fear His name. Christian parents, when your little ones are gathered round you at the family altar to sing the praises of the Lamb; when you kneel beside their little cribs and hear their simple prayers, let your mind for one moment flit to this distant land, and thank God for the inestimable privileges yourselves and your treasures enjoy. Pray more earnestly that the Lord and Giver of life may be pleased to send forth His light and truth to the uttermost parts of the earth; that He may come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth; and that all nations may soon call Him blessed, and the whole earth be filled with His glory. Tell your darlings how good God is to them, and in their infancy inflame their minds with gratitude to the Almighty for his lovingkindness in the gift of Jesus Christ our Lord, so that, as they grow in years, they may be fired with a desire to extend a knoweldge of their Redeemer's grace and kingdom.

At 2 p.m. we dropped anchor in front of Prainha, on the north bank, a village consisting of about fifty huts, and a small whitewashed church. It stands only a few feet above the level of the river at high water, in a slight bend, just behind an uninhabited island. The inhabitants of Prainha—composed chiefly of negroes and mulattoes—have a poverty-striken appearance, and when we arrived, were mostly engaged snoring in the shade. Now, I can understand a man's not caring to be disturbed in his siesta during the trying heat of the day, but certainly not comprehend such utter indifference upon the arrival of a steamboat from Pará. There was no rush for letters and papers; no eager questioning for news, and apparently no desire upon the part of anybody to make money by lending a hand. A blustering white, given to calling everything and everybody a filho da something or other, went on shore, and his luggage, which was composed of a pile of small green boxes, lay upon the bench, no one proffering assistance. "People take things pretty easy here," I remarked to the Portuguese trader, who came on board at

Breves, and who professed an intimate acquaintance with the inhabitants, place and neighbourhood. "Prainhans only work when forced to do," was the response. "The laziness of free negroes is beyond conception, and so long as they can procure the barest subsistence they are content. Neither mulattoes nor negroes will work unless prepaid, and the only way of procuring their services is by allowing them to run into debt, and then compelling them to work off the account."

This statement I afterwards found substantially correct, and applicable to negroes and mulattoes found everywhere upon the Amazons, although I rejoice to say that I met with a few favourable exceptions wherever there were pretensions to education, and no doubt this had much to do with it. Uncivilized man only works by fits and starts, and cannot understand the utility off consecutive labour.

"Why is not Indian labour sought to supply the market?" I inquired.

"Because the practice of prepayment is followed among them also, and there is less security. Indians from the interior have their huts and plantations at a safe distance, and should they escape for a time into the bush, no man would think of following to bring them back." "Would they resist?"

"I hardly think so, because their pursuers would be armed!"

"How came the custom of prepayment to be established?"

"Through the duplicity of the first settlers, Indians were induced to work upon promises never intended to be fulfilled, and, what is worse, many were forced into slavery. When protected by law, and finding no reliance could be placed upon the promises of whites, they insisted upon prepayment, and to this day, Indians of experience will not trust the promises of any white man."

A few Brazilians are engaged in raising cattle near the hills which run parallel with the northern shore: the rest of the population make turtle grease and *vacca marina* oil, or let themselves out for hire during the rubber season.

Desirous of obtaining further information, I remarked to the gentleman with whom I had been speaking: "I see there is a church and Padre: may I infer the Prainhans are devout Catholics?"

"Feast-days are observed with exemplary regularity," he replied; "but who ever heard of a negro fasting voluntarily! Everybody goes to mass, and we must have some kind of religion, you know, or else we should be heathens, like the aborigines!"

"Are many of the natives in this neighbourhood Christianized?"

"A few have been baptized."

"Do they receive any course of religious instruction?"

"As a rule, no; but this is not for want of will on the part of the priest. Indians have neither the brains nor patience to learn; hence

you rarely find a genuine denizen of the forest who can repeat the *Ave Maria* and *Pater Noster*, much less the Creed."

"Do you believe the Creed?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so."

"Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?"

"I believe he was a very good *man*, but as I am engaged in secular pursuits, of course I do not trouble myself much about these matters. It will be all the same in the end, for God is merciful!"

"Yes! God is holy, just and true in all His ways, and merciful to all who call upon Him in sincerity and truth; yet His judgments are most terrible upon the wicked who die in their iniquity. What reason have you for entertaining the hope—which I presume you have—that God will summon you to the mansions of the blest when you die, if during life the salvation so freely offered you in Christ Jesus be deemed of such minor importance as to be unworthy of your serious consideration?"

"Christianity is hard to be understood. It is split up into so many sections, that a man cannot embrace any one in particular, without incurring condemnation from all the others! Look at the Pope, for instance, declaring himself infallible! He *may* be right, especially as the Church recognises the dogma as worthy of credence; but I declare that my best desires to live a consistent Catholic have been well-nigh shattered since the promulgation of this article of faith. The rage of some of the Pagan emperors of Rome for personal deification and worship, can no more cause surprise, now learned Christians, both lay and ecclesiastic, kneel before a mortal man like myself, and recognise him equal to his pretensions!"

"Since you are so well acquainted with the lamentable divisions which agitate professing Christendom, has it ever occurred to you to read for yourself the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, as delivered to the saints, and contained in the sacred Scriptures?"

"I have frequently wished to read them, but never yet could obtain a copy. The captain of a Portuguese barque, trading between Lisbon and Pará, once showed me a Bible in his cabin, which I offered to purchase for any reasonable sum he chose to mention, but he refused to part with it."

It was my privilege to furnish him with the address of James Henderson, Esq., of Pará, a merchant who has kindly undertaken to get my box of Bibles out of the Alfandiga (custom-house), and to speak fully upon the plan of salvation by grace, through faith in the Beloved. My hearer listened attentively, and, from occasional remarks, I trust he is seeking to do right. How apt men are to allege the divisions in the Church as a sufficient excuse for not personally diligently searching for the Truth! Yet this man had done what he could to procure a

Bible. I have mentioned the above conversation, believing it may exhibit the state of mind of many Roman Catholics, who, devoid of the Word of God for their guide, endeavour to serve their Maker, notwithstanding grave and perplexing doubts regarding dogmas palpably opposed to the dictates of sense and reason.

Leaving Prainha, our course lay along the northern shore. It was blowing hard up-stream, and this, with the force of the down current, created a swell in which no canoe could live. Towards evening we entered a channel bordered by dense forests on our right, and a neck of land on our left, abounding with rank grass, and here and there a shrub. The water was so covered with timber, that the vessel had literally to plough her way through it, going at quarter speed. The channel is on the north shore, and leads to the town of Monte Alegre, which is situated upon a hill, near a lake of the same name, and the River Gurupátuba. The approach to the beach of Monte Alegre is very lovely, the dark green forest rolling down to the water's edge, and in some places so completely spanning narrow igaripés as to make them vegetable tunnels, while the background is well sustained by hills, though of less size and grandeur than those running east of Prainha to the River Tocré.

Monte Alegre is built upon a hill rather more than a quarter of a mile from the port, and approached by a road nearly ankle-deep in sand, bordered with tall cactus-plants. Its chief trade consists in cattle, cacao, pirarucú, and painted cuyas (calabashes) and earthenware. The cattle are raised upon estates near the hills, and brought down in droves by mounted mulatto herdsmen. Bulls only are exported, cows being reserved for breeding; and boats going up or down the river always take a number for Manáos, or Pará. Facing the beach is a large *corral*, into which the cattle are driven, and from whence they are taken on ship-board in the following manner:—A herdsman, mounted on a wiry little horse, thoroughly up to its work, enters the *corral*, and selecting his victim, throws a lasso with unerring aim over its horns, immediately drawing it tight. The bull is now partly whipped and dragged into the open, which is no sooner reached than a dead rush is made to escape; but the horse, accustomed to the tactics of its profession, plants itself firmly to await the shock sure to occur the moment the length of tether is reached, when the bull invariably measures its length upon the ground. Baffled, though not conquered, the struggle is again resumed, and, shaking his head, the bull roars and stamps with rage; but it is all purposeless, for, after galloping in circles, and receiving a violent shock each time the lasso is strained, he stands panting for breath, is easily driven to the river, and secured by a line made fast to the thwart of a boat, towed alongside the vessel. And now comes the most cruel part of the performance. As soon as the

poor animal reaches the ship, he is drawn out of the water by means of a rope running through a derrick block, and when in mid-air its frantic efforts to get loose are such that not unfrequently the neck is broken, or dislocated. Out of twenty-two bulls thus brought on board, one died immediately, and another had to be killed "to save its life," as an Irishman would say. The herdsmen are capital riders, but their appearance is far less picturesque than that of their Mexican and Paraguayan confrères, or even that of the Australian stock-keeper.

Monte Alegre has almost if not entirely superseded Breves in the manufacture of painted earthenware and *cuyas*. A favourite design is a series of diminishing circles with intermediate diagonal lines, painted red and blue upon a black ground. The *cuyas* make presentable curios. The supply of pirarucú is said to decrease yearly at a ratio which, in the course of a few years, will render fishing for it unremunerative in this district; the Middle and Upper Amazons, together with their large tributaries, however, are practically inexhaustible. Salt beef is becoming an important item of commerce in Monte Alegre, and a trader in this article tells me that its popularity is increasing in districts where fresh beef is unknown. We brought up several tons of Portuguese sea salt from the Lisbon *salinas*. I suppose the humidity of the climate upon the north coast of Brazil would not admit of making lagune salt upon the principle of those so successfully carried on between Cadiz and El Puerto de Santa Maria. At one time cacao was largely cultivated near Monte Alegre, generally upon narrow clearings in swampy places protected from the sun's rays by the loftier growth of surrounding forest, but the rage for rubber-collecting has almost destroyed this useful branch of industry, and, during the last ten years, I am assured upon high authority, perhaps not more than half a dozen plantations have been established between Prainha and Obydos, and these principally upon the shores of the main river, where the sun's rays prove too powerful for the proper development of the trees. As soon as the fictitious commerce of rubber is exhausted—which threatens to occur earlier than most outsiders imagine, owing to the careless manner in which the trees are tapped—attention will doubtless be again directed to the cultivation of cacao, for which the soil and climate of Amazonia are singularly well adapted.

When Mr. Wallace, the eminent naturalist, was here in 1849, he made several excursions into the interior, and near a small curiously-formed cave reached by a toilsome ascent up the rugged side of a mountain, discovered some Indian picture-writings consisting of "large concentric circles, called by the natives the sun and moon, and several others more complicated, and three and four feet high;" he also saw two or three impressions of hands, showing the palm and all the fingers very distinctly. Among certain tribes in Peru, I found the custom of marking

doors and earthenware with a hand dipped in blood-red ochote, was with a view to keep off evil spirits, precisely the same as Spaniards and Moors, and indeed all Mohammedans, imprint a figure representing the palm of the hand upon doors and lintels, to act as a charm against *el mal ojo*, the evil eye, etc. Picture-writing is to be found on rocks both north and south of the Amazons, and in south Brazil. Beside those of Monte Alegre, others exist at Serpa east of the Rio Negro, and on the upper Rio Negro, mouth of the Rio Branco, and Rio Uaupés; some few specimens are also to be met with above the falls of São Antonio on the Madeira. Captain Burton, in his exhaustive work upon the Highlands of the Brazil, gives diagrams of those observed by himself on the Itacutiára; Mr. C. H. Williams on the Panema, an influent of the lower São Francisco, and those by Dr. A. Moreira de Barros and M. Carl Krauss upon the Rio da Agoa-Morta at the village of Olho d' Agoa do Casado, near the Porto das Piranhas, and about a league from the São Francisco river. Notwithstanding these remains, it would seem that picture-writing was never so ably practised by the Tupí and Inca races as the Mexican. In the library of the Escurial, near Madrid, exists (or rather did so previous to the late fire) the most wonderful specimen of picture-writing extant, which was brought over to Europe by a Mexican who translated it. A copious and interesting excerpt from this work called "History of the Empire of Mexico, with Notes and Explanations," is given in Spineto's seventh Lecture on the Elements of Hieroglyphics and Egyptian Antiquities.

We were delayed half an hour longer than usual, through the postmaster having forgotten a parcel of letters, which had to be sent for up to the town, but no impatience was manifested either by the captain or passengers. The night was very dark, and for a time I sat and watched the fireflies, which were so plentiful as to almost resemble sparks from the ship's funnels. On reaching the Amazons we encountered a heavy squall from the west, which had already lashed the waters into commotion. Blinding flashes of blue lightning illuminated the forest with the brilliancy of noon-day, and the incessant roll and cracking of thunder, which was startling in volume and proximity, combined with the wind and rain in creating a deafening uproar. Finding it impossible to converse with anyone to profit, I turned into my hammock, and after reflecting upon the interviews of the day, and praying that the words I had spoken might be accompanied by the Divine blessing, together with remembering all near and dear to me at the mercy seat, I was lulled to sleep by the splashing of waters and downpour of rain upon the slight covering overhead.

Friday, April 5th, 1872.—Up again before sunrise. During the night a steady drip of rain had fallen upon my shoulder, wetting me to the skin; indeed, had my hammock and shirt been dipped in water they

could scarcely have been more saturated. After coffee, I spent a happy hour reading the precious promises of our Heavenly Father.

About twenty-five miles east of the river Tapajóz, the green wall of forest on the south shore becomes more diversified and consequently more interesting. Nearly all yesterday the trees facing the river were but sparsely festooned with drapery, but to-day the display of parasitical life is very grand, and here

"Nature unadorned is most adorned."

In the wild forest glade we see the vaulted dome and lofty pillars of Nature's cathedral; pointed spires, flying buttresses, and spiky ornamentations meet us everywhere, and the sun shining upon glistening leaves imparts the rainbow's varied hues, giving the idea of some grand old window. The veil of living green is sprinkled with white, blue, scarlet, and yellow flowers, and such are the endless chaste designs, that man may well humble himself before nature's God, in grateful admiration. Groves of palms reappear, their tall slim stems running up side by side, and all their fronds locked in one inextricable mass, even to the exclusion of light. With my field glass I can see strange air-plants dangling from giddy heights, and orchids I should like to transplant from their obscure resting places to others across the seas, where many eyes would daily admire their beauties; and now and then I catch a glimpse of a lovely flower

"Born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

We passed several cacao plantations fringed with bananas and plantains. Near the edge of the river and on the beach, or tied to stakes and trunks of trees, were always one or two canoes into which a troop of juvenile redskins would jump to enjoy the swell from the paddles.

At eight a.m., we arrived at Santarem, a pretty little town situated on the right bank of the Tapajóz, near its mouth, on the south shore of the Amazons. The sun shone brightly in a cloudless sky. On the white sandy beach were a number of women washing in the clear crystal water, though from the deck of the vessel, where it is rather deep, it has an olive-green tinge. Instead of rubbing the clothes after the English style, they belabour them with a flat wooden paddle after the French way of washing, a plan which appears to my unsophisticated ideas somewhat perilous to the durability of shirt buttons. Some of the negresses showed biceps worthy of a village blacksmith, and I should think their *tout ensemble* would make a fractious sire hesitate twice before provoking a quarrel. The ease with which they carried piles of wet clothes upon the head suggested the possibility of their being slightly stiff-necked, but such was far from the case in a physical point of view. Two

carpenters were engaged building a *cuberta* under a rude shed, the lines of which indicated their knowledge of naval architecture had not been acquired on the Thames, Mersey, or Clyde; sometimes they would plane an inch or so, or give a knock with a hammer and then sit down, pull a cigarette from behind the ear, strike a light and smoke, look at their work, and then get up and repeat the performance with any necessary variation. I was unsuccessful in finding out whether the job was day or piece work, but I do not suppose either would make much difference. Manual labour of any kind is arduous in this climate, which is excessively enervating *per se*, and European mechanics, accustomed to steady continuous work at home, are soon compelled to adopt equatorial ways of doing things. Amazonian boats are unsightly and clumsily sparred, and indifferent in speed even with a brisk breeze in favour; I should think an English cutter, clipper schooner, or Mediterranean lateen-rigged craft would easily do double the distance in the same time, especially against stream; but the fact is, time is *not* money in this part of the world, and until it be so the present kind of river vessels will remain; still it was pleasant to hear the ring of hammers in this out-of-the-way tropical region, as it gave indications of nascent industry. Three little temporary screens composed of palm fronds, sheltered as many groups of Indian women and children from the rays of an already scorching sun; the females sat together upon bullocks' hides, and slily watched their copper-skinned lords hauling timber on to the beach which had been brought down in rafts. Nude children, of all shades between white and octoroon, chased each other over the sands, now and then rushing into the water in which they would dive and swim with proficient ease; on the high bank stood a neatly-dressed crowd of both sexes surveying the steamer and passengers; and a small fleet of canoes laden with tropical fruit and produce lined the shore. I put off in a wretched leaky affair, paddled by a good-humoured negro whose body shone as though it had been newly beeswaxed and turpentined for the occasion, and to keep my feet dry had to bale hard with a calabash.

"O rapaz!" I inquired, "Why don't you keep your canoe clean?" but by way of response the *rapaz* only jerked out a succession of hiccups from the pit of his stomach—which were intended for a laugh—rolled his eyes, and displayed a row of anything but pearly-white teeth. I believe the length and colour of my beard caused him as much astonishment as a sight of the gorilla did M. du Chaillu at their first unexpected interview in the dark forests of Western Africa, for every time the man looked at me he went into paroxysms of laughter; however, upon reaching the shore I jumped upon his back, was carried through some shallow water, and we parted the best of friends.

Santarem stands upon a bank about thirty feet above high water; it is built in blocks, of three avenues a quarter of a mile long, running

parallel with the river, the streets branching off at right angles. Many of the houses contain two floors, and all are tiled and whitewashed, with doors and windows painted light green, imparting an idea of freshness in the shade, though in the sun nothing short of a *coup de soleil* could so far stretch the imagination as to think it cool. All the thoroughfares are covered with close grass, which a herd of obliging cattle owned by the householders keeps well cropped, and during my ramble through the town I saw several *embonpoint* ladies of colour leaning over the half-doors that open into the front rooms, coaxing and feeding their milky pets with bunches of ripe yellow bananas. I did not see a vehicle of any kind in the place, or the traces of one. A fine church with two pepper-box towers rises above the houses, and excepting the Cathedral at Manáos, it is perhaps the best constructed edifice of the kind between Pará and the eastern slopes of the Andes. Commanding the river and town is a stone fort covered with moss, but it is of no real use beyond giving employ to an astounding number of military officials whose chief duty seems to consist in smoking, filling up printed schedules, and flirting. Population, including suburbs, three thousand, but varies considerably according to the season of the year. Santarem has the air of a busy place, notwithstanding its grass-grown streets, and the number of tailors who manage to thrive shows a desire on the part of the "Upper Ten" to keep pace with Lisbon fashions, which we all know are but a miserable compromise between those of London, Paris, and Madrid. This morning I saw a man with a bran new hat several sizes too small for him, and of proportions otherwise that beggar description; for the first time I began to realize that the American term *stove pipe* is not altogether so inappropriate as many imagine; the only boots I observed were made of patent leather, a circumstance which suggested that their happy possessors did but little walking; the rest went barefoot. As usual, the stores are mainly owned by Portuguese, who somehow or other manage to monopolise every branch of shopkeeping upon the Amazons; young Brazilians with any pretensions to respectability solely aspiring to be Government employés, advocates, doctors, priests, and clerks; steady agricultural and mechanical pursuits being considered vulgar, and consequently beneath consideration. Its chief trade is *salsa* or *sarsaparilla*, that growing upon the Upper Tapajóz being considered of superior quality. This useful smilax plant is found upon all the tributaries of the Amazons, where it grows with prolific luxuriance; the properties and uses of its heartshaped, smooth, membranous leaves are too well known to admit of mention here. I rather think the *salsa* of the Tapajóz is superior to that from other districts because of the way it is packed, the twigs being neatly cut and bound in bundles by a stout, pliable, vegetable twine; on the Solimoes and Marañon, both in the Brazil and Perú, it is generally brought to market in bundles weighing

about thirty pounds, and much spoiled by water and exposure during its transit on rafts. Rubber ranks next in importance, but the quantity diminishes annually from causes already specified; and then again rum, sugar, farinha, coffee, tobacco, cacao, cattle, and copaiba.

The climate is generally considered healthy, owing to the cool breezes of the north-east trades, which blow with regularity during six months of the year, but towards the middle and end of the dry season, and beginning of the rainy, swamp fever—or putrid fever, as it is called by the natives—is not uncommon. Considering the culpable inattention everywhere displayed with regard to sanitary measures, it is a perfect marvel Amazonia is not every now and then decimated by some fearful epidemic; and I apprehend that nothing short of a wide-spread calamity of this kind will ever make the people understand the importance of not adding to the naturally pestilential malaria with which the country reeks. Previous to the introduction of steamboats upon the river, insect pests were unknown in Santarem; but I found mosquitoes there nearly as plentiful as upon the Amazons, though happily no *piums*.

In one of the avenues my attention was attracted, by the busy hum of children's voices, towards two schools, over the doors of which were sign-boards, informing us that education was separately provided for the youth of both sexes, under the special patronage of Romish tutelary saints. I heard that parents who could afford the expense preferred sending their sons to Pará, where educational advantages are reputed superior: the girls are properly kept nearer home. Here, as in Spain and Portugal, every twopenny school is pompously styled a *college*, and an instructor, who barely knows how to read and write, assumes the title of a *Professor*.

"What is taught here?" I inquired of a seedy-looking gentleman, whose knees were more than ordinarily inclined inwards.

"Mathematics, grammar, and——"

"But surely," I interrupted, looking round upon a row of open-mouthed urchins, two of whom were quietly pinching each other, though they thought I did not see them—"surely these babes are not taught mathematics?"

"Oh, yes!" was the reply; and pointing to a black board, upon which was a simple-addition sum, he added, "Here is a problem."

When will the Latin races become less bombastic and more matter-of-fact? When will they learn to call a spade a spade? My firm belief is, *never!* The schools are purely elementary, and under good management might do good service; for the sparkling eye and natural quickness of southern children evince aptitude for learning. My experience as a teacher in both Spanish and Portuguese schools, goes to show that southern children are quick to apprehend and ready to forget; while

those of northern climes have slower perceptions, but retentive memories.

Three-quarters of an hour sufficed to view the town, and then I went into a store, sat upon a rough stool, and breakfasted off a roll of bread, box of sardines, and an orange refresco, after which I settled it in my mind that I might look out for a bilious attack. A dozen negroes and mulattoes stood drinking *cashaça*, the white rum of the country, tossing the dregs of each glass on to the bare earth floor, after an imbibe, which reminded me of *libare pateram Jovi*: their conversation concerned parties going in search of rubber, and backwood exploits among Indians during past seasons. The Purús and Javarí basins were held to be the most productive fields at present, though the latter were highly dangerous, because of wild Indians.

A respectably-dressed man came in to purchase some article, whose hands and face were covered with white spots. At first I thought the natural colour of his skin was white, and the dark patches the result of smallpox. A nod and *buenas dias* served to commence a conversation, and at a seasonable moment I delicately referred to the colour of his skin, intimating my desire to know if I could be of any service. I gathered he was suffering from a disease called *Lepra*, which first showed itself upon his chest, about twelve years previously, and then gradually spread over the rest of his body. His father had suffered from the same affection, from which he thought the disease in his case was hereditary, though he knew of instances where it had been contracted by men from women, and *vice versa*, and of others where there was no apparent cause: his mother bore no visible evidence of the disease during her lifetime. He held that his bodily health and strength were unimpaired, his appetite excellent, and, beyond his disfigurement, he was none the worse for his infirmity; adding, that he bathed once or twice every day, and that on the beach, at early morn, I might see numbers similarly affected. To me the man appeared sickly and weak, and as though a good day's work would half-kill him; but, like many others here and elsewhere, it will be a long time before the latter is tried. A bystander remarked that the *proper* way to catch the disease was to wear a shirt which had been used by a perspiring *lepra*—an experiment I thought few would have the foolhardiness to knowingly perform—and assured us that he knew a man seventy years of age, who had had the disease over fifty years, and yet was as hale and hearty as could be expected of any one at such an advanced stage of life. It appeared to me that this case of so-called *lepra* was of another origin, and incurable after its manifestation, owing to the number of years it had taken to permeate the system. Hereditary diseases of the blood are rarely thoroughly cured, and in such a climate as this, where the heat is so great, everything is against the patient: however, I think

Swiss or German mineral baths might always be appropriately recommended.

Leaving the town, I went for an hour's walk into the country, along a track bordered with a second growth of underwood. The appearance of the vegetation differs from that around Pará, where the forest is close, lofty, and gloomy—it being here more open, fresher, and lighter. I plucked several specimens of leaves, plants, and flowers, and was much struck by the beauty of a delicate, bell-shaped, white, scentless flower, with whose nomenclature I am unacquainted. Standing upon a slight eminence, my eye roamed over a considerable area of undulating forest, studded here and there with the domes of large trees, which rose like emerald isles amid an emerald sea. Ants were everywhere occupied, carrying or dragging portions of decayed vegetation to their underground store-houses, or singly, and in long lines, each with a triangular section of a leaf; or in tens and twenties, with a load of surprising magnitude, they would hurry on, over every obstacle and irregularity of surface, with as much engineering skill and indomitable perseverance, as though they mentally calculated in a moment what to do and how to do it. Every plant, leaf, and stem had its colony of minute workers, and the ground was covered with holes, fringed with soil which had been brought out in grains by excavators: most likely these holes answer the double purpose of air-shafts to the labyrinth of galleries, and means of ingress and egress to and from the workings. Had time permitted, I would have further lingered to watch these interesting insects, unconsciously performing a great and beneficent work for the good of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. But for their efforts the ground would be covered with rotten vegetation, and the overwhelming miasma emanating from it would be such as to render the Amazonian valley unfit for human habitation; by conveying so much rank matter, too, below the surface, the subsoil is manured, and the tree which sheds its leaves and fruit has its roots enriched by the properties of its decayed offspring. Green grasshoppers, and locusts, scarcely distinguishable from the leaves upon which they had alighted, were not unfrequent; beautifully-painted butterflies, with white wings fretted with gold, and others in blue and crimson dress, would swiftly flit high over head, or float within seven or eight feet from the ground; a pair of startled *troupials*, of glossy plumage, with two yellow feathers in the tail, darted by; and large birds of varied hues sprang up within a few yards: so that, had I brought my gun, I could have made a respectable bag in a short time. There was the same whir-r-r and hum I had heard near Pará, and occasionally it would rise and fall in fulness or softness of cadence, as though the insect world combined in producing harmonious sounds; but in vain did I listen for the notes of songsters such as make our northern woods

joyous, otherwise my ramble might have been prolonged; as it was I reluctantly retraced my steps and returned to the town.

Near Santarem is a small colony of Americans, who took part with the Confederate army during the late unhappy struggle upon the Northern Continent. The Brazilian Government afforded extraordinary facilities to encourage an influx of Southerners to Amazonia, giving grants of land and part rations during the first six months; but, of the one hundred and fifty odd who came out, a hundred soon left, partly through being unable to stand the climate, and because the attractions of civilized life in the States were irresistible: others thought they might as well work hard in their own country, where labour is better appreciated, the soil more productive, and opportunities for social advancement infinitely superior. Every emigrant, moreover, was a thorough Republican, and in The Brazil they could only associate with Imperialists, ever disposed to advance their political opinions either for the sake of argument, annoyance, or with a view to gain converts. It has been said over and over again by rabid Northerners, who entertain the bitterest sentiments towards anyone suspected of Southern proclivities, and more still against those who have abandoned the home of their fathers upon political grounds, that the majority of the colony were compelled to leave this country through its rowdy misconduct; but the unreserved testimony of several respectable inhabitants of Santarem seemed to demonstrate that the motives I have stated were the real cause of the departure of most. I believe all had been engaged in the war. No doubt the excitement of active military life has a deteriorative effect upon the mind and habits of such as are predisposed to be restless, and confirms their roving propensities, rendering them unfit for the dull routine of a plodding vocation; hence, we must think gently of the band of Southerners, who, when they found themselves among an alien race, with very few sympathies in common, of a different language, religion, and social and political views—in a climate vastly different from that to which they had been accustomed, and surrounded by forests with which their Northern woods were insignificant in comparison—shut out almost entirely from the outer world, and many other circumstances I could mention—I say, we must think gently of these men, and be careful how we receive statements which brim with invectives and disparagements. I had the pleasure of conversing with two Southern gentlemen who own estates in this neighbourhood, and was much gratified by observing the respect shown them by influential Brazilians, who spoke of their unimpeachable honour, social relationships, and commercial transactions, in the highest terms. It must be remembered, also, that there can be no greater mistake than to unreservedly accept the statements of uneducated Brazilians, regarding foreigners who do not belong to the Church of Rome. The mere sus-

picion of being a Protestant is sure to elicit from many the most unwarrantable impertinence and malevolence, and occasionally something even worse.

I can only add my regret that circumstances would not admit of my becoming better acquainted with those chivalrous men who had the courage to migrate to their newly-adopted homes and country, where, in the midst of many difficulties, they have succeeded in all their undertakings, lived down the evil reports industriously raised against them, and won the esteem of all around whose good opinion is worth having. May God prosper the American colony at Santarem!

Provisions—excepting vegetables—are dearer than in Pará, and dry goods and hardware twenty per cent. more so. Although the countless creeks, channels, and rivers around are alive with fish, the demand for it is ten times greater than the supply. There is talk of constructing a steam, or horse-tram, to the American colony, which would certainly reduce the present heavy prices of articles of consumption. Skilled mechanics, carpenters, blacksmiths, engineers, and fitters, would find speedy and remunerative employment. Copper-smiths, able to construct stills, and carrying their own tools, can easily earn £50 sterling a-month. In all my travels I do not ever remember meeting with an English working bootmaker—one who would not be above mending a pair of shoes: such a man would have any number of orders for knee, riding, and walking-boots, and gladly be paid handsome prices in hard dollars, by hundreds of men belonging to various nationalities, settled upon the Amazons between Santarem and Yurimaguas, on the Huallága, in Perú.

All the produce of the Tapajóz flows into Santarem, where independent merchants and agents of Pará houses receive it. My stay was too brief to enable me to procure statistics, but the place is thriving fast, the commercial habits of the American colony having told favourably upon the community. Formerly it was the custom to receive sums on account of intended transactions (which is still the case everywhere else upon the Amazons), a practice which in the long run proved detrimental. Elsewhere, petty merchants and traders seem to live in a chronic state of bankruptcy through the non-fulfilment of contracts of others depending upon them; hence, from the merchant to the trader, the trader to the planter and collector, and these to the negro and Indian, there exists a system of pre-payment which makes all parties in debt, and in this condition they appear willing to remain, though perhaps all have a tinge of regret the amount cannot be doubled.

Santarem is admirably adapted for a mission station; not the town itself precisely, but the American colony near it. In the first place it is situated about mid-way between Pará on the Atlantic, and Manáos on the Rio Negro, or five hundred miles from the former, and four hundred

and eighty from the latter. A missionary would have an unquestionable right to settle among the Americans, who would welcome his ministrations, and facilities would be afforded for carrying the Gospel to negroes and Indians. In a short time the mission would become a recognised institution, and British and American subjects desirous of contracting marriage would be thankful to journey one or two thousand miles to have the ceremony duly solemnized. An English engineer told me that he had travelled all the way from Yquitos to Pará, a journey of two thousand five hundred miles, to meet a lady from England, and to be married to her. It so happened that Pará was then without a British Consul, and there was every probability of his being disappointed for some months; but time was precious, he was obliged to return to his work by a certain date *sub pœna*, and it would have been impossible for him to make another trip. "So," said he, "we were in a regular fix, but missis and I being determined to get married, and as there was no other way, we just turned Catholics, confessed, and all that sort of thing, and then the Bishop married us. It went sore against our conscience, but we felt we had better do as we did, and now thank God we are Christians once more, but so sure as ever we go back to England we'll be married again, although it's all right as it is."

I need scarcely mention how delighted most Englishmen and Americans would be to receive a visit from a clergyman: said one of the former, "I 'aint he'erd a sermon since I left England in 1856, and I a'most think I ought to go home if it worn't for nothing else. I don't think a parson would like to come to such a place as this to live, but if he did he'd have all his work cut out, because we should all of us want him"; and this I believe to be a fact. Fortnightly, besides occasional, steamboats run from Santarem both up and down the river, so that baptisms and other services could be easily arranged by letter, or aid summoned in case of sickness. I should think the Directors of the Amazonian Steamboat Company would readily grant a free first-class pass to any Church of England Missionary engaged in visiting his countrymen in their employ.

There would be no difficulty in procuring a grant of land from the Government, or from the Americans themselves, upon which a suitable building and out-houses might be erected, and part produce raised to support the mission. If needful, the Sacred Scriptures might be translated into Tupí or Lingoa Geral, and a school formed for the education of Indians, negroes and half-breeds. In Santarem there are those who for a moderate per-centage would undertake the sale of the Bible.

It occurs to me that were two agents stationed at Santarem the mission would not suffer much from the absence of one; but, were one agent only appointed, sickness, and inability to catch passing steamboats might seriously impede the work, if not, in fact, render permanent local usefulness impracticable.

Passing a door I saw a young man rubbing half an onion on a piece of paper, which he afterwards placed upon the leaf of a book, to which it adhered as securely as though fastened with gum; thinking the volume would smell offensively, I obtained permission and examined it, when I found the root of a wild onion had been used, the juice of which exudes when cut, and possesses strong adhesive properties without any perceptible odour. I purchased a few good-sized oranges, with a thick, rough, green rind interspersed with yellow spots; the fruit was ripe and juicy, though decidedly inferior to the Andalusian and Algerian orange in point of sweetness. It was time to depart, and finding my woolly Ethiop cachinnating as before, with a polish perhaps slightly increased, and a mouth nowise diminished in point of size, I returned on board nearly "done up" through running about so much in the sun, and was thankful to recline in my hammock. The day was very hot, and when I inserted my hand into my umbrella to take it down it was almost like putting it into a fire.

While we are on the Tapajóz it may be well for us to obtain a few glimpses of the river from such sources as are at our command. The Rio Tapajóz—or Rio Preto, as it is commonly called by Amazonians, though it is marked upon all modern maps with the former name—rises in the Province of Matto Grosso, on the northern slopes of the Pariciy hills, or Campo dos Paricivs, having for its head waters the Rio Juruena; its entire length north and south may be estimated at about a thousand miles. Previous to receiving the waters of the Uruguatás, from which river it takes the name of Tapajóz, a number of streams fall into it upon both banks, the chief of which on the right are the Rios, Sabarcuna, Taburuhuca, Tarvo, Xacurnina, Arinos—with a dozen confluents, rising in the Serra Diamantina—Irmãos, Santa Anna, Apiacás, São Jose, Ouro, and Das Almas; and on the left bank the Casas, Oca, Juina, Camarare, Juina-Mirim, Tuxuina, and Negrinho. From the Uruguatás to the Amazons it flows nearly due north, receiving numerous minor streams, together with the Paraná-Tinga, or Tres Barras, as it is generally called from its having three outlets, and the Cuparí, both on the right bank. The greater part of its course is through a fine hilly country, and the sands on its upper portion are known to be auriferous; diamonds are also occasionally met with. Unfortunately a series of cataracts prevent large vessels ascending more than one hundred and sixty miles from Santarem, but small canoes carried past the falls may traverse its entire length; during its last one hundred miles it presents a succession of magnificent reaches varying from two-and-a-half to ten miles in width, bordered by lofty trees, many of them yielding rare and valuable cabinet woods, and vast plains of rank grass upon which roam herds of cattle. Unlike the waters of the Coary, Negro, Teffé, and others, which are as black as a hat, the Tapajóz has a marked dark greenish appearance, but

like the former is strongly impregnated with vegetable matter. The climate is very unhealthy during the dry season, towards the end of which everybody who can afford it goes to the main Amazons to enjoy its comparatively-speaking cool breezes. But for frequent terrific thunderstorms the atmosphere would become fatally charged with malaria, and the stagnant waters of its affluents putrid. Formigas de Fogo, or fire ants, are a sad annoyance to both travellers and residents, and instances have occurred where entire villages have, for a time, been forsaken by their inhabitants and given up to the undisputed possession of these malicious insects.

Numerous tribes of Indians are found upon its banks, such as the Pariciys, who are described as having light hair and fair skins, and well disposed towards strangers ; the Cautoros, Tamaris, Apiacás, Uruguatás, Mambriannas, Tucuna-Péuas, Xipocas, Jurunas, Mundrucus, Parárauátes, Maués, Jacipuyas, Cuzaris, Guaruáras, and others. The Mundrucus are met with everywhere between Santarem and Itaituba, and traders on the Amazons, the Tapajóz, and adjoining tributaries, generally employ them as paddlers. When the country was first colonized by the Portuguese they offered a bold resistance to the intruders, successfully emerging from many a bloody struggle, but their friendship was obtained by skilful diplomacy, and turned to the best account, surrounding tribes far and near living in wholesome dread of their prowess, which was ever after wielded in favour of the white man. At present they have no tribal cohesion, being scattered over an immense area either in isolated families or small hordes, some of which have marked lingual differences ; they certainly take to civilization far more readily than any of the other tribes mentioned, some of which, such as the Parárauátes, Tucunapeuas, Uruguatás, and Mambriannas, being averse to even holding communication with whites. The Maués range between the Madeira and Tapajóz, keeping well to the north, and like the Mundrucu, Cuzaris, and indeed most Brazilian tribes, are governed by Tushauas, or chiefs, whose rank is hereditary.

We had on board three smart strapping Mundrucú lads, about twenty years of age I should say, who were accompanying a trader to Obydos, in whose employ they had been for close upon two years, and of whom they seemed very fond ; they were dressed in blue shirts, trousers, and sailors' caps, and had an open pleasing countenance. I tried to get them to answer questions put through the trader who spoke their Tupí *patois*, but they fought shy, became embarrassed, and clearly indicated by their manner that they did not want to be "interviewed." Their employer told me that he had had considerable personal intercourse with several hordes of Mundrucús during the past five years, occasionally living among them months at a time, waiting for produce for which he had pre-paid. Whenever he reached a village, his hammock was slung up

by the owner of the hut, who wished to show hospitalities, though he might choose any hut to live in for that matter, and his food, consisting of turtle, fresh fish, wild pig, plantains, farinha, birds, monkeys, and forest fruit, was daily furnished in abundance, for which no remuneration was expected. At new moon, some sections of the tribe turn out for about half an hour on two successive nights, and men, women, and children beat drums, clash spears, and howl till they are hoarse to assist the lunar orb in her labour. All Tupí Indians believe more or less in the existence of an evil spirit called Jurupari, who is supposed to hold some kind of relationship with the water spirit Mai d'Agoa, which usually resides in retired lakes, and strange to say, whenever a chance is given to plant an arrow in the head of an *anaconda* or water snake, they will studiously refrain from wounding it, believing that if they do they will turn blind, and suffer ill luck otherwise from the malignant genius of the deep. Mr. Bates, speaking of the Indian on the Cuparí, says: "He has no idea of a Supreme Being; but at the same time, he is free from revolting superstitions—his religious notions going no farther than the belief in an evil spirit, regarded merely as a kind of hobgoblin, who is at the bottom of all his failures, troubles in fishing, hunting, and so forth." The Mundrucús do not always live in detached huts, but now and then in one long substantially-constructed dwelling, with about a third partitioned off for the women. Polygamy is uncommon, though allowable; the wife, the willing slave of her husband, and as a rule faithful; in fact the consequences would be rather awkward for her were she otherwise, legal processes being unknown to these primitive people, who have a summary way of their own in settling such matters, which proves thoroughly effectual. Their dead are buried in jars beneath the floor of the house—a practice common to many South American tribes—and upon the decease of any member of the community, a grand drinking bout ensues, which lasts till every drop of liquor is swallowed. The women do not get drunk like the men, it being their duty to watch over their unconscious lords, but they imbibe freely, and are said to carry a great deal before growing maudlin. Young men take the responsibilities of married life between seventeen and nineteen years of age, their gentle partners rarely exceeding fourteen summers; four of a family is considered a fair average, and yet the race is fast dying out. Each community has a Pajé, or medicine man, whose profession is hereditary, and consists in propitiating or scaring away Jurupari, healing wounds, allaying pain, restoring to health, and bringing bad luck upon enemies. Fishing and hunting expeditions are undertaken after the good offices of the Pajé have been secured, and his incantations are always sought in *cuestiones de amor*, and well remembered too, should the predictions be favourable and happily verified. Very few Maués have been baptized by Romish missionaries, and they are less accessible than the Mundru-

cús. Scarcely any attempt has been made for years past to bring other tribes upon the Tapajóz within the pale of Romanism, and beyond Itaituba nominal Christianity does not exist. Altar do Chao is situated upon a lock near Santarem, and between it and Itaituba are several small settlements, besides those of Boim, Pinhel, and Santa Cruz on the left bank, and Aveiro and Sicotuba on the right.

"Have you ever tried to spread Christianity among the heathen with whom you have had so much intercourse?" I inquired, of the owner of the Mundrucú lads.

"Really," he replied, "the thought never occurred to me; and if it had, I have no ambition to do the work of a Padre. Every man to his profession, and let him mind his own business, is my way of thinking."

"Am I to understand, then, that you are above teaching the poor heathen Indian?"

"Just so, because it is not my profession!"

"If you found a man lost in the forest, would you direct him to the right path, if able?"

"Certainly I would!"

"And yet, when you know men are lost in the dark wilderness of savage ignorance, you would not put them in the way of salvation?"

"How could I do this, when I do not know the way you speak of to my own satisfaction? There are so many ways."

"Jesus Christ, the Son of the Most High God, says:—'I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him,' and 'he that believeth on me hath everlasting life.' Furthermore, Jesus says: 'I am the good Shepherd. I am the door of the sheep. He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.' So there is but one way of salvation, even Christ Jesus, the good Shepherd. Do you wish to be saved? Do you desire to become one of the flock of Him who says, 'My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand?'"

"What book is that you read from?"

"The New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, and they are His words which I have read."

"Yes! I desire to be saved, and sometimes I confess my sins in secret to God, and implore His forgiveness. On the whole, I am a very good man; that is to say, I never do anything particularly bad. Of course we all have our failings, but, between ourselves, all my endeavours to lead a pure life are unavailing, owing to the peculiar circumstances by which I am surrounded."

"May I ask if you rely upon your own power to resist temptation and sin?"

"Precisely so; for what but a high sense of morality can restrain the passions?"

"Then, according to your own confession, you rely upon a broken reed, and you will ever find that 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?' 'He that abideth in me,' says our Lord, 'and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for *without me* ye can do nothing;' hence your strength is your weakness; but, let Christ be your Strength and your Portion for ever."

Our conversation then turned upon the nature and consequences of sin; the need of a new birth unto righteousness; of repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ; of the remission of sin by the sprinkling of the blood of the new covenant, and of the grace of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I was listened to attentively and respectfully, my hearer thanking me, observing: "I do not think I shall readily forget our conversation, and in future I shall cherish very different sentiments from those I have hitherto entertained towards your countrymen; not that I have had any intercourse with them, but it appears to me that most Brazilians hold highly erroneous impressions regarding your views of religion. The fact is, I always fancied Englishmen were infidels, and believed in nothing beyond hard dollars, although, as a rule, their commercial integrity is proverbial, and private life exemplary."

I said nothing, but knew too well that Rome was at the bottom of his lamentable ignorance of the real state of affairs. I have heard priests publicly declare before respectable congregations in different parts of Spain, that English Protestants do not marry; that they devour raw beef and drink blood like wild beasts; deny the existence of a Supreme Being, and yet worship the Devil, &c. There can be no doubt but that the Romish priesthood all over the world are instructed to malign Evangelical Christians, and hence the distrust and aversion of the lower and middle—not to say a great part of the upper, also—classes of society among Latin races towards Englishmen. I have noticed, however, that where our countrymen are *known*, they are respected both in public and private. I mention this, because some people think Englishmen themselves are to blame for the bad odour in which they are held by many foreigners; but such either do not know, or profess not to do so, that our universal observance of the Lord's-day with regard to work at once distinguishes us as a separate people among Romish communities.

I shall never forget the general astonishment of sightseers who crowded the Paris Exhibition of 1867, while passing through the English and American sections every Lord's-day. "What is the meaning of this?" they would exclaim, as they gazed upon a sea of white covers,

which hid from view the *chef-d'œuvres* of the brain and skill of both countries; and in answer to inquiries, who can tell how many heard for the first time that Englishmen and Americans fear God, and devote the first day of seven to His worship, and this, too, at a time when much was to be apparently lost or gained by world-wide competition. The noble testimony then borne still has its fruits, and notwithstanding the querulous piping of halting croakers, we are becoming better known, and consequently esteemed. I believe that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, where we are disliked as a people, gross ignorance is at the root; and that where our faith and institutions are properly known, in a like ratio we are respected.

Obydos is fifty miles west from Santarem. The velocity of the current in the main Amazons sensibly increases after leaving this last-mentioned port, until reaching the elbow-like bend of the river, where the shores are only seventeen hundred and thirty-eight yards apart, and the current attains its maximum rate of speed, stated by Von Martius to be 2·4 ft. per second, and the mass of waters hurried through the narrows to be no less than four hundred and ninety-nine thousand, five hundred and eighty-four cubic feet, or, in round numbers, five hundred thousand cubic feet every second of time. The late Lieutenant Herndon, of the United States navy, during his admirable survey of Amazons, found the depth of the Obydos narrows to be from one hundred and eighty to two hundred and ten feet; though in one place he thought he had not succeeded in touching the bottom with a two hundred and forty feet line. Von Martius estimates the depth in the centre to be sixty fathoms, or three hundred and thirty-six feet; and naturally, beyond this mighty body of moving waters tidal pressure is not felt. When the tide on the Amazons is spoken of, in reality only the rise and fall of water is alluded to, for the Atlantic simply dams the river, but does not flow up.

Between Santarem and Obydos, both banks are studded with cacao plantations, some of which contain as many as thirty thousand trees. We met two large *cubertas* coming down with the current, bound for cacao estates, each apparently containing a family. I counted nine negresses and mulattoes in one, all of whom watched the steamboat forging ahead with mingled interest and fear depicted upon their facile countenances: their owner, a thin sunburnt man of about fifty, saluted us by taking off his hat, and saying something I could not hear for the noise of the paddles.

We anchored in front of Obydos at eight p.m., and being informed the vessel would take in sticks for fuel, I went on shore in a *montaria*, with other passengers, one of whom had a fright and ducking, caused by falling from the gangway into the river; happily he clutched at a rope, to which he held on, and in a few minutes was ashore, walking about

with all his wet clothes on. It was pitchy dark when we landed, and but for the kindness of a Brazilian gentleman with whom I had conversed on board, and who volunteered to act as my *cicerone*, I might as well have sat upon the beach or gone on board again. During a second visit to Obydos at a later date I had a capital view of the town and neighbourhood. Where there is now a gentle slope from the beach to the town formerly stood a hill which rose abruptly from the edge of the river; an immense mound to the right covered with shrubs to its summits being the last remaining section. A row of huts faces the beach, and anchored near the shore is a good-sized raft with a dwelling house somewhat like a cook's galley—it is used for fishing with lines.

The town stands about one hundred feet above the river on a headland composed of coloured clays resting upon a soft sandstone formation, is laid out in blocks, and said to contain about two thousand inhabitants, with nearly another thousand in the suburbs. The houses are substantially built, and roofed with tiles, and not a few have large, well-kept flower-gardens. Just now the municipality is laying a pavement of stone brought all the way from Rio Janeiro, which will prove a great boon, for, to one unacquainted with the topography of the place, walking about after dark is hazardous on account of the streets being deeply seamed with ruts caused by the daily fall of torrents of rain. The square of Santa Anna is a spacious Praça, flanked by a church and prison. Two batteries, an upper and lower, mounted with thirty-two muzzle-loading guns of light calibre, command the river; the higher fort commanding a splendid view, both up and down and of the opposite shore. When the Peruvian steamboat *Morona* first ascended the Amazons to Nauta she was fired at several times from these batteries, but only struck by one shot, which lodged in her coal bunkers. The progress of an ironclad would not be retarded a moment by such guns as are mounted at present, but no doubt Obydos through its position is destined to become to the Amazons what Gibraltar is to the Mediterranean.

Most of the houses were closed during this my first visit, but such as were open afforded a glimpse of what I presume to be the general style of interior fittings; in each corner was a slung hammock, in the middle of the room a table with lights, and against the walls a few chairs. Some of the hammocks are tastefully decorated with feathers, and upon the curtains which hung at either side are the arms of "The Brazil"; others, again, are covered with silk and coloured laces, and a few are plain white; but for common use those made of timbó-titíca fibre, partly stained red with ochote, are most prized. On the Amazons the hammock constitutes the most important article of household furniture, inasmuch as it answers the combined purposes of a chair, sofa, and bed. In a house

at which we called, three young ladies were swinging to and fro in their hammocks; in one, two sat facing each other; they conversed in what I thought an immoderately loud tone, but perhaps the distance between them rendered a free use of the lungs necessary. I was there introduced to one of the leading men of the town, of Portuguese extraction, and who, I heard, was the owner of a large cacao plantation and extensive herd of cattle. He was eager for the latest European news, and although he had not seen Portugal since his infancy, manifested the deepest interest in the land of his birth, which he hoped to revisit. Several neighbours were sent for, and the late Franco-German war, the occupation of Rome by the Italians, and other subjects were discussed over coffee and cigars served by neatly dressed slaves, and it did not require long for me to discover that I was in the company of educated, liberal-minded, polished gentlemen, whose conversation was edifying, and wholly free from the expletives which too frequently mar the pleasure of colloquial intercourse with Amazonian Brazilians. The leading men of both our houses of Parliament were mentioned by name, and they seemed familiar with some of the great political and social changes effected in England under present and more recent representatives. Believing I might not have a better opportunity for ascertaining the kind of reception a Church of England missionary to the heathen would meet with, I asked the question point blank. "You may depend upon it," was the reply, "that Rome would make strenuous endeavours to keep the thin end of the Protestant wedge out of this part of the Empire where, hitherto, she has enjoyed undisputed sway in religious matters. From the whites a missionary might expect petty persecution and annoyance, and from the Indian heathen the sublimest indifference." I have thought it worth while to give the opinion of a practical man, one well acquainted with the people and institutions of his country. For my own part, I believe that Gospel truth would not be a matter of indifference to the Indian heathen, provided he could understand it; but, with the Lord's blessing, would be to him what it is to all men, "the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth." Of course no compromise can be expected with or from Rome. An agent must ever be prepared for every kind of assault both in public and private from the moment the nature of his mission is known.

In Obydos, out-door labour is performed almost exclusively by negroes and *Cafuzos*; the latter (a cross between the negro and Indian) has a bad name, and certainly his appearance is indicative of latent cunning, sensuality, and other bad passions. As a rule, Indian females are averse to the negro, and only associate with him as a last resource; this and other reasons, which might be mentioned, may probably account in some measure for the singularly sinister look and disposition of their offspring. The Mameluco, offspring of white and Indian, is in many instances a

decided improvement of stock, and most of the women I have seen were more elegantly shaped and decidedly more intelligent than either of their parents. Negro blood, however many times removed by the Indian element, is always discoverable in the crisp frizzy hair; whereas, in some white octoroons, who are generally fairer and better looking than the average Spanish beauty, it is only perceptible to an expert. The mulatto aspires to indoor work, and, if free, to an appointment under Government. Indians residing in the interior seldom visit Obydos; now and then, however, they will troop down in small parties, and after walking through the streets and staring into the shops and houses, retire before noon-day. While the aborigines of this district shun the settlements of whites, they are always kind to strangers who visit them, though it seems proved by experience beyond all dispute, that whenever an Indian village is visited for the first time by a pure white man, sickness peculiar to the race of the latter always ensues, even though the stranger to the best of his belief be free from all disease: such is the *atmosfera fatal* of the *blancos* to the natives of the country, It was the impression of those with whom I conversed, that the Indian is doomed to extinction, that the race will die a natural death, to make way for the vigorous life of another. Every few years the Indian retires deeper into the solitudes of his sombre forest before the inexorable advance of civilization, and it would appear that at the present rate of decrease the red man will ere long disappear altogether from this neighbourhood. It was close and sultry, and the room in which we sat literally swarmed with mosquitoes. Not one of us either black or white had a moment's rest from their sanguinary attacks, and existence was only rendered bearable by constantly flapping a handkerchief round the head and slapping the hands and wrists as the insects alighted. Insect pests make life in Obydos miserable under the most favourable circumstances, the oldest inhabitant suffering (though not to an equal degree perhaps), as well as the new comer. At eleven o'clock we rose to depart, and on reaching the beach found a *montaria* manned by negro paddlers, which had been kindly provided by the gentleman whose hospitality we had enjoyed, and of whom, together with his friends, I shall always have pleasing recollections.

About six miles west of Obydos is the river Oriximina or Trombetas, and between it and the Gurupátuba the Amazon receives a number of small tributaries. The first of any consequence is the Surubiú, which falls into a lake indifferently named Surubiú and Alemquer, and then falls into the main stream through three equidistant channels, the eastern opening at Tera-Pixum nearly opposite the mouth of the Tapajóz; the village of Alemquer is on the central one, and the western channel disembogues a few miles east of Obydos. The Trombetas rises about 2° north of the equator, among the Guiana hills, in the country of the

Cariguano Indians. It has four affluents on its left bank, viz., the Rios, Camiuá, Sarraquata, Cupo, and Arapecurú. The Nhamundá or Jamundá, as it is more often and properly called, flows parallel with the Trombetas during the greater part of its length, and falls into a lake of the same name, upon the eastern shore of which is situated the Indian village of Faro; it then emerges by a single channel, and after a few miles divides into several branches, one communicating with the Trombetas and the others with the Amazons, the most western nearly opposite to Villa Bella. Neither the Trombetas nor Jamundá are visited by priests.

Obydos has two schools for primary instruction, and a small newspaper chiefly composed of advertisements, published twice a-week. Its chief trade is cattle, cacao, rum, coffee, salted meat, farinha, and a little rubber. The interior, which is but little known, is described as one vast rolling forest, the higher grounds containing trees of prodigious girth and height; precious woods, peculiar to this region, abound in quantity, variety, and quality, and here the botanist and naturalist have a splendid field for collecting.

On the south bank, between Santarem and Obydos, is a good backwater system; thus, below Villa Franca, on the left bank of the Tapajós, is the mouth of the Uarapium, which communicates with Lago Grande, or Campinas. (All large lakes are called Grande by the natives.) Numerous streams flow from the Campinas to the Amazons, the most western being about twelve miles down the bend past Obydos.

Shortly after midnight we began to stem the current of the great river, and a good breeze from the west drove away the mosquitoes, which had had quite a carnival. It came on to rain soon afterwards, and, although water dripped upon most of our hammocks, silence reigned among the passengers.

Saturday, April 6th.—This morning we passed the spot where, according to D'Acuña, Orellana had his famous fight with the Amazons in 1541, and at two in the afternoon we stopped at the semi-Indian settlement of Villa Nova, or Villa Bella da Imperatriz, as it is commonly marked upon maps. Its site, which has been admirably selected, stands upon a grassy knoll, about twenty-eight feet above the river. At the western extremity is a small barn-like church, surmounted with a wooden cross, and before the front entrance a covered portico with wooden benches, where some of the inhabitants congregate to gossip, play cards, and enjoy the fresh air. A few minutes sufficed to view the place, which is composed of an irregular row of tropical-looking huts, with palm-leaf roofs. From the din and excitement of London, with its crowded streets, endless vehicles, busy railways, and noisy factories, to the sleepy calm of Villa Bella, the transition is so great, we almost seem to be in another world. During my ramble, I

saw for the first time the Cajû-tree, or Marañon, as it is called in Perú: its leaf closely resembles that of the bay, both in structure and colour, and the fruit—from which a delicious refresco is made—is not unlike the apple in taste and appearance: after extracting the juice, a stringy pulp remains. There is a noticeable peculiarity about the growth of the Cajú: after flowering a stone is formed, which attains the size and shape of an ordinary Windsor bean, to which the fruit is attached—thus having its kernel outside. Cajú wine is largely drunk by Brazilians suffering from lepra. In front of a house was a canoe of the genuine Robinson Crusoe type, measuring thirty-six feet in length: it had been hollowed out of the trunk of a tree where it was purposely felled, and afterwards transported upon rollers to the shore for a final process before launching. The wood was of a dark coffee-colour, and very hard, so that immense labour must have been expended in scooping out the interior, then being made harder still over a slow fire. Its value was stated to be 30*l.* sterling.

A collector of Copaiba oil, who is absent from Villa Bella six months in the year on his monotonous journeys up adjoining tributaries, told me that perhaps the forest between the Tapajoz and Madeira has more trees yielding this precious article of commerce than any other section of Amazonia of ten times its area. This natural medicinal balsam, indifferently written Capivi, Copaiba, Copauba, Copahyba, &c., is obtained by making a gash in the bark of the tree, and plugging the space with cotton in order to absorb the juice which exudes. It is found throughout the Brazil, the basin of the Orinoco, and some of the West Indian islands. The tree is said to yield most if cut at full moon, the sap then being in its greatest vigour: Indians declare it sometimes bursts with a loud report.

The women, who lounge in hammocks, or outside of their huts in the shade, are chiefly dressed in an open jacket reaching to the breast, and skirt of blue cotton; their hair is combed back without any parting, and hangs loosely, though not ungracefully, upon the shoulders: others wear it cut short at the nape of the neck, with a semi-circular comb crossing the top of the head, from ear to ear, and when seated with their skirts tucked between their legs, they bear a striking resemblance to Chinese *sampan* women, and the lower orders of Japanese females. They have a pronounced copper-colour, high cheek-bones, slightly-oblique eyes, wide nostrils, mouth lowered at the corners, and small plump hands and feet. Half-a-dozen men were engaged working among timber on the beach: they stood about five feet four inches high, and had broad shoulders and arched chests, though their arms and legs were poorly developed. In working they lacked wisdom profitable to direct, and apparently were unconscious of the power of leverage, or the uses of a hand-spike.

"Why are these men not taught to work with greater ease and advantage to themselves and employers?" I enquired.

"It would be useless teaching them," was the reply; "for they would not profit by it. Indians will only do things after their own fashion, and we never meddle with them so long as the work is done."

A woman passed us with a large earthen jar of water on her head, a boy about three years of age straddled across her hip, and a babe slung in a cloth passed over her left shoulder, and under her right arm: both the little things were covered with mosquitoes, which appeared to give no molestation.

A few years ago, the major part of the Madeira traffic was in the hands of Villa Bella merchants, but since the introduction of steam-boats up that river, as far as the first cataracts, it has been diverted into other channels. Instead of *cubertas* going up to exchange merchandise for produce, and canoes coming down to barter farinha, salsa, rubber, and Brazil nuts, for dry goods and hardware, smart steam-boats ply either to and from Pará direct, or else call at Manáos: thus Villa Bella exists, and that is all, as may be easily discovered by the number of empty and dilapidated huts. The priest confines his ministrations to the people in the town, never venturing on a canoeing expedition up adjoining streams, a few of which I will now very briefly notice.

A strip of land called the Tupinambarana Island, from two to twenty miles broad, extends from Villa Bella to the Madeira, and large boats may travel by inland waters the entire distance. This district is in reality a cluster of islands formed by the Furo de Urariá; rivers falling into it, and streams running north to the Amazons: perhaps the Furo should be considered simply as a continuation of the Rio Canumá. The following are the rivers in due order, starting westwards from Villa Bella, that contribute to swell the Furo mentioned, viz.: the Tupinambaranas (communicating with Lake Uaicurupá near its right bank), Andirá, Macary, Maué-Mirim, Maué-Acu (or Assu), Apiuquiribó, Abacaxis, and Canumá, with its affluents Sucundury and Mamiá. The Indian settlements upon these rivers are Juruty, on the Tupinambaranas; Andirá, Macary, Maués, and Canumá, at the mouths of the rivers respectively after which they are named, all of which are peopled by Indians of Maué and Mundrucú extraction, many of whom were resgatados (ransomed) when young, but since have *mameluco*, *cafuzo*, and *curiboco* offspring, the latter being a cross between *cafuzo* and Indian. The Ramos channel runs north from the Furo between the Abacaxis and Apiuquiribó, and at its mouth is situated a small clump of shanties called by the same name; Beijú-Acu is nearly opposite Serpa. Those who have traversed this district describe the Furo as a chain of expansive and beautiful deep-water lakes, the largest being situated at the mouths of the rivers flowing into it. Fish abound in

surprising variety and numbers, and here, too, the Jaguar may often be seen engaged in piscatorial exercise, as he draws his tail backwards and forwards in the water till approached by his finny prey, when with lightning speed his sharp-clawed paw grasps the prize. The region is at all times swampy, and during the height of the rainy season is mainly submerged by the Furo being dammed-up, and water flooding it from the Madeira and rivers already mentioned. Like all inland sluggish water systems, it is malarious. The tribes found throughout are isolated families of Maués, small hordes of Mundrucús, a few Parentintins, and occasionally bands of wandering Aráras.

There is scarcely any difference between the climate of Santarem and that of Villa Bella, though a native of the former will tell you that the heat of the latter is greater, while the inhabitants of the latter declare Santarem to be unbearable. I suppose it is something like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire; for if I was pretty well roasted yesterday, I am nearly baked to-day, and I candidly confess my taste is not sufficiently refined at present to enable me to decide which is the best way of being cooked. It was tremendously hot this afternoon, and I was thankful to get on board and swing in my hammock. During our absence the whole of the lower deck had been stowed with timber for fuel. The Arary burns one thousand sticks an hour.

At Villa Bella the Amazons recommence to widen, and the current is less strong than in the rocky-bottomed narrows we have left behind; still it is going at the rate of three or more miles an hour, if I may judge by the speed of drifting trees which float past in raft-like masses, or in detached skirmishing order, as though on the look out for some poor vessel with thin plates. While maps give a correct outline of the main bends of the Amazons, they altogether fail to impart an adequate idea of the grand reaches successively met with. At five o'clock, for instance, we were in an expanse of water as wide as the Bay of Gibraltar between the New Mole and Algeciraz. It may be thought that the absence of mountains must necessarily impart a dreary monotony to the general aspect of the river, but in reality such is far from the case. The Iron Gates of the Danube are imposing, and the banks of the Clyde, from Dumbarton to Ardrossan, of surpassing loveliness; but there is that on the Amazons which amply compensates for the absence of attractions that render some of our European streams famous—I allude to the vegetation, the endless combinations of which momentarily excite admiration and astonishment, and the fact also of the interior of the gloomy forest being as unknown as any section of Africa, lends a mysterious charm the traveller never experiences while navigating well-populated streams. For my own part, I cannot acknowledge any sense of weariness, or decrease of interest as I gaze upon the strange though beautifully diversified verdant walls.

A steerage passenger had a pet *capibara* on board, nearly two feet long, which he had caught when young, and taught several little tricks. The monkeys would sit and stare at him, and chatter away as though asking, "Where do *you* come from?" One cunning mouse-coloured gentleman was very annoying in his attentions, for he would *coo-coo*, blink his wicked eyes, and then try and give a vicious nip, but the moment his amphibious acquaintance uttered his abrupt half-grunt and half-bark, he would jump back, show his teeth, scratch the top of his head with his right foot, and apparently indulge in a quiet laugh to himself. The capibara is one of the few rodents found on the Amazons, and when full grown has somewhat of a porcine appearance. It generally associates in small herds, though is frequently found in isolated pairs; lives chiefly in the water, feeding upon aquatic plants, which line the shore, and, when crossing wide streams, bears its young upon its back like the hippopotamus. Indians hunt it for its skin and teeth, wearing the latter as a necklace: its flesh—which is described as rather rank—is eaten by them, but not prized.

We are now in the *Provincia do Amazonas*, the river line of demarcation between it and the *Provincia do Grao Pará* being the Parentins hill on the south bank, and the river Jamundá on the north. It is bounded on the north-north-east by British Guiana; on the north by the Republics of Venezuela and Nueva Granada; on the west by Ecuador and Peru, and on the south by Bolivia. In fact the Empire is surrounded on every side, excepting the east, which is her seaboard, by Republics, which, as they increase in power, promise to keep her well employed. It is scarcely reasonable, however, to suppose that any one Republic would hazard a war single-handed with so powerful an Empire as the Brazil, and owing to the internal political dissensions which chronically agitate each independent State, the thought of confederation is at present inadmissible. When the great Spanish Empire dropped to pieces through political, religious, and social disease, the fragments retained such a leaven of what had been a curse to the whole, that with but one or two exceptions they are scarcely a whit the better off in any one point of view now they are independent. Each Republic is divided into an infinity of petty political factions, aspiring to power, which means that the successful conspirator who seizes the Presidential chair shall forthwith dismiss every officer of the State, from generals to postmen, and give their appointments to those who have fought with or conspired for him. When a Spaniard, or Spanish American, speaks about *el estado triste de mi patria* (the unhappy state of my country), we may take it for granted he is a *cesante*, or an ex-Government servant, and means *el estado triste de mi bolsillo* (the unhappy state of my pocket), and that he is disposed to join any conspiracy which will overthrow the powers that be, and procure him a good position, and then, Amigo! he gets all his hungry relatives

employed, makes hay while the sun shines, smokes big cigars instead of cigarettes, and says *ahora todo va muy bien, gracias á Dios!* (All goes on well now, thank God!) until he is thrust out by another party, when he sets to work and conspires again, and so the spstem of *empleados*—a genuine legacy of Spain—keeps each Republic in commotion, and robs it of the wealth and energy which should be devoted towards promoting national welfare. A Chachepoyano on his way home to the shaky eastern cordilleras of the Andes has had to fly for his life several times to the Brazil, the affairs of his *patria* having gone wrong somehow, and his valuable services and presence consequently not properly appreciated. As another Presidential election will shortly take place, he is about to unite with an anti-Pardista party in the hope of obtaining a sub-prefectureship, when, as he coolly remarks, "although the salary will be nothing particular, respectable *propinas* (Anglicé, bribes) may be made in arranging town governorships." While listening to the man, I could almost fancy myself in the *Puerta del Sol* of Madrid, or the *Rambla* of Barcelona, where groups of heavily moustached gentlemen in long brown *capas* (which often hide a multitude of rags) daily congregate to discuss their future in similar terms.

"I presume you are a Catholic, sir?" I remarked to him.

"Si, Señor! As my fathers were, so am I, and always hope to be."

"May I take it that your decision is the result of prayerful consideration?"

"I do not see that prayer has anything to do with it. A man's judgment will tell him what is right, and what is wrong."

"You are perfectly satisfied with the decision of your Church regarding Papal Infallibility?" (a sure touchstone).

"No! I do not believe the dogma."

"If you are dissatisfied with the decisions of your Church, may you not call into question the accuracy of your own judgment?"

"I hold true religion consists in doing what is right, and whatever a man's profession may be, so long as he does this and has a clear conscience, he is sure of salvation."

"What do you mean by doing right?"

"To do rightly is to fear God, and love one's neighbour."

"You interest me greatly. How shall we learn first of all the way to fear God?"

"Every man must judge for himself; conscience will not lead him astray."

"You have already shown that man may err, but may I infer from what you say that a man is justified by his works before God?"

"Yes! and we shall be judged before God, and rewarded or punished by Him according to their good or evil nature."

"It is written, 'by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified

in His sight'; that we are 'justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus'; and 'therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Hence we are not saved by our own works or merits, but are accounted righteous before God only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith in Him. We read furthermore in the inspired Word, that 'all have sinned and come short of the glory of God,' 'but God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life.'"

"This is news to me. I thought a Christian would be saved because of his good works!"

"Our Lord settles this point, saying 'So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do.'"

"Am I to understand then that good works are not acceptable to God?"

"Good works are unacceptable to God as the ground of our acceptance with Him, for they can by no means atone for sin, from which the blood of Christ alone can cleanse us: they are however acceptable to God when springing from a true and lively faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, the Spirit of God teaching and enabling us to show forth the measure of grace abounding in us."

A new light seemed to shine into the heart of my hearer, who thoughtfully questioned me upon the way of salvation. He had never seen a Bible, and as I repeated from memory some of the Psalms and portions of the Word, his face beamed with interest, and said he *no descansaré hasta que tengo la Palabra de Dios* (I will not rest until I have the Word of God), adding "I cannot imagine how it is we Catholics are deprived the comfort of reading the Sacred Scriptures, for they necessarily must be edifying. I have never troubled myself much about the matter, as I am not sufficiently versed in Latin to read to profit in that tongue, and on this side of the Andes, at any rate in Peru, I do not believe there is a single copy of the Bible in the Spanish language."

The evening was well advanced when we separated, and on bidding *Buenas noches*, he remarked, "The Lord have mercy upon an ignorant man, and teach me what to do until I have His word for my guide." "Remember," I said, "that God is ever near you. His ear is always open to your cry. He will not cast you out if you go to Him in faith in our blessed Saviour. Seek to be found in Him, not having your own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith, and may God supply all your need according to the riches of His glory in Christ Jesus."

Sunday, April 7th.—To-day our course is among a chain of low islands on the south shore, which rise about three feet above the water; they are densely wooded with a younger growth than that on the main land. On the banks are hosts of wild fowl which stand irresolutely cackling at us or rise up in clouds. A greyish kind of heron is numerous, and the ibis is common; when the former rise, they stretch out their legs and necks, and in flight closely resemble the stork which annually visits Europe. I saw some pretty kingfishers, a pair of orange-billed toucans, and flocks of small green parroquets. Black Urubus wheel in circles, an almost sure sign that carrion is below—possibly the carcase of some animal slain by the ferocious jaguar, who will leave but little beyond bones to pick for the keen-sighted gormandisers which seem to spring out of the ground when anything revolting to other birds and animals lies festering in the sun. Floating trees and islets of rank grass become again frequent, and every few minutes the vessel receives a shock. At eleven o'clock this morning a log struck the floats of the starboard wheel, and jumping up endways smashed through the floor of a room in front of the paddle-box, nearly striking a negro who leaped out of the door the moment his dangerous and unwelcome visitor appeared from beneath. A thin yellow mist covers the sky, through which the hot sun gleams and makes everybody uncomfortable. It is a quarter past eleven, now, so that at home it will be about six o'clock in the evening, and the bells will soon be ringing for church. In a moment my mind pictures the crowded streets and well-filled places of worship, and, but that it is the Lord's will I should be here, how much should I rejoice to mingle with those who in another half-hour will be gathered to sing the praises of the Most High, and hear the Divine Word. Whenever I return to England after a long and eventful journey in foreign climes, and attend the house of God, I always feel overwhelmed at the privilege, and at a loss to comprehend how it can be lightly esteemed by any one. How often have my wife and self sat down to family worship in lonely North Africa, or in Southern Spain have we called upon the name of the Lord amid the din and revelry which regularly desecrates His day! and I may venture to say that we never once did this without joyfully looking forward to the time when God in His mercy would permit us to walk together to His house, and unite our hearts and voices with the faithful, in prayer and praise. Blessed be God, although time and distance may separate man from man, nothing can separate us from our Lord and Master, for His eye watches over us in all our wanderings, and His Almighty hand is always extended to comfort, bless, support, and guide us, and strengthen us with the graces of His Spirit. Our Saviour is well acquainted with the trials, temptations, and dangers which beset us, "For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted." Yes! Jesus has walked up and down

this beautiful earth, and "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust." At His presence the hills moved with joy; the trees gave Him fruit to eat; the conscious waters blushed to wine as they beheld their Maker's face; the flowers sprung up revivified by His footsteps; rock enclosed His spotless frame; Olivet kissed his departing feet, and He who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," says, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

I had much comfort in reading the services appointed for the day, which I commenced this morning as early as there was sufficient light, translating Psalms xxxv.—xl. to the Chachepoyano mentioned yesterday, and to two Ecuadorians. I also rendered the prayers into Spanish. The Litany was greatly admired, and several times I was interrupted by the exclamation, *Bendito sea Dios cuan hermosas son estas oraciones!* (Blessed be God; how beautiful are these prayers!) "Although I never heard any Psalms read in Spanish till this morning," said the Chachepoyans, "there is a *no se que* about them, which stamps them as Divinely inspired." During the night we had a heavy thunderstorm, and amid the roar of the elements I had joy in singing in my heart the well-known beautiful hymn, commencing—

"My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done.'"

Monday, April 8th.—At two p.m. yesterday we arrived at the village of Serpa, composed of about ninety houses, and consequently soon seen: the population is nearly equally divided between Tapuyos and negroes, with a sprinkling of whites, who raise cacao, superintend the manufacture of bricks and tiles, and collect rubber and salsa. The Sabbath is so far respected, that I saw no one at work; but a dirty liquor-store, kept by a Portuguese, was well-filled with negroes and half-breeds, playing at cards for cachaca. The Indian name for Serpa is Ita-Coatiára, or painted stone, from the fact of the village standing upon a bank of variegated clay, rising about thirty feet above the river, which shows a fine coloured grain, resembling the pink mottled soap commonly used in France. Serpa stands upon an island, separated from the main land by a back-water system similar to that which forms the Tupinambarana Island already described. Those well acquainted with the district, having resided here many years, and undertaken collecting trips in the vicinity, affirm that canoes may go from the Rio Uatumá to a channel opposite the Madeira by an inland route. The map of Dom Candido Mendes de Almeida is considered pretty correct as far as it goes, but a dozen streams were mentioned, and their localities pointed out to me, which are not set down. The bank facing the

river gradually slopes in rear of the village to the general low level of the country. Five tracks lead to Lake Saracá, and in one of them I obtained a few glimpses of the forest, the general aspect of which I presume to be much the same. The trees are lofty, and branchless within thirty-five and forty feet of the ground; and twisted round their stems, or hanging from the branches, are *cipos*, from the thickness of whipcord to the girth of a Great Eastern cable. Below was an undergrowth, six feet high, which I did not penetrate for want of a sabre-knife: coffee-coloured ants' nests stood out like foul excrescences upon the trunks of trees, and from among the dead leaves and twigs at my feet a flat arrow-headed snake glided into the bush to escape the doom its family invariably meets with at the hand of man: it is my conviction the reptile was poisonous, but at the moment I did not think of it, and consequently experienced no alarm. There were some lovely ferns, but not so high or numerous as those I saw in the neighbourhood of Pará, though doubtless near the great lake they are to be met with in increased variety. On either side the towering walls sheltered me from the fierce rays of the declining sun, and allowed of my looking up at the mass of foliage, where, here and there among the interstices, the damp leaves shone like molten brass. As usual, I heard no feathered songsters, but was much struck by the cry of a bird called the Muracututú, which resembles a rapid roll of notes caused by the tongue striking the roof of the mouth, and winding up with a bark.

As I have already mentioned the streams on the south bank, between Villa Bella and the Madeira, I will now briefly allude to those on the opposite shore from the point facing the mouth of this great tributary to the river Jamundá. Leaving Villa Bella we passed the mouth of a furo called the Cararaucú, which describes an irregular arc, about eight miles in its furthest bend from the Amazons. Between its two mouths are some noticeable pink-coloured cliffs; it is said to communicate with the Uatumá between Sta. Anna and São Lourenço. The Uatumá rises north of the equator, and is reputed to be about two hundred and forty miles in length; it receives a number of affluents, of which the following are the principal—the Jatapú, Capucapú, and Paraguises, the two latter on the left and the former on the right bank. A few miles south of Sta. Anna the stream divides, one branch entering the Amazons, the other bending west of Lake Saracá. Jatapú, situated at the mouth of the river so named, would make a good mission station, so far as affording scope for Evangelical labour among the heathen is concerned, and it is only a fortnight from the Amazons by canoe, but the climate is sickly during the rainy season when the rivers are full, and the waters of the Uatumá being forced back inundate an immense tract of low country, where they stagnate and generate a malaria fruitful in fever and ague. We next come to the Anibá—from which canoes pass to the Jatapú when

the land is flooded—and the Urubú, both falling into Lake Saracá. This lake is about thirty miles long, and four broad in its widest part, and through its western extremity the Urubú has a distinct course, from whence it flows to the Amazons by a number of channels. The Urubú proper commences at Concerção, where it is nearly a mile wide, but it gradually expands to a much greater width before reaching S. Raymundo, where it begins to rapidly narrow, and at Nolasco, the last Indian settlement, it is only a quarter of a mile across; it flows through a densely-wooded country, with here and there plains of rank grass, which swarm with serpents and alligators. *All Amazonian back-water systems, and streams running into even the largest tributaries, are unhealthy,* but my object is to point out, with such means as are at my command, the respective advantages and disadvantages of each locality. It may be asked if the Uatumá is unhealthy, why recommend Jatapú as suitable for a mission station? but the fact is, I place the opportunities for labouring unmolested among the heathen aborigines as of prime importance, and all else secondary, believing that, with the Lord's blessing, illness may be prevented or cured by exercising due precaution. The country is peopled by Araquis, Terecuma, and Mura Indians, and a missionary settling among them would soon grow popular, provided his zeal was seasoned with tact. Most likely he would be unable to communicate with his friends above once or twice a year, and many privations would have to be borne for Jesus' sake, but the precious truths of Christ's evangel would be sown, and should we not both pray for and *expect* the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon our labours? If we are in the path of duty, and rightly estimate the value of human souls, we shall be prepared to struggle against hardships which would otherwise prove unbearable. Fish and game are abundant; bread, of course, is unknown; but mandioca, farinha, and plantains may be had, which form tolerable substitutes to one blessed with strong digestive powers and vegetarian proclivities.

During the evening we passed the mouth of the Madeira, nine hundred miles distant from the Atlantic. The Rio Madeira is over two thousand miles in length, the Marmoré branch rising near the head waters of the Paraguay among the Chuquisacan cordilleras, and the Bení near Lake Titicaca, both traversing the Republic of Bolivia from south to north and draining a considerable portion of Matto Grosso. Four hundred and eighty miles from its mouth is the Cachoeira de São Antonio, which impedes further navigation for large craft, and twenty miles beyond, or five hundred miles from its confluence with the Amazons, it is a mile wide and one hundred feet deep. A line of railway is now being surveyed from the first to the twentieth cataract, a few miles to the north of the Marmoré, when the river again becomes navigable for large vessels, and, when opened, it is certain that the major part of Bolivian

commerce will flow through this its natural channel, and the virgin wealth of these comparatively unknown regions be poured into the lap of the old world across the Atlantic, instead of over the Andes on llamas' and mules' backs and then round the Horn, as is the case at present. Previous to the introduction of steamboats, the produce of the river was collected by traders from Manáos, Serpa, and Villa Bella, who made Borba, one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, their headquarters, a few going as far as Guirra and Baêtas. Indians are found throughout its course, some friendly and others inimical towards whites, and Indians of other tribes whom they fearlessly attack for the simple gratification of their lust for murder. Perhaps the Aráras are the most warlike, a tribe reputed as numerous and now more powerful than the Mundrucús, but the Muras, Puncas, Flechas, and a host of others, are not to be trusted, and navigation beyond the falls has always been attended with peril. I heard that within the last two years a trader and party had disappeared at the beginning of the district mentioned, and it was the general opinion they had been murdered during the night: means of rapid communication, however, will soon put an end to Indian attacks, and the red man must then conform to the manners and usages of civilized life, or be *improved* off the face of the earth, unless he retires to mountain and forest recesses, where he perhaps may remain unmolested for another two hundred years.

The affluents of the Madeira are legion: some of them splendid rivers. All kinds of timber, most of the useful and precious minerals, and several kinds of valuable stones, are found on or near its banks; and although its course at present lies through the heart of savagedom, the mind involuntarily looks forward to the time when a teeming population will flourish upon its banks in civilised prosperity. How my eye lingered up the great river, where the dun-coloured sky and water seemed to meet in the distant horizon, and with what joy would I trace it to its source to ascertain the names and manners and customs of the Indians upon its banks, with a view to future missionary enterprise; but the steamer hurries ahead, and now we have passed the mouth of the Madeira, which is two miles wide and sixty feet deep; the Amazon is not in the least narrowed, but pours its turbid waters eastwards in equal grandeur.

Madeira, in Portuguese, signifies wood, or timber, and this name was given to the river on account of the immense quantity of drift-wood which unceasingly issues from its mouth; and after leaving Serpa, we found it did not belie its name, for the Amazon was choked with grass and trunks of trees. The sudden influx of waters is visible one-third of the way across the main stream, where it describes a sharp curve, and is immediately swallowed up in the yellow volume of the Solimoes.

I was up early this morning, desirous of obtaining a good parting

look at the Lower Amazons, which terminate at the mouth of the Rio Negro. The passengers came out in their best style, particularly the ladies, whose watches were more than ordinarily conspicuous: necklace had been added to necklace, and bracelet to bracelet, perhaps with a view to impress the beholder with a favourable idea of the balance in hand; but I am inclined to think that the entire stock had been called into requisition for the occasion. There was an amusing bye-play of feminine spirit which might have resulted in the tossing up of noses, but that the nasal organs of most inclined to width rather than prominence; parasols, which would make a London housemaid shudder, were expanded in the shade, and there was a display of green and lavender kid gloves which would not button—"ridiculously made," as a lady observed who was afraid to open her hands for fear of a split. The gentlemen came out in black like so many undertakers: cosmetics and perfumes had been freely used, and the quarter-deck smelt like a new pair of hunting corduroys would do after hanging in Rimmel's for a fortnight. There was a general looking-up of luggage, and a fussy little man, with one shirt-collar up to his ear, and the other resting upon his coat, wished to know if I had seen his stick; while a group of four gave their candid opinions regarding the proper way to stow goods for smuggling, and how they had "done" the custom-house authorities of their own country upon several occasions. The bullocks tried to keep up a good heart, though for want of food they were little better than skin and bone; and the turtle—I should not be surprised if they do have the night-mare sometimes—reclined peacefully upon their backs, as though conscious it was no use trying to turn over, and yet they seemed to take some interest in what was going on, for every now and then they would protrude their horny heads from the shell, and stare with their bead-like eyes at the steerage passengers, who were extensively rigged in blue, green, scarlet, and yellow; the engine-room was hotter than ever, and the cylinders looked seedy, as the strong shiny rods dived into their dirty covers, but still they kept at it under the watchful eye of the engineer, who smoked his short pipe, perhaps thinking of his home a thousand miles away in Pará; the negro stewards smile as they pass and repass to the cook-house, and hope I have had a pleasant voyage—I know what the poor fellows mean, and will not disappoint them either—and men who have lost at cards complain of the heat: *me duele la cabeza* (my head aches) says a Peruvian; while a Brazilian, who has won a heap of notes, whistles what he thinks is a popular selection from *Il Trovatore*, but it is not.

The Rio Negro does not penetrate the Amazons more than a quarter of a mile, and where the waters blend the line is as sharply defined as though painted. The general aspect of the shore differs materially from that of the river we have just left; instead of low perpendicular

banks fringed by a steep wall of vegetation, or a line of grass and reeds, the olive-green forest rises and falls over an undulating country gradually sloping to the water in which it is partly submerged, and so exactly mirrored that at the distance of a few yards it is difficult to discern where one ends and the other commences. At the northern extremity of an island near Manáos, two trees are singularly draped, and bear so close a resemblance to human forms that art could scarcely have arranged the foliage with greater effect; one resembles a female dressed in a mantilla, with a basket on her arm, the other a man with his hat on, and right hand extended as though in the act of saluting. Elsewhere up *Igaripés* and small rivers I have observed similar freaks of nature, the trees and bushes being draped by parasites so as to unmistakably represent various kinds of animals.

At ten o'clock the anchor was dropped in front of Manáos, and in a few minutes a boat put off to us with several officials dressed in scarlet caps similar to those worn by the officers of French infantry regiments; bye-and-bye passenger boats came alongside, and after transferring my luggage to the Icamiaba, by which I was to proceed up the Solimoes, I went ashore with my black bag, hammock, and blanket. On landing I was told my luggage must be examined, and after waiting an hour for functionaries engaged in a *jogo de bilhar* I remembered I was in Brazil, and forthwith tendered a mil rei note to a squinting sub who politely bowed, smiled, accepted the trifle, regretted the trouble I had been put to, said it was *muito bom feito* (what a shocking language, to be sure)! and that I might depart. How the situation of affairs did not dawn upon my mind earlier, I cannot imagine, unless it be that the yellow fever has impaired my perceptive faculties. Upon landing in Spain, or the eastern frontier of Portugal, I should know at once what to do, but here I expected to find things on a different footing, a hope most miserably disappointed. After trudging up a hill under the vertical rays of a noon-day's sun, I perspired profusely, and felt rather weak, so I sat on a stone in the shade of a house to cool, and tried to induce a passing negro to carry my traps to the only hotel in the town; by dint of coaxing and finally a mil rei note, I got the man, who, by the way, had scarcely a rag to his back, to accede to my wishes, and after a long walk over a roughly paved street and dusty road I arrived at my destination full of thankfulness at the prospect of a rest, but "We have not accomodation for another" I was greeted with, as we crossed the threshold, braced with which cheering information I set out to find lodgings elsewhere, and in an hour I obtained permission to sling my hammock in an open shed adjoining the combined attractions of a pig-stye, and an eating-house called *La Distraccao*, where, sure enough, the food would almost drive anybody to distraction blessed with a less delicate stomach than myself.

Manáos, formerly Barra, is situated on the left bank of the Rio Negro, about ten miles from its mouth, and one thousand from Parà, and is named after a once numerous and powerful tribe of Indians called the Manáos, the scattered hordes of which at present range between the Japurá and Negro. It is built on a number of small hills, intersected by creeks which were formerly crossed in ferry-boats, but are at present spanned by shaky wooden bridges, their timbers having become so warped through exposure to rain and the blistering rays of the sun as to present a number of ugly apertures, a fact which induced me to make the mental *nota bene*—not to be crossed after dark without a lantern. From the size of the city I should say it does not possess less than six thousand souls. Little reliance can be placed upon the *viva voce* statistics of even well-meaning Brazilians, for get one on to numbers and he will outshine himself forthwith; but I think the *rei* system of calculating must have a great deal to do with it. Imagine a mother giving her son when going to school after his holidays the sum of *Five Thousand Reis*, which after all is only equivalent to ten English shillings. Before leaving Parà, I cashed a draft for fifty pounds, and received such a bundle of notes from young Mr. Brocklehurst—*Four Hundred and Eighty Thousand Reis* was the amount, I believe—that when I reached my room, shut the door and opened them out on the table, I began to look upon Mr. Brocklehurst as my benefactor, and for the first time in my life suspected I was growing rich. How Brazilian financial estimates can be reckoned without the aid of a Babbage's calculating machine is more than I can tell, for minds accustomed to deal with trifles under millions would collapse before the task.

Three streets are paved with irregular blocks of brown sandstone, and, provided they see no greater traffic than at present, the paving commissioners of this generation are not likely to be troubled again on their behalf; all the others are sand ruts in dry weather, and uncompromising quagmires in wet, so that foot passengers must choose between burning sands below, and a broiling sun above, or a drenching downpour and anti-equilibrium foothold. Some of the houses are two stories high, and after seeing so many mud huts, and having to sleep in an open shed, I humbly look at these magnificent structures, ask if ordinary mortals inhabit them, and wonder if I shall ever again have the felicity of living in a two-storied house myself. The better sort of one-storied houses have adobe walls washed white or yellow, brick floors, tiled roofs and green doors and shutters; glass is rarely used, and would really be worthless where the object is to obtain as much fresh air as possible. The walls of every room are studded with hooks from which are suspended hammocks. It appears to me, that although an easy recumbent position in the hammock, or *rede* as it is here called, is very delightful in a tropical climate, yet this method of resting must prove far more

enervating than sitting upon a chair; but in an important respect it is certainly preferable, and that is one's feet do not rest upon the ground, and consequently ants and other insects which sometimes swarm the floors cause little annoyance.

About nineteen years ago the foundation of a cathedral was laid; the walls are up, and the oldest inhabitant can tell when the roof was commenced, but here he is obliged to halt, the most sanguine hesitating to plunge into an ambiguous future. I predict that the edifice will be wholly finished about the same time the internal decorations of our own Metropolitan Cathedral, St. Paul's, are completed. I think I consoled my *cicerone* by remarking that happily the walls could not take fire, and that they have abundance of time to settle. Externally the building is superlatively ugly in design, and future generations will doubtless discuss whether the architect who planned it or those who accepted it deserve the most censure. The principal squares are the Largos, Da Polvera, Do Pelorinho, and Dos Remedios; churches, Matriz Velha, Nossa Senhora Dos Remedios, and São Vicente; the public buildings, such as the Palacio do Governo, and Palacio Velho, notwithstanding their high-sounding names, are nothing more nor less than unmitigated huts, but the Jardim, Velho Forte, and Cuartel, are well worth seeing by those about to penetrate the Upper Amazons, for they are the last very superficial vestiges of civilized life to be met with this side of Tabatinga.

The number of liquor stores in Manáos is surprising, nearly every street corner being monopolized by a *taberna*, in point of fact I think there are more public-houses in this illustrious *cidade* than even in Greenock, a circumstance which no prudent Scotchman should ever forget. I am not prepared, however, to say that drunkenness is prevalent, but there must be a good deal of tippling to support the trade. Let us step inside one of these stores and see what it is like. At a glance it is easy to discover the brick floor is never washed, and but badly swept; a pile of *piraruc*ú, in bundles of an arroba, each weighing thirty pounds, or five pounds more than the Spanish arroba, stands against the wall emitting a stench strong enough to——well, the negroes sitting close by, card-playing, do not seem to notice it; two rows of demi-johns (large bottles of green glass protected by wicker-work) of *cashaca* stand in front of the counter so as to keep customers at a respectable distance (Cafuzos are sadly afflicted with kleptomania); and round the walls are shelves containing bottles of stale beer, sabre knives, white crockery, tins of American biscuits, crucifixes, Dutch cheeses, pictures of saints and virgins being griddled, roasted, burnt, and beheaded, preserved oysters, sticks of tobacco, common prints and coarse calico, hatchets, strings of blue and white beads, Moyabamba hats, and a row of Birmingham and Liége single and double barrel shooters, which I should hesitate

to fire with even half a charge of gunpowder and B.B. shot. The proprietor of the establishment, if not asleep or engaged in business, will be found in his shirt sleeves, possibly gazing in raptures at a large card representing a natty good-looking girl sitting before a sewing machine; of course he is a genuine *filho do Portugal*, and his nose is suggestive of a synagogue, and when asked the price of any article he charges just double its value. I believe there is no surer way of testing national veracity than in closely examining general trade and business transactions. In England the tradesman states his price, and as a rule feels insulted at an attempt to haggle, but here, as in some European countries, business affairs are invariably associated with gratuitous untruths on the part of the vendor, a fact with which the purchaser is well acquainted; and hence there is an attempt to overreach in every commercial transaction. For instance: Doña Concepcion de la Calabaza intends purchasing dresses for herself and two daughters. A solemn conclave is then held by the fair ones and intimate female acquaintances, to discuss where the latest importations have been made, and the various characteristics of leading storekeepers. Everything satisfactorily arranged, the party sallies forth for the evening, the daughters innocently staring everybody in the face, and looking at members of their own sex from top to toe, and indulging in audible criticisms, which are promptly reciprocated, while the mamma volunteers suggestions as to the way their dresses should be held, and what windows should be looked at and shunned. Arrived at their destination, a friendly chat takes place over the degeneracy of servants, and most notorious pieces of current scandal, during which time the storekeeper is endeavouring to ascertain how much he may safely overcharge his customers, and the latter to what extent they can wheedle the vendor. But to business. Piles of muslins are taken down and unfolded, and at every mention of price there is a giggle of incredulity and amazement.

"Do you mean to say this article is two mil reis the yard?"

"Não, Senhora! I said four mil reis, and this, too, out of consideration for the high esteem I entertain for yourself and your lovely daughters (the mother's heart softens), and moreover for the exalted opinion I have of your wise husband, the illustrious paving Commissioner, not to mention your son, the valiant ensign in the volunteers." (Here all obduracy nearly breaks down, and Doña Concepcion de la Calabaza begins to think the tradesman a person of discrimination.)

"But four mil reis is too high. I am not particularly anxious for the piece (rapid glances between mother and daughters, treading on toes, pulling out of handkerchiefs, and nervous coughing); but as you have had so much trouble, and—— You surely cannot be more than thirty years of age, Sir?"

(Tradesman's heart yields.) "Oh! I am thirty-one!" (He should

have said forty.) And so the conversation rattles on till the goods are bought at two and three-quarter mil reis, and the ladies retire in conscious triumph, while the vendor counts his money over again to see if he actually can have made such a bargain.

From two to four in the afternoon the streets are deserted, no one venturing out except on urgent business; and I was glad to keep on the shady side of the street, with my umbrella up when passing an opening. Government buildings are painted white, with a streak of yellow, like those about Belem and the approaches to the Ajuda, and the number of officers seen strolling through the streets of an evening is apt to impart the idea that an immense army must be encamped in the neighbourhood; but the fact is, the Empire appears to have established her military affairs upon the Portuguese system, which, statistics show, requires about half as many officers as men. The few soldiers I saw were negroes; and although the Ethiopian can undoubtedly stand heat better than the pale faces, still I am at a loss to apprehend why the poor fellows should be burdened with clothes and accoutrements which would suffice to make a Laplander swelter in mid-winter. They wore: No. 1, a heavy black polished shako, and chin-strap—perfect brain-stewers at noon-day, either in the sun or shade. No. 2, a thick blue tunic, and trowsers to match—to induce perspiration, I suppose. No. 3, a pair of Blucher boots—the less said about these the better. No. 4, a polished black leather stock, which, when buckled, must serve as a semi-garotte. No. 5, a prodigious knapsack with cloak and canteen, fastened with broad pipe-clayed straps upon an admirable chest-compressing principle. No. 6, a waist-belt, to which is attached a black leathern trunk (called a cartridge-box, I believe), a bayonet and scabbard, and a monstrous wooden water-keg. No. 7, an antiquated muzzle-loader, and last of all, a pair of white cotton gloves. Such is the costume of a soldier on the Rio Negro, one wholly unfitted for life on the Equator and still less for active service, such as skirmishing with light-footed Indians in the forest.

In the evening I was invited to the house of a retired merchant, where I was politely welcomed by an elderly gentleman, who introduced me to his wife and son. In a few minutes we discussed the heat of the weather—a subject always broached by Amazonians when they meet; and then European affairs engrossed our attention. I spent a pleasant evening, and was charmed with the easy, affable, courteous bearing of my new acquaintances, who were as well versed as could be expected in the history and politics of the Old World. Our host was an ardent supporter of the Imperial *régime* of his own country, and, setting aside his antipathy to the Portuguese, was enlightened and liberal in his views. He was a staunch Catholic, but thought Protestantism best suited to the intelligence and temperament of North American and

European nations. "Reformed Christianity is the religion of the brain," said he. "Romanism appeals to the heart and senses, gratifying the latter, perhaps, more than the former, but considering those who hold the old faith, I think it the best adapted to their intelligence and dispositions." He thought that Indians would never become Christianized beyond being baptized, and this would not happen for several generations to come, and that the race, while doomed to extinction as a separate people, will become absorbed by the whites and negroes. In evidence of this, he observed, that in Manáos the white, negro, and Indian had become so amalgamated, that eleven-twelfths of the population had an admixture of two, if not three bloods. He was a slave-owner, but did not regret the abolition of traffic in human blood; "though," he added, "to accept the negro as a man and a brother, and consequently upon an equal footing, is so repugnant, that I could not entertain the thought for a moment."

"And yet," I observed, "you will not deny that the negro has an immortal soul, and that Christ died to save him as well as you and I?"

"Well, no!" he replied; "but upon this matter I do not care to speculate;" and adroitly turning the conversation into another channel more congenial to his inclinations, his brow cleared, and voice changed to a sweeter tone. I mention this circumstance, considering it probable that, like this man, other slave-owners, while loth to confess the negro fully entitled to all the privileges of humanity, know in their hearts that he is their equal before God.

During the evening we were enlivened by the strains of a fine musical box, which played some operatic selections. I heard there were three pianos in the town, but on account of the humidity of the climate they soon lost their tone, and got out of order otherwise by the softening of glue. I was shown an album of photographs, most of which were badly taken, either through an improper compound of chemicals, or the deteriorative effect of the climate. The postures were absurd beyond measure, such as leaning upon impossible columns, resting upon elbows, or standing bolt upright in a corner as though a ramrod had been swallowed. The son was an intelligent young man; had read much in French; was an embryo materialist of the advanced school, and desired to travel in Europe.

It was eleven o'clock when I returned to my shed at La Distraccão, and after getting into my hammock with all my clothes on, except my coat, and composing myself for sleep, several dissipated roosters got up a competitive crowing match, which effectually kept me awake about an hour.

Tuesday, April 9th.—It was about half-past seven when I awoke this morning, and I perspired as freely as though I were in a Russian vapour-bath. I slept in my boots for fear of vampire bats, which, in

this quarter of the world, are so excessively rude as to suck blood from one's big toes if exposed during the night. I think I never felt less refreshed after a sleep than I did this morning. I began to wonder if I should ever get cool again, and thought what a treat it would be to sit on the North Pole for half-an-hour before breakfast. I remembered the delicious iced-strawberry drinks I used to enjoy at a chemist's in the Broadway, at New York; tantalized myself by thinking of the icy fountains of Montserrat, and wished I could put my head into a refrigerator and walk about till it got cool.

"What will you have for breakfast, Sir?" inquired my greasy landlord, as he wiped his perspiring forehead upon an apron which looked as though a plum-pudding had been boiled in it.

"What have you?" I faintly asked.

"O! a great many things!"

"Have you a mutton-chop?—No!"

"Well, then, a beef-steak?—Tampoco!"

"Come, come! A rasher of bacon?—Not know what it means!"

"Let me see, then: say stewed kidneys!"

"Not to be had, Sir!"

"Very well, then, let me have something—anything!" and away went "mine host" to his cooking-place, which resembled a cross between a blacksmith's forge and *very* pagan altar.

"Will you let me have some water to wash with?" I inquired.

"Si, Senhor!" and a boy brought me a small basin of water, which I immediately drank, returning the vessel with a remark to the effect that it was water to wash with, and not to drink, which I required. The landlord saw through it, and furnished me with a bucketful, into which I should have liked to dip my head, but could not. (N.B.—The bucket was small.) And now, my ablutions over, I sit down to breakfast on a settle in front of a rough wooden table, upon which the names and initials of Brazilian and Peruvian Tomkins and Briggs have been carved, with a view of transmitting them to posterity. Patent knife-cleaners are not patronized at La Distraccão, or the word Sheffield would not be so indistinct upon my dexter piece of cutlery. Sheffield! —I think of railways, factories, tall chimneys, cinders, the roar of machinery, grimy operatives, counting-houses, white-faced clerks, big horses before big waggons, and—— Here my reverie is abruptly broken by finding myself in the region of three-pronged steel forks. The landlord stands with folded arms while I commence eating, and, knowing the poor fellow has done his best, I congratulate him upon the strength of his onions (brought from Lisbon); maintain that the Thames is inferior to the Amazons, both in length and breadth, and that, to the best of my belief, Mr. Frank Buckland has not found any turtle in it—certainly not below Richmond; and I frankly hope I may

never have worse fare—a compliment reciprocated by "mine host," who anon brings me a tumbler full of *vinho do Porto*, "which I keep for myself," he confidentially whispers.

At four p.m. a gentleman kindly volunteered to take me to a public school, about a mile and a-half distant. Leaving the town we followed a well-beaten track through the forest, and, but for the heat, and occasional presence of bananas, cocoa-nut, pine-apple, and different kinds of palm-trees, I could almost have imagined myself in one of our own beautiful English parks. Descending a grassy slope, we come to a creek of clear black water, and while paddling my hands in the tepid element, Senhor Mendez summoned the ferry-boat, manned by a couple of boys belonging to the school, told off to this duty. In mid-stream the water was as black as ink; in shallows it had a golden cast, and in a tumbler a perceptible brown tinge. I believe this colour is caused by minute particles of vegetable matter held in solution. During several months in the year, when the Amazons are full, the waters of the Rio Negro not only find no outlet, but by the pressure of the Solimoes are actually forced back, when they overflow an immense tract of country, forming what is called Ygapós to the width of from twenty to forty miles, and the dark-green vegetation, then partly submerged, dyes the water the colour from which its name is taken. In this case one would be naturally led to expect that particles would be precipitated, and so form a black deposit; but the dye is not sufficiently strong to discolour the sandy bottom beyond imparting a golden hue. A chemical analysis of the waters of this river, the Coary, Teffé, and others, would settle the question.

The school is a substantial one-storey building, standing upon an elevated clearing, and commands a fine view of the creek. The director met us at the principal entrance, invited us into a reception-room, where we rested a few minutes, and then obligingly conducted us over the establishment. We were informed that one hundred and four boys were undergoing a course of training, most of whom had been rescued from savagedom in infancy. All are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and some useful trade. They make their own clothes, consisting of a white cotton jacket and trowsers (no shirt, or socks), and learn to mend and make shoes, beside something of carpentering. At the time of our visit all hands were engaged constructing an extension of the school, and the work, though rough, was well put together, and reflected considerable credit. The premises contain everything necessary for light smith and vice-work. Boiled rice, with a little turtle oil, salt, and occasionally pungent red peppers, is the chief article of food: bread is never eaten, and farinha but in small quantities. It was clear, however, that Dotheboys Hall treatment was unknown, for all were in excellent condition, while not a few were as stout as Master Wackford himself

was reputed to be. Corporal punishment was formerly administered by using an instrument fourteen inches long, made of hard red wood, and shaped like a spade at one end: it is a cruel piece of torture, and a smart blow on the hand would inevitably damage the flesh and tendons. Refractory lads are now confined in dark cells, and have only half rations. The dormitory has four rows of narrow bunks ranged against the walls like so many book-shelves. Five minutes are allowed at sunrise and sunset for bathing, but none are permitted to venture from the shore for fear of alligators, snakes, and voracious fish. I was shown children from the Uaupés, Rio Branco, and other rivers, and some belonging to surrounding tribes, such as the Manáos, Mura, Arara, Maué, Omáuas, and Mundrucú, who had been *resgatado* when young. Sometimes they are purchased from their parents for a trifle, are ransomed from slavery by paying an equivalent value to their owners who have captured them while making war upon their neighbours. Poor little fellows! a sad tale is the history of each; but let us hope all have now commenced a brighter and better life. The most recent addition was a Mura lad about ten years of age, who looked every inch a savage, and when told to come to me he complied as sullenly and obstinately as a young bear. All had low foreheads, thick jet-black hair, cut close, small, bright, dark, restless eyes, small hands and feet, and skins varying from copper-colour to lighter shades. When first brought some evince a great dislike to clothing, and have to be repeatedly punished before they can be induced to forego nudity. They generally fall ill during the second week, and are carefully watched for about three months, when they begin to settle down to their new mode of life. Nearly all are clay-eaters, and are only forced to abandon this disgusting practice after a course of severe chastisement: some are never cured of the habit, and although narrowly watched, it is known by their swollen abdomens and general ill-health that mud is surreptitiously eaten.

The Director, who has occupied his present position a number of years, speaks hopefully of his pupils, and says they generally do well after leaving school. When a boy exhibits more than ordinary ability special attention is paid to his studies; and, should he favourably pass an examination, he is sent to Pará for instruction in the higher branches of knowledge, and finally to the Rio University: but these instances are very rare. Some savage types are so degraded that they can never be taught to think about anything beyond eating and drinking, and, notwithstanding they undergo a course of tuition from infancy, at the age of seventeen or eighteen they will throw off their clothes and rush into the forest to follow the wild life of their fathers. I was told of several instances where young men had relapsed into savagedom after leading a civilised life from the age of four years; so deeply rooted in certain natures is the passion for unrestrained freedom. During our stay we

were favoured with a serenade by a brass band: the music was passable considering the instruments used, and those who played them, and I heard that this branch of education forms an important feature in awakening sweeter and better inclinations among freshly caught children. It would be unfair to too closely criticise the general arrangements of this admirable institution, for its few slight defects will doubtless be soon satisfactorily dealt with. I think few of our reformatories are more successful in reclaiming unfortunate lads, though I am disposed to admit that it is easier to reclaim from savagedom than vice. I was shown a heap of capitally preserved monkeys' skins, which were being made into serviceable pouches, the tail lapping over in front and passing through a loop: there were several tiger-cat and ant-eater skins also. A German bookbinder lives on the premises, and I saw several volumes the boys had bound under his supervision.

It was long past dark when we left, and as Senhor Mendez said he knew a short cut which would save half a mile's walk through the forest, we started down stream. Bye-and-bye we got among a lot of trees and bushes standing out of the water, and in ten minutes had penetrated such a labyrinth of windings that I was relieved by hearing our guide declare he did not know where he was: I suspected as much before he spoke, thinking it impossible for one to find his way amid so many twistings and turnings.

"So you give it up?" I enquired.

"Yes!" he replied, "I confess complete bewilderment: but we cannot be far from land; and if you like to take charge of the canoe you are welcome."

I struck a light; but this only served to make darkness more profound, for the stars were invisible through the dense foliage, and the water was pitchy black below; besides, a number of ants fell upon us, and numerous insects were attracted, so I put out the taper, and again we were in an almost palpable blackness. In the good providence of God we happily emerged into the open stream in about twenty minutes —for I had no idea of the course we were taking, steering solely at random—and paddling up, landed at our former ferrying-place on the Manáos side, from whence we strolled gently home, when I turned in for the night.

Wednesday, April 10th.—This morning I was up and out before sunrise, and went down to the beach for a swim. Already a number of negroes and Indians were in the river pouring water over their heads out of calabashes. I pushed out in a *montaria*, and jumping off the stern went down eight feet, bringing up cream coloured sand; again I fetched the bottom in eleven feet, and a little further out managed just to touch it, bringing up the same sort of sand each time. I afterwards heard it was dangerous to venture into the river so far from shore on account of

voracious *piranhas* which can bite pieces clean out of the body; a nasty stinging ray, too, called a *raya*, lurks about the bottom, and can inflict a fearful wound with its single or double serrated sting, which is always irritating and generally results in fever. I mention this that others may profit by my escape: the thought of danger never crossed my mind, or I would not have committed so serious an imprudence.

At eight o'clock I started in a *montaria* with four Barré Indians kindly lent me by Senhor Mendez for a trip to a *chacra* on the opposite shore. For my own use I took some cooked slices of *tartaruga* (turtle), rolls of bread, a little salt, and bottle of *very* ordinary wine, while the Indians had a bag of *farinha*, a basket of loose plantains, and some dried *piraruca*. To get under way the men gave a strong pull together, allowing an interval of five seconds between each stroke; the paddles went into the water with the regularity of a machine, and gradually the speed increased until we seemed to fly along the bank, the men never resting to breathe until we had accomplished a good mile and a half. At half-past nine I found the heat almost overpowering, and, coming to the mouth of an *igaripé*, I ordered the boat up a short distance, that we might enjoy a rest: the branches overhead were so entwined as to afford complete shade, and there being no mosquitoes, it was a real treat to be able to sit still without loosing blood. A few years since Manáos was exempt from these pests, but now they flourish there as prolifically as on almost any part of the Amazons: the natives say the steamboats have brought them.

I found the paddlers taciturn, and disinclined to converse through the *cox*, who spoke Portuguese; among themselves they said but little, still there was a wrinkle about the mouth and kindly expression of the eye which appeared to indicate joy and contentment. In half an hour we glided from our cool retreat and crossed to the other side of the river, which now began to widen. We saw several clearings where open huts nestled amid clumps of pine-apple and cocoanut trees, and shortly after noon we stopped in front of a settlement belonging to a half-breed, a friend of Senhor Mendez, to whom I was specially recommended. A crowd of cur-dogs ran to the beach and commenced a furious barking, and the moment I disembarked one made a dive at my legs with hostile intentions, but my uplifted jack-boots suddenly induced a halt, a circumstance which elicited from me an expression of approbation at his sagacity and discretion. As the proprietor happened to be about, I took a stroll through the place. The house was built of stout young palms sunk well into the ground at a distance of from twelve to eighteen inches apart: to these were bound tough inch reeds horizontally and perpendicularly, forming a double lattice screen, and the inner space and interstices had been filled with mud mixed with grass so as to hold together; the walls were twelve feet high, and the roof, which was

formed of neatly plaited palm fronds, overlapping each other so as to keep out heat and rain, had projecting eaves that shaded a raised earth platform running round the house to about the width of seven feet. Not a nail had been used in construction, but the whole was lashed with a pliable liana called *Timbo-titiea* or *Támshi*, which answers better than rope, inasmuch as it does not rot until after many years' exposure. Vegetable rope and twine grows to hand in every part of the forest, where they are found as much as eighty feet in length, suspended from the branches of trees. At one end of the interior there was a raised flooring about eight feet from the ground, reached by a notched pole resembling the uprights used by the bears at the Zoological Gardens, and from the roof hung branches of green and yellow plantains, and uninviting-looking pieces of smoked pig. Outside, were half a dozen bars tied to poles over which had been thrown heads of Indian corn, the exterior leaves having been pulled back and twisted together; and on another set of bars were long flat strips of salted *vacca-marina* and *piraruc*ú, partly covered with leaves.

The place swarmed with fowl, which kept up an incessant cackling; a pair of green parrots stood upon a tree, gratingly chattering at us, and a couple of monkeys hung suspended by their tails swaying backwards and forwards with such ease that they evidently had no fear of determination of blood to the head; several disreputable-looking pigs, with straight tails and lanky frames, eyed me suspiciously, uttering sharp grunts as though revolving in their porcine brains whether I was or was not a fitting subject to be operated upon by their tusks. A few playful remarks, however, dispelled their evil intentions—if they had any—and I was gratified to observe them turn away and devote their snouts to the investigation of roots and weeds; turtle shells of all sizes strewed the ground, some with the black horn partly peeled off, exposing the white coat below, and others covered with blisters, showing they had recently rested upon red-hot embers while their contents were cooking; big Ali-Baba-looking jars were scattered about, some containing scraped manioc, and there was an air of pic-nicky confusion pervading the whole which bespoke rude plenty and almost unconscious disorder. In an open shed sat an elderly brown-skinned woman before a fire; her legs were doubled underneath her, and her long coarse black hair hung loosely over her face to her breast, and when I entered she manifested no surprise, but continued stirring up some strange-smelling compound in a pan with a wooden spoon without once deigning to notice me or return my salutation. Hearing a slight rustle among adjoining bushes I turned round and saw three faces peering through the foliage, and conjecturing they were females, I paid no further attention but walked back to the house and sat upon a small canoe turned upside down. In about ten minutes a scantily-clothed damsel flitted across the open to

the kitchen, and after a hurried confab with the elderly lady mentioned, came outside to reconnoitre; at this moment João, the cox, advanced, and made known the object of my visit, which appeared to give satisfaction, for in a few minutes all the members of the *chacra* had stolen up to me within a few yards. After some charming giggling on the part of the ladies, a good deal of whispering, and mutual stock-taking, I thought I had won the confidence of my Amazonian acquaintances by giving each a small present, but the moment I stood up all darted off like so many frightened deer, and, dodging round a reed platform, seemed to expect I should make a rush after them; discovering their mistake, however, they came back, and while keeping at a respectful distance, I saw their re-assurance of my pacific intentions.

At half-past two the owner of the place arrived, a fine hearty half-breed, who had seen and recognised my montaria on the beach, and who cordially welcomed me. He had with him a girl about fifteen years of age, whom he called, and as she bent her head while I clasped a triple row of beads round her neck, I could see her shiver with palpitation caused by mingled joy and fear. Bye-and-bye we were served with something to eat, in addition to the stock I furnished, and what with fried eggs, roasted plantains, farinha, fiery hot red and green peppers, and some treacly-looking *Tucupi* sauce, made with juice expressed from the wild manioc boiled down to a jelly and seasoned with spices, I made a capital meal. The cravings of hunger satisfied, we reclined in hammocks, while the women adjourned to the kitchen to eat, and one brought some smoking chips which were placed upon the ground between us and puffed into a blaze to light our cigarettes.

In Manáos, and indeed from Pará to Manáos, I observed that smokers invariably used *tauari* instead of paper in the manufacture of cigarettes. In many parts of the south of Spain the white inner leaves of Indian corn are preferred to paper, the latter being apt to stick to the lips and form blisters, but *tauari* is decidedly an improvement upon both. It is produced by separating the layers of an inner bark of several kinds of trees, some of which are of filmy transparency and delicacy: the thinner the *tauari* the better, and consequently more expensive. In Pará I saw quantities of it exposed for sale, and as it is more often used than paper, it must form a noticeable article of produce.

I found my host a very favourable specimen of the class now becoming so numerous in North Brazil. He worked for a living, and with enough and to spare he was satisfied; he could neither read nor write, "and it would be of no service to me if I could," he added. In some things I think he would favourably compare with a large section of our own rural population, particularly if taken from the Midland counties. "Yes, Sir! I am a Christian," said he, "and am glad to go to church once or twice a month." His views of religion were a strange jumble of Christianity

and Paganism, and he was highly superstitious. At my request, he summoned everybody on the plantation to the hut, and when all were seated upon the ground, and silence restored, I asked him to translate what I had to say, which he did in a mixture of Portuguese and Lingua geral:—

"I wish to tell you all some good news," I began, "news you must ever cherish in your memory as refreshing during life, and consolatory in the hour of death. God, who is everywhere, who looks at us through the branches of trees during the day, who watches over us above the stars during the night, who is our Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor; God, who knows all our thoughts, words, and deeds, together with all our outgoings and incomings; in whom we live and move and have our being, desires that all His creatures should be happy in this world, and enjoy everlasting felicity in the next. Our first parents, Adam and Eve, sinned against God, and were punished with death, and we, their offspring, suffer the death of the body with them; but our souls will live after death either present with God, and consequently happy, or absent from Him, and consequently unhappy. All of us have sinned and deserve chastisement; but God, who is rich in mercy, wills that all men should be saved, and has provided a way whereby we may find acceptance with Him. To Adam and Eve the promise was given by their Creator and Heavenly Father that He would send this way into the world, and one night, a long while ago, as some shepherds were watching their flocks, they suddenly saw a brilliant light, and were greatly afraid. But the voice of an angel, a good spirit, said, 'Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."' Then the shepherds went, and found all which had been said, and saw Mary, the Blessed Virgin, with her babe, the holy child Jesus. And Jesus, the Son of God, grew to be a man, and after working many miracles, such as healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, feeding hungry multitudes with bread which increased in their hands, and raising the dead, beside teaching all who listened to His holy Gospel, He laid down His life upon the cross, the sacrifice for our sins, that we, by His death, believing on Him, might have life. 'For as by the offence of one'—the first Adam—'judgment came upon all men unto condemnation, even so by the righteousness of One'—the second Adam, Jesus Christ our Lord—'the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life. For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made

righteous.' This Jesus, then, who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the blessed Virgin Mary, lived and died for us, His blood being shed upon the cross for the remission of sins. He was buried, and of His own power and will He rose again the third day from the dead, and after being seen by many witnesses He ascended into heaven, and now sits at the right hand of God the Father Almighty, ever making intercession for us, from whence He will come to judge the living and the dead, giving unto all who believe on His holy name, and are baptised, life eternal, and awarding the righteous judgment of everlasting punishment unto such as believe Him not. And that all men should be inexcusable, He commanded this good news to be preached to every creature, promising that though He were in Heaven we should not be without a Comforter, even the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, who now speake to your hearts that the words I declare to you are words of Life and Truth. Wherefore, God loves us in giving Jesus His Son for us: Jesus loves us in leaving the glories of heaven to come into this world to lay down His spotless life a ransom for ours; and the Holy Ghost loves us in being desirous to quicken us from death unto life, and from sin unto righteousness. Seeing then that the day of the Lord is at hand, when the dead shall be raised and this world be burned up with fire, and judgment be passed upon all men, confess now with heart and mouth that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and repent of your sins that you may obtain mercy at the hands of God, peace and joy in this world, and everlasting happiness in the next. And now unite with me in this prayer, lifting up your hearts and voices to the God of heaven and earth.

"O Lord God, our Heavenly Father, Thou art Holy, Just, Merciful, and True, and Thy loving-kindness is ever before us. We confess that we have sinned against Thee, both in thought, word, and deed, and are unworthy of the least of Thy favours, much less the gift of Jesus Christ Thy Son. Have mercy upon us miserable sinners. Pardon our offences. Blot out all our transgressions in the blood of Jesus Christ our Saviour which was shed for the remission of sin. Enlighten us with Thy Holy Spirit that we may have wisdom to do Thy will. Bless us in body, soul, and spirit. Let Thy way and Thy truth be made known unto all men, and do Thou for us, and for all Thy creatures, far more abundantly than we deserve, or are able to ask or think, for the love of Thy only Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, unto Whom, with Thee the Father, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory, praise, power, might, and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."

At four p.m. we started for Manáos. The river was alive with fish near the banks and up little creeks, and when pursued by larger species they would leap out of the water in shoals and fall in a silvery shower; porpoises rose up with a puff in every direction, exposing their glittering

bellies as they turned over; sparrow-coloured divers would take it into their heads to search for fish, and disappearing below the surface would keep underneath a surprising length of time; a sedate white and grey heron stood pensively on one leg as though pondering in his mind what he should catch for the supper of the Masters and Misses Heron at home; a pair of pretty red-billed whistling ducks flew by; clouds of parrots soared overhead at a prodigious height, and kingfishers and numerous other kinds of birds hovered around us. We went along very leisurely for about an hour and a half, skirting the olive green myrtle and laurels which covered successive knolls to the water in which they were partially submerged, and now and again stopping that I might listen to the strange notes and sounds of bird and insect life, many of which were quite new to me. But slate-coloured clouds began to arise in the east above the ridge of trees on the opposite bank, their jagged outline resembling a distant mountain *sierra*, flecked with patches of snow which assumed changing shapes and colours with almost kaleidoscopic rapidity, and at this indication of a storm we paddled hard to reach the other side. Half-way across the stream we heard the wind sighing and moaning among the branches, and occasionally a low rumbling like the roar of distant artillery. Bye-and-bye the clouds grew denser and darker, and vivid flashes of lightning shot perpendicularly to the earth frightning screaming macaws and parraquets which hurried home before the tempest. Hush! What is this? It is a blast of wind tearing over the forest, bending strong trees and breaking others; and now it is down upon us: see how the graceful palms bow their heads, and all their fronds fly wildly in the gale like the dishevelled locks of some beauty in despair. In one short minute the placid black waters have become a raging Styx, and notwithstanding we are near the shore the boat heaves unpleasantly upon the swell. Not a word is spoken by the men, and as the clouds spout streams of white and violet lightning and the thunder rattles, crackles, and roars, as though a cataclysm of nature were at hand, the steady dip of the paddles is not discontinued for a moment. Above the commotion of the elements we hear in the distance the approach of rain as it patters upon the foliage, sounding as might do the rustling of the wings of legions of angels upon the march; the drenching deluge passes over us, and then follows a deliciously cool breeze, before which the tree tops gently bend,

"As though our Lord walked o'er the ground."

It was long after dark when our montaria bumped upon the shore, "And," said the landlord, as I entered his distractive establishment, "you had better drink a glass of the *vinto do Porto* which I keep for my own private use, and then you may safely sleep in your wet clothes;" a piece of advice I willingly followed, for the wine did me good and I had no change of raiment.

Thursday, April 11th.—If there be any truth in the old saying, "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," it may afford my well-wishers some little satisfaction to know that I am in a fair way of acquiring three blessings greatly desired, yet rarely found by mankind; but I have my private opinions as to whether this sort of life is likely to bring me either health or wealth. It is true I own a bundle of bank notes, and a trowsers' pocket full of Brazilian coppers, each weighing about as much as three of George the Fourth's pennies, and that to prevent a list to starboard I must carry an equal proportion on the other side; but my notes are only worth two shillings each. Here is one marked, "Imperio do Brazil. 2$000 (which means two shillings). No Thesouro Nacional se Pagará ao Portador desta a Quantia de hum mil reis. Valor Recibido," signed by somebody who is undeniably a shocking bad writer, and surmounted with an engraving representing a lady sitting upon a barrel—possibly from Burton-on-Trent—with a spear in her hand and a ship in the background. I should mention that a cornucopia on the right is about to shed its wealth. As "open confession" is reputed "good for the soul," I do not mind acknowledging that I caught myself this morning in the very act of wishing that the *mil rei* note I had were worth a *mil libras esterlingas*, and then I very naturally drifted into a train of thought as to what I should do with it; but the subject was summarily put down by my getting up; and when I stood on the beach to bathe, a thin line of yellow mist on the eastern horizon was the only announcement that the sun was about to arise over the forest like a strong man about to run a race. Shortly after five I was enjoying a basin (not a cup) of black strong coffee, and a roll of bread.

Senhor Mendez had promised to accompany me this morning to the cascade, which is visited by most Europeans sojourning in Manáos, and while seated on the doorstep waiting for him, a smart half-breed delivered me a note, which informed me, to my regret, that he could not come on account of unexpected business, but that the bearer was at my disposition if I still wished to go: at the bottom was a *Post data* telling me that my landlord made exorbitant charges for a certain kind of *vinto do Porto* which he kept for himself, and that I should be on my guard. "Well! here is a discovery," I mentally exclaimed, as I looked round upon my host, who blandly smiled and wished me a pleasant walk. "I may be mistaken," I thought, "but this landlord seems so unaffectedly good-natured that I take it he is incapable of victimising a poor fellow like myself—*mais nous verron!*"

Our walk through the forest was pleasant, and the air cool in narrow glades, that is to say, the heat was about 80° Fahr. The road was slippery, and covered with small pools, so that we had to pick our way. In the open butterflies were not numerous, and the species less various

than I had observed elsewhere; many of the same family, however, would wheel in circles over spots where they appeared to be depositing ova. I saw two immense morphos sailing along about twelve feet from the ground like a pair of miniature condors; and twice I stood to listen to the trill of feathered songsters. Our walk occupied about a couple of hours, and when we stood before the cascade I was glad to sit down and rest. The fall is anything but majestic, as the golden-tinged water only tumbles over a ledge of red sandstone—such as is met with everywhere at a few feet below the surface between Nauta and Pará—about ten feet and fifty feet across, consequently it is surpassed by countless cascades in Europe; but the stream before us emerged from the recesses of unknown solitudes, and in answer to my inquiry "From whence does it come?" "*Quem sabe!*" was the response. Yes! Who knows? And the same reply would have to be given regarding hundreds of rivers which have contributed to swell the waters of the Amazons for untold ages past. After carefully examining the trunk of a tree upon which I rested, lest any poisonous reptile might be lurking near, I asked my youthful guide,

"Who made this cachoeira?"

"Deos!"

"Who made you?"

"God!"

"Do you love God?"

"Yes!"

"Why do you love God?"

"I do not know, unless it be because I should—because God is good."

"Who is Jesus?"

"Jesus is the Son of God."

"Where is Jesus?"

"In the Church, in the Host!"

I found the lad possessed a few Evangelical truths, but more Romish error and Pagan superstition: he was ready of apprehension, and plainly understood the Word of the Gospel as I unfolded it to him, and on our way home we had further profitable converse.

We reached Manáos about eleven, when I made arrangements with a Portuguese boatman to carry my baggage down to the beach, and transport it and myself to the "Icamiaba," which was to sail at sunset—or rather start at that hour, as sails are never used on Amazonian steamboats. I had now to get my passport *en régle*, and produce it at the ticket office, which occupied another hour, and then breakfast, after which I retired to my hammock to read the Word, and seek the guidance and blessing of God upon the work before me, and a merciful remembrance of my humble endeavours thus far to sow the good seed of the Kingdom. I know very little of the experience of missionaries elsewhere, but I

confess with deep humiliation that my efforts to fulfil my duty in making known to others the love of God in the gift of Jesus Christ are anything but satisfactory to myself. No doubt the hurry, and wear and tear of travel, together with new scenes, associations, and languages, materially distract one from what should be ever before him, the glory of God and salvation of souls; and then again how often are we led to fear "hurting one's feelings;" how the curled lip of a woman, the cunning look of a worldly-wise man who says with his eyes, "I know all about it, don't talk to *me!* I am not a fool if you are!" upsets one's best intentions. I do verily believe there are some people who would readily go to the stake and suffer the horrors of martyrdom by fire rather than deny their Lord and Master, and yet, when occasion offers in a drawing-room or elsewhere—particularly in the street—they would no more think of wounding an open sinner's feelings, by pointing him to Christ, than they would think of flying. God forbid that I should measure any other missionary by my own standard, for of all, I hold myself the least worthy; but I do declare that, for my own part, I have been frequently silent where afterwards my conscience has accused me of unfaithfulness. May God forgive me in this thing, and give me the victory over all my spiritual enemies, who doubtless more than ever beset my path so as to thwart every endeavour to effect a breach in the adamantine walls of error and heathenism which hitherto has covered this land. Truly we wrestle not against flesh and blood alone, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places; wherefore may God graciously give unto us the whole of His panoply, that we may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand. Gird the loins of Thy servants, therefore, O Lord, with Thy truth; give unto us the breastplate of righteousness; let our feet be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; cover us with the shield of faith wherewith we may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; put upon our defenceless heads the helmet of salvation, and enable us to wield the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Vouchsafe unto us a clear utterance, that we may open our mouth boldly to make known the mysteries of Thy Holy Gospel, and speak therein as we ought to speak, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord.

The servants of Christ must not be satisfied with simply speaking *about* Christ, but they must speak *for* Him, and as they *ought;* they must give "precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little, here a little, and there a little." I, too, must carefully bear in mind that I am about to enter the dark regions of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty, about to sojourn among those whose feet are swift to shed blood, and whose thoughts are evil continually; about to enter where the benign

beams of the Gospel have never shed their quickening rays, and where the Person and offices of our Redeemer Lord are unknown. O Lord, unless Thou goest with me, let me not depart hence.

"Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son.

"Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror."

The Rio Negro rises about 2° North Lat., is twelve hundred miles in length, and falls into the Amazons one thousand miles from the sea, in about 60° West Long. and 3° South Lat. It is joined to the Orinocco in Venezuela by an olive-coloured channel, over half-a-mile wide, called the Caciquiary, which, according to Herschel, belongs to both river systems; the level between the two main streams being such as to obliterate the line of watershed. Its waters, as a rule, are inky black; and Wallace observes that near its source they are "much blacker than in the lower part of its course" ("Wallace on the Amazons and Rio Negro," p. 408), a fact worthy of attention, because the question arises whether it is possible for them to become so early dyed by vegetation, or whether the soil forming its banks imparts the colour. I have already given my views regarding the cause of its appearance at Manáos, which corresponds with that held by Bates and others ("Naturalist on the Amazons," vol. i. p. 341), and have no doubt that the sluggish waters lying between the Rio Uaupés and the Caciquiary are more than ordinarily discoloured because of their uniform stagnation. With scarcely any current there they lie all the year round, from the Equator to 2° North, under a broiling sun, rising and falling according to rainfall, and subsidence below which depends upon the pressure of the Amazons; at any rate this is unquestionably the case below the falls of São Gabriel. I am more than ever convinced that the discolouration is caused by vegetable saturation, and not mineral properties held in solution, from the fact of the same phenomena appearing on the south shore of the Amazons, where the Coary and Teffé contribute their charcoal-looking volumes. During the dry season I have observed on the Marañon, in Peru, streams issuing from lakes situated upon islands as black as a hat, and so thoroughly impregnated with decayed vegetation as to smell worse than any common sewer.

The affluents of this great tributary, however, are not all black, for the Rio Branco, or White River, as it is properly called, discharges its milky volume into the Negro, in which it is immediately swallowed and

disappears—and the Cababurís and Maravihá, with other small white water streams, help to dilute it. It has scarcely any current between Manáos and Santa Isabel, particularly when the Solimões are full, and throughout this distance is intersected by several lines of islands. One hundred and twenty miles from its mouth it is twelve miles wide; but south of the Equator one and a-half miles may be considered a fair average, independent of overflows during the rainy season. The reason of its great width at Barcellos may probably be accounted for by the former existence of a large lake, now partly filled up with islands. Most likely the lake was formed by the current from above meeting with the immovable waters below, where it began to spread. Near São Gabriel commence a series of rapids and falls, which impede navigation for about thirty miles, and voyagers in canoes have to unload several times in surmounting them, hauling their frail craft through its boiling waters by means of ropes passed on shore. Numerous large *cubertas* laden with salsa are annually floated down the rapids, and journey to Pará or some intermediate port on the Amazons, where both produce and boat are sold, the latter being too heavy to paddle up stream.

The following are a few of the principal streams on the left bank: the Ayurim, Anavilhana, Canamaú, Curerú, Mapauaú, Uacriaú, Jaguapiry—the upper portion of which, lying north of the Equator, is called the Hiaupiry, and forms two expansive lakes in its course immediately below the Line—the Rio Branco, formerly called by the Spaniards Rio Parimá. On the map of Louis Stanislaus d'Arcy de la Rochette, published in London by William Faden, in 1807, this river is represented as flowing from a large lake called "Golden Lake, or Lake Parime, called likewise Paraná-Pitinga, *i.e.* White Sea, on the banks of which the discoverers of the sixteenth century did place the imaginary city of Manoa del Dorado." Recent explorations, however, show that this lake has the same existence as Manoa del Dorado, *i.e.* in the imagination only, and that it rises in the Serra Quimirapaca; its western branch, the Uraricóera, which has for its head waters the Uaricapéra, rising in the Serra Pacaraymo. North of São Joaquim the Branco is called the Tacutú, and a stream is said to exist on its left bank leading to Lake Amacú, in turn supposed to join the Rupunary, an affluent of the Essequibo. West of the Branco we come to the Seriuiny, Zumuruáu, Buhibuhy, Paratuquy, Uaracá, Uereré, Hikiaá, Darahá, Maravihá, Abuará, Cababurís, Castanheiro, Velho, &c. On the right bank, ascending from the Solimoes, we first come to the Guariba Channel, about sixty miles up, and from its mouth issues a torrent of yellow water forced northwards by the mighty Amazons; then the Tumbira, Poligary, and Yaumuhy, on the mouth of which is situated Ayrão. The Yaumuhy or Carapunary communicates with Lake Codayas or Cudajas; thus the large triangular section east of the Cudajas river to the Negro

is an island. Then again we meet the Uniny, Cabury, Uatanary, Uarirá, Chibarú, Mabá, Urubaxy, Uauaná, Uenenexy, Xiuará—said to join the Amaniú-Paraná, an affluent of the Japurá—and the Rio Uaupés, the Ucaiary, the Içaná, and north of the Caciquiary, the Tomo and Aquio The Uaupés is a fine river, rising in Nueva-Granada. Its upper portion is described by traders as a crystal stream flowing through open plains upon which graze immense herds of cattle. It has numerous dangerous cataracts: the first nearest its mouth being those of São Jeronymo, where, in the graphic language of Wallace, "the waters roll like ocean waves, and leap up at intervals forty or fifty feet into the air, as if great subaqueous explosions were taking place;" the last fall, about fifteen hundred miles from Manáos, is named after his Satanic Majesty, Juru Parí. The rivers I have mentioned afford a very imperfect idea of the magnitude of the Rio Negro system, but they show what facilities exist for penetrating the interior and obtaining access to the numerous tribes by which it is inhabited.

The climate of the Rio Negro is sickly from one hundred miles above Manáos to its head-waters. From the Caciquiary downwards it is particularly so during the end of the rainy season and middle of the dry, when the waters lie still under the fierce rays of an Equatorial sun, and generate a malaria fruitful in dysentery, fevers, and ague. Ninety miles north and south of the Equator is the region of continual rains, but it really rains more or less every day throughout the year on this river. Perhaps Manáos is the hottest city on the Amazons, the glass ranging among the nineties in the shade every afternoon.

The Indians found on or near the banks of the Rio Negro and its affluents are remarkably numerous; and notwithstanding the implacable hatred some sections bear towards others, all have certain physiological and lingual characteristics which stamp them as a family emanating from one common stock. The languages spoken have a marked identification with Tupi-Guaraní; in point of fact they are all corruptions of Guaraní, brought about by the isolation of families. But of this I hope to speak more fully at another time, should I be spared, when comparing ancient with modern Quichuan, as exhibited in the languages spoken by Yagua and Orejónes tribes in Peru.

We may first notice the Aruaquis family, ranging between the Anavilhana and the Jaguapiry, and eastwards as far as the Uatumá, before mentioned; the Terecumas and Caripunas, whose hunting grounds lie to the north of those of the Aruaquis; the Carahiahys, found between the Padauary and Paratuquy; the Atauhys, Hiabaanás, and a host of others. I am assured that fourteen tribes are to be found on the Rio Branco alone, between its mouth and Santa Bárbara, some of whom practise circumcision and evince savage hatred towards whites. An Englishman who has just returned from a trip up the Branco, whither

he had gone to collect herbs, tells me he was obliged to shoot three Indians before he could get clear of an attacking party; for this offence he is now under arrest. It is the general opinion here that the act was justifiable, being one purely of self-defence, for had the party been overpowered every one would have been murdered. On the south bank are the Manáos Indians, a large and powerful tribe ranging between the Cudajáz and Uarirá; sometimes they are found as far north as Santa Isabel, while they often frequent the left bank of the Japurá. The city of Manáos, named after this tribe, was formerly called Barra by the early Portuguese discoverers, though a settlement of Indians then existed there, called Taromá (Guaraní for a medicine used by most Indian women after childbirth), which was removed a few miles further up the river upon an influx of whites, and remains to this day under the same name. The Coerunas and Jurís tribes have of late years left the banks of the unhealthy Japurá in great numbers, and settled in villages on the right bank of the Negro, between São Gabriel and Santa Isabel, where they are gradually becoming civilized. The latter paint a circle round the lips, which imparts a singularly grotesque appearance. The men and women of these two tribes are remarkable for their symmetrical build, regular features, and gentle dispositions. The most complete and authentic account of the tribes on the rivers Uaupéz and Içaná, or Isanná, is given by Mr. Wallace, partly the result of personal intercourse with them, and from reliable information furnished by traders. Thirty are mentioned as existing upon the Uaupés or Uacaiari, viz.:—

1. Queianás, at São Joaquim.
2. Tarianas, about São Jeronymo.
3. Ananás (Pine-apples), below Jauarité.
4. Cobéus, about Carurú Cachoeira.
5. Piraiurú (Fish's mouth).
6. Pisa (Net).
7. Carapaná (Mosquito), Jurupurí Cachoeira.
8. Tapüra (Tapir).
9. Uaracú (a Fish), above Jukeira Paraná.
10. Cohídias.
11. Tucundéra (an Ant).
12. Jacamí (Trumpeter).
13. Mirití (Mauritia palm), Baccate Paraná.
14. Omauas.

On the river Tiquié:—

15. Macunás.
16. Taiassu (Pig Indians).
17. Tijúco (Mud Indians).

On Japoó Paraná :—

18. Arapásso (Woodpeckers).

On the river Apaporis :—

19. Túcanos (Toucans).
20. Uacarrás (Herons).
21. Pirá (Fish).
22. Desannas.

On the river Quiriri :—

23. Ipécas (Ducks).
24. Gi (Axe).
25. Coúa (Wasp).

On the river Codaiarí :—

26. Corócoró (Green Ibis).
27. Bauhunas.
28. Tatús (Armadillos).

On Canisi Paraná :—

29. Tenimbúca (Ashes).

On Jukeira Paraná :—

30. Mucúra (Opossum).

On the Isanna :—

31. Baníwas or Manivas (Mandiocca).
32. Arikénas.
33. Bauatanas.
34. Ciuçí (Stars).
35. Coatí (the *Nasua coatimundi*).
36. Jurupari (Devils).
37. Ipécas (Ducks).

As the main object of this "Diary" is to give as much information as possible regarding the different Indians inhabiting the valley of the Amazons, I beg leave to state that I am wholly indebted to Mr. Wallace for the following information regarding the Uaupés and other tribes. Hereafter it will be seen how almost identically the same are the manners and customs of Indians in Peru with these, notwithstanding they live over a thousand miles away.

It would appear that the Uaupés Indians are tall, five feet nine or ten inches being not an uncommon height, and they are very stout and well-formed. The colour of the skin is a light reddish brown. The men gather their hair into a long tail, bound with cord, and let it hang down the back, where it often reaches the thighs; the women wear theirs loosely, and cut to a moderate length. The men pull out their scant beard; and both sexes eradicate the hair of the eyebrows, armpits, and other parts. They are an agricultural people, raise mandiocca, have permanent abodes, and feed upon game and fish seasoned with the common red *capsicum* of the tropics.

Their weapons are bows and arrows, blow guns, lances, clubs, hand-nets, and rods and lines for catching fish. Their houses are well constructed, the palm walls and thatched roof being so admirably interwoven that neither an arrow nor bullet will penetrate them. The furniture consists of hammocks of twisted fibre, earthen pots, pans, and pitchers. Their canoes are hollowed out of the trunks of trees, and paddles made out of one piece of wood. The men only wear a piece of *tururí*, passed between the legs and twisted on to a string round the loins; the women go entirely naked. Both sexes, however, stain their bodies blue and black, and have large spots of red and yellow on the cheeks and forehead; painting the body seems to answer the purposes of clothing. When females dance, they wear an apron made of beads, about six inches square, called a *tanga*, but it is taken off immediately afterwards.

When a birth takes place in the house, everything in the shape of furniture and weapons is taken out till the next day. Girls are restricted to particular food, and are not allowed to eat the meat of game or fish, except the very small bony kinds; they may eat mandiocca cakes and fruit. On reaching the age of puberty a girl has to undergo an ordeal, which consists in being flogged naked by her relatives and friends till she falls senseless; should she recover, she is flogged four times at an interval of six hours, when the rods are dipped in prepared drinks and food, and given her to lick; she is then considered a woman, and allowed to eat anything and is marriageable. The boys undergo a similar ordeal, but not so severe. Tattooing is very little practised, but nearly all pierce the lower lip and ears—one tribe, the Tucános, boring a hole large enough to admit a bottle cork.

Polygamy is uncommon, but allowable: the marriage ceremony consists in the bridegroom running away with the bride. The dead are buried in the house with their bracelets, tobacco bag, and other trinkets upon them; large quantities of *caxirí*, an intoxicating drink, are then imbibed. The Tariánas and Tucános disinter the corpse after a month, bake it till it is black, then pound it to powder, and drink it in *caxirí*, believing that the virtues of the deceased will thus be transmitted to them.

Every tribe is governed by a tushaúa, whose succession is hereditary in the male line. The Cobeus are cannibals, and make war solely to procure human flesh for food, which they either eat fresh or smoke dry, when it will keep a long time. Pagés or medicine men play jurupari music, or devils' tunes, in which men join. A wife, daughter, or sister is immediately poisoned should she be suspected of having witnessed jurupari worship, even though accidentally. One of their many prejudices against woman is, that should one during pregnancy eat of any kind of meat, animals partaking of it will suffer: if a domestic animal or tame bird, it will die; if a dog, it will be unable to hunt, and even a man will

be unable to shoot that particular kind of game for the future. The Arekaínas make war like the Cobéus, to obtain prisoners for food. The Macus, on the Içaná, attack solitary houses, and murder all the inhabitants; they are lanky and ill-formed, and have almost curly hair. The Curetis are found about the Apaporís, between the Japurá and the Uaupés, and are said to have no idea of a Superior Being. No civilized man has ever been among them, so they have no salt, have a very scanty supply of iron, and obtain fire by friction. They are said to differ from other tribes in not making intoxicating drinks.

Such, then, is a very brief *resumé* of Mr. Wallace's account of the Uaupés and Içaná Indians, and I have no doubt but that quite another hundred tribes are to be found in the basin of the Rio Negro, of whose manners and customs we know absolutely nothing. What a field for missionary enterprise! But what a terrible thing it is to think that the Church of Christ has never yet sent one single messenger of our Saviour's Evangel—not even one—to this vast field, which is ripe for the harvest now, and ever has been! I am convinced that of those who read these lines some will be moved to labour and pray for the poor benighted red man, living in a complete state of nature in this country. Reader, just stop one moment. Put your hand upon this page, and reflect upon the fact that thousands upon thousands of men, and women, and children, each possessing an immortal soul, pass annually into eternity without having heard of the existence of a Supreme Being; that they live in danger at the hands of each other, and exhibit their affection by deeds of appalling cruelty. Consider how good God is to you; and, in answer to this appeal to your conscience, say honestly before Him who judges the heart, "What shall I do that the blessings I enjoy may be experienced by others?" Remember, there is no human being who has sunk beneath the reach of God's mercy, or is beyond the pale of His grace. Do you sit in peace and safety in your own house, under the protection of established, equitable laws? Thank God for it. Many tribes here live in daily terror of their fellow-creatures, ever listening for the footsteps of mortal foes. Is Jesus Christ, the spotless Lamb of God, the hope of your salvation? Here, the existence of the Almighty, as the God of heaven and earth, is unknown, much less anything of His love in the gift of our Saviour, His Son, for us; while you rest upon the one Great Sacrifice for sin made on Calvary, the poor naked red man endeavours to propitiate the Evil One by performing cruel rites of fetish! Are you a parent, and do you look with joy upon your children? Think of the gallant Indian youth who is initiated into manhood by most barbarous treatment, and of the tender, sensitive maidens who are nearly—and sometimes altogether—flogged to death as they bloom into womanhood! Does your blood curdle with indignant horror at the report of a murder? Think of men uniting in bands to

capture their fellow-creatures, that they may fatten them for slaughter and food! Oh! what a ghastly spectacle is this, where men, women, and children dance around their trembling victim, whose piteous entreaties for mercy are ridiculed with relentless yells of demoniac mirth! Shall we draw a veil over the sad view, and obliterate it from our delicate minds? No! no! Let us away with such cozening sentimentalism, and instead of turning aside the heel of pious grief, let us fly to the rescue! One grain of true benevolence is of more worth than a ton of best intentions. Of course our path is surrounded with danger, but that is nothing so long as we are encircled in the everlasting arms of our heavenly Father. Would to God that we had more of the spirit of the grand old Apostle to the Gentiles, which led him to exclaim: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." It is to the Gospel God has given you, you owe all you enjoy, wherefore in common gratitude remember those who have never heard of it, and though you cannot come here yourself, still you may assist those whom God raises by His Spirit to leave all and follow Him. Be sure this word is true: "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver."

A Mission might be established anywhere upon the Rio Negro. For purposes of inquiry I should choose the village of Santa Anna, which is situated either on or within a few miles of the Equator, because of facilities afforded from this central point for access to the Uaupés, Içaná, and numerous streams running east and west between the Orinocco and Negro; and indeed I look forward with something akin to envy when I think of an agent of the Society being appointed to make a mission of inquiry up this stream as far as the Orinocco, and then eastwards to the Atlantic.

Fish, animals, and birds abound on the Negro: among the latter may be mentioned the rare and beautiful flame-coloured "cock of the rock," specimens of which may occasionally be seen in Manáos and Pará. The chief productions of the river are piassaba, coffee, cacas, farinha, Brazil nuts, a little rubber, vanilla, sugar, rum, indigo, and hummocks; *cravos*, an indifferent kind of clove, and a small hard nutmeg from Venezuela, are becoming noticeable. I found half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg in a wine-glass of *cashaca* prove a powerful astringent. Some beautifully coloured woods are found in the forests of the Negro, such as Moira-piníma (Lingua gerãl, painted wood), taken from the heart of a tree: a splendid specimen of this wood in my possession, with black rings on a mellow chocolate ground, weighs nearly as heavy as iron;

Pau de Arco, a tough elastic wood, used in manufacturing bows. Itauba and Tanimbúca are capital woods for boat building; and Guariuba, Moira-Amaella, and Uacariúba afford excellent house-building timber. Huananí, or copal, a black pitch extracted from various kinds of trees, is brought down in cakes, weighing about sixty pounds each.

The inhabitants of Manáos are anxious to have direct steam communication three or four times a year with Liverpool, so as to avoid shipments of cargo, together with the enormous expense of warehousing, transport, and double Customs, &c. At present every article of commerce brought to Pará for the Amazons has to be taken ashore in lighters, pass the endless formalities of Brazilian Customs, then be reshipped, and undergo another ordeal at Manáos, previous to embarkation for the Middle Amazons; while, if it goes to Peru, there is yet a final shipment at Tabatinga. Owing to the scarcity of manual labour, the lack of modern mechanical appliances, and incapability of doing things in a hurry in this hot, enervating climate, the amount of time and expense incurred in transporting goods from the seacoast is something surprising, and thus it is that the most trifling articles of English and European manufacture realize fabulous prices away in the distant west. I hear that a subsidy of fifty thousand dollars will be given to the proposed Company, besides advantages in the shape of important monopolies. The only apparent difficulty relates to the navigation of vessels of large tonnage when the river is low; but from what I have seen, and all I can gather, I should say a steamboat drawing twenty-two feet would always find sufficient water; in point of fact the success of the voyage would depend entirely upon skilful pilotage. Amazonian pilots do their work strictly by the rule of thumb, and fearlessly steer where they have once gone in safety: should they wander astray, they send out boats to take soundings; but as to studying the configuration of the rivers' banks, and the law of currents and scourings, the like has never been heard of. Out of a dozen mulatto and half-breed pilots with whom I have conversed, not one has ever attempted to map out the stream, would know how to properly use a river chart, or take nautical bearings. To keep up a supply of good pilots, the river should be first accurately surveyed; apprentices made to keep a navigation log; rating to appointments be the result of competitive examinations; and the emoluments worth striving for. Either the uniform depth of water and width of channel must be easily learned (once clear of the narrows), or the profits of a Company enormous, to admit of the bare chance of twenty thousand pounds being run into a permanent situation on a mud-bank by a well-meaning though thick-headed pilot. There can be no doubt but that abundance of cargo would be found for three or four boats a-year from Liverpool, and that all the traffic of the Tapajóz, Madeira, Negro, Purús, Coary, and the Middle and Upper Amazons would flow

into Manáos, and give a solid impetus to Amazonian commerce, which at present is stifled by high freights. It would do away, too, with a great deal of the malpractices of gambling understrappers, whose eyes invariably require some Argentine ointment before they can see clearly the way to perform the duty for which they are paid.

Ocean steamboats intended for the Amazons should have flush quarter-deck for chairs, tables, promenade, and where hammocks may be swung at night; sleeping below would be impossible, on account of heat and mosquitoes. She would have to lower her yards, and should carry fuel for out and home voyage. There would be no danger in navigating a vessel of 1,000 tons to Manáos, provided she ran by day only (as is the case with Peruvian boats on the Marañon), and anchored at night. Everything seems to indicate that Manáos is destined to become a great centre of wealth and power.

I left my quarters about half-past four, shaking hands with the landlord, with whom I parted upon the best of terms, and calling into a few houses to bid *adeos* to those from whom I had received unexpected attentions. I went down to the beach, and embarked in a boat painted the colour of a red-hot poker, a circumstance which threw me into a violent perspiration. The boatman did not bring my "traps" himself, being above that sort of thing, but he had engaged a negro to do it. A servile coloured population makes the white man disdain certain kinds of honest labour. Hence Portuguese peons, who were thankful to till the soil of their own country for a miserable pittance, become too proud, after a few weeks' residence in Amazonia, to engage in agricultural pursuits, notwithstanding the fact that in two or three years they might acquire a position of comparative ease and independence. Living in Manáos is much dearer than in Santarem and Pará. Vegetables of any kind are scarcely to be obtained, though the soil is marvellously fertile. I saw about a score of Indians engaged upon a public building, who were guarded by armed negroes.

"Are these criminals?" I inquired.

"No, Sir. They are guarded lest they should escape!"

So here were a number of half-naked copper skins forced to labour for a trifle a day, while crowds of negroes (free), mulattoes, and half-breeds lay basking in the sun, too lazy to work. I cannot find out how this class of burly loafers exist; one would think they must lead a hand-to-mouth sort of existence, yet their countenances shine with turtle-oil and contentment. The boatman evidently considered himself an individual of no small importance, and the negro not coming up to his standard of smartness, he indulged in a volume of vituperative rhetoric surpassing that usually displayed by Neapolitan donkey boys when addressing their fractious quadrupeds.

Upon reaching the "Icamiaba," a Brazilian doctor informed me that he

had charge of a young Englishman, suffering from yellow fever, who had arrived in Manáos the previous evening from Pará and Liverpool, on his way to Iquitos, to fulfil an engagement with the Peruvian Government. Unfortunately, my passport was signed, ticket taken, and arrangements made which I could not forego without upsetting matured plans, incurring heavy expense for which I was not prepared, and losing a month, if not two, of valuable time; hence, sorely against my will, I was necessitated to leave my sick countryman behind in the hands of strangers. However, I gave my card to the doctor, begged him to take every care of his patient, and let me know at his earliest convenience how he was getting on, all of which he most faithfully promised to perform. I subsequently gathered that the poor fellow had been seized with yellow fever at or near Santarem, but not knowing the nature of his illness, he had allowed it to go on unchecked, and that he died two hours after I left for Tabatinga. It would appear that he had the dreaded *vomito negro* when he arrived at Manáos, and the moment the doctor saw him he gave up all hope of recovery. He left Pará full of buoyant expectation, looking forward to the completion of his contract and happy return home, but it pleased God to order matters otherwise. His relatives and friends may be comforted by knowing that everything was done for him which human skill and experience in these cases could devise, and that his decease is lamented by those who knew him in this country, for his gentleness and intelligence had won the esteem of his brief acquaintances. When I heard the painful news, I could but bend my knees before God, and thank Him for graciously raising me up from the bed of sickness, sparing me yet awhile to labour in His vineyard, and have joy in my household.

I think it is but right that all who go to Peru, *via* Pará, or who come to Amazonia fresh from the cool breezes of England, should be made aware of the possibility, and in certain seasons of the year (particularly towards the end of the dry) of the probability of their being attacked by this dreadful malady, which rarely spares a stranger. It would appear that yellow fever proves so frequently fatal simply for want of proper treatment in due time. Englishmen seized with a headache and sickness, soon after landing, are apt to attribute this indisposition to the reaction of their long sea voyage, and think it will pass away in a few days; thus precious time is lost, the disease gradually gains ground, and forty-eight hours after its appearance the sufferer sinks, black vomit succeeds, and death generally follows in a few hours. Upon pains in the head, invariably felt from the eyebrows to the base of the skull, aching of the loins, and cramps in the calves of the legs, the patient may safely make up his mind as to the nature of his sickness, and should immediately send for the nearest best medical advice. Meanwhile he should go to bed, have sinapisms or strong mustard

plasters put upon the calves of the legs and soles of the feet, and cover himself well up in blankets, so as to induce a heavy, continuous perspiration. Should the pores refuse to open, a sodorific should be taken. If treated within twenty-four hours of the attack, Lamplough's Pyretic Saline, taken as per direction on label, is an agreeable and effective remedy; but should the patient have felt poorly for a longer period, a strong purgative (of castor oil if possible) should be administered without delay. In favourable cases vomiting does not occur after a free opening of the bowels. During my own sickness, the thermometer at my bedside averaged from 86° to 90° Fah. during the day, and stood at 80° during the night. The first day I observed, with a hand-glass, that my tongue was furred, and very red round the edges and at the tip; pulse varying from seventy to one hundred and twenty; eyes bloodshot and cloudy; and face of a pale lemonish hue, but which rapidly increased in intensity. These observations I continued till the end of the second day, when my attendant says I became delirious. After this I began to recover, though for a fortnight I was confined to my room and adjoining corridor. I attribute my case of fever to taking a long early walk upon an empty stomach, and several hours' exposure to the sun's rays. Considerable caution and prudence should be exercised during convalescence; chicken broth, without any fat, and a little bread sopped in it, may be taken during the first four days, and a little fowl and tender animal food until the eighth day. Stimulants, such as wine, beer, or spirits, are apt to bring on a relapse, from which a patient has never been known to recover. Milk is said to be highly dangerous also. I know a Portuguese gentleman who, when he had the black vomit, asked his medical adviser if he thought he was likely to die; being answered in the affirmative, he demanded a bottle of port, drank half a tumblerfull, fell asleep for three hours, then drank another, when, to his own and everybody else's surprise, he gradually recovered.

I would not have made so lengthy a digression but for the fact that many Englishmen are told this part of the Brazils is "the finest climate in the world," and thus they come out quite unprepared for sickness; do not know its nature when seized, and are frequently carried off in a few hours. I will conclude my remarks upon this subject with the following. The "Panama Star" states a specific is said to have been discovered for yellow fever:—

"The Vice-Consul of Her Britannic Majesty at the city of Bolivar writes to the Consul-General at Caraccas: 'An old woman, named Mariquita Orfile, has discovered an efficacious remedy for the yellow fever and black vomit, which has completely cured several persons after the medical men had declared they could only live for a few hours. This remedy is the juice of the Vervain plant, which is obtained by bruising, and is taken in small doses three times a day. Injections of the same

juice are also administered every two hours, until the intestines are completely relieved of their contents. All the medical men here have adopted the use of the remedy, and consequently very few, if any, persons now die of these terrible diseases referred to. The leaves of the *female* plant only are used.'"

Well, even supposing the above to be substantially correct, a man may be where Vervain plants do not grow, and if they do, he may not be able to distinguish between the male and female plant; hence Europeans visiting countries where yellow fever is found, cannot do better than carry with them a saline purgative such as Lamplough's Pyretic.

Most of the passengers who came to Manáos by the "Arary" left for the Purús this afternoon by a new "side wheeler" from the States. This is her first trip, and every inch of her hold and deck is covered with goods and passengers. As she will make several other voyages during the rubber season, it is thought her owners have made a good speculation; the "Icamiaba" being the more powerful vessel of the two, we overhauled her just after dark. It had been excessively sultry during the afternoon and evening, and when we emerged into the wide Solimoes, or Middle Amazons, a breeze was blowing from the east, which proved very refreshing. Vivid flashes of lightning lit up the river; now rolling past us in large ochre-coloured waves, and again we were greeted with the familiar thud of trunks of trees striking the hull, which made the glasses and decanters rattle and clink upon the shelves. I leaned over the hand rail to view the storm, which, as usual, was very grand—black clouds spilling lightning in half-a-dozen places at once, while the claps of thunder were terrific. I hear that steam-boats have not been known to be struck on the river while in motion, but occasionally a mast is splintered and other damage done while lying at anchor. When the rain fell I was obliged to seek shelter, and after putting up my hammock I retired to rest, thinking of, and praying for, the sick young man left behind, among strangers in a strange land.

Friday, April 12th, 1872.—At five o'clock this afternoon we passed the mouth of the Purús, which runs northwards to the Amazon in a perfectly straight line as far as the eye can reach. In Obydos I met with a Brazilian officer, Lieut.-Colonel Labre, who has founded a settlement on the right bank of this river, four miles below the mouth of its affluent, the Ituxy, which is six hundred and ninety-two miles from the Solimoes, and which he has named after himself, Labria. During my voyage to Manáos, where we parted, I had several conversations with the enterprising gentleman, who was enthusiastic on behalf of the Purús. He spoke English and French with ease and correctness, had travelled extensively in Europe and North and South America; had read nearly everything written by the English about his own country, particularly the Amazons, and spoke in a gratifying manner of Mr. Chandler's account of the

Purús in 1864-5. I greatly regret not having seen this work, but Colonel Labre, and a trader named Senhor Cordheiro, who has lived three years on the tributary, told me much that may prove interesting, and has been corroborated by others with whom I have conversed. I should mention that Colonel Labre has just published a pamphlet, giving the result of his observations, a copy of which he kindly gave me (Rio Purús. Noticia por A. R. P. Labre. Maranhão. Typ. Do Paiz. Imp. M. F. V. Pires. 1872).

The word Purús is derived from *purúpurú*, which means painted, or myra puru puru, signifying in lingua geral "painted people." The aborigines upon its banks were first known to the settlers on the main stream by the name of Pamarys, on account of their being daubed with white. The river was then known as the Wainy—still so called by a few tribes—though its nomenclature varies considerably among Indians in the interior. It rises in one of the Bolivian Cordilleras of the Andes; is over eighteen hundred and sixty-six miles in length; and among its numerous affluents the following are the principal, with their distances from the Amazons:—

1. Paraná-Pixuna	306	miles from the mouth of the Purús.
2. Jacaré	360	„ „
3. Tapauhá	505	„ „
4. Mucuy	590	„ „
5. Mary	653	„ „
6. Ituxy	692	„ „
7. Mamuryha-Miry	745	„ „
8. Sipatyny	762	„ „
9. Mamuryha-Grande	890	„ „
10. Pauyny	978	„ „
11. Inauyny	1,073	„ „
12. Acre	1,104	„ „
13. Canguity	1,170	„ „
14. Hyuacú	1,241	„ „
15. Aracá	1,445	„ „
16. Tarauacá	1,494	„ „
17. Curynahá	1.560	„ „
18. Rixalá	1,618	„ „
19. Curumaha	1,648	„ „
20. Urbano	1,745	„ „
21. Patos	1,785	„ „
22. Divisão de Purús	1,792	„ „

This last point is said to be 1,088 feet above the level of the sea; and one branch was explored by Mr. Chandler other seventy-four miles without reaching its head waters, thus making the distance ascended by him 1,866 miles, as before mentioned.

The colour of the Purús at its mouth, when I saw it, was a pale yellow, and I am given to understand this is its general appearance. Its course is tortuous; current rapid and sluggish, according to the nature of its banks; and its depth for six hundred miles during the rainy season is from eighty to one hundred feet. During the dry season numerous sandbanks are exposed, upon which countless turtle deposit their eggs. The rainy season commences in October and lasts till March, when the waters rise and overflow their banks, making the entire width of the river from twelve to fifteen miles. At this time thousands of small lakes are filled, most of which are partly dried up before the end of the wet season; two large lakes, the Hayapúa and Jary, each about thirty miles in circumference, stand considerably higher than the river. Of the many islands which intersect the stream throughout, perhaps that of Uajaratuba is the principal; its length is estimated from eighteen to twenty miles, and width about four miles. The rainy season commences and ends with awful thunderstorms; excepting the month of August, there is a downpour, accompanied by thunder and lightning, every day during the dry season. To better understand the position of different localities—the river is divided into the Baixo, or Lower Purús, which extends from the Amazons to the Tapauha, a distance of five hundred and five miles; Medio, or Middle Purús, measuring from the confluence of the last-mentioned stream to the Mamoryha-Grande, three hundred and eighty-five miles; and the Alto, or Upper Purus, which extends from this point to its head waters, a thousand and odd miles.

The banks of the Purús are covered with one uninterrupted virgin forest throughout its length; a few plains of rank grass, however, studded with islets of jungle, are to be found in the interior, the lower ones being entirely submerged during the rainy season. Cotton, coffee, cacao, manioc, salsa, maize, bananas, plantains, and every kind of tropical fruit requiring heat, humidity, and sunshine, flourish here in wonderful luxuriance.

Among the different kinds of wild animals which exist are the anta, several kinds of deer, hare, pig, *taititú*, *tatú*, *tatuy*, *tatu-uassú*, *tamandoay* (ant-eater), *tamandúa bandeira*, *quaty*, *quati-purú*, guinea-pig, porcupine, and dog. Among the numerous kinds of monkeys may be mentioned the following, which are well known, such as the guariba—a howling monkey, whose hideous yells have many times startled me in the lonely forest by their piercing unearthly sounds; the parauacú, uacary, tapuha, barrigudo (big belly), wayapussá, cayarára, saguim, jurupary, and macaquinho—the latter, a small thin creature, and another called the coatá, are excellent food for a hungry man, as I subsequently found out by experience.

Capivari, otters, tortoise, tartaruga (turtle), tracajá (small turtle), *tepiyú* (still smaller), matá-matá, an inferior tasting and disagreeable-

looking turtle, alligators, and frogs abound. Upon the Amazons the word *tigre* generally is applied to jaguars; those on the Purús are the black jaguar (yauareté-pichuna in Ling. G.), onça pintada (yauareté-pinyama, Ling. G.), pintada verdadeira (pacóa-sororóca, Ling. G.), and susuarana (suassúrana, Ling. G.). Cats, foxes, rats, and bats are numerous; besides a family of snakes, delightfully diversified and plentiful—a few of the most murderous being the surucucú, surucucútinga, jurupary, boya, coral-boya, gyboya, arara-boya, parauacú-boya, cujubi-boya, sacay-boya, boyuçu-boya, jararaca, jararaca-uassu cascabel (rattle-snake), and sucuruju (anaconda, or water-snake, sometimes forty feet long, and as thick as a large barrel in the centre). Having seen a number of these snakes at close quarters, I can honestly say that if I were to let my mind dwell upon them for any length of time together, I believe I should grow nervous. I cannot make out whatever good they were made for, and why in such numbers. If I had my will, I think I would cut the head off every flat, arrow-headed, glittering-eyed reptile on the face of the earth, and put a bullet into the head of every boa, whether he belonged to land or water. And with all due respect to the prim sentiments of certain individuals who have never had to caution snakes as to their attentions, I give it as my solemn conviction that reptiles such as those mentioned above are downright nasty things.

All kinds of land and water-fowl abound, such as wild turkeys, large and small toucans, parrots, maccaws, parroquets, pheasants, troupials, chatterers, hammers, hawks, buzzards, uacauhan, and urubutingas; besides Tuyuyús, jaburús, maguarys, socós, carão, various kinds of garças, arapapá, mergulhão, carará, colhereiras, gaivotas, tarams, piassoca, ducks, marrecas, paturys, cigana, massarico, kingfishers, and others unknown to science. Of insects I trust I may be excused entering into particulars, for the simple reason that the reader will become acquainted with quite enough by-and-bye; but the names of a few fish out of the many which swarm this and every other tributary of the Amazon, may prove curious, if not edifying. They are—pirarucú, pirahyba, pirazara, piracatinga, piraupéua, piranambú, piratapioca, pirapytinga, tucunaré, tanbaquy, dourado, suruby of various kinds, aruanan, peixe boi (cow-fish), uinarana, mantrinchan, pescada, curimatá, jaraquy, pacú, pacútinga, jandiha, mandy-bé, mandyhy, pacamão, uacary, acarahy, acarauassu, apapá, aracú, peixe caxorro, papary, tarira, bararuha, jacundá, sardinha, piranha, piaba, fidalgo, goloso, sarapó, puraqué, or electric eel, and mussú, another kind of eel, &c., besides two kinds of porpoises which are not eaten,—one nearly black and quite inoffensive; and another of a pink colour, of immense size, which is said to be very voracious; it gives a large quantity of blubber. I have mentioned the names of these fish for the use of such agents as the South American Missionary Society may hereafter appoint to stations on this tributary: some of

them I shall have to speak of again, and show how they are caught, cooked, and prepared for keeping.

The best timbers for house-building are the itaúba, jutaúba, massaranduba, guariuba, acariquára, sucupira, cumarú, pequy, jabuty-moiia, macacauba, jutahy, tauary, acapú-rana, &c. For boards and planks, cedar, loiara (with a strong scent of camphor), cupahyba, marupá (a kind of pine), and others. For cabinet-work, moira piranga (blood wood), tapurúyssa, paracauba, and piranhauba. Of fruit-yielding palms, the principal and most common are the cocoa-nut, *assai*, *pataua*, *urucury*, *uaçay*, *bacabai*, *mirity*, *pupunha*, *cayantre*, *maidá-bonuny*, *murú-murú*, *paxiuba*, *tucuman*, and others.

Indian tribes are found upon the margin of the Purús throughout its entire length. All the following tribes are known to exist; but report speaks of many others who are yet beyond the pale of such civilization as the adventurous half-breed trader can carry with him. I will first mention their names, and then give a few characteristics which distinguish some from others.

1. Mura.
2. Curuhaty.
3. Simaniry.
4. Catuquina.
5. Cipó.
6. Pamanan.
7. Simarunan.
8. Caripuna.
9. Cathauichys.
10. Pamary.
11. Jamamandy.
12. Caxarrary.
13. Uatanary.
14. Jubery.
15. Ipurinan.
16. Manetinery.
17. Canamary.
18. Auainamary.
19. Cujeginery.
20. Catianan.
21. Cachapan.
22. Imainauan.
23. Ispinó.
24. Cuxixiniary.
25. Carunan.
26. Cigananery.
27. Turumaty.
28. Paicycy.
29. Xiapuriniry.
30. Miriximandy.
31. Mamury.
32. Ximaniry.

In the Baixo, or Lower Purús, are found the Muras, who are anything but "noble savages." They are notoriously lazy, dirty, drunken, and untruthful; and on their spindle-shanks they carry distended abdomens, like those, Frenchmen declare, our lord mayors possess. This tribe is found on both shores of the Amazons, and ranges on the north shore from the Negro to the Japurá, chiefly, however, south of the Cudajáz system.

The Curuhatys (supposed to be Jumas) reside about the Paraná-Pichuna. They are strong, well-built, and practise a most extraordinary kind of circumcision; they are adepts at pillage and assassination.

The Simaniry, Catuquina, and Cipó tribes live in the jungles of the

Tapauha; they are very pacific and kind to the whites, or half-breeds, who trade with them. A tribe called the Barabantys is known to exist in the neighbourhood of these Indians, but they have not been seen by traders or whites.

On the *Medio*, or Middle Purús, the first friendlies are the Pamanan, Simarunan, and Caripuna: very little is known of them beyond that they enjoy the reputation of being well disposed towards whites.

The Cathauichys live upon the Mucuy, Mary, and Pacihan: they are well-made, good-looking, clear-skinned, and cleanly, raise abundance of manioc, and mañe, a strong kind of coarse pottery. Members of this tribe have gone in canoes as far as Manáos to exchange their earthenware vessels for dry goods and hardware. They are said to make good and faithful servants; and some have almost blue eyes, but this may be through a recent importation of blood.

The Pamarys are found all over the middle section, and occasionally the upper portion of the lower. All understand more or less the lingua geral, and a few have learned something of Portuguese, but like most Indians they prefer speaking in their own to any other language. They live on the margin of rivers and lakes, subsisting upon fish and turtle. Some have their huts built upon rafts of light *balsa*, which they float from place to place according to the supply of fish. Through spending so much time upon the water they are naturally first-rate paddlers. Such as have had intercourse with the whites dress themselves in bark cloth when trading, but in their own houses and daily life they go altogether nude. The Pamarys are, as a rule, fearfully disfigured with cutaneous affections, and this, with smears of white paint, imparts an extremely disagreeable and repulsive appearance. They are gentle, indolent, and inoffensive, and live in great fear of their warlike neighbours, whom they will never fight.

The Jamamandys live on higher lands than the Cathauychys, whom they somewhat resemble, both in appearance, manners, and customs; hitherto they have declined all intercourse with whites.

The Pamanans live on the highlands of the Ituxy, and resemble the Indians found on the Mucuhy; their dialect though is different. They are pacific.

The Caxarrarys and Uatanarys are found on the Upper Ituxy. They reside upon large clearings, which are well cultivated; and welcome strangers.

On the Alto, or Upper Purus, the Juberys are first met with. They daub the body with white paint, and somewhat resemble the Pamarys. Their dialect is not the same.

The Ipurinans are a numerous savage tribe, and there can be no doubt but that they are given to the horrible practice of cannibalism. The tribe is divided into a number of hordes, occupying a tract of land from

the mouth of the Sipatiny upwards to the extent of three hundred miles. They make occasional excursions for pillage and murder. Notwithstanding their savage disposition they will not openly attack the white man, but if they can murder him "without his knowing anything about it," as *Pat would say, they will do so.*

The Manetinery and Canamary tribes are said to be numerous, pacific, and more advanced in knowledge of agriculture than any others on the river. By a laborious process they weave a passable cotton cloth, with which many cover themselves, wearing a strip two feet broad hanging from the hips. Their women have clear skins, large lustrous and expressive eyes, and are noted for their modesty and beauty. They are anxious to be instructed by the whites. It would appear that in 1863 an attempt was made by these tribes to open up a way of commerce with settlers on the Amazons. Bolivian markets being too distant to render traffic remunerative in a southern direction, two large canoes were accordingly laden with merchandise, and well manned, but unhappily the bloodthirsty Ipurinans attacked and cruelly murdered the crews, and it is generally believed practised cannibalism upon the occasion also, since which time no endeavours have been made by them to descend the river.

Colonel Labre laments the Church of Rome has made no effort to civilize the Indians on the Purus, and pertinently remarks: "Onde está o poder da Igieja Christâ? Infelizmente para a humanidade, o Christianismo desviou-se de seu caminho, esquecendo-se do apostolado, sua unica e sancta missao na terra, desvirtuando-se com a politica profana do governo temporal." (*Where is the power of the Christian Church? Unhappily for humanity, Christianity deviated from its true path, ignoring its apostleship, its one and holy mission on the earth, for profane politics and temporal government.*) Let us pray that the time may soon come when the servants of Christ "may declare His glory among the heathen," and say unto them, "the Lord reigneth."

Purus Indians have few religious beliefs or customs, though some tribes distinctly hold the existence of a Supreme Being, the Author and Creator of all things, together with two other potent spirits, the first named Arâ or Carimadé, who sends all kinds of good luck; and the second, Camery, Mendy, or Arabuny, according to the tribal idiom an evil genius, who maliciously persecutes them with bad luck, sickness, and misfortune. All believe in the immortality of the soul of the male, and give funeral honours to the dead, introducing the body into a large burnt earthern jar made for this purpose, together with his weapons of war, or models of them, the trinkets he most prized during life, and some food and water to assist him on his journey to the land of spirits, where rivers teem with fish, and forests abound with every kind of game. In war, an effort is always made to carry off the dead and

wounded, that the rites mentioned may be sacredly performed. The Ipurinans are said to eat the flesh of their dead, that the virtues they possessed during life may be thus transmitted, while the bones are carefully scraped and put into a jar, with mystic ceremonies. At the expiration of two years the jar is exhumed, washed, dried, and painted with urucú or some other vermillion tint, and the bones replaced, when, for seven days, there is singing mournful songs, drinking and dancing, and cutting various parts of the body, after which the jar is re-interred and never again disturbed. Children between three and five years of age are introduced to the attentions of a Pajé or medicine-man, when they are severely flogged with a pliable cipó, and as soon afterwards as they are able to bear the operation, have their ears, lips, and inner cartilage of the nose bored for the reception of feather and bead ornaments. Circumcision is practised by both sexes among the Manetinery and Canamery tribes. Homicide, and adultery committed by a wife, meet with swift and certain destruction, the body being run through with *chonta* lances. Polygamy is unfrequent, but allowable, girls sometimes being married at the age of four, and becoming mothers before attaining puberty. During a visit to an Indian village at the mouth of the river Manai, in Peru, I saw a wife carrying a girl to whom her husband was betrothed. A favourite game of the Caxararys is to form a circle of men, toss an india-rubber ball, about six inches diameter, into the air, and keep it up as long as possible. Friendly tribes will receive strangers into their huts, and present their daughters and slaves. The arms used generally consist of the blow gun (*zarabatana*), bows and arrows, lances, and clubs. Ornaments of beads are highly valued, but those commonly worn are composed of maccaw, toucan, and parrot feathers, human teeth, and the teeth of wild animals. Some of the women wear a *tanga*, or apron, about six inches square, composed of monkey's teeth, which is suspended from a string passed round the hips, but this is only upon extraordinary festive occasions, painting the body at all other times answering the purpose of dress. Orphan children are sold to whites or exchanged for those of another tribe. Each tribe is governed by a Tuchaua, or chief, whose rank is hereditary; should he be deposed for any reason, another is immediately selected for office by the general consent of the community.

By all accounts the Purés is a fine field for missionary enterprise. The climate is healthy, beyond the prevalence of fever and ague when the land is flooded; and, as has been shown, there are many friendly tribes. I received a hearty invitation to Labria, and the promise of such assistance as I might require in the way of Indians to canoe me on an exploratory expedition.

At the time we passed the western mouth of this tributary many thousands of herons stood upon the left bank, and we could see long

narrow clouds of them winging their way over the forest to what was very likely a favourite rendezvous. Our course to-day was chiefly along the southern shore, though we tacked across stream four times to avoid shoals. Upon both sides the land averages three feet above water, and floating against it are innumerable trunks of trees, the stems of palms predominating, from which I infer that this family may flourish best near water.

The land between Madeira and Purus for about one hundred and fifty miles south of the main stream is intersected by rivers and natural canals, and canoes may pass from the Cupana, an affluent of the former, on the left bank, not far from Guirra, to the latter tributary. The river Uautas rises in a lake of the same name, and flows parallel with the Madeira to the Amazons, a furo running N.N.W. from the lake called the Paratry, which falls into the Solimoes, east of the mouth of the Purus. South of Baetas are high lands, which run east of the Purus as far as the junction of the Beni and Marmore, spurs of the Bolivian Sierras. I should mention that a Mura settlement called Manacary is to be found up a small bay west of the Ilha d'el Rei; it is too unimportant for steamboats to call at, and whatever produce the Indians collect has to be transported to Manaos for barter, or else delivered to an occasional passing trader with plenty of time on his hands.

Saturday, April 13, 1872.—The weather was very boisterous last night. A storm commenced about seven o'clock, and ever since it has continued to thunder and lighten and rain. Soon after daybreak the clouds send down such torrents I could not see half way across the river. The atmosphere is thoroughly saturated with humidity, and we are thus being gently steamed, for the heat is almost unbearable. I believe we should call such weather at home *muggy*, and I confess to feeling both thirsty and uncomfortable. I should just like to know the imperial measurement of perspiration which has exuded from my body since the day I landed in this country, but perhaps it is a mercy I cannot find out, else I might be induced to leave off the exercise, and so catch fever.

At six a.m. we arrived at Codayas, or Cudaja, or Cudajaz as it is as frequently called. It is a small clump of miserable huts peopled by semi-civilised Muras, who supply steamboats with fuel; beyond those engaged passing sticks on board I did not see half a dozen people in the place. Mass is said in a small barn by a priest who now and then pays a visit from Manaos. I do not think it difficult to divine the thoughts these semi-nude, stolid Muras must have as they watch the priest silently performing mass. They see a curiously dressed man, with a round spot a trifle larger than a dollar shaved on the top of his head, standing before an altar, upon which are lighted candles, although it is broad daylight. Before him is a book, which he may or may not be reading for anything they can tell, and above him is a crucifix, and in a

glass case a doll decked out with ribbons and silver spangles. They observe that a deal of bowing, crossing, and kneeling goes on, and when at last the host is elevated, they are taught to believe the white man's God is there bodily, notwithstanding only a wafer is to be seen, and a very small one, too. The poor Mura is staggered, for although he has a notoriously thick head, his previous conceptions of a Supreme Being were that a Great Something, a Beneficent Majestic Spirit was everywhere, and could do anything, but now he sees that the God of the white man is made to assume a marvellously insignificant shape and appearance, and is swallowed like *farinha*, or a piece of banana. But the white man cannot be mistaken, he must be right, for is he not so clever? Is it possible that men who make fire-ships go against the stream, shoot with big guns, and can tell the time either by day or night upon consulting a small thing carried in the pocket, can be mistaken in this matter? Impossible! Depend upon it, they are right, and it behoves a poor Indian to do whatever the priest tells him, never mind how contrary it may be to the dictates of sense and reason; besides, the priest must not be offended, for he has power to liberate the soul from fire after death. Good priest, sweet priest, kind priest, receive half my fish, and the best of my turtle, and all I possess, and sprinkle me with holy water, so that neither Jurupary nor anything else may hurt me, and I may at last go to the bright land of happy spirits which you say is high up above the pale-faced moon and twinkling stars. Sweet priest!

If I could I would tell these Muras that the God of heaven has said, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not number thy sins"; and I would read to him from the Word of God the following assurances: "None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him." "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death into life." "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit. For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Poor Muras! I fear you will never in this life hear how much God loves you; and my mouth is closed. The steamboat is departing, and I must leave you to follow your blind guides. I never see lighted candles upon an altar by daylight, but I look upon them as an indication of

spiritual darkness; indeed, can anything be hardly more lamentable than to witness a number of priests groping through a service with lighted tapers at noon-day.

Mr. Bates, in his admirable work, "The Naturalist upon the Amazons," gives an account of the manner the Múras take snuff. The description is so amusing that I crave permission to make the following extract, which, I have no doubt, will be read with interest. He says: "There is one curious custom of the Múras . . . . the practice of snuff-taking with peculiar ceremonies. The snuff is called paricá, and is a highly stimulating powder, made from the seeds of a species of Ingá, belonging to the leguminous order of plants. The seeds are dried in the sun, pounded in wooden mortars, and kept in bamboo tubes. When they are ripe, and a snuff-making season sets in, they have a fuddling bout, lasting many days, which the Brazilians call a quarentena, and which forms a kind of festival, of a semi-religious character. They begin by drinking large quantities of caysúma and cashirí, fermented drinks made of various fruits and mandioca, but they prefer cashaça, or rum, when they can get it. In a short time they drink themselves into a soddened, semi-intoxicated state, and then commence taking the paricá. For this purpose they pair off, and each of the partners, taking a reed containing a quantity of the snuff, after going through a deal of unintelligible mummery, blows the contents with all his force into the nostrils of his companion. The effect on the usually dull and taciturn savages is wonderful; they become exceedingly talkative, sing, shout, and leap about in the wildest excitement. A reaction soon follows; more drink is then necessary to rouse them from their stupor, and thus they carry on for many days in succession. The Mauhés also use the paricá, although it is not known amongst their neighbours, the Mundurucús. Their manner of taking it is very different from that of the swinish Múras, it being kept in the form of a paste, and employed chiefly as a preventive against ague in the months between the dry and wet seasons, when the disease prevails. When a dose is required, a small quantity of the paste is dried and pulverised on a flat shell, and the powder then drawn up into both nostrils at once through two vulture quills, secured together by cotton thread. The use of paricá was found by the early travellers amongst the Omaguas, a section of the Tupís, who formerly lived on the Upper Amazons, a thousand miles distant from the homes of the Mauhés and Múras. This community of habits is one of those facts which support the view of the common origin and near relationship of the Amazonian Indians."

To-day I am suffering severely from piúm, or pihúm, bites. At Cudajáz clouds of these insects floated over the vessel, and commenced a sanguinary attack upon everybody, and I think myself in particular, my blood being somewhat fresher perhaps than most of my *compañeras*

de viage. It is impossible to conceive the degree of itching experienced when covered with pihúm punctures. The insect is so small as to easily escape observation, being less in size than the common English *pulex*. Upon alighting, it lays hold of the flesh with the eagerness and tenacity of the leech, never withdrawing until incapable of containing more blood, when it has swollen to double its ordinary size. The puncture is not felt at the time, but the moment the insect leaves off sucking a round hard pimple rises, showing a minute red orifice in the centre, which turns black in three days, meanwhile itching almost beyond endurance. My forehead, face, neck, wrists, hands, and ankles are literally all over bites, and I have lost a deal of blood. Even the Indians and negroes are engaged in the pantomimic exercise of smacking their faces, arms, and legs, and evidently suffer considerably. Shall I ever become so far accustomed to these pests as not to notice them? I fear not; but it seems probable that ere long I shall have so many punctures that the *pihúms* will be puzzled where to find a clear space to commence operations. I look at a form in the cracked pier-glass below, and as I scan a feverish face covered with pimples, I exclaim, "Alas! poor Yorick!" I tell the figure that if ever he had any pretensions to passable looks, he must abandon them all forthwith; that his countenance betokens irritability of disposition, and a downright cantankerous frame of mind; that he would do well to go and rest in his hammock, and upon no consideration to scratch himself, for fear of increasing fever and bringing on a running sore; and, finally, I beseech him to be calm, very calm, perfectly calm; and by all means to forget the itching; but this last sounds so much like an ill-timed joke that the figure abruptly vanishes.

Sunday, April 14, 1872.—Still cloudy, and equally violent gusts of wind bearing upon us from the E. and N.E., and thunder and lightning all last night and to-day. About twenty miles west of Cudajáz, on the north bank, I saw the effects of a violent wind which had torn through the forest, leaving a track over a quarter of a mile wide and as far as the eye could reach from the hurricane deck, the whole distance being covered with uprooted trees, which lay piled upon each other in wild confusion, the trunks of some snapped in twain although quite three feet in diameter. I suppose the wind must have got underneath and lifted the whole up bodily, the same as an umbrella might be blown inside out. Violent tornados, such as this must have been, are rare upon the Solimoes. I carefully scanned the south bank for a corresponding opening, but as none was visible I think the storm most probably burst over one of the large lakes lying between the Rios Negro and Japurá, broke through the forest to the main stream, and spreading out, laterally exhausted itself.

We stayed a few minutes at Coary (formerly called Alvellos), just

inside a loch at the mouth of a black water river called the Coary. A little church faces the landing place. About a score of scantily-dressed Indians came to the beach to look at us, but they were so undemonstrative I could not tell whether they were pleased or annoyed at our disturbing their solitude; most likely they were wholly indifferent. Salsa, rubber, and coffee are the produce chiefly exported from this village; the soil is said to be singularly well adapted for the growth of the latter. This evening the vessel ran upon a large tree, smashing several floats and eccentric feathering rods, which were torn off near the eye, and otherwise damaging the inner and outer tires of the starboard wheel. Upon reaching mid-stream she was allowed to drift with the current while the engineers effected repairs. I managed to read the service of the day, but my mind was anything but equable, owing to the intense irritation of piúm bites—in fact, I could hardly think of anything many moments together. Everybody on board, too, suffers more or less, and some are apparently worse than myself. Immediately the sun sets, myriads of mosquitos occupy the place of the *pihúms*, who disappear as if by magic, and really it is difficult to say which are the more tormenting. I rubbed some lemon juice over my hands, face, and neck to-day, hoping thereby to allay the irritation, but such has not been the result.

Monday, April 15, 1872.—The damage to the wheel was so far successfully repaired that we were able to resume our voyage this morning, and are not likely to stop again before reaching Teffé. I must now proceed to give a brief account of the tributaries we have passed upon both banks, and such as remain between the Purús and Ega, and the Rio Negro and the Japurá.

After leaving the Purús we pass several Fúros, through which the Solimoes pour their waters into the river mentioned, and beyond these again are the mouths of the Coyuará and Arupaná channels, both forming a cluster of islands which are partly submerged during the rainy season, the same as those on the right bank of the Purús which face the main stream. A few miles west of the Arupaná is a pretty little inlet called the Enseada de Camará. The Quemarú, Uróa, and Mamiá are small tributaries running through a dense and richly wooded country, but their solitudes are rarely broken by the voice of man, jaguars dominating the land, and huge alligators and anacondas the waters. The Mamiá forms a large lake in its course, and a man who has fished for turtle in it assures me that the Uróa flows from it, a circumstance by no means unlikely. West of the Mamiá is the great river Coary, the head waters of which are said to be near those of the Jutahy. It would appear that absolutely nothing is known of the Coary beyond one hundred miles from its mouth, up to which point traders are said to have ascended without meeting any obstructions to navigation in the

shape of rock, falls, and rapids. Indians inhabiting the left bank of the lower Purús frequent the right bank of the Coary, but I cannot find whether they cross the river. But for its reputed unhealthiness the Coary would long ago have been searched for rubber. The sense of solitude felt upon entering this tributary is overwhelming, nothing but green forest on either hand, and a death-like silence pervading the whole, excepting the noise of insect life everywhere met with on land. The placid olive-brown waters strikingly contrast with the boisterous yellow sea outside, and as we ascended the narrow entrance, scarcely a thousand feet across, the very air seemed stagnant. As is the case with other Amazonian tributaries, it has a lake near its mouth, which I estimate between six and seven miles broad, and into it flows several picturesque igaripés, natural canals, and streams; two islands shut out the opposite bank from view. In the dry season the surface is studded with the snouts of innumerable alligators, who, like Mr. Micawber, patiently wait for something "to turn up." Like their distant brethren on the Hooghly, they prefer their game as "high" as Scotchmen do venison. The colour of the lake changes with the season. When the Amazon rises it is yellowish, but after remaining still a month a deposit is formed and it assumes its wonted appearance. According to Lieut. Herndon its current is about three-fourths of a mile, and in the middle of the stream near its mouth its depth is forty-two feet. At a distance of one hundred yards from the right shore in the neck of the river our pilot fetched the bottom with a six pound lead in thirty-four feet, bringing up a white sand similar to that I obtained in the Rio Negro. I believe the water to be as strongly impregnated with particles of vegetation held in solution as that of the river just mentioned. On the right bank are some conspicuous red cliffs, about sixty feet high. I should mention that the two principal streams falling into the lake of Coary are the Urucú-Paraná and Cuanú, both on the left bank; it is positively affirmed that they communicate with the Rio Catuá. From Coary westwards the Solimoes gradually widens, until the trees on the north shore are only visible on the horizon; large islands, too, occasionally shut out the view altogether. The Catuá is a fine stream, which opens upon a large lake of the same name; it abounds with turtle and a variety of capital fish. The Costa de Tabatinga, or Tabatinga coast, extends from the Coary to the Teffé. Between this last-mentioned stream and the Catuá are the mouths of numerous channels which run south, and join a series of lakes; the chief are the Taruá, Gitica-Paraná, and Caiamé.

The entire district between the Japurá and the Rio Negro for a distance of two hundred miles north of Cudajáz is a labyrinth of channels, *furos*, *igaripes*, and lakes, few of which are named, and more only known to exist by report. Some idea of the area alluded to may be judged from the fact of a trader, the partner of a passenger on board,

having gone from Santa Isabel by the Urubaxy to the Japurá. Leaving Manáos, the first channel of any notice is the Guariba, through which the Solimoes presses, and enters the Negro fifty miles above the capital at its mouth; so violently does the current set into this opening that passing sailing crafts are sometimes drawn into it, notwithstanding a fair wind, and the use of sails and oars. Manacapurú is the next, and just within it is a settlement of the same name; it is too insignificant for steamboats to call at. Formerly, several wealthy families would come here from Manáos and reside three or four months every year, but the attractions of civilisation are so strong that well-to-do families prefer living where they can get the latest news from Europe and Rio, and where, if they are ladies – they can best see and be seen. Tracajá, Jurupary, Pindé, and Pesqueira then follow in the order given, and afterwards we come to the Cudajáz, situate a short distance west of the islands of Onça and Coro.

The Cudajáz is the centre key to the water system alluded to previously. Only the barest knowledge of it is held by a few traders, who visit the lakes to the north for the purpose of fishing, collecting turtle, and bartering rum and cutlery among hordes of Muras and occasional sections of the Manáos tribe, for fibre hammocks, copaiba, salsa, and rubber. The Cudajáz is, properly speaking, not a river, but simply one of the many Furos of the Japurá, which spread out like so many ribbons east and west for a hundred miles from its mouth. I estimated its length at two hundred and thirty miles. It flows from the Japurá a few miles below São Antonio de Maripy, or Maripy as it is commonly called, trending E. by S. to a short distance from the main stream, when it abruptly runs due south from lake Cudajáz. It is a repetition of the Tupinambarána system and quite characteristic of Amazonia, showing how wisely God has formed all these royal roads, for but for them, travelling in the interior would be impossible owing to the impenetrable nature of the forest. After leaving the Japurá, the Cudajáz falls into, or rather forms, lake Anamá, issuing at its easterly extremity. Three broad and almost equidistant canals now flow southwards to the Amazons, viz., the Uananá, Copéya, and Juçaras, the northern stream preserving its uniform course to lake Cudajáz, which has two outlets to the main stream, the eastern retaining its original name, and the western the Tininga. Montarias frequently pass from Moura and Ayrao on the Rio Negro, to the Amazons, via the Carapunary and lake Cudájaz. The belt of land between the Solimoes and the Cudájaz is peopled by Mura Indians only, north of it range the once fierce tribe of Manáos Indians; at present, however, they are without any general tribal cohesion, and live in widely scattered and not numerous hordes.

The vegetable wealth of these low lands is almost inexhaustible. With a virgin soil, and unrivalled climate for the development of all kinds of

tropical trees and plants, the supply would always exceed the demand, even though the whole globe were the market. Maize, indigo, coffee, tobacco, sugar, cacao, india-rubber, and spices, together with a host of pleasant fruits, fragrant and beautiful woods, and herbs of valuable medicinal properties, spring up rapidly, and duly cared for yield amazing crops. The mind at once inquires, when will man avail himself of the choice blessings the great Creator has so bountifully bestowed upon this part of the earth? Possibly Amazonia will remain practically intact until the northern continent of the New World is filled to overflow, and then

"Fresh fields and pastures new"

will invite the swarming surplus south, and that fraction of it which has the largest proportion of the African element will gravitate to a clime for which it is naturally adapted by blood. I do not think Europeans can reside any length of time in this climate without physical deterioration, especially if engaged in out-door pursuits. Incessant perspiration under the most favourable circumstances, and violent perspiration upon the most ordinary manual effort, must prove seriously exhaustive to the system in the long run; hence, the cool calculating brain power of temperate climes will ever dominate and render subservient the simple capacity to resist the climatic influences of intertropical regions.

The Icamiaba is a much smaller vessel than the Arary, and other steamboats which ply between Pará and Manáos. She carries about 500 tons, and is propelled by a pair of engines which work up to 40-horse power each. She invariably has a full cargo up stream, two-thirds of which goes to Peru in transit from England, and consequently pays no custom dues in Pará; excepting during the height of the rubber season, she rarely has a full cargo coming down. Freight is numerous; and what with discharging and taking in cargo at Pará, Manáos, and Tabatinga, every article of European produce and manufacture realizes almost fabulous prices on the Marañon or Upper Amazons. Her commander, Senhor Mello Cardozo, is a retired officer of the Imperial navy of the Brazil, and, as might be expected, he has everything ship-shape, taut, trim, and clean. Decks are swabbed every morning at daybreak, when passengers' hammocks are removed below from the quarter-deck. Breakfast commences at eleven, dinner at four, and tea at seven o'clock precisely; the fare is excellent, considering how far we are from Pará. Here, as on board the Arary, meals are despatched with surprising rapidity—in less time, indeed, than that usually occupied in discussing a stand-up lunch at Pimm's, or "snack" at a Wall-street clam table. "I have paid my fare," said a purple-nosed, wheezy Portuguese, "and I intend taking it out of the ship as much as I can in the eating line."

And, to do him justice, he performed gastronomic prodigies. But why should everybody be so ravenous? Why swallow beef in lumps, without something like an attempt to masticate it? Reader, were you ever without animal food for months at a time, and then seated before a dish of nicely-seasoned meat? If so, what were your impressions? Of course, you would eat properly; but then our friends here had no time to do that. I believe the secret of voracious eating on board Amazonian steamboats is that passengers never taste such good food on shore. Several of my fellow-travellers have musical boxes, and from morning till night the Redowa, Miserere, and Last Rose of Summer are tinkling in the saloon below. Among the third-class passengers is a middle-aged man, who perseveringly extracts strange notes from a miniature gridiron which he holds in his mouth. I never see this individual grinning and puking at me but I think charitably of Saul's javelin throwing, for if the instrument upon which David played at all resembled this Jews'-harp the provocation was great. A first-class passenger creates quite a sensation with a square concertina. Placing all his fingers on the keys at once, he turns up his eyes, twists his mouth, and spasmodically stretches and squeezes the poor bellows until it absolutely seems to scream with anguish in protestation; but some people evidently like the noise, for when he stops to wipe the perspiration from his forehead on the wristband of his shirt, they vociferate Brabo! brabo! (*not* bravo, gentle reader) and supplicate a repetition. It is a prevailing idea among certain classes at home that foreigners, as a rule, are more musically inclined than the English; excepting the Germans and Italians, however. I am convinced that no greater mistake can be made. How often we hear of "the sweet tinkling of the Spanish guitar," for instance, whereas the fact is this instrument is but indifferently thrummed by a few, while their singing is only a prolonged quaver. It is just on a par with the idiotic notions some people have of Spanish "beauties," whereas more pretty girls are to be found in Rotten Row any afternoon during the season, down Princes-street, Edinburgh, or during a stroll round Bedford when the boarding-schools are out for a "constitutional," than one will see in Spain during a lifetime. I must apologise for not mentioning earlier that we have a slim young lady on board who is going with her husband to Loreto, in Peru, where he keeps a shop. Strange to say, her hair always grows into two long thick plaits, which hang half way down her back before dinner; but what is equally singular, immediately after our repast they vanish till the following day. Perhaps this interesting phenomenon might be satisfactorily explained by some of the members of the fair sex in our own country; and I mention it for their edification, without daring to comment or surmise, knowing that by so doing I should trench upon

mysteries belonging to a sphere I have neither the right nor temerity to penetrate.

Tuesday, April 16th, 1872.—We left the Amazons this morning at daybreak for Teffé, a small town situated on the margin of a loch formed by a river of the same name, or Tapy, as it was formerly called. A few years ago Teffé was known by the name of Ega, and old residents pertinaciously adhere to this nomenclature; but like Manáos, formerly called Barra, its new name will ere long become exclusively used. A grey mist hung over the forest, but by the time we had entered the lake, and dropped anchor in front of the town, the sky was blue and clear. The entrance to the river is about a thousand feet across, but through jutting promontories of rolling forest, the neck varies in breadth. At the opening of the lake, its depth is twenty-five feet in mid-channel, and has a current varying from three quarters to one mile per hour. Teffé is the most picturesque spot I have seen upon the Amazons, and I can quite understand an ardent lover of the science of natural history establishing his head-quarters here, as Mr. Bates did, for four years and a half. The climate is reputed excellent, and owing to the Teffé being a black water river there are few insect pests, such as piúms and mosquitoes. It was such a treat to sit still and not lose blood, that I had half a mind to stay here a month until the boat would return; but I found I could not arrange matters to this end conveniently. In 1850, the "Naturalist upon the Amazons" had the curiosity to count the houses in this town, and found they numbered one hundred and seven exactly, with about twelve hundred inhabitants. I do not think half-a-dozen have been erected since then, and a good score of mud walled huts stand with cracked sides, as though awaiting an opportunity to collapse and smother their inmates. The town stands upon a gentle grassy slope rising from the beach, and now the lake is full I can see the grass growing below at a distance of several yards from land. When in the canoe, on my way from the vessel, I drunk a cuya of water; it had a sweet taste but was very warm. Many houses are detached, and surrounded by a pointed fence ten feet high, over which topple climbing plants and luscious Murucujás, and portly gourds. Inside, are ripe prickly custard apples ready to drop to the ground, clumps of bananas and plantains, a few orange and lemon trees, while above all tower the nodding pinnated plumes of several kinds of palms with pendent bunches of globose fruit and nuts. In rear of the town is a clearing of about half-a-square mile, studded here and there with Ilhas do Matto, or jungle islets, the whole having an English park-like appearance; the grass is kept down by a herd of well-conditioned cattle, and at the time of my visit a couple of young bulls were trying the strength of each other's skulls by butting in a savage manner, the cows rested upon the verdant sward, eyeing the combatants, and possibly calmly calculating the odds. Immediately

behind the open rises the wall of forest, decked with innumerable parasitical plants of lighter shades, and occasionally a flower to relieve the monotony of the view. On the Amazons clearings are effected by felling trees at a convenient height from the ground, where they remain until sufficiently dry for burning; the stumps soon rot after the bark has been charred and are easily split up and removed. Urúbus, or carrion buzzards (called Gallinazos, in Peru), stand side by side on the church top, with their wings outspread to cool or dry, while others run and hop about the streets and will hardly get out of our way. I first made a circuit outside the town, and as I passed several groups of women, seated upon bullocks-hides spread upon the ground in the shade near their doors, my salutations invariably met with a courteous response, such as Viva, Senhor! Adeos! and so forth. I am told there are usually five females to every male in Teffé; and certainly the fair sex—if such a term may be applied to jet-black negresses, copper-coloured Indians, and dusky mulattas—were almost numerous enough to impress me with the idea that I was in a kind of Amazonian Dunstable. The men are away from home during the greater part of the year, trading, salting large fish, such as the pirarucu and vacca marina, catching turtle and collecting rubber; and when an Indian youth knows the value of his labour, he generally "makes tracks" for a distant port, where he can do as he chooses, and be independent of his benefactors who rescued him from savagedom when a child. The girls stay at home with their owners, and generally become mothers at an early age, and thus it is every house is stocked with women whose main occupation appears to consist in smoking in a hammock, scandalizing each other, whistling, extracting jiggers from their feet, and nursing babies, the latter performed by straddling the child across the hip when not actually suckling. A small dilapidated church stands in the centre of a praca, in which mass is celebrated every Sunday and feast day.

The principal store is kept by a Jew from Gibraltar. His wife, who must be quite twenty years his junior, is a plump, dark-eyed, good-looking native of Tetuan, in Morocco. She made numerous inquiries about Tangiers; knew Achmet, the venerable guide to most Englishmen who visit that port, and was delighted to converse about the Martillo, Mediterranean Stairs, and other lovely walks to be found upon Peñasco de Orgullo, which Spaniards annually declare, in their official reports, to be "in the temporary possession of the British." In his store I breakfasted off some newly-made bread and a piece of Peixe-Boi sausage, so strongly seasoned with garlic that afterwards I would have given myself a wide berth had it been possible. In course of conversation, I elicited that his hope was Israel might soon return to the land which God had given to the seed of Abraham for a perpetual inheritance. He looked forward to the coming of the Messiah, and

detested Christianity because of its flagrant idolatry. "Do not tell me," said he, "that the teachings of the Nazarene are opposed to idolatry, for I have lived too many years among Christians, and seen too many processions of gods made of both wood, silver, and gold, and thousands of people prostrated before them, and worshipping and praying to them, to accept what you say."

"Have you not read in the Word of the New Covenant how that our Lord said unto Satan, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve'?"

"No; God forbid that I should read your book! You have said, moreover, that your Bible declares 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' How, then, does it happen that Christians have gloried in slaughtering and persecuting the Jews, who did to them no harm? The Hebrews have suffered more at the hands of the followers of Christ than ever they did from Pharaoh in Egypt and all the heathen world put together. Heathens always frankly avowed they hated us, but Christians have hypocritically tortured and murdered and robbed us for our good, *and as an evidence of their love.* Let me beg of you to say no more about your religion to me," and forthwith my acquaintance waxed so wrath, and became so excited, I began to fear he would throw something at me, but several customers dropping in, he flashed upon me a withering look, or rather what was meant for one, and turned aside. Hence, again, my way was not made clear to speak as I desired. The cry of Isaiah still resounds: "Hear, O heavens; and give ear, O earth; for the Lord hath spoken: I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me: the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." These are the seed of Abraham according to the flesh, and of whom the great apostle to the Gentiles declares: "To whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises; whose are the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen."

While rambling through the town, I passed the door of another store, inside which was an elderly gentleman, seated on an armed cane chair. He was sixty-four years of age, and was suffering from the fearful disease of Sarna, or Lepra, his face, neck, and hands being covered with white spots. "I have tried everything," he observed, "but to no purpose, and now I am content to bear my affliction patiently, knowing that on this side of the grave my appearance must always be repulsive, and the longer I live the more I shall be shunned. I believe in God, and am thankful for all His mercies. I have led a good life, and look forward to eternal rest and happiness in the next world. Jesus! Mary! Joseph! is my cry, and I am persuaded they will hear me and save me."

After a pause, I said:—"Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came into this world to save sinners. We are sinners, therefore Christ came to save *us*. Christ died for the ungodly: we are ungodly, therefore Christ died for us. The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; may it cleanse us from ours. Jesus was crucified for us, not Mary. The blood of Christ was shed for us, not *Mary's*. Jesus died for us, not Mary. Jesus rose again the third day, ascended into heaven, and ever sitteth at the right hand of God making intercession for us. The work of Christ was completed when He sat down at the right hand of God, before Mary died. Let us look to Him only. Jesus says, 'Him that cometh unto *Me* I will in no wise cast out,' therefore let us go to *Him*, and we shall be received; to Jesus *only*, not to Mary. Jesus is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; let us seek Him, find Him, and obtain Him, not Mary. Jesus says, 'I am the Bread of Life.' Let us evermore feed upon this Bread, not Mary. The Son quickeneth whom He will; not Mary. Jesus says, 'He that believeth on *Me* hath everlasting life.' Let us believe on Him and obtain life, not Mary. Jesus says, 'The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son, that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him,' therefore let us honour and worship God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity in Unity, and spare our cries to Mary, for she rejoiced in God her Saviour, and her Saviour is ours, the Lord Jesus Christ. I am convinced you wish to do what is right, therefore believe not more than is required, for that is unbelief. We are told, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.' Hence let us obey the command, and love the Lord our God with all our heart and soul, and mind and strength, and give no heed to Mary and Joseph in matters relating to our salvation, for 'Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' If we have peace with God through faith in Christ His Son, all other elements emanating from whatever source save that which is Divine serve but to hinder and obstruct, and we shall be content to be partakers of those blessings which abound by grace through faith in the Beloved unto and upon all those who are born again of water and of the Spirit. And as for this frail body, let us not be too much distressed on its behalf, for the Lord knoweth our frame, and remembereth we are but dust. 'As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.' This body 'is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual

body.' 'So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying, 'Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'"

Several members of the household stood by while I spoke, and, upon rising to depart, the sick man attempted to stand, but was too weak. When I bade him adieu, he took my hand, put it to his lips, and pressed it to his heart, exclaiming, "God bless you."

At present there are few pure-blooded Indians in Teffé, the whites, Indians, and negroes having become so amalgamated. Concubinage is common among the half-breeds. Married whites generally have one or more Indian and mulatta mistresses, who esteem it a privilege to be under such protection. Concubinage is not considered a breach of morality, let alone a sin against God. I have observed that unmarried girls, both here and in Peru, actually glory in their shame, priding themselves on their unchastity. The priests on the Amazons wink at these proceedings, perhaps remembering the adage that "people who live in glass houses should not throw stones." It is a notorious fact that the confessional is constantly prostituted for the vilest purposes, girls everywhere being induced by priests to first surrender their minds, and as a consequence, easily fall a prey afterwards. On the steamboat I hear respectable-looking men boasting of the number of girls they have ruined, and how such a one was taken by Father so and so. I could mention the names of several priests who are confessedly *fathers* in the fullest meaning of the word; but then it must be remembered that in Amazonia (both in Brazil and Peru), as in the greater part of Spain and Portugal, a priest is not thought any the worse for having a mistress, whom he generally calls his *prima*, or cousin, and numerous olive branches, who are denominated *sobrinos*, or nephews. In Seville I had in one class five boys, the sons of different priests. Priests always endeavour to marry uncivilized couples when they can, so that their offspring may be baptized. Teffé is on the decline. Formerly it was the central depot of the Solimoes, where schooners would call with produce for barter, but rapid steamboats have done away with these craft, and merchandize may be had fresh from Pará or Manáos as soon as from Teffé, seeing that steamboats touch at every port. Turtle is so scarce that people consider themselves well off if they succeed in catching enough for home consumption. They are not allowed to be caught on the sands during the egg season, hence they are hunted in lakes and creeks. Only a portion of the eggs deposited are allowed to be used for manufacturing oil, but as these number several millions annually, the Amazons have not anything like the quantity of turtle they had formerly, and should have now.

A short distance from the town I went into a hut where a family was

seated upon the ground taking breakfast. A block of wood served me for a chair, and while I ate some oranges I had an opportunity of looking round. The place was destitute of furniture, beyond a few earthen pots and hammocks. In a corner were several blow-guns, bows and arrows, fishing tackle, and paddles of various shapes and sizes. An elderly woman had three black spots on her face, and I dare say she was as proud of them as any European lady is of her powder and rouge. She looked as though some one had dabbed a large paint brush on to her forehead and cheeks. The younger women wore each a bead necklace, skirt of coloured print, and white cotton jacket, without arms, and loose at the waist; they evidently considered under-clothing superfluous. Their hair was turned back, and kept in its place by a semi-circular comb; all had small hands and feet, regular features, and one young woman, about sixteen, was very nearly pretty. The men had short jet black hair, large ears and mouth, and small eyes. They wore an open blue cotton jacket, and white cotton trousers. The meal consisted of roasted plantains, stewed peixe-boi, farinha, and the inevitable hot green capsicums. I won the confidence of a lad about ten years old, by giving him half a roll of bread I had in my pocket; he was stark naked, and had a noticeable mark on his abdomen. They belonged to the Catauixy tribe, and owing to their broken Portuguese and peculiar idiom I could not converse with them beyond upon the most common-place subjects.

The pure Indians in Teffé have mostly been *resgatados*, or ransomed by traders from tribes on the neighbouring rivers, such as the Japurá, Juruá, Jutahy, and Rioiça or Putumayo. Cannibal tribes on the Japurá have always a stock of boys and girls to dispose of; and when the poor little things are brought down they are distributed among the whites, who have a legal power over them as their guardians, and who are bound to bring them up in the faith *santa, catolica y apostolica*. The fact is, these children are slaves until they are old enough to run away; but their condition of life is unquestionably many times better off than it would have been had they remained with their former owners, the bloodthirsty denizens of the forests. I saw several members of the following tribes: Catauixy, Catuquina, Shumána, Passé, Múra, and Júry.

I had a stroll just inside the forest along a beaten track, which was very muddy, and, in fact, almost impassable in some places, owing to pools of water. I saw several trees of prodigious girth and height, they ran straight up, without a single irregularity of stem or branch for about sixty feet from the ground. Others, again, were almost covered with *orchids*, and from their branches dangled countless lianas, as though all the world had sent their clothes'-lines to dry. There seemed to be a total absence of ground flora, but the endless variety of

leaves and peculiarities of structure and combinations sustained an increasing measure of interest.

Notwithstanding Teffé is nearly two hundred years old, and one of the first settlements founded upon the river, very little is known of the tributary from which the town takes its name. "Do you know where the head waters of the Teffé are to be found?" I inquired of an intelligent old resident. "*Deos sabe!*" said he, "Who ever would care to know. There is nothing but trees, trees, trees day after day and no money to be made. Only Englishmen and Americans travel our rivers and make collections of plants, birds, insects, shells, and stones, and even fish. I believe you know more about the Amazons than we do." And I suspect he was correct enough in his creed. Purús Indians have descended the Teffé, and consequently this river must be longer than the Coary, although the best Brazilian maps represent the latter as the larger. I should think there can be very little difference of length between the Coary, Teffé, Juruá, and Jutahy. The Bararuá is the first affluent of the Teffé, and flows into the loch. Herndon says that in ten or twelve days' ascent a branch called the Rio Gancho is reached, which communicates by a portage with the Juruá. I should think it most probable that *furos* run from the Purús and communicate with all the tributaries to the west as far as the Javarí on the Brazilo-Peruvian frontier. The climate of the river is unhealthy, and collectors of cumaru (Tonka beans), sarsaparilla, and oil of copaiba always suffer from fever and ague, the scourge of every tributary of the Amazons. Almost every man I meet has suffered from this disease, and their yellow faces, which seem to be afflicted with jaundice, shrunken limbs, and nervousness, betoken that severe inroads have been made upon their constitution. The principal trade of the place is in salsa, fish, hammocks, rubber, and tobacco—all collected at a distance. Any quantity of excellent tobacco might be grown in the neighbourhood of Teffé, but the natives will not take to regular agricultural pursuits until the fictitious commerce of rubber has exploded.

There is no native heathen population in Teffé—that is to say, everybody has been baptized, and of course attends mass, assists at religious processions, which are sometimes made in canoes across the lake to a small Indian settlement called Nogueria, and does the bidding of the priest. The place is just far enough away from Pará for local magnates to do pretty much as they like. Of course, the priest is the staunch supporter of the authorities; and when secular punishment is found to be insufficient, ghostly terrors are called into requisition, and what with flaming purgatorial regions before them in the next world, and the hearty application of a stout stick to the body in this, the most obstinate are soon brought to a sense of duty. Crimes such as murder and homicide are almost unknown; and when a fighting dispute occurs,

it is generally at a *cashaça* debauch, in which the half breeds and aborigines occasionally indulge. On the Amazons pure whites are proverbially temperate, but they encourage drinking among the Indians so as to keep them in debt and thus secure their labour.

I would not recommend Teffé as suitable for a Mission station. Romish priests are few and far between, and it would be unwise to choose a spot where they have long laboured, while the whole of the surrounding country is entirely open.

In the evening I went on board, and was thankful to rest after the fatigues of the day. A Brazilian passenger who came off in a canoe with me, and was bound for São Paulo da Olivença, was of a happy communicative disposition, and readily conversed upon religious subjects.

"Por Nossa Senhora de Nazareth do Desterro," said he, "I wonder how long I shall remain in purgatory!"

"Do you believe you will go to purgatory when you die?"

"Pois não! Of course I shall. Everyone goes there upon the separation of the soul from the body!"

"Very hot place I am given to understand?"

"Horrivel! They say it is nearly, if not quite, as hot as hell itself!"

"Well, how are you going to get out? I take it you will give everything you possess for masses to be said for the deliverance of your soul."

"No! Not everything; and as it is I have but little property."

"Between ourselves, Senhor, it appears to me that your priests must have hearts of adamant; that they are shockingly cruel men."

"You wrong them, then, I assure you; for I know several who are generous to a fault, who abound in charity."

"Suppose I was travelling in a canoe, and I saw a poor fellow clinging to a plank, crying for help, would it not be my duty to save him?"

"Undoubtedly it would."

"But suppose I calmly beheld his struggling, groaning, and heart-rending appeals for mercy, and I thus addressed him, 'Amigo! I perceive you are in a miserable plight, and, moreover, that without my assistance you will assuredly be drowned; but what will you give me to save you?' Would I not be cruel?"

"I do not believe any man could be so wicked! Why such an action would disgrace the most ruthless savage."

"Precisely. Now we will take it that the man answers, 'Save me! O save me! Let me not drown! I have nothing to give you but lasting gratitude, for I have no money;' whereupon I deliberately inform him that I decline to lend a helping hand, that he may just sink into the surging yawning gulf, and be drowned before my eyes!"

"Oh, Sir! You draw an impossible picture; brutality was never so refined!"

"Tell me, now! Do not your priests declare that souls are delivered from purgatory by the sacrifice of the mass? And do they not decline to sing mass under two *mil reis* (four shillings)?"

"This is true enough."

"Well, then! If your priests really believed they could save souls from the horrors of purgatory, do you imagine they would be so cruel, so savage, so brutal, as to decline to take a scuttleful of brimstone from off the heads of those in torment, unless paid for it? When a poor widow goes to her priest, and says, 'Father Judas, here is sixpence, it is all I can spare from my darling babes. Please say mass for the deliverance of the soul of my beloved husband from purgatory;' does not the priest indignantly decline, and point to his tariff, declaring his time is too precious to be squandered away for sixpence, and that unless she can raise the money among her friends she may go somewhere else?"

"True, alas! too true! Why you put it clearly enough, and it does seem downright cruel to only sing mass once a week, or when specially paid, if such tremendous issues are at stake! I do not believe in purgatory!"

"Well; what do you believe in, then?"

"Nothing at all! I always had secret doubts, but you have completely knocked away every prop, and the whole fabric of imposture tumbles about my ears."

"This must not be. Hitherto you have trusted to your Church and to your priest to save you, but now you must look to Him whom 'God hath exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.' We must abandon every trust, hope and wish for salvation, which does not centre in Christ. He must be the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end of our hope and faith. He must be our all. Only Christ can give rest to the troubled soul. As the dove found no resting place for the sole of its feet until it returned to the ark, so the sinner can find no refuge but in Jesus, for all human systems are at best but a heaving expanse of troubled waters lashed by conflicting and changing opinions. Let us 'rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him,' for it is written, 'Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.' We must live by faith in the Son of God. Christ has done everything for us, and we must rest upon this truth, and believe in Him who has said, 'He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.' If the flames of purgatory are necessary to cleanse us from sin, then was the blood of Christ shed in vain, and His Gospel is no gospel, for the pro-

spect of indefinite torment in a future world is no good news to those who are broken-hearted in this present life, and seek for present pardon and acceptance, and the blessings of the Holy Ghost the Comforter. 'I, even I,' saith the Lord, 'am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins. Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we were *healed*.' It is written, 'Thou wilt cast *all* their sins into the depths of the sea.' 'None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him.' 'He that believeth on the Son hath *everlasting life*.' 'Jesus said unto them, My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to *finish* His work.' 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath *everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life*.' 'I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have *finished* the work which Thou gavest Me to do.' 'When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, *It is finished;* and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.' 'For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is *eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord*.' 'There is, therefore, now *no condemnation* to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.' 'Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as *silver and gold*. . . . But with the *precious blood of Christ*, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son *cleanseth us from all sin*. If we confess our sin He is faithful and just to *forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from unrighteousness*.' 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the *sons of God;* therefore the world knoweth us not because it knew Him not.' 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, *we shall be like Him*, for we shall see Him as He is.' 'And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, *Blessed are the dead which lie in the Lord from henceforth:* yea, saith the Spirit, that they may *rest from their labours*, and their works do follow them.' These are a few of the hosts of passages of Scripture which disprove the existence of purgatory, and show that the blood of Christ alone can purge us from our sins. Have you a copy of the Word of God?"

"No, Sir. I have seen a Bible, but never handled one."

"Unhappily, I have not one to give you," I replied, mentioning the place where they were to be had in Pará, after deliverance from the Custom House. The night was far advanced when we concluded our conversation. It was clear to me that my acquaintance was hungering

and thirsting after the truth, and I earnestly besought the guidance of the Holy Spirit, as I opened the Scriptures, that I might be able to say a word in due season. My bread has been cast upon the waters, and if I do not see the results of it in this life, I know I shall in the world to come.

" Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, ' Harvest Home !' "

Wednesday, April 17, 1872.—Before entering the creek which leads to Fonte-Boa we passed a large cuberta, rowed by four negros and two Indians. It was close in shore, and the men had enough to do to make head against the stream. Their oars were tough sticks, about nine feet long, with paddles, from fourteen to sixteen inches broad, lashed to the end, and were worked standing. She had two masts, no sails up, and a boarded cabin aft, resembling a kennel, on the roof of which sat the helmsman. The whole concern had a lumbering, top-heavy appearance, and I should not care to be in one with a good gale of wind on her beam ; she would carry about twenty tons, and occupy the best part of a year in going from Pará to Tabatinga. We also passed a large raft piled with salsa ; it was attached to the trunk of a tree, and drifting with the current would do about fifty miles a day. I hear that it is not improbable she will be floated to Serpa, to save steamboat freight to that port. It must be weary work coming down the river so slowly, but considerably more so, I should say, going up in one of the clumsy *cubertas* just mentioned. I often think of the hardships Madame Godin des Odonnais must have endured during her descent of the Amazons. The story of her sufferings, privations, and almost miraculous preservation is perhaps without parallel, and if it unfailingly calls forth the tear of sympathy from those at home, how much more must they be impressed who have trodden the forest wilds of Amazonia !

Madame Godin des Odonnais was the wife of a French astronomer associated with M. La Condamine, who, in 1745, was engaged in scientific observations in equatorial America. Rather than remain in Europe away from her husband she resolved to accompany him, and

share his trials, and accordingly went to Quito, where for a time they lived happily together. But their tranquillity was destined to be abruptly disturbed, for M. Godin being summoned to Cayenne was compelled, by circumstances beyond his control, to leave his wife behind. For sixteen long years he was unable to return to Quito, or even communicate with his anxious partner, every letter having miscarried *en route*; but an opportunity occurring, he proceeded to the Amazons, with the intention of ascending the river, about two thousand five hundred miles, and then up one of its northern tributaries, and by a journey on foot through the forest, to reach his beloved. Scarcely, however, had he commenced his arduous undertaking when his health failed, and heart-broken he was obliged to relinquish a task for which he was constitutionally unfitted.

And now commences the history of Madame Godin's wonderful adventures. By some means or other a rumour reached her that a party was ascending the Amazons, with the expectation of meeting her upon its upper banks, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of many friends, she at once resolved to depart from Quito, and plunge into the unknown solitudes before her, and brave any and every danger, in order to again embrace her husband. Her courageous spirit aroused the enthusiasm of her brother, who determined to join her, and when every preparation had been made the party, numbering nine in all, viz.: three females, two children, three men (one of whom was her brother) and Madame Godin herself, started on their memorable journey, amid the tears, good wishes, and heartfelt prayers of friends. Day after day they toiled through rocky passes, and descended the rugged slopes of the Ecuadorian Andes, now fording mountain torrents, halting while thunderstorms swept overhead, and the clouds discharged their tropical deluge of rain, and anon watching the gigantic condor floating with motionless wings at an elevation to which no other bird aspires; listening to strange noises made by the several denizens of the forest, and ever on the alert for the Indians, whose unearthly whoop might at any time prove their death knell. Having reached a river flowing south, they descended with the current, and after a slow, though uneventful voyage, entered the vast expanse of the Amazons proper. The appearance of the yellow, fresh-water sea, with a gale of wind lashing its bosom into boisterous waves, inspired the company with awe and gloomy apprehensions. Hitherto, their frail craft had glided upon an even land-locked surface, the towering walls of trees on either hand sheltering them from the violence of the wind, but now a stout boat and skilful navigation were required, neither of which they possessed. Scarcely had they entered the Amazons when their inexperience nearly proved fatal, a sudden gust of wind causing their canoe to fill, and go down, with the greater part of their provisions, themselves narrowly escaping a watery grave. The

Mission villages where they had hoped to obtain succour were found deserted, the Indians either having been decimated by smallpox, or the dread of this awful scourge having led them to abandon their homes and flee far into the interior. As their position grew daily more serious, it was resolved to make another attempt to reach some civilized settlement upon the banks of the river, although the chances of success were extremely doubtful, on account of innumerable islands, and their ignorance of the course of the Amazons. With any quantity of timber at hand, they constructed a raft, by lashing a number of logs together with vegetable ropes which hung from the branches of lofty trees, and after imploring the protection of the Divine Being they once more embarked, and pushing off from land drifted with the current among a labyrinth of channels, the verdant forest cliffs presenting an unbroken front, but so indifferently had their means of conveyance been built that it soon came to grief, being dashed to pieces by a snag against which it had struck. Again the party escaped drowning, and forcing a path through the rank grass and reeds which fringe the shores of the river, they entered the dark forest, and endeavoured to proceed on foot. With clothes torn to shreds by thorns they clambered over the roots of trees, and waded through dreary swamps, living upon wild nuts and berries, the stronger assisting the weaker, and all being animated by the cheerful disposition and indomitable perseverance of our heroine. But spouting rains by day, drenching dews by night, and a steamy sickening malaria at all times, coupled with want of nourishment, exposure, insect pests, and the fear of wild beasts and deadly reptiles, soon told upon the enfeebled band, and one after another succumbed to fever, till at last the unhappy Madame Godin stood alone, surrounded by the eight dead bodies of her relatives and friends; alone in the largest forest on the face of the globe, nearly three thousand miles from the Atlantic, without a hand to help, a word to cheer, or eye to pity!

Overwhelmed with horror at her apparently hopeless condition, not knowing which way to turn, or what to do, she embraced the lifeless forms of those she loved, and, after several vain attempts to bury them, sank exhausted to the ground, and for two days gave way to uncontrollable anguish of heart and soul. The marvel is, how she could survive such an accumulation of disasters, but possibly prolonged weeping relieved her system, and *the instinct of self-preservation* was awakened. Plucking the worn-out shoes off one of the dead, she partly shielded her torn and bleeding feet, and again commenced her uncertain wanderings, ever incurring the risk of being crushed to death by falling trees and branches, of being attacked by some loathsome boa or alligator, or bitten by a poisonous snake. After sunset she could hear the roar of the ferocious jaguar, the yell of monkeys, hiss of serpents, and jeering croak of the frogs, while night birds piped a mournful requiem, and the whip-poor-will made the arched forest re-echo with his plaintive notes.

Naked and hungry she still toiled on, stopping to rest when weary, when sometimes she would be lulled to sleep by the din of heaven's artillery, and streams of water pouring through the foliage above would lave her parching skin. Day after day her spectre-like form glided under air plants, beautiful ferns and lofty palms, and now and then a flash of sunlight through a rift in the emerald canopy would reveal how much her once beautiful form had shrunken, and how deeply her lovely expressive eyes were sinking. Still onwards! forwards! and ever crying from her inmost soul, "Save me! Oh, my God, save me!" till, on the ninth day, she heard a noise, which sounded like the paddling of a canoe. Cheer up, Madame Godin! Do not turn sick and faint now! If your heart continues beating like this it will soon come to a dead stop! Hark! some voices are nearing; surely your prayers are about to be answered! Now for it, brave French lady; even death at the hands of a savage is preferable to this terrible living death; but still trust in God! And away she bounds, tearing through the matted undergrowth, not feeling even the thorns which gash her tender limbs, and reaching the river's brink, where some Indians are startled by her apparition, she throws herself upon their mercy.

The poor red men are touched with compassion at her appearance, and readily comply with her request to be conducted to the nearest Mission, though it was several days distant. Eventually she reached the village, where care was taken of her until she was well enough to continue her journey. Her voyage down the rest of the Amazons was on board a vessel somewhat similar to the *cuberta* already described, and consequently attended with considerable delay, risk, and exposure; but in the good providence of God she was once again restored to her devoted husband, for whom she had braved and suffered so much, and, after nineteen years of separation, they met to part no more until their Maker should call them to Himself.

At their earliest opportunity M. and Madame Godin returned to France, where their declining years were spent in well-earned comfort and repose, the sympathy and love of a large circle of friends, in a manner compensating for the sufferings they had endured. It is asserted that Madame Godin could never speak of her journey from Quito to Amazonia without intense agitation, and considerately the subject was never alluded in her presenee.

"That is a fine-looking man!" I observed to a passenger, nodding towards a negro who stood leaning over the bulwarks.

"Yes," was the reply. "He was purchased in Teffé, and is now travelling to his new master's *chacra*, near Fonte-Boa."

"Do you think he prefers bondage to liberty?"

"What a question to ask! Decidedly not. The fact is, he tried to run away from his late master, escaping in a canoe, and going some distance down the river, but he was pursued and captured, and his

owner knowing that he would profit by experience, and run away again the first opportunity, was glad to sell him for a decent price."

"Is his present owner a kind man?"

"Well, yes. You may be certain he won't damage his own property if he can help it, but if he were caught running away from him, this is what he would get (pointing to a stick), and more than he had bargained for."

"Are you a slaveowner?"

"No, worse luck! I only wish I had a hundred strong negroes, I would soon make my fortune."

"But do you think it right to buy and sell men? Do you not consider slavery a cruel institution?"

"Pooh! They would have plenty to eat and drink, and what more could they wish for? and as to cruelty, you know, that depends entirely upon circumstances."

"But supposing your slaves desired their liberty?"

"Well, then, they should not have it until I was rich enough to give it."

"Are you married, may I ask?"

"Yes, and have a family."

"How would you like to have your sons and daughters sold to any man who would pay the price demanded?"

"I think and feel as a white man, and not as a slave." He was not a pure white.

"But may not a slave have all the thoughts, notions, susceptibilities, and feelings you enjoy?"

"Perhaps he might, but I am not going to argue the point. My mind is made up, and I tell you again that I wish I had a hundred slaves!"

I do not intend making an anti-slavery dissertation, but the fact of such a cruel and degrading institution as slavery existing in this a professedly Christian empire should not be dismissed as unworthy of serious consideration. Although the importation of negroes from Africa has been abolished, and by a recent law the children born to parents in bondage are declared to be free, the plain truth still remains, that a large proportion of Brazilian subjects languish in abject, hopeless servitude. That the gradual discontinuance of slavery is more merciful than its immediate abolition is not borne out by facts, the demand for labour throughout the Brazils being so great that were every man liberated to-morrow ample employment and remuneration would be found, either in the service of others, or as independent craftsmen, or tillers of the soil. It is urged that slavery has rendered the negro helpless, and that with freedom he would starve, but this statement is so palpably absurd as to scarcely merit an answer, for the negro,

whether born free or released from bondage, may choose his employers; and no one has ever been known to die of hunger in any town in the Brazils. It is declared that as the Government cannot afford to indemnify slave-owners for the loss of their property, the sudden emancipation of *escravos* would be certain ruin to many. But which is more in accordance with the sacred rights of humanity, that the wealth of one individual be consulted, or the freedom and happiness of perhaps five hundred men, women, and children be at stake? It is said that slavery in the Brazils is of so mild and patriarchal a character that its victims are as well or better off than the poorer classes in Great Britain; but the barefaced effrontery of this monstrous assertion is so opposed to common truth and honesty that none save those - to put it in its mildest form - guilty of culpable ignorance would dare to make it. And finally, the Bible is appealed to for the sanction of slavery—that blessed Word which declares that God "hath made of one blood all the nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," and "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?" Comparatively speaking, there are happily few men disposed to plead for slavery—to declare they have a right to hold as property the sacred gifts of bodily and mental strength which God has given to others. Who can read the history of Joseph without lamenting the awful crime of his brethren? yet men created in the image of God are here daily bought and sold like chattels, and the offspring of the Almighty treated worse than the beasts of the field. The slave-owner ignores the moral rights of his property, and disposes of love, chastity, integrity, and the fulfilment of family and social obligations, according to his will and caprice. He tears the lovers asunder regardless of vows made in the sight of God, and by brute force he compels his property to violate every sense of moral rectitude and adherence to evangelical teachings, while parental, filial, and family privileges and obligations are coolly disregarded, or made null and void at pleasure.

Slavery, however modified its form, is a great wrong. It kills that which is manly, womanly, and maidenly. It prevents or destroys all interest in the commonwealth, and crushes out patriotism, for who or where is the slave that willingly toils when his reward is but a shower of curses and blows, or a patronising pat on the head, such as would be given to a favourite horse or dog? Or where is the man that willingly fights for the manacles which bind him in subjection? The system is prejudicial to the owner and the owned. Unlimited control over the will and persons of men is a dangerous power even when wielded by the most benevolent. It invariably breeds disastrous passions, and the power of gratifying them without let or hindrance is apt to prove fruitful in riot and licentiousness. The adult slave nourishes hatred and revenge against those who grow rich by the sweat of his brow, and

the ambition of the ardent youth is to escape into the jungle and join the bush negroes. Thus in all slave communities there exists a dangerous element which at any time may prove a source of wide-spread calamity and ruin.

I have frequently seen slaves brutally cuffed and belaboured by their owners for either real or imaginary offences; and several times I have heard the sound of blows, and screams of females while undergoing corporal punishment at the hands of their mistresses.

A double-chinned lady whom I know, and who—setting aside her conduct towards her slaves—is of an aimable disposition, used to dress her maid, against whom she had a spite, in a pair of boy's trousers which were a deal too short for her, and clip her hair as close to her head as possible, to make her a laughing-stock before visitors. The girl was ordered to bring me a cup of coffee, that an occasion might occur for me to join in the general mirth against her, but, to the disappointment of her shrewish tormentors, I maintained a serious, sympathising demeanour; and upon beholding the blush of outraged modesty mantle a simple maidenly face, and a pair of soft southern eyes sparkle with indignation, I could not refrain from taking her trembling hand in mine, and assuring her that I thought none the less of her for what she was compelled to endure. There are wrongs which may be inflicted by a mistress with impunity upon her female slaves, and which no laws enacted for the protection of the latter can reach—such as slaps, pinches, spiteful sayings, cutting off the whole or part of the hair or wool, as the case may be, the deprivation of trinkets presented, or prohibition of a certain tuck, flounce, or mysterious arrangement of the dress which women of every language and colour delight to patronise. I heard of a jealous mistress who always made one of her slaves run an errand in a thunderstorm, in the hope that a thorough drenching might cause sickness. Too frequently the mistress has grounds for jealousy of her female domestics, and when suspicion is once fairly aroused the result is always disquietude, heart-burnings, malice, and finally revenge. Were it necessary, I could adduce several instances of this, partly from personal observation. To vent his malevolence upon his property, the slave-owner has merely to charge him with a punishable offence and send him to the *calaboes* to be flogged, the simple testimony of the negro going for nothing when opposed to the evidence of his master. Thus revenge is legalized, and dire tales are everywhere current of the conduct of unscrupulous masters and mistresses towards the victims of their malice and hatred.

That Brazilian slavery is of so mild a character that the negro rather likes his position than otherwise, is clearly disproved by the number of advertisements regarding runaway slaves which are to be found in every paper published throughout the Empire. It would be as easy to

give a hundred as a score of these announcements, seeing that the fourth and last pages of these journals teem with them. But here are two from a Paraense paper :—

ESCRAVA FUGIDA.

Anda em fuga a escrava Marcellina, idade 20 annos : cabocla oscura ; magra ; alta ; braços compridos ; olhos pequenos ; tem uma cicatriz na testa ; e o nariz chato ; consta andar acoita da na capital, onde tem sido encontrada por muita gente ; ha oito mezes que fugiu e não tem ficado na rua este tempo tudo. Recommenda-se a sua captura as autoridades policiaes, e se da uma gratificacão a quem leval-a á casa de sua senhora, a travessa dos ferreiros, n 25 ou ao largo do carmo casa do sr Tiberio Motta.

Translation. Fugitive Female Slave. Ran away, the half-breed slave Marcellina ; age twenty ; dark, thin, tall ; long arms ; small eyes ; cut on forehead ; and flattish nose. She is known to be hiding in this city, having been seen by a good many people of late. During eight months she has not been once in this street. The police are recommended to capture her, and a gratification will be given to anyone bringing her to the house of her mistress, 25, Blacksmiths'-street, or to the house of Tiberio Motta, Carmo-square.

Poor Marcellina ! God help you, and grant you may escape the brutal clutches of your owners ! If I could smuggle you on board an English vessel going to Great Britain I would do so, for there are plenty of loving, generous hearts in that land of liberty who would take care of you. "Cut on forehead." Ah, thereby hangs a tale, no doubt. "Thin," and "long arms." Poor girl ! I should not be at all surprised if you have been half starved, and worried by a "nagging" mistress into such a desperate step as running away. However, somebody must think well of Marcellina, or she could never live eight months in Pará without being caught, so I trust that neither "sua senhora" nor the obliging Tiberio Motta may have a chance of putting their hands on her again. The lynx eyes of "sua senhora" have scanned the street for eight months, looking out for the runaway, and, should she be caught, will she not receive an awful beating ? Oh, woman, woman ! When once your spirit of revenge is roused, you become—

"Like a fountain troubled :
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,"

and, as a rule, are ten times more vindictive against the members of your own than the sterner sex. We do not like to see your "naughty passions rise," for you only knock yourselves up.

"FUGIO NO DOMINGO!

12 de Novembro o escravo Benedicto; cor preto; alto e magro; com 18 a 20 annos de idade. Protesta-se com o vigor da lei contra quem lhe der couto; e gratifica-se a quem o apresentar na estrada de S. Jeronymo; casa do Sr Catramby."

Translation.—Runaway, on Sunday, Nov. 17th, the slave Benedict; dark, tall, thin; between the age of 18 and 20. We protest with the vigour of the law against anyone hiding the said slave; and a reward will be given for bringing him to Mr. Catramby's, Jerome-street.

As we do not know whether the above-mentioned individual is a slave-owner, or simply an agent, we will leave poor Benedict to get on the best way he can; but be careful, Benedict, and remember that, if you are caught, your back will probably be scored with a couple of hundred lashes laid on in the *calaboco*. N.B.—We never read of a runaway negro described as "fat."

Here is another specimen of Brazilian civilization; of shameless cruelty, and inhuman wrong.

ESCRAVAS!

Vende-se tres escravas, sendo; Domingas-preta de 20 annos pouco mais ou menos: Generosa, preta de 13 annos pouco mais ou menos: Raimunda; mulatta de 30 annos pouco mais ou menos: Generosa e muita esperta cose, e fax labyrintho. Raimunda lava, engomma, e é perfeita cosinheira. Todas estas escravas, alem oestas habilitaçoes, estão aptos para qualquer serviço domestico. Quem desejar compral-as queira dirigir-se a Travessa da Gloria; Residencia de Jose Gomez de Oliveira, para tratar do ajuste.

Translation.—Female Slaves! To be sold, three female slaves; the same being: Domingas, a black girl, twenty years old, a little more or less; is a capital washerwoman. Generosa, a black girl, aged about thirteen, a little more or less; very handy; can sew and work embroidery. Raimunda, a mulatta, of thirty years of age, a little more or less; is a capital washerwoman and laundress, and a very good cook. All these girls, besides having the qualifications mentioned, are useful for any kind of domestic employment, and are all healthy. Any person desirous of purchasing them may apply to the house of Jose Gomez de Oliveira, Glory-street, where the bargain may be arranged.

Let it be remembered that the last page of newspapers abounds with advertisements similar to the three here given.

Now, here are three women to be sold! As an evidence of the interest taken in their welfare, the proprietor cannot tell the age of any one of them, and, poor creatures, what have they to live for, that they should care to know their age! A black girl, twenty years old, to be sold to the first

monster who chooses to pay the money demanded for her. Poor Generosa, too, it is hard that your life should be spent in bondage. Only thirteen years of age, and yet perhaps you may be purchased by some coarse, hard mistress, or brutal planter, who will take good care you shall have no more time for embroidery. To be sold, a mulatta, thirty years of age! Come to *Glory*-street to arrange the transaction.

To be purchased, human flesh and blood! Going for about one hundred pounds; the power to break a woman's heart; to snatch her from all she holds nearest and dearest; to separate her for ever from the man she loves; to part her from her aged mother and infirm father; to make her labour in the field; to exchange her for a horse, a house, a dog; to treat her roughly; call her names; cuff, beat, and spit upon her; the power to make her weep, and, in despair, curse the day she was born; to make her fly to the jungle where she may be hunted like a wild beast; the power to drive her to madness and self-destruction! Going for about one hundred pounds each, three women, unto whom God has given immortal souls; for whose salvation our Lord and Saviour became incarnate in the flesh, and for the remission of whose sins the blood of Christ was shed! Come, professing Christian men and women, and purchase the quaking tabernacles of three undying spirits, each of more value than ten thousand worlds! Hasten to the market and buy, for time is precious, and slaves and slaveowners must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ to be rewarded according to their deeds in the flesh, to be appointed unto life eternal, or everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord! What are tears, sobs, groans, and entreaties? What are joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, happiness and misery, hope and despair, health and decay, youth and age, what are all these weighed in the balance against gold, avarice, revenge, and licentiousness? Go, make your bargains now in Glory-street, and glory in your shame!

After leaving the mouth of the Teffé, yesterday evening, we were soon in front of the openings of the Japurá, where the Amazons are about four and a half miles wide. The river is here intersected by large islands, some of which, I am informed, are annually diminishing in size, while, lower down, others are rapidly increasing. I observed mud-marks upon the trunks of trees three feet above the ground. None of these islands are inhabited, so the snakes are monarchs of all they survey. Congregations of waterfowl stand near the river's brink, as at the junction of the Purús, and floating trees are covered with aquatic birds, who will most likely remain to rest during the night, fly up stream early in the morning, and after catching fish all day, select a log, drift down till daybreak, when they will fly up as before. These birds are sometimes gobbled up by wily anacondas, which swim under water till they reach the tree, when they dart upon their prey, sink, and drown it, and then return to land and feast at leisure, if it be large.

But little is accurately known of the Japurá. Its head waters are said to exist in Nueva Granada, near those of the Uaupéz and Guaviare; and that part of its course lies through a tract of country equally claimed by Peru and Ecuador. It has been ascended by a few Brazilian traders as far as the Serras Araras, or Maccaw Mountains, and consequently must be fully a thousand miles in length. Its current is sluggish, waters yellow, and for several hundred miles it is a broad, deep river. Its products resemble those of most Amazonian tributaries, at present affording no specialty. Rubber is said to be plentiful.

Some of the Indian tribes upon its banks are warlike, and, according to respectable authority, given to cannibalism. From the Japurá a number of Indian children are annually brought to Teffé, having been resgatados by traders for a consideration: viz., rum, hardware, and common dry goods. Whites no longer hunt Indians for slaves as they did formerly, but the civil and ecclesiastical authorities do not object to, but rather encourage, the rescuing of children from savagedom when the transaction can be amicably effected. Some tribes, such as the Macús and Miranhas, are reputed to hold a strong antipathy towards whites, though they prefer their flesh to that of their red brethren; should such be the case their taste must indeed be depraved, for all the Amazonian traders I have seen appear to have highly mercurial habits, and far from healthy. The evil reputation of these tribes, and the known treacherous disposition of others, have prevented rubber collectors exploring the district. Rubber hands at work are generally much scattered searching for trees, hence marauding Indians can easily lay an ambush, and so cut off in detail a party numbering a hundred. Another difficulty is the unhealthiness of the river, which would really appear to be bad, after making due allowance for the exaggerated statements of traders who desire to maintain a long-enjoyed monopoly. It invariably occurs that voyagers from the main Amazons are laid low with fever at a short distance beyond Maripy; strange to say, Indians descending to the Amazons are similarly affected, from whence I should judge the change of drinking-water must be the cause.

The principal tribes found going up this tributary are the Múras, Manáos, Coerunas, Jurys, Jury-Tabocas (tabocas), Macús, Miranhas, Yucunas, Siróas, Xiberos, Umauas, Caquetas, Uaynumás, Passes, and Xumanas, or Shumanas. They are scattered over an immense area, extending from the Uaupéz, Rio Negro, Guaviare, and Içá, or Putumáyo. All are divided into hordes, and have marked lingual peculiarities. Some lead a nomadic life like certain Arab and Khirghese tribes, wandering about with no other object beyond the love of change, while others settle for years in villages, raising produce, and are attached to their homes until a strange sickness breaks out, or the incursions of stronger neighbours, render a new locality expedient. Most live in a complete state of nudity, but paint their bodies according to individual ideas of beauty, sub-

ordinate to tribal rules; thus it is possible to distinguish the members of one tribe from another by a certain daub or line upon the forehead, cheeks, mouth, arms, breast, ribs, and legs. The Jury-Tabocas, for instance, have a mouth device; some hordes painting a small circle over the lips, immediately below the nose; others round the corners of the mouth, while there are sections which paint a square; thus the whole tribe has a mouth device, but each horde a different figure. The appearance of these Indians at a distance is singularly grotesque, some looking as though they had a snout like a pig, and others as though their mouths were so many letter-box openings.

Isolated families are more savage than small and large communities. Thrown entirely upon their own resources, without inter-communication of thoughts and ideas, they become selfish, sullen, stolid, and stupid, and their existence is scarcely more, and certainly no better, than a waking dream, each living and dying for and to himself. Thanks be to God, man cannot sink below a certain depth; low as he may descend, he is always infinitely higher than the beast, in that, by the grace of God, he is more or less reclaimable, and capable of enjoying mental and spiritual culture. The future exploration of the Japurá, with a view to missionary enterprise, will doubtless furnish interesting information relating to the manners, customs, and religious beliefs of the inhabitants of these districts.

The Japurá runs nearly due east and west for about four hundred miles, at a distance of 2° south of the equator, that is to say, from the Cupaty mountains to São Antonio de Maripy. The Rio Caqueta is by some geographers considered to have the highest head waters, but the Cumiary, or Engaños, must be nearly or equally as long. Besides these two streams, there are many others flowing south from Nueva Granada which contribute to form the river. The passage of the Caqueta through the Arara (maccaw) mountains, or Arara-Coará, as they are sometimes called, is said to be blocked up by enormous masses of rock, between and over which the river rushes with great velocity, dashing and foaming and forming dangerous whirlpools. Lieut. Herndon heard of the existence of a wind cave among these hills; possibly the impetuous volume of the Caqueta is the cause. I hear that gold is found by Indians inhabiting this part of the country, and they can soon gather enough to procure from traders whatever they require. They are very reticent, however, as to the localities where they obtain it, as they believe the whites would soon flock thither and force them to gather it, arising most likely from the cruel conduct of the Spaniards at the time of the conquest, whose thirst for gold led them to commit the grossest crimes and excesses against the persons and property of the aborigines. Indeed, down to the last moment Spain exercised dominion in the New World, her rapacious viceroys and officials sought only how much of the

precious mineral they could gather for themselves and the mother country, to the utter neglect of all colonial interests. The Engaños joins the Caqueta east of the Arara-Coará mountains, and from thence to the Amazons the Japurá receives a number of affluents on both banks, those on the right being in succession the Jacaré, Ipú, Mutú, Cuinary, Arapá, Cunacúa, Puréos—said to join the Içá—Tunaúa, Mauápiry, and Auati-Paraná, which falls into the Amazons by several mouths, the principal being nearly opposite the entrance of the Jutahy on the south shore. All the streams between the Auati-Paraná and the mouth of the Japurá flow west and communicate with the Amazons, thus this remarkable tributary may be entered by channels from the main river for a distance exceeding four hundred miles! On the left bank the first great affluent is the Apaporis, rising in Nueva Granada; it is a fine stream, nearly winds round the Cupaty range, and is said to be auriferous. Whatever gold comes down the Japurá is in the form of dust, and contained in goose quills plugged with black wax. Between the Apaporis and the Arara-Coará hills are several affluents, such as the Mirity-Paraná, Irá, Aura, Jary, Uaniá, and Juy. East of the Apaporis are numerous affluents as far as the Cudajáz, many of which communicate with expansive lakes abounding with fish, turtles, alligators, water boas, and flocks of aquatic birds. Forest and water, water and forest, only is met with, the latter yielding unsurpassable vegetable wealth, and there is enough moira-piníma, moira-piránga, and other beautiful and aromatic woods to adorn and scent every palace on the globe. But the axe has yet to be lifted in these virgin retreats, and many a year will doubtless elapse before the emigrant will venture to settle there.

On the south shore of the Amazons, between the Teffé and Fonte-Boa, are a series of openings, most of which are *furos* leading from the Juruá. A small Indian settlement called Alvarães (alvarães) is situated near the mouth of the Urauá. It is too unimportant for steamboats to stop at. The inhabitants occasionally go to Teffé to hear mass. A large lake called Capucá is visited by the natives of Alvarães for turtle and fish. It contains many electric eels. It is formed by one of the branches of the Juruá. The Juruá is said to be one of the largest and grandest of Amazonian rivers. At the time I visited it no one could tell me anything about it, but I hear that since then a small steamboat has ascended eight hundred miles without meeting any obstruction to navigation, and that numerous tribes of Indians were found who had never seen a white man before. The tribes which were known to exist were the Catauixys, Catuquinas, Marauás, and Uginas, and the affluents on its right bank, by some of which it is said canoes may pass into the Teffé, are the Tocano-Mirim, Catuquinas, and Cana-Mirim.

What fields for missionary enterprise! They are white unto the

harvest, but there is not a single labourer in them. The name of Christ is unknown to the Indians of the Juruá. Here a missionary might settle among any friendly tribe, and, with zeal, energy, and love for souls, soon learn their language, and, with the Lord's blessing, be the means of effecting great good. I feel inexpressibly sad when I look round and reflect that nations are near me who know not God. Our ships traverse the whole world in search of wealth, which annually increases; we ransack the heavens for scientific discoveries, and dig into the bowels of the earth for hidden treasures; but how little, oh how little, do we think upon the value of human souls! If we really believed that a human soul was of more value than a world, should we not strive to more earnestly lead them, and show them the way of salvation? I fear there are not a few of us who greatly under-estimate the worth of the soul—not precisely our own, but the souls of our neighbours. Still I have no doubt there are many young men eminently fitted by the grace of God to labour among the heathen, and who, perhaps, would have come out ere this had they known what these lines but feebly express; hence, were I able, I would raise my voice through the length and breadth of Christendom, that some of the many devoted soldiers of the Cross in our own land might find a plain path for their feet to this benighted country. I know it is a hard struggle to leave home, kindred, friends, and all the advantages of refined civilization and innumerable Christian privileges, for a dreary existence in savage wildernesses, but the missionary must remember that his reward is not now, but hereafter. He does not toil for the acquisition of wealth or worldly honour; he is shut out from all communion with distant Christian friends, perhaps for ten or twelve months, or more, at a time, and lives only to glorify God in bringing sinners into the way of salvation. He must abandon all for Christ, so that when his labours are ended he may calmly surrender himself to his Maker, saying, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

I mentioned the circumstance of electric eels existing in Lake Cupacá. They are found throughout Amazonia, but this lake in particular is stated to abound with a species of unusual dimensions. I have seen them from three to four feet in length, but Mr. Hauxwell—the oldest living collector of natural history specimens on this river—told me that he once saw a gymnotus, which he believed would not measure less than eight feet. The structure of the *gymnotus electricus* is anguiliform, though proportionately much thicker than the common English eel. It is also darker. It possesses the singular faculty of discharging an electric shock, by which it is enabled to stun or paralyze its prey, and

numerous scientific experiments, made by the late Professor Faraday and others, demonstrate that heat and the electric spark may be evolved and steel magnetized by it. A large eel has the power of delivering a shock of sufficient force to knock a man down instantaneously, and Indians affirm that the vacca marina, or manatí, a large and strong fish, occasionally succumbs to a combined attack. A succession of discharges so exhausts the eel that it is easily captured with a pronged, barbed harpoon, though undue irritation caused by careless handling may so far restore spasmodic vitality that a parting shock may produce temporary paralysis. Still lagoons are their favourite resort, and as the water subsides during the dry season they form circular holes several feet deep by twisting themselves round and round in the mud. Baron Humboldt graphically describes the capture of several of these fishes by driving a number of mules and horses into a pond, which were immediately attacked, the eels delivering a succession of rapid shocks while lying close under the bellies of the poor quadrupeds. But his own words briefly and aptly relate the incident. He says: "I wished that a clever artist could have depicted the most animated period of the attack: the groups of Indians surrounding the pond, the horses with their manes erect and eyeballs wild with pain and fright, striving to escape from the electric storm which they had roused, and driven back by the shouts and long whips of the excited Indians; the livid yellow eels, like great water snakes, swimming near the surface and pursuing their enemy. All these objects presented a most picturesque and exciting *ensemble*. In less than five minutes two horses were killed. The eel, being more than five feet in length, glides beneath the body of the horse, and discharges the whole length of its electric organ; it attacks at the same time the heart, the digestive viscera, and, above all, the gastric pleaus of nerves. I thought the scene would have a tragic termination, and expected to see most of the quadrupeds killed, but the Indians assured me the fishing would soon be finished, and that only the first attack of the gymnoti was really formidable. In fact, after the conflict had lasted a quarter of an hour the mules and horses appeared less alarmed, they no longer erected their manes, and their eyes expressed less pain and terror. One no longer saw them struck down in the water, and the eels, instead of swimming to the attack, retreated from their assailants and approached the shore." The Baron then goes on to narrate how the fish were brought ashore, and how that a shock was transmitted through a length of wet cord, though it could not be sent through a dry one.

Fonte Boa (Good fountain) is situated upon the right bank of a loch formed by a small stream called the Caiarahy, a few miles distant from the Amazons. The water was limped and clear, but upon another occasion I saw it highly discoloured by an inrush from the Solimoens. I

went ashore early, in a canoe which had brought sticks to the vessel. Some wilfully disposed individual has constructed what was probably intended to be a flight of steps, leading from the beach to the top of the bank, a distance rising about eighty feet. I had the temerity to walk a few yards upon the slippery timbers, but, for the want of a balancing pole, could proceed no further, so, jumping down, I climbed the bank all fours, and was soon at the top surveying my neighbours, who tried to get up in a dignified way. Fonte Boa numbers about three hundred souls, composed of half-breeds, negroes, pure Indians, and a few whites; formerly a good many of the latter used to live here, but they have removed to settlements more favourably situated, and where they are not subject to a life made miserable by clouds of sleepless, unconscionable mosquitoes which appear to enjoy themselves in proportion to the misery they can inflict upon mankind. While surveying the distant forest through my field glass, it began to rain; happily, I had brought my umbrella, or I should have had a tremendous ducking, for the water fell as from a colander. The weather was hot, sultry, and close, and my woollen shirt was wet through with the humid atmosphere. The village is irregularly built round a large open space, covered with rank grass and brush-wood. The houses are dilapidated, and clearly indicate the indifference or laziness of their owners. Seeing two scantily dressed copper-coloured gentlemen eyeing me closely as I neared their mud-built mansion, I thought it would not be amiss to cultivate their acquaintance, so I enquired the hour; one shook his head by way of response, apparently amazed at the question, and disinclined to converse, for, turning upon his heel, he went into the house and tumbled into a hammock, while the other retreated a few steps, and then propped himself against a wall. "It will not do, my young friends," I thought to myself, "I have come a long way to find out all I can about you, and I am not going to be baulked in that way, so focus your intellect and prepare to be interviewed." "May I come in," I asked, walking into the middle of the room, "and stop till it leaves off raining?" "Pode!" was the answer (you may), whereupon I took in the upholstery of the room at a glance. The carpet was composed of a soft sand, richly designed by streams of water; the walls were of a chaste ochre, the colour of the clay of which they were made, and from a roof of palm leaves hung, in lieu of chandelier lustres, immense cobwebs, adorned with the remains of beetles, spiders, and locusts. One of the men had an absent vacant stare which seemed to indicate that his cranium had about as much brains as the room had of furniture. Chairs, tables, and stools were conspicuous by their absence, so I was necessitated to rest coolie fashion, a capital way to catch cramps in the legs, unless one is accustomed to the inelegant posture. In conversation they said they believed in God; they were not infidels; they were Christians; they had been baptized; had

confessed and communicated. They prayed sometimes. Of course they knew the Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria. Could I let them have an image of the blessed Virgin cheap, to put in the corner against the wall, because they wanted something to pray to? Thought perhaps I might be a seller of images, especially as a Jew was on the river with a *cuberta* full, and was vending them reasonably. No! they could not say the Creed, it was too long, but they could count and calculate. Bible! what did I mean; no, they had never heard of such a thing, what was it for? Yes, they were very happy. They knew too much to think of marrying; no good ever came of such a foolish step. Did not know their age; what was the use of knowing, it would not lengthen their life a day. Certainly they hoped to go to heaven; they never did anybody any harm, and they were quite as good as most people, and a great deal better than some they knew! Could I let them have some fish-hooks, they would pay me for them on my return? England was a long way off; they rather liked Englishmen; what made their skins so white?—was it because they wore clothes? Such was the gist of our conversation, when a passer-by asked if I was a passenger, to which I replied in the affirmative. "Well, then," said he, "do not waste time with these imbeciles; come with me, and you will have fitter company."

I saw the two young men were cowed by the stranger; I was reluctant to leave, but they appeared to collapse in his presence, and I imagined would be relieved by my departure, so I bade them farewell, receiving, in answer, a muttered *adeos*!

"This way," said my new acquaintance, who bustled ahead through the mud and water like a man accustomed to it. He wore a buttonless white cotton shirt, open in front, exposing his chest, and a pair of cotton trousers which fitted his legs as tight as gloves should do the hand; shoes and socks he considered superfluous. "Here we are," he exclaimed, as we stood before a white-washed building with long projecting eves, "this is your house, and its owner, your servant, is at your disposition!" an asseveration I duly acknowledged, knowing its worth from experience. In this instance, however, polite professions were carried into practice, a circumstance so uncommon among Spaniards and Portuguese, that I am induced to mention the fact.

When a Spaniard offers his house and services, he would be shocked at either one or the other being accepted. "Caballero," said a true-born Castillano to an unsophisticated Englishman, who had accepted an invitation to call, "Caballero, will you take a glass of wine? Shall it be sherry, port, champagne, or——?" "Thanks," replied the blue-eyed Northerner, "I think I should like a glass of sherry." The magnificent Don bowed, and conversed upon various subjects, and as no wine was forthcoming his guest thought the order had been forgotten. As he departed, another visitor was announced, a countryman, and friend of

the Don's, and in a moment the two were locked in each other's arms, and patting each other's backs, as Spaniards are wont to do. "You saw that Englishman who was leaving when you came in, Pépe?" "Yes; what of him?" "Would you believe it; I had the politeness to ask him if he would take a glass of wine, and he was rude enough to accept the offer!" The Portuguese, though not quite so superficial as this, are in no danger of entertaining angels unawares. My host had left Lusitania when a child, and consequently was so far Brazilianized as to have acquired the virtue of generosity.

The room was about twenty-five feet by fifteen, and about twelve feet high; it was white-washed, and had a band of yellow three feet from the ground, which was floored with red tiles. The ceiling was covered with split palm stems, the flat side below, the half rounds being covered with eight inches of earth; two windows of stretched calico admitted light, and a strong cedar table, a ricketty chair, a couple of hammocks, and a dull looking-glass was all the room contained. Finding I had not breakfasted, I was presented with a *cuya* full of *miugaus* (plantain pulp), and an order was given to take a turtle from the pond. Every house has a turtle-pen in a garden to the rear. It is made by digging a pit of required dimensions, the excavated earth forming a bank outside; the interior four sides are strongly boarded and sustained to prevent falling in. The rain soon fills it. When turtle are brought from the lakes they are consigned to these pens, and fed on a kind of chickweed which grows rapidly in water. A young Indian woman, with a narrow strip of cloth round her hips, jumped into the pen, and after some tumbling about and a great deal of laughter she succeeded in laying hold of a fine fellow, who struggled hard to get away, but all to no purpose, for he was dexterously lifted out of his favourite element and thrown on to the bank, where he commenced striking the air wildly with his flippers. Catching turtle this way is not quite free from danger. I saw a young woman who had had part of her big toe snapped off. I have frequently tested the power of its hard jaws by poking a piece of cane or stick between them, when it would always be snapped or crushed. Female servants are employed to take turtle from the pens, and kill and prepare them; the master of the household would be surprised at anyone intimating the duty would better become one of the sterner sex. We adjourned into the house to converse while breakfast was in course of preparation.

"You have service in the church occasionally?"

"When a *padre* comes; but that is seldom oftener than once in six months. Besides, what is the use? Now-a-day we cannot have things done decently! We have no rockets to let off at the commencement and end of mass, or at the consecration and elevation of the host, as in years gone by!"

"But surely you can worship God without the aid of gunpowder?"

"Not properly; not in an imposing and majestic mode! Custom, senhor, custom! I was brought up to enjoy a pyrotechnic display upon all religious festivals, and when I hear the rockets bang! bang! above the steeple tops, I feel as though the heavens were moved to answer our petitions. Perhaps you were taught differently, in which case you will not miss them?"

I admitted such was the case; adding that we should worship God in spirit and in truth, and not rest upon sensational firework exhibitions for the acceptance of our prayers.

"Custom, senhor; nothing else but custom! Do you seriously mean to say though that I cannot worship God with fireworks?"

"At the same rate, I suppose, your conceptions of the Deity and devotional sentiments would be exalted by witnessing a stream of water pumped from a fire-engine."

"Oh, that is very ridiculous!"

"I mean to say that if you cannot adore God without the aid of fireworks, your worship is worthless with them. A humble and repentant spirit before God is far more acceptable in His sight than a hard, unbelieving heart, which utters vain repetitions, even though these be accompanied by firing millions of rockets. The pagan Chinese worship in their joss-houses by letting off squibs and crackers as you do, but they do not know Christ."

"Thank God, I am a Roman Catholic, a true son of the Church; and if our Church ordains that the discharge of rockets constitutes an evidence of devotion, I shall believe her in preference to anybody or anything else in the world!"

"How do know your Church commands pyrotechnic displays at religious ceremonies and festivals?"

"Not by book or letter, but the Pope, cardinals, bishops, and clergy know what they are about. The custom is usual in the Brazils, in Portugal, Spain, and elsewhere, and the wisest and best of men in these countries profit by these spectacles, otherwise they would discountenance them."

I endeavoured to show from the Word of God what worship was demanded of us, referring to Psalm li., dwelling upon the words, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise;" and those of our blessed Lord to the Samaritan woman at the well at Sychar: "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." I believed my hearer desired to do what he considered right, and instead of shocking his sense of piety by demonstrating the absurdity of the practice he advocated, I confined my remarks to showing the better way, even Jesus Christ our Lord, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. There are

occasions when Truth herself may be made to appear unlovely by incautious handling. The religious sentiments of man should always be respected, let his belief be what it will. The strong must bear with the weak; those who see should gently lead the blind; the whole should carry the sick; the prayerless should be prayed for; and even when rebuke is needful, we should remember that "Michael the Archangel, when contending with the devil, he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, 'The Lord rebuke thee.'"

It may appear incredible to those at home who have never witnessed the endless phases of Romish faith and worship in different countries, that the letting off of fireworks from the steeples of churches while mass is said within, should be considered as part and parcel of the service; but so it is notwithstanding. At this moment I have before me a handbill, twenty-five inches by seventeen, printed in Pará, containing the programme of a religious festival annually observed in that city on the 21st of November, in honour of Saint Braz. Lest it might be thought I had unintentionally made a mistake, I transcribe the words *verbatim et literatim*, preserving the original as a curio of Romish idolatry, superstition, and impiety. It is as follows :—

PROGRAMMA DA FESTIVIDADE DO GLORIOZO S. BRAZ, BISPO DE SEBASTE, NO ANNO PRESENTE.

Juiz.

O Illm. Sr. Capitao Antonio Braule Friere da Silva.

Juiza.

A Exma. Sra. d. Maria Victoria Pereira de Chermont Raiol.

Directores.

Os illms. srs. capitão vicente carminio leal, nemesio a, camara e tenente francisco.

Jose de Sousa Sallies.

A liturgia não consente que este anno a festividade do Glorioso S. Braz seja feita como nos demais annos, apezar dos esforços que fiserão os encarregados da festa para leval-a a effeito com toda a pompa e esplendor devido. E por esta razão que em vez de fazer-se, como de costume, o novenario apenas se fará um trino de novenas, que começará quinta-feira 20 do corrente as 7 e meia horas da noite na pittoresca ermida de n. s. do Nazareth.

Este Dia,

Que será saudado com magestosas e estrepitosas girandolas de foguetes, soltadas as 5 horas da manhá, ao meio dia e as Ave Maria,

receberá igualmente ao seo alvorecer os cumprimentos e saudaçoes com que nos seus maviosos sons, costuma a harmoniosa banda de musica do brioso 11° de infanteria, advertir os devotos de é chegado o tempo de orar em honra e gloria do milagroso S. Braz o advogado da garganta.

Actos Religiosos.

A hora em que o rei dos astros apontar no horisonte com sua radiante luz celebrar-se-hão missas em intenção dos que concorrerão e hão de concorrer para a festa com suas esmolas. As 7 e meia horas da noite de quinta-feira, como as mesmas horas do dia seguiente, terão lugar acompanhadas a grande instrumental e harmoniosas vozes as novenas e no sabbado as solemnes vesperas, domingo as 10 horas de manha celerar-se-ha a missa da festa, pregando ao Evangelho o festejado Padre Julião Joaquim de Abreu.

Finda a missa se fará a destrbuição das medidas aos devotos que concorrem a esse religioso acto. E as 6 horas da tarde desse mesmo dia entoar-se-ha um solemne Te Deum em acção de graças ao miraculoso bispo de sebaste. A musica expressamente preparada pelo distincto maestro H. Eulalio Guajão para toda estes actos, convidará os fieis a oração e aos que ainda não tiverem concorrido com suas esmolas, a depositál-as junto ao altar da sagrada imagem.

Actos de Regosijo Publico.

O largo simetricamente embandeirado, e pomposomente illuminado proporcionará aos devotos, despois das oraçoes e supplicas ao senhor do universo os divertimentos que se seguem.

Pavilhao Chinez.

Sará aqui o centro onde a harmoniosa e sempre applaudida banda de musica d 11 batalhão de infantaria fará ouvir das 7 as 11 horas da noite de quinta e sexta-feira e sabbado, e, das quatro horas da tarde de domingo até finalisarem os festejos desse dia, os maviosos sons de seu afinado instrumental na execução das mais escolhidas e mimosas peças de seo repertorio.

Na Quinta Feira.

Finda a novena, no pavilhão de flora terá exeçucão o sempre applaudido fandango a pandereta. Nos intervallos, amusica se fará ouvir até que como remate aos festejos dessa noite, atroem os ares os estampidos de uma grossa girandola de fogos.

Sexta Feira.

Uma companhia de caricatos executirá no mesmo pavilhão diversas marcas e findo seu travalho, repercutira nos ares com seus festivos estampidos uma girandola de fogos, advirtendo aos fieis ser hora de irem repousar em suas cazas.

Sabbado.

Concluidas as vesperas, seguir-se-ha o l'eilão das offrendas que ao festejado S. Braz fizerem os seus pieis devotos. Acabado este voltará ao pavilhão o executor da pandereta, e uma monstruosa girandola fará o ponto final dos festejos dessa noite.

Domingo.

Terminado o *Te Deum*, os caricatos voltarão ao Pavilhao de Flora, em seguid a Pandereta—e por ultimo um grande fogo de artificio obra dos insignes pyrothechnicos Guimarães & Villar prenderá a vista do respeitavel publico, sendo seu termo saudado por uma immensa girandola de fogos, que annunciará aos habitantes das regioes aerias ter-se finado a festividade o' aquelle que entre os Catholicos e invocado pelo nome de S. Braz, advogado das enfermidades da garganta.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

"Programme of the Festival of the Glorious St. Braz, Bishop of Sebaste, for the present year. (Then follows the names of the patron, patroness, and directors.)

"Notwithstanding the efforts of those appointed to see that the Festival of the glorious St. Braz be performed with due pomp and splendour, this year the formulary will not admit of its being carried out as on past occasions, therefore instead of having nine days' devotion (a *novena*) there will be but a few days, the first commencing at 7.30 on the night of Nov. 20th, in the picturesque hermitage of our Lady of Nazareth. This day, which will be saluted with majestic and deafening fireworks, at 5 a.m. at noon; and Hail Mary will also be celebrated by the beautiful band of the 11th Infantry Regiment, which will give notice to the devout that the hour has arrived to pray in honour and glory of the miraculous St. Braz, advocate of those suffering from throat affection.

"*Religious Acts.*—When the king of celestial orbs illuminates the horizon with radiant light, an intentional mass will be celebrated for those present and others who intend to subsequently join in the festival with their gifts. At 7.30 p.m., on the fifth and sixth days of the week, the services will be accompanied with grand vocal and instrumental music, and on Saturday there will be solemn vespers. On Sunday, at 10 a.m., festival mass will be celebrated, after which Padre J. J. de Abren will preach the Gospel (*sic*), the sermon to be followed by the distribution of *medidas** to the devout who have attended the service. At 6.p.m.

* *Medidas*, a name applied to ribbons which have been placed round the saint's neck, or rather image of, and are worn as a charm against evil spirits and protection from throat diseases; said by the priests to be *very effectual*, though they do not patronise them themselves.

the same day, will be intoned a solemn *Te Deum* as an action of thanksgiving to the miraculous Bishop of Sebaste. The music, expressly prepared for all these services by the distinguished Maestro, H. E. Gwigão, will invite the faithful to prayer, and those who have not already done so, to place their offerings near the altar of the *sacred image.*

"*Acts of Public Rejoicing.*—The square, tastefully decorated with banners, and pompously illuminated, will afford the devotees, after their prayers and supplications to the Lord of the Universe, the following means of amusement, viz., the Chinese Pavilion. Here the harmonious and always applauded band mentioned will play from 7 to 11 p.m. on the fifth, sixth, and Sabbath (Saturday) days, and on Sunday from 4.30 p.m. to the end of the festival; the selections performed will be the most chosen and beautiful of its *repertoire.*

"Fifth day. Evening service concluded, there will be danced on the Flora Pavilion the much-admired *fandango à pandereta.* At intervals, between the music until the end of the proceedings, the air will resound with tremendous firework explosions. Sixth day. On the same pavilion a comic company will act several pieces, after which a discharge of rockets will advise the faithful it is time to go home to repose. (!) Saturday. Vespers concluded, an auction * of the various offerings made to St. Braz by his devotees will take place, followed by the fandango as before, and a display of fireworks. Sunday. Upon the conclusion of the *Te Deum*, the *comic* company will perform on the Flora Pavilion, followed by the *fandango*, and then will commence a grand display of pyrotechny by Messrs. Guimãres and Villar, which will surprise the respectable public. *Finally, an immense discharge of rockets and wheels will announce to celestial inhabitants* the conclusion of the festival of him who, among Catholics, is invoked by the name of St. Braz, advocate of those who suffer from throat diseases."

* These auctions are always a scene of intrigue, and not unfrequently of scandal also. When a young lady desires to test an admirer's devotion, she will drop her handkerchief, with a trifling gift enclosed, into the plate, or perhaps an earring, bracelet, or necklace, to which her name is attached. When the handkerchief, for instance, is held up, the name in the corner is read, and then commences competition. The lover is soon discovered by his determination to outbid all comers, and sometimes the poor fellow, either out of the fun, jealousy, or malevolence of his competitors, has to pay as much as fifty pounds for a small piece of embroidered cambric worth only a few shillings, that he may have the honour of presenting it to his "ladye love." In these contests the longest purse has the advantage, and the wide-awake priests invariably manage to get a trinket or some article from the pretty and rich Paraense females, in order to increase their funds. When a lady bids for a walking-stick or snuff-box, gentlemen gallantly withdraw from the contest, and rarely another lady interferes. A marriage is supposed to soon follow after the stick or box finds its owner.

Pará is to Amazonians, what Paris is to Frenchmen, the centre of civilization, learning, wisdom, commerce, and pleasure; and the ambition of every aspiring half-bred is to visit the *Cidade de Nosea Senhora de Belem* during one of its chief religious festivals. He returns to his village, perhaps one or two thousand miles in the interior, and astonishes the untravelled by descanting upon gas-lamps (knowing Indians wink when he declares the gas runs in pipes underground—*they* are not to be taken in), stone churches and houses, horses and carts, engines which eat fire and water (an asseveration apt to induce a cold sweat), strange saw-mills, wondrous articles in stores, and a confused idea of religious worship, in which the Mass and fireworks, *Te Deum* and *fandangos*, solemn vespers and comic acting are strangely blended. He sets the fashion among the villagers, twists his hips right and left when walking, and though innocent of a shirt, or shoes, or stockings, yet a battered chimney-pot hat adorning his vaguely-shaped head renders him an object of intense interest and admiration among eligible lank-haired Indian ladies; his word too is law, he *ought* to know better than others; in dogmatic theology he is pedantic, and when he asserts that the hair of our Lord was fair, he puts an end to inquiry by declaring, "I saw it myself." At every hand and turn Christianized Paganism crops up with startling reality.

"*O, senhor!*" said my host, "*Tenho aqui um Christo muito bonito!*" (I have here a very beautiful Christ); and opening a box, he took out a pretty crucifix and placed it on the lid. "What do you think of that, eh?" said he, falling back a couple of paces; "but here is something more beautiful still," and he placed by the crucifix a rosewood case with a glass door, in which was a doll with a baby in its arms. A circlet of silver adorned the head of the larger image, and round its waist was a long riband, which he devotionally kissed. Again falling back a short distance, he stood and gazed upon his gods, leaning his head admiringly first on one side and then on the other, exclaiming, "What a lovely Virgin! What a beautiful Christ! She is an our Lady of Mount Carmel, whom I think far superior to our Lady of the Pains, Immaculate Conception, or the Rosary. I tried several before adopting this, but never found them worth much!"

"Why, I thought the Virgin was always one, but called by different names?"

"There is a vast deal of difference between them. In Pará our Lady of Belem has supreme power, but she is of no use in Manáos, and I dare say this would be worthless beyond Tabatinga."

"What will you take for them?"

"I would not sell them for anything!" and here some children came toddling in, and reverently kneeling, kissed the riband and departed.

"Which do you prize the more, the image of the Virgin or that of Christ?"

"Well, I like that of the Virgin the better, because it is more natural to love a woman than a man. You precious one! You beauty! You Queen of Heaven!" said he, arranging a tiny fold of her dress with his thick fingers and thumb.

I have seen idolatry in not a few of its aspects, but I was never before so struck with its heinousness. The man *loved* his images; he was as passionately attached to his goddess, the Virgin Mary, as ever a backsliding Israelite was to Ashteroth. He knew nothing of the subtle distinctions between *latria dulia* and *hyper dulia*. His words and looks of love and tenderness were the genuine expression of a simple idolater's devotion to his gods. In a moment the awful denunciations of the Almighty against the crime of idolatry rose before me as a fearful avalanche, ready to crush the presumptuous mortal who should dare to spurn the blest Creator of all things for the creature of His own hands, and the black hatred of the Mystery of Iniquity stood revealed amid her abominations in arms against the Omnipotent Jehovah and Jesus Christ His Son. If the miserable fetish of the barbarous negro in Central Africa, and the rude frenzy of the Red Man elicits the compassion of true Christians, how awfully and abhorrently repugnant should that system be which, while professing the name of the Lord Jesus, deliberately sets up gods of wood and stone, and insists that men shall worship them! Now that efforts are unweariedly carried on in our own beloved land to do away with the religion of our forefathers, to put aside the pure Gospel of Christ for the teachings of men, and to bring us under the yoke which was found too heavy to bear, it becomes us to steadily seek in God's Holy Word, the complete and sufficient rule of faith and morals, what are the explicit commands of the Almighty regarding image worship. I will only mention a few, in the hope that my young readers may be led to search for themselves and learn the will of God concerning this matter. In the Old Testament the passages are numerous:—

"Ye shall make you no idols nor graven image, neither rear you up a standing image, neither shall ye set up any image of stone in your land, to bow down unto it: for I am the Lord your God." (Lev. xxvi. 1.)

"Take ye therefore good heed unto yourselves; for ye saw no manner of similitude on the day that the Lord spake unto you in Horeb out of the midst of the fire; lest ye corrupt yourselves, and make you a graven image, the similitude of any figure, the likeness of male or female. Take heed unto yourselves, lest ye forget the covenant of the Lord your God, which He made with you, and make you a graven image, or the likeness of anything, which the Lord thy God hath forbidden thee." (Deut. iv. 15, 16, 23.)

"Neither shalt thou set thee up any image, which the Lord thy God hateth." (Deut. xvi. 22.)

"Cursed be the man that maketh any graven or molten image, an abomination unto the Lord, the work of the hands of the craftsman, and putteth it in a secret place. And all the people shall answer and say, Amen." (Deut. xxvii. 15.)

"Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not: they have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them; so is everyone that trusteth in them." (Psalms cxv. 4—8.)

"I am the Lord: that is my name: and my glory will not I give to another, neither my praise to graven images." (Isa. xlii. 8.)

"I, even I, am the Lord; and beside me there is no saviour." (Isa. xlii. 11, and Isa. xliv. 9—20.)

"Assemble yourselves and come; draw near together, ye that are escaped of the nations: they have no knowledge that set up the wood of their graven image, and pray unto a God that cannot save. Tell ye, and bring them near; yea, let them take counsel together: who hath declared this from ancient time? who hath told it from that time? have not I the Lord? and there is no God else beside me; a just God and a Saviour; there is none beside me. Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." (Isa. xlv. 20—22.)

"To whom will ye liken me, and make me equal, and compare me, that we may be like? They lavish gold out of the bag, and weigh silver in the balance, and hire a goldsmith; and he maketh it a god: they fall down, yea, they worship. They bear him upon the shoulder, they carry him, and set him in his place, and he standeth; from his place shall he not remove: yea, one shall cry unto him, yet can he not answer, nor save him out of his trouble. Remember this, and show yourselves men: bring it again to mind, O ye transgressors." (Isa. xlvi. 5—7.)

"The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink-offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke me to anger. Do they provoke me to anger? saith the Lord: do they not provoke themselves to the confusion of their own faces?" (Jer. vii. 18, 19.)

"Behold, the voice of the cry of the daughter of my people, because of them that dwell in a far country: is not the Lord in Zion? is not her king in her? Why have they provoked me to anger with their graven images, and with strange vanities?" (Jer. viii. 19, and Jer. x. 3—15.)

"For according to the number of thy cities were thy gods, O Judah;

and according to the number of the streets of Jerusalem have ye set up altars to that shameful thing, even altars to burn incense unto Baal." (Jer. xi. 13.) Note :—In all Romish countries each town, village, and city has its special tutelary saint or protective deity, and it is common to have at street corners an image with a lamp burning before it, by whose name the street is known.

Denunciations against worship paid to the Queen of Heaven. (Jer. xliv. 15—28.)

"Every man is brutish by his knowledge; every founder is confounded by the graven image: for his molten image is falsehood, and there is no breath in them. They are vanity, the work of errors: in the time of their visitation they shall perish." (Jer. li. 17, 18, and Hos. iv. 12, 13; Hab. ii. 2, 18—20.) Note :—It is a common practice to dress images of female saints in richly-embroidered silks and satins, to put on their fingers costly rings, and otherwise deck them with ear ornaments, diamond and pearl necklaces, bracelets and coronets; also to make sweet cakes of flour, oil, and honey, and offer them to the Queen of Heaven, and to burn incense before her image and those of other saints. The two following verses most appropriately point at this practice of to-day, and which will soon become common in England as Rome grows bolder and the people become more tolerant, or rather indifferent and credulous :—

"Thou hast also taken thy fair jewels of my gold and of my silver, which I had given thee, and madest to thyself images of men, and didst commit whoredom with them; and tookest thy embroidered garments, and coveredst them: and thou hast set mine oil and mine incense before them. Thou hast also built unto thee an eminent place, and hast made thee an high place in every street." (Ezek. xvi. 17, 18, 24, besides many other passages both in the Old and New Testament.)

During breakfast, I said: "So, senhor, you are fully persuaded that your prayers to our Lady of Mount Carmel are heard and answered?"

"Not a shadow of doubt about it!"

"How are you so confident?"

"Because the petitions I have presented to her have been unmistakably answered, particularly in cases of sickness; and if I were rich enough to build a beautiful church and altar, the whole country round would attend."

"Perhaps you are under the impression she could work miracles as well as our Lady of Belem in Pará?"

"That is a great deal to say; but why not? No doubt honours paid prepare for granting favours."

"Your Virgin is the Virgin Mary, is she not?"

"Yes; and her name is for ever blessed."

"Is not Jesus Christ her Son, the Creator of all things?"

"Yes."

"Is He not the Saviour of mankind?"

"I believe so."

"Then He is the Saviour of the Virgin, and of Him Mary spoke, when she said, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour?'"

"That is true."

"Then, as Jesus is everywhere, and He is able to save unto the uttermost all who go unto God by Him, should we not rather go to Him who laid down His life for us, in preference to His mother?"

"I prefer going to His mother, because, as no son would reject the just petitions of his mother, so Jesus Christ is bound by filial obedience to grant the supplications of her whom He loved and obeyed on earth."

"The purposes of God are infinite, and as Mary is finite, she cannot command in things beyond her knowledge. Moreover the Virgin is in heaven, not on earth, and to hear every petition made to her she would necessarily be little short of omnipresent, and you know that God only is everywhere."

"Perhaps you do not believe in the Virgin?" my host suddenly inquired, with a flushed face and kindling eye.

"Indeed I do," I replied; "and I revere her sacred memory as much as any man living. 'The memory of the just is blessed,' and blessed be hers, the mother of our Lord! But I dare not render to her, or any other creature, the honour which is due only to the Creator, and I must not give to Mary the homage and worship which belongs to the sole Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, lest I should be guilty of the awful and grievous sin of idolatry."

"Well, you have your way of thinking, and I have mine; so let the matter drop. Only let me say, that I would give my body to be burned rather than forsake my patrona and hope, our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel."

"I am your humble guest, and must abide by the laws of hospitality, and consequently would only add, that Jesus died for me, His precious blood was shed for the remission of my sins, and not mine only, but the sins of all those who believe on Him and look to Him for salvation. Jesus intercedes with the Father for me; and He who is the Saviour of the blessed Virgin is my Saviour, my Hope, my Life, my Lord, my All: unto whom I commend my body, soul, and spirit; to whom I look for life everlasting; and unto whom, with God the Father, and God the Holy Ghost, be all honour, praise, and glory. Amen."

About noon we strolled round Fonte-Boa. It was still raining, but desiring to see as much of the place as possible, I determined to avoid further delay. I believe I saw the village at a disadvantage, for every-

thing appeared damp, mouldy, sepulchral, and miserable, excepting vegetation, and this was rank and overwhelming in wild luxuriance. The walls of the houses dripped with water; thick, dank, grey, and slate-coloured clouds overspread the heavens like a gloomy pall; a steamy vapour floated over the tree tops, and everything reeked with moisture. Groups of nude children, dusky Ethiopians and half-breds, and occasionally pure Indians, toddled about large, bare, earthed rooms, or ran in and out of the rain. Some had their abdomens considerably swollen through eating *farinha* and drinking water. Two lithe little boys, with remarkably fair skins, were daubed with a black dye, to keep off mosquitos I suppose. Some of the little dots were perfect gems in point of figure. How I wished I could have made their frank, sensitive hearts glad by presenting them with a few sweets and some of our pretty English toys, but children invariably manage to amuse themselves when let alone. In one house I saw several children busily constructing a hut, which they were thatching with grass; in another, half-a-dozen boys tumbling over each other, and apparently having rare fun; they did not scream with laughter as our own boisterous pets do at home, but performed their tricks and antics quietly. A knot of woolly-headed daughters of Congo were amusing themselves in a very original way: they had caught several emerald beetles, and after attaching a fine silk cotton thread, with a small piece of leaf at the end, to one of the legs, had let them loose to buzz about the room within reach; they clapped their hands together, and sung a simple ditty in good time.

As is usual throughout the Solimoes, there are more females than males. They perform perhaps more than their share of work, such as planting and digging manioc, preparing it for use; attending to maize plots; sometimes assisting the men to paddle, and with frequently a baby to attend. It is nothing uncommon to see a girl six years of age with a brother or sister straddled round the waist. This mode of nursing may not be so tiring as carrying on the arm, but it is apt to make the baby bow-legged, and the carrier have a permanent list either to port or starboard. It has always been a marvel to me how girls can carry babies the length of time they do; to me the little angels never seem heavy enough. I have not found one man at work in all Fonte-Boa; in a dirty tavern half-a-dozen were playing at cards, and as many more looking on. They did not appear strong. They had small eyes, prominent cheek bones, hair cut straight across the forehead half-an-inch above the eyebrows, and large unmeaning mouths. They look as though they would prefer being left alone, and allowed to jog through life without exertion, and their indecisive irregular lips indicate how easily they may be led to do good, or tempted to any evil, and how little reliance can be placed upon them. Two are quietly laughing at a rude picture on the front of a tin box nailed to the wall, representing brilliant

red, yellow, and white flames, out of which rises the half head of one individual, the whole head of a second, and about half of two other figures *in puris*, who, with clasped hands and upturned eyes, seem to be imploring help. The money-box is for funds to pay for Masses to be said for the sòuls of the departed. Few disturbances occur among the natives. Drink or jealousy is generally the cause of a row. The standard of morality is very low, the few whites living in notorious disregard of the Seventh Commandment; hence the ignorant half-breds and pure Indians indulge in relationships the propriety of which they never think of calling into question. Roman Catholicism has done but little for them, and many would have led purer and better lives had they remained roaming the forest glades, as their forefathers did before the white man came with rum and rosaries.

In my rambles through the rank grass about Fonte-Boa I made the acquaintance of a most disagreeable and disgusting insect. I know there are some people who hold there is no creature disgusting, that everything in nature is beautiful. It is all very fine to talk like this in a drawing-room, but it is beyond a joke to get your legs covered with a loathsome grass bug, that has no sense of decency or forbearance. The insect I allude to is the carrapáto. According to Latreille, this order of *acaridæ* belongs to the genus *ixiodes*. It is found throughout the Brazil, and in some districts, particularly on the east of the *Marajo*, is so plentiful as to prevent the raising of cattle. Spia and Martius consider the large and small *carrapáto* as distinct species; Gardiner and St. Hilare think them identical. Before leaving the Valley of the Amazons I unfortunately had too many opportunities for observing both kinds, and I have no hesitation in agreeing with the latter authorities. Burton says, that in most parts of Minas and São Paulo they seem to be in the air, as a kind of blight I presume the renowned traveller means. On the Solimoes this insect is to be found throughout the year wherever there is grass. It hangs in clusters upon every blade, leaf, and twig, four feet from the ground, and attaches itself in a moment to anything passing by, burying its sharp claws and serrated teeth into the flesh, and unless picked off directly it alights, can only be removed with difficulty. I have had them cut with scissors, pricked with hot pins, washed with rum, pinched, exhorted, exorcised, and, by way of change, now and then blessed, but scarcely to any useful purpose. I found the most persuasive argument to induce them to let go was to steep the point of a thorn in strong nicotine, and probe the vermin's conscience through its back; in the course of a few hours they generally dropped off. An English house bug is a born aristocrat compared with a Brazilian *carrapáto*, for the former may be safely guarded against and easily killed, but where the latter in an opener country are as numerous as sand on the seashore, it is impossible to avoid them, and extremely difficult to get rid

of them. After they have once laid hold it is dangerous to pull them off, as only portions can be removed, and severe festers are certain to follow. I had one nearly the size of a threepenny-piece before he dropped off. Ugh! I have several times seen oxen literally encrusted with *carrapátos*, and I was told they would soon die: they staggered about, lowing mournfully, and with their lolling tongues covered with foam. Clothes infested should be hung out in the sun, or suspended at night over a smoky fire. When a traveller has two or three hundred of these insects sticking to his flesh, and is extraordinarily tickled between his shoulder-blades, considerable latitude should be allowed for expletory tendencies and a waspish temperament.

I rambled about this charming spot till it was time to return on board. I had seen enough to learn that the surrounding country was better fitted for missionary enterprise than Fonte-Boa itself. The elevated plateau which rises abruptly from the river gradually slopes to the uniform level of the forest-clad plain within a mile from the town. Several narrow irregular tracks through the bush led to Indian villages and solitary huts, inhabited by baptized heathen, who practise fetish one day, and prostrate themselves before an image, intended to represent the Virgin, the next. I went to the vessel in a canoe, with her gunwale barely two inches above water: she was so shaky and deep, I was obliged to keep a delicate equilibrium. Once on the quarter-deck of the "Icamiaba," I drew a long breath of satisfaction, and nearly felt bold enough to undertake a cruise along the English coast in a washing-tub. I remember seeing the "Rob Roy" in Paris in 1867, and conjecturing how Mr. Macgregor dare venture in her any distance from land, but I think that if that gallant Scotian amphiboid had been asked to embark in my canoe—particularly if he weighed half a stone more than myself—he would as soon have attempted to navigate the Solent on a tea-tray. Still raining! What a tremendous process of evaporation must be going on in the Atlantic to admit of the daily condensation of so many millions of tons of clouds over the Valley of the Amazons! But then, what an immense ocean the Atlantic is, and how great must be the volume of humidity brought by the almost continuous north-east trades which sweep the bosom of the ocean for about three thousand miles in length, and width of nearly a thousand miles! Here, half-way across the continent, the highly-saturated atmosphere discharges the heavier portion of its burden, the rest being impelled towards the huge backbone of the New World, the granite sides of which tower nearly twenty-five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and where every drop of moisture is extracted from the head-waters of the King of Rivers and other giant streams. What a clear knowledge Solomon had of these things, and how beautifully his words describe them: "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full;

unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." During the night a heavy dew wets our hammocks and decks; I think it is produced by the descent of a current of cool atmosphere, which chills the surface of the tepid Amazons, and thus throws off a vapour. Between sunset and sunrise the lowest temperature is 76 deg. Fah., while that of the river is considerably higher, a circumstance which appears to me to fully account for the phenomena. It thundered more or less violently throughout the day, and at night the forest was often illuminated by lightning, which imparted a weird grandeur to the solitary wilderness. I noticed that occasionally the electric fluid would shoot upwards, and apparently be lost in a cloud belonging to a higher strata; whether it fell to the earth or not I do not know, but possibly the subtle fluid may be diffused through a cloud as rapidly as concentrated and expelled. These singular displays were always red; vertical lightning at a short distance was blue; zig-zag either pale violet or yellow, and fanciful corruscations invariably of a pronounced yellow.

Thursday, April 18th.—To-day we ran short of fuel, a mistake having been made as to the quantity required, and were obliged to pull up at the mouth of the Jutahy. The water was sufficiently deep for the ship to approach close to the shore, and cables being passed out fore and aft, they were made fast to the trunks of trees to keep her steady; planks were then laid from the deck to the bank, and all hands prepared to cut timber. A party of six commenced clearing a path through the undergrowth by slashing right and left with long sharp sabre-knives, and at a distance of thirty feet we came upon the open, where, save here and there, nothing was to be seen but the shafts of trees rising perpendicularly from the ground. In a few minutes the sailors were busy driving their American axes (Collins's patent are exclusively used on the Amazons) into trunks of suitable dimensions, and before long the arched wilderness reverberated with the crash of falling timber. A stick forty feet long would be cut up into ten equal lengths, and split by two men, one striking his axe into the crack caused by the blow of his comrade. The trees selected were not all of the same species, but capirónas were preferred. Some had a milky sap, which spurted at each cut into the bark, and from others exuded a red juice, resembling blood in appearance, while one had a strong smell of camphor. I walked about a quarter of a mile from the shore. The chocolate-coloured soil was strewn with rotten branches, decayed leaves, and immense beans and nuts. Ants' nests larger than my body stood out from the trunks of trees, and from boughs hung the brown abodes of hornets and wasps. A bees' nest was pointed out to me on one of the forest denizens, which the men were anxious to rifle for the sake of honey, but as the stem to be felled was fifteen feet in circumference, it was reluctantly left untouched. A troop of monkeys that had been watching us through

the foliage, started off with piercing screams as their resting-places began to tremble; I could not see them, but the Indians did, and indicated their course to me. We resumed our voyage at sunset.

Friday, April 19th.—This morning we arrived at Tunantins, a village situated on the left bank of a stream of the same name, which is reported to unite with one of the western affluents of the Japurá, most likely either the Yoamo or Puréos. It stands upon a slight elevation of clay, and is mainly peopled by civilized Xumana, Jury, and Passé Indians, most of whom are *seringeiros*, or rubber collectors. The river is dark, deep, sluggish, and narrow, Tunantins being situated about a mile and a quarter from its mouth. Having to wood-up here, I embraced the opportunity to look into such houses as were open, and view the forest rising immediately behind. The dwellings were of the usual mud order, earth floored, and palm-leaf thatched. Fourteen or fifteen men, three women, and half a dozen girls sauntered down to the vessel to pass sticks on board. Several men were disfigured with black blotches on their arms, face, and back. They were dressed in drawers of coarse sacking, and had their hair cut on a level with their eyebrows, but long elsewhere. The women wore a short ragged skirt of print, and their hair, without a parting, hanging loosely and untidily over the face, a sure evidence of laziness, dirt, vice, and savage ignorance. When women disregard their chief adornment they have not much further to descend. I was truly distressed at their appearance, which was painfully degraded. The lips of all were discoloured, their teeth short and dirty, and the long slender mammillary glands of the females, that looked as though they had been partly painted black, dangled grotesquely. The girls were scantily apparelled, and one who could barely be more than twelve years of age was far advanced in pregnancy. I had read and heard about the degradation of certain Indian tribes, of their being little superior in habits and intelligence to the beasts of the field, but until this morning I never realized how low the sons of Adam have fallen. Turning to the sacred Scripture, I read, "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him: male and female created He them." "And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good." Yet here were men, women, and children unconscious of the existence of their Maker! Here are immortal souls for whose salvation Jesus died and rose again! O when shall these dry bones live? Lord, when wilt Thou be pleased to pour out Thy Holy Spirit upon these poor dying souls, for without Thee life is living death?

"Come, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long looked-for day;
O! why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

"Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

"Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise—
Creation's second birth."

As I gazed upon the unmeaning idiotic grin of the poor creatures, I thought what grace and patience a missionary would require to labour amongst them, and how gently he should be thought of if apparently unsuccessful after years of diligent, prayerful, self-denying effort. Of those who contribute towards the support of foreign missions, a few—happily but a few—seem to think that souls should be converted at the rate of so many pounds, shillings, and pence per head; that the work of the Lord should be measured by the foot, as timber is measured. They seem to forget that the winning of souls to Christ is "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." If it be regretted that foreign missions are not as successful as could be wished, who feels the more, he who undergoes years of absence from all the comforts, refinements, and privileges of Christian communion and civilized life, who faces death in the shape of climate, perilous travels by land and sea, and risks amid wild beasts, venomous serpents, and relentless savages, and all for a salary that only keeps him, or he who, comfortably seated in an arm-chair, pokes the fire on a winter's night, and would not risk his precious body to the dangers of the forest or inclemencies of the weather, and sickliness of tropical or frigid climes, no, not for thousands of yellow sovereigns of British coinage? I should just like to catch some of our pompous puffy grumblers, some of our confirmed fault-finders, and see what they would do. Yes, I should like to see how one would get on here. Mr. Grumbler, you must be your own interpreter, and until you have learned the uncouth language of a savage people you must do the best you can. Perhaps you do not object to sitting in the dark in your lonely reed hut, or if you have a feeble light of turtle or *vacca marina* oil, you do not mind swarms of beetles, cockroaches, moths, locusts, and squealing bats. Of course you will experience no mental conflicts and regrets for home comforts, but you will calmly and joyfully settle down to all the privations of semi-savage life. No church to go to now every Lord's-day, no sermons to criticize and astonishment to express that such and such a heading was not introduced. No more prayer-meetings, tea-meetings, and sweet communion with fellow-pilgrims to the better land. You have no one to speak to now save nude painted Indians, who will peep and jabber at

you through your reed walls, and who perhaps will invite you to come out and kill a black jaguar with your rifle, which they know is always loaded in case of accidents. Yes, Mr. Grumbler, you have no longer to walk round to the butcher's and fishmonger's on a Monday morning, and ponder what you shall order. No nice rolls of bread and butter; no top and bottom crusts; good-bye to beef and mutton; obliterate from your memory all recollections of Harvey's sauce; blot out the remembrance of lobster salads, and be thankful for a smoked slice of wild pig, stewed monkey, or dried fish of leathery tendencies. Never mind the *Times*, sir; you have left newspapers six thousand miles away, and have no Mudie thoughts. Are you fond of music, Mr. Grumbler? Do you like to hear your wife and daughters play the piano and harp? You confess to a weakness for Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," Felix Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," and for Bach, Mozart, Handel, and others? Very well, sir; you must abandon all hope of hearing music here unless you choose to sing yourself, and then observe how the redskins shake their sides with laughter, thinking you are beside yourself. But perhaps you would like some indigenous music, in which case the natives will regale you with the thumping of a drum, hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, and covered with monkey's skin. You don't like the sort of life! Come, come. How would you like to spend many years here? Keep up your spirits. Perhaps you would take a cup of tea if you could, but I am sorry to inform you that you must go to Manáos for it —only eight hundred miles off—and then pay about ten shillings a pound for a kind of Chinese hay. You are rather warm, Mr. Grumbler, if I may judge from the perspiration which streams down your face, but you may refresh yourself with the reflection that rosy-faced relations at home are enjoying cool and invigorating breezes. I am really sorry you suffer so much from liver complaint, and I have it not in my heart to taunt you for sacrificing your health and all for those around you. Of course tropical heat aggravates the disease, but happily you have no doctor's bills to pay beyond your own, unless you make a mistake in the selection of drugs. You are confined to bed, Mr. G., and have no one to watch over you; ah! why did you leave home? Or perhaps your wife is with you, and you are anxiously bending over her fever-flushed face as she speaks of distant lands in her delirium. Poor Mr. Grumbler! It is very sad; but you must be "up and doing," for bear in mind that at home you would never make any allowance for sickly climate and entire change of conditions of life; and that you always said, "he might do such a thing." "Why doesn't he do so and so?" "*I* (oh, that *ego*— how some people decline it all day long!)—*I* would do this, that, and the next thing," and you measured everything as they do in Blissful Grove and Happy Grange. I see you are penitent, Mr. G. I rejoice you have discovered that a missionary's life is not such a bed of roses as you

imagined. Call your little boy Felix, who is rather ailing, and tell him he is going home. See how his face brightens, for England is his home though he was born abroad, and how his blue eyes sparkle with delight as you once again recount the wonders of the Zoological Gardens, Crystal Palace, British Museum, London streets and railways. Look at darling Maudie, too; certainly she is very pale, though quite excited. To-night she will be sure to dream of grass fields and the pretty lambkins she has seen in pictures; and how dear Katherine fairly jumps for joy. As to baby, poor thing, it seems as though its eye-teeth had determined not to make their appearance—the hot climate is such a drawback—and how he does *gurn* to be sure. How thankfully your wife looks forward to the change, which she declares seems too good to be true. Her thoughts are how she shall dress the children; and how pathetically she announces the fact that she has only a few remnants in the Noak's ark, and her dyed and turned wedding-dress to cut up. Then she says, "My dear G., you will have to buy a new hat and suit of clothes, for you cannot go into an English drawing-room in a pair of jack-boots and a flannel-shirt, whatever you may do here," and then she runs on about the children having to be vaccinated, and discourses upon an infinity of subjects, in which Dolly Vardens, Gregory's mixture, sewing-machines, schools, black-currant jam, and going to morning service in the *dear* old church on the green, are heterogeneously mingled together. At last you all arrive safely home, and now you are comfortably settled down. Your children are at school, rosy-faced and happy; the measles have come and gone; those obstinate eye-teeth are through, and baby requires constant watching, lest he should try to jump down stairs; while your wife positively improves in appearance, and "looks so nice in that plain black silk dress," and you secretly chuckle at being such a lucky fellow in having so amiable and lovely a partner, as she sits with her back to you, playing a classic selection from Sebastian Bach. Now, Mr. Grumbler, you know as well as I do that this is no ideal case; and, after your experience, you will think very differently of the joys, cares, and sorrows, and trials of missionary life, so put your hand on your cheque-book, and say. "To show my appreciation of missionary life, and desirous of sending the Gospel to the heathen, here is a draft upon my bankers (let it be a good one while you are about it, Mr. G.) for the South American Missionary Society."

Great numbers of macaws daily pass from north to south. This is the period of their migration from the Guianas and Venezuela to Amazonia. Ará, in Tupí, signifies a parrot, and, in the same language, arára, a macaw. There are several varieties of this magnificently-plumaged bird, the most common being the arary or arára azul (*Psitticus ararauna*), adorned with a gorgeous dress of blue and gold, and the ararúna (*Psitticus hyacinthinus*) with beautiful purple feathers;

the former is also called canindé. Their food is mainly the fruit of a variety of palms, and when a flock settles upon a grove its cries are deafening. Their nests are invariably in the hollows of trees, but it is said they sometimes take possession of the abandoned habitations of Treupials. During the period of incubation and nursing the young, the male alternately supplies the labours of his mate. They fly very high, and mostly in pairs. Nearly every Indian hut has one or more pairs of parrots, parroquets, or a macaw; the last are most prized for the sake of the long feathers in the tail, which are used in adorning a circlet of flame-coloured plumage, arranged as a coronet, and for feathering arrows. Tame macaws are chiefly fed with bananas, but they are passionately fond of bread sopped in sugar or molasses. I have frequently eaten both parrots and macaws, but they are very tough, and should be stewed over a slow fire.

At the door of a hut I saw a stout basket, made of split sipó, in which was a good-sized tatú, or armadillo (*Dasypus L.*), rolled into a ball. It had been caught the same morning in a cará garden, though not without trouble, as it immediately took to earth, from which it had to be driven by smoke. Upon emerging from its retreat, it rolled itself up with the evident determination of declining to be a witness to its own capture. In the Brazil there are several kinds of tatú, the larger species of which are unable to "double up" like their smaller brethren. They are esteemed a delicacy by *blancoes*, negroes, and Indians, and their flesh is said to have a porko-chickenish taste. Its coat of mail was tough, and I should think only a terrier well-trained to solve hedge-hog problems could cultivate anything beyond a superficial acquaintance with it. Indians declare the jaguar plays with the tatú the same as a cat with a ball of cotton. It breeds fast, and feeds upon tender plants, roots, and insects, and is reputed to be as fond of carrion as an urubú.

Carás are cultivated throughout Amazonia, but not to any great extent, excepting near Pará, Santarem, and Manáos, where they find a ready market. There are several species of this fine tuber, but the only kind I have seen is the cará do ar (*D. peperifolia*). It flourishes well in almost any class of soil, and is surprisingly prolific, a single tuber producing a dozen or more of its kind, each weighing from half a pound to a pound and a half. It is planted about fourteen inches below the soil, and requires a year to mature, when the flowers die and indicate it is ripe. It should be set near a fence, so that the climber may attain its full length, generally twelve feet. It is cooked in a variety of ways, but chiefly roasted or boiled in the jacket. I have frequently eaten both the red and the white, the former resembling beet in appearance, but prefer the latter, though both may be alike mealy. Its taste is somewhat earthy, but still quite equals that of the ordinary potato used at home; it is equally palatable with sugar or salt. Could the cará be suc-

cessfully grown in England, I believe it would soon become appreciated by all classes, and prove as valuable as the potato. It would prove far more remunerative to the grower than the latter, as it requires no care after planting, beyond having a fence to climb. Any kind of soil will do.

On the open before the village stands a fine cecropia, or candelabrum-tree. I think this tree is the most beautiful, though perhaps most useless, in Amazonia, where it is found from the Atlantic to the Andes. It flourishes best in open spaces; springs up immediately on clearings, and is a pest to agriculturists. I have met with it far in the forest, but always near the trunk of a fallen tree. Its average height is from thirty to forty feet. The ambaitinga (*Cecropia peltata L.*) has a smooth, grey, hollow stem, filled with pith, sometimes rising thirty feet before projecting its naked boughs, which spread at equal distances, with a slight upward bend; these in turn throw out minor branches, the end of each bearing a tuft of huge leaves, in form resembling that of the horse-chestnut; their under surface is covered with white down, and in a gale of wind the sudden change of the forest front from green to white is very striking. Above the lowest and widest expanded arms rise successive artistic groupings of branches, forming an elegant cone that, at a distance, resembles a colossal candelabra. Next to the palm family Cecropiæ are the most conspicuous on the banks of the Amazon. The *C. palmata* is pretty, but not so perfect in form as its sister the *C. peltata.*

The forest round Tunantins is humid and swampy; it is a splendid fernery. It affords any quantity of cedar, but the grain is coarse, and by no means so fragrant as the cedar employed at home. Here, too, is found the tall slim bignonia pau d'arco, or ipéuna, sometimes called ipé amarello, the heart of which is a hard, tough wood, used for making bows. Maracujás, or passion-flowers, are numerous; the plant is indigenous to the New World, and I think it the queen of parasites. Veado, or deer, are occasionally killed near the village, and a lover of tapir-meat has not far to go to find three-toed tracks. The tapir is the largest wild animal of South America, and is scattered over a considerable portion of the continent, from the Guianas as far south as Paraguaya, but Amazonia is its favourite region, from the fact of its chief enemy, man, rarely entering its solitude. A full-grown tapir is about six feet long, nearly four feet high, and has four toes on the front, and three on the hind feet; it is shielded with a thick greyish-coloured hide, sparsely covered with hairs. Its most noticeable feature is a small flexible proboscis. In habit it may be said to be strictly nocturnal, though sometimes venturing upon self-made well beaten tracks during the cloudy days of the rainy season. The tapir is extremely timorous, and upon alarm makes for the nearest water, in which he dives and swims with the ease of a hippopotamus;

like the stag, however, he will die game when brought to bay, his prodigious strength and razor-cutting teeth making him a formidable enemy, and worthy of a sportsman's courage and skill. Uncivilized Indians catch them in traps; spring guns are generally used by whites. Its teeth resemble those of the horse, and in my opinion tapir-meat is identical in taste with that furnished in certain Parisian *restaurants* of hippophagous fame.

A priest finds it convenient to visit Tunantins after the turtle, rubber, and salsa seasons, when for divers funçãos he receives suitable gratificaçãos.

Saturday, April 20.—This afternoon we arrived at São Paulo de Olivença, or Olivença, as it is usually marked upon English maps, though upon the Amazons it is called São Paulo. The high lands on the north bank still continue, but the site of São Paulo, on the south bank, is the only eminence corresponding in any like degree.

The village is irregularly scattered over a large cleared grassy *plateau*, rising about one hundred and twenty feet above the river. It is superior to Fonte Boa as a place of residence, being less afflicted with insect pests, but the climate is hot and humid, and fever and ague and remittent fevers common. It has a church and priest, and about four hundred inhabitants, but this number fluctuates according to the season, nearly all the males being occasionally absent. Some of the Indians are pure blooded, having been Resgatado when young from the Ticunda and other tribes living upon the banks of adjacent streams; a few are painted, but the practice is discountenanced by the authorities, and adults from the interior coming to trade with whites are abandoning the custom. Among tribes living further south (beyond a distance of twenty miles), there is an inclination to resist the encroachments of Rome, but the miserable fetish of heathen medicine men must give way before the mysteries and elaborate ceremonies of the religion of the State.

Senhor G. Diaz says that piage, piache, piaye, or piago, among the Indigines of the Brazil, means priest, medicine man, augur and bard. Vasconcellos writes the word paye; Hans Staden paygi, and Damião de Goes, pagé, which last, or pajé, I believe the most proper, for I observe among Indians widely apart, and of different tribes, this is the pronunciation of the word. The rank of pagé among some tribes is not always hereditary, for it would seem that the warrior who lays aside his arms and devotes himself to the mysteries of fetishism is devoutly venerated. He prepares for new life by first hanging his war club, bows, arrows, and spurs, and other weapons upon a tree, in testimony of surrender to his tutelary demon, and then retiring to the hollow trunk of a large arvore, a distant cove, or solitary hut, by fasting, self-mortification, meditation, and so forth, he in due time becomes fanatical and conceited.

Many of both sexes in this neighbourhood wear a ligature round the

wrists, and just below the calf of the leg. It is a circular section of the skin of the iguana, and supposed to strengthen the limbs. Lizards are found throughout the tropics, but in Amazonia they attain an immense size, sometimes as much as five feet; the longest I have seen was four feet three inches from the tip of nose to end of tail. Lizards have not to be sought, inasmuch as they enter houses and fearlessly scamper about the floor, roof, and walls. The iguana is more timid than his smaller brethren, and usually found among the branches of trees, where it will remain still if approached, and allow itself to be taken.

Ticuna, and other Indians on the Solimoes and Marañon, paint their bodies with the juice of anatto (*Bixa orellana*), a shrub of spontaneous growth, about eight feet high, bearing a prickly seed pod, resembling the outer shell of the chestnut, which encloses a vermillion pulp. An Indian freshly painted from top to toe with anatto is indeed a red man, and his sudden appearance as he jumps out of a thicket is apt to inspire alarm unless one is acquainted with the playful habits of these innocent creatures. Indians carry a stock of anatto (urucú in Lingua Geral, and ocóte in Quichua) and other colours in toucans' bills, hanging in a string down the back. Anatto is exported in small quantities from different ports on the river; in England it is used by dyers and painters, and in Holland for colouring cheese and butter.

A few miles west of the Jutahy the river makes a sharp southerly bend, and does not recover its westerly course until reaching the mouth of the Javarí.

The lagoons of the Jurupary-Tapera are reputed prolific in anacondas, or water-snakes. Due margin must be allowed for the almost unconscious exaggeration of natives and frightened whites, but doubtless reptiles exist much larger than any of the specimens at present in our museums. Hauxwell shot one in Pebas twenty-two feet six inches long, and three feet six inches in circumference; it contained forty eggs, each as large as that of the ostrich. It was coiled up like a rope, sunning itself on the trunk of a fallen tree near the river. The Indians who first saw it were so terrified they ran away without uttering a sound, for fear of pursuit. Burton says he was told by a Brazilian gentleman in Maranhão that he had seen the "terrible reptile swimming across the stream with a pair of horns protruding from its mouth." Spix and Martius heard from Senor Nogueir that a man on horseback had been attacked by one, and one had been known to swallow an ox. I saw a beautifully ugly anaconda swimming from an island to the mainland near Cochiquinas, on the south shore of the Marañon, which I believe was fully thirty feet long. My gun was charged with dust-shot at the time, I being on the look-out for humming-birds, and I was afraid to fire, particularly too as my canoe was small and shaky.

The staple articles of food here are farinha, dried pirarucú, and vaca

marina, or peixe-boi. The former (*Sudis gigas*. Tupy, *pira* fish, *urucú* painted) is often seven feet long, and four feet or more round its thickest part. Its strength is considerable, and consequently the landing of a large specimen is attended with an excitement only a keen sportsman can fully appreciate. It is caught with a large hook baited with sardinha, and the harpoon; it makes several deep rushes at first. I heard of an Indian whose body was found floating down the river with a line to his leg, and a pirarucú on the hook. It is supposed that he purposely fastened the cord, fell asleep, and was dragged into the water before able to recover himself. Denuded of its armour of scales, the fish is cut into thin slabs, salted, dried in the sun, packed in bundles of an *arroba*, and sent to market. The tongue of the pirarucú, when dried, is as hard as a bone, and makes a capital spice-grater. I purchased several as *curios*.

At this port I procured a piece of the climbing plant jacitára (*Desmoncus macracanthus*), eighty-nine feet four inches long. It is covered with sharp thorns, which enable it to adhere to the tree it ascends.

São Paulo is visited by Indians from long distances for the sake of urarí, poison, procured from hordes of the Ticuna tribe up the Içá (pronounced Issa), by civilized members of the same tribe living in the town mentioned. This celebrated poison was formerly manufactured by many tribes between the Guianas and Bolivia, and the Tocantins and Andes; at present the secret of its preparation is less widely known, but the article itself is to be found in most families. The urarí of the Ticunas is famed for its deadly properties. I never could find out the precise articles used in its composition, but it would appear that tucanderas (a large black poisonous ant), and the juice of the Strichnos toxifera, are among the ingredients employed; it is most likely the same as the ourali of the Macusis and Acawoios of Guiana. Three hundred miles up the Içá, a small burnt clay pot three inches high, the shape of an ordinary Spanish *olla*, only half filled with this compound, is worth a yard of cloth, while at São Paulo and Pebas it fetches from eight to twelve shillings; Indians coming to these towns for it from the Nápo, Nánani, Ucayáli, and Huallága.

Arrows tipped with urarí are made from the leaf-stem of a ground palm common to Amazonia. Great care is bestowed upon their manufacture: an Indian will scrape and polish them till perfectly smooth. They are generally about a foot long, finely pointed, and in the middle scarcely any thicker than an ordinary steel knitting-needle. To ensure precision of aim, they are winged with Samaüma silk cotton, wound into an oval tuft until it exactly fills the bore of the blow-pipe from which it is expelled, the tuft of course being placed on the end nearest the breech. During my travels in this country I made quite a collection of blow-pipes of different lengths, with arrows poisoned and plain,

and quivers complete, some of which may be seen at the Society's offices, and had several opportunities of witnessing their manufacture throughout. In Portuguese the blow-pipe is called "gravataná"; in Lingua Geral, "carauátaná" and "zarabatanã"; Quichua, "pecúna." It is usually an admirable piece of workmanship, and greater patience and skill is bestowed upon it than upon any other article or weapon of Indian production, many issues, sometimes life itself, depending upon the accuracy of its delivery. It is made from the stem of a small slender palm (*Iratea setigera*) about twelve feet in height, and generally felled by a single blow of a sabre-knife. Indians fire it by placing both hands near the breech, gradually raising the opposite end till in front of the object to be shot, and then giving a sharp puff, when the tiny messenger of death flies forth with amazing velocity. Mr. Hauxwell and myself could hit a mark the size of a shilling fifty feet off any number of times in succession, but when we tried it at a greater distance we were miserably unsuccessful, nearly every shot going wild, while a stupid-looking Orejón Indian would describe the parabola to a nicety.

I should mention that arrows are fastened side by side to a line passed round each, about an inch from both ends, are then rolled up like a sheet of paper and enclosed in a quiver, to which is attached a small bag of silk cotton with a circular opening below. Some quivers are of elaborate workmanship, and exhibit a degree of skill in execution and taste in design a stranger would scarcely credit the Red man to possess.

When hunting in the forest, Indians generally carry two prepared arrows stuck like pens behind each ear. I saw a macaw fall dead half a minute after being struck; it was resting with others upon a high tree, and when tumbling to the ground looked like a ball of crimson and gold. As there had been no noise, the other macaws could not understand what was the matter, so, with grating screams, swooped down to solve the mystery, when five in succession were bagged. Macaws seem to lose all self-possession the moment one of their flock falls, and they will hover about within range for some time. Upon another occasion I saw a wild hog shot with urarí, the arrow penetrating nearly half its length just behind the left fore shoulder; the poor thing barely ran a hundred yards before falling, and when I reached the spot I was just in time to see its last convulsive death throes. Parrots and macaws thus killed have an offensive taste; they are always tough and nasty, but the *catinga* is lessened after bleeding from a shot wound. Unfortunately, when an Indian shoots a wild boar, he does not run up as it falls and cut its throat, but allows the blood to remain in the body, hence I dislike wild pig shot with urarí. Like timbó, this poison does not render meat unwholesome. I remember a young lady in England puffing an arrow so deeply into a door that it could not be easily extracted without breaking.

The forests of the Solimoes and Marañon abound with a variety of toucans. The toucan is only found in tropical America, and is divided into several species, all of which are of brilliant plumage, the most common being partly of a glossy black and yellow, or flame-colour. They resort to the upper branches of the highest trees, are extremely shy, build their nests in the hollows of trunks and boughs, and lay two eggs. The name "tocáno" was given because of their cry resembling this word. Their most remarkable feature is the apparent disproportion of the bill to the rest of the body; one called the Tocáno pacova (banana toucan) being blessed with a beak from six to seven inches in length. Naturalists have been puzzled to account for the necessity of such a prodigious and curiously-constructed formation, though the fact of its existence—with all due submission—demonstrates its adaptability for special purposes. I have often watched them in a tame and wild state, and observed how they would mash a twig or leaf in their serrated bills before swallowing. Toucans are excellent eating, but hard to hit as a rule on account of having to shoot perpendicularly, and branches and foliage being in the way. The charge should be heavy.

In England potatoes usually grow in the ground, I believe, but here we have the famous Batata do ar hanging from vine tendrils; some weigh between three and four pounds. They have a smooth grey skin, dotted with numerous eyes, are angular in form, and, fried in slices, make a capital dish; plain boiled they are greenish and unpleasant to the eye, but agreeable in taste, and quite *potatoish* enough to serve as a substitute for kidney tubers.

A valuable cabinet wood called jacarandá is plentiful in this neighbourhood. It is not peculiar to the locality, being found at wide intervals eastwards as far as Pará. Its rough bark resembles that of the oak, and has a heart from seven to twelve inches thick, beautifully veined with black and crimson stripes.

Some of the interior tribes make a kind of cloth from the inner bark of the tururuy, which is beaten with a mallet until the fibres are separated.

A number of streams join the Amazons between the Tonantíns and Tabatínga, the principal being the Itaquyo, Içá, Amaniatuba, and Tabatinga. The Içá has for its head-waters the Lake of San Pablo, on the eastern slope of the Andes, near Pasto, where, as in Peru, it is known as the Putumayo. It has numerous affluents, the principal on the left bank being the Quere, Hiapacoá joining the Puréos, an affluent of the Japurá; Mamoré, Quive, and Upy, &c.; and, on the right bank, the Jucurupa, Puruita, and Utuá, &c. The Jucurupa communicates with a large lake, having several outlets running south to the main stream. Near the mouth of the Içá, which is about half a mile wide, the early Spaniards formed a settlement to denote the limit of their possessions,

but it was abandoned in 1766. A few civilized Indians, belonging to the Caishãna, Xumaná, and Passé tribes, are found near the Amazons, but further north the natives are in thorough barbarism. The Miranhas and Uyainumas are represented as warlike and dangerous. The Ticunas are accessible, as already described, but treacherous and unreliable. A three days' track exists through the forest from the Ambi-Yácu to an affluent of the Putumayo. I saw a party of Yáguas who had made the journey for Urarí, floated down to the Amazons, and paddled up to Pebas. They described the sand-banks or Playas as black with turtle, but no one there to disturb them.

Sunday, April 21st.—The most solitary portion of the Amazons is that between the Juruá and the Nápo, and here, as we approach the Javarí, the country is quite uninhabited. It is just possible, however, that a wandering family of some interior tribe may be curiously peeping at us through the foliage, and wondering how so big a canoe can force its way against the current, but we can see nothing save an unbroken wall of foliage, excepting here and there where creeks and openings teem with fish and snowy aquatic fowl.

Towards the close of the afternoon we arrived at Tabatinga, the most western settlement of the Brazil. The land has been cleared of forest some distance back, and a broad flight of wooden steps rises from the river to an esplanade; a couple of lamp-posts on top are a refreshing evidence of civilization. To the right stands a long Government building, one story high, chiefly composed of green doors and windows, and near a few wooden steps a full-dressed negro soldier is enjoying the Imperial privilege of sweltering in an Imperial uniform, such as that described at Manáos. A number of officers, wearing cavalry sabres and smoking cigaritos of Tauarí, are on the look-out for news, and doubtless they are as anxious for the mail-bag as the residents of a Bombay bungalow upon the sighting of a Peninsular and Oriental. A battery of twelve guns commands the river, which narrows considerably at this point, and away to the rear are a few houses, occupied by traders, semi-civilized Ticuna, and other Indians. The authorities express themselves anxious for emigrants to patronise Tabatinga, but like all out-of-the-way garrisons where officers and men have abundance of leisure, it has its characteristic disadvantages, and even Indian parents question the advisability of exposing their families to attentions none the more agreeable because persevered in.

In this port is the Peruvian Government steam paddle-boat "El Morona," which gallantly ran the gauntlet of batteries at Obydos. She is a two-funnelled, pretty, rakish-looking craft, and can cleave the silent waters of the Marañon at the rate of twelve knots up stream, and to the tune of nineteen coming down. Orders arriving for the "Icamiaba" to

proceed to Leticia, we went to that frontier port of Peru, and then on board the "Morona," which steamed alongside for that purpose.

Monday, April 22nd.—We stayed all night at Leticia. Steamboats do not usually travel on the Marañon after dark on account of shifting sand-banks. A single freshet has been known to scour away several hundreds of thousands of tons of sand, and deposit the mass lower down, where formerly was deep water. Notwithstanding every precaution, vessels occasionally find themselves comfortably located upon a bank, every attempt to get off only rendering their situation more permanent; by discharging cargo they may perhaps reach deep water, but large vessels not only unload, but have sometimes to wait five or six months for a sufficient rise. Iron ships are apt to receive serious damage on these banks by the scouring of sand from beneath. On my return voyage, I saw a fine large new boat, called the "João Augusto," lying high and dry near Teffé, with her back broken and otherwise dangerously strained.

Leticia is simply a frontier military post, a hollow in the land between it and Tabatinga being recognised by both countries as neutral ground. It has a regular fortification of brick.

Provincial prefects and sub-prefects had offered advantageous inducements to natives inhabiting the various tributaries between the Javarí and Pastáza to leave their solitary huts and settle in communities upon the main stream, where they might be benefited by something like civilization, and society at large by their labour, and in many instances their endeavours admirably succeeded. Indians from the distant interior, visiting their brethren, were gratified by reports, and confidence once awakened and established, whole families came paddling up to be baptized, clothed, and educated; but imagine the surprise and indignation of these poor creatures when they found themselves seized by the authorities and drafted off to work like felons under the eyes of sentries, and fed with food of the coarsest kind. Yágua Indians never trusted the promises of whites, would not settle in villages, and hence escaped much that others suffered. The Indian is essentially a lover of freedom, and of so restless a disposition that, in his wild state, he either continually roams the forest or only remains a short time in one locality; thus, when brought into bondage and confinement, the condition is to him a severe form of punishment. Out of the hundreds of families impressed to work at Leticia, not one remains to view the scene of their sufferings; and during this generation, at any rate, the word of a white man will be held in low estimation; indeed, the sight of a couple of *blancos* is frequently enough to scare away every soul from a village, old and young, men, women, and children, all running through the forest like so many startled deer. I am told by an officer of standing in the Imperial navy of the Brazil, that vessels drawing ten feet may pass

Leticia by ascending the Javarí, and entering a paraná on the left bank communicating with the Marañon a short distance above Loreto; should such be the case, the new fortification—every brick of which has cost nearly a couple of *sols*—will be practically worthless as a barrier against vessels ascending the river; but in case of war, Peru is not likely to be attacked by any Power on the east excepting perhaps the Brazils, inasmuch as there is absolutely nothing to contend against or gain by such a step.

Loreto, the next port west of Leticia, is composed of a few miserable earth-floored mud huts occupied by traders and civilized Indians. Salt is brought from Lisbon to this port, and extensively used in preserving fish caught westwards as far as the Ucayali, and sent to Brazil and Moyabamba on the Andes. European merchandise enters Eastern Peru free of duty, and it is rumoured a considerable portion of it finds its way back to the Solimoes.

Travellers on this part of the Amazons, or indeed from the commencement of the Solimoes going west, should provide a hammock or bed curtain of light calico print, or strong muslin; calico is preferable on account of its not being so easily torn. It should have several loops or rings outside at the head and foot through which a couple of rods may be passed for suspension.

The "Morona" is a London-built boat of five hundred tons and one hundred and fifty horse power nominal. She has a flush deck protected from the sun and rain by a screen; a bridge amidships where the wheel is placed, and the commander can communicate to the engine room by means of an indicator, and a companion way aft to saloon below. The vessel is well supplied with hands, and there is a smartness about them one likes to see. The sailors are all Indians belonging to different tribes, and average about five feet six inches in height. The Cucámas and Omáguas are considered best for ship work, and the Cucamillas superior as canoe men. They wear a blue cap with the word "Morona" stamped in gilt on a black ribbon, and blue cotton shirt with collar lapping over. Only a few of them have ever seen salt water, but they go about their work in a way which shows they are the right stuff to make sailors of. There is an undefinable air about the British tar, a something connected with his dress and address, his collar, knot, knees of his trousers, and hitching of pants, that distinguishes him from the sailor of every other country, and can never be exactly imitated, though it is tried by most naval powers. Fresh meat is not usually supplied on the Peruvian boats. Our fare consists of split bread rolls rusked in an oven, river turtles, charapilla, salt and fresh fish, chiefly páiche; and for dessert, stewed bananas or some kind of fruit, and capital coffee. I observe that coffee beans are not ground in a mill, but pulverized with a heavy steel engine-spanner in a hollowed log.

We called at a couple of small villages on the south shore, the first named Caballacocha (Horse Lake), near a lagoon, on the eastern bank of approach, and Maucallacta, and then passing Cochiquinas, arrived at Pebas, on the north shore. Pebas is a small village of about two hundred souls, situated upon the left bank of the Ambi-Yácu (Poison River). This tributary has two openings, the eastern being always navigable to within a mile and a half of the port, and the western only deep enough for vessels of light draught during the height of the rainy season; a long narrow island covered with jungle stretches between the openings. I have become acquainted with Mr. Hauxwell, the celebrated natural history collector, who, during the past forty years, has sent to different European and American museums valuable specimens of birds, beasts, reptiles, fishes, insects, mollusca, and fossils, gathered from the islands of Caviana, Mexiana, and Marajó, westwards to Moyabamba. I was so cordially invited to sojourn awhile in this secluded spot, that, after a brief stay higher up the river, I made Pebas my headquarters for six months, which time I spent gathering information, especially from my host, who most generously pointed out everything he thought would interest me.

Instead of continuing my Diary as hitherto, I will give it in a narrative form, in hope that the patience of the reader may not be exhausted. My object has been to afford the fullest information regarding persons, places, and things as they successively came under notice, so that my, readers might intelligently accompany me thus far, namely, a distance of about two thousand four hundred miles up the Amazons, where for awhile we will remain before resuming our journey westwards.

Unfortunately it rained nearly every day the whole time I was in Pebas, and this too during the dry season. I should certainly like to know what sort of weather exists in the wet season; I think the seasons should be called the *wet* and *wetter*. Appalling storms of thunder and lightning, accompanied by heavy down-pours, rendered outdoor exercise uncomfortable and sickly. I remember being out one evening in August when it seemed to rain lightning, broad streams of electric fluid descending to the earth vertically and continuously for the space of half-a-minute; the uproar was so deafening we could not hear each other speak, and to add to the horror of the spectacle, we could see numerous voracious alligators round our canoe. Castelnau says that in a single storm in this village he witnessed a rainfall of not less than thirty inches. I regret that for want of proper instruments I was unable to make those observations, which are always a boon to science, but from all I can gather, together with personal knowledge, I believe there are few places upon the face of the globe where more frequent and awful thunderstorms occur than in Pebas.

Towards the close of the afternoon of June 18th, I disembarked from

the "Morona" into a large "montaria," kindly provided for the occasion, and bidding adieu to those on board, entered the eastern mouth of the Ambi-Yácu. A storm had passed over the district about two hours before, and the green forest leaves dripped with crystals which sparkled like prisms in the slanting rays of the sun. On either hand rolling vegetation rose out of the placid mirror, and away back to the right the land became more elevated as it receded. It was very warm, not a single breath of air stirring, and, feeling tired, I stood upon a thwart and leaned against the palm-leaf awning, my eyes wandering from shore to shore, now scarcely more than ninety yards apart, vainly endeavouring to penetrate the matted jungle. Beautiful kingfishers darted around, a bittern and slate-billed ibis laboriously flapped their big snowy wings as they took flight at our approach. Fish was manifestly abundant; and here again the pink-coloured porpoise came up close to our boat. Our paddlers were semi-civilized Yágulas, dressed in short blue cotton pants; they worked with a will, accompanying each stroke with a cucáma rap, caused by striking the gunwale with the paddle-shaft every time the blade was lifted; this style enables a number of paddlers to keep excellent time. I was glad when the boat-head ran upon the shore, and to receive another grip of the hand and welcome to Pebas. A wooden staging had been erected, professedly to facilitate communication between the town and port, but the affair was an unblushing swindle, being nothing more nor less than a series of cunningly-devised man-traps—timbers treacherously giving way where they should be firm, and consequently summarily precipitating the unwary pedestrian to mother earth. After climbing a steep clay ascent, we stood upon an open plateau, about one hundred and forty feet above the river; from its edge may be obtained a fine view of the stream as far as the Marañon, and within a few yards of the top step a stratum of marine shells peeps above the ground.

Unfortunately, my education has been so shockingly neglected that I do not know the names of all the different geological periods, epochs, groups, and formations. I am bewildered by numerous hard Latin terms, and if you ask me to answer in a straightforward manner the question, "What do you mean by mesozoic?" I am bound to confess to an ignorance truly lamentable. When I hear people talking about oolitic and liassic affairs, and tranquilly discussing such trifles as kupfer schiefer and toote-liegende, or the different genera and species of gasteropoda, crinoidea, lithostratian, zaphrenites, sphenopteris, and cyathaphyllum, &c., my head turns quite giddy, and although I would not betray my ignorance by venturing a single remark, I am conscious my vacant eye indicates my literary standard. Now, if I were digging under the roots of yonder palm, and discovered a patent circular knife-cleaner, I should denominate the stratum as ancient Kent; or if I

found other indications of civilization, I should have no hesitation in pronouncing on the formation, but I would as soon think of delivering an extempore dissertation upon hydro-dynamics before the British Association as of discussing geological questions beyond my depth.

"So these shells are a marine formation?" I observed to Mr. Hauxwell.

"Yes. One is called mesalia ortoni, in honour of the discoverer, Professor Orton, who visited Pebas in 1867."

"How is it you did not find them?"

"Well, I had walked over the spot thousands of times, and even examined the shells, but knowing absolutely nothing of geology, I never thought them worthy of serious attention."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "never mind. Perhaps you are not aware the subjects discussed by geologists are frequently tremendous *bores?*" (I waited for some token of appreciation, but mine host's big blue eyes never saw anything, whereupon I resolved to eschew like efforts in future.)

What a past these shells reveal! They enable us to picture the time when the Atlantic laved the feet of the Andes; when only the mighty granite ridge, or backbone of an unborn continent, divided the Pacific from its eastern rival. We learn that the Valley of the Amazons has once slept beneath the deep, and the spot upon which I stand has been covered with water as blue as the azure dome above. Great whales and sharks have disported high over those tree tops, and here was a bed of shells such as an Ilfracombe fisherman would like to find beneath our pale green seas. At that time the only existing countries between the Andes and the Old World must have been islands formed by mountain chains or spurs from the great parent range—as the Serras de Acary, for instance, and the Cordilleras, separating the Guianas from the Brazil, and those long elevated chains trending north and south in the wildest part of South America. What a long time ago it must have been! Perhaps a good many thousands of years. It must have been long before man entered upon the scene. Not far from here is a seam of bituminous lignite (some specimens of which are at the Society's London offices), the remains of a forest probably as grand and dense as that which flourishes at its grave. As the country becomes better known, fossil remains will probably be discovered demonstrating the past existence of forms of life in Amazonia as startling and wonderful as any yet found in our own chalk formations. What stupendous lessons lie hidden beneath the ground we tread! What sermons are in these shells and lignite! The more we study nature aright, the more elevated becomes our conception of the power and wisdom of the great Creator. Here are—

"Relics of an older world, which tell
Of changes slow or sudden that have passed
Over the face of nature. .. ..
. . . . And so preserved to show
Man of those things whereof he ought to know."

Pebas stands upon about three acres of cleared land chiefly composed of loose white sand; throughout the year this is overgrown with grass swarming with moquim. Excepting a plaza formed by three houses, one on each side, the buildings have been put up anywhere and anyhow, according to the fancy of their owners. Mr. Hauxwell's dwelling is quite palatial compared with the rest. It is mud built, thatched with palm leaf, and between the walls and the roof a clear space of three feet has been left for ventilating purposes, though one might be apt to consider the precaution unnecessary where each shutterless window is seven feet high, a yard broad, and only secured by upright wooden bars; the floor is of uncertain antiquity from the fact of its being plain *terra*. My room was comfortably furnished, a chair having been borrowed for me, the only one in the town, I believe. Mosquitos, pihums, and motucas, beside numerous other insects, were overjoyed at my arrival; indeed, their attentions were so marked, I was compelled, in self-defence, to construct a tent of coloured print, into which I would creep during the day when desirous of reading or writing. What swelterings I used to have in that tent to be sure! As the thermometer rose my spirits became depressed, until, to avoid a crushing sensation, I was compelled to beat a gasping retreat. Becalmed in the Red Sea or Persian Gulf in August could not possibly be worse. Our food consisted of plantains, turtle, game, and fish. Perhaps the reader's tender reminiscences of Guildhall, and snug little affairs at the Langham, may suggest that turtle is not so bad after all. If so, long may he remain in happy ignorance of what it is to eat turtle for beef and mutton, turtle for butter, cheese, and salad, and turtle for damson tart.

In a fenced yard was a turtle-pond, and several open sheds, where cooking, smoking game and fish, and the manufacture of *farinha* was carried on. Here an Indian woman and girl were generally occupied in household duties, both of whom had been captured by Conibos. The woman belonged to a horde of Cashibos, which had been surprised and overpowered, when all the men were put to death, and the females and children enslaved. She was a most ill-favoured person; her sole ambition was to eat and sleep, and she would never wash herself without threat of corporal punishment. She was artful, revengeful, greedy, and ungrateful; and, with a ghastly sidelong leer, would speak of human food she had eaten. One day she ran into the bush with another woman of the same tribe; they disliked clothing and the restrictions of civilized

life, and yearned to pursue the wild, lawless career of the savage, but one night, while robbing a *bananal*, an Indian drove his heavy barbed spear right through the body of the younger, killing her upon the spot; the other only barely managed to reach home with life. The girl I spoke of was about ten years of age; when a babe, her head had been flattened between two boards *to get it into shape* (N.B.—Indians are not tight-lacers), and now a ridge runs from her forehead to the nape of her neck. She is a lively bead-eyed, thoughtless, red-skinned romp; full of fun; timid, gentle, and affectionate; eats like a monkey, chewing as fast, and raising and lowering her head as frequently and suddenly as that animal does when engaged in nut-cracking; can pick up a coin between her toes as quickly as most people can with their fingers, but to remember anything five minutes is beyond her power at present. We usually rose at or before daybreak, when we drank a cup of coffee or *guayusa* (a kind of tea), breakfasted at eleven, dined at five, and had morning and evening prayers; as far as possible, we adhered to these regulations whether at home or abroad.

I shall never forget how startled I was the first time I encountered the wild Indian in his native solitudes. I had not been in Pebas more than a week when I went out one morning to procure something for breakfast, and succeeded in bagging a fine large mutúm, a species of wild turkey, abounding in this district; after loading both barrels of my gun, I commenced walking leisurely homewards. The track was narrow, and on either hand was a dense matted undergrowth. Hearing a slight rustling of leaves, I stopped and listened, when, to my astonishment, about a score of Indians bounded on to the path and stood motionless, though evidently regarding me with no small curiosity, and I conjectured, the length and colour of my beard particularly. For a moment I was really startled, and not knowing the intentions of my abrupt visitors, was at a loss what to do, so I leaned upon the butt of my gun and gazed upon them with genuine interest. They were a well-built, noble-looking lot of young men, about five feet ten inches high, though some were nearly—if not quite—six feet. All were perfectly *in puris* beyond a tuft of yellow grass suspended from a string passed over the hips. They were stained from head to foot with ochóte, which imparts a bright vermillion tint, and had streaks of blue and black from the mouth and nose to the ears and eyes. My momentary alarm was succeeded by such genuine admiration, that my countenance probably betrayed my thoughts and won for me the friendship I naturally desired, for when I held out my hand, a splendid fellow—who I afterwards learned was the curaca, or chief—sprang forward and respectfully touched it. At a signal, which sounded like "cú-cú," rapidly uttered, he ran along the path I had come, the rest following in single file, and quickly disappearing from view.

One day, while writing in my tent, I heard subdued whispering; thinking it proceeded from some of the members of the household, I paid no further attention until voices and giggling began to be very loud. I then lifted the curtain, and discovered nearly a couple of dozen of men, women, and children squatting upon their hams against the wall. As usual, they were all painted, but the women wore a strip of blue cloth, dyed with indigo, passed round the hips, and to enhance their charms moreover their lips were dyed black. When I made a step forward, a huge fellow started up and raised a long glittering knife above my head. I did not like to draw back lest I might be thought afraid, so I smilingly pointed to the weapon, and held out my hand for it. The man's chest rose and fell, his heart beat violently, his lips were tightly pressed, and for a few moments he hesitated what to do, but I calmly looked him in the eye, and by signs requested the knife. Bye-and-bye I think it must have dawned upon him that my intentions were amicable and not sanguinary, and he was making himself appear ridiculous, so, lowering his arm, he handed me the knife; after pretending to examine it, I took the blade between my fingers and politely returned it, when I could see the brawny redskin was fairly ashamed; indeed he appeared to me to blush through his paint. A few trinkets put all in good humour, and during the stay of this horde in Pebas they were very friendly disposed, after coming to my room, quietly whispering, and watching my movements. As they did not know a word of Spanish, and I not a syllable of their language, we could not converse. We allowed the Indians free entrance to our house till sunset, but after this hour none were admitted.

Where a friendly feeling has once been established the curiosity of Indians is unbounded, and I often experienced considerable pleasure in gratifying their desire to know the uses of various articles. Once a number of young men were evidently discussing the nature of my field-glass. They would not lift it, but touched it and walked round the table to make a complete examination. After a while I focussed the instrument, and by signs invited a young man to look through, but he declined; by dint of coaxing, however, he finally screwed up courage to take a peep, and then retired and whispered to his mates. A second time he advanced and steadily gazed for a minute; he was clearly astounded. I would have given a trifle to know what was passing in his mind, but I am of impression he thought there was witchcraft in it; the others advanced in turns, and to me it seemed so very strange for a lot of sturdy men to act with the simplicity of little children.

One afternoon a party of Yáguas was seated upon the floor of our verandah; a pipe had been filled with tobacco, and a lithe-limbed boy stood by with a blazing chip. It occurred to me to show the uses of

the magnifying glass, so producing one I held it over the bowl while the Indian sucked the stem. Upon ignition, they looked upon each other in blank astonishment, and all had a puff, down to the baby. Perhaps they thought it would bring good luck. I tried the experiment a number of times, and always with marked success. I asked an old chief of the Orejon tribe, who spoke a little Spanish, if he would like his pipe to be lit with fire brought down from the sun. "If," he replied, "the white man is powerful enough to pull fire out of the sun, he is stronger than the whole of my tribe." Holding the glass at arm's length towards the sky, I gradually brought it down, and, of course, the moment the proper focus was obtained the tobacco commenced to moulder. The Curaca threw himself on the ground, and, turning his face upwards, gazed at the sun. "What are you doing?" I enquired. "Waiting to see you pull some more fire out of the sun," he replied. Observing his interest I repeated the experiment, but he said he saw no fire descend, and that I was too quick for him.

A woman begged very hard for a large coloured handkerchief. I gave it her, expecting she would wear it either as a head-dress, round her neck, or as an apron, but the following morning I found my gift had been cut up, and every female of the party wore a small piece hanging down the back attached to a piece of *chambiri* cord.

Knowing the partiality of Indians for snuff, I brought with me a box of stinging rapé, and partly for amusement and edification I occasionally produced it, when we would have a scene so thoroughly ridiculous the very remembrance of it causes me to smile. Let the reader picture a party of painted Indians squatted upon their hams against three sides of an earth-floored room. I hand the box to a stout six-footer, who takes a huge pinch and thrusts the whole up one nostril. For half a minute he never moves a muscle, but the tears are in his eyes, and I know what is coming. Slowly his head is bowed, his body doubles, and then he gives a sneeze so terrible in volume one would almost expect his head to fly off and body to be shattered to fragments. The rest do not even smile, and it is their solemn faces as much as the absurd antics of the snuff-taker that affects my risibility. A woman whose long raven tresses touch the ground now takes a pinch, but waits a few moments before snuffing, as though summoning every energy to the task. She divides the dose, putting half up each nostril, and stretches out her hand for more, which is given and used also. Her dark pensive face becomes suffused with perspiration, her eyes glisten, and she struggles to conquer her disposition to sneeze, but of course it must come out, and so it does, for, with a sudden spring forward, she delivers a dozen tremendous shouts, her whole frame quivering with agitation; she then walks to her place, squats as before, and resumes her sad expression. One man who took a good pinch never sneezed at all, but

sat with imperturbable gravity and equanimity. He must have had an iron will, for I saw the tears trickle down his cheeks.

The wing of a butterfly seen under a microscope always elicited exclamations of surprise and admiration; but I rather think they considered the jumping of a needle to a magnet as a barefaced exhibition of juruparyism.

Nothing I possessed was more attractive than a good-sized looking-glass. I have often observed men stand before it riveted for several minutes, and then commence grimacing and twisting the mouth and nose. The women were naturally gratified with a view of their personal attractions, and when they saw their pointed black teeth and black lips they would give quite a charming little smile of satisfaction and delight. The elasticity of the human face is remarkable, and these tinted belles would put their fingers into their mouths and stretch them to their utmost, thrust out their tongues, and otherwise amuse themselves, as very little girls do at home sometimes when left alone in the nursery. A young fellow about nineteen years of age took the glass in his hand, smelt the back of it, and I believe considered himself quite handsome, and so he was, too, quite a Bond-street dandy in his way. From the affectionate glances he bestowed upon the glass, I am afraid he broke the Tenth Commandment. I always derive pleasure from watching wild animals in their favourite haunts, and many a time in the forest I have observed big game for a quarter of an hour before firing; but nothing interests me so greatly as the unsophisticated behaviour of these wild sons and daughters of the forest glades. I never lost any of my effects, indeed it would have been next to impossible to steal anything in my presence without detection, inasmuch as the Indians were wholly nude, and whatever they took would have been carried in the hand openly.

Many of the Yágua males are decidedly handsome, the symmetry and proportion of their figures rendering them fitting models for the chisel of a Polycletus or Phidias; want of exercise, however, gives them a softness of outline distinct from the athletic and gymnastic development of horse and mountain tribes. At an early age a few of the females are distinguished with a slender figure and graceful undulatory outline, but this is soon lost through a variety of causes. The males have about two inches of hair above the forehead pulled out by the roots, also the eyebrows, and both sexes carefully remove every hair elsewhere upon the body. They are extracted by means of a piece of bark-cloth covered with a tenaciously adhesive mucilage to which the hairs stick. I procured a small pot of this gum. Of course the operation must be excessively painful, but adults bear it with the stoical equanimity which characterizes the votaries of fashion in all countries.

The Indian cannot stand exposure to the sun as freely as the negro.

Those who have once worn head-gear, whether of straw or cloth, ever afterwards indulge in the luxury of some kind of covering. Wild Indians invariably travel from just before dawn to 9 a.m., and from 3 p.m. to sunset; they prefer the shade. The negro is indifferent to sun or shade. Cafuzos (negro and Indian), whose crop of hairy wool is always absurdly large, wash in the open air during the hottest part of the day without suffering any inconvenience, not even a headache. How differently constituted are the white and negro races! Perhaps climate may affect men's dispositions, even in a state of grace, more than is commonly supposed.

Several paths lead from Pebas into the forest; they are mere winding tracks broad enough for single file, a wall of vegetation rising on either hand. I frequently went several hours' journey to the villages which dot the country round. There is such a sameness about them that a description of one will serve for all. The houses are of two shapes, bee-hive and oval, the latter are the larger. The walls are composed of tough round sticks seven feet long and two inches thick, placed side by side perpendicularly an inch and a half or two inches apart, and lashed together with vegetable twine. The palm leaf roof has generally a higher pitch than that patronized in the Brazil. I measured an oval hut with my tape, and found it seventy-four feet long, by twenty-six feet broad. It was occupied by several families, and round three distant fires on the earth floor sat a number of females upon fibre mats. Some were clothed as already described, but others evidently considered wearing apparel superfluous at home, however necessary abroad. The aspect of the place was squalid, bare, and miserable, not a stool, chair, table, or even a box was visible, but a few hammocks stretching from centre poles to the sides relieved the dreariness of the view; the general appearance of the barn-like structure, and its inmates, was to me decidedly *triste*. The floor was damp, and in some places muddy, and beneath the stratum of smoke from the fires, a cloud of carapanás or mosquitoes kept everybody on the *qui vive*, the inmates slapping their legs and arms, and each other's backs, whenever a motuca would alight. A settled gloom rested upon the faces of the women and girls, some of whom sat with their lank jetty hair hanging loose all round, while others had it parted in the middle and thrown back over the shoulders. Now they were not freshly painted, they looked fagged and haggard. I thought they might be suffering from adversity or a bereavement, but such was not the case. Three bunches of plantains and a string of macamo plumes for feathering arrows hung from the roof, a number of good sized fresh fish with a piece of timbó passed through their gills, and several baskets of farinha showed there was no lack of food, while numerous blow-pipes, well-stocked quivers, bows, arrows, harpoons, and spears, evinced there existed wherewith to procure life's necessaries,

and resist the encroachments of an enemy. Outside were several earthen pots and pans, old canoes for mashing farinha and turtle eggs, and, as usual, turtle shells of various sizes, and hungry curs with their tails between their legs trying to bite out remaining bits of skin; refuse is conveyed from one spot to another in these shells, carried upon the head. Under an open shed a man sat before a fire hardening a heavy spear of dark-coloured wood; he was newly-painted, wore a tuft of grass in front, and had blue and black streaks from his mouth and nostrils to his eyes and ears. His occupation reminded me of the speech of Germanicus to the Roman legions regarding the Germans, who carried for spears "nothing but sticks hardened in the fire." At that time our Lord was about sixteen years of age, and here towards the close of the nineteenth century civilization is not more advanced than it was then. To throw a spear accurately any reasonable distance, a strong arm and considerable practice is required. In the Society's London offices are several spears, elegantly adorned with coloured fibre and toucan and other feathers, together with an assortment of bows and arrows, some of the latter being strangely barbed. The huts of families in this neighbourhood are never visited by priests, but a padre is supposed to call at Pebas once a year, when there is a large gathering of Indians, and for several days religious ceremonies, dancing, eating, and drinking monopolize public attention. No priest visited Pebas during my sojourn there. A small open barn has been voluntarily erected for public worship by the villagers, and at one end is an altar, above which, every Saturday evening, is placed an image of the blessed Virgin, where it remains till Monday, a light burning before it the whole time.

A horde of Yaguas, comprising about sixty souls, arrived in Pebas early one Saturday morning from the upper Ambi-Yácu; most of them had never seen a white man before, consequently I came in for a good share of their curiosity, and I was very sorry I could not say a word to them either about the message I burned to deliver, or other subjects which probably would have interested them. I was greatly pleased with the children, whose plump sturdy limbs might have served as models for Murillo's chubby cherubim in the Assumption. They were happy, and played at a kind of "stag out!" with as much agility and gusto as any troop of bare-headed boys in Christ Church School. I should add they did not make much noise. It was customary to ring a bell every Saturday at sunset, and when it sounded that evening, the boys fell flat on the grass and rolled towards their parents and friends. The rapidity with which the movement was accomplished was marvellous, and exemplified the kind of strategy employed in escaping from an enemy. Two young men bounded into the centre of the Plaza to reconnoitre, and upon satisfying themselves regarding the harmlessness of

the bell, they returned to report; the games, however, were discontinued for the day.

Indians of advanced age are occasionally met with. I frequently saw a husband and wife who were known to be upwards of ninety years old. Their residence was a solitary hut in a densely-wooded glen close to an igaripé, communicating with the river. Twenty years previously they had been turned out of their house by their unnatural children as too old to live, but the loving couple set to work as they had done in their young days, cleared a portion of land, built a hut and canoe, planted a patch of maniva, corn, cane, and tobacco, and lived happily and comfortably together. They *loved* each other, there could be no mistake about it, and they were inseparable, the husband never stirring from the door without his wife, or the wife without her husband. The hair of both was as white as driven snow, and as luxuriant as at any period of their existence. The man spoke a few words of Spanish, and with some little difficulty I gathered he believed and trusted in the Mother of our Lord for salvation; he knew nothing of Christ beyond His relationship to Maria Santissima; but pointing upwards, exclaimed, Dios es muy bueno! (God is very good!) while his wife looking reverently to heaven, added, Mucho bueno! (very good!) I am happy to be able to say that whatever were the customs of the past I have found a kindly feeling general among families, and, as a rule, the very savages despising and execrating filial ingratitude. It is true that when a person is believed to be dying, no efforts are made to prolong life or effect a recovery, but this is out of kindness to the sick, with a view of terminating suffering; indeed, the custom is common in Spain, for when a sick man is believed past recovery, friends gather round the bed and never dream of prolonging life to the latest moment. I have resided in houses where a party of friends have sat round a dying man for days and nights, and unreservedly discussed what should be done after his decease, the subject of their unwise speculation conscious of everything transpiring around. This apparent want of consideration may easily be traced to Moorish fatalism. When the Monks of old used to exclaim upon meeting each other, "Hermano, a morir tenemos!" (Brother, we have to die!) and the answer was, "Ya lo sabemos!" (We already know it!) the custom manifestly came from Islam. "Pues senor," says your modern Catolico Rancio Y Castizo, "what has to be, will be!" after which profound soliloquy he usually lights a fresh cigarito.

To the best of my recollection, I never saw a bald Indian. I suppose they never trouble themselves much about anything, and thus have no fevered brain to scorch and wither hair roots. The race has yet to produce men who can afford to spend nineteen years in writing a single volume upon beetles, and seven years in producing a work upon a Greek

particle; it has yet to furnish stockbrokers, engineers, mining book-makers, and wooden nutmeg companies. Bald negroes are almost unknown in Africa, but in the States, where they have been educated, plenty may be found.

Amazonian Indians are generally stolid, apathetic, and often undemonstrative to indifference. Their solitary isolated life is the chief cause. When hunting and fishing, they do not speak for fear of frightening away sport, and at all times make no more noise than is necessary lest they should attract the attention of hostile tribes, while ignorance of what takes place around circumscribes colloquial topics to events of purely family interest. Lack of variety in scene and colour prevents the expansion of intellect in certain constituted minds. All his life long the Indian gazes upon an everlasting ocean of verdure, a yellow sail, yellow water, and, on the Solimoes more often than not, a yellow sky. Green and yellow, yellow and green everywhere, save where the sky is blue. In the forest his vista is extremely limited, the trees being all alike excepting where they differ; the country is flat, and on the water he beholds the expansive flood encircled by a green wall. He has no "hills and dales and lovely vales" that unfledged school-boy poets delight to describe; no grand mountain scenery, no charming glens and open plains; and although he, perhaps, may ramble hundreds of miles without meeting a single human being, he is "cribbed, cabined, and confined" to a sameness of colour and scenery unparalleled, unless we go south to Patagonian forests,

> "Where nature all in ruin lies,
> And owns her sovereign death."

Had I simply travelled through Amazonia my views of Indian character would have been very different from those I now hold. I should have been inclined to sum up my report in these words: "The Indian is low down in the scale of humanity. I hope missionary enterprise may prove successful among them; and as soon as one of your agents has taught one how to work a simple sum in reduction, I should like to return to America to see both teacher and scholar." A true estimate of Indian character and ability is not to be arrived at by mere superficial observation. The South American Mission has, under God, been so far honoured and blessed with success that once brutal Fuégians are now clothed and in their right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus, and the Fuégians are a far lower type of humanity than the Tupy and Inca races. Some keen observers of character have thought the Fuégian wholly irreclaimable, but "facts are stubborn things," and in the converts to Christianity down south we have the result of earnest, prayerful, faithful, self-denying missionary enterprise.

Several months, or even a longer period, of close intimacy with the

native is requisite to ensure anything like an approximate apprehension of his real state of mind. Reserved and uncommunicative at home, he becomes doubly so in the presence of strangers. If silence were a proof of wisdom, Redskins ought to be very clever fellows; having little to say, perhaps they do show good common sense by holding their tongues. Beneath a stolid face and indifferent stare the Indian hides no small curiosity. I have known men sit for hours apparently gazing straight into nothing, but subsequently gathered they had watched every proceeding. At first I was puzzled why they would call, and then not notice me after the first salutation, but I knew they must have some motive, something must have induced them to pay the visit, and by degrees I discovered it was curiosity, the stepping-stone to knowledge. Notwithstanding his stony look, the Indian has a tender heart. After a long tramp through the forest, whenever I entered a hut to rest I was presented with a gourd of masáta, chicha, water, and sometimes roast plantains and honey, or whatever was at hand. This hospitality was not shown with a view to remuneration; it was the simple and candid expression of a naturally kind spirit. They would not offer to supply anything, but bring in the best they had; hence their unselfishness, and when I thanked them with my eyes, they would look into mine and seem to say, "You are very welcome; we know what you mean." The cruelty practised by Indians upon those whom they should cherish and shield from suffering does not emanate from a delight in the infliction of pain; it is always associated with some time-honoured religious custom or belief; thus the girl who is unmercifully beaten at a time her system demands especial tenderness and care, and is least able to bear a shock, is dearly beloved by those who by their very cruelty desire to demonstrate their affectionate interest in her welfare. When a youth volunteers to undergo the ordeal of manhood, how proudly his father measures his stature, courage, and strength, and how proudly his mother regards him! How every member of the household will strive for weeks to suitably entertain numerous guests, and when the day arrives, and amid the crash of drums the young man steps boldly into a circle and thrusts his arm beyond his elbow into a gourd filled with hornets, wasps, and tucandera ants (one sting of the last-named insect being enough to make a strong man almost faint), how eagerly his face is scanned by the assembly! No cry of pain escapes between his clenched teeth, and blood might spurt from his pores before the gallant youth would show the white feather. The spectators do not delight in inflicting agony; they rejoice in seeing it bravely endured, and another worthy addition to their band of warriors. When the arm is withdrawn at the medicine man's signal, a huge bowl of intoxicating liquor is handed him to drink, and partly to pour upon the ground as a libation, after which

he is welcomed. Sometimes he falls and swoons with excruciating pain; the women then nurse him, bring him round, and his mother unites her voice with theirs in chanting over his senseless form, "His heart is brave, he knows not fear," etc.

The males consider females inferior beings, but this does not prevent a strong feeling of attachment existing between the sexes. The female recognises a protector in the male. He does battle for her against all comers, whether man or beast, and at his side she knows she is safe. When children play on the grass outside their huts, should a snake or wild animal appear, the girls naturally flee, and the boys as naturally remain to fight the intruder. With these children of the forest physical strength is everything, and preferred to beauty in the male: a pretty face will always attract suitors, but it goes for little unless accompanied with strength of body. As a rule, parents are passionately fond of their offspring. A deformed or sickly infant is considered bewitched, and should the medicine man be unable to charm away the demon, it is frequently buried alive. They consider sickly persons a source of danger to the community. A woman was pointed out to me who had disposed of two of her infants in the manner described; she was then suckling a fine boy, and I thought her face as amiable and gentle as any I had seen. It is my impression she committed the atrocious deed out of a feeling of genuine interest and pity for the precious innocents. I remember once entering a little reed hut to obtain shelter from a fearful downpour of rain, and seeing an Indian mother sitting cross-legged upon the ground with a baby in her lap; the child was dying, and as I rested on a block of wood with my rifle on my knees, I watched the tears fall thick and fast from eyes which beamed with love and sorrow unutterable. Now and then she would throw back her long dishevelled hair, and, clasping her hands, look up to heaven imploringly. I could not say a word to her, not knowing a syllable of her language, and so I sat in sadness too; and as the rain pattered upon the roof, and all the leaves of the forest drooped under its influence, the little life departed, and the bereaved woman then gave a choking cry and sob as though her very heart was riven. I never reflect upon this scene without recalling to mind the well-known lines of Miss Tatham, upon the death of a Christian mother's babe; they are so exquisitely beautiful I need scarcely ask pardon for placing them before the reader:—

"The babe dies peacefully in the warm arms
Of its sweet mother, while the glowing life
Of the fond heart whereto she presses it
Half binds the fluttering dove to its white cage,
And keeps the pulse at play. O, she would pour
Her own life into the cold babe with joy!

Therefore she binds him so about her heart
To make him live still on, thinking to blend
Her being with the babe; but lo! the bud
Of immortality, nursed in her breast,
Has blossomed into heaven. So let me die
Where the warm life of Jesus shall inspire
My fainting spirit, and His heart shall beat
New pulses iuto mine!"

Happily few children are born with any malformation. I never saw an Indian cripple or sickly adult of either sex among the Yáguas; of course they have their fevers, but soon recover. Baby rarely leaves its mother unless it be to sleep in a hammock during the day, when she sits on the floor and swings it to a low chant, or while she smokes a long red-coloured stemmed pipe, with a small black bowl. Out of doors it is carried on the back, in a net worn over the shoulder. Children are carried astride across the hip, and when lifted, open their legs and cling hard. They have their toy bows, arrows, blow-pipes, clubs, and spears, build little houses, and flatter themselves upon the inimitable consistency of their mud pies. One of my greatest treats was to watch a group of chubby redskins playing in the morning after being stained with ochóte. Of course, one would always act the part of dictator, and the rest submit to his decision, but they were orderly and kind to each other, sharing fruit or whatever they might have, and behaving quite as well as our fair-haired, rosy-cheeked pets at home. Proud is the boy who returns to his parents with the first bird he has brought down with his arrow or blow-pipe; and happy the child upon landing his first fish! He is as overjoyed as any juvenile piscator upon the banks of the Thames or Ouse who lands his first bleak or roach. Girls have their patches of ground upon an island, or near the river bank, which they sow with maize and manioc, and they, too, are glad when their harvest is plentiful; but tapirs, wild hog, and capibáras often destroy in a single night the result of many hard days' labour in the sun, and, of course, all has to be recommenced. Every hammock is empty before sunrise, when a bath is taken in the nearest water. They do not go in to swim, but stand upon the brink and pour water over the body out of a cuya. Sometimes the lads will venture a few yards, making a great noise, meanwhile, to keep off alligators and water-snakes. The former swarm the Abi-yácu in countless numbers. The males then go to hunt or fish, and the females remain at home to cook. About ten the party returns, perhaps with only a few birds, or may-be a gopher, or land-turtle, a river-turtle, wild hog, monkey, fawn, páca, or something else. I would here mention that the wild pig of Amazonia does not taste at all like pork. I consider land-turtle superior to ordinary charapa, and the flippers the daintiest morsels; páca and monkey meat has a flavour of

tame rabbit. After breakfast the males recline in their hammocks, and, if they have tobacco, smoke; or may-be they will attend to their weapons or canoes. The women sit upon mats on the floor, converse in whispers, and find abundant occupation in smacking their arms and legs as mosquitos and flies alight. The eyes of all are restless, and ever looking about. Their constant exposure to the attacks of venomous reptiles, scorpions, centipedes, ants, and other vermin keep them on the alert, and they are rarely taken by surprise. They retire to their hammocks at dark—between six and half-past—and in a few minutes the village is hushed in slumber, and nothing heard but the mournful piping of the whip-poor-will, screeching of an owl, whir-r of insects, and regular woof of tree frogs. Thus do the Indians of this district pass the "even tenor of their lives," save when disturbed by extraordinary events—such as weddings, and festas upon the occasion of a death, admission of a warrior, &c.

Wild Indian courtships (like some which are not altogether wild Indian), are composed of cleverly stolen interviews. Should the lover call purposely or "promiscuously" with other members of his horde, he does not betray the object of his affections by a single glance, and she (innocent lamb!) knows nothing. The bride has to escape with her lover to his home, but should the pair be overtaken she may be recovered by force, hence both parties display a degree of diplomacy, remarkable for secrecy, tact, and ingenuity; a successful elopement is favourably considered even by rivals. On the eve of carrying out his project the bridegroom explains his intentions to a band of young men who cordially volunteer assistance, knowing it may be their turn next to require similar services. A canoe capable of conveying the party is selected, and away they start in frolicsome, though serious mood, each determined to contribute to the utmost towards a happy issue of the enterprise. Arriving at their destination, the band divides, dogs have to be pacified, and the girl silently taken from the hut. A common practice is to cut the tough llianas, or vegetable cords, binding three or four uprights, and the moment an opening sufficiently wide has been effected, the maiden noiselessly withdraws. Scarcely touching the ground, they speed to the canoe, shoot into the stream, the paddles are softly dipped —sounds on water being more distinct than on land—and for an hour they never rest to draw breath. When the girl is missed, a shrewd guess is made as to the cause, and the whole village alarmed. Every man now leaps from his hammock, seizes his arms, and with a whoop rushes to the public rendezvous, where a statement of affairs is pro-claimed. Like a pack of blood-hounds they unerringly follow the trail to the waters' edge, and with excited cries jump into canoes, parties going both up and down stream, and straining every muscle and sinew to overtake those by whom they have been outwitted. With a good

start, however, the chances of effecting a rescue are invariably hopeless. A grand eating, drinking, and dancing festival is held in honour of the marriage, to which all the friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom are invited, each of whom comes laden with game, fish, or something wherewith to satisfy the cravings of hunger or thirst. The process of manufacturing masáta (a drink commonly patronized by Indians in Ecuador, Nueva Granada, and Venezuela), is certainly not calculated to enhance one's relish for it. A quantity of yuca is scraped and thrown into a number of jars, each capable of holding from ten to fifteen gallons, and then a bevy of females, in point of fact all hands, sit upon the ground and masticate the root, throwing each mouthful into the jars. In three days the milky liquor ferments, has an agreeable acid taste, and if imbibed to excess, intoxicates. All the men are painted and feathered in grand style, and wear a tuft of grass down the back, and from the arms and calves of the legs the ladies are in full painted costume, and high glee. Drummers form a ring, others produce whistles, made out of the leg bones of aquatic fowl, and thumping and tooting commences, which is, alas, continued day and night without intermission while a single drop of liquor remains. These bouts are generally conducted very good-humorously, and rarely result so seriously as an ordinary Irish wake. After forty-eight hours incessant drumming by different relays, one gets the monotonous thud upon the brain to such an extent, that when the din ceases he fancies it continues. Specimens of the drums and whistles used may be seen at the Society's London office.

Polygamy is uncommon among the Yáguas. Tribes practising it deteriorate in physique and intelligence, and domestic quarrels through jealousy often lead to revenge and sanguinary retaliations. Monogamous tribes steadily increase in numerical strength; the men are always more intelligent, better formed, stronger, and braver, and the females, better looking, hardier, and more womanly than polygamous bodies. It must not be supposed that because the red skin is so childlike in knowledge, he is the same in all things. In the forest you will find him every inch a man, and his partner a thorough woman, both graced with those natural intuitions and endowments which beget and consolidate mutual respect and endearment. I saw several Indians with a couple of squaws who appeared to live happily together. I thought, however, that the husband treated them very contemptuously, and different from the manner I observed where conjugal relationship was more circumscribed.

Families rarely remain long in one spot. In a former place I spoke of their rambling propensities, and of their having several huts and clearings widely apart to which they could flee in case of necessity. The site of a hut is invariably near a creek, river, lake, or igaripé. I

have often passed within a few yards of a house without observing any indication of its proximity. A belt of jungle is generally left between the water and clearing, and frequently several canoes lie hidden under a mass of overhanging foliage. Here plantains, bananas, sweet potatoes, carás, and pines are planted, and a plot of corn and manioc; hence an abundance of bread stuff is ensured, while the forest and water furnish game and fish *ad lib.* The women manufacture pots, pans, and ovens (men consider it *infra dig.* to co-operate in this employment), and upon removal take nothing with them. After six months' absence all will be found as left, and a fresh crop of bananas into the bargain. Wearing no clothes, having nothing to barter or purchase, they lead a truly independent life; money possesses no attractions, and they are unconscious of its uses—indeed a coin may remain on a shelf untouched for years. The only articles required from civilized man are coloured cottons for making a bed or hammock curtain, an occcasional knife, axe, fish-hook, and parcel of beads. An easily obtained quantity of rubber, sarsaparilla, copaiba, copal, or other vegetable products procures these articles at the first trading outpost. Perhaps no man is less dependent upon his neighbour than the Amazonian Indian. He is immeasurably better off than the North American and Patagonian, from the fact of living in a genial equable clime, which renders the absence of clothing a luxury rather than a deprivation, and the facility with which his few wants are supplied. He has no ambition or taste for the acquisition of wealth; possesses neither flocks nor herds, and, perhaps, not even a domestic fowl. *Cui bono!*

The Orejones have, so far, degenerated. They practice no athletic sports. Strong men require corresponding exercise, and the physique of a nation may be estimated by the nature of its popular games. Their average height is five feet three inches; forehead, low; eyes, small, beady, and restless; nose, flat, and generally bored through the inner cartilage, in which is placed a thin splint, tufted with feathers; mouth, large; neck, short and thick; chest, broad and deep; strong arms and legs, and small hands and feet. In Spanish, Orejón means big eared. Like the Botecúdos to the South, and the Oregones of the United States, they enlarge their ears by inserting a piece of wood in the lobe. It is impossible to look upon these poor savages without feeling compassion. Not a few are disfigured by cutaneous affections which discover themselves in the form of dark blotches. The females have a dull, sad expression of countenance, and as they plod with heavy loads in netted bags, supported by a band passed across the forehead, they look what they really are, miserable squaw drudges. They have noisy bouts at times, when their taciturnity relaxes, and they then become unnaturally wild and excitable. They keep aloof from the Yáguas, whom they affect to despise; but the latter

stride past them with conscious superiority. The Orejónes are fond of pets, and at home it is not uncommon to see females with marmosets nestling among their tresses. Every household has a pet dog and monkey. We had a long-limbed spider-monkey, whose favourite resting-place was the back of a dog, where, with his tail twisted below, and head lying sideways, he would hold on while his steed went at full gallop; he was nearly killed by the mamma of some recently-imported puppies, who found him recklessly handling her offspring; his screams were piercing, and it was only after putting him upon my shoulder, and giving him a piece of banana, that he became pacified. In the hut of an Orejón I saw a fine specimen of the scarlet-faced monkey, or Gringo, as he is called in Peru – a name, by the way, politely applied to all Europeans. Its body, about eighteen inches in length, was clothed with light-brown hairs, and its face of a bright vermilion hue. The angles of some African monkeys are singularly conspicuous, but this gentleman decently wore his colour upon his face, hence his appearance, while startling, was anything but repulsive. He was agile, quick, and sagacious, and conducted himself so sensibly, I was forcibly reminded of Dr. Adam Clarke's definition of Nachash. Had the learned Dr. seen Mr. Gringo's perpetual blush, his elaborate argument might have concluded with a fine peroration upon shame-faced Macacos.

In every Orejón village is a Trapiche, or cane press; it is of rude construction, generally consisting of two rough rollers, pressed by wedges, and turned by a couple of wheels, one on each side. The cane is grown for the sake of its Garapa or juice, which is drunk in large quantities when fresh and sweet, or two days old, when it is tart, sparkling, and ciderish; it makes excellent vinegar. I never knew of Indians boiling and evaporating cane juice, and think that molasses and sugar are unknown to them.

The baptized Orejón is Christian in name only. With the Brazilian Indian, he is a firm believer in the existence of the Curupíra, and strongly objects to visit certain localities after dark, lest that imaginary demon should spring out of the Caäpoeira, or undergrowth, and cuddle him off to his infernal hunting-grounds. It is worthy of remark that most uncivilized nations associate a dreaded something in connexion with a future subterrestrial existence, and unspeakable happiness with the thought of life in the heavens.

I found several members of this tribe suffering from a species of Œstrus, or gadfly. Dogs are subject to its attack, and their swollen noses and backs show where the grub is at work; when pressed out, it will be found to be about two inches long, and as thick as an ordinary lead pencil; tobacco dust is usually placed in the orifice. I know several whites who have been punished by this insect, and they describe its movement in the flesh as excessively disagreeable. The best plan to

get rid of them is to steep a rag in Cashaça and keep it over the orifice for five minutes or so until the grub is stupified, and leaves its hold; to avoid a sickening sore it should be carefully wedged out entire. Some Indians use nicotine in the first instance, but I think the practice not altogether free from danger.

One afternoon I was startled by a rumbling I mistook for the discharge of a heavy piece of ordnance. Again the distant bellow struck upon my ear, till the reports became so sharp and frequent, I made sure a brisk cannonade was going on, though unable to conjecture whereabouts, or who could be the combatants. Communicating my apprehensions to a newly-arrived trader, he smiled, and said, "El Marañon está haciendo guerra contra sus limites" (the Marañon is waging war against its boundaries). It was wet and sultry, clouds of steam rising from the forest, and I felt loth to put myself to any great exertion, but as successive explosions reverberated through the woods, curiosity overcame reluctance, and snatching up my rifle and paddle, I started in a small canoe, almost rubbing the snouts of musky alligators, who eyed me with a veritable "evil eye." A strong current soon brought me to the main stream, which swept majestically eastwards, carrying upon its yellow bosom the trunks of cedar and other trees, most of them crowded with water-fowl that now and then rose to pursue a passing shoal of fish. Patches of swamp grass and single aquatic flowers of white and burnished gold danced upon the wavelets, and close in shore on the opposite side, the scaly heads and backs of a herd of alligators cropped above the surface. The river was at its lowest, and the high, perpendicular banks towered from the water. My attention was riveted to a spot from whence flew a cloud of frightened birds. For about a hundred yards of frontage the land rocked as with an earthquake, and colossal trees swayed like the mainmast of a ship in a storm, finally pitching into the yawning gulf, some remaining with their roots above the tumultuous waves, which dashed against the banks and licked their crumbling sides. Lower down the scene was again repeated, masses of forest rocking and tumbling over, the Llianas attached to them swishing through the air, and my canoe, though some distance off, heaved and tossed upon the smitten and angry flood. These landslips are common throughout the Amazons and its tributaries, and a continual source of apprehension to voyagers going up stream, who are obliged to hug the shores because of the violence of the current further out. I saw trees hurtle through the air which would have swamped the proudest vessel that ever stemmed the Amazons. The forest wreckage covering the main stream in the rainy season is produced by these landslips. Every year a number of lives and canoes are lost by being overwhelmed as described.

Having often spoken about Amazonian insects, for the benefit of my

youthful readers, I will now relate a few of my experiences, after which, I shall dismiss them from further notice in these pages. Petty annoyances are easiest endured by taking them patiently and good-humouredly. Unavoidable unpleasantness should be met courageously, and with the best possible grace. Because stung by a bee, a man would show a sorry disposition were he to wage war against all honey-makers. Perhaps some boys may exclaim, "I would not care to live in such a country," but were they on the spot, they would laugh at things which now cause a shudder. We must remember, too, that every insect has been created by the all wise God for some specific beneficent purpose, and if they sometimes do harm, they also do good, probably far more so than we can imagine, or, through ignorance, are disposed to admit. The countless insects which feed upon vegetable matter check a luxuriant growth, but lest they should increase and become a plague, they are kept down by insectivorous birds, beasts, and reptiles. The insect which bores into trees, causing them to rot and fall, enriches the soil; and ants, that carry decaying vegetation to their formicaria, rid the land of what would otherwise exhale deleterious gases. God has created nothing uselessly. Every member of Nature is actively employed in a special work for which it alone is best adapted. God made "every thing that creepeth upon the earth, after his kind: and God saw that it was good." Insects, birds, and beasts have not attained their beautiful perfection by any slow process of development, but exist after their "kind" as they sprang into life at the glad command of the Most High.

"Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere."

When the rains were too heavy to admit of venturing out, I found a degree of amusement in watching a charming variety of coleoptera, lepidoptera, and spideropterous insects. Some lovely specimens I admired at a distance, and could have wished nothing closer than telescopic acquaintanceship. For the entire beetle family I frankly confess I entertain no special regard, notwithstanding numerous sections have paid me profuse attentions; indeed, I fear I should live upon very short commons if my subsistence depended upon collecting entomological specimens. During the day beetles great and small came buzzing into my room, and sometimes exhibited their curiosity by examining the contents of our plates at meals. At sunset, a blue monster banged about the place as though it belonged to him, but his reckless flying led him to occasionally try the strength of our walls, when he would fall to the ground stunned. Some are staghorned, unicorned, double-horned, and no-horned; some appear all head and no body, others all body and no

head, so that in my flurry I could make neither head nor tail of them. They are of every shade of blue, green, yellow, and scarlet, beautifully marked, sprinkled with gold and silver, and have so many designs, I should say it would take a lifetime to describe them. An idea of the size of waterside beetles may be gathered from the fact of my having one three inches long and one inch seven-eighths broad; they feed upon sweet and bitter vegetation, and the leaves of wholesome and poisonous trees; one kind living upon the foliage of the deadly assacú, and another upon green tobacco leaves. Next to beetles come cockroaches; I do not mean the tiny creatures so called at home, but strapping big brown fellows from three to four inches in length, who fly about at night and play at Aunt Sarah with your candle.

When I discovered half-a-dozen large spiders crawling over the walls I at once proclaimed war, open and undisguised. "This sort of thing," I began, in a calm dignified tone. "This sort of thing will not do, you know! I do not object to your rusticating in those charming woods outside, but I must protest against your unsolicited intrusion here!" Suiting action to words, and introducing a stick upon the scene, away scampered the objectionable family to the roof, where I left them to spin webs as thick as muslin curtains. By keeping the place clear, I began to congratulate myself upon my foresight, but this delightful frame of mind was destined to be rudely broken, for numerous beetles and cockroaches, finding the spiders would not come down, made the walls a kind of Epsom, where they could career unmolested. One night I heard such a rattle and clatter I thought I would strike a light and see what it was all about. I had a box of those ridiculous Tandstickers, and, of course, struck several the wrong end; then the ends were damp, and the sand-paper nearly came off; by-and-bye I succeeded in igniting a match, and, by the sputtering flicker of a turtle-oil lamp, discovered the walls of my room literally covered with the insects mentioned. Perhaps they thought my white apparel was brought out for their special delectation, for several began to scamper over my back and arms, and play at hide-and-seek in my beard. Let me draw a veil over what followed! Suffice to say, I spoke aloud to myself, performed an extraordinary kind of Highland fling, and lost no time in getting beneath my curtains, where I lamented my short-sighted policy in banishing the spiders, and murmured an entreaty they would do me the honour of re-establishing themselves in their old quarters.

The legs of a specimen of the genus mygale, caught on a fence outside the house, covered an area nine inches in diameter. It was clothed with dark brown hairs, and looked as repulsive as it was doubtless formidable. This spider climbs trees, and at night kills and devours young birds; it is highly poisonous. Large black and scarlet tarantulas crawl over the roof at sunset; they rarely attack human beings unless molested, but

slowly wander in search of prey. I have observed spider nests at the foot of trees, where a thick semi-opaque web is stretched among the buttresses a few inches above the ground; upon tearing this away a hole may be discovered, and its occupant brought to light by introducing a twig, to which it will adhere and run up to bite, hence the experiment has to be tried cautiously. An attempt to sweep off large hairy spiders and caterpillars with the hand will cause fine hairs to penetrate the flesh, and produce an angry local swelling and severe pain up to the shoulder. A small spotted, jumping spider, lives chiefly upon mosquitos, stealthily approaching them to the rear until within an inch or so, and then leaping that distance; there is no fear of this species becoming extinct for want of food.

Ants are always running about the floor, walls, and furniture. Table legs should be chalked near the bottom, or stand in vessels filled with water. A small red ant immediately carries off any dead locust, fly, wasp, or beetle. One evening I saw a fire-fly moving slowly across the floor, and, upon stooping to ascertain the cause, found a crowd of this species assailing it on every side, and clinging to its leg, back, and wings. Now and then it would emit a brilliant amber flame, spring into the air, and remain a few minutes on the wing; it was finally overpowered, killed, and transported away.

During a cloudy afternoon I saw my pebas friends gathering winged sauba ants, which were migrating from their old formicarium, and alighting in considerable numbers, they were put into calabashes to be afterwards wasted in an olla and eaten with farinha. "You had better try some," said Hanxwell, winnowing the insects in his hands, blowing off the wings, and tossing them into his mouth, with a pinch of Manioc. I took one, "opened my mouth and shut my eyes," and just tasted it; its gusto was slightly aromatic, and but for its being an ant I might have liked it. Saubas are the greatest plague agriculturalists have to contend with in Amazonia. In some districts they are so bad it is impossible to profitably till the soil. It is practically useless attempting to beat back an army, unless in an open space where a flaming branch can be swept across the tract, for no sooner is a division compelled to retreat, than it reforms, and returns in fresh lines with renewed vigour. I do not remember walking in the forest without meeting one or more army on the march, and I have traced their lines over a quarter of a mile. The main formicarium rarely rises more than thirty inches above the ground, but is often a hundred feet in circumference, comprising a labyrinth of galleries diverging from the central chamber to a considerable depth, hence a single colony may number untold millions. The structure has usually a few tumuli serving as modes of ingress and egress, and up and down air casts. I was told that tobacco dust sprinkled across the track of a column would produce considerable con-

sternation. Selecting a spot, I poured a thin semi-circular line from the bowl of a pipe. Those upon whom it fell retreated among their comrades, while thousands shrunk from the insurmountable barrier. Falling back about a foot, the torrents formed a circle, and a muffled hum was heard; detachments of skirmishers were sent to find a new road, and when the advanced guard met, and information appeared to be conveyed to the columns that communications had been re-opened, the circle gradually formed into an ellipse, and finally a line, the leaves crumbling under the rapid march of countless workers, who left a tract as well defined as though a garden wheelbarrow had been run over the spot. I have seen young trees entirely denuded of foliage in a single night. Each worker cuts off a triangular or circular section, and walking away with it, is almost hidden beneath his emerald load. Saubas are passionately fond of farinha, and will speedily empty a basket of fifty pounds. The most astonishing feat I have known them to perform is the carrying away of Indian corn; at sunrise they dropped the grains in a heap, left a few sentries on guard, and returned at sunset. A large black ant is found everywhere out of doors; its nests are the hollow branches of certain high trees—a good place for them, for they emit a horrible stench: they inflict a sharp nip, but happily are not pugnacious. A small red hormiga, which gives a smart bite, is always found in the hollow stems of trumpet trees. One of the hardest timbers of the forest is the jutahy; it is covered with a corrugated bark, tough white skin of wood from five to ten inches thick, and has a pinky adamantine heart; inside this copím are sometimes found, the insects being perfectly white. I once tumbled into a copím nest as far as my arm-pits; it was hidden by undergrowth, and I did not know where I was till there, as I had a surprise, shaking, scratching, and deliverance, all in a minute. The formiga de fogo, or fire ant, is common throughout the valley, but very bad on some parts of the Marajó and Rio Tapajóz; when bitten by it, it seems as though the point of a red-hot needle were thrust into the flesh. The Tucandera, a black fellow two inches long, is the most formidable of Amazonian ants. He walks deliberately, and is shunned by smaller fry, for his poisonous fangs inflict instantaneous death upon insects much larger than himself. He strolls into houses and gardens, and sometimes tries the experiment of getting into an occupied bed; a piece of impertinence exasperating to the most lamb-like disposition. I have been bitten on my arm and leg by the Tucandera, and for a time suffered excruciating pain. I wish some entomologist would kindly inform me in what part of the body the brains of this ant exist, for I have cut them in two, and both halves have trotted in different directions as though the divorce was quite refreshing. Perhaps the act was so sudden they had no time to think about it, but what a state of amazement the ends must be in when they turn round and discover their loss!

Wasps build nests in houses, attaching them to the roof. Three or four workers commence a piece of comb, and as it increases others volunteer. Upon completion it is usually a flat circular cake one inch thick in the middle, a quarter at the rim, and from two inches to a foot in diameter. They seldom molest the inhabitants, and appear to understand their intrusion is tolerated according to their behaviour. In the forest wasps' nests made of clay, and in the shape of a pine-apple, hang from trees of all sizes. Occasionally we were visited by a specimen two inches long. It would bang into the room with a loud buzz, settle upon the ground, burrow a hole and throw up the earth with its legs, and return the following day with a locust as large again as itself, which it would drag into its den.

In every house in this country bats may be heard chattering in the thatch, making a noise as though a number of school-girls were bidding farewell. At sunset a general flit to the woods takes place. Young bats often take their first flying lessons in rooms, when their mammas keep up a shrill kissing sound, apparently advising them how to obtain support upon the wing, and when to return. Restless juveniles sometimes dropped to the floor, an event always gratifying to our cats and dogs, the latter bolting them alive like oysters, and afterwards looking to the roof with a knowing expression, as much as to say, "Come down!" It was only when they grew too bold that I would use my stick, as I rather enjoyed watching them career round the room.

We found vampires rather troublesome. They would select a fowl out of a number roosting together, and bleed it nightly upon the legs till the poor creature was too weak to walk; black-boned fowls suffer more than white. Dogs are usually bitten upon the nose, and when a vampire takes a fancy to one it will phlebotomize him nightly for a long time. To save a litter of puppies we were obliged to put them under a box after dark. I have seen horses and cattle nearly reduced to skeletons through loss of blood from the withers and back, a humid clot over the bite and dried streams of gore down the ribs daily indicating how they had suffered; old bites are preferred to new ones. One runs far less risk of an attack sleeping out of doors than in a room. In the open air the least touch generally awakens. I suppose the consciousness of insecurity renders the senses more acute, while in a house man surrenders himself to kindly sleep without apprehension. Coloured acquaintances have been bitten lying close to me. Every member of Mr. Hauxwell's household has suffered, and it was nothing uncommon for one to rise in the morning and find his or her hammock drenched with blood from a wound. Out of curiosity I sometimes laid awake in my hammock on bright moonlight nights, hoping a vampire would bleed me upon the nose or big toe. One or two soon paid me a visit, and silently flitted above, below, and around me, hovering on their

leathery wings only a few inches from my face; the fanning I found deliciously soothing, and I could hardly resist succumbing to somnolency. Though perfectly motionless, perhaps their keen vision enabled them to see enough of my nearly closed eyes to deter them from making me a subject. Had I slept without a curtain I have no doubt I should have been attacked, for their intentions were unmistakable, but I had no ambition to be operated upon asleep. Nobody seems to know how the wound is caused. I have seen numerous fresh punctures, but could ascertain nothing satisfactory; it is clear it must be effected with a wing-hook or fang. I question whether the pain would be greater than the sting of a mosquito or pilum, while the actual process of venesection would not be disagreeable. The appearance of the vampire is singularly repulsive; and as they hung over my face, gloating at the prospect of drinking my blood, I thought they looked anything but angelic. I sent to the Society's museum a bat twenty-three inches across the wings; when killed it was twenty-five.

Another nocturnal visitor was a large dark rat. Now I object to rats upon principle, or rather to their free and easy conduct. For instance, they take their walks abroad at an hour when most respectable animals, including man, are asleep. This is ominous; moreover they indulge in questionable amusements, such as gnawing the elastic out of a pair of side-springs, walking off with a bath sponge, burrowing holes through mud walls, and otherwise perpetrating felonious deeds with shameless audacity. But the most significant evidence of their depravity, and total disregard of what is right and proper, consists in their declining to walk into carefully-prepared steel traps arranged about the floor as though nothing was the matter. How I rejoiced when I heard a click, followed by a squeak. I had a degree of comfort in knowing the corners of my metal trunk set their skill at defiance and teeth on an edge.

All strangers suffer from moquims, an almost imperceptible scarlet bug, which crowds every blade of grass; it causes an intolerable itching, and desire to scratch. The motúca is the size of a small blow-fly, and in the twinkling of an eye effects a painless incision, as neatly as though performed with a lancet. I usually discovered a bite by blood dripping from it. It is only visible during the day, and most numerous between the hours of eleven and three. With a score of these sanguinary flies endeavouring to settle with wicked and malicious intent to do grievous bodily harm, it takes a man all his time to study conic sections and keep clear of attacks.

When I first arrived in Pará, I was much annoyed by shouting frogs, which at sunset came forth in thousands strong, particularly in the neighbourhood of Nazaré. In some places, during the rainy seasons, pedestrians can scarcely converse for the deafening shrieks of "Hóy, hóy." What soupy visions Frenchmen must enjoy in this land! But it

is in Pébas where froggy throws off all disguise, and revels without restraint. He is of all shades, arboreal members assuming rich mauves; these spurn the ground, and, emulating the nightingale, climb trees, where they may discourse harsh croaks to the discomfort of members of the genus homo, and edification of fork-tongued snakes, that endeavour to cultivate a closer acquaintanceship by spirally ascending in pursuit. One species emits a loud "Woof, woof," at about every two seconds interval; it rarely sings away from water, and on quiet nights may be heard a quarter of a mile off. Here, too, are numerous toads, that leap about sandy clearings at twilight, and disport themselves upon the earth floors of our rooms. A tropical toad is very different from the pretty, inoffensive little creatures occasionally met with at home, being a regular out-and-out warted, animated pair-of-bellows-looking fellow, one that will squat upon his hams, and stare at you as earnestly as a butcher boy upon an errand will gaze at Punch and Judy. I think the reason they do not get out of one's way is, because they are soon frightened and bewildered. A big toad which saw me coming would not move from the path, but shifted himself to fairly confront me. Provoked by such impertinence, my old football days came to my remembrance, and Senhor Bupo, after flying several yards through the air, alighted, and turned round again to look at me. I felt the rebuke; was ashamed of my weakness; admired poor toady's simplicity, and resolved to save my leather for nobler sport. I should mention that tree frogs are furnished with small mucous tubercles, or suckers, at the end of each toe, which enable them to climb any angle. Indians say they are sometimes found alive in hollows of the hardest woods. I can understand a small frog living in a hole upon insects, and increasing in size until imprisoned, and finally its entrance become wholly closed up. Possibly the juices of the tree might be absorbed through its skin, and with the running sap be sufficient air to support life for a time, but that one can live imprisoned hundreds of years requires other evidence than that adduced hitherto.

After a thunderstorm we usually had a brilliant display of fire-flies. They are the "vaga-lume" (wandering light) of the Brazils, a small beetle, which emits a clear phosphoric lustre from the terminal segments of the abdomen. They straggingly flit about eight feet from the ground, and for several seconds furnish a pure amber, greenish-yellow, or white flame, appearing and disappearing with magical rapidity. With three in a bottle I could see to read small print; the light is greatest when the insect is irritated. The early Spaniards thought them the souls of departed heathens, condemned to restlessly wander over the earth; the Portuguese, however, with characteristice purity of thought and delicacy of expression, denominated them as the "caca-fogo."

In September numerous Indians came from the interior to hunt turtle

upon the Playas of the Marañon. The males of Pébas and surrounding villages turned out *en masse* to share the spoil, and small reed huts were silently erected at night where a bank was known as a favourite resort for depositing eggs. Turtle must have the element of locality strongly developed, for where they have once safely passed this critical period of their existence they will return year after year. In Brazil turtle-hunting is prohibited during this season, but in Peru laws are less stringent, hence turtle are practically banished from the Marañon, the catch annually diminishing. Playas, formerly visited by thousands, are now rarely approached, safer localities being found up tributaries—thus, up the Nápo, Nanai, Ucayáli, and other streams where there are few inhabitants, the banks are blackened by myriads of turtle. As nearly all which leave the river are females, and each lays from eighty to one hundred and twenty eggs, it is not unreasonable to suppose that many millions are annually deposited. Of those hatched, a small proportion only arrive at maturity, swarms of alligators, herons, and voracious fish gobbling them up as they creep to the water and take their first swim. Eggs are sought for the manufacture of grease used for light and cooking. They are about the size and weight of an ordinary hen's egg, but perfectly round; and, instead of a shell, are covered with tough skin. The white does not coagulate when boiled. To me they have a disagreeable, oily taste, but the natives like them mixed with farinha. The process of manufacturing oil is neither clean nor picturesque. The eggs are packed in baskets, carried home, and then tossed into an old canoe, where they are trodden under foot; water is poured in, and a greasy mass floats upon the surface, which is skimmed off and boiled to evaporate water; when pure, it is packed in earthen jars.

During the day we kept close under cover, and spoke in whispers, so as not to alarm our suspicious aquatic neighbours, who rose up all round the bank to reconnoitre. The sun blazed upon the sand, and every now and then a whiff came like a blast from a glass furnace; it sickened the Indians quite as much as myself. When I add that pihums were in clouds, the reader may judge of our comfort; to keep my head clear of them I tied a handkerchief across my forehead and over my ears. At sunset jaguars came out of the jungle, and, after drinking, swam to the bank, where they would roll on their backs, hough, and romp and play like so many kittens. They are fond of turtle, and tear out the flesh with their paws. After dark we mustered in force, and drove them off, but they left very sulkily, apparently knowing we did not wish to fire for fear of frightening our game. Turtle turning is not easily performed by a novice. I fell on top of a large one, which carried me a good half-dozen yards before I got clear, and when I did pitch it on to its back we were close to the water. Sometimes they will rush between the legs of the unwary, and send him sprawling. The Indian is an

adept in all relating to turtle-catching. He lays flat upon the ground, and so manœuvres his supple frame that at a short distance in the dark he might almost be mistaken for a hard shell: the rapidity with which he can elude observation is marvellous. I had occasion to look from an Indian within a few yards of me, and when I turned my head again, presto! he had disappeared. The sands were of a light grey, and at a distance the redskin would appear black, so I thought it my duty to institute a search. All was unavailing, however, and while considering the nature of the event, I heard a movement, and, prestissimo! he was at my side. By springing a few yards, rolling upon the ground, and throwing sand over the body, I found he could speedily escape the detection of an inexperienced eye. Unless there is plenty of turtle about the sport is very poor. Mosquitos relieve the pihums at sunset, and what with heat and humidity, fatigue is soon induced, especially when charápa and plantains constitute one's sole food. Missionaries among the heathen up any of the tributaries will have to pass a hard life, and chiefly depend upon their own exertions for game and fish. Many a time I have had to fish for my breakfast and dinner, and upon one occasion I lived three days solely upon broiled fresh fish. Indians eat enormously of fish and turtle, indeed large meals are necessary when composed of light and unsubstantial food. Caloric is supplied largely from without, hence food which will support life in the tropics would not do so in temperate climes. By the time I returned to Pará, meagre living had severely impoverished my blood and reduced me in point of physique.

I was unable to speak much to the men, but with some semi-civilized Indians managed to carry on an ejaculatory conversation. I endeavoured to ascertain if they had any tradition regarding the Deluge. They spoke of a rise of water which occurred a long time ago, when their fathers were compelled to take to rafts, and the hills and nearly all the then known earth was submerged. I am inclined to think the account refers to some local catastrophe, but I give it for what it is worth. They did not fear lightning, though they knew persons who had been struck by it. They had a far more exalted and noble conception of the Great Spirit of the heathen than of the Christian God. In point of fact the Virgin Mary was their goddess, the Holy Child Jesus occupying but a subordinate appreciation. This is the natural and inevitable sequence of always representing Christ as an infant seated in the arms of His mother.

About a mile from the turtle-bank was a small playa I sometimes visited, and where I would spend the night alone. One bright moonlight night, while fishing, one end of the line coiled round my arm and ready to throw over my shoulder at first dip of the float—a round piece of wood about a foot long—I observed something rising and falling upon the surface of

the river, and gradually nearing me. I knew it must be an alligator, because it was coming up stream where there was no slack water or counter current. My never-failing companion rested upon two forked sticks I had stuck in the sand to keep it from damp, consequently I had no fear. It was evident the brute intended to attack me if he had a chance, so I felt deeply interested in watching his strategy. I believe he suspected I might possibly have discovered him, for after a few minutes' absence he rose up stream, waited awhile, and then slowly drifted down, doubtless hoping I might mistake him for a log. Facing the water, I fastened my line to a stake and knelt ready for my musky enemy, who, when opposite and distant only a few yards, made a savage rush at me with his jaws wide open. The smoke of my rifle had barely cleared, before the alligator fell backwards, sunk with a splash, a minute afterwards reappearing belly upwards, when he slowly drifted from view. I cannot say that I ever experienced any compunction or misgivings about shooting alligators, indeed I rather felt I had performed a meritorious action. In many localities they are a perfect terror. Were a canoe to be upset anywhere between Pébas and the Marañon, I question whether any one would reach the shore from mid-stream alive. Paddling near the bank, we had to keep a smart look-out lest some huge monster should suddenly wake, and plunging in recklessly, upset us.

A Yágua, cutting palm leaves for thatching, stumbled across an alligator's nest. While looking at it, a voracious and infuriated mamma rushed upon the scene, and "treed" Mr. Redskin as securely as an opossum. By-and-bye a scaly herd congregated round the tree, determined to wait till their victim either came down or fell, but on the third day assistance arrived, and he was delivered from his perilous position. Alligators' eggs are about four inches long, have a rough white shell, resembling newly-sawn white marble, with a still whiter band passing round the middle; when stirred in the nest the noise may be heard some distance. Small young jacarés are eaten both here and in Brazil. At Mr. Henderson's, in Pará, the forearm of a jacaré-tínga was cooked for my special benefit; when fresh, the meat was pinky-white and pleasant to the eye. I cannot say I enjoyed it. It had been moquedo, or smoked, and possessed a peculiar, indescribable taste. It is a well-established fact that young alligators, from five to seven feet long, offer no resistance to the tiger when attacked. A gentleman, who has a plantation near Cudajáz, told me that while tapir-hunting, his place of observation being a platform among the branches of a tree near the margin of a lake, he saw a large striped onça spring out of some bushes and stand before an alligator. Instead of diving into deep water—which it could easily have done—the reptile threw up its tail and stood motionless, apparently paralyzed with fear. The tiger walked round and round his victim, his coat bristling with rage, eyes flashing fire, and emitting

tremèndous roars; soon afterwards he commenced devouring the tail, the alligator never once attempting to escape. Several traders and travellers assure me they have witnessed similar scenes, and I unhesitatingly believe it to be true. I kept three young alligators in my bath. They were vicious little things, and would snap at a stick and bark with passion when molested. They are now in a bottle of alcohol.

The black jaguar is the bravest, strongest, and most cunning of beasts in Amazonia. It swims wide rivers, sometimes attacking canoes, and in every respect is as formidable as its feline cousin the Royal Bengal tiger. We were much annoyed by a couple, supposed to be male and female; and on account of a circumstance which occurred shortly before my arrival, the natives held them in great dread. It appears that an Orejón medicine-man, upon his death-bed, declared his spirit would enter a jaguar; that he would carry off every dog, then commence killing cattle wherever he found them, and, finally, eat human beings. Soon after his death, the two jaguars mentioned commenced running off dogs, of which they are passionately fond, and I am persuaded every soul in the village, even to the governor, solemnly believed Tio Antonio (Uncle Anthony)—for so was the deceased fetish named—had actually returned as he promised. The simple-minded superstitious natives quite pitied my incredulity, and wanted to know how it happened that a jaguar should begin to clear the place of dogs unless Tio Antonio had something to do with it. I said that jaguars were common enough, and men's spirits did not enter beasts after death, but God dealt with them according to their deserts, rewarding the good and punishing the evil. The look of compassion bestowed upon me by some Spanish-speaking women was very touching. None of them had ever seen a horse or an ass, but no doubt they mentally compared my intellect as something akin to that usually ascribed to the last-mentioned quadruped. At nightfall the females came to their doors waving firebrands, and screaming, "¡El tigre! ¡el tigre! ¡Maldito sea el Tio Antonio!" ("The tiger, the tiger! Cursed be Uncle Anthony!"), while the males blazed away with powder to let the "animalito" know they were prepared for him. At eight p.m. there was usually a dead silence, and, excepting myself, perhaps not a soul in the village was awake. Sometimes I would be dropping off to sleep, or sitting in the dark, thinking, when a sudden barking and howling would indicate another member of the canine fraternity had disappeared. Every morning, too, our own yard bore footprints which demonstrated the tiger must be a large one. For a week I sat up alone the best part of each night under a small open shed, but could not get a sight of him. Mr. Hauxwell tied a dog to a post, and sat in a house close by to watch; that night the only calf in the village was killed, within fifty feet of my door. Hearing a noise, my host doubled across the open and saved the

body, which was cut up there and then, and eaten the following morning. While our attention was devoted to the calf, the tiger carried off the dog which had been tied. The next day we built a trap ten feet square, composed of heavy stakes well sunk into the ground, and securely lashed, placing a pig in the furthest right corner. The opening was so arranged that, when the pig was approached, a spring would be touched and a stout door descend, and thus imprison the robber. As the jaguar would not enter this seductive apartment, the Cholas simpered their conviction that El Tio Antonio was the Diablo Mismo, adding, with a sigh, "¡Ay, mi señor! what shall we do?"

On St. John's-eve a bonfire was lit in the plaza, into which was tossed certain herbs by members of both sexes and all ages (the youngest being carried), who jumped over it three times. At midnight a procession took place to the river for a dip, the waters being considered holy till cock-crow. Upon returning home a general drinking bout commenced, which lasted a couple of days; baptized Indians occasionally staggering to an image of the Virgin, before which several of both sexes lay prostrate. They believed the flames and smoke of the fire would preserve them from witchcraft and evil during the ensuing twelve months. I am told that tribes knowing nothing of Christianity observe the day in a similar manner. I have seen the feast kept in almost the same way in Guipúzcoa, Bretagne, Portugal, and various parts of Africa. Fortune-telling, divining, and so forth, is a standard feature of the festival. In the Brazil, a poet informs us :—

"São João se soubera que hoje e seu dia,
Do ceo desceria com alegria e prazer."

(Did St. John but know this was his day, from heaven he would descend with gladness and joy.) The feast corresponds with the festival of Vesta, and never was it celebrated by Pagan Rome with more superstitious rites than by Christian Romanists of to-day.

Pebas has but few cultivated fruits; the most common are the pine-apple, paw-paw, and sour sop. There are many wild fruits, but I think foreigners rarely care for them at first. I believe far more numerous agreeable fruits are found in temperate climes than in the tropics.

My linen was washed with a saponaceous wood instead of soap. By briskly moving a chip to and fro in the water, a thick white lather was educed, in which the clothes were washed; they were then put in a basket, covered with several folds of cloth, a few handsful of ash from the fireplace placed on the top, and boiling water poured over the whole; the leaves of anil, or wild indigo, produced a rich pale blue for final rinsings. Sometimes I had to wash my own clothes. I mention the fact to prepare my brethren for the kind of work before them here and elsewhere up remote tributaries. The leaf of the papaya (Spanish), or mamaï (Portuguese), found on all clearings, is a tolerable substitute for soap.

I occasionally picked up pieces of pumice floating on the main stream between the Ambi-Yácu and Ucayali. The specimens at the Society's London offices are a good sample of the kind generally found. They are light and porous, and it would be interesting to know whether their interstices contain seeds, a circumstance not at all improbable, as they must have drifted from one to two thousand miles after their violent flight from Andine volcanoes. May not the West Indies owe some of their plants to these buoyant voyagers, which, after reaching the ocean, drifted up the coast of the Guianas with the discoloured waters of the Amazons?

Towards the close of the year I returned up-stream, staying a short time at all the Indian settlements found as far west as Nauta. Near the mouth of the Nápo is a small village called El Destacamiento. I had the pleasure of conversing with Mr. George Edwards, an American, who has a vanilla plantation near the town of Nápo, situated on the right bank of the head waters of this river, and from him obtained such information as he could afford. He has descended and ascended it no less than eight times, consequently no man living knows it better, or in point of fact so well. The river is easiest ascended during the dry season, when the water is shallow and canoes can be poled. The canoes usually employed in this service are long, narrow "dug-outs" of red cedar; Mr. Edwards's measured thirty-six feet. Indians are paid in cloth, twenty yards being an equivalent for three months' labour. Instead of sitting upon the thwarts, they perch upon the gunwale to paddle, changing sides when fatigued; at sunset a fire is lit for cooking purposes upon a playa, where the night is usually spent. On both banks are numerous lakes, abounding with fish and turtle, and several affluents of importance. Ascending, the first upon the left bank is the Santa Maria; next, the Agua Rico, rising north of the Cordillera de Gallegas; and then the Coca, which, properly speaking, is the main stream. There are no settlements between this river and the Destacamiento. About sixty miles from the Amazons the right bank furnishes a fine river, called the Curarai, and a few minor Riachuelos. The Nápo rises in Ecuador, near Cotopaxi; is first called Rio del Valle, and has an easterly course as far as the junction of the Coca, where, according to Professor Orton, its altitude is eight hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. I estimate its maximum length at seven hundred and seventy miles. I saw gold dust worth over a hundred pounds sterling which had been procured by barter from Indians, who rudely cradled it when in want of anything. The current is violent between Nápo and Santa Rosa, and from the last-mentioned village to Suno runs about four miles an hour. Like every other tributary of the Amazons, its course lies through one vast forest. The high lands in the interior are said to possess numerous birds unknown to the low lands. Indians are few and

far between, though divided into several tribes. Mr. Edwards says he has made the journey up and down without meeting more than a hundred souls. The tribes are the Oregones, Orítos, Angutéros, Encabellados, Záparos, Chiripunos, Yasunis, Avíjiras, Mazanes, and Iquitos Some are friendly and afraid of white men, but the Angutéros are reputed brave and warlike, and disposed to attack and murder traders when they think they can do so successfully. In appearance they scarcely differ from the Yaguas; and, when dancing, they wear a flame-coloured coronet of feathers, and strings of large nut-shells tied to their legs above the knee, which sound almost the same as Spanish castanuelas. Their weapons are spears of chonta wood, pucunas, bows and arrows, and clubs. One of the curios of this river are smoked human heads. I saw one with its features in admirable preservation, though it had been reduced to the size of my two fists. The hair was very long and thick; colour of skin resembled tanned leather, and splints had been thrust through the upper and nether lip, and tied, "to prevent the head from telling tales." The Mundrucus, on the Madeira and Tapajóz, do the same now with the heads of enemies slain in battle, and adorn their maloccas with these ghastly trophies. At one time their sale as curios was so extensive the Brazilian Government wisely prohibited it, under pain of severe penalty. Ecuadorian and Peruvian Nápo Indians are equally fond of a decoction of guaysa leaves, and they drink largely of masata and chicha. They occasionally drink ayahuasca, a powerful narcotic, which produces the same effects as opium. The chief articles of trade upon the river are chambiri hammock, copal, sarsaparilla, and black and white wax; given in exchange are tobacco, English cotton goods, fish-hooks and cutlery, salt from the mines of Chasuta, on the Huallaga, and a little tocuyo. Tocuyo is a cloth manufactured at Terrapoto, and, until Manchester came into the field, was much in demand. A small steamboat, drawing twelve inches, making trips as far north as practicable, with salt and English goods, would bring her owners handsome profits. Balsapuerta vanilla is worth only one-third of that grown on the Nápo. An agent stationed upon this river would be unable to communicate with Europe more than once or twice a year.

I visited several clumps of huts on both banks of the Marañon; they are inhabited by semi-civilized baptized Indians. The men are dressed in short cotton pants with shirt outside; women wear a print skirt and necklace. Women of every race, age, and colour, from the most accomplished, refined, and wealthy, to the ignorant rude savage, delight to adorn their necks with beads.

The mouth of the Nánai is exceedingly beautiful. I went a short distance up this tributary several times, and always regretted the brevity of my stay. On both banks near its embouchere are a few huts; the first time I called here my canoe was run under some bushes, and fol-

lowing a tortuous path through the forest, my guide brought me to three open sheds; in one of them several women were seated upon mats, their faces and half their breasts had been painted a deep blue, and to me they appeared so ridiculous, I had to exercise an effort to refrain from laughing in their faces. They were making hammock-cords of a palm fibre, called chambiri; in the Brazil it is known as tucúm. They rolled the fibres on their right thigh, and made cord rapidly. Some children were stained with blue from head to foot. They were all quiet and inoffensive creatures, but evidently enjoyed a bit of fun, for, after gazing with astonishment at my beard, they smiled, exchanged meaning glances, and clucked, as much as to say, "Did you ever see such a being?" None of them could repeat the Lord's Prayer or tell me anything of Christianity. On the left bank we climbed a slight ascent, and came upon rows of wood stacks, for sale as fuel to any passing steamer. We saw a man who had just returned from a nine months' trip up the Nanai. He told me that the Nanai makes a long westerly bend until it bifurcates, when the larger stream is called the Tigre-Yácu, and the smaller has a lake for its head waters. I asked him if he had ascended a river near San Regis, called the Tigre; he said he had not, but some Indians believe the Tigre-Yácu of the Nanai to be the Tigre of San Regis. From this, and corroborative reports of others, I believe all the lands eastwards from San Regis to the Nanai to be surrounded by water and bisected by the Itaya, one of the mouths of the Tigre.

A couple of miles through the forest brought us to a long open hut, before which stood a cross, about twenty feet high, formed by lashing a transverse with vegetable twine to a stout pole. My experience indicates that where crosses are much in vogue there is always lamentable ignorance of the story of the cross. In towns, where every street corner has a cross, few Bibles will be found, but there will be no lack of superstition and ignorance. The owner of the hut had dipped his hands, wrists, feet, and ankles in a black dye, and a few yards off he looked as though wearing gloves and boots. The effect was singularly grotesque, but I rather think his squaw considered him the pink of perfection; and well she might, for the rest of his body was stained with ochote. They knew nothing of Christianity, but had been baptized, and, when from home, wore clothes. "We would have dressed had we known you were coming, but you have taken us by surprise. We do not wear clothes when alone, they are uncomfortable." By-and-by the man came out in a pair of unmentionables, and his better half was quite gay with a narrow strip of blue cloth fastened over her left hip. They seemed to be very nice people, and had some well-behaved children. While resting, they brought in some roasted yúca, broiled fish, and a large calabash of chicha. Our walk back was through a heavy rain, and my hands became soddened as though I

had stood all day at a wash-tub. I here picked up snail shells larger than my fist, larger than those in the Mission offices, which are quite the size mentioned. The natives relish them, and I dare say they are excellent eating. Small snails, well cleansed in salt water, and stewed over a slow fire, are delicious. In Xativa, Valencia, they are esteemed a luxury, but—"chacun à son goût."—I never could manage to eat these big snails, though for want of food have had to take in my belt another hole. I often wonder how it is I never caught tercianas, or fever-and ague, through wearing wet clothes; of course I had frequent spells of fever more or less severe, but, thank God, never the "chills." I should recommend every new comer to wear a woollen shirt; it absorbs perspiration, and is never so damp as cotton.

The land gradually rises west of the Nanai, and forms a level plateau about seventy feet high; it has a few depressions. The soil is a light sand, and not very productive; vegetation is scantier, and trees decidedly inferior to those further east and west; still the forests yield some fine woods, such as the palo de sangre (blood wood), which takes an excellent carmine polish. The specimens I sent to London had been cut too green, consequently some were warped. Palo de cruz is a lovely timber, but so hard that an axe emits sparks in cutting it down; it sinks like iron. I procured a fine specimen. Capirona is chiefly used for fuel; cedro, for building purposes; huacapú, for posts (the end to be sunk in the ground is usually first charred by fire); ishpingo, aguano, and muena. Three successive crops exhaust the soil, thus the natives are constantly changing their corn and manioc patches.

Isolated dwellings are pretty numerous on the north shore. Punchana is a small village east of Iquitos, peopled by Borjeños, Cucamas, and Cholos, who have no proper tribal distinction. They observe feast-days in the way common to all baptized Indians; they dance in circles, change partners every few moments, and women evince their enthusiasm by constantly crying, "Sass! Sass!" Sometimes they dance in rows. Both sexes carry a handkerchief, and meet and retire from one end of the room to the other in an easy, graceful manner. This latter is not peculiar to the Indians, but is performed among all classes of Peruvian society at familiar gatherings. It originally came from the Moors, was brought over by Spaniards, and to-day is much practised in the province of Asturias. Between Punchana and Iquitos is a dangerous pongo, or whirlpool; it lies behind a point against which the current strikes, and by day may be seen some distance off, there always being an accumulation of logs and grass in the vicinity. Some brick and tile mills are near it on shore. When the waters are agitated by a freshet, or a strong wind up stream, the pongo is said to be "muy bravo;" its roar may be heard a long distance, and canoes give it a wide berth. A line of bitu-

minous lignite may be traced from the Nanai to Iquitos; it will not answer for steamboats.

Iquitos stands about a hundred feet above the Marañon, and, notwithstanding it is the most important town in this part of the Republic, the ascent from the river is the same as when first seen by a white man, and in rainy weather, when the soil is slippery, really difficult and fatiguing to climb. A long narrow island, sparsely covered with white-stemmed trees, lies in nearly mid-stream, the larger section of the river running south of it; and during the dry season a sand-bank crops above the surface, and practically prevents navigation on the north channel. I think it not improbable that Iquitos will have to be removed either higher up or lower down, for I have no doubt but that the north channel, in another twenty years, will be so far blocked up with sand as to prevent steamboats running for quite six months in the year. Nauta is a good site for a Government arsenal, on account of its proximity to the Ucayali, though I think it would be best either opposite or just below the tributary mentioned. On moonlight nights this sand-bank is the favourite resort of crowds of people whose *dolce far niente* habits, or Terpsichorean proclivities, require scope for indulgence. The most imposing and conspicuous building on the Amazons proper, between the Atlantic and the Andes, is the Government factory-chimney at Iquitos; I was positively awed by it. It looked grand indeed as it towered in spotless whiteness above all around, and I began to prepare my mind for the reaction sure to follow a sudden transition from barbarism to civilization, from savagedom to a miniature Woolwich. The streets are laid at right angles, and supposed to be kept in order by the householders, who are instructed to clear away all rubbish. Our house is two stories high. A few dwellings are tiled, but most are thatched with palm-leaves; about half-a-dozen are nicely finished internally, and two are comfortably furnished. I believe the upholstery of one came wholly, or nearly so, from London. Population, about two thousand five hundred (some say three thousand), is chiefly composed of Cholos creoles, Portuguese shopkeepers, traders, and Government employés, Peruvian and foreign; a few of the latter are British subjects, who were engaged in London for a period of four years. Owing to irregular payments, and having to get everything upon trust, their high rate of wages barely enables them to live free of debt. I was told by several mechanical engineers (and I know it to be a fact, too) that they had not been fully paid up for fourteen months. Political convulsions at Lima were ascribed as the cause, but those in authority believed monetary matters prospectively favourable. It certainly is to be regretted the Republic is not more exact in its payments, for the effects are anything but conducive to the well-being of its servants. Provisions are scarce and dear, the market supplied from a distance, and every ounce of flour imported from the

United States. The factory is under the able superintendence of a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Rae, and bids fair to become worthy of the purpose for which it was established. Should the Government, however, at any time close the works, Iquitos will relapse into a fishing-village, such as it was when visited by Mr. Herndon, there being no private manufacturing enterprise sufficient to keep it afloat; it is the chief entrepôt for all merchandize upon the Marañon. The few English hailed with delight the prospect of an occasional visit of a clergyman.

Letters of recommendation from Mr. Septimus Brocklehurst, of Pará, I found highly servicable, and many kind offices were shown me by Mr. Alexander Thornley, a gentleman who for some years has lived here and at Nauta, in connection with the house of Messrs. George Mouraille and Brothers. In company with Mr. Thornley and Mr. George Bannister, a highly intelligent, obliging, and most favourable specimen of the best class of British operatives, I made several short trips up the Itaya, a small stream lying about a mile west of the town, and before described as one of the mouths of the Tigre. I am of impression that not more than half-a-dozen chacras, or plantations, are upon the river, and these, for want of efficient labour and management, only just pay expenses. We called at one on the left bank, about five miles from the mouth; it was a twenty-acre cane and corn field. Its owner complained of the want of hands, and said the demand for them was such that a runaway Indian debtor would always find some one to shield him from pursuit and capture provided he would hire himself out for salsa or rubber collecting. I saw eight Cucama and Omagua labourers. None could say the Lord's Prayer or Ave Maria. They smiled contemptuously when I asked them, through an interpreter, if they could tell me anything of God. There was a good bit of the savage about them, and they worked sullenly, silently, and carelessly. Their master was not to be trifled with, "and," said he, "I hope I shall not catch any of them trying to escape in a stolen canoe, for I handle firearms very awkwardly. I am determined they shall pay their debts before leaving!" It is not uncommon for an Indian to be allowed to get into debt to the amount of 20*l.*; this sum practically enslaves him for life. Unable to keep accounts himself, his owner does so for him, and, as a rule, always is the creditor. Should the man be a steady workman, a farmer, merchant, or trader will perhaps pay his debt, pardon him a third, and set him to work: in a couple of years he will be sold again as before, and so on all his life. Two snowy servilletas were stretched over a jug, and cane juice was strained for us; I thought it poor and watery, but perhaps heavy rains were the cause. Instead of casting cane tops between the lines of roots the whole ground was littered with them, thus new cane was very inferior to what it should be. A good forty per cent. is lost through keeping cane roots covered with tops. I saw no black land. I forgot

to mention that, near the town, we passed close to the wreck of the once good ship "Arica." Her last trip was from Callao to London and Iquitos, and here she now lies a tangled mass of parasites, orchids, and grasses covering her sides.

I went with my countrymen to a lake on the island lying in mid-stream. We had to force our way through a barrier of aquatic plants before reaching clear water. We bagged a few birds, and found abundance of fish; the water was bad. In one place a black torrent poured its poisonous volume down a bank four feet high; its stench was so sickening some of us vomited, and long after we were clear of the island our clothes reeked with the malarious effluvium. Close to the factory stands a palm-tree, about eighty feet high; its trunk is wholly covered with the stem of another tree of a different species, and the same height. It is a phenomenal evidence of the exuberance of vegetable life, and has wisely been preserved. I have often gazed with admiration upon the long frondage of the one surrounded by a circle of emerald foliage of the other; and doubtless, for many years to come, visitors will prefer paying prime attention to this attraction before inspecting the factory. The works are upon a very small scale. Two small steam-engines, one on wheels, work all the machinery. There is a perpendicular and circular saw, small whip saw, a number of lathes, small furnace for casting, pattern-makers' shops, &c., and the usual branches of labour required upon mechanical engineering work. A floating dock was brought from London in sections; it now lies hopelessly buried in sand at the river's bottom, having gone down on her first trial; it seems her pumping gear was faulty, and her one small engine could not empty the compartments simultaneously: of course she went down.

Thirty-six foreign mechanics, twenty-five native assistants, and thirty-five Cholos, are in constant Government employ. The establishment costs twenty thousand soles per mensum. At the base of the chimney mentioned is a metal slab, with the arms of Peru and the following inscription:—

Factoria de Iquitos
Elevada de Orden del Com. Gral.
F. Alzamora.
1871.
H. Cacares, Superintendente. Desiñada por J. Rae, Director.

The cost of maintaining this establishment reminds me of an anecdote related about Charles III. When informed that one of the public works of Habna cost forty millions of dollars, he is reported to have adjusted his eyeglass, scanned the horizon, and exclaimed, "Surely, a building upon which so much money has been spent must be visible!"

The village of Omaguas is about half-way between Iquitos and

Nauta; it presents no features of interest. Nauta is on the north bank, a short distance west of the mouth of the Ucayali, and not opposite, as it is placed upon Professor Orton's admirable map. This tributary is sometimes considered the main stream, and its head-waters near Cuzco, or those of the Apurimac, near Alta, as the true source of the Amazons. It certainly is a splendid river, and I could hardly credit the evidence of my senses as I rode upon its yellow hurrying flood, and thought of the distance it had already sped. The following statement of steaming-time was furnished me by Mr. Woffern, chief engineer of the "Morona":—

Steaming-time from Iquitos to the mouth of the Pachitea, Rio Ucayali. July, 1867. (Never yet published.)

Left Iquitos at 8.15 a.m., July 5.

	Hours.		Hours.
Iquitos to Nanta	9	Tierra Blanca to Sarayácu...	6.15
Nauta to Tapiche	8.30	Sarayácu to Cashiboya ...	9.45
Tapiche to Acuracoya ...	10.30	Cashiboya to Risalagua ...	4.15
Acuracoya to Puruisla ...	11.45	Risalagua to Callería ...	8.45
Puruisla to Pinagua... ...	3	Callería to Tamayo	8.15
Pinagua to Pucayuna ...	4	Tamayo to mouth of Pachitea	4.30
Pucayuna to Tierra Blanca...	4.30		

Ninety-three hours. Arrived July 30th.

It must not be thought that this list of names represents so many towns and villages. Santa Maria, Tierra Blanca, and Sarayácu are the chief settlements, some of the others only having a couple of huts.

Steamboats of four and five hundred tons can safely ascend as far as the Pachitea--a good six hundred miles, and small steamboats another two hundred. There is twenty feet of water at Sarayácu, and for two hundred and forty miles the river is half-a-mile wide. The water rises and falls very suddenly, sometimes six feet in a single night, hence boats have to be careful of their anchorage.

Numerous tribes are found upon both banks; the principal are the Cucáma, Coníbo, Yameo, Omagua, Majerónas, Píros, Amajuácas, Rémos, Panos, Shipíbos, Setíbos, Mayorúnas, Cashíbos, Campas, Sencis, Zaparos, Lorenzos. The Cashíbos, Stíbos, and Píros bear a bad name, and the Campas are undoubted cannibals. The Coníbos hunt Cashíbos, kill the men and women, and enslave the children. I saw a small Cashíbo boy; he had been baptized, could speak Spanish, and was called Antonio. His story was substantially as follows:—"We did not wear clothes; never saw clothes till I was captured. My father and uncle used to hunt and fish, my mother and aunts grew corn and manioc. I never was badly treated. We never killed anybody, but my father would kill Coníbo men, women, and children if he had a chance. He used to show us how to shoot men with the arrow. He used to shoot at a target,

and call it a Conibo. We believed in a good and bad spirit. We thought we should go to a beautiful country after death, where there would be no enemies, and we should be able to catch turtle whenever we wanted them, and shoot monkeys without trouble. Sometimes my mother would cry, and say she wanted to go to the spirit-world to be at rest; she lived in fear of enemies; we always were listening. One day we saw a canoe enter our lake, but as it departed without approaching us we thought no one had seen us. Mother, however, was very anxious, and every now and then would jump and start. Three nights afterwards, when we were all asleep, the house was suddenly entered, and my father, mother, uncles, and aunts all run through with spears. Yes, I was very sorry, and wanted to be killed, but my cousins and self were enslaved by the Conibos, and from them I was purchased for some goods. I am happy now. Sometimes I see in my dreams all that happened on that dreadful night. No, I do not want to go back again; I am happy here. I can croak like a frog"—and such a variety of croaks were emitted, that, without toadying, I confessed he was a wonderful child for his age. He could say the first two lines of the Lord's Prayer, count twenty, and stand on his head alone.

Patchitean Indians are pugnacious. Hauxwell was attacked by a party of them near this river; they ran in single file, but the foremost outstripping his comrades, he was selected for instruction. Kneeling behind a box, Hauxwell sent a bullet so close to the man's ears that he dropped his weapons, clapped his hands to the sides of his head, and struck off at a tangent into the jungle, the others following his example. The Jesuits have long had a mission at Sarayácu, supplied by the Convento del Ocopa. The missionaries endure many hardships, and during several months in the year live with their lives in momentary peril, sometimes one or two falling victims to their zeal and intrepidity. A few tribes are very treacherous; throwing down their weapons, they will ask permission to approach travellers' canoes; when they think themselves sufficiently strong to overpower their unsuspecting acquaintances, at a preconcerted signal they commence a murderous attack, and, if successful, rob and burn the canoe, and share the spoil. The Cashibos wear a small piece of silver flattened out like the top of a coat button, fastened to a string passed through the inner cartilage of the nose. Some tribes bore their lips, and wear splints adorned with feathers; when "making faces" their appearance is horribly grotesque. The Mayorúuas are nearly white, wear a beard, have blue eyes and fair hair, and live *in puris*. The Campas are fierce and indomitable. It is thought their light colour is the result of an admixture of white blood, they having carried many Spaniards into captivity. Like the Comanches of the United States, they even now make swift journeys of several hundreds of miles to capture white females. Piro Indians range from

the Ucayali to the Javari; canoes pass from one stream to the other by affluents. In Nauta a girl was brought me that I might question her. Her features were beautifully regular. She had silky black hair, fine open forehead, deeply-fringed sleepy hazel eyes, tiny ears, aquiline nose and nervous nostril, and pouting cherry lips, with even pearly teeth; her head was well poised on a gracefully-shaped neck; hands and feet remarkably small, and fingers tapering and filbert-nailed. I thought her fifteen years of age, but was told she was barely eleven. She wore a necklace of beads and seeds, and thin muslin dress. "Could she tell me anything of her past life?" "Nothing." "What did she esteem of most value to her in this world?" "She did not know." "Where is God?" "In heaven." "Where is heaven?" "Up there" (pointing with her finger). She expected to go there after death; could not tell why, beyond that she must do good and go to Mass. Was learning the Lord's Prayer. Had indistinct recollections of a fight, when she was carried off without seeing her parents, whom she heard had been killed. Yes, she was contented. Had heard something of Jesus, but could not tell what; so I briefly told her. The Tapichy, an affluent on the right bank of the Ucayali, is often visited by sarza collectors. The tributary throughout is nominally in the hands of Romish missionaries, and, from all I can gather, an Evangelical mission would be strenuously opposed.

Lieut. Maw makes no mention of Nauta in his work upon the Amazons, though it certainly existed in 1828. At high-water steamboats approach close in shore up a narrow creek; at low-water anchorage-ground is over a quarter-of-a-mile distant. The village stands upon the slope and summit of a hill, and contains about a thousand inhabitants (some say one thousand five hundred), chiefly composed of Cucama, Cocamilla, Omagua, and civilized Conibo Indians, and a few Borjéños. Trade is chiefly Ucayali produce, such as fish, sarza, hammocks, beeswax, rubber, copal, and turtle. The streets are shockingly filthy; but for heavy rains the atmosphere would be poisonous. Nauta has a church, and easy-going priest. I twice visited the place, and spent several hours rambling about its suburbs; the forest rises half-a-mile from the shore. I went into a number of houses occupied by pure Indians, and saw no difference between their arrangements and those usually inhabited by the savages of this region. Christianity has done but little for the Indigines, most of whom are in bondage through debt. Some pretty baskets of split palm-leaves are made here. Travellers purposing a visit to Sarayácu should procure canoes and Cucamilla boatmen at this port.

A few miles west of Nauta, on the south shore, is the mouth of the Pucati channel, communicating with the Ucayali. The mouth of the

Tigre, like those of every river west of the Napo, is very picturesque. I called at a number of villages, more or less alike in almost every particular, and all nominally Christian; the principal were San Regis (north bank), Parinari (south bank), and Urarinas (south bank), a few miles east of the Huallaga, the first being the most important. Every few miles we see the embouchure of streams; nobody seems to know much about them; the principal are the Chambiri and Camarau (north bank), but several large lakes exist away back inland on the opposite shore.

A few miles up the Huallaga we neared a lake on the right bank, and anchored before the approach to the village of Lagunas. It presents nothing calculated to strike the stranger as novel, especially after seeing Indian settlements between the Atlantic and this point. Civilization now begins to become more prominent, and now we are fairly on the great highway to Lima, *via* Balspuerto, Moyabamba, and the Andes, we shall witness no more wilds such as those already passed. I believe Lagunas owes its importance to a sudden influx of semi-civilized Indians who during the Spanish dominion fled thither for safety from the attacks of predatory hordes which swarmed west from the Ucayali. There is a good local trade done in salt (Lagunas importing it from Chasuta), so that canoes from the Marañon need not ascend the river by paying a moderate per centage; wax, copal, hammocks, fish-hooks, cotton prints, cutlery, rubber, and sarza, are the rest of the articles, chiefly gathered and bartered. The waters of the Huallaga run rapidly; the course of the river is tortuous, and at one bend I estimated the current six miles per hour. We glanced by numerous dangerous sawyers, and I should think it almost impossible to descend the river at night without running on to one or more and smashing plates; but this is never done. A large sandbank lies west of the mouth of the Huallaga; the waters there have a clear limpid appearance. I was struck by the fact that between the Huallaga and Nauta, the Marañon is much clearer than below the Ucayali, and I think that navigating the Amazons for the first time, the Ucayali, both on account of its size and colour, would most likely be chosen as the main branch. West of the Huallaga is the Pastaza (N. bank), rising in Ecuador among the Quitonian volcanic range. The velocity of its current, and number of its rapids, present insuperable obstacles to navigation, while its banks swarm with tribes of hostile Indians, whose animosity against whites is of the most determined and deadly character. The principal are the Tuchales, Pinches, Andóas, Cananbos, Upanos, Moronas, and Guamboyas. Gold is found among its sands and rocks. The Pastaza has numerous affluents and lakes, and many lives have been lost by half-breeds attempting to open a trade with the natives. The Morona next flows from N. to S., but nothing is known of it, beyond that ferocious tribes shower clouds of arrows upon

ascending boats, and prevent navigation. On the right bank several streams flow north, but no one can furnish me with any information regarding them. At the Pongo de Manseriche, the Marañon bends south; practically, the country between the Huallaga and head waters of the Marañon, is a terra incognita, although several villages exist, the principal being Jaen. I think it a pity the Government does not send a gunboat as far as Borja, once or twice a year, so as to let the natives understand that civilization intends holding its own. While in Iquitos I saw some of the inhabitants of Borja; they had all been brought down, it being found impossible to defend the town against a beleaguering host of ruthless savages, who intimated their intention of slaughtering every living captive, man, woman, and child. The poor Borjeños seemed so thankful to be able to lie down at night in peace and safety.

We visited several small settlements between Lagunas and Yurimaguas, the largest being Santa Cruz on the right bank. Its inhabitants were fairly civilized, and they crowded to the shore and welcomed us by shouting and clapping hands. Yurimaguas is a small settlement, situated about half a mile south of the Cachiyácu, on the left bank. It has a padre, church, and plazuela, and rows of mud huts built on a hill. The natives are mainly employed as canoe men and porters, to and from Balsapuerto and Moyabamba, and fetching salt from Chasuta, when it is carried by steam to Iquitos and sold at a high rate; the salt is brown, red, and dirty white in colour; for culinary purposes it is broken up, boiled, and dried over a fire, or in the sun; it is very saline. We stayed four days at Yarimaguas waiting for the Government mail and money for Iquitos. A merchant with £3,000 worth of Manchester, Sheffield, and Birmingham goods was making up bales, each weighing one hundred pounds, to be transported by Indians overland: it takes from nine to ten days to ascend the Cachiyacu to Balsapuerto, and a steady six days' tramp with a load to Moyabamba; he did not expect to have the whole warehoused under two years. A few hours before reaching the town, we saw at a distance the most eastern range of the Andine Cordilleras; they are not visible in the town itself. This is the first great depôt for Moyabamba hats, which are flattened, packed within each other, enclosed in two folds of sacking, and another waterproofed. I saw hundreds of bales unable to find a purchaser, even at a ruinous discount. In the Brazil a sudden mania for "stove pipes" destroyed an already glutted market of high priced, though beautiful articles. I saw a hat which cost £12 first hand; the straws were almost as fine as threads. There are but few money makers in Yurimaguas, the natives being mostly voluntarily enslaved through debt. A gang of peons carried cases slung to a pole; they worked well and cheered each other with animated cries.

My mission now accomplished, my heart was alternately sorrowful

and glad, sorrowful that I had witnessed so much barbarism, and glad I had been permitted to traverse three thousand miles of riverage, and observe the vast field ripe for missionary enterprise. "Spare me, O, Lord," I cried, "Spare me to return to my beloved land, that I may report how large a portion of the world there remaineth to be possessed, and prepare the hearts of Thy servants, that they may be encouraged to go forth in Thy power, strength, and fear, to proclaim the Gospel of Christ Thy Son to those that sit in darkness." Day after day, and week after week, as we shot down the yellow Amazons, now plowing our way through drift wood, winding among verdant islands, or cleaving surging billows amid the rush of wind and tempest, I watched the distant emerald walls. I had had many rambles in their gloomy depths. I had seen the wild Red Man in his native solitudes, and found him oftentimes so low in point of knowledge, though not lacking latent intelligence, that he was nothing more nor less than a giant baby. I had found him a stolid though earnest listener, and believed the Gospel would be to him, what it is to all who believe it, the power of God unto salvation. And what saith the Lord? "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth." Let us expect and labour for the speedy fulfilment of God's glorious purpose, and display His banner before the heathen of this land.

"Come, kingdom of our God!
Sweet reign of light and love,
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

"Come, kingdom of our God
And make the broad earth Thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

"Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family."

I arrived at Pará the last week in January, 1873, and put up at the Fonda de Comercio. Napoleon, the waiter, was rather amused at the number of microscopic "bifsteks" which disappeared at breakfast. He would shake his head and say, "Msyu, I told you what an awful timo you would have, and you remember how I advised you not to go!" "Napoleon," I replied, "you have reason." "And, Msyu, you have lost flesh, you are very thin." "Napoleon, may your shadow never be less.

What I have lost in weight I have gained in knowledge." A steamboat has been signalled, and by-and-bye a vessel proudly stems the waters of the Pará estuary, and the glorious Union Jack flutters in the breeze. Surely I have seen that ship somewhere, and with my glass I make her out to be the "Ambrose." "Napoleon, my little son, shake hands! Is there anybody in the house with whom I can do the same; the landlord, the cook, anybody? Time has flown so rapidly, I almost feel I had but just arrived." I was soon on board, and a hearty welcome I received from her gallant rosy-cheeked commander, Captain Jackson, who was as fresh as a daisy and as happy as ever. "Stop, and have dinner with us," said he, and of course I accepted the invitation. We had roast beef and mutton, jam pudding, and I know not how many good things beside; indeed I was so impressed, that I began to wonder why I had not followed the sea as a profession. Two days after stowing my luggage, we dropped down the river for Maranhão and Ceara.

As is usually the case, heavy seas were breaking over the Braganza bank, and when off Atalaya lighthouse, the ship began rolling, slipping, and plunging about as though she were asleep; in fact I had half a mind to report her conduct to the captain. Mariners from Europe have to be careful in making Atalaya point, for the first time, because of the salinas falsas, where mounds of white sand line the shore. The next point E. is the Carro de Matto (load of jungle), as it is commonly called by Portuguese and Brazilians; its proper name is Mariquiqúy; it may be distinguished by an elevated clump of trees. Small settlements stud the shore, none are of importance, and most unapproachable to vessels of any draft, because of reefs and shoals. We successively pass Caité Bay, Gurupy, Tury-Açú, islands of Sáo João, and at Cabello de Velha our course is southerly to Maranham. Canoes occupy from thirty to forty days in a journey from Pará to this port. I believe vessels never enter the bay at night, but cruise outside till daylight, when a pilot comes off. It is at no time easy of access, but pilots are skilful and cautious, and once in, there is tolerable anchorage. Before entering the Bay of São Marcos, bearings are generally taken from the lighthouse on the hill of Itacolumni. The building is quadrangular, was erected in 1839, and shows a revolving red and white light at an elevation of one hundred and forty-seven feet above high water. I greatly admired Marannão, and think it much superior to Pará in every point of view, excepting anchorage. The town is laid out on the usual block system, and has several spacious squares, such as the Largos de Carmo, Das Merces, São Antonio, São João and Quartel. It has three markets, and sixteen ecclesiastical edifices, including convents. I visited the principal church and was shown all over it; it is a miserable affair, and merits no further notice. There are twenty-four public buildings and grounds, such as those of the Provincial Assembly, Municipality, Episcopal Palace,

and Palacio do Governo, Seminary, Hospitals de Misericordia, Lazaros, and Foundling, the prison and English cemetery. The streets are well paved and lit with gas, and the houses of merchants solidly built, having lofty, spacious, and comfortable rooms, with open latticed ceilings under the roof for the ready admission of air. There are several foreign merchants here who would contribute towards the support of a chaplain. Population about forty thousand. The climate is tolerably healthy excepting during the rainy season, when fevers are common; beyond yellow fever, however, they are not dangerous if promptly treated. Cocoa-nut trees are plentiful; they always flourish best near the sea. In Amazonia, the natives put salt round the root to make it yield well; a ten-penny nail driven into the stem of a barren tree is usually efficacious in making it fruitful. A tram-way runs a few miles into the country. I spent a most pleasant evening in the family circle of Mr. Fairlie, a Scotch merchant, to whom I had been kindly introduced by Captain Jackson. Mrs. Fairlie, a Brazilian lady, sung for my special delectation the good old song, "Home, sweet home," and I certainly never heard it rendered with greater feeling and expression of voice, and delicate accuracy of accompaniment. Mr. Fairlie gave me information at his command. As we stayed here five days I had abundant opportunities for looking about. Cargo was brought to and from the vessel in large iron lighters manned by slaves; some of them were very fine negroes. Ground sharks swarm the bay, and an upset boat brings a voracious crowd in a moment, which will rend a man to pieces in less time than it takes me to narrate the fact. Negroes carry loads through the streets slung to poles; they walk in step, and after one has sung a couplet, the rest join in chorus, thus do these poor bondsmen relieve the burden of their life by singing of their love. It rains very heavily in Maranhão during the rainy season. Captain Jackson and myself took refuge in a store from a storm; in two minutes the street was filled with water nearly to the level of the pavement. Bad weather prevented our making a trip to the Rio Anil, though Captain Jackson had everything ready for starting.

São Luiz, or Maranham, stands upon an island at the embouchure of the river Anil, lying to the east of the Bay of São Marcos. The island has several rivers, the principal being the Igaripe da Dilla, Geniparaná, Tagipuru, Tibiry, Inhaumá, Maúa, and Bacanga. Ranges of hills cross the island in every direction, and it is very fertile.

The Province of Maranhão is bounded on the N. by the Atlantic and Rio Gurupy, E. by the Paranahyba, and W. by the Tocantins; it narrows to a point on the south. It is divided into thirteen comarcas, and thirty-seven municipios, extends over an area of 16,000 leguas quadradas, and has an estimated population of 500,000; of this number *seventy thousand are slaves*. Numerous Indian tribes are scattered

throughout the interior, but little is known of them; some have never seen a white man. The only means of access to them is by rivers, and as there are many high lands, fluvial communication is considerable. The principal streams flowing north in succession are the Gurupy, Maracassú, Tury-Açú, Pindare, Mearim, Itapucurú, Munim, Piriá, Preguiças, and Paranahyba. The fact of the Pindare and five other rivers all falling into the Atlantic E. and W. of the island of Maranhão indicates a brilliant commercial future is in store for S. Luiz, even though the resources of these rivers become but tolerably developed, for all wealth from the interior must pass through this channel. Notwithstanding my desire to return home, I quite longed to make a dash up some of these streams.

The face of the country is somewhat diversified; it has virgin forests of valuable timber scattered over valleys, mountain sides, and table lands of rich black soil. It is said to possess great mineral wealth, and gold and silver have been discovered among the mountains. Almost any tree or plant requiring tropical heat, flourishes with singular luxuriance. Game is abundant, and cattle thrive well on campos, or cleared land; hogs feed themselves. I observe that horses are not shod in the Brazil. The principal exports are farinha (nearly every basket of this article of general consumption in Pará comes from this port), tapioca, cotton, tobacco, rum, sugar, rubber, vanilla, tonka beans, cacao, rice, corn, salt fish, and hides. A large trade is done in dried shrimps; they are as large as an English prawn, are boiled, dried in the sun, and packed in barrels weighing one hundred pounds.

We next sailed for Ceará, or Fortalesa as it is sometimes called, where we remained six days. We hugged the land close enough to keep in sight of it nearly all the way. A yellow line of sand generally fringed the shore, though here and there a hill would tower aloft in clear relief against the azure sky. The province is bounded by the Atlantic and a chain of hills which enclose it from the Iguaraçú to the Apody. It is called the Ibyapába, Araripe, and Serra do Apody. It is divided into fifteen comarcas, containing thirty-eight municipalities, extends over an area of 3,600 leguas quadradas, and has a population of 550,000; of this number *twenty thousand are slaves.* It has but few rivers, the chief being the Banabuihú, Jaguaribe, Junqueiro, and Fugueiredo, all forming one stream about a hundred miles from the sea; Pirangy, Choro, Acarape, Ceará, Curú, Imbira, Aracaty-Assú, Aracati-Mirim, Acaracú, Cabaceiras, Curiahú, and Ubatuba. Vast regions of this fertile province are only trod by Indians, and access can solely be gained to them by water, from which they never stray far. It has no stream like the Paranahyba, which is navigable seven hundred miles in the rainy season, and four hundred in the dry. The coast is unhealthy, and in some sandy districts the heat is as great as that of the Sahara

at 2.30 p.m. There are excellent black table lands, fine forests, rich grazing campos, and sterile valleys where not a blade of vegetation is to be seen. Cotton is raised, but not so extensively as in Maranão. We took two hundred tons of sugar on board.

The town of Ceará faces a bay formed by the headland Macoripe, upon which stands a lighthouse thirty-seven feet above the level of the sea, and visible ten miles off. It has no harbour, and is simply a roadstead open to the sea. But for the equability of the climate, no large vessel would trust itself to come to anchor. The channel we were piloted down was so narrow, two vessels could not pass each other. I believe the port will be wholly closed by sand before long. A Frenchman built a wall to keep the sands from being carried off by the sea. In twelve months the wall was buried beneath the ever moving mass. If the approach to anchorage is dangerous to ships, the landing of boats is still more so. Not far from the shore is a recife or reef, over which breaks a most dangerous surf; it runs parallel with the shore for about half a mile, and has two openings, one above and one below; at low water the rocks may be seen. I went ashore on a catamaran, or, as it is here called, a jangada. It is a raft of roughly hewed sticks six inches in diameter, with a mast supported by a tripod, carrying an immense triangular sail of calico attached to a long light broom. To steady her, a broad keel board is thrust between the logs. The natives go a hundred miles from Ceará on these frail craft, and may be often seen twenty miles from land fishing with deep sea lines. One man can manage a small raft, and at night when it was very dark, Indians often came off with letters. Having seen Jangadas come and go, I had no hesitation about making the trip, though Captain Jackson bade us prepare for a ducking. I invited the gallant commander to come with us, and give us the benefit of his personal advice; he good-humouredly complied, and mounting the tripod clung to the mast to "keep a good look out" for us. I little dreamt what his real motive was. We glided rapidly over the water, and could see rollers crested with foam, a roar like distant thunder following every break. "Beautiful," I observed. "Look out!" cried the captain. "Where? What is the matter?" At that moment I felt the raft tremble and hesitate. "Hold tight!" shouted my cosy friend. "All right!" I replied, and no sooner said than a roller lifted us and sent us flying toward the beach, where I found myself pretty well up to my waist in water. A crowd of negroes made a dash into the surf, one picked me up, and with a jerk I sat astride his right shoulder with my fingers buried in his wool. Of course we had a hearty laugh over our adventure, and a little salt water does nobody harm; an hour's walk in the sun did much towards drying me. On the beach we found a powder magazine, cemetery, corral, mill, and slaughter-house. The town is laid out in blocks, with

streets at right angles; population 18,000. It has fifteen public squares and markets, a newly-formed club overlooking a spacious square neatly laid out, ten public buildings, and the following churches:—S. Jose, N. S. do Rosario, N. S. da Conçeicão, N. S. das Dores, and N. S. do Livramento. Here are four churches dedicated consecutively to Our Lady of the Rosary, Conception, Pains, and Deliverance. A devotee of the Pains scouts the idea of our Lady of the Rosary being as good, while another of the Conception would feel insulted were she compared with our Lady of Deliverance. I looked into one church, it was floored with wood, and a balustrade ran round the building, keeping the centre clear. About two dozen youths from ten to sixteen years of age were lounging about in red cloaks or ponchos, waiting the conclusion of a burial service in an adjoining chapel. These young gentlemen cleared their throats, spat upon the floor, and indulged in such boisterous romps that the noise was painfully loud. They laughed without restraint, and a cross leaning against the wall ready to be carried in a procession, was kicked in a struggle and caught falling. I believe such conduct would be strongly condemned by the priesthood, but I mention the fact as I saw it. Playing with sacred things engenders levity and frivolity. I am prepared to prove that where religious processions are most in vogue, there exists the deepest ignorance regarding them, or rather the things they represent. Fancy carrying twenty virgins differently dressed, one with a number of swords sticking in her breast, and all the others known as our Lady of Succour, Unfortunates, Abandoned, Mount Carmel; of the candles and so forth! What an edifying spectacle for negro slaves! How are they to know what it all means? With all their processions in Rome, Seville, and Lisbon, I know there are scores of thousands of boys and girls in our British Sunday schools, who are better acquainted with Biblical history, and able to repeat more passages of Scripture from memory, than the shaven priests who puff and blow in processions "got up," they solemnly inform you, "to educate the people." I have had a score of priests seated round me reading the Bible, each four verses at a time, and they all frankly confessed they had never read it before. Let the Pope keep his processions and ignorance, and let us keep our Bible and knowledge. Let Rome have her virgins, though they number in names as many as those of St. Ursula, but let us keep to Christ, to "Jesus only."

An immense number of cocoa-nuts grow in this neighbourhood; a single tree has between thirty and forty nuts at a time. When fresh and green, the milk is delicious; the thick soft white pulp makes a nice refreshing drink. Here, as in Pará, are clouds of urubús; when these birds become too audacious, a good way of frightening them is to catch one, pull out a couple of long tail feathers and push them through his nostrils. As he soars aloft, the rest are panic-stricken and will keep

away for some time. Exports are similar to those of Maranham, only hides, sugar, and tallow are in greater quantity. I hear that priests are scattered up and down the interior of these two provinces, but at wide intervals apart.

After a successful voyage of twenty-four days, passing W. of Fayal, one of the Azores, we sighted Tuskar Light on March 9th, and rounded Holyhead, and entered the Mersey on the 10th. When I arrived home, I found my beloved son Felix had died during my absence, and that his last earthly resting place was under the green sward of St. Peter's churchyard, St. Alban's. Through many dangers by sea and land God had mercifully preserved me, but my little one had been taken from my hearth amid every care and comfort. "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good." If this report be read, I have no need to make a final appeal for a Mission in Amazonia. Reader, what will you do at once to spread the light of God's holy evangel in that vast region? Do what you can, and God will surely bless you in your own soul.

"O Lord our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend its blessed reign.

"Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

"Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

"All on the earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring."

APPENDIX.

LORD'S PRAYER IN QUICHUA OR ANCIENT INCA.

Yayacu hanapac hacunapi cac, sutiyqui muchasca cachun, ecapuccayñiyqui hamuchun munayñiyqui rurasca cachun, imainam hanacpachapi hinatac, cay pachapipas ppunchaunincuna ttantaycucta cunan couaycu; nuchaycuctari pampachapuhuaycu imanam ñocaycupas ñocaycuman huchallicuccunacta pampachaycu hina. Amatac cacharihuaycuchu

huateccayman urmanaccaycupac, yallinrac, mana allimantac quespichihuaycu. Amen.

There is a rare book which was printed in 1648, entitled, "Sermons on the Mysteries of our Holy Catholic Faith, in the Spanish and General Language of the Inca, impugning the particular errors held by Indians, by Dr. Don Fernando de Ayendero," from which the following are some passages with translations:—

"Cay checcan simi yachachisccaimantam machuiquichiccunap lloella pachacuti. Dilubionisccamanta pacha runacunap paccarinacunamanta niscancunu llullu simi casccanta unanchanguichic."

This truth which I have taught you, makes you to see that those things are fables which your old men have told you of the origin of man after the deluge.

"Huc machucunam ari ñuñcuna lloella puchacuti yalliptinmi hanaccpachamanta quimca (modern quimsa) runtu urmuma roccan, naupacc ninmi ecori runtu carccan; cai ccori runtumantam curacacuna paccarimurccan. Iscayneqquenmi collqqueruntu carccan caimantam nustacuna yurimurccan. Quimzaneqquenmi ccana antu runtu carccan, caimantacmi huaquin yancca runacuna lloccimurccan. Caihinam huc muchuiquichicuna rimancu. Cunan tapuscayquichic churicuna; curacacuna chiu chichu ccori runtamanta paccarimunancupac? Manachu caita rimay açiccuipac cascanta ricuquichic."

Some old men say, that after the deluge, there fell three eggs from heaven; one of gold, from which the curacas (chiefs) were born; another of silver, out of which were born the nustas; and another of copper, from which came these last, Indians. Tell me, my children, are the curacas chickens, seeing they came out of an egg of gold? Can you not see that the whole story is a thing to be laughed at?

MODERN QUICHUAN NUMERALS.

Quichua.	*English.*	*Quichua.*	*English.*
		Chúnga	Ten
Shuc	One	Chúnga shuc	Eleven
Ishcai	Two	Chúnga-ishcay, and so	
Quimsa	Three	forth	Twelve
Chuscu	Four	Ishcai-chúnga	Twenty
Pishca	Five	Ishcai-chúnga shuc, etc	Twenty-one
Socta	Six	Quimsa-chúnga	Thirty
Canchis	Seven	Páchac	One hundred
Pusac	Eight	Huaránga	One thousand
Iscun	Nine		

CONIBO NUMERALS.

One, habicho; two, arraboi; three, cuna; four, arraboi-arrboi; five, habicho muiquim (one hand); ten, muiquim querú (two hands counted); fifteen, muiquim querú habicho tai (two hands and one foot); twenty, muiquim querú tai querú (two hands and two feet counted).

I copied a small grammar of Quichua published in Quito in 1753; Mr. Edwards, of Napo, says it is very rare, and possibly not another copy exists. It is called a "Breve Instruccion, ó Arte, Para Entender la Lengua Comun de los Indios, Segun se Habla en la Provincia de Quito, Ecuador. Con Licencia de los Superiores en Lima. En la Imprenta de la Plazuela de San Salvador." (Short Method of Learning the Common Language of the Indians in the Province of Quito, Ecuador. Licensed by the Superiors in Lima. At the printing press in the little square of St. Saviour.) It is too full to give entire, but a few extracts will give some idea of the formation of the language. The following is remarkably similar to the יהוה of the Hebrews.

My father	Iaiai	Our father	Iainchic	These terminations are thus explained.
Thy father	Iaiaiqui	Your father	Iaiaquichic	
His father	Iaian	Their father	Iaiain	

Sing.		*Plu.*	
Mine	I.	Ours	Nchic.
Thine	Iqui.	Yours	Iquichic.
His	N.	Theirs	N.

Preterit, Imperfect, and Perfect.

Sing.

I was, or have been—Carcani vel cascani.

Thou wast, or hast been—Carcangui vel cascangui.

He was, or has been—Carca vel casca.

Plural.

We were, or have been—Carcanchic vel cascanchic.

Ye were, or have been—Carganguichic vel cascanguichic.

They were, or have been—Carcacuna vel cascacuna.

The above exemplifies the beautiful regularity of terminations. Words pronounced rapidly are extremely difficult to pick up accurately. Owing to the immense length of some Quichuan words, it is quite an undertaking to follow them without much practice. If the reader will practise the following, giving it a Spanish accentuation, he will find the pronunciation peculiar and pleasing.

I am really loved—cuiascacacacmaricani.

Thou art usually loved—cuiascacacacmarigangui.
He is usually loved—cuiascacacacmari.
We are usually loved—cuiascacacacmaricanchic.
Ye are usually loved—cuiascacacacmaricanguichi.
They are usually loved—cuiascacacaccunamari.

Father, iaia; mother, mama; step-father, laiaia; step-mother, lamama. A man calls his grandson, churipachuahua; grandfather, hatum taita; grandmother, hatum mama. The father calls his son churi; daughter, uhushi. The mother calls her son caruahua; daughter, huami huahua. A man calls his brother huaqui; sister, pani. The sister calls her brother turi; sister, ñaña. I love God, ñuca Dios ta cuiani. God is beloved by me, Dios ñuca manta cuiacacan. I have to be a good man and fear God, ñuca alli runa Dios tápas manchac cashacmi. If I love God, I shall be saved, ñuca Diosta cuiaspa hanac pachaman rishac.

The following is the Lord's Prayer as spoken by the Tupinambas of Maranhão, given by a Capuchin Friar in 1614, in a work entitled "Viagem ao Norte de Brazil feita nos annos de 1613 a 1614, pelo Padre Ivo d'Evreux, Religioso Capuchino." Publicada conforme o exemplar, unico, Conservado na Bibliotcca Imperial de Paris. (Voyage to N. Brazil during the years 1613 and 1614, by Father Ivo d'Evreux, Capuchin Friar. Published according to the only copy extant, now in the Imperial Library of Paris.) I procured a reprint; it is scarce, and contains much information regarding the early Indians, their manners and customs. It abounds with curious superstitions, and the author in a long dissertation endeavours to prove that vampires are incarnations of devils.

LORD'S PRAYER IN TUPINAMBA.

Ore-ruue vuac peté cuare, y moc-tepoire de, ere-toicor to-ure de
Father our which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; come to us Thy
reigne. Teié-mognan deremimotare yboipé vaacpe iemognan eaue,
kingdom. Let be done Thy will so on earth as in heaven,
oreremiu-areduare èimé iury oreue, de-eiure ore yangaypaue reçe ore
Give us this day our daily bread, Forgive us our sins as
recome-moçaré supè ore-ieuron eaue. Moar-ocar hume yepe tecomemo-
we forgive those who us offend. Let us not fall into tempta-
pupé, ore pessuron peyepe mae. Ayue suy.
tion, but deliver us from evil. Amen, Jesus.

APOSTLES' CREED IN TUPINAMBA.

Arobiar tupan tuue opap katu maete tiruan, mognangare vuac,
I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven,
mognangare ybuy: Jesus-Christo tayre oyepe vac, ahe sainct
Maker of earth: And in Jesus Christ His only Son, By the Holy
esprit, demognan pitan amo, ahé poïre oart sanct Marie, suy Ponce
Ghost, conceived Who was, and born of the Holy Mary, suffered

Pilate muruuichaue amoseico sericomemo poïre amo
under the power of Pontius Pilate, President (of the Jews)
yiuca poire amo yuira, ioasaue resse, ymoiar ypoire
Was crucified upon the wood of the cross, He died, He was
ytemim buire amo, ouue ieuue euue apertepé, ahé sui turiare
buried in the sepulchre, He descended into the depths, The
mossa poire ressé uue ombueue sui. secobé yereie-buire, oie upire
third day he rose again from the dead, He ascended into
vuacpé, tupan tuue opap-katu mǎeté tiruan mognangare katu aue
heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God, His Father Omni-
cotu seua. Ahé sui turiné ycobé vãe omano vãe poire paue recomagnan.
potent. From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
Arobiar saincte Eglise Catholique, Arobiar saincte tecokatu demosaoc
I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, I believe in the Communion of
morupé, Arobiar teco-engay paue resse morupe tupan deuron, Arobiar
Saints, I believe in the remission of sins by God, I believe
asé-recobé iebure, Arobiar teiube opauaaerem-eim-rerecoe
in the resurrection of the body, and I believe in the life everlasting.
nuame. Amen, Jesus.
Amen, Jesus.

FINIS.

CHARLES A. MACINTOSH, Printer, Great New-street, London.